

Drunk in Training

INT. JULIE MATTHEWS HOUSE - MID MORNING

We open on Julie Mathews, she's a very tall thin lady and she has a wiry tired look about her, courtesy to a lifetime of chain smoking. Julie enters the house ranting about the cost of living crises, and that she may have to re-mortgage her house if the price of cigarettes keeps going up. Her best friend Sue trails behind her agreeing with her every word.

JULIE

Its a fucking joke Sue, it costs me close to twenty quid to get a packet of fags and some pissing cheese.

SUE

Its not right, its just not right.

JULIE

Makes me so angry... do you want a cup of tea, coffee?

SUE

Yeah that'd be lovely, ill just have what your having, thanks Julie.

The two women leave their bags and coats at the door and make their way into the kitchen, when they get to kitchen Julie pauses sharply as in front of her lies her son Billy Matthews, he's drunk and passed out on the floor lying in his own vomit.

Billy Matthews Jr. is in his late twenties, he lies tangled up in his long thin limbs. He wears baggy clothing, the sleeve of his t-shirt falls just above a fresh tattoo of the word 'Mum' encased in a heart.

Julies face drops, her eyes begin to well up. She stamps her foot in frustration and clenches her fists...

JULIE

Jesus Christ Billy! AGAIN!

Billy stirs and raises his head slightly, at the sound of the shouting. He then proceeds to start talking, however his speech is slurred and almost incoherent

BILLY JR.

Hi mum ... Sue ... sorry ... I uh ... I just was having a lie down.

Julie Storms out towards the front door, she opens it and on the way back grabs Billy's coat, all whilst shouting through tears.

JULIE

Your too fucking much, I cant live like this anymore, I didn't put up with it back then and I'm sure as shit not gonna put up with it now.

Julie throws the coat at Billy who has somehow managed to stagger up onto his feet, he doesn't catch it and it lands in the puddle of sick.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Please Billy, I love you, but I cant keep watching you drink yourself to death ... Its destroying me. You need to leave.

Billy looks up confused.

BILLY JR.

What?

Julie takes a deep breath.

JULIE

You heard me. Get out.

Julie looks at her sons clueless, thoughtless face and looses the small grip she had on her temper.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Get out. GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT YOU USELESS, DRUNKEN, SELFISH BOY!

Julie grabs Billy's ear and his sopping coat and charges towards the open door, she pushes him out the door with such force that he stumbles over, the wet coat lands on him. Julie stands in the frame of the door, with Sue lurking behind her sipping from a mug.

BILLY JR.

Mum please it wont happen again .. I promise.

JULIE

Don't you Dare promise me anything, it means nothing, clean up your goddamn act and fuck off!

The door slams.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bill Matthews, Stumbles towards his train, he's a short man with a belly that sticks out atop his legs. On his right arm he has a faded heart tattoo with the Name Julie crossed out at its centre.

Bill makes it on to the train all while shouting and swearing at no one in particular, passengers hastily avoid him and move to different carriages, all except one man who remains sprawled out over 2 seats and is eyeing up the bottle of vodka in Bills hand.

BILL
Hey what you lot looking at, get
out my way (slurred).

Bill spies the man on the seats staring at his bottle of alcohol, so beelines over to him.

BILL (CONT'D)
And you, wha what are youuu bloody
lookin at!

The Young man sprawled out on the seats is Billy, he looks up at Bill, for a split second the pair feel a connection and a familiarity they cant explain, However Billy quicky looks down at Bills bottle.

BILLY JR.
Can I have a swig ?

BILL
You What?!

BILLY JR.
Please, its been long really shitty
day.

BILL
Its, hang on, yeah its only 11: 30
mate.

Bill feels some sort akin to the young man in front of him.

BILL (CONT'D)
Tell you what ma.. mate im in the
mood for some fun

Billy looks at Bill, clearly not in the mood for his antics.

BILL (CONT'D)
Tails i give ya the bottle, heads
you gotta give me your.. umm.. your
shoes.

BILLY JR.
Are you taking the piss, My shoes?

BILL
Yeah mine got wet in a puddle on
the way here, you know, and I cant
fucking stand wet feet, its cold
and soggy and ugh.

Billy looks down at bills shoes, their tatted and worn, he
gestures to Bill to get on with it.

Bill flips the coin, it spins around on the table before
landing. The men lean in close eager for the result.

