

LATE SHIFT

written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

A mostly empty bar, all of its tables having their chairs pushed in complete with empty booths. One man sits at the bar, putting down a drink he has just finished. It collides with the booth letting out a THUD.

MANNY (30s) stands at the other side of the counter, wiping a whiskey glass with a cleaning rag. He sets down the glass behind him.

MANNY

Can I get you another one?

PATRON

Nah, I'm good.

The patron pulls some cash out of his wallet and leaves it on the counter. He stands up, putting his wallet away.

PATRON (CONT'D)

You have a good night Manny.

MANNY

Mhm.

The patron walks out the door. A bell rings and the door shuts behind him.

Manny steps out from behind the bar. He walks by each table and booth, sometimes running a finger along them. After ensuring each is clean, he moves on to the next.

He passes by the final table, a look of relief washes over his face. He does one more quick scan around the bar, looking for anything out of sorts, as he walks back toward the counter.

Manny clears the glass from the counter. He cleans it behind the bar and places it alongside the other glass. He wipes his hands on his half-apron and pulls out his phone.

CLOSE UP ON MANNY

He looks down at his phone, the screen slightly illuminating his face. Next to him, text bubbles emerge, indicating the conversation he's having over text.

ANDREA (TEXT)

I finally got Josh to bed :)

ANDREA (TEXT) (CONT'D)

How's work been hon?

Manny types on his phone.

MANNY (TEXT)
Same old same old. Hasn't been too
busy today.

He looks up from his phone for a movement. His eyes scan around the bar. In the type bar, he begins to write another message to his wife.

MANNY (TEXT) (CONT'D)
I'm not sure how much longer I can
stay here :/

He looks at this message for a moment. He shakes his head while he deletes the text. He begins typing again.

MANNY (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Shouldn't be much longer. Talk to
you soon babe.

ANDREA (TEXT)
Okay! Love you <3

MANNY (TEXT)
Love you too.

Manny puts his phone back in his pocket. He leans on the countertop, rhythmically tapping his fingers and humming a tune. He looks at the clock - it reads 11:45, almost closing time.

By the cash register sits a picture of him with his wife, sitting at the booth near the counter. He picks it up for just a moment before setting it down to the side of the cash register.

Manny opens the register and puts his hands into his apron pocket. He pulls out a wad of cash; his tips for the night. He counts it out and places it within the cash register, closing it up afterwards.

Manny sighs and slumps further down on the countertop, clearly exhausted. His attention is drawn elsewhere suddenly when cheery laughter is heard from off-screen. He rolls his eyes, groans, and rises up.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A group of young adults dressed in punk-ish fashion gather together on the sidewalk, laughing together. They look left and right; there's an opportunity to cross. One waves toward the others and starts running across the street.

INT. BAR - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

LOU (40s) walks out from the kitchen and toward the front door. He spots the approaching crowd from outside and looks toward Manny.

LOU
What time is it?

MANNY
Ten minutes to close.

LOU
Like hell it is! There's people
coming over right now.

Manny groans. Lou looks at him with contempt.

LOU (CONT'D)
You been closing early too often.
I'm not letting you do it when we
got customers.

The door swings open. A person, seemingly already drunk, walks in and looks over toward Lou.

PARTY GUY
Hey, uh, are you guys open?

Lou puts on a plastic smile and turns back around toward the new customer.

LOU
Of course! Of course! Come on in,
and grab a seat over there at the
booth why don't ya?

Lou points toward a large, empty booth.

PARTY GUY
Right on, thanks man.

He moves toward the booth as Lou goes toward the door. He opens it up widely and smiles, waving toward the rest of the people outside.

LOU
We're open folks, come inside! Get
some drinks!

The crowd shuffles into the building. They gather and move toward the booth, miscellaneously chattering together. Lou nods to Manny and walks outside.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

The crowd continues to chatter on with each other, save for the partier.

PARTY GUY

Jason, dude, can you ask him to get
us some shots?

JASON (20s) looks toward him. He is slightly surprised to be the one asked to go.

JASON

Oh! Uh, sure.

Jason stands up and walks toward the bar.

INT. BAR - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Manny pulls out equipment that had already been put away. He looks up to notice that Jason has approached him at the counter. He sets his equipment down and looks at Jason.

MANNY

What can I get you?

Jason scratches his head. He has clearly not thought this through at all.

JASON

Uh... what's good?

MANNY

You mean cocktails? Shots? We have
beer too.

JASON

I guess... shots?

Jason lets out a sigh. He lets his anxiety show a little bit further.

JASON (CONT'D)

Help me out here, man. I don't
drink much.

Manny shrugs.

MANNY

How about tequila?

JASON

Sounds good, thanks man.

Jason scurries back toward the booth. Manny pulls out several shot glasses and sets them on a serving tray. He pulls out a bottle of tequila and fills them all up.

Manny sets the bottle back in the speed rail. He looks to the clock - 5 minutes toward close. He shakes his head and grabs the serving tray, preparing to bring the drinks over toward the bar.

INT. BAR - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jason sits back down at the booth. To his left is ANDY (20s) who looks at him excitedly.

ANDY

So... what are we drinking?

JASON

Tequila?

Andy wraps around him in a half hug.

ANDY

No way, man! I love doing tequila shots!

Jason scratches the back of his head.

JASON

Oh! Yeah, me too.

Manny walks over holding the tray of shots. He hands them out to all of the patrons. They all clink their shot glasses together.

