

BUCKET LIST

Written by

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EXT. FINNESON HILL DRIVING RANGE - LATE AFTERNOON.

Late summer. It's getting cold. There are very few cars still in the car park out front.

TEXT SUPERIMPOSED:

"Somewhere in Middle-England..."

INT. FINNESON HILL DRIVING RANGE - LATE AFTERNOON.

Finley and Patrick are amongst the few still at the range. Patrick works on his long game, while Finley works on his chipping.

With them they both have kitted out golf bags, sitting nearby.

PATRICK (21) is handsome. Tall, athletic. He's at home here. This is where he comes to relax. The ritualistic motions are cathartic to him. Each swing is elegant.

FINLEY (same age) is much the same, but there's something going on beneath the surface. Something so utterly self-conscious. He's mirroring Patrick the best he can. In his looks, in his swing, in the way he stares out at the ball after he makes a connection.

If they were brothers you might guess Patrick was the eldest.

FINLEY

(Repeating Patrick's words)

You don't know what I'm talking about.

PATRICK

I don't. Honestly.

FINLEY

You do!

PATRICK

No, really.

FINLEY

Come on-

PATRICK

It sounds like something rich American girls do on a gap year. Or terminally ill people.

FINLEY

I don't see why it needs to be that prohibitive.

PATRICK

You're not dying are you?

Patrick turns, demanding an answer. Finley smiles, then frowns.

FINLEY

No.

Patrick turns back to his game.

PATRICK

Then why are you doing it? It's so dramatic.

FINLEY

I'm not talking about like, seeing shit, or travelling, or maybe if that's what you want-

Suddenly, there's a SLAM! The sound of a golf ball smacking the side of a bay.

Finley flinches and looks up, sees the few others populating the other lanes. Patrick looks up too.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

I just mean, like, stuff you've never done, small stuff you'd want to tick off that it feels like everyone else has done.

At the end are a father and his young son. The father attempting to calmly explain the golf swing.

An older man looks up, investigating the disturbance.

There's another SLAM as the son mucks the swing up again.

Patrick gets back to his own practice. Finley lingers for a moment longer.

PATRICK

Is that what it is?

Finley gets back to it.

FINLEY

Not typically, but it's what they all amount to.

(MORE)

FINLEY (CONT'D)

I want to do stuff other people
have done and said is worthwhile.

PATRICK

Like what, then?

FINLEY

I don't know... I haven't decided.
That's why I asked you. What do you
feel like you've not done but would
want to?

PATRICK

I still don't get it.

FINLEY

Stop, just-

SLAM! Another ball hits the lane barrier.

Finley glances up. Sees the older man do the same too,
shaking his head. Patrick ignores it.

PATRICK

Really-

Finley turns back to Patrick, no longer playing it cool.
Singular in his desire to get an answer.

FINLEY

Don't you ever feel like you're
just missing out on some stuff
everyone else seems to have just...
done?

PATRICK

No. Do you?

FINLEY

I don't know...

SLAM! Another flinch from Finley.

PATRICK

Why?

FINLEY

I just don't know. You really don't
feel like that?

PATRICK

I mean maybe, sometimes. I don't
think about it all that often.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But you really don't need a list to do things. Just... do them.

SLAM!

The old man looks up again, this time lingering for a moment with a pointed stare. Patrick glances up solely to watch the old man this time. Second-hand anxiety creeping onto his face.

FINLEY

It's about holding yourself to it I suppose. I like ticking things off lists.

Finley's still watching the older gentleman. Patrick doesn't seem to notice. In his own world.

PATRICK

Hm. I suppose so.

The man goes to swing then... SLAM! He flinches, lowers his club. Looks down the lanes. Shoulders tense.

He leaves his bay, moves down to the father-son duo. Into the background.

We watch Finley as he watches them and Patrick as he continues to hit balls.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So what would you want to tick off?

FINLEY

I dunno. I've never gotten high. Properly, I mean.

PATRICK

Not everyone's done that.

FINLEY

Good to give it a go, though.

PATRICK

That's what's gonna make the funk disappear?

FINLEY

The list will, maybe- not just one thing on it.

Raised voices can be heard. The Dad and the older gentlemen.

Patrick looks up. Shakes his head.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
He's gonna hit him.

PATRICK
Who?

FINLEY
The Dad's gonna hit him.

PATRICK
How do you know?

FINLEY
He's puffing his chest out, like
that.

He nods at them. Patrick tilts his head from side to side, not necessarily agreeing.

PATRICK
Would you?

Patrick turns back to him, Finley frowns. An absurd idea.

INT. THE OLD BREWERY - LATER THAT NIGHT.

The low-lighting casts the place in a sleepy golden ambrosia. Like someone's sepia-tone memory.