BILLY JR.
HA HA, Get in.

Billy grabs the bottle of Bill and drinks deeply, with a big
grin on his face he sets the bottle back down.

Bill sits back Opposite Billy also with a smirk on his face.

BILL
At least share it.

EXT. OUTSIDE NEWSAGENTS - AFTERNOON

Bill and Billy stand outside the Corner shop, they've
finished the bottle and are looking for more.

BILL
Heads you go in grab and steal a
load of booze, Tails I do.

Billy shifts about, he's nervous and uncomfortable.

BILLY JR.
Sounds fair, I guess?

Bill throws the coin in the air, and catches it on the back
of his hand, revealing the result.

BILLY JR. (CONT'D)
Fuck.

BILL
HA HA! Go on then, good luck mate.

Like a proud dad Bill watches Billy reluctantly walk into the shop.

After a few minuets there's some commotion and shouting, followed by Billy bursting through the door, hands full. He gestures to Bill and the pair start running down the street.

BILL (CONT'D)
(out of breath) Jesus how'd you get
the fancy shit, innit behind the
counter.

BILLY JR.
I knocked over a whole load of tins
and distracted the shopkeeper.

BILL
impressive

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Bill and Billy sit beside each other on a bench, empty bottles surround them.

Billy starts to speak, his words almost incoherent at this point.

BILLY JR.
You've surprised me.

Bill looks at him slightly confused.

BILLY JR. (CONT'D)
Cuz your old and a drunk and maybe,
well probably homeless ... but I
had fun today, I think you get me
... you know?

Bill looks even more confused then before.

BILL
Cheers, I think.

Bill holds his drink up, silently cheering the moment. He realises its empty and holds his hand out to billy gesturing to him to pass a new bottle.

Billy hands the bottle to Bill but drops it before it reaches his hand. It smashes on the cement the clear liquid escaping. They both pause and watch it happen.

BILL (CONT'D)
You little shit.

BILLY JR.
 Fuck you, I didn't drop it on
 purpose.

BILL
 That was our last sodding Bottle
 you knob.

Billy stands up now, getting angry and defensive.

BILLY JR.
 Don't fucking talk to me like that.

Bill who's faces is getting redder by the second also stands
 up and gets uncomfortably close to billy.

BILL
 Or what, what you gonna do about
 it.

BILLY JR.
 Is that a challenge mate!

BILL
 Sure it is, your too much of a
 wuss.

Billy swings his fist at Bill hitting him square in the face.
 Bill stumbles back clutching his nose, which now has blood
 pouring out of it.

BILL (CONT'D)
 My Shitting nose, you Wanker!

Bill charges towards Billy, the pair engage in brawl, However
 they are both so inebriated that to any onlooker or commuter,
 their pathetic attempt to harm each other was actually very
 comical.

They attract the Attention of the local police constable, who
 happened to also be at the station, Natasha Renfield. Natasha
 is a short but terrifying woman, she is in her 50s and wears
 her braided hair in a big statement bun. Familiar with Bills
 antics she stalks over the him.

NATASHA
 Jesus Christ Bill can you not get
 through one day without causing a
 scene, Just one!

INT. QUESTIONING ROOM IN POLICE STATION - MIDDAY

Natasha sits opposite Bill and Billy, who refuse to look at each other in a very childlike manner. She sorts through some documents, her attention turns to Billy.

NATASHA
This is odd. Your full name is
Billy Mathews Jr.?

BILLY JR.
Yeah after my dad.

Natasha looks alarmed at the pair. She looks at both their IDs for a while before turning them round on the table to face the men

NATASHA
Well this is fun.

The men stare back at her blankly, unsure of what she is insinuating...They look down at the IDs.

Realisation and shock spreads across Billy's face. He turns to Bill.

BILL
Shit.

Natasha now quite amused and entertained leans back in her chair, and sips out of her mug.

NATASHA
And I thought this was gonna be a
slow day!

The Men look at each other in disbelief

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Look I was gonna charge you both
with assault, but now I have other
plans.

INT. POLICE STATION CELL - NIGHT

Natasha stands in front of the bars, she swings the keys round her finger, her other hand rests on her hip.

NATASHA
Right I'm gonna leave you two in
here to sober up.

She begins to walk back to her office, but shouts down the corridor at them.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
Do try to get along.

