

FIFTEEN - Shot script

By

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Based on an idea from Dean Drinkel

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1 EXT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Neglected English country pub. Tired thatched roof. White Swan - turned yellow over time.

Chalk board sign outside advertises live coverage of FA cup final. TODAY. Arsenal v Aston Villa.

Two patrons are leaving the Pub.

PATRON 1

Not really our kind of place.

PATRON 2

You're damned right about that.

2 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

We hear CLICKING. VICTORIA, 79, regal, knits a scarf in an half empty bar.

Interior as uninspiring as outside. Old tables and chairs are scattered around an ancient flat screen TV.

Inhabitants are mainly local men, except the knitter and the tired barmaid - TARA, 48, joyless, caustic. She collects empty glasses from a table and returns them to the bar.

By time she is the other side of the bar, Clive and Terry are jousting for drinks. The clock shows just after 2:30.

TARA

One at a time please. It's not like the end of the bloody world.

TERRY

(32, Farmer)

It will be if we get beat by the Gooners. Bottle of bud luv.

Tara takes a bottle from the fridge.

TARA

Call me luv again and you'll be wearing this.

Clark, young musician wearing a rock tee-shirt, leans on the corner of the bar. He has a large set of headphones around his neck.

CLARK

You women can multi-task can't you? Mines a bottle of cider.

TARA
Cider is off to twats, how about
a babycham. You want a top-up
Harry?

HARRY
(61, widower)
Same again Tara. (beat) And a
glass of port for Queen Victoria
over there.

Harry, wearing a Villa scarf, nods across the room. The
knitter oblivious to the scrum at the bar.

TARA
Give up Harry, she's old enough
to be your mum.

Harry nods, sits on the stool and continues his crossword.

3 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Things have settled down. The Vicar and Clark are at the
bar. Vicar knocks back his drink and hands it to Tara.

TARA
Same again?

VICAR
(50, ruddy cheeked)
Make it a double. It's been a
shit week in the dull and
thankless land of Christianity.

Tara takes his glass to the optics.

TARA
That's not the thing I expect to
hear from a man of the cloth.

VICAR
I am off the clock.

TARA
Surely God's never off the clock.
He's watching you drinking now.

VICAR
It's him that gave me the
drinking habit, all that bloody
wine and body of Christ. I go
through half a crate a week.

She hands him a large whiskey.

TARA
That ones on the house. You need
cheering up.

VICAR
I need to get laid.

TARA
I thought you were celibate?

VICAR
I'll try anything once.

He gives her a wink.

TARA
Not with me you won't.

He raises his glass.

VICAR
Body of Christ.

He knocks the whiskey back. Clark laughs and slaps his
back.

CLARK
Respect dude. Maximum respect.

Clark hears a great track coming from his headphones. He
turns them up. We hear a tinny sound of thrash metal.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Hey father listen to this track
it's awesome. It's 'Lights out,
we're all going to die' by
Bitumen Blond.

He goes to hand the headphones to the Vicar.

VICAR
No thanks Clark, I've already got
a pounding headache.

TARA
And you can turn that shit off;
it makes my teeth grind.

Clark grumpily moves away from the bar, fiddling with his
iPod.

4 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Bar door creaks opens - WINSTON, 25, doomsayer, creeps in.
He stands at the front of room - counts everybody in the bar. Reaches 11, then points to himself.

WINSTON
12. Sweet.

CLARK
What was all that about? You into numerology this week?

WINSTON
Just checking I wasn't the 13th person in. Today is a void moon, lots of bad luck around.

He raps the counter. The Door BURSTS open and Argie struts in, nearly knocking Winston and Clark flying, wearing an Arsenal top and holding an Arsenal scarf aloft.

ARGIE
(29, French)
One Arsene Wenger. There's only one Arsene Wenger.

Groans all around. Argie hits the bell on the bar a few times for good measure.

HARRY
I forgot you were a fucking Gooners fan.

Argie gets into Harry's face. Harry recoils from the garlic breath. Argie, a weird character on a good day, slowly and deliberately taunts Harry.

ARGIE
We're going to be the Villans today and kick your soft Brummie derriere.

HARRY
Do you even know where the Emirates stadium is?

ARGIE
Today it is at Wembley 'mon ami'. Viva la Arsenal.

Argie marches away humming La Marseillaise.

HARRY
Bloody frog is intolerable at the best of times. I hope Villa trounce them.

TARA
He hasn't even bought a drink,
the tight bastard.

