

The Rounds

Written by

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Draft 8

Contact  
information

1 INT. QUIET PUB - DAY - 2024

ALAN SCOTT (60s) glugs his pint of bitter and the last third disappears down his throat. He lets out the satisfied sound that follows a nicely quenched thirst.

ALAN SCOTT

Ahhh.

He's a weathered, heavysset man, with the hands of someone who relied on them for a living. He eyes the foam that melts down the interior of his glass and then looks across to, JAKE SCOTT (30s), a smaller, softer-skinned version of himself, who has at least half of his beer left.

JAKE SCOTT

Yes?

ALAN SCOTT

Drink up, lad. It's your round.

Jake exaggerates a confused stare down to his remaining half pint.

JAKE SCOTT

What are you, a camel? I've still got half a pint here.

ALAN SCOTT

Yeah... and I'm empty. Surely no lad of mine would refuse his old man a drink.

Alan holds out his pint glass, smiling enthusiastically. Jake leaves his dad's arm outstretched, unimpressed.

JAKE SCOTT

Does the old man not think he's had enough drinks.

ALAN SCOTT

It's Christmas, for god's sake!

JAKE SCOTT

Not yet it isn't...

The two stare at each other for a moment, before Jake sighs and begrudgingly takes the glass from his dad.

JAKE SCOTT (cont'd)

Alright, fine, but I'm having a coke. I can't get too merry.

ALAN SCOTT  
Don't be ridiculous.

JAKE SCOTT  
Meg's suffering with the baby. I said  
I wouldn't be late.

ALAN SCOTT  
Oh, come on! She's not even got a  
bump yet, has she?

JAKE SCOTT  
I know you don't think so, but  
sometimes there are more important  
things than sitting in the pub.

ALAN SCOTT  
She's trained you well, I see.

JAKE SCOTT  
I'm not doing this again.

Jake angrily stands up and goes to take his jacket from the back of the chair next to him. Alan reaches out, his old hand clutching Jake's.

ALAN SCOTT  
Come on lad, stay for one more, will  
ya. I barely see you nowadays.

Jake takes his hand away and stares at his dad who knows he's overstepped the mark.

JAKE SCOTT  
Fine, but this is my last one... Do  
you want a third bag of bacon fries,  
as well? No wonder you're so bloody  
thirsty.

Alan smiles, but it disappears as soon as Jake heads for the tinsel covered bar. He's angry at himself. Jake speaks to the barmaid. What's said can't be heard, but he points over in the direction of Alan.

Alan looks over the room which is quiet, drab, and has the bare minimum of Christmas tat scattered, seemingly at random, across the fixtures. His gaze lingers on a seat in the corner, only a half pint of bitter sits on the otherwise empty empty table. The sight seems to stir something in him.

Jake's muffled voice can be heard and Alan jumps at his sudden presence.

JAKE SCOTT (cont'd)

Dad?

Jake holds a pint of lager and a pint of bitter, passing the latter to his dad.

JAKE SCOTT (cont'd)

You alright?

Alan nods to appease his son's concern, but he's obviously confused. Jake sits. A silence. They both drink, which seems to settle them. Jake gestures to the bar.

JAKE SCOTT (cont'd)

She knew Grandpa.

ALAN SCOTT

I bet she did. Spent half his life in that corner.

Alan nods over to the table he's just been staring at. Neither quite know what to say.

ALAN SCOTT (cont'd)

I tell ya, you're lucky he's not here. He'd be appalled at a Scott man trying to worm his way out of a round.

JAKE SCOTT

Surprised I've not been turfed out already.

ALAN SCOTT

Ay, buying a round was a big thing. On Christmas especially...

JAKE SCOTT

Still is, apparently.

ALAN SCOTT

Back then Christmas spirit was measured exclusively in how many beers you bought. This place was only open 12-2 so Grandpa and the uncles would bugger off down here and drink themselves silly, while I'd be forced to go to church with the aunties and peel potatoes and what not.

JAKE SCOTT

Sounds like a good deal.

ALAN SCOTT

That's what I thought, until I got the call up. I'm not sure I really knew what I was in for, I barely even had hair in my pits.

Alan chuckles and looks away. A young, acne kissed, ALAN SCOTT (16), looks back at him through the window of the pub.

2 **EXT. PUB - DAY - 1978**

Young Alan assesses the situation inside as best as he can through the glass. STAN SCOTT (40s), plants his huge, shovel like hand on Alan's shoulder.

