

'One Night In A Bar'

by

Ian Austin

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

JOHN (23) lies in bed. His alarm clock goes off. The time is 8:15am. He groggily rises.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

(Not the same house.)

The room is seemingly vacant. Empty. ROBERT (26) enters. He turns on the TV. Loud noises follow. There is a groan, and TINA (24) gets up.

ROBERT
You're late for work.

TINA
You're an asshole.

She sits next to him.

ROBERT
I sure am.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
When did you get in last night?

TINA
About 4am. Mum had another
spiritual crisis.

ROBERT
Can't she just write an online
blog like the rest of us.

Tina laughs.

TINA
What's on TV?

ROBERT
Some damn independent film.

TINA
What's it about?

ROBERT
This guy and this girl and a whole
lotta confusion.

TINA
Story of our lives.

She exits.

INT. SUBWAY - MORNING

John sits in the corner. There's a few commuters scattered around. No-one speaks.

He wears a suit.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Tina enters. Sees:

JOE
Morning Tina.

TINA
Morning Joe.

They hug.

JOE
Have fun last night?

TINA
Spiritually.

JOE
Eek.

TINA
That's the watchword.

Tina sits at her desk.

TINA (CONT'D)
So what's on the agenda for today?

Joe is about to reply when:

INT. BAR - MORNING

John knocks back a pint.

BARTENDER
Hey. Take it easy John.

JOHN
I'm an alcoholic Sam. Moderation
is my nemesis and beer my
salvation.
(beat)
Hit me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bartender starts pouring another pint. Makes sure to give it a lot of head.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Tina stretches her arms. Yawns. Rises.

TINA
Right. Go home time.

JOE
Are you sure?

He puts on his coat.

JOE (CONT'D)
Could always go to a bar and have some good times? Get some great memories?

TINA
Joe. We've talked about this...

JOE
I know. Still, have to let me live my foolish dream.

He exits. She waits a moment. Follows:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

John's still there. Quite drunk now.

JOHN
See... I have no job. I just wear this suit well.

He starts to fall off his chair. The Bartender catches him.

BARTENDER
Mike. Cover for me.

MIKE
(os)
Okay.

The Bartender leads John over to a corner table.

BARTENDER
I'm going to get you some water. Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John nods sadly. Exit Bartender.

TINA

(os)

Mum... please. I'll be around soon. I'm just trying to relax for a moment.

John recognizes that voice.

JOHN

Tina!

She looks up. Sees him. Takes him in.

TINA

(into phone)

I'll call you back.
(hangs up)

John.

Awkward pause.

TINA (CONT'D)

How... how have you been?

John points up. Then droops his head.

TINA (CONT'D)

Ah,

The Bartender comes over. Sits by John. Hands him a glass of water.

BARTENDER

Drink this, and you'll get some caffeine. Some sugary caffeine. Okay?

John nods. The Bartender turns to Tina.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

This'll sound a little forward... could you keep an eye on him?

TINA

Yeah.

BARTENDER

Thanks.

He walks off.

Tina waits a beat. Then sits by John.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TINA
It's been a while.

JOHN
Yeah.
(beat)
How are you?

TINA
Good. Good... just... just getting
by.

JOHN
Good.

TINA
How's your Mom?

JOHN
I don't know.

TINA
Oh?

JOHN
The day we... I left everything.
Drove out to the city.

TINA
I waited a few months. Finished...
(stops herself)
Have you been here all day?

JOHN
Yeah.

TINA
Why?

JOHN
Alcohol's my arch nemesis...
Moderation is my salvation.

He picks up the glass of water. Spills some. Nearly drops
it. She helps him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

TINA
No problem.

He takes a large swig. Puts it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TINA (CONT'D)

I have to say, I didn't expect to see you again.

JOHN

That's what you get when you get pregnant by someone other than your boyfriend.

She's hurt. He doesn't notice.

TINA

I'm not a Saint John. I never said I was.

JOHN

There are no Saints.

TINA

Okay. You sound like you've really hit shit-creek. I'm gonna go...

She gets up. He grabs her hand. She stops in mid-rise.

JOHN

I miss you.

TINA

(sad)

That kept me going the first day. Then the first week. Then the first month. That belief that you did. But it doesn't last John, and you're drunk.

He removes his hand.

JOHN

I guess not.

She walks away. He lets her. The Bartender reappears. Watches her go. Sees John's reaction.

BARTENDER

Who was that?

JOHN

I'll tell you tomorrow.

He goes back to the water.

FADE OUT:

(MORE)