

THE BAR

Written by

Mike McDougall

Address Flat 4, 13 Regent Road, Merseyside PR4 2EB, UK
Phone Number +62 81818 123141

Copyright © Michael A McDougall, 2020

INT. LOGAN'S BAR - EVENING

It's medium busy, the music is loud enough to cover each table's conversation but not pumping. It's light enough to find your way around, but not enough to illuminate the darker corners. TOMMY, 35, Indonesian, STOCKY, stands at the entrance. Several POLE DANCERS, shapely and professional, including two natural blonde western girls and LEYLA 24, LANGUID yet VERY PRESENT, gyrate on a few tables. At the nearest table to one side sit DEWI, 20 and DEVI, 23, two pretty Indonesian girls, arguing. At the nearest table to the other side, sit JOHNNY, 60, Australian and BRUCE, 61, American, two hard core, life long surf searchers. RIVER, 29, non binary stands at his table. We see WAYNE 44, American with movie star looks and alcoholic eyes, sitting at a table not far away with ALEXA, 23, Indonesian, cute, naive. Alone at one table sits MAYA, 22, Balinese, cute but haunted, pretty, athletic, casually but well dressed, sipping a JUICE and FROWNING at her phone.

LOGAN, 55, SCOTTISH, HIGH MILEAGE, LITTLE TOLERANCE for much, sits at his table marked with a RESERVED SIGN, a half full BOTTLE of single malt WHISKY and a NOTEBOOK and PEN.

EKA, 18, dark tanned Indonesian bar staff, is heading towards the BAR with an ORDER.

Viktor, 35, Russian, HEAVILY MUSCLED, stands up, slightly unsteadily and starts to walk out, leaving a VODKA BOTTLE, half empty on his table, next to two small glasses, one half filled with ice. Eka approaches Logan's table.

EKA

Boss, Viktor's leaving without
paying again!

Logan glances up, watches Viktor walking slowly towards the door. Tommy looks QUESTIONINGLY at Logan, who GESTURES SLIGHTLY that it's okay. Tommy relaxes. Eka sighs. Logan looks at her, calmly. Eka shrugs and walks away.

Logan looks again at Viktor, who staggers slightly.

LOGAN

(shouts)

Leyla!

Leyla looks up, sees Viktor and lightly jumps to the far side of the pole table as Viktor crashes down onto the other side, smashing it and falls limp to the floor. CUSTOMERS scream, shout and jump to their feet. A few head towards the exit. Logan looks at Tommy, shakes his head. Tommy blocks the door, ushers them back.

Logan glances at Maya who's looking at Viktor, stands and walks over to where Leyla and River attend to Viktor. Leyla is checking his pulse.

LEYLA
There's no pulse.

River moves to Viktor's chest and starts chest compressions. Logan glances towards Viktor's table, Eka is in the way.

LOGAN
Eka, how much of that bottle did
Viktor drink?

Eka turns around, revealing Viktor's table and reaches towards the bottle. We see it's about half full.

EKA
Er... only about half--

LOGAN
(shouts)
Don't touch it!

Eka freezes. River continues compressions.

LEYLA
Viktor's been drinking a bottle a
day most of his life and he's...

Leyla surveys Viktor's body.

... one hundred fifteen kilos. Half
a bottle wouldn't do this.

LOGAN
And he was sober when he came in.
Something or someone else did this.

JOHNNY
Call the cops, man!

LOGAN
We don't need to. They're already
here.

Logan looks around at... who?

FADE OUT

Text: 'One hour earlier...'

EXT. LOGAN'S BAR - EVENING

A medium busy street, Poppys 2, tourists throng the streets. Music BLARES from nearby bars and clubs. Two OFF DUTY POLE DANCERS, 20s, shapely and neat, stand outside 'Logan's' encouraging people to enter. Two signboards show special offers on basic bar food and happy hour cocktails.

