

No Offense

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First Draft

INT. BAR - CLOSING TIME

The bar is close to empty with overturned chairs placed neatly on tables and CHARLIE, the Bartender, mopping the entire floor. The Bartender is cleaning the tables down along with the beer taps and fridges behind the bar.

JORDAN walks in wearing formal clothes, now too big for them. The pub is cosy and cute.

JORDAN
Hey. Just a pint, please.

CHARLIE
Actually, we're closed.

Jordan holds out a five pound note and slaps it onto the bar. They raise their eyebrows towards Charlie.

CHARLIE
Like, I said-

JORDAN
I'm a regular, come on.
(beat)
God, it's not been that long,
Charl. Don't remember a pretty
face like mine?

CHARLIE
What- JORDAN? My god, I don't
believe it.

The two embrace. Charlie walks around to the other side of the bar and quickly starts serving Jordan their pint.

CHARLIE
Still the same?

JORDAN
Well, can't say I know if my
taste for it has changed much.

CHARLIE
(chuckling)
Right.

CHARLIE pours the drink and hands it to Jordan.

CHARLIE
So, you're out.

JORDAN
Yup.

CHARLIE
We've all missed you, y'know.

JORDAN
Yeah I know *some* have.

Charlie bites their lip, nervously.

JORDAN
Lose the address?

CHARLIE
Sorry, life just got mental.

A moment of awkward silence.

CHARLIE
Anyways, how come you're out?

JORDAN
New evidence.

CHARLIE
Shit.

JORDAN
Yeah.

CHARLIE
Thought the case was closed?

JORDAN
So did I.

CHARLIE
Right, so what's next?

JORDAN
Who fucking knows. Keep getting asked if I know who was involved.

CHARLIE
And?

JORDAN
Same answer. No comment.

CHARLIE
You not gonna talk?

JORDAN tips their glass to the bartender, places it down and taps the rim. Charlie looks nervous as they shift in their place.

JORDAN
Gonna need more of *this* before you ask me anything like *that*.

INT. BAR - LATER

Jordan is now much drunker, leaning on the top of their glass.

CHARLIE

Jordan, come on. Closing time was a couple of hours ago, I need to get going.

JORDAN

I'm meeting someone.

CHARIE

Who?

BELL DINGS as the door to the pub swings open. SAM stands in the doorway, their silhouette lined from the light outside.

SAM

Hello, old friend.

CHARLIE

Sam?

Charlie lets out a big sigh.

JORDAN

Alright. Time do you call this?

SAM

Well, it was fairly last minute.
(beat)
Just a pint please, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Guys, I'm closed.

The two ignore Charlie as Sam sits down to talk to Jordan. Charlie reluctantly starts pouring the drink.

SAM

So, what's up?

JORDAN

What's up? That's all you can say?

CHARLIE

Alright, easy.

JORDAN

You can pipe down, too.
(turning to Sam)

SAM

You said you had something to say.

JORDAN
Just contacting an old friend.

SAM
We're still friends.

JORDAN
No we're not.

SAM
Why not?

JORDAN
Not gonna take the fall for you
any more. Either of you.

Charlie awkwardly slides the drink forward and stands
cleaning a glass, pretending not to listen.

SAM looks around awkwardly.

SAM
What are you talking about?

JORDAN
Killing a guy was never part of
the plan. I'm done covering for
both of you.

SIRENS