STAN SCOTT

Remember. Make sure you buy a round, lad. It's manners. If you're old enough to drink, you're old enough to pay. You've still got that two quid from doing nan's garden, 'ant you?

Alan freezes, before beginning a slow unconvincing nod. Stan studies him, stern faced.

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

I'd get a smack if I told him where it'd gone, so I thought it'd be best to lie, but it never is, is it.

JAKE NARRATION (O.S.)

Alright, saint Alan, I do know you, you know.

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

Oh shut up, just listen for once, will yer.

After a moment, Stan brushes Alan's jacket off and leads him through the double doors of the pub.

3 **INT. CROWDED PUB - DAY - 1978**

Alan veers off in the direction of the room he's just been looking at, but his dad guides him into the backroom instead. It's dark in there, noisy and full of mainly men and cigarette smoke. Alan looks exhilarated and a little overwhelmed at the sights and smells of this ale stained Narnia.

The pair walk through the crowded bar to a table where a group of four similar looking men sit. They all cheer in unison as they see Alan and Stan. All except for, HENRY SCOTT (19), who stares at Alan with his furrowed brow and intense, beady eyes.

HENRY SCOTT

What's he doing here?

The biggest, TERRY SCOTT (40s), elbows Henry in the arm to silence his protests.

TERRY SCOTT

Ey up! So the boy's now man, is he?

STAN

Man enough.

CHARLIE SCOTT

We'll see about that!

They all laugh and Alan joins in, chuckling nervously. He and Stan take their seats and Xmas greetings are exchanged.

TERRY SCOTT

Well, this is cause for celebration.  
Let's get 'em in.

A beer gets placed in front of Alan. Terry sits and throws a beer mat into the centre of the table.

TERRY SCOTT (cont'd)

I want to see that pile 10 foot high  
by 2 o'clock, gents.

Alan looks up from the soggy mats to see the rest of the men making light work of their liquid. He quickly joins in and takes a serious glug from his glass, but it seems to make little difference. Stan glances at the beer with a look of concern.

Suddenly, there's a PING sound, metal to glass. Henry has thrown a penny coin into Alan's drink. There's a roar from the men.

HENRY SCOTT

God save the Queen!

Alan looks around, confused.

CHARLIE SCOTT

Down it lad, don't let her drown!

Alan looks to Stan who's face says that this is, in fact, his fate.

Over the top and into no man's land as he attacks the beer. Liquid streams down his chin, while the men all cheer encouragement. He gets oh so close, but begins to cough and splutter before he can finish. Noises of disappointment follow this anti climax. Henry grins at the sight of Alan retrieving the coin from his mouth and wiping his watering eyes.

RAYMOND SCOTT

Well, you need another one now, don't ya.

A look of panic on Alan's face. Stan stands up and pats Alan on the back.

STAN SCOTT

Come on, give me a hand.

Alan stands, and begins to follow his Dad.

STAN SCOTT (cont'd)

Grab your empty, lad! Manners.

Alan goes back to the table and grabs his glass. The ale baptism has left him dampened in both spirits and appearance.

HENRY SCOTT

They'll do you an apple juice, if you ask nicely, lad!

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

They drank like fish. You've never seen anything like it.

JAKE NARRATION (O.S.)

Sounds like a healthy environment for a kid.

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

You wouldn't last five minutes with your poncy Leeds wine. God forbid you ordered a coke. If you couldn't put it away, then you weren't welcome, and I wasn't going back to Church to nibble on that manky bread now I'd had a taste of the devil's juice.

**4 INT. QUIET PUB - DAY - 2024**

Jake is finding the story somewhat amusing, but doesn't want to let on.

JAKE SCOTT

Such a pious young lad, weren't you?  
A real role model.

ALAN SCOTT

I was a bit short of them myself.  
After me mum died those thirsty  
bastards were all I had.

JAKE SCOTT

Surprised Grandpa didn't encourage  
church, it's got that no-nonsense  
vibe he liked.

ALAN SCOTT

So did drinking, it was serious  
business to him. Much more important  
than church. Anyway, none of us  
Scott's like being told what to do.  
All that kneeling and standing...  
It's worse than that Pilates  
bollocks.

Jakes laughs, spilling some of his pint which was pursed to his lips.

**5 INT. CROWDED PUB - DAY - 1978**

The wet bar gets wiped as two punters take their drinks and leave. Stan and Alan are next.

STAN SCOTT

Listen, don't let them smell blood or  
it's gonna be a tough day. Nothing  
they like more than breaking someone  
in.