Patrick and Finley sit together quietly at a small table in the corner, watching the football on the TV. Though there really aren't many others about, it's muted so as not to disturb anyone.

Finley seems to be watching Patrick more than the game.

At the bar sit a couple others. Chatting amongst themselves. Big men just finished a day's work. Regulars.

A door in the corner swings open, out of focus. Finley turns to it. Patrick doesn't.

We watch Finley's expression go from confusion to recognition to dread. Then he turns away, back to the match.

The figure pauses at the door, inspecting the room. Then moves over to the two young men's table.

Patrick wrestles his gaze from the TV. Up to the big figure.

PATRICK
George! Ello, mate!

GEORGE (20) is a big lad, just as tall as Finley and Patrick but bulkier. He was always like this and carries himself as such. Someone with very few doubts about their place in the world.

Patrick stands, offers a hand. George shakes it.

GEORGE
Y'alright, Patrick? Been some time.
What brings you here?

PATRICK
Were just at the range. Thought
we'd have a few drinks before we
went home.

Finley stands begrudgingly. George has barely deigned to glance at him.

FINLEY
Hey.

GEORGE
Ello, Finley. How're we doing?

His tone's almost condescending. He offers a meaty hand to shake. Finley glances down at it, uncomfortable with the prospect.

- LATER.

George sits with the pair. Empty glasses await collection on the side of the table. George and Patrick are deep in conversation, Finley quietly watches the game.

GEORGE
...Yeah, been working for a while
now.

PATRICK
How is it there?

GEORGE
Oh, boring as shit.

Patrick laughs. This is the first time we've seen him amused. Finley seems... jealous.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The other guys are alright but then
as soon as they clock off, all they
do is rail coke or ket. Half of
them are married with kids.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure I work with loads of peoples' dads from school.

PATRICK

Sounds like you'd fit in there.

GEORGE

Don't be a twat, I was never that bad. Everyone always remembers me as some kind of monster.

He takes a swig from his pint. Finley's ears prickle.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It is interesting the characters we get on site, though. The people who contract us. You get some real sound bloke one day, then another you get some yappy bitch - you know the kind.

Patrick is somewhat taken aback by it but doesn't say anything. Finley just stares on at the TV.

PATRICK

Speaking of ket, though, you might be able to help us out.

GEORGE

You need some?

Finley frowns, turns round to look at Patrick, also sees George staring at him with the widest shit-eating grin.

PATRICK

No- I mean- maybe. Finley here's starting a bucket list. You know what that is?

Finley looks blind-sided.

GEORGE

Where you travel and shit, like that? That right?

FINLEY

Kind of, yeah.

PATRICK

Am I the only one who just didn't know what that is?

Finley tilts his head, half-nodding.

GEORGE
Where are you going?

FINLEY
It's less that I want to go
anywhere...

He's really doesn't want to elaborate.

GEORGE
Mm?

Finley looks between them. Makes a face, not wanting to explain.

PATRICK
He wants to do things he feels like
he hasn't done before but
should've.

GEORGE
What?

PATRICK
Like- he's never gotten high. You
believe that?

GEORGE
Mm. Yeah, yeah. I can.

He shrugs, then chortles. Patrick snorts. Finley joins in, chuckling self-consciously.

Soon, the laughter dies and there's a long awkward pause as they all turn to the TV.

- LATER.

Finley's at the bar, picking up more drinks.

He glances down at the others sitting there, leaning over their drinks solemnly. Husks.

In particular he spots a more rotund gentleman. There's heart-break in the way he sips his bitter then lays it down softly and sighs. Finley's gaze lingers on him.

BARMAN
Here you go.

Finley snaps out of it. Nods at the barman, gives a half-smile.

- MOMENTS LATER.

Finley's carrying three pints back to the table. Two IPAs, identical - his and Patrick's. One cider.

As he reaches the table and starts distributing drinks, George and Patrick are chatting chummily.

GEORGE

...Take mine, for starts.

He pulls his booted foot up to the bench and Patrick looks at it.

Finley sits down across from them both. Out of the loop.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You can see what I do, right? See where I've been. Probably get a grasp on where I've come from in my life - to be wearing these.

PATRICK

Seems like yours are a pretty big exception, though. Not everyone's wearing builder's boots.

GEORGE

I don't reckon so.

PATRICK

(Smiling)

They're all wearing builder's boots?

George chuckles.

GEORGE

No, I reckon you can tell just as much about any else here by their shoes as mine... if you look close.

FINLEY

That seems a little reductive.

George turns to look at Finley.

GEORGE

What?

Finley frowns.

FINLEY

Just seems like you're assuming a lot. You know.

