

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is empty aside from a lone bartender polishing glasses at the far side and two men at the bar. The men sitting at the bar are distanced apart, a stool between them. The man sitting closest the door, BRIAN, faces the other who stares into the bar back, this is DAVID.

Tinny music reverberates around the room.

Both cradle pintglasses. Brian swaggers, refraining from a stationary stance. David remains unmoved.

BRIAN

Just one more.

He chuckles giddily as he talks, unable to control them. David slowly turns to stare at him, holds a glare for a moment, then slowly turns back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Right, right. So I've got this mate, right? And he's in love with two bags. Two schoolbags even... He's b-bisatchel.

Not able to contain his chuckles anymore he bursts out in laughter.

DAVID

Shut the fuck up.

Brian takes a swift swig of his pint, gulping it down.

BRIAN

I've gone to Blockbuster last week, right? And I've said to the fella. 'Can I rent Batman Forever?' Right? And he's said to me... 'Nar you can have it til Tuesday pal'

Brian's howling begins again.

David makes no response.

The bartender remains fixated on polishing glasses.

Brian's howling cuts out to another swig of his drink. He slams an empty glass down on the bar and belches.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Another, bartend!

The bartender lifts his gaze from the polishing with a stagnant stare in Brian's direction. He walks over to the taps and sets about pulling a fresh pint.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I've gone to the petshop, right?  
Cos I'm after a new goldfish. And  
the bloke at the shops gone: 'Do  
you want an aquarium?'

The bartender places the fresh pint down in front of Brian, picks up the empty and returns to his duties of polishing at the end of the bar.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I says: 'I don't really care what  
star sign it is mate.'

As Brian's chuckling once again ascends David turns to him once again.

DAVID

I've told you once, son. Pack it in  
and let me enjoy my evening in  
peace.

BRIAN

Wait, man.

Brian swigs from the pint and David turns back away from him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I decided I wanted to learn how to  
do the splits, right? And I've  
gotten in touch with a yoga  
instructor. He says: 'How flexible  
are you?'

DAVID

Fuck off.

BRIAN

I said: 'Can't do Mondays and  
Tuesdays'.

DAVID

This is your last warning,  
sunshine. Shut your fucking mouth.

BRIAN

Frog walks into a bank. After a  
loan for a lillipad.

David's eyes remain fixated on Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The bank teller, she has a name badge on, right? Her name's Miss Whack, right?

As Brian goes on the room seems to fall away, the bartender, the tinny music.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

She says 'What's your name then, Mr Frog?'. He says 'Why, I'm Kermit.'

Brian takes another swig.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The teller, she says, 'I know Kermit, you are not Kermit the frog'. He says 'Oh no, I'm just named after him. My name is Kermit Jagger. I'm the son of Mick Jagger... He fucked a frog and I'm his offspring.'

Brian lets out a little splutter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

'Well okay Mr Kermit Jagger, do you have anything to authenticate this loan?' And what he does, right, is he pulls out this shiny little pink elephant. Little, shiny, pink elephant. 'I'm not sure if this will do, I'll have to take it the manager of the bank'. Her name's Patty, by the way.

Brian takes another quick swig of his pint.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So she takes it to the bank manager, she says: 'I've got a frog here, Mr Kermit Jagger, wants a loan for a lillipad and he has this tiny pink elephant for collateral.' So the bank manager, right, he picks up the elephant and takes a good, long look at it. And he says...

Brian's mouth curls into massive grin.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

'Why this is a nik nak miss Patty  
Whack, give the frog a loan, his  
father's a rolling stone'

SMASH

The remnants of David's glass lie shattered across the floor  
of the bar behind Brian.

The two men hang there, staring at each other, the bar tender  
holding a glass in his hand, staring also.

DAVID

I fucking told you.

Brian cocks his arm backwards like a wind up soldier. His  
fist flies at David, his whole body following.

He misses completely, falling, crumpled on the floor at his  
feet.

BARTENDER

Right! Fucking out! Pair of you,  
we're closed!

David stands to his feet, stares at the bartender, adjusts  
his jacket, gives a little kick to the still crumpled Brian,  
then walks to the door and leaves.