TOMMY is standing outside Logan's. The space in front is blocked with two TRAFFIC CONES. Tommy glances around. Down the STREET we see an ex-military JEEP approaching, Logan is driving. Logan drives the Jeep into the parking space, gets out of the Jeep to enter Logan's.

INT. LOGAN'S BAR - EVENING

It's medium busy, the music is loud enough to cover each table's conversation but not pumping. It's light enough to find your way around, but not enough to illuminate the darker corners. Several POLE DANCERS, shapely and professional, including two natural blonde western girls, gyrate on a few tables. At the nearest table to one side sit DEWI, 20 and DEVI, 23, two pretty Indonesian girls, arguing. At the nearest table to the other side, sit JOHNNY, 60, Australian and BRUCE, 61, American, two hard core, life long surf searchers.

We see WAYNE 44, American with movie star looks and alcoholic eyes, sitting at a table not far away with ALEXA, 23, Indonesian, cute, naive. Alone at one table sits MAYA, 22, Balinese, cute but haunted, sipping a JUICE and FROWNING at her phone.

LOGAN crosses the bar and sits down at his table marked with a RESERVED SIGN, a half full BOTTLE of single malt WHISKY and a NOTEBOOK and PEN.

EXT. LOGAN'S BAR - EVENING

VIKTOR, 35, Russian, WELL MUSCLED, walks up to the entrance to Logan's. TOMMY steps back and nods. Viktor does not look at him, enters.

INT. LOGAN'S BAR - EVENING

VIKTOR'S POV

We enter Logan's.

EKA, 18, dark tanned Indonesian bar staff, APPEARS in front of VIKTOR.

EKA
Good evening Mr Viktor. The usual?

THE CAMERA NODS FOR VIKTOR.

Eka steps aside to REVEAL a table at the back on one side of the bar with a RESERVED SIGN.

At the back, to the other side of the bar, sits LOGAN, stern, intense, behind a half empty bottle of single malt. Next to him is a small notebook and a pen. Logan half nods towards us, then makes a note in his book.

We and Eka, carrying a bottle of vodka and two glasses, one full of ice, converge on the table. Viktor sits, looking out over the bar as Eka places the vodka and glasses in front of us.

We see WAYNE, sitting at a table not far away with ALEXA. Wayne turns and raises his Bintang beer towards us, waves towards VIKTOR's table.

WAYNE
How are you doing, Viktor? Come join us! Have a drink?

A few moments pass then Wayne turns back to Alexa.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Moody Russian bastard! He's actually a really good friend of mine.

Behind Wayne, Logan winces, shakes his head.

ALEXA
You know everybody!

EKA
(passing by)
Everybody knows HIM. There's a difference.

WAYNE
Selamat sore, Eka!

EKA
(shouting back at him)
It's malam, Wayne.

WAYNE

Yeah, whatever...

ALEXA

How can she be so rude to you.
You're the owner!

WAYNE

(making sure Logan didn't
hear)
Yeah, well, I'm a good boss and
she's a hard worker.

ALEXA

She should show you more respect.

WAYNE

Don't worry about it. I can handle
it.

ALEXA

You seem like you can handle
anything, Wayne.

Wayne grins like a WOLF. Their table is JOLTED as WAYAN, 46, Indonesian, chubby, passes. Wayne grabs his rocking beer bottle.

WAYNE

Woah! Slow down there, Wayan!

WAYAN

Sorry, mister. Very sorry, miss. Do
I know you? How do you know my
name?

WAYNE

Just a wild guess, buddy. No harm
done. Have a good evening!

WAYAN

Thank you, mister. You too.

Wayan approaches the bar counter. NOVI, 18, 'blonde' curvaceous half Indonesian moves towards him. Wayan surveys Novi, obviously looking at her chest.

NOVI

Can I help you? With a drink...

Logan glances over, SURREPTICIOUS.

WAYAN

(Bahasa)

Aren't a you a bit young to be working here?

NOVI

And aren't you a bit old to be looking at my tits?

