

A GUY WALKS INTO A BAR

Written by

Nate Perkins

INT. DIVE BAR- SUNSET

A typical dive bar. Warbly, sad country music from an old jukebox covered in handprints and spilled beers. We start with a wide shot of the room. There's a pool table that is stained with what one can only hope is alcohol. The other implications are unsanitary. Terrible decor, the lighting is shitty. It is mostly empty, 5 people at maximum dot the ancient tables and torn chairs. He is speaking to the BARTENDER, a mid-30's rough and tumble biker type with tattoos, in a tank top. The MAIN GUY, in a heavy lime green winter coat and an orange construction beanie sits at the table closest to the bar. He is in his sixties, and time has not treated him well-- he has aged badly.

MAIN GUY is smoking a cigarette next to a sign that says no smoking. On his left is a tall beer, on the right a shot of well whiskey. In the center in front of him is a small notebook. He drinks from his beer heavily. He sighs and looks around. Sighs again.

In between the beer and whiskey is the notebook. It is labeled "Daily Karma" in black permanent marker. He opens it up and flips through it. He comes to today's date. On the left page it says "Good." On the right it says, "Bad." Beneath the heading Good are 2 marks. Beneath the heading Bad are 2 marks.

DICKHEAD enters the bar in a business suit. He is a young professional in his mid 20's. Dickhead walks to the bar.

It may be helpful to have the camera pointed so that Main Guy can be seen in the background, watching the following conversation.

DICKHEAD

Wow, I've never been here before.
Kinda small in here. I used to
love shitty bars like this in
undergrad, man. I was in finance.

BARTENDER

Yup.

DICKHEAD

You know I usually go down to that
club off Franklin Street, you know
the one where they do the shots
with liquid nitrogen and they have
the black lights and all that shit?
Best bar in town, man-- they're
under construction. They're adding
a bubble party room and a
mechanical bull.

BARTENDER

Can't say I've ever been.

DICKHEAD

Yeah it's awesome over there. Nice and clean too. You mind turning up the lights? I can't see my god damn nose in front of my face in this place.

BARTENDER

That's as high as they go.

DICKHEAD

Huh... oh well.

DICKHEAD (CONT'D)

(to Main Guy)

Hey buddy you mind not smoking? You're choking me to death. I got asthma you know. No fucking ventilation either in here. That's another thing. You guys should talk to the owner about that. I know a guy. I could get you a good deal.

BARTENDER

I'll pass on the message. Can I get you something?

The Main Guy puts his cigarette out grudgingly, then opens his notebook. A shot of him adding a tick on the Good side of his karma book, making it 3-2 in favor of good. He puts it away and continues drinking.

DICKHEAD

Got any scotch?

BARTENDER

Yeah we got a few I think.

DICKHEAD

Lemme get something at least 12 years aged, single barrel. Dealer's choice. I can tell the difference too so don't you try and fuck with me. I went to Lagavulin fuckin Distillery man. That's in fuckin Scotland. The pubs out there man, they do it right.

The bartender turns his back and gives a mischievous smile. He grabs a bottle and pours it into a rocks glass. Main Guy is glaring at Dickhead, but silent.

BARTENDER

There ya go. 18 bucks even.

DICKHEAD

Start a tab.

Dickhead takes a sip.

DICKHEAD (CONT'D)

The fuck is this? This isn't 12 year scotch. This is aged...

He smells

DICKHEAD (CONT'D)

3 years at most. Give me the 12 year, don't fuck around man.

Bartender pours another glass from a different bottle.

DICKHEAD (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He takes a sip.

DICKHEAD (CONT'D)

What's the idea, guy? This isn't 12 year, it's 8. You too stupid to figure it out or are you just fuckin with me?

BARTENDER

I was just messing around. We like to fool around with customers here.

DICKHEAD

Yeah well cut it out and gimme what I ordered.

BARTENDER

Fine. No charge on the first, just messing around. Sorry. Here's the 12 year.

DICKHEAD

Yeah well fuck you very much. I ain't paying for this shit.

The Bartender and Dickhead get into a loud argument. As they argue, Main Guy looks into his notebook. It is still 3-2

MAIN GUY
(To self)
Hell I can afford it.

Main Guy takes his shot of whiskey and stands, moving to the restroom. We don't follow him, we stay with the argument. After around 10 seconds, the Main Guy returns with the shot glass full of a yellow liquid. Main Guy approaches the argument. He clears his throat. They take no heed.

MAIN GUY (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

DICKHEAD AND BARTENDER
What?!

MAIN GUY
That's quite a talent you have there. Let's not argue, fellas. Hey, I'll tell you what. If you can guess how old this is, I'll pay your tab.

Dickhead takes the shot and downs it in one gulp. He coughs and grabs the bar.

DICKHEAD
That tastes like piss!

MAIN GUY
That's because it is piss, mine specifically. Now, how old am I?

Dickhead gags and runs for the bathroom. Main Guy pulls out a 20.

BARTENDER
What an asshole, right?

MAIN GUY
No kidding. Here, this should cover my drinks. Keep the change. See you tomorrow, Hank. Sorry for the trouble.

BARTENDER
No worries. Better to head out now before this guy calls the cops or somethin. I'll cover for ya. See ya Donny.

MAIN GUY
Take it easy.

BARTENDER

Will do.

EXT. BAR- SUNSET

Main Guy takes out his notebook as he is walking. He moves his pen over to the Bad side, and goes to make the mark. He changes his mind, and tacks another onto the Good side. He smiles and starts to whistle a tune.