

DRINKING GANG

WILL, S1 - EPISODE 107 - FULL WHITE DRAFT 04.10.2016

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INT. WATERFRONT TAVERN - DAY

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A drinking den full of the discarded, disavowed, and dirty dregs of society. The raucous and ribald acts of the COUNTER CULTURE CLIENTELE are hard to make out through thick SMOKE, as if the tavern smoulders from sin. Move through --

HEAR *foreign tongues*. SEE punks, goths, sailors, men dressed as women, women dressed as men, and underworld heavies. Among them -- Marlowe. He drinks heavily, half-listens to -- THOMAS as he drones on.

THOMAS

Uncle trots me about, meat for starved maidens desperate to have their flowers watered by nobility. It's repulsive...

MARLOWE

Ghastly...

Marlowe's gaze drifts to MEN huddled at a table. A TATTOO ARTIST gives a BURLY MAN a TATTOO. He *scratches* words and image on skin with a SHARP object, then -- rubs CHARCOAL into the 'wound'.

THOMAS

All this pretending. And for what?

MARLOWE

Thy neck... thy purse... thy soul.

THOMAS

My soul? And what of yours?

MARLOWE

I'm a lost cause; *damned* - irrevocably.

THOMAS

(*affectionate, seductive*)
Undoubtedly. But at least you make your own destiny, *Christ-opher* Marlowe.

MARLOWE

(*with sudden venom*)
You *imagine* you can follow me?
Abandon the god that made you?
Let's face it *Tommy*, despite your fake idolatry and *girlish* protestations, you shall one day - and soon - flee this churning quest for freedom and sell your soul back
(MORE)

MARLOWE (CONT'D)

to Christ. It won't cost you much - merely yourself. Her name shall be, Cath, or May, or Winsome, an equestrian - she'll lack nothing, except the one essential; a cock. And you shall protest, you do not ride, and beget a whole slew of brats, who look very like the stable boy... And, content with whatever crumbs of authenticity you can lick from the putrid, midnight grease of the scullery floor, you shall become fat, sanctimonious, comfortable and saved - and deny that you once worshipped at the altar of...

(pushing him to his knees)
Christ-opher Marlowe.

Thomas hurt, aggressively pulls away.

THOMAS

Hast though so little feeling for me?

MARLOWE

Let me show thee how little I feel...

Marlowe downs his drink, strides to the Burly Man - looks at the man's TATTOO. Through the BLOOD SEE -- a DECAYING FACE (half HUMAN, half SKELETON), the words "HOMO, FUGE" cut into the skin. A beat of peace, then --

Marlowe HITS Burly with the ale jug. A still moment, then...

CRACK! Burly throws a killer punch -- catches Marlowe's JAW. Marlowe does not fight back, simply GRINS enraging Burly.

CRACK! A cross to Marlowe's NOSE. BLOOD erupts, rushes down his mouth and chin. He licks it -- flashes a bloody grin.

Burly throws Marlowe across a table. DRINKS fly, PEOPLE scatter -- a domino effect that causes the VIOLENCE to spread like wildfire through the bar. As the fight ensues --

ON MARLOWE: He OVERHEARS people TALK about him. A bloody lunatic, he tries to drown it out with his manic laughter.

GOTH GIRL

Isn't that Christopher Marlowe?

WICKED WENCH

Used to pen all the great plays.

SHITFACED SAILOR
(cruelly sarcastic)
Holler, ye pampered, shit-faced
jade of As-i-ah!!!

ON THOMAS: He pushes through the melee, cranes to SEE --
unfeeling Marlowe get up and go right back to Burly for more.
OFF the CRACK! of another brutal blow that lands on Marlowe --

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EXT. WATERFRONT TAVERN. ALLEY - DAY

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Marlowe lands hard on the muddy ground, thrown by Burly into
'piss' alley. Evidenced by the PISSING PUNK in the B.G.

Fucked up and bloody, Marlowe's laughter subsides. From his
muddy bed, he looks heavenward and screams...

MARLOWE
Why have you forsaken me..?!

It's clear, that despite everything, Marlowe feels all. Then
he focuses, SEES Thomas standing above him.

THOMAS
Why do you push away everyone who
loves you?

With great effort Marlowe stands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(desperate; final attempt)
I tried, but I lost thee...

Marlowe kisses Thomas - whispers.

MARLOWE
You cannot lose what you never had.

Thomas SLAPS Marlowe.

THOMAS
You Bitch...

Marlowe only smiles.

MARLOWE
The equestrian awaits...

Thomas storms off, broken. OFF Marlowe, alone and unglued --