Wayan is TAKEN ABACK, Logan is AMUSED, takes a sip of his drink.

NOVI (CONT'D)

So, do you want a drink or not?

WAYAN

Er... Bintang.

Novi opens a bottle of beer and sets it in front of Wayan, who fumbles with his wallet.

NOVI

It's happy hour, big boy. First beer's on the house. Go sit down!

Wayan looks around, there are no empty tables. Then he sees KETUT, 38, Indonesian, dodgy looking, by himself at one table and steps towards him.

WAYAN

(Bahasa)

Can I?

KETUT

(Bahasa)

Yes, sit down! What's your name?

WAYAN

(Bahasa)

Wayan. Did you hear what that one said to me?

KETUT

(Bahasa)

No respect for a man!

WAYAN

(Bahasa)

Yes, it's like we're already married!

They LAUGH. At the next table, Johnny and Bruce chink bottles of Bintang.

BRUCE

You totally dropped in on him
though, man.

JOHNNY

Not really. He was never gonna make
it, mate.

BRUCE

You didn't know for sure. He might
have--

JOHNNY

I totally knew it, Bruce. There was
no way a fucking Slovakian
lightweight like that was gonna
catch a double overhead at Outside
Corner on a late drop. He was
always gonna fall.

BRUCE

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Well, maybe so but the rules are--

JOHNNY

They don't even have an ocean where
he comes from, man. It's a
landlocked nation.

Bruce NODS, GRUGDINGLY.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Never gonna make it, mate. That
shampoo was all mine from the
start.

BRUCE

Yeah, I guess but still...

We hear the sound of a LOUD MOTORBIKE pulling up.

JOHNNY

It's just common sense, BRUCE. This
place is home from home for me. I
belong here. It's my zone. My wave!

BRUCE

But they won't learn right unless
we set an example. Like when we
were groms.

JOHNNY

It was my wave. That's it.

BRUCE
Yeah, yeah. Alright.

JOHNNY
Fuck the Eurotrash! To the search,
bra!

Johnny and Bruce clink bottles. Behind them, enters RIVER, 29, androgynous, non binary, in expensive biker gear, a fresh BRUISE to the side of one eye. We follow River to a high table with no stool. River takes off EXPENSIVE GLOVES. Eka approaches.

EKA
Hi, River! How are you?

RIVER
Tired like a motherfucker. How are you?

EKA
I'm good. You want me to find you a table?

RIVER
It's okay. I've been sitting all day. Nice to stand for a while.

Eka looks at River's bruise.

EKA
What happened?

RIVER
About what?

EKA
That!

River touches his face, looks slightly EMBARRASSED.

RIVER
Oh, Tracie. Last night.

EKA
Who's Tracy? He hit you? You need to be careful who you... hang out with, River!

RIVER
She. Tracie's my personal trainer.

River puts up his fists, GUARDING his face, boxing style. Eka is CONFUSED.

RIVER (CONT'D)
 We were sparring. Tae Kwondo? I
 might start fighting again.

EKA
 Oh, okay. Well, be careful, will
 you?

River shrugs, IRRITATED.

EKA (CONT'D)
 Okay, what can I get you?

RIVER
 J.D. and coke.

EKA takes note.

EKA
 Anything to eat?

RIVER
 No, thanks. But tell Logan his bike
 will be ready tomorrow. The carb
 needle arrived.

EKA
 Okay. I will.

Eka moves away. River surveys the bar. LEYLA winks at him. River pouts back, she laughs. We see Eka order from Novi who doesn't reply to Eka. Eka then speaks to Logan who glances at River, gives him a quick ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. River ACKNOWLEDGES back.

Alexa stands up and heads towards the bathrooms in the back. Wayne notices MAYA sitting at the next table.

Novi THROWS River's drink along the counter top towards Eka who catches it just in time then GLARES at Eka who ignores Novi. Eka adds a napkin and puts the drink on her tray with EXAGGERATED care. Logan watches, SLIGHTLY FRUSTRATED. Eka heads towards River.

