

End of the Line

Written by

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INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 1.

ELLA is packing up a moving box and filling it with her personal belongings. The room becomes more bare, the more she packs away.

HARRY

El, El, please, what are you doing?

ELLA

I'm sorry.

Ella continues to pack ignoring Harry.

HARRY

Ella, just, just stop what you're doing, just for a second. Please, just talk to me.

ELLA

I'm sorry Harry, I'm so sorry. But this is happening, ok? You just have to accept it.

Ella keeps packing, she reaches for a photo of herself and Harry but stops and doesn't take it.

HARRY

But why? Why are you doing this? After everything we've been through? That's just it? You're just going to leave?

Ella stops packing and looks up at Harry

ELLA

Look, Harry, I know none of this is your fault, I know. I wish things were different, I do, but staying here, being with you... It..

HARRY

So, it is my fault.

ELLA

No. I love you and I always will love you. But being here, it just brings me back.... and I need to find my own way of moving on from it.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

ELLA

Please, Harry, don't make this any harder for me than it already is.

HARRY

Where are you going to go? What are you going to do?

ELLA

I don't know, honestly, I don't...

HARRY

El, please, you must know, I'd...

Harry holds Ella's hands, Ella still avoids looking him in the eye. Eventually Ella looks up.

(Beat)

Once she locks eyes with Harry she looks away again and takes Harry's hands off of her.

ELLA

I know darling, I know.

Ella picks up the box and gives Harry one last look.

HARRY

Ella....

Ella opens the door and shuts it behind her.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 2.

Harry is sat up against a wall, on the floor, drinking a beer. His bed is unmade, a poster of a Western film is on the wall, and flyers for gigs for the pub "Sex Machine" and various other pubs. The desk in the corner is still covered with some of Ella's belongings such as a hairdryer and a few makeup brushes.

INT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - KITCHEN - MORNING 3.

Harry runs into the kitchen while tying his apron around his waist. CHEF is cooking multiple dishes at furious speed.

CHEF

Harry! You're late! Again!

HARRY

Sorry chef.

Chef shoves a plate of food into Harry's chest.

CHEF

Take that to table 5, now!

HARRY

Yes, chef.

Harry runs off with the plate.

CHEF

Twat!

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING 4.

Harry is sitting up against another wall on the floor in the corner of his room. He's drinking more beer and his room is after getting messier. He looks at the picture frame that is displayed on his bedside locker of him and Ella from the other side of the room. Harry takes a big sip of his beer and looks away from the picture.

INT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT 5.

Harry runs into the kitchen while fixing his tie.

CHEF

Harry, Harry! Get in here!

HARRY

Here chef.

CHEF

Did you take the carbonara to table 12?

HARRY

Yes, chef.

CHEF

The carbonara was supposed to be for table 13, You moron!

HARRY

I'm sorry, chef, my mistake.

CHEF

Too right your fucking mistake, take this to table 13, now!

HARRY

Yes, chef.

Harry takes the plate of food and runs off.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING 6.

Harry is sitting on his bed, staring out his window. His room has become a total mess with bottles of beer, spirits and takeaway everywhere. The picture frame of him and Ella is facing down.

INT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7.

Harry runs into the kitchen to pick up another order from Chef.

CHEF

Come on, quicker, I ain't got all
fucking night!

Harry tries to pick up the plate but accidentally drops it.

CHEF

You idiot! Can't you do anything right
Harry? Can you?!

HARRY

Sorry chef.

CHEF

Clean that shit up, now!

INT. LARRY'S PUB - NIGHT 8.

Harry is sitting at the bar, drinking a pint, alone. Harry reaches into his pocket and tries to call Ella's number. There is no answer.

INT. MARIGOLD HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT 9.

Harry walks into the kitchen. Chef is chopping peppers.

HARRY

Sorry, chef?

Chef continues chopping his peppers and doesn't look at Harry.

CHEF

What is it now Harry, can't you see
I'm busy?

HARRY

I know, I'm sorry to bother you, but I
think there must have been some kind
of mix-up.

Chef stops chopping his peppers and looks up at Harry.

CHEF

The fuck are you on about Harry?

HARRY

Table 17 ordered the Tagliatelle but
someone sent them out the salmon.

CHEF

And that's my fault, is it?

HARRY

No chef, I'd just like to fix the
issue and get the customer the food
that they ordered.

Chef gets up close to Harry.

CHEF

Are you mocking me boy?

HARRY

No chef, I'd just like to...

CHEF

You'd just like to what? Question my
work? Get the fuck out of my kitchen.

HARRY

But chef I...

CHEF

I said, get the fuck, out of my
kitchen.

HARRY

Ok, fine, I'll go.

Harry starts to walk away, Chef snickers.