The men pace about the cell silently before taking up sitting positions on the bunks opposite each other.

Billy glares bitterly at Bill, waiting for him to look in his direction. Bill momentarily locks eyes with him, he has a sheepish expression.

BILLY JR.
Stop Looking at me.

BILL
Look mate.. Umm Billy, I'm so, so fuckin sorry, I wan-

Billy cuts him off.

BILLY JR.
If you think were gonna walk out of here hand in hand like, like bloody best friends, after you've been MIA for the last 30 shitting years, then you need to be in a .. in a fucking psych ward! Not a cell.

Billy turns away from Bill, he lies on his side. The pair sit in the silence for a long while, before Bill breaks it.

BILL
I'm not going to apologise for leaving, not because I'm not sorry, believe me I am, but because it will never be enough.

Bill shifts slightly still staring at the back of Billy.

BILL (CONT'D)
I had a really good fuckin time with you today ... most of the time im just thinkin what you would be like you know, what you would look like, if we would get on, click and that... Im too much of an old pussy to actually find out for myself.

Billy starts deliberately breathing heavily, pretending to be asleep. Bill stands, he cautiously walks over Billy with a blanket in hand.

Carful not to let any of the tears rolling down his face to fall on Billy, he gently places the blanket over him.

BILL (CONT'D)
Even if today is the only day I get
with you ... I will re..member it
for the rest of my shit little
life.

Bill walks over to his own bed and lies down, leaving Billy who has tears of his own collecting in his eyes to sleep.

EXT. GRAVEYARD (BILLY'S DREAM)- MORNING

A Coffin rests on a stand next to an 8 foot deep hole, in the coffin lies Bill, surrounding him are Billy and his mum, a couple haggard drunks and a Vicar.

VICAR
We are here today to lay too rest
Bill Mathews, I've been told he was
a bold man, and man who lived life
by his own rules. But here to speak
more about his dad is Billy.

Billy Mathews looking confused, but being egged on by his mum makes his way to the front. He pauses and begins too look puzzled, searching for something to say.

BILLY JR.
Ummm my dad was, he was, umm he
was, well I'm not too sure
actually. We kinda just met, he
seems fun I guess, hes pretty loud,
I think that's all I have to say.

VICAR
Well no worries, were a bit rushed
for time actually, there's another
burial scheduled in a second.

Billy looks at the vicar confused, he sees another coffin has appeared beside his dads. Pairs of hands grab him and start forcing him into the empty coffin.

BILLY JR.
Get off me! What you doin' Mum stop
them!

Billy continues shouting and struggling as he's held down in the coffin, his mum appears leaning over looking at him.

JULIE
I warned you this would happen.

The coffin shuts, and at the same time Billy wakes up. He looks over at his dad sleeping beside him. He tries to slow his heart rate down.

INT. POLICE STATION CELL - MORNING

Rays of sunlight filter in through the small window at the top of the cell.

Bill stirs, head pounding, back aching. He opens his eyes and sees Billy standing over him.

BILLY JR.
One more chance. That's all you get.

Billy walks out the now open cell door.

BILLY JR. (CONT'D)
Get a move on then, you lazy bastard.

Shocked, confused and still half sleep Bill trails after him.

BILLY JR. (CONT'D)
I had my one phone call, but I only know one number, so this may be awkward for you.

The men round the corner and see Natasha standing behind the front desk, grinning at them both.

NATASHA
Looking fresh Bill, sleep well?

Bill goes to give a snarky reply but pauses as he clocks Julie Mathews standing opposite Natasha. Her arms are crossed and she's giving him the blood-curdling stare he's ever seen.

Bill looks at Billy

BILLY JR.
Don't expect me to start calling you dad, I'm giving you a chance. Don't take the piss.

Bill struggle's to form any sentence's, from pure shock.

BILL
Yes, of course. You wont regret it.

Julie clears her throat, still glaring at Bill she gestures towards the door.

JULIE

Fancy a cuppa darling? Or maybe half a bottle of vodka? Its been so long I've forgotten how you like to start your mornings. Anyways I feel like we should have a little family catch up. Don't you?

Bill and Billy equally terrified of Julie silently follow her out the door and into her car.

As soon as she's alone Natasha laughs out loud, before muttering to herself...

NATASHA

Right Home time, I think.

THE END.