GEORGE

Let's do yours, then. Come over here.

Finley frowns, lingering. He glances over at Patrick, who's waiting expectantly, amused by all this.

Finley relents, gets up, places a foot next to George on the bench.

George leans in to examine them.

PATRICK

They're not fucking tea leaves, George, what're you doing?

George sits back upright. Nods at Finley that he's done. Finley sits back down across from them again. Both he and Patrick now waiting on George's next words.

George shrugs.

GEORGE

I mean it's as expected. You can tell a lot.

Patrick snorts, rolls his eyes.

FINLEY

What do you mean?

George takes a swig of his drink, looking over the brim at Finley all the time. He knows he has him.

Finley looks back and forth between George and Patrick. Patrick looks as though he knows exactly what George means now. As though he's in on it.

GEORGE

You're wearing the same shoes as Patrick. You wanna be him. You, you're one of em people who don't like who they are, so they act like someone else.

(Leans in)

You know the sort I mean?

Finley tilts his head back and scoffs incredulously.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
That's just how I see it.

FINLEY
You're assuming a lot there,
though, aren't you?

PATRICK
I don't-

GEORGE
It's an educated guess.

FINLEY
An educated guess.

GEORGE
Well, based on how well I know
Patrick here. I wouldn't think it'd
be the other way. Like I say, an
educated guess.

FINLEY
Oh,

Finley smiles, still incredulous. Both at what George is saying and how far Patrick's letting him take it.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Nothing you do is educated, George.

PATRICK
Fin, come on-

George bursts into laughter. It's hard to say if Finley's touched a nerve or if George is just revelling in all this.

GEORGE
La-di-dah...

He pouts his lips mockingly then forces a straight face again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
How much have you had, eh?

He puts his hands up, feigning a surrender.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I started it.
I know. Didn't mean to dredge up
any old feelings or anything.

Patrick is looking at Finley expectantly. Finley looks as though it might take years for him to regain his cool again.

PATRICK
Let's get more drinks.

- AN HOUR OR SO LATER.

Everyone's sitting about the table. Half watching another Football match. They all look a little worse for wear, a few more rounds deep.

PATRICK
You miss school, Fin?

FINLEY
Not really.

GEORGE
I miss French.

Patrick frowns, amused.

PATRICK
French?

GEORGE
Yeah.

PATRICK
Why?

GEORGE
The classes were god-awful, but it was good chat. You remember, Fin?

FINLEY
I remember.

GEORGE
Don't think anyone learned much.
Teachers were wank.

FINLEY
Nobody learned anything because you wouldn't let them.

Finley laughs, George laughs too.

GEORGE
Yeah, great fun.

Patrick smiles at them now apparently getting on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You speak any French still?

Finley shrugs.

PATRICK
Oui.

FINLEY
Incredible.

GEORGE
Fatigués bâtiments.
(He pronounces it: "fatty-gay batty-
mon.")

PATRICK
Tired buildings?

GEORGE
Sounds funny.

Finley snorts. Patrick frowns at them both.

PATRICK
Fuck me, you really haven't changed
at all.

GEORGE
Stayed true.

Patrick clinks glasses with George.

FINLEY
You still talk to any of the
others?

GEORGE
Others?

FINLEY
From school. Charlie, maybe. He
stay true?

GEORGE
Not really, he left. At least I
think he did. Bit of a blow if he
was still here.

He laughs. Slightly uncomfortable this time.

FINLEY
He didn't go to uni, did he? I'm
pretty sure he didn't.

He looks at Patrick.

GEORGE
No? Oh. Funny.

FINLEY
So he just left?

Patrick's looking into his glass. He tilts his head from side to side, as though he has something to say. Finley notices.

There's a pause. Then, George becomes pensive.

GEORGE
Charlie was a bit of an odd one.

FINLEY
To you, maybe.

GEORGE
What do you mean by that?

Finley goes quiet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
He just- he never stood up for himself, you'd say something to him and he'd just kind of take it in and stay quiet.

Finley stays quiet. Patrick is stone-faced.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The amount of shit he took, I'm surprised he never got into a fight. Or- started one.

FINLEY
You sure he never did?

GEORGE
I dunno. Not that I saw.

Finley looks back to Patrick.

FINLEY
You were gonna say something before.

Patrick shakes his head, a forced half-smile on his cheek.

PATRICK
Doesn't matter.

Finley frowns at him, then turns back to the TV.

FINLEY
I never got into a fight.

GEORGE
No? Really?

FINLEY
No.

PATRICK
You must have. Come on.

FINLEY
Really.

GEORGE.
Hm.

George considers everything.

GEORGE
That should go on your list.

FINLEY
What?