CHEF

No wonder that little slut of yours
left you.

Harry stops walking, turns around and punches Chef in the face. Chef stumbles back and looks at Harry in shock while holding his jaw. Harry then storms out of the kitchen.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 10.

Harry is walking down a street, as he reaches for his pocket, he grabs his apron and rips it off and angrily throws it to the ground then takes out a cigarette from his pocket and lights it.

INT. LARRY'S PUB - NIGHT 11.

Harry walks into Larry's pub, the place is very quiet and consists of mainly older regulars. Harry walks up to the bar and orders himself a pint. He then sits down at the bar next to an older woman and takes a sip out of his pint.

MARY

You alright love? What happened to
your hand?

HARRY

I got into a disagreement at work.

MARY

I've been there, where do you work?
Your uniform looks very familiar.

HARRY

The Marigold hotel, around the corner
from here, or well I used to.

MARY

Oh, I was there for my cousin's
wedding last year and I thought it was
only lovely. What kind of disagreement
did you get in? I thought that
would've been a lovely place to work
at.

HARRY

The chef was being a cunt.

Harry takes a big sip from his pint.

MARY

Well then, I suppose all chefs must be cunts so, my sister is one after all. What did he do?

HARRY

He said something about someone I care about. But it doesn't even really matter because she's gone now anyways.

Harry takes another sip of his pint.

MARY

I'm sorry to hear that, what happened love?

HARRY

She met me and she deserved better.

MARY

Don't say that, I'm sure she was very lucky to have you.

HARRY

She's better off without me but she was the only good thing I've ever had and now she's gone and I don't even know where she is.

MARY

Lovey...

Harry opens his carton of cigarettes to see that it is empty.

HARRY

I have to go. Thanks for the chat.

Mary starts to reach her hand towards Harry but he gets up and walks out of the bar.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 12.

Harry is walking down the street smoking a new cigarette whilst drinking a bottle of beer from a 6 pack he bought from the shop. As he is walking down the street, he sees a homeless man shivering.

THOMAS

Hey buddy, any chance I could have one of those?

Harry takes one last drag from his cigarette and puts it out on the ground.

HARRY

Um, yeah, sure. Here you go.

THOMAS

Thank you so much, Thomas by the way, you?

HARRY

Harry.

THOMAS

Fancy joining me by any chance?

HARRY

Yeah, why not.

Harry sits down next to Thomas.

THOMAS

So why are you out here boozing and cruising all by yourself Harry? Someone could mistake you for someone like me.

HARRY

I don't want to burden you with any of my shit, you clearly have far worse troubles than me.

THOMAS

What do you mean by that?

HARRY

Uh...Nothing.

THOMAS

You know, I get kind of sick of people feeling sorry for me all of the time. I think it'd be nice to listen to somebody else's worries for a change.

HARRY

Well, Thomas. I'm going to kill myself.

Harry takes a big swig of his beer.

THOMAS

(Beat)

Well shit. Everyone needs a goal I guess. Can I ask why?

HARRY

You know, in a way, it's almost freeing. Knowing that it's all going to be over soon. No more guilt, no more shame.

THOMAS

What is it that's making you feel so guilty?

HARRY

If it weren't for me, my girlfriend,
(Beat)

Or well, ex girlfriend, Ella, could have had a normal life, but because of me, some uh.... bad shit happened to her. I wasn't able to protect her. I'm a coward and I'm going to die a coward.

THOMAS

Look at me? Do you think this gives me the excuse to just call it a day? Whatever happened, the only thing that would make you a coward right now was if you just gave up.

HARRY

I bet.

Harry finishes the rest of his beer. Harry then gets up.

THOMAS

Mind if I have the rest of those?

HARRY

Sure.

THOMAS

Not like your going to need them
anyways.

Harry starts to walk away.

THOMAS

Thomas raises his bottle towards Harry.

Stay strong brother.

INT. SEX MACHINE - NIGHT 13.

Harry is sitting at the bar, he downs a pint and gestures to the bar man for another one. The pub is blaring loud rock music, the place is cast in a red glow and the patrons are wearing dark coloured clothing. The pub is small but vibrant. As he is drinking, a woman with a cut lip, bruised face, piercings and an outlandish punk rock style storms out of the bathroom with tears down her eyes, makeup smudged. She walks up to the bar.

REBECCA

A Jack Daniels please Phil.

PHIL

No problem Becca.

Phil hands Rebecca a glass of Jack Daniels. She drinks it in one big gulp.

REBECCA

Another Jack Daniels please Phil,
thank you.

PHIL

Of course Darling one second.

Phil refills her glass.

REBECCA

Thank you, Phillip.

Rebecca takes a swig from her glass while staring at Harry. Phil dries a pint glass with a cloth.