Wayne leans forward trying to catch Maya's attention. His view is blocked as Eka stops at his table.

EKA (CONT'D)
 Aren't you with someone?

Wayne looks INNOCENT/OFFENDED, but still half trying to see around Eka who leans down to speak to him.

WAYNE
I'm just being friendly to a new
face in--

EKA
Just don't, Wayne. I know her,
okay?

Wayne shrugs.

WAYNE
So?

EKA
And I know her uncle...

WAYNE
Who's her uncle?

Eka whispers in Wayne's ear. Wayne is SHOCKED and a little SCARED.

EKA
And stop telling your bimbos this
is your bar. Logan's gonna find out
and he won't like it.

Wayne pulls himself together.

WAYNE
I'm a shareholder.

EKA
Five per cent for one year. That's
all.

WAYNE
It is what it is.

As Eka stands up straight again, we see Alexa, INDIGNANT.

ALEXA
What's going on?

EKA
Nothing. Ever.

Eka walks away towards River. Alexa stares at Wayne.

WAYNE
She was just warning me.

Alexa sits down, INTRIGUED.

ALEXA

What about?

WAYNE

There's someone from the government
in here tonight.

Alexa starts to look around.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

No, don't look around, you silly
c... thing!

ALEXA

Sorry, sorry.

WAYNE

It's okay. We're clean. And it's
not about the bar anyway.

ALEXA

OMG! What is it then?

WAYNE

I can't talk about it here. I'll
tell you later.

ALEXA

Your life is so exciting, Wayne!

Wayne grins.

WAYNE

Stay close to me, kid. You'll be
alright.

ALEXA

Oh, I will. I will.

Eka delivers River's drink with a smile then walks away,
passing Dewi and Dewi's table. Dewi is busy with a banking
app on her phone.

DEVI

What are you doing? You'd better
not be doing what I think you're
doing.

DEWI

What do you think I'm doing?

DEVI

Giving some more money to your
broke loser bule boyfriend.

Dewi hesitates, SHEEPISH.

DEVI (CONT'D)
You are, aren't you?! Give me that
phone!

Dewi tries to grab Dewi's phone. Dewi fights her off.

DEVI
It's just a couple of million. He
needs it.

DEVI
What for, Dewi? That's six million
already this month.

DEVI
His motorbike rental.

DEVI
Why are you paying his motorbike
rental?

DEVI
He's waiting for a transfer from
UK. That's all.

DEVI
Dewi, I work in a bank. An
international transfer takes a day,
two or three days max. He's
scamming you.
(under her breath)
Again.

DEVI
It's not that simple. It's...
complicated.

DEVI
How is it complicated? Is he
transferring money or not?

DEVI
He made an investment...

DEVI
In what?

DEVI
I'm not sure. I'm just helping him
out until it pays off. It's
guaranteed. He'll make a good
profit.

DEVI

Like the house he was buying that needed all his money for the deposit? And what happened to that?

DEVI

That wasn't his fault. The lawyers took all his money.

DEVI

So he says.

DEVI

I believe him. I trust him one hundred per cent.

DEVI

That's cos you're one hundred per cent an idiot!

DEVI

Hey!

DEVI

Wake up, sister! He's never gonna buy a house, get a job or get paid out from an imaginary investment. He's ripping you off, darling.

DEVI

Charles would never do that. He's just had some bad luck. I'll be here for him now and he'll be there for me in the future, always. That's how love works.

DEVI

Really? And where is he now then?

DEVI

Er... he must be getting the money to pay the motorbike guy.

DEVI

Or with his useless band that nobody wants to listen to? Or teaching English on line like he told you last time when he never came home that night? More likely he was with some skank in Sky Garden or that other club you found him in. Mirror?

DEWI

That wasn't his fault. They spiked his drink!

DEVI

And with whose money was he buying drinks in a club anyway?

DEWI

With his money.

DEVI

Which was given to him by...?