EVERYONE

Cheers!

Everyone takes their shot and plants the glass back on the table.

MONTAGE - BOOTH

Manny continues to bring more shots to the table, each time with some people disappearing and the remainders looking more and more disheveled. Eventually, they coax Manny into joining them at the booth for a couple of shots.

Every once in a while, Manny looks back to the clock on the wall: 10 minutes, 20 minutes, 30 minutes past close. At first, he is visibly displeased.

After he begins joining them at the table though, he starts to disregard the clock and get into their celebration.

As they continue to have more drinks, Jason and Andy begin growing closer and closer. This culminates in them practically holding each other on one end of the booth.

END MONTAGE

INT. BAR - BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The only members of the group remaining are Jason, Andy, and their party-heavy friend. They all seem pretty drunk.

PARTY GUY

Well, I'm tapping out guys. We heading out?

JASON

I, uh...

Andy holds Jason tightly.

ANDY

We want to stick around a bit longer!

Jason blushes.

JASON

Yeah! We do!

PARTY GUY

Alright... I'll see you guys around then.

He drops some cash on the table and heads out the door. The two hold each other tightly and cuddle up together.

INT. BAR - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Manny prints out the final check for the booth. He grabs it and looks over toward the booth to see the couple holding each other. He looks at them for a moment, then looks at the check once more, before folding it and placing it back on the countertop.

He leans back on the countertop, looking out toward the empty street. The clock - set at 45 minutes past close - ticks further, all the way out to 1 hour past close.

Jason and Andy approach the bar holding hands. Manny looks up at them with a genuine grin on his face.

ANDY

We're ready to close up.

Manny nods. He presents the check to them. They scrounge together cash gathered from the table as well as from their own wallets.

JASON

Looks like we're short. Do you have any more?

ANDY

Shoot! No, I'm out.

The two look up at Manny, distressed. He takes the cash, counts it all, and shrugs his shoulders.

MANNY

Close enough. Have a good night fellas.

The two let out a sigh of relief. They grab their things from the booth and head toward the door. Andy puts his arm around Jason's and leans on him as they leave.

JASON AND ANDY

Good night!

Manny waves to them as they step out. He moves to clear out the booth, smiling while he clears the glasses and wipes the table down. He steps back toward the bar to place the glasses by the sink.

Manny begins to wipe the countertop, stopping when he almost wipes the check. He picks it up, chuckles a bit, and tucks it away in a spot next to the cash register. The camera lingers on the check as he continues his closing tasks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A black, empty looking apartment, illuminated only by a television that has been left running. On the couch sleeping is ANDREA (30s), Manny's wife.

The door creaks open slowly. A beam of yellow, dull light spreads out slightly across the floor as the door opens wider and wider.

Manny peaks his head inside and steps in slowly. He closes the door as slowly as he steps in. The lights flowing from outside fade off as the door covers them once more.

Manny shuts the door and locks it. He slips out of his work shoes and skulks toward the kitchen silently.

Manny opens the refrigerator. As the light of the fridge comes out, it falls over Andrea, who stirs into consciousness.

ANDREA
Is that you hon?

MANNY
Oh, I didn't mean to wake you.
Sorry about that.

Andrea smirks at this remark.

ANDREA
Don't be silly. Come here.

She stands up groggily. Manny shuts the refrigerator door with less caution. He walks to Andrea and meets her in a tight embrace.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What time is it? Did the bar's
hours change or something?

Manny scratches the back of his head.

MANNY
Nah, just a group who came in late.

ANDREA
Mmm, sounds exhausting.

MANNY
Actually...

Manny walks back to the refrigerator. He opens it up and grabs some tupperware with food.

MANNY (CONT'D)
It wasn't all that bad. They were a
nice bunch.

He puts the container in the microwave and starts it up. Andrea lounges on the couch.

ANDREA

Well, I hope they tipped you real well.

MANNY

Kind of the opposite, actually...

Andrea looks at him slightly puzzled.

MANNY (CONT'D)

They were short some cash, so I comped some drinks.

She chuckles at this comment.

ANDREA

Lou's gonna be real happy about that move.

Manny shrugs. He looks at the microwave.

MANNY

Oh well. If he cared so much, he'd've been there.

ANDREA

Hah! True.

The microwave dings. Manny pulls out his food from the microwave. He grabs a fork and heads to the couch.

Andrea sits up, giving Manny space to join her. He sits at the couch next to her. She cuddles up closer to him.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Honestly, I don't know how you can keep working there. It sounds pretty rough sometimes.

MANNY

I guess I wonder that too sometimes. But we've had a lot of good times there...

Manny and Andrea exchange a look. They smile lovingly at each other.

ANDREA

How could I forget?

They share a tender kiss.

MANNY

...and sometimes I think about how
many people have nights like that
too when I work there.

Manny rubs Andrea's back. She pulls closer to him.

ANDREA

With you pouring the drinks? I'd be
surprised if most people remember
their nights after.

The two share a laugh. Andrea sits up, stretching and yawning.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I'm ready to turn in for the night.
Are you joining me?

MANNY

After I eat babe.

Andrea stands up. She walks away to another room.

ANDREA

Don't keep me waiting too long.

Manny chuckles softly. He goes to eat his food but notices
that the television has been left running.

Manny picks up the remote and points it toward the
television. He presses down on the power button.

CUT TO BLACK.