

Gift Horse

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INT. SMALL BAR - NIGHT

DOMINIC, 20s, pigeon chested and red-faced, emerges from the backroom and pulls his hood down as he steps out.

Behind him, barely visible through the door crack, is the BAR OWNER, 40s, tied and gagged.

He shouts back through the door even as he's shutting it.

DOMINIC
Sorry, really, I am.

Dominic slams the door and stands behind the bar surveying the array of pumps, bottles, and glass at his disposal.

He runs his hands through his hair, and reaches for the heart-shaped pendant around his neck, opens it.

Dominic looks at the picture of the girl inside the pendant; she's slightly obscured by a layer of white powder.

He clicks it shut and closes his fist around it.

A BANGING on the external door breaks his reverie.

DOMINIC
Hold on!

He moves to the door as the BANGING comes again.

STEVIE, 30s, gym rat physique and predator grin to boot, bustles in as Dominic unlocks, then opens the door.

STEVIE
You open?

It's both an accusation and a question.

Dominic gulps and nods, then surreptitiously locks the door.

STEVIE
Awesome.

Stevie takes a seat as Dominic retreats behind the bar.

STEVIE
I got me one of these under the
windscreen wiper.

He slaps a marketing flyer on the bar.

STEVIE
Beer to start.

Dominic picks up the leaflet and looks it over.

INSERT: Leaflet - Happy Hour, First 5 drinks on us.

Dominic starts pulling the beer.

STEVIE
Wouldn't normally, you know.

He flexes his arms to show the impressive muscles rippling through his t-shirt.

STEVIE
But, hey, when it's free?

Dominic puts the beer down.

DOMINIC
Chaser?

Stevie smiles.

STEVIE
Whiskey.

Dominic turns his back to pour the shot, pauses briefly to adjust the pendant, taps something out of it, careful that Stevie doesn't see, and then hands the glass over.

DOMINIC
Slainte.

Stevie throws the shot back.

STEVIE
What?

DOMINIC
Slainte, it means cheers in Irish.

STEVIE
You Irish?

DOMINIC
Couple of generations back.

STEVIE
That's why you work in bar.

DOMINIC
Not really, I'm a chemist by trade;
this is just a favour to someone.

STEVIE
Oh, who?

DOMINIC
My sister, Sinead.

Stevie peers at Dominic.

STEVIE
There was a Sinead... at my gym.

DOMINIC
Yeah?

STEVIE
Ahuh, not seen her recently.

DOMINIC
No, because she died.

Stevie stops drinking his beer.

STEVIE
Shit man, your sister?

Dominic nods.

DOMINIC
Twin.

Stevie looks suddenly uncomfortable.

DOMINIC
You knew her?

Stevie gulps, shakes his head.

DOMINIC
Sure, you did. Addictive personality
type, wanted your body shape.

STEVIE
Oh yeah, I remember, wanted to bulk.

DOMINIC
Last year was parachuting, nearly
died trying to go solo too soon.

Stevie takes a sip of his beer and adjusts his t-shirt, sweat now dripping from it.

DOMINIC
Opposite to me, I've always been a planner, organised, methodical.

STEVIE
You got some water?

Dominic fills a glass and pushes it over.

DOMINIC
Told her roids weren't the way to go. Would she listen?

Stevie shakes his head, takes a sip then, waves his hand in front of his confused face.

DOMINIC
Weird, same upbringing, school, diet, everything the same.

STEVIE
Twins, shit.

DOMINIC
But she was impulsive. If Mom said no she'd be more determined to do it and if Dad said no she'd do it to spite him and revel in the reaction it got.

STEVIE
You know, I don't feel so great.

Dominic laughs.

STEVIE
S'funny?

DOMINIC
Sinead said that when she called.

STEVIE
Called?

DOMINIC
And told me about you, right after she injected the gear you sold her.

STEVIE
My hand's numb.

DOMINIC
I drove so fast, not like me at all
really, but I was just too late.

A tear runs down Dominic's face.

DOMINIC
Anaphylactic shock the Doc said.

STEVIE
(words slurred)
Hey man --

DOMINIC
If she'd have been more like me,
she'd have trained, bulked up slow.

STEVIE
Not --

DOMINIC
But no, she had to push it.

STEVIE
My --

DOMINIC
Buy your poison.

STEVIE
Fault --

DOMINIC
And this isn't mine.

Dominic lunges and injects Stevie with a massive syringe
full of clear liquid.

DOMINIC
Just another roid head who got his
dose wrong.

STEVIE
(incoherent)
No one will --

DOMINIC
Believe it?

Stevie nods, words now too difficult to form.

DOMINIC

I think they will, after all, it's
just in some people's nature.

Dominic takes a cloth from his pocket and wipes every surface before trundling out a foldable hand truck. He manoeuvres the now comatose Stevie onto the truck and heads for the door.