

**A LONG TIME AGO
IN A COCKTAIL BAR FAR, FAR AWAY**

Written by

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INT. LONDON - THE ESCAPOLOGIST COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

It's a quiet Thursday and the night is young with only a few patrons present.

A young couple (early 30's) sit close to each other at a high bar table. The man, TREVOR, a tall square shouldered gentleman, rests his arm on the shoulders of his girlfriend BETH, who is contented in his embrace.

They've come straight from work and remain mostly in their office attire. Both have a pint of local ale nestled between them, Trevor's is almost empty and Beth isn't far behind.

BETH

A what? -You mean from Star, Trek?
-No.

TREVOR

(shakes head)
The other one. Spooky white plastic armour.

BETH

Yeah... No way you played a storm trooper.

TREVOR

I bloody did, the Force Awakens. I was a storm trooper, man! It must have been... two years before I asked you out I reckon. I'd just been made redundant right, from that long printing stint I did-

BETH

-You worked in print?

TREVOR

... Yeah. You knew that?

BETH

I thought you said you worked for a newspaper, assisting columnists weren't it?

TREVOR

(jesting)
I did, they ain't gonna print their work are they.

BETH
(laughing)
That's not the same thing.

TREVOR
That's not important - let me finish
what I was saying.

Beth gives a cheeky grin before taking a sip of her ale.

TREVOR (cont'd)
So, I got a nice payout because of
how many years I worked there. I was
an apprentice straight out of school
more or less so they owed me big. I
made more than enough money to mooch
about for a few months, and it
happened just when my cousin Jim
mentioned he was gonna have a go at
film extra work. You know Jim, you
met him at the wedding.

BETH
(nods)
Hmm.

TREVOR
Well Jim ain't got a theatrical bone
in his body, so I'm thinking I can do
one better because I learned guitar
an-that.

BETH
I do go weak at the knees when you
break out the Yamaha.

TREVOR
It's in my genetics, I love to
entertain babe. Stop taking the mick.
Anyway, I join this agency he
recommends, and who at the time were
looking for tall blokes. Told them I
was interested and available to work
straight away, on anything they had
to offer -proper get stuck in. When
they eventually tell me more about
the gig, I hear it's a job on the new
Star Wars, playing a military role.
I'm beside myself at the prospect of
being the most iconic goon in cinema
history.

Beth takes a second to process this new fact about her boyfriend.

BETH

You were one of, like hundreds though right? And you never see their faces, they always keep their helmets on don't they? Like a unified faceless terror.

TREVOR

That's not the point. It was all about the experience of living a childhood dream... To begin with anyway.

BETH

You enjoyed yourself then?

TREVOR

I did. It was the maddest thing I've ever done. And I must have been half decent at it because I was picked to say a couple of lines.

Beth raises her eyebrows in bemusement, turning to face Trevor proper.

TREVOR (cont'd)

A load of us were asked if we were comfortable and capable enough to speak on camera. I put my hand up along with like eight other troopers, and one by one Mr. Abrams tells us in our best American accents -all storm troopers are yanks for some reason, don't ask me why -to repeat the sentence...

(with an American accent)

'I'll tighten those restraints, scavenger scum'.

(back to British)

Wicked line, did not have a clue what it meant but still wicked. When he gets to me, I smash it don't I? The director loves it and I get a chance to up my rate a bit, everyone's happy... So it's all very secretive, I'm not told a lot until the day of this scene I'm in, quite on the hush hush -I don't even know who, if any, is gonna be in the scene with me.

(MORE)

TREVOR (cont'd)

They bring me to the sound stage, this is the first time I've seen this awesome set that looks like a space interrogation room -hearts racing, shitting myself but never been more excited. The AD blocks the scene out with me, showing me where to stand and that.

BETH

A.D?

TREVOR

Like one of the assistants to the big boss director. Shares some of the work. Real nice person, makes me feel right at home while we rehearse the sequence before the top talent are ready for us.

Trevor leans closer to Beth.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Now from behind the camera I can hear a crew member say double O seven is in the building. There are celebs all over the place at Pinewood and if it really is the gentlemen in question, he probably wondered over from the Bond sound stage they got over there -which actually burnt done once I might add. But I digress. There's me trying not to get distracted but now I'm thinking of Daniel bloody Craig as well as the epic sci-fi I so happen to be a small part of. At this moment I'm just waiting around and trying to stop my brain from melting. Then, from behind one of these mental backdrops or whatever, I hear more talking. It's the big boss himself having a conversation with...

(opens his hands)

Daniel Craig. There's loads of people chatting among themselves but I can still hear what they're talking about. I could even see them both just about, through a gap in the partition wall like a real creeper.

(MORE)

TREVOR (cont'd)
 It's the usual stuff I'd reckon film-
 stars spurt about to each other, but
 just when I'm thinking this could be
 some big break for me, J.J. shouts
 'Hey Dan, I've got an amazing idea'-

BETH
 (sympathetic)
 -Then you got replaced.

TREVOR
 They fucking replaced me.

Trevor smiles and shakes his head, a self-deprecating charm.

TREVOR (cont'd)
 ...How'd you guess?

BETH
 Saw it on a top ten twenty celeb
 cameos vid.

TREVOR
 Bloody-hell. Feel like an arse now,
 thought you might have liked that
 one.

BETH
 I did. A near claim to fame.

TREVOR
 ...Who was only I kidding really?
 Probably would have dubbed over my
 voice anyway. Least I took home a few
 quid more. For-ma troubles.

Trevor looks down at his pint glass that he hasn't touched during the whole anecdote. The golden liquid is near spent and the thin layer of foam sitting on top, somewhat depicts the Mickey Mouse symbol.

Beth notices her boyfriends light somber mood, a sympathetic grin on her. She steps up off the stool behind him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

BETH
 (whispers)
 I still love ya.

She plants an audible cartoon kiss on Trevor's cheek, picks up the glasses, then heads over to the bar.

6.

END