HARRY
He hasn't bought any toothpaste
either.

5 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Clark and Winston are close by and watch Argie head for a seat.

CLARK
So as Argie is the 13th in, what
does that mean?

WINSTON
Arsenal are definitely not going
to win. (to Tara) Lime and Soda
please.

TARA
Last of the big bloody spenders
you.

Winston fumbles in his wallet for some coins. Clark takes mobile phone out. Presses speed dial.

TARA (CONT'D)
It's all on the TAB today
Winston. Settle up at the end.

WINSTON
In that case throw a vodka in
there.

Tara puts glass to the optic.

CLARK
Shit. No fucking reception.

Tara puts Winston's drink on the bar and writes his tab on the pad.

TARA
Yep the mast went down in last
night's storm. Finally people
might talk to each other.

Just then there is a commotion from in front of the TV.

CLIVE
Fuck off garlic breath! I'm
sitting there.

Argie is sitting in Clive's seat. Calm and wierd, Argie responds.

ARGIE
I want to sit here.

CLIVE
And I want to stamp on frogs, now
fuck off!

NIGEL
I'd give up Argie unless you want
the second Agincourt.

Argie slowly rises and faces Clive. He purposely breathes
in Clive's face.

CLIVE
That's rank. No wonder you can't
get a woman.

ARGIE
I don't need to, I'm fucking your
wife.

It kick's off. Mark steps between them.

MARK
Ok girls settle down. Lets not
spill any blood before the match
starts.

6 EXT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

External shot. Same sign.

Girl walks by with Dog.

7 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Footage of TV showing players warming up at Wembley. Two
rows of four seats, full, in front of TV. Pre-match BUZZ
in the pub.

Vicar drinks another whiskey at bar. Harry takes another
port to the knitter, deposits glass on table, retreats to
the bar. The knitter knits.

JOHN
(48, accountant)
Can you throw me a packet of
cheese and onion crisps please
Tara.

Tara obliges by slinging a packet towards the seats. Clive clumsily intercepts - promptly CRUNCHES the packet in his fist. Hands debris to John.

CLIVE

There you go. Something for you to count during the match Mr Accountant.

JOHN

Fucking child.

MARK

(35, dry waller)

Shut the fuck up you pair. It's like being in a nursery. The last time these pair played Arsenal won 4-0.

TERRY

Who gives a shit.

CLIVE

Villa ain't got a chance. The last time they won the FA cup I wasn't even born.

JOHN

Touch my crisps again and you won't live to see if Villa win again.

Clive rises to the challenge. TV suddenly cuts out. For a second the crowd go silent; collective holding of breath. The clock shows 2:50.

CLIVE

Tara this TV is like you, old and totally fucked.

Clive looks around to see who is laughing at his wit.

TARA

Tim, have a look at it will you. We don't want Mr shit for brains to cry.

8 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Timothy, 45, clean-shaven, attractive, village electrician, gets up and walks to the front. Words of encouragement come from the lads.

TERRY

There you go Tim, go do your magic.

Tim starts to bang the side of the TV.

TERRY (CONT'D)

If that's the way you fix things,
you can forget that re-wiring
job.

WINSTON

Told you today was a bad day; now
the TV is dead. No football here.

Screen comes back to life; Tim raise his fist in triumph -
raised glasses and cheers.

NIGEL

Whoa guys. That's not Wembley.

Everybody focuses on the screen. A newsroom - 'Breaking
News' banner.

9 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The news room comes into life.

NEWSREADER

We interrupt your programme to
bring you a very important
newsflash. It has just been
confirmed by Downing street that
a meteorite the size of Corsica
is about to enter our atmosphere,
heading for a direct impact with
the earth. All international
efforts to stop this have failed
and there is no other option than
to take shelter immediately. The
projected impact site is central
England. The time of impact is
estimated at 15 minutes.

Screen goes black. A loud hum. Terry finds the remote and
kills the sound.

10 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

The electrician has returned to his seat but is the first
to realise the implications and gets up.

TIMOTHY

Shit. Fuck.

He gets his phone out and starts to dial.

JOHN
Forget it Tim. No signal.

He hurls the mobile into the grate under the TV and strides towards the bar. The noise level rises in the pub.

TIMOTHY
Tara, can I use your landline.

TARA
You could if you have a handset with you.

TIMOTHY
What? Someone's nicked the handset?

TARA
No, I smashed it over Colin's head last night.

TIMOTHY
Was he fucking drunk again?