GEORGE
Your list. Of things you feel like
you oughta do. Get into a fight.
Throw a punch, take a punch more
importantly.

PATRICK
That's not something everyone's
done, though, is it? It's not
essential to modern living.

FINLEY
I dunno. Is the list essential
things?

PATRICK
You said it was.

Finley shrugs.

GEORGE
It's like... What did Tyson say...?
Mike not Fury... You know:
"everybody has a plan until they
get a punch in the mouth."

Patrick laughs. Finley frowns, amused but still going with it. George takes a sip from his drink.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mmh- you gotta cross over that threshold. Life is never the same after you've been punched in the mouth.

FINLEY

Just sounds painful.

PATRICK

It is. He's being romantic about it.

George frowns at Patrick. Doesn't know what he means by *romantic*. Patrick leans back.

GEORGE

First thing you gotta do, I'd say. If you get past that and still have a list, proceed with the list.

There's a glint in his eye.

Finley goes quiet, he's watching the TV again. He looks down at his drink. Takes a swig.

- LATER.

George is at the bar.

FINLEY

You were gonna say something earlier.

PATRICK

What? No.

FINLEY

It seemed important.

Patrick thinks for a moment. Grimaces.

PATRICK

Doesn't matter. Drop it.

George walks back over.

GEORGE

Him, I reckon.

He nods over to the bar.

FINLEY

What?

GEORGE

For your first fight. You gotta do it tonight.

PATRICK

He's not gonna do it tonight.

GEORGE

I'm serious.

FINLEY

Tonight?

Finley goes pale.

GEORGE

Sure, yeah. That bloke looks like he'd take it on the chin.

He's pointing out the man Finley noticed at the bar. The sad one.

FINLEY

You're making this hard.

GEORGE

First fight you've gotta get flattened or you'll just become a cocky prick. Don't think I'd be able to stand you like that. He'll probably lay you out.

PATRICK

We're gonna get barred. I like this place.

GEORGE

You leave then. Doesn't matter to me.

Patrick considers this, but looks reticent to move. He looks to Finley, hoping he'll see the senselessness in what George is suggesting.

FINLEY

I'm staying.

They all stop talking. Finley suddenly looks nervous. Patrick looks just as pale.

George glances between them both expectantly.

GEORGE

Come on. I know we didn't always
see eye to eye but I promise you-
we've got your back. Don't we, Pat?

Patrick looks at Finley and frowns. Sensing his power over
Fin dissipating. He knows he's not gonna sway him but tries
again anyway,

PATRICK

Fin. This is so dumb.

FINLEY

Yeah, well.

George pats Finley on the shoulder, nods.

GEORGE

Go on, mate. You can do this.

He claps Finley on the back. Finley gets up, almost being
raised up by the hand of his old bully.

He looks entirely different to the young man we met at the
driving range. There's a boyish excitedness to his look.

Slowly, he ambles over to the bar. Halfway pausing for a
moment, a hesitation, then continuing on.

We watch him and the following series of events entirely from
where George and Patrick are sitting. They watch him like
they had done the football.

Finley sits down at the bar, around the corner from the man.
He starts up a conversation with him. Body language oozing
liquid violence. The man looks over at him. Immediately
defensive.

Patrick looks deeply uncomfortable. He glances at George, who
looks fine.

Finley moves round the bar to sit next to the man. Throws an
arm over his shoulder. The man tries to laugh it all off.

Finley pauses. Doesn't know what to do. Starts pushing his
forehead into the side of the man's head.

The barman finally notices and starts getting involved.
Telling Finley to stop. Finley ignores him.

The bigger gentleman relents and gives Finley a light tap
with his forehead in retaliation.

That's all Finley needs. HE GETS UP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
This is it.

Patrick starts watching George. He's enjoying this too much.

PUFFS OUT HIS CHEST. The man gets up too, swinging round to face Finley.

The barman starts moving round to get out in front of the bar.

FINLEY SWINGS WILDLY. Manages to CONNECT with a MEATY THUD. Catches the man right in the temple.

The large man's legs buckle and he crumples. Falling backwards, towards the bar.

Halfway, his descent is interrupted. SLAM! The back of his head bounces off the bar... He goes limp and reaches the floor.

Finley stops dead. SHOCKED. He did it. The barman rushes round to attend to the man.

Finally, we cut closer to the action:

-To see Finley's expression. He frowns. *Is that it? That can't be it.*

BARMAN (O.S.)
Fuck off! Get the fuck out!

-To the large man's unconscious stare, his glassy eyes.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Holy fuck.

We cut back to:

-George as he raises his hands to his head, completely surprised.

-To Patrick as he stands, speechless.

BARMAN (O.S.)
He's not breathing. He's not
FUCKING breathing!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.