

90 Minute Bigot

by

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INT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TOMMY DOUGLAS, 29, enters the living room, freshly dressed after a shower. From the kitchen next door we hear the STEAM of an iron. Tommy takes his jacket off a hook on the wall and puts it on. A blue Rangers F.C. scarf is also hung up.

Tommy opens an old drawer of a desk near the hook. He stands for a moment staring at the drawer's contents.

We see the contents of the drawer. Brass knuckles.

Tommy looks over his shoulder towards the open door. He takes the brass knuckles out and stuffs them in his pocket.

He turns to leave the room, grabbing the scarf off the hook.

TOMMY

Laura! That's me away.

EXT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - DOORSTEP - DAY

LAURA DOUGLAS, 28, drapes her arms around their son, JAMIE, 11. They stand in the frame of the front door, facing Tommy. Laura's eyes are stained with tears.

Tommy crouches to Jamie's eye level and kisses his forehead,

TOMMY

Gonnae take care of your Mum while  
I'm gone, alright wee man?

Jamie nods as his Dad stands back up. Tommy kisses Laura's cheek. She takes hold of the blue Rangers scarf around Tommy's neck to tie it. Tommy pushes her hands away.

TOMMY (cont'd)

I'll be alright. Here, Jamie.

Tommy takes the scarf off and drapes it around Jamie's neck.

LAURA

I hate it, Tommy. I hate all of it.

TOMMY

I know you do love, I know you do.  
I'll take care. Cheerio now, Jamie.

Tommy observes her a moment. He grins encouragingly as he takes a few steps backwards. He clenches his fist.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
Come on the Rangers!

Laura cracks a smirk. Tommy turns and strides towards a bruised car. Jamie watches, his mouth ajar with interest.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - LATER

Tommy sits in a back seat of the car with three other men. They are the driver, JAMES, 34, the front seat passenger, LAURIE, 37, and the other back seat passenger, NICKY, 23. The men chatter as the car drives through south Glasgow.

Laurie is smoking a cigarette, blowing smoke out his window. He presses his index fingers either side of his head.

LAURIE  
Aye, there's one wee bone holds yer whole skull together. Hit your head and that wee bone goes crack, it's goodnight Vienna. Dead as a dodo.

TOMMY  
So the moral of the story is, don't get hit in the head? Well thank Christ you're here Mr. Darwin.

They laugh at Laurie.

JAMES  
Fucking hell!

The car BRAKES violently. The men are choked by their seat-belts as they fly forward, before falling back.

JAMES (cont'd)  
Green bastards!

Through the windshield, we see the obstruction. Celtic fans. All of them wear Celtic jerseys. One has wrapped a Celtic scarf across his face. They hold tins of lager or bottles of tonic wine. They taunt the car as they cross the road.

NED 1  
Haw, careful man. Yous want to watch where you're going ya orange pricks!

Another laughs obnoxiously. He advances towards the car.

NED 2  
Aye ya Hun bastard, watch yourself!

The Ned starts pouring lager over the windshield.

At once the four men lunge forward aggressively towards the windshield to return verbal abuse, though none get out.

JAMES  
Get away from my car ya  
jakey!

LAURIE  
FENIAN FUCKING BASTARDS!

James accelerates away. Nicky leans out the window.

TOMMY  
Cheeky wee shites!

NICKY  
(Out the window)  
Aye goan then ya doughnuts!

Slowly the men calm down as they drive clear. Nicky pulls his head back inside. As they relax, James and Tommy turn to Nicky with slight grins.

JAMES  
"Ya doughnuts"?

Nicky crosses his arms defensively.

TOMMY  
Are you a wain?

NICKY  
Give me peace, I had my blood up.

Tommy and James chuckle. They turn to Laurie. He's not laughing. He's fuming. A frown is fixed across his face.

JAMES (O.S.)  
You alright, Laurie?