ALAN SCOTT

They're drinking it too fast.

STAN SCOTT

It's just liquid, lad, don't be  
scared of it. Do a healthy job of  
this one and then, next round, you  
buy it. Then they'll leave you alone.  
Right now you're just asking for it.

Stan briefly looks up from the conversation and holds up six fingers up to the barmaid.

STAN SCOTT (cont'd)  
Six bitter please, love.

He smiles and holds out a pound note. His charm in these situations is clear to see. The barmaid begins placing the beers on a tray. MIKE MC (40s), who's dressed as a shabby Santa Claus, energetically enters the conversation and shakes Stan's hand.

MIKE MC  
Ey up, Stan. Merry Christmas.

STAN SCOTT  
Back in the pub after all those brandies last night?

MIKE MC  
Ay, it's my day off... This the new crop of Scott drinking talent then?

Mike shakes Alan's hand, sizing him up.

STAN SCOTT  
In training at the minute, but we'll get him there... He's a good lad.

Stan taps him on the cheek.

STAN SCOTT (cont'd)  
'Ere Alan, take this back to them, while I have a chat with Mike. Careful with it.

The tray now loaded with beers is slid across the bar to Alan. He looks at it, trying not to let his father smell his fear. He casts an eye across the busy room to the table that now seems an eternity away.

He gets the tray off the bar, which is a good start that he tries not to look too happy about. He sets off. The room suddenly becomes an obstacle course of sliding chairs, dancing feet and swinging arms. The beers wobble on the tray, as each step becomes more treacherous than the last. Alan looks petrified.

He eventually arrives and eagerly places the tray down onto the safety of the wooden table top. This eagerness in delivery causes a pint to topple across the table and straight into Charlie's lap.

CHARLIE SCOTT  
Are you taking the piss, lad.

RAY SCOTT  
Looks like that's you.

CHARLIE SCOTT  
Go get some bog roll, now!

TERRY SCOTT  
Forget the bog roll, I want another  
pint!

ALAN SCOTT  
Sorry! I'll get the roll then get you  
one.

The two begin to use the mats to soak the beer. Alan pulls out the contents of his pocket, about 12 pence and an elastic band. It's worse than he thought. He scarpers off in the direction of the toilet.

**6 INT. CROWDED PUB TOILET - DAY - 1978**

Alan enters the toilet. He's stressed. NIGEL (50s), who could be the drunkest man in the building, sways as he urinates mostly in the urinal, struggling to keep balance.

Alan rolls a significant amount of paper towel on to his hand and looks into the mirror for a second, collecting his thoughts. He turns, finding it difficult not to look at Nigel.

Nigel approaches, Alan stiffens up and smiles awkwardly. Nigel paws some of the towel away and wipes his hands, looking at them with only one eye.

Alan is slightly taken aback. The man grumbles thanks and slaps a note into Alan's hand, before turning to leave. He has mistaken Alan for a porter.

Alan starts to do a little dance, holding out the note in front of him with jubilation. Out of nowhere, Henry snatches the note from his hand.

HENRY SCOTT  
Well what do we have here. Christmas  
present, is it? Cheers Alan, lad.

ALAN SCOTT  
Give it back, you dickhead. I need  
it!

HENRY SCOTT

Need what?

Alan goes for Henry trying to wrestle the note from his hand and the two bounce off the tiled wall. Alan tries to bite Henry, but he catches Alan's face, squeezing it hard, until Alan starts to moan in pain.

The door opens and Henry skilfully makes out as if the pair are just playing around. In walks Stan who senses trouble.

The boys both play dumb and Henry walks out, smiling nervously at his uncle. Alan hurries after him, but Stan stops him, grabbing his collar.

STAN SCOTT

What's the matter with you?! If you spill a man's drink you get him another. That's the last time I'm putting my hand in my pocket for you today. Stop embarrassing me and get to the bar.

ALAN SCOTT

Let me go then.

Alan looks shaken as his father scrutinises his face. Stan releases him and he scurries away in a daze, but quickly refocuses on his pursuit. Stan reaches out after Alan, but he's too late, his open palm turns into a fist. That he slowly bangs against the wall in frustration.

JAKE NARRATION (O.S.)

I can't imagine Grandpa like that.

**7 INT. QUIET PUB - DAY - 2024**

Alan's face is a mix of emotions. Jake obviously feels sorry for his dad.

ALAN SCOTT

Single parenting didn't come naturally to him. He thought these fatherly tests were character building, and they were... sometimes.

