

LAST ORDERS

By Peppy Barlow

Two mates in the pub pass the time as they wait for the impact. Will there be a drinking hole on the other side?

INT. PUB. DAY

Only one man, (60s) MIKE, is sitting at the bar with a drink. Enter GORDON (much the same age). Stops. Looks round.

GORDON

Hello, where is everyone?

MIKE

Gone home.

GORDON

Why, what's going on?

MIKE

You haven't heard?

GORDON

Been in the bottom of a boat
all day, wrapped round a gear box.

MIKE

Ah.

GORDON

What?

MIKE

Bloody meteorite on the way.
We've got about an hour left.

GORDON

What? Are you sure?

MIKE

No one here.

GORDON

And I've just put my supper in
the slow cooker.

MIKE

How long before it's ready?

GORDON

Couple of hours.

Gordon goes round the bar to help himself to a drink.

MIKE

You going to call Susan?

GORDON

peppytrack@uwclub.net

What?

MIKE

Thought that's where you were.

GORDON

Last ten minutes of me life and
have her chewing my ear off.

MIKE

Think she's quite fond of you
really.

GORDON

Bit late for all that now.

MIKE

I wouldn't mind having a woman
to spend my last hours with.

GORDON

Well you'll have to make do with me.

MIKE

I don't fancy you.

Gordon notices the bar tabs on the wall.

GORDON

Hope you settled your tab.

MIKE

Think we might have a rather bigger
tab to pay if there's something on
the other side.

GORDON

My god, now he tells me. Never took
you for a god botherer.

MIKE

You have to wonder.

GORDON

You do?

MIKE

Nice idea.

GORDON

Well hope there's a decent bloody
pub, this place is going to the dogs.