PHIL

I told you to stop calling me that.

REBECCA

Yeah, whatever.

Rebecca starts to walk over to Harry; Harry awkwardly tries to look away from her as she is walking up to him. Once she gets to Harry, she downs the rest of her drink and slams the glass in front of him.

REBECCA

What are you supposed to be a butler or something?

HARRY

Um, no I uh..

REBECCA

So why are you dressed like that then?

HARRY

I'm, or well was, a waiter.

REBECCA

Yeah whatever, are you gonna buy me a drink or what?

HARRY

I mean, sure, I suppose I can...

REBECCA

Phil! Next ones on him mate alright?

PHIL

Sure thing Becca.

REBECCA

Rebecca by the way, but my friends call me Becca.

HARRY

Nice to meet you, Becca.

REBECCA

I never said you was my friend.

HARRY

Oh right, sorry.

REBECCA

I'm only fucking with ya. What's your name then?

HARRY

Harry.

Rebecca offers Harry her hand and Harry shakes it reluctantly.

REBECCA

Nice to meet ya, Harry, so why are you over here drinking all by yourself like some weirdo?

HARRY

I needed a drink I guess, why are you here?

REBECCA

I tried dumping my "boyfriend" again. Didn't take it too well.

HARRY

I can see that.

REBECCA

You ain't looking much better yourself mate. So, have you got a girlfriend then or what?

HARRY

No, I don't.

REBECCA

And why's that then?

HARRY

It's a long story.

REBECCA

Well, go on then.

HARRY

I don't feel like talking about it, sorry.

REBECCA

Alright then, whatever.

A large, bald man with a snake tattoo on his face and a septum piercing charges through the front door of the pub. He marches up towards Rebecca and grabs her arm.

ALFIE

There you are you stupid bitch. Do you have any idea how long I have been looking for you? You don't ever run off on me like that again, you hear?

REBECCA

Get fucking lost Alfie, yeah? When will you ever take a hint? I don't want anything to do with you. Do you understand the words that I am saying to you?

ALFIE

If you don't shut your fucking mouth and leave with me right now, makeup won't fix what I'll do to you.

HARRY

Hey, listen, uh, I don't think she wants to leave with you. Let's just take it easy a second.

ALFIE

And who are you then?

Harry avoids eye contact.

HARRY

I'm nobody, but look, it's obvious she doesn't to want to go anywhere with you. So, I just think it's best that you just leave, ok?

ALFIE

And you think you have some sort of say in this, do ya?

HARRY

I don't want any sort of trouble, I just think..

ALFIE

I don't give a shit what you think.

REBECCA

Alfie, it's alright, look come on let's go there's no need to..

Rebecca tries to get Alfie away from Harry but Alfie smacks her across the face. Harry reaches his arm toward Alfie. Before he can react further, Alfie punches Harry in the face knocking him to the ground. As Harry tries to stand up, Alfie grabs him by his shirt and starts hitting him repeatedly. Rebecca tries to pull Alfie off of Harry.

REBECCA

Alfie stop, please!

Alfie shoves Rebecca off of him and starts hitting Harry again. As Harry starts drooling blood and gasping for air, Phil and the pub bouncer drag Alfie off of Harry by his arms.

PHIL

Get your hands off of him! I told you what would happen if you came back here again.

Phil and the bouncer drag Alfie out of the pub.

ALFIE

Your next Phil, you hear me? You're next!

Harry tries to stand up again but he can't, Rebecca helps him back up.

REBECCA

Jesus, Harry, sweetheart, are you alright?

Harry gently pulls away from Rebecca and starts stumbling out of the pub.

REBECCA

Harry? Where are you going? Harry?

EXT. SEX MACHINE - NIGHT 14.

Harry falls out onto the street and struggles to get back up again. Rebecca runs out after him. Phil and the bouncer are struggling to restrain Alfie.

ALFIE

Where do you think you're going? I'm not finished with you yet!

PHIL

Enough out of you!

REBECCA

Harry where are you going? you need help! Someone call him an ambulance or something!

ALFIE

Go on then, chase after him if you love him so much. You whore!

REBECCA

Shut it Alfie!

Rebecca hits Alfie in his stomach. Phil tries to calm her down as the bouncer has Alfie pinned against the wall. Throughout the commotion, Harry leaves the scene without anyone noticing.

EXT. HARVEY'S CORNER SHOP - NIGHT 15.

Harry collapses onto a curb outside of a shop. He tries to catch his breath and come back to his senses. As Harry tries to pull himself together, he looks up to see a figure of a man walking toward him. The sound of clinking of boots and a heavy belt buckle jingling fill the air as the figure approaches. From the shadow into the glow of the street light the figure comes into view.