JAKE SCOTT

If you say so.

ALAN SCOTT

Oh for gods sake, it's a funny story, stop ruining it.

JAKE SCOTT  
I'm allowed to have my own thoughts  
too, you know!

Alan makes a face that says lets call it a draw and takes a sip of ale. With his mouth now nicely lubricated, he places the glass back down to continue.

8 INT. CROWDED PUB - DAY - 1978

Alan comes out onto the pub floor looking agitated. He sees Henry walking over from the bar theatrically with a tray of glasses. When Henry sees Alan, he makes even more of a performance out of it.

Stan appears behind Alan who looks at his dad in a way that says something isn't right.

STAN SCOTT  
Where did nana's money go?

Alan exhales, looking down at his feet.

ALAN SCOTT  
Titty mag.

Stan looks like he would like to belt Alan one, but he composes himself and walks back over to the table. Alan follows sheepishly.

The pair sit. There's an excited cheer from the group as the drinks arrive. Henry throws a beer mat on the now sizeable pile like it's some sort of lawn sport, winking at Alan afterwards.

TERRY SCOTT  
Good lad!

HENRY SCOTT  
It wouldn't be Jesus' birthday  
without a rusty nail now, would it?

ALAN SCOTT  
(Fearful)  
What's that?

RAY SCOTT  
Whiskey and whiskey liqueur. It'll  
sort you right out.

STAN SCOTT  
I'm not sure the lad should be  
getting stuck into the hard stuff.

All the men look at Alan, as if he's spoiling the fun.

TERRY SCOTT

Maybe he should go home an' check on  
the 'taters then.

It's a tense moment. Suddenly Alan grabs one of the drinks  
and knocks it back in one. Adrenaline produces a face of  
manic pride. No one quite knows how to react.

JAKE NARRATION (O.S.)

What? You just necked it and you were  
fine?

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

Well, it might have stung a bit.

As the physical reality of his actions set in, he begins to  
vibrates with alcohol induced pain and lets out a little  
roar. He looks up to see if the sacrifice was worth it.  
Stunned silence. Even Henry is lost for words.

CHARLIE SCOTT

Go on our kid! I'll join ya.

All the men begin to chuckle and follow suit, downing the  
drinks. Yelps, cheers and laughter ensues. Stan smoothly  
slips a couple of £1 notes into the side pocket of Alan's  
jacket. Alan looks up, delighted. Stan winks, but his face  
says there's still work to be done.

9 INT. QUIET PUB - DAY - 2024

ALAN SCOTT

He had his flaws, my dad, but  
underneath it all, he did care.

Jake goes to speak but stops himself. Alan has a flash of  
anger due to the lack of response.

ALAN SCOTT (cont'd)

What?

JAKE SCOTT

Is that caring about you? Sounds like  
he wanted to save face.

ALAN SCOTT

Jesus! You sound like your mother. He  
just wanted me to prove myself.

JAKE SCOTT  
 Exactly, by downing whiskey? Don't  
 you see anything wrong with that?

ALAN SCOTT  
 Where did I go wrong with you?

JAKE SCOTT  
 I've got some ideas.

They both look away, obviously upset by the respective  
 comments.

ALAN SCOTT  
 I need a fag.

JAKE SCOTT  
 Listen, I need to go home. Are you  
 going to finish this story or what?

ALAN SCOTT  
 You can go home whenever you like!  
 I'm not forcing you to be here.

Alan looks shaken by his own outburst of emotion and a guilt  
 creeps into Jake's eyes.

JAKE SCOTT  
 Christ... I didn't mean it like that.  
 (beat)  
 I want to hear what happens... I'm  
 off for a piss. I'll see you out  
 there.

There's tension in the air, as Jake leaves and Alan sits at  
 the table for a moment, alone. He looks over to the chair in  
 the corner of the room where an old man now sits, also  
 alone. He's reading a newspaper that covers his face, the  
 paper starts to lower and just before his face is revealed,  
 there's a knock on the window.

Jake is somehow outside already, beckoning him out. Alan  
 looks back to the chair, which is now empty. He catches  
 glimpse of the old man who is exiting the room. Alan stands  
 up and follows him.

10 INT. CORRIDOR QUIET PUB - DAY

There's no one in the corridor. Alan looks at the door to  
 the back room and, just as he is about to step forward, Jake  
 calls from the down the hall.

JAKE SCOTT

Come on, what're doing? Let's hear  
the end of this yarn before my  
nipples freeze off.