TARA
No he was fucking my sister.

11 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Conversations soar. Some push each other. Restrained panic stirs. The knitter knits.

WINSTON
We're all doomed Mr Mannering.

NIGEL
For once Winston you may be fucking right.

Nigel grabs his jumper and heads for the exit.

VICAR
Going anywhere special Nigel, you got 13 minutes.

NIGEL
I'm going home. Why?

VICAR
Your wife and the kids are in Dorset.

NIGEL
How come you know where she is?

The Vicar taps his nose.

VICAR
I know every bodies business.
That's my job.

NIGEL
That's creepy. I'm still going
home.

VICAR
You want to spend your last
minutes alone at home. That's
sad.

NIGEL
I was thinking of getting a panic
wank in.

VICAR
Now that's creepy. Besides I
thought you had more imagination
than that.

Nigel looks from the Vicar to Harry.

NIGEL
You not going home Harry?

HARRY
Why? My wife's dead and my kids
are the other side of the
country.

NIGEL
John. You not going home?

JOHN
Why. The wife's out shopping. No
way I can get to her in 15
minutes even in my Tesla.

WINSTON
(looking at his watch)
12.

Nigel raises his voice.

NIGEL
Anyone going home to their
family?

ARGIE
It's cup final day the wife knows
I won't be back until late. She's
having a spa day so that I can
get pissed.

MARK
Harry Potter.

NIGEL
You what?

MARK
Harry Potter. My tribe's at Harry Potter's experience.

CLIVE
He dies in the last film.

TERRY
Who gives a shit.

JOHN
Argie's right. The woman are all out spending money or visiting relatives.

CLIVE
Mine isn't

NIGEL
So why you not going home?

CLIVE
I live more than 15 minutes away.

NIGEL
What about you Queenie?

For the first time the needles stop clicking. Victoria looks up.

VICTORIA
This is my home. I've been coming here for 70 years. You are all in my living room. Now either get a drink or piss off.

She picks up her port, raises it to Harry with a wink and a smile. She sips, then replaces it. The knitting commences. The room toast her.

12 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

A small group are close to the bar.

CLIVE
So if we really only have 15 minutes to live.

WINSTON

Ten.

CLIVE

Whatever. Isn't it every bodies
fantasy to be having sex when the
bomb goes off?

MARK

Easy Clive. There are only two
woman in the pub.

Clive looks over to Victoria knitting. Not an option. He
then looks longingly at Tara behind the bar.

TARA

Forget it Casanova, it's the
wrong time of the bloody month.

Vicar chortles as Tara folds her arms in defiance.

TERRY

Doesn't the church have a crypt
Vicar. We could all hide in
there?

WINSTON

Haunted.

VICAR

It's where I bugger all the young
boys.

The place goes deathly quiet. The Vicar grins.

VICAR (CONT'D)

Only joking. I'm still a virgin.

Raucous and slightly nervous laughter breaks out as the
Vicar knocks back another whiskey.

NIGEL

If the meteorite is the size of
Corsica then the crater will be a
couple of miles deep. It don't
matter how deep that crypt is.

MARK

Surely if it's the size of a
Corsa, it won't be that bad.

NIGEL

Corsica. The fucking French
island in the Mediterranean where
Napoleon was born. Not a fucking
car. Just accept it. We're going
to be vapourised.

MARK
How big is Corsica?

ARGIE
About the size of 2,000 Wembley
stadiums.

MARK
Fuck. That's big.

TERRY
So we won't feel anything?

NIGEL
It could land on your head and
you wouldn't feel it.

Terry moves across the bar to take umbrage with Nigel when all of a sudden there is a huge EXPLOSION. The room hits the deck.

13 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

As dust settles from the ceiling, Tara is standing behind the bar holding a smoking shotgun in her hand.

TARA
That felt good. (looking back to
the rising customers) I've always
wanted to do that. Drinks are now
free.

Nobody moves. There is total silence. An awkward silence - broken by the sound of a beer bottle SMASHING into the TV screen.

MARK
I've always wanted to do that.

Some people laugh and clap. Timothy is rolling a huge joint as the Vicar ROARS and rips off his dog collar. He downs his whiskey and raises the two finger salute to the heavens.

VICAR
Fuck you God. Thanks for killing
us all. You're a shit boss.

Rapturous applause. Timothy is working on his spliff.

Next up is accountant John, he takes out his wallet, rips his money up and throws it in the air.

JOHN
I can't take it with me.