INT. PUB - LATER

The four men enter a pub covered in Rangers F.C. decorations. It's starting to fill up with the match-day crowd. Laurie has a face like thunder. Tommy puts his arm around James and leads him towards the pool table.

TOMMY  
Get the pints in, Nicky. The brother-in-law and I have some unfinished business to attend to.

Watching them leave, Nicky realises he's all alone with angry Laurie. Turns to him slowly.

NICKY  
My round then, aye?

LAURIE  
Aye.

INT. PUB - POOL TABLE

Tommy sets up the rack as James rubs blue chalk on his cue.

JAMES  
How's the wee man?

TOMMY  
Aye, he's good, he's good. Not too long until I'll be getting him down here with me, eh?

JAMES  
Aye, we'll see, but I wouldn't mention that to my sister if I was you. Julie threw a shit-fit at me just for suggesting I bring Kieran.

James bends over and lines up his break shot. He breaks.

TOMMY  
Ach they're being dramatic. Still think the day's just about giving Catholics a belt in the mouth.

Tommy bends over to take his shot. Pockets a ball.

JAMES  
Isn't it?

Tommy chuckles and takes his shot. Pockets nothing.

TOMMY  
Depends who you're asking. But that's the thing though, eh. It's really just a bit of banter at the end of the day. Just wee songs. Why can't we take our boys?

JAMES  
Ah, I don't know, Tommy.

TOMMY  
What do you mean, you don't know?

JAMES

I'm just no sure how many more games I can keep coming to. Kieran's growing up, Julie's hands are full, and I don't know what she'd do if I end up in A&E again. I don't know, I'm just thinking maybe I've got to think more about being a good Dad.

James bends over to take his shot. Tommy approaches him.

TOMMY

Haw, James. What are you on about? It's football, mate. Nothing else. There's no reason we can't take our boys to the games, it's just football. Alright, maybe we can lay off the pints when they're about, but this game's a right of passage. Our Dads took us, we'll take the boys, and they'll take their boys. It's good for them, it's good for the family, and it's good for you.

JAMES

Aye, you're right enough, Tommy. You're right enough.

A concerned looking Nicky approaches holding three pints in his hands. He goes to give James and Tommy their pints.

TOMMY

Belter.

NICKY

Here boys, go talk to Pat Clinton over there. He's just standing there muttering to himself, grinding teeth.

JAMES

Haw, we just started a game, Nicky.

A desperate Nicky turns to Tommy, pleading. Tommy chuckles.

TOMMY

Aye, no bother, we'll go over.

NICKY

Thanks. I'm away a slash.

JAMES

Hiding from Laurie?

NICKY  
I've got my reasons.

James and Tommy smirk as Nicky heads to the toilet.

INT. PUB - CORNER

The pub is almost full. From the other side of the pub, we can hear a group of Rangers fans CHANTING the song "Penny Arcade". Laurie stands, frowning, nursing his beer.

JAMES  
(Singing along)  
*Just ring the bell on the big  
bagatelle and you'll make all those  
coloured lights cascade...*

LAURIE  
I hate the bastards, lads. I really  
hate the taig bastards.

JAMES  
(Tried his best)  
Ah. Suit yourself then.

TOMMY  
Ah come on now, you no remember what  
it was like to be a wain, old man?

Tommy and James laugh at this. Laurie does not.

The last lines of "Penny Arcade" fade out.

The pub is rammed with drunk fans, many wearing blue Rangers shirts. An air of anticipation is in the air, like an army preparing for battle. A new chant breaks out.

FANS  
*Follow! Follow! We will follow  
Rangers!*

Laurie grins sadistically. He suddenly looks savage, and loudly joins in, thrusting his hands in the air.

FANS (cont'd)  
*Up the Falls, Derry walls, we will  
follow on!*

Among the crowd is a young LAD, 15, carrying a stack of magazines under his arm. He notices Tommy and James, who have joined in the chant, though without the fury of Laurie.