Jake watches his dad, now looking slightly concerned.

JAKE SCOTT (cont'd)

You look a bit pissed, are you  
alright?

Alan nods and the two head outside. As they do, Stan walks  
out of the toilet door and into the back room, which is in  
full 70s swing.

11 INT. CROWDED PUB - DAY - 1978

Stan walks over to the table. The pile of mats is high. More  
empty glasses, more cigarette smoke in the air. Everything  
is becoming hazy. The sound of a lighter flint being  
sparked. A loud drag on a cigarette.

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

There wasn't long left now and I was  
jolly pissed. Child abuse, I know,  
but you know what? It felt bloody  
good. Anyway, Henry was jabbering  
away about some assault he'd  
committed, showing us exactly how  
he'd battered the poor sod.

Henry is shadow boxing, making lots of sudden violent  
movements. Alan is looking around at the empty beers, a new  
round is required soon. Ray impatiently looks to his empty  
glass and then to Alan. Alan knows what must be done. His  
mouth twitches as he waits for his moment. He slams his  
hands down on the table.

ALAN SCOTT

I'm gunna need another drink to sit  
through this. Pints anyone?

They all laugh, except Henry, who can't believe what he's  
seeing. Alan drifts his finger across the men checking who's  
in. A matter of mere formality. Time seems to slow down. The  
men all nod eagerly, confirming their involvement in the  
round. Stan is full of pride. Alan turns for the bar.

Alcohol has changed the nature of the room which now feels  
exciting and chaotic. Alan stumbles towards the crowded bar,  
drawing his couple of notes.

The beer can't be poured fast enough. The punters wave cash and shout like traders in Wall Street. A place becomes free at the bar and the barmaid looks at him with a smile. Alan's eyes widen, he nods to her, holding up six fingers.

ALAN SCOTT (cont'd)  
Six bitters please, love.

She nods and turns to the glass rack. He smiles to himself and nods to the man stood next to him, who returns the greeting. The clock shows 1:40. There's still time. Suddenly a voice projects out across the room. A man stands on stage, holding a microphone.

MIKE MC  
This thing.. oh... there we go! Merry  
bloody Christmas, you heathens!

There's a cheer, as the man on the mic now holds the attention of the entire room.

MIKE MC (cont'd)  
With not long left before supping  
time's up, it wouldn't be right to  
leave without a song from our Nigel,  
would it? He's usually at his best  
after his 12th pint.

There's a chuckle and a shout or two of encouragement from the audience. Alan looks around to see who Nigel is, but there's no sign of him.

MIKE MC (cont'd)  
Beresford, come up and play, will ya.

A young man comes on stage, puts his cigarette out and picks up the guitar. He starts to strum a melody. Suddenly, as if he were a snake charmed by the flute of his master, the drunkard from the toilets peels himself up from a stool at the end of the bar.

Alan is in disbelief. He looks around, as if this is all a big joke, but no one seems to find any of it unusual in anyway.

Two men help Nigel up on to the stage and there's chuckles from the audience, as he takes the mic. Silence. The folk melody comes in once more.

NIGEL  
(singing)  
I've been a wild rover for many the  
year, and I've spent all me money on  
whiskey and beer  
(MORE)

NIGEL (cont'd)  
 but now I'm returning with gold in  
 great store, and I never will play  
 the wild rover no more

His voice is inexplicably delightful. It commands the attention of the room. Alan, like everyone else, can't look away. He wonders from the bar in search of a better view. Suddenly people from the audience start to join in. Alan looks around to see his father and the uncles stood in song.

NIGEL AND OTHERS  
 And it's no, nay, never

After the first line of the chorus the entire room claps four times along to the song, which causes Alan to jump out of his skin.

NIGEL AND OTHERS (cont'd)  
 no, nay never no more,  
 will I play the wild rover,  
 no never no more!

The voices begin to fade away, the mouths still move, but there's only silence. Alan stares at his dad, a little bemused, Stan seems genuinely happy. He turns and winks at Alan who smiles back.

12 **EXT. QUIET PUB GARDEN - DAY - 2024**

The two are stood outside, holding cigarettes.

ALAN SCOTT  
 He always had a good voice my dad,  
 you could hear it even from where I  
 was at the bar.

Alan takes a draw. He looks frail. Jake watches with a sadness in his eyes. He puts his cigarette out in the wall mounted ashtray.

JAKE SCOTT  
 What was the song?

There's a pause, as Alan looks for information which was once forthcoming. The pause is too long.