HARRY

Hello?

Once the man reaches Harry, he lights a cigarette. The light revealing a man wearing a cowboy hat and boots.

COWBOY

Hey partner, you ain't looking too good.

HARRY

Jesus Christ, just when I thought this night couldn't get any weirder.

COWBOY

You look like a fella who could do with a drink.

HARRY

Fuck it.

The cowboy takes out a whiskey flask from his jacket and hands it to Harry. He sits next to him on the curb.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What the hell is someone like you doing out here?

COWBOY

That don't matter none. What matters is what are you doing out here.

HARRY

Ok, sure, you got a name then at least?

COWBOY

I've gone by many names, but you can call me friend.

HARRY

Ok then "friend", thanks for the drink.

COWBOY

Ain't nothin'.

Harry passes Cowboy back the flask. Cowboy takes a sip from the flask and passes it back to Harry, Cowboy then gazes up into the night sky.

COWBOY

Beautiful night ain't it.

Harry looks up at the sky.

HARRY

Yeah, sure. Probably my last.

Harry takes a big swig from the flask.

COWBOY

Do you want it to be your last?

HARRY

Yeah.

COWBOY

Why?

HARRY

I'm tired friend. I'm tired of being who I am. I tried, I really did. I never wanted to be this way but can't say I had much choice in it.

COWBOY

Well, we don't get to choose to get the hand dealt to us partner. What is important we do with it.

HARRY

But the cards I was dealt didn't just affect me.

COWBOY

Meanin'?

HARRY

Ella is the only person I've ever really loved.

COWBOY

Ella, that's a pretty name. Who'd that be?

HARRY

She was my girlfriend. We would spend every minute together. We'd get up to all sorts of trouble. One summer we went into an abandoned house near where we lived. We spent all day fixing it up the way we wanted it and made it our own. She used her coat as a picnic blanket and we split a bar of chocolate I had in my pocket. From then on, I knew she was more than just my friend.

Harry takes a cigarette and Cowboy lights it for him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Her dad left when she was born and her mom was always working, so she would spend most of her time with me and my family. For a while it was perfect. My favourite thing was getting to see her every morning. We had our own special path to get to school. We would stay up late and watch movies every night until we fell asleep on the couch.

Harry takes a drag of his cigarette.

It was usually a movie of her choice but I didn't mind, El had great taste. But it was wrong of me, to bring her into my family, my life.

COWBOY

How so?

HARRY

I knew what they were like, what my dad was like. Mom was a nurse so she would often work nights. When I was around 15, dad was let go as a delivery driver for drinking on the job. That meant the drinking got worse, especially at night when mom was away. One night, he came into my room and told me, if I didn't do what he wanted, he would do worse to Ella. Then it became more than just one night.

Harry takes another drag of his cigarette

HARRY (CONT'D)

I thought if I just did what he wanted, he would leave her alone, but I was wrong. A year later, me and El fell asleep to another one of her movies, some stupid Western flick. That night dad came into the room and locked the door. Ever since, El wasn't able to look me in the eyes the same way. Shortly after that night, her mom passed away. She didn't really have any other family that could take her in so of course my parents being the "kind and caring" people that they were, decided to officially take El in as one of their own.

Harry flicks away his cigarette.

HARRY (CONT'D)

For the next 2 years, we saved up enough money together to leave home without telling anyone. I thought that maybe things were going to get better.

That things could back to the way they were. But once again I was wrong. Whenever El would look at me I knew all that she could see was Dad. And it's all my fault, I couldn't protect her.

(Beat)

I ruined her life.

COWBOY

It's been tough journey, I'll give you that. Don't mean it has to be the end.

HARRY

What am I supposed to do?

COWBOY

You have to face the past friend.

HARRY

How? Dad died after I left and I didn't even go to the funeral. Mom thinks that he was a good father and I just left for no reason. We haven't talked in years. And what about Ella? I'll never see her again.

COWBOY

Your mother needs to know what happened. Ella did what she had to do. Now it's your turn son.

HARRY

I don't know if I can do it.

COWBOY

You're choice now Harry. You'll make the right one. I know it.

HARRY

I... I don't know.

(Beat)

I don't even remember telling you my name.

Harry looks back at the cowboy but he is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 16.

Harry wobbles down the street whilst drinking back a shoulder of vodka. Harry then trips and falls. His bottle of vodka shatters on the ground. Harry holds the shattered glass in his hands and starts to break down crying.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 17.

Harry looks out at the ocean; it is now almost morning. Harry reaches for his pocket with his bloody hand and takes out his phone, he looks through his contacts, and the only 2 he has are his mom and Ella. He flicks on both contacts twice, contemplating, he then looks out at the ocean again and takes in a deep breath.

THE END.