FANS (cont'd)  
*Dundee, Hamilton, fuck the Pope and the Vatican!*  
*If they go to Dublin, we will follow on!*

Nicky returns. Tommy turns to Nicky, looks him up and down. They have to shout to be heard over the din.

TOMMY  
 Have a wee accident?

NICKY  
 Och don't start!

LAD  
 FANZINE! RANGERS FANZINE!

The young Lad pushes through the scrum and walks straight up to the four, holding a stack of small A5 printed pamphlets, with "Rangers F.C. Unofficial Fanzine" printed on the cover.

LAD (cont'd)  
 Rangers fanzine! Only a pound! Come get them before they go!

NICKY  
 Here you, I'll give you a pound to shut it. Away you go!

TOMMY  
 Calm down, Nicky.

Tommy turns to the lad.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
 Y'alright, wee man? Let me see those.

The Lad hands him one of the fanzines. Tommy examines it.

TOMMY (cont'd)  
 You a Rangers boy then, aye?

The Lad nods.

LAD  
 Aye, big man. Blue since I was a wain.

TOMMY  
 No doubt your Dad's team then, aye?

LAD  
 Aye. He's mad for it.

Tommy smiles and looks up at him from the fanzine.

TOMMY

You must be only a few years older than my boy. He'll come to his first game soon. What's your name, wee man?

LAD

Callum.

TOMMY

Callum? That's a good name, Callum. I'm Tommy. I tell you what, Callum. You keep this. It's pish.

He hands him back the fanzine.

TOMMY (cont'd)

But I'll still give you a pound.

He takes a few notes out from his pocket.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Get yourself up to the bar and get us four pints of lager. Keep the change for yourself.

The Lad grins, chuffed.

CALLUM

Aw, aye. I mean--yes, of course. Cheers mate.

He grabs the notes from Tommy's hand and runs back through the crowd to the bar. Tommy watches him, a slight grin on his face. Laurie pushes past Tommy from behind.

LAURIE

You big softie. Out the road, I need a piss.

INT. PUB - TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie enters a stall, humming the chant.

We see an iron RAIL poorly screwed into the wall, running through the center of two rolls of thin toilet paper.

Laurie observes it for a moment, then firmly grabs the rail.

He WRENCHES it from the wall, slides the two rolls from the rail into the bowl, and tucks the rail up his sleeve, resting against his forearm. A slight grin crosses his face.

He does up his belt and turns to leave.

INT. PUB - CORNER

Laurie returns. James holds one fresh pint for him. The other three have nearly finished their new pints. No sign of the Lad. The whole pub has now joined the chanting.

James looks down at Laurie's untouched pint and back up.

JAMES

Sorry pal, no time for this.

Tommy grabs his arm and guides the pint up to Laurie's face.

TOMMY

Nonsense, he'll manage. Finish up, finish up, we've got a game to go to boys!

Laurie takes the pint and finishes it in a few deep gulps.

LAURIE

Let's go then.

The four drunk men turn to leave the pub. The whole pub moves as a throng out of the tiny door. Everyone raises their hands in the air as they scream a new chant together.

ALL

*HELLO! HELLO! We are the Billy Boys.  
HELLO! HELLO! You'll know us by our  
noise!  
We're up to our knees in Fenian  
blood, surrender or you'll die!  
For we are the Glasgow Rangers boys!  
HELLO..!*

The last 'Hello' fades out as the screen **FADES TO BLACK.**

EXT. GLASGOW STREET - NIGHT

**2 hours later.**

The four men walk abreast down the pavement. They are all noticeably subdued, a radical change from before. Nicky glumly kicks a can through the gutter. Laurie is as angry as he was before. Tommy is stumbling. James is the only one who seems interested in conversation.

NICKY

One more for the road, lads?

He nods towards the pub they are passing.

TOMMY

Can do.

JAMES

Ah, I'm no really in the mood, to be honest, Nicky. I'd rather just get in to my bed and forget the day.

NICKY

Fair enough.