ALAN SCOTT  
 What was it now?

Alan is struggling, troubled by the disappearance of this memory. Jake steps in to help.

JAKE SCOTT  
Doesn't matter. It was good though?

ALAN SCOTT  
Unforgettable.

JAKE SCOTT  
Let's go in the back. I haven't seen  
it in years.

The two walk out of the Garden, as Alan starts to hum the melody of the song we start to hear again.

13 INT. CROWDED PUB - DAY - 1978

The entire room seems to be singing now. Crescendo finish and applause.

Nigel goes back to being paralytic and is helped away from the microphone. The bell for last orders RINGS out. The atmosphere changes on a knife-edge.

Everyone in the room suddenly rushes for the bar. It's chaos. Primal. The blood thirsty punters lick their lips as they jostle for position. Alan, a novice, is too slow, too feeble to compete.

He is squashed between two brutish men, his face reddening with the pressure. He peels free but, in doing so, sacrifices his place and is now at the back of the queue, which is more like a wall. He desperately tries to find an opening.

Suddenly, Stan's shovel hand clasps Alan's shoulder and Alan turns around.

ALAN SCOTT  
I... I ordered before all this.

STAN SCOTT  
Where's the money then?!

Alan shamefully produces the money from his pocket and Stan growls in frustration.

STAN SCOTT (cont'd)  
You've bought naff all, you idiot.  
Get yourself in there. Like this.

Stan starts barging his way to the bar.

ALAN SCOTT

I don't even want one. I want to go home.

Stan grabs Alan by the scruff of the neck and speaks with an enraged authority.

STAN SCOTT

I couldn't care less. You're not leaving here until those men get what they're owed.

Alan looks like he might cry, his boyish, pained face starts to fracture and tessellate. Stan's angry face begins to merge with Alan's, sound tracked by the shouts and screams of the feral punters. Jakes face enters the swarm.

STAN SCOTT (cont'd)

If you think life's all about what you want, you're in for a rude awakening, my lad.

Alan rips himself away from Stan's grasp and takes a step back. Stan looks at him with a cold disappointment.

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

(Impersonating Stan)

Where did I go wrong with you?

The bell RINGS out. Time at the bar.

JAKE NARRATION (O.S.)

You're kidding me?

ALAN NARRATION (O.S.)

I was too late. Time was called. He hardly looked at me for the rest of the day.

14 INT. QUIET PUB BACKROOM - 2024

They stand in the empty room that's barely changed.

JAKE SCOTT

Bloody 'ell.

Alan looks off to the side, an internal battle is taking place. He exhales.

ALAN SCOTT

I thought it was a funny story but, telling it now, it doesn't sound that funny, does it?

Their pints are nearly running out. Alan finishes his and puts it on the same table they were sat at all of those years ago.

JAKE SCOTT

Did you ever like... talk to him about it?

Alan just laughs. A sad laugh. Jake's face is sorrowful, yet he smiles for want of a better response. His real emotion is clear.

The silence says all that's needed. Alan is looking older than his years.

ALAN SCOTT

You know, there's still nothing I'd like more than to buy him one last pint.

Jake pats his dad's back and it turns into a manly embrace. Not a full hug, but nearly.

JAKE SCOTT

Are you going to say sorry for saying you went wrong with me then?

ALAN SCOTT

Of course I didn't go wrong with you lad... That was your mother.

Alan looks at Jake. Jake is trying not to laugh, but eventually, he crumbles.

The pair both laugh together and the atmosphere is broken somewhat. Jake finishes his beer and puts his glass down next to his dad's.

JAKE SCOTT

Well, after all that, I better get another round in, ey?

Alan is visibly happy at the prospect of more time with his son.

ALAN SCOTT

No no, it's my round!

JAKE SCOTT

(Impersonating Stan)

No, it's manners!

Suddenly Jake turns and does the little waddle run that men in jeans do when they need to get somewhere 'quickly'.

## ALAN SCOTT

Oi!

Alan chuckles and follows as fast as he can. Jake kicks the doorstep from the door to slow his father down. Their empty pint glasses sit forgotten on the table. Alan pauses, then goes back to grab them.

As Alan scuttles off out of the door, he begins to hum the melody of 'No Nay Never'. As he exits, another hum begins, it sounds a lot like Stan. We hear him, feel him, but can not see him. The room is now empty but more voices begin to hum and eventually sing. No, nay, never, no nay never no more, will I play the wild rover, no never, no more.