

A GLASGOW KISS

Written by

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Original Script

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EXT. STREET. NIGHT. HEAVY RAIN

Two young men, each carrying a holdall, hurry along a pavement, their jackets pulled up covering their heads, to shelter from the rain. They come upon the warm welcoming lights of a Public House and quickly move inside.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE.

The interior is all mock Victoriana. Flock wallcovering, etched mirrors, mahogany Bar and blazing fireplace. Draped over the Bar, Gantry and mirrors are Hearts and Flowers bunting and floating, brightly colored, "Happy Valentine" balloons.

ENTRANCE. PUBLIC HOUSE.

The two young men, **BILLY** and **WULLIE**, enter the Bar and pulling their jackets down brush out the rain from their hair and move directly to the fireplace, through a throng of smartly dressed customers. They drop their bags at their feet and begin warming their hands, at the fire.

WULLIE

(cheerily)

Oh this is the business Billy. Eh!
A roarin' fire and drink on tap.

BILLY

(disgruntled and unnerved
by the class of customer)

Aye. I'll get the drinks in.

WULLIE

(solicitously)

Noo jist remember Billy the price a
drink in London is dearer than at
hame.

BILLY

(irritated)

Christ Wullie two pints is no
gonnae tan ur dig money.

WULLIE

Naw I'm just sayin' we don't start
till Monday and we've a week's lyin
time before we pick up any wages.

BILLY

(as he turns to leave)

Aye fair enough.

WULLIE

Oh and Billy.

BILLY

(turning back exasperated)

Jesus. Whit noo.

WULLIE

(speaking slowly)
Speak slow.

BILLY

(puzzled)
Whit?

WULLIE

Speak slow. They wulnae understand
yir accent.

BILLY

Are you winding me up?

WULLIE

Naw I'm just sayin' if ye don't
speak slow they havenae a clue whit
yir talkin' aboot.

BILLY

Look Wullie I know you've been tae
London before and this is ma first
time but yir beginnin' to get on ma
tits.

WULLIE

(indignant)
Hey! Am only tryin' to save yi an
embarrassment.

BILLY

(angrily)
Save me an embarrassment? You're a
bloody embarrassment.

WULLIE

Oh yea think so. Well this is whit
you ur.

He grabs one of the floating "Happy Valentine" balloons and
shoves it into Billy's hand.

WULLIE (CONT'D)

A fuckin' balloon. Happy Valentine.

Billy grabs him by the collar of his jacket and pulling him
forward nuts him on the nose with his head.

BILLY

Aye, well there's your Valentine
Glasgow kiss, ya bastard.

He looks down addressing the crumpled figure on the floor.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Pint a lager is it.?