The men continue walking in silence down the street.

They come to James's car. James takes out his keys.

Nicky leans against the passenger door and slides down against it to sit on the pavement. Laurie and Tommy stand on the pavement, waiting.

James tries to insert the key into the driver's door but drops them into the gutter.

As this happens, Laurie stares down the street. TWO MEN are walking towards them on the pavement, both clearly drunk.

Slowly, James stoops to grab his keys and unlocks the door.

JAMES

I probably shouldn't be driving lads.  
Had a few.

He opens the door and jumps in the driver's seat anyway.

Laurie is watching the men. They're close now. The FIRST MAN wears a Celtic jersey, the SECOND MAN has a green and white scarf draped over his face. They both wear caps on their heads. They're laughing and pushing each other.

James inserts the keys in the ignition and turns it. The engine SPLUTTERS a few times but fails to start.

The men are close. The First Man is clearly drunk. He sees Tommy and Laurie and raises his hands, chanting loudly.

FIRST MAN

C--ceeellltic! Ccceeellltic! Come on  
you boys in green!

LAURIE  
 Fuck off, you.

Laurie's response only provokes him further.

FIRST MAN  
*(Just Can't Get  
 Enough, Depeche Mode)*  
 Oh I jus' can't seem to get enough,  
 of doo. Doo. Doo, doo-doo, doo, doo.  
 Doo. Doo. Doo, doo-doo, doo, doo.  
 Doo. Doo...

Laurie lurks towards him. He's far bigger than both the men.

LAURIE  
 I told you, to fuck off!

Laurie slides the RAIL out from under his sleeve.

TOMMY  
 Leave it, Laurie! They're pished.

SECOND MAN  
 Right, 'mon now, Tim, stop that.

FIRST MAN  
*(Singing)*  
 Two nil! To the champions!  
 Two nil! To the champions!  
 Two nil! To the champions!  
 Two nil...

Tommy approaches to intervene. As he advances, a look of fear and recognition crosses the Second Man's face.

TOMMY  
 Listen to your pal, son. Time to go.

The Second Man grabs the First Man's arm to lead him away, but the First Man resists his tugs.

FIRST MAN  
 Aye! Away yous all go! Back to Castle  
 Grayskull ya Hun bastards!

SECOND MAN  
 Tim! Let's go!

Laurie steps forward and raises the rail above his head.

TOMMY  
Laurie!

**CRACK.** He brings it down on the shoulder of the First Man. A furious Laurie lets his anger flow, and hits him repeatedly with the rail as he falls to the ground.

SECOND MAN

NO!

The Second Man STRIKES Laurie on the jaw. Laurie falls in a heap and drops the rail into the gutter.

Screaming, the Second Man jumps on Laurie and starts to hit him, his back to Tommy.

Panicking, Tommy reaches into his pocket and slides the brass knuckles onto his fingers. He stands for a moment watching the man beating Laurie, before closing his eyes, clenching his fist, and STRIKING the man once IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD. It's a clean strike, and the man falls straight to the floor. Lifeless.

The First Man, who lies on the pavement, his face covered in blood, looks at the body of his friend in sheer horror.

FIRST MAN

Jesus fucking Christ!

He jumps up and takes off at a sprint down the street.

James has come back out the car during the commotion. Laurie slowly makes his way back to his feet. The four men stare down at the body. Tommy breathes heavily.

JAMES

What have you done, Tommy? What have you done!

Tommy seems shell-shocked as Laurie inspects the body.

We look down at the beaten man.

Laurie removes the cap and pulls the scarf off his face.

*It's the Lad. Callum.*

In an instant, Tommy's expression becomes one of anguish.

Laurie looks up at him.

LAURIE

If you want to make it through this, we have got to get rid of him. Do you understand, Tommy?

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

The men sit in silence as the car drives through the night. Laurie drives, he's taken control. Tommy sits in the front passenger seat, looking like he's seen a ghost. The other two sit in the back, waiting for the nightmare to be over.

