

Day in the Pub  
by  
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INT. PUB - DAY

Five CUSTOMERS, mainly BALD MEN in their 50s sit on stools facing a table and a female BARTENDER (20) serving drinks behind that. Other CUSTOMERS of all ages sit by tables, scattered in the building. The building's interior is very wooden and somewhat old fashioned. A door is opposite the bar area. It gets kicked open to reveal JAMES, wearing a huge pink wedding dress. He has a red dot on the tip of his nose, and has the words '(expletive) off' poorly written on his forehead. Everyone turns to face him as he speaks with enthusiasm.

JAMES

Hello! There's a new daddy in town!

There is a stunned silence.

JAMES

Yeah, and things are going to be different around here from now on.

A BALD MAN on a stool replies looking confused.

BALD MAN

Oh. How so?

JAMES

Bald man, I want I want you to bow down to me. And then I want you to ask me for pocket money.

BALD MAN

And what if I don't?

JAMES

Oh you will.

BALD MAN

Make me.

JAMES

Ok. Bow down, baldy...

JAMES waits patiently.

JAMES

Oh. You've refused.

A MAN sitting by a table shouts to JAMES.

MAN 2

You can't act like this around here!

JAMES turns to face him.

JAMES

And why not?

MAN 2

Because you're freaking everybody out! What's happened, did you get rejected at your wedding? Well we can see why!

JAMES

And what's that supposed to mean?

MAN 2

We can all see what you've written on your forehead!

JAMES

You have a problem with self expression? Is my dress a problem, too?

MAN 2

Yes!

JAMES

And why is that?

MAN 2

No one can work out what you're trying to say!

JAMES

What am I trying to say? Well, first up pink is a very relaxing colour, so I was hoping to put everyone here at ease. The message on my forehead on the other hand... well it's a long story. I've just been screwed over, basically...

BALD MAN

Ah. I see how that's form of self expression.

JAMES

Exactly.

The BARTENDER has a kind face.

BARTENDER

I understand. I think we all do. Now, maybe it's for the best if you leave.

JAMES

This daddy does not leave.

BARTENDER

And why are you calling yourself that? Do you have any children? Because if you do, I will have to call the social services.

Everyone in the pub shouts 'Here, here!'

JAMES

No family yet, but my online dating profile is getting crazy amounts of views.

BARTENDER

What do you call yourself?

JAMES

Wandering Free Spirit, Luvin' Life, 123321.

BARTENDER

And has anyone contacted you?

JAMES

Yes. Lots of people have sworn at me, which, having just thought about it, could have also been where I got the message on my head from...

BARTENDER

And what about the dress?

JAMES

Nope that was my idea. Anyway, give me a beer.

JAMES walks to the bar and stands looking patient.

BARTENDER

Err...

JAMES

I've told you, there is a new daddy in these parts, and I want my beer!

BALD MAN

Oh the old daddy isn't going to like that at all...

JAMES

And who is that?

BALD MAN

Me.

JAMES

YOU'RE the old daddy? Where's your proof?

Still seated, the BALD MAN lifts up his clothes to reveal the words 'Proud father of lil' Wendy.'

JAMES

That's very good, you are a daddy. But you're not THE daddy, like me. Now, pour me a drink lady, I'm thirsty.

BARTENDER

Do you have any money on you?

JAMES

Errr, long story. Someone has spent all my money on Pepsi, but true daddies don't need money, because they're cool.

A PSYCHIATRIST in a white suit enters the pub and looks serious.

PSYCHIATRIST

Hello, James. You're not well.

JAMES turns to face him.

JAMES

Sure I am.

PSYCHIATRIST

Ah, and you're telling me to eff off.  
..

JAMES

And I'm the daddy, too.

BALD MAN

He's been telling everyone he's the daddy and has been acting like a real weirdo. I'm the daddy.

PSYCHIATRIST

You don't have a child do you, James?

JAMES

Not in the traditional sense...

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh thank God.

JAMES wanders up and down the pub, clearly agitated. He lifts his dress up off the floor as he does so. All eyes are still on him.

JAMES  
You can't hospitalise me, you're not  
the daddy of me...

The PSYCHIATRIST tries to keep his cool.

PSYCHIATRIST  
No, I'd feel a tremendous amount of  
shame if you were my son.

JAMES  
Oh you are my dad...

PSYCHIATRIST  
Come with me, James.

JAMES stops and faces the DOCTOR.

JAMES  
Ok, daddy.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Please don't call me daddy.

JAMES  
Ok, the daddy.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Or that.

JAMES  
Really? I'd love to be called the  
daddy.

PSYCHIATRIST  
I know.

The BARTENDER wipes her forehead and looks relieved.

BARTENDER  
Thanks for getting him so quickly,  
doc.

JAMES  
How??

BARTENDER  
Silent panic alarm. Everyone within 5  
miles of your house has one!

JAMES  
Panic?? I haven't threatened anyone!

MAN 2  
You've told everyone to eff off!

JAMES  
That was ADVICE!

MAN 2  
Why??

PSYCHIATRIST  
Yes, what's that supposed to mean?

JAMES  
Stop spending my money on Pepsi!

PSYCHIATRIST  
And what's THAT supposed to mean?

JAMES  
Someone told me he'd give me billions  
of pounds, but he actually tricked  
me, so I thought I'd write a swear  
word on my head and wear a pink  
dress!

PSYCHIATRIST  
Let's just go.

Everyone cheers.