DEWI

It was a loan. I didn't give it to--

DEVI

Money which was supposed to be for a new guitar and rehearsal space for the band! But he went to a club!

DEWI

It's part of his creative process. You know?

DEVI

He's a dead beat loser who's been ripping you off for two years. When are you going to wake up? It's supposed to be us ripping them off, remember? Not the other way around.

DEWI

It's only nineteen months and he's not ripping me off. He'll pay me back.

DEVI

In your dreams...

Two YOUNG WESTERN MEN, in their twenties, enter. Devi FIDGETS and smiles at them COQUETTISH. WESTERN MAN 1 glances at her but WESTERN MAN 2 is staring at Leyla on her pole and quickly DRAGS WESTERN MAN 1 to sit at the table where Leyla is dancing. Devi frowns.

DEVI (CONT'D)

Maybe I need to learn to pole dance.

DEWI

What?!

DEVI

Maybe you should too. So you can make more money to give to your idiot boyfriend.

DEWI

He's not an idiot.

DEVI

Somebody in your relationship is.

DEWI

What do you mean?

DEVI

Nothing. Tell me if you see any more cute bules come in.

Eka glides past and approaches Johnny and Bruce's table.

JOHNY

No way, man! It always looks smaller from the shore.

BRUCE

No, man! Sometimes I'm looking from the beach and thinking 'that's huge out there!' and when I get out I'm like 'ah, it's not that big!'

We see Leyla moving to a pole close to the surfers' table and preparing to dance.

EKA

Can I get you guys another round? Five more minutes of happy hour...

BRUCE

Yes please, Eka! Bintang here.

JOHNNY

And for me! What do you say, Eka? Does the surf look bigger from the shore or does it seem like, massive when you're in it, but when you get on the beach--

BRUCE

Or you see photos after!

JOHNNY

Yeah, especially in photos or video, it looks kinda small?

BRUCE

And you're all, you know,
disappointed that it doesn't look
so impressive?

EKA

I don't know. For me... I guess so,
yes. Sometimes, I feel like it's
really big when I'm out and I'm all
stoked that I even rode it. Then
when I come in and look back out
there, it looks quite a bit
smaller.

JOHNNY

You see? You see?

BRUCE

Yeah, no. It's still the other way
around for me.

JOHNNY

No way, man. You're crazy.

EKA

Maybe you guys just see it
differently? I don't know.

JOHNNY

Yeah, yeah, she's right! It's that
science thing about how you change
stuff by looking at it.

BRUCE

What?

JOHNNY

The harder you try to see
something, the more you change it.
So you can't really see what's
there unless you look at it like,
sideways, without trying, you know?

BRUCE

You've lost me here, bro.

JOHNNY

It's science, man. 'The more you
observe something, you more you
change it.' You're on the beach and
you think that's a big wave so you
make it big in your mind, by seeing
it.

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I see a smaller wave because that's what I expect so me looking at it, makes it smaller. Cos that's the way I'm thinking.

EKA

(exasperated)

I'm gonna get your beers.

Eka leaves the table.

BRUCE

What the fuck are you talking about, Johny?

Johnny sighs.

JOHNNY

Okay, Breaking Bad.

BRUCE

Breaking Bad? The tv series?

JOHNNY

Yeah, that's the science!

BRUCE

What is?

JOHNNY

What does he call himself? After he stops being a chemistry teacher and starts being a bad ass dealer?

BRUCE

Er... something -berg.

JOHNNY

Yeah, yeah... Heisenberg. That's it. Heisenberg. The Heisenberg Principle - you change stuff by looking at it. The more you look at it, try to measure it, the more it changes, in your eyes, your... way of measuring.

Leyla arches her back down to their table, her face upside down.

LEYLA

Actually that's the Observer Principle.

BRUCE

Huh?

LEYLA

At a quantum level, the measurement of some systems cannot be made without affecting the system i.e. changing the system.

JOHNNY

You see? I was right.