Laurie looks over to Tommy. Tommy holds his stare momentarily then looks away. He's falling apart.

EXT. GLASGOW GREEN - ST ANDREW'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE - NIGHT

The car pulls up and parks by the ST ANDREW'S SUSPENSION BRIDGE. Laurie jumps out first, followed soon after by the others. They all make their way to the trunk.

Laurie opens the trunk and all four men stare inside.

Inside is the boy's body, curled up in the fetal position.

LAURIE

Right, I'll take the head. Nicky,  
take the legs.

Without a word, Nicky grabs hold of his legs. On a muted count of "1, 2, 3" from Laurie, they both hoist him out.

Surprised by the weight, they drop him onto the ground.

JAMES

Watch it! That's somebody's boy.

LAURIE

Not anymore it's no. Nicky, 1...2...

They lift him again and walk to the bridge. James follows.

As they lift, the bloodstained green and white scarf falls from his neck onto the ground.

Tommy walks to the scarf and picks it up. He slowly rises and follows the others, as though he were at a funeral.

Laurie and Nicky carry the body to the center of the bridge and hoist it onto the handrail, perching it there.

Nicky looks at the body, then down into the black water of the River Clyde. Tommy approaches from behind, watching.

Nicky starts panting, panicking at what he's about to do.

Laurie stares at him.

LAURIE (cont'd)

1...

NICKY

Oh Jesus, Laurie...

LAURIE

2...

NICKY

Laurie. No. Please.

Laurie pushes the body off the handrail. Torso first, it falls into the River Clyde as Nicky watches, helplessly.

As soon as the body falls, Tommy turns away and walks back down the bridge towards the car. He's hyperventilating.

As he reaches the end of the footbridge, he collapses to the ground and leans up against the last section of railing at the side of the bridge. He's crying now.

He holds the green and white scarf in his hands, unfurling it to look at the crimson stains of blood that cover it.

Tommy is stifling screams, pressing the scarf to his lips.

James crouches down by Tommy. He gently pats his shoulder.

JAMES

It was an accident, man. It was just a terrible, terrible fucking accident.

TOMMY

He was -- he was only --

EXT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The house sits in darkness but for the light in the hall, which spills onto the street as Tommy opens the front door.

INT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - JAMIE'S ROOM

The door crack open and Tommy pops his head inside. The walls are covered in Rangers posters. Jamie sleeps peacefully in bed, his back turned to his dad.

Tommy stands in the door frame for a moment, staring vacantly at his son. After a moment, he bows his head and leaves, closing the door with a CLUNK.

The noise wakes Jamie. He slowly sits up in the bed.

INT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - BATHROOM

Tommy sits on the toilet of the bathroom staring at the bloody scarf in his hands.

He stands and walks to the sink, taking off his top.

He observes his bloodshot eyes in the mirror for a moment.

His hands are caked in dry blood. He turns on the taps and scrubs himself. The water in the sink turns red.

INT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - JAMIE'S ROOM

From the door, we see the outline of Jamie sitting on his bed, staring up at a poster of a Rangers player tackling a Celtic player. We can hear him singing quietly, and slowly.

JAMIE

Ha-llo. Hello. We are the Billy boys.  
Hello. Hello. You'll know us by our  
noise.  
We're up to our knees in Fenian  
blood, surrender or you'll die.  
For we are the Glasgow Rangers boys.

We now see his young face admiringly look up at the poster.

INT. DOUGLAS FAMILY HOME - TOMMY & LAURA'S ROOM

We float over the bed to see Laura sleeping deeply. We continue across to the face of Tommy, lying shell-shocked in bed, listening to his son singing.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Hello. Hello. We are the Billy boys.  
Hello. Hello. You'll know us by our  
noise.  
We're up to our knees in Fenian  
blood, surrender or you'll die.  
For we are the Glasgow Rangers boys.

Hello...

FADE TO BLACK