At the bar Harry is fed up with the the crossword. He attacks the crossword with the pen. It disintegrates.

HARRY
I've always hated crosswords
anyway.

Harry gets up and strides over to Victoria, just as Timothy lights his joint and takes a huge toke.

CLIVE
My turn.

Clive just stands there looking vacantly out over the crowd.

He looks down at his crotch as it starts to darken.

MARK
(towards Nigel)
What's he doing?

The dark patch grows.

NIGEL
I think he's pissing himself.

It goes deadly quiet. Clive finishes his performance.

CLIVE
I've always wanted to do that.

He sits down. Before anyone can comment, Clark jumps up.

CLARK
Hey guys, watch this - WATCH
THIS!

Just as he is about to undo his trousers, a couple have entered the bar and the lady dings the bell to get the room's attention.

14 INT. COUNTRY PUB - ENGLAND - DAY

Giles and Fleur have stumbled into the chaotic bar. By hitting the bell Fleur has broken the madness, as the whole room turns to them. Giles - boater, blazer and ornate walking stick. She - flowery summer skirt, white crisp blouse and silk scarf. POSH Ramblers.

Giles raises a hand in greeting.

GILES
Hi chaps. At ease. Devilish
weather out there, looks like a
bloody storm coming.

FLEUR
Don't swear darling.

She addresses Tara.

FLEUR
Could I have a White wine
scholler?

GILES
I'll have a pint of your best
ale, I fancy.

Awkward silence. American werewolf in London silence.

TARA
We're closed.

Giles looks up at the clock.

GILES
But it's only just gone three. I
thought pubs were open all day
now.

TARA
Not round here they ain't.

FLEUR
Can't you just give us a lemonade
or something, we've walked for
hours and totally parched, arn't
we darling.

GILES
What if I buy the whole pub a
round? Eh? Will that help?

Giles smiles hoping to get a reaction from the
inhabitants. Deathly silence.

TARA
You're not from round here are
you.

FLEUR
No. We're from Richmond actually.
Just having a weekend away. Jolly
nice around here.

Before Tara can answer Nigel shouts.

NIGEL
Give them a fucking drink Tara.
Don't let them die of thirst.

Ripples of laughter.

TARA

I suppose one drink wont hurt.

She puts the shot gun on the counter, marking her territory and gets a Bud from the fridge. Fleur looks ominously at the gun - moving away from it. She throws a worried look to Giles

Clark has done his trousers up and sat down. The whole room is looking around at the couple. Giles tries to play the situation down.

GILES

Not watching the football boys?

WINSTON

TV's broken. We're all fucked.

Giles looks a little uncomfortable. Tara firmly slaps the bottle of Bud on the counter.

TARA

We only got Bud.

FLEUR

I'll just have a sparkling water then. Please.

Everyone peers intensely at his, it is awkward.

NIGEL

You've not heard have you?

GILES

Not heard what?

Nigel goes to get up. Vicar rasies a hand to stop him. Vicar walks towards the couple.

VICAR

I'm afraid I have some bad news.
(beat) Large whiskey please Tara.

Giles moves closer to Fleur. The bar becomes noticeably darker as the light fades outside.

GILES

We can leave if we've come in at a bad time.

WINSTON

You ain't got time. 1 minute left.

Tara places a large whiskey on the bar.

TARA
That big enough reverend?

Vicar picks up the whiskey and takes a long swig. He
COUGHS and wipes his lips with the back of his hand.

VICAR
Normally at times like this I
would be issuing you your last
rites.

FLEUR
Giles, I'm scared. Lets go.

VICAR
No need to be scared dear. It's
not your fault.

GILES
What not her fault?

Giles moves between Vicar and Fleur.

VICAR
Move aside. I want to end 50
years of celibacy.

Giles raises his fists.

GILES
You'll have to go through me
first.

The Vicar stares into Giles eyes and points a finger at
him.

VICAR
Today I learned that if God does
exist he don't give a shit about
me. I have sacrificed me life for
him, for what? Fuck all. So
before he strikes his final blow
I need a woman. I need to be
fucked.

The Vicar suddenly lurches forward and knocks Giles out of
the way. In the same instant Fleur reaches the bar and
retrieves the shotgun. In a split second she has it aimed
at the Vicar, who stops in his tracks. The prey has now
turned aggressor.

FLEUR
Well father it looks like you got
your wish. Pray thanks to your
God, because now you are totally
fucked.

We hear her cock the shotgun just as the meteorite lands.