LEYLA

The Heisenberg Principle states that the more precisely the position of some particles is determined, the less precisely its momentum can be predicted. Lots of people get the two confused.

BRUCE

I bet they do. Thanks!

LEYLA

You're welcome.

Leyla arches upright again and continues dancing.

BRUCE

How come a stripper knows that shit?

JOHNNY

She's not a stripper. She's a pole dancer.

BRUCE

Which makes all the difference.

JOHNNY

Apparently.

Eka returns with two beers, delivers them.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So you agree now? The waves look different to different people?

BRUCE

Fuck! I don't know, man. I think I believe more in that Heisenberg Conspiracy Theory.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Seems to resonate more with my personal experience, dude: the harder I try at one thing, the more something else in my life gets all fucked up.

JOHNNY

I hear you.

Eka rolls her eyes and leaves the table. We see Logan watching her. Logan waves at Novi who comes to the end of the bar.

NOVI

Yes, boss?

LOGAN

Stop causing shit with Eka!

NOVI

I wasn't, boss.

Logan looks at her STERNLY.

NOVI (CONT'D)

Okay, I won't. I just don't like her. She--

LOGAN

I don't pay you to like her. I pay you to do your job.

NOVI

Yes, Mister Logan.

LOGAN

(slightly softer)

Just give her a little margin, okay?

EKA

But she'll take advantage again, like last ti--

LOGAN

It's my job to manage that. You do yours! Or you're both out of here.

Novi stares at Logan who outstares her easily. Novi nods and moves back to serve a CUSTOMER.

Viktor stands up, slightly unsteadily and starts to walk out. The vodka bottle is half empty. Eka approaches Logan's table.

EKA
Boss, Viktor's leaving without
paying again!

Logan glances up, watches Viktor walking slowly towards the door. Tommy looks QUESTIONINGLY at Logan, who GESTURES SLIGHTLY that it's okay. Tommy relaxes. Eka sighs. Logan looks at her, calmly. Eka shrugs and walks away.

Logan looks again at Viktor, who staggers slightly.

LOGAN
(shouts)
Leyla!

Leyla looks up, sees Viktor and lightly jumps to the far side of the pole table as Viktor crashes down onto the other side, smashing it and falls limp to the floor. CUSTOMERS scream, shout and jump to their feet. A few head towards the exit. Logan looks at Tommy, shakes his head. Tommy blocks the door, ushers them back. Logan glances at Maya who's looking at Viktor, stands and walks over to where Leyla and River attend to Viktor. Leyla is checking his pulse.

LEYLA
There's no pulse.

River moves to Viktor's chest and starts chest compressions. Logan glances towards Viktor's table, Eka is in the way.

LOGAN
Eka, how much of that bottle did
Viktor drink?

Eka turns around, revealing Viktor's table and reaches towards the bottle. We see it's about half full.

EKA
Er... only about half--

LOGAN
(shouts)
Don't touch it!

Eka freezes. River continues compressions.

LEYLA
Viktor's been drinking a bottle a
day most of his life and he's...

Leyla surveys Viktor's body.

(MORE)

LEYLA (CONT'D)
... one hundred fifteen kilos. Half
a bottle wouldn't do this.

LOGAN
And he was sober when he came in.
Something or someone else did this.

JOHNNY
Call the cops, man!

LOGAN
We don't need to. They're already
here.

Logan turns to look at Maya.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Aren't you, kak Maya?

Maya is SURPRISED, tries to hide it.

MAYA
How did you...?

LOGAN
It's my place. I make sure I know
everyone in here.

Alexa looks at Wayne, ANGRY. Wayne points between Logan and
himself.

WAYNE
My junior partner.

Logan hears Wayne, glares at him. Maya approaches.

RIVER
(panting)
I'm getting tired here. Can someone
take over?

LOGAN
(angry)
Don't bother. He's already dead.

Logan looks at Maya.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
You better find out who did this,
in my bar. Or I will...

Maya nods.

FADE OUT.