

HAPPY HOUR

Written by

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INT. FADED SINGLES BAR. BLACK AND WHITE. DAY

A blacked out February 14th calendar. Beneath it, a used pint glass. Within it, a dying rose wanes in a spit of stale beer.

Dispassionate BAR OWNERS exasperate each other, rechecking each's minor bar chores as glum, jaded CUSTOMERS drink alone.

DULL MARRIEDS mirror boredom as their child, HOPE, crayons.

HOPE

Daddy! Mummy! Look. (Shows picture)

DADDY/MUMMY (TOGETHER)

That's nice, Hope, darling.

Neither look. It's the rose. Its picture petals ember the merest hint of rouge. Scribbling on, Hope notices -

VAL, a serene, hooded-cloaked Sage, and CUE, a cherubic asexual teenager in flowing white robes, bump at the bar.

The Owners glare their most sincere "not welcome."

MR OWNER

Yes?

Polite Val motions to Cue, who is already pushing past him.

CUE

Vodka. Orange. Large. Quick.  
Today's a bad day. For me.

Val nods under his hood - as if it is for him, too.

MRS OWNER

An' how -

CUE

Enough to be deemed old fashioned.  
A quaint relic, dug up once a year.

MRS OWNER

Know the feeling...

MR OWNER

I.D.

Cue smiles an awkward, but sweet, "maybe?"

MRS OWNER

Just orange then.

VAL

Make that two. If you please.

CUE

What are you, a bleedin' saint?

Val shakes off his hood, accompanied by heavenly jingles! The entire bar is lost in astonishment...

DADDY/MUMMY (TOGETHER)  
Stop that, Hope, darling.

Hope shrugs, tossing aside a percussion triangle to resume her drawing. Everyone "ughs."

The miserable Owners slam down four orange juices.

MRS OWNER  
Happy hour -

Cue and Val survey the irony of the despondent faces.

MR OWNER  
Innit. Sixteen pound.

CUE  
*Happy hour?*

MRS OWNER  
Makes us happy.

CUE  
Double vodka. In his. Please.

Cue kicks his leg; Val nods a meek affirmative. To the Owners vexation, Cue swaps the glasses the moment the Vodka's added.

CUE  
Cheers. I'm Cue. Unemployed musician. Sorta. You a Jedi?

VAL  
Eh? Val. Unemployed, er, poet.  
"Sorta." (toasts) To bygone days -

CUE  
When it all took was a kiss?

Their moment; the briefest spark. Their eyes blaze colour, their lips unite for the most tender, loving kiss.

As the kiss intensifies, colour floods through their lips, into their faces, their bodies, their robes.

Behind them the other Customers are stirred to embrace each other. Even the Owners rekindle a forgotten passion.

Colour fades in to frame, chasing away the black and white.

Hope beams at the now flourishing red rose as her Parents caress with obvious affection.

Fade out on her new sketch: St Valentine entwined with Cupid.