

The Strangers in a Bar Game

By

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INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Several well-dressed women sit separately alone - some at the bar, some at tables - surrounded by couples.

LUKASZ, the Polish barman, leans towards his colleague, MINNA.

LUKASZ  
Every Valentine's Day is same.  
Everyone playing 'Strangers in  
Bar'.

MINNA  
What you mean?

Lukasz indicates as a man in an EXPENSIVE SUIT approaches one of the well-dressed women - highly groomed, in her early forties with suspicious-looking BLONDE HAIR.

LUKASZ  
This her husband. Watch.

Expensive Suit starts to engage Blonde Hair in conversation. She seems reluctant at first, then he says something that makes her laugh. She plays with her hair.

MINNA  
But she does not know him. I  
think she is hooker. Dress too  
nice.

Expensive Suit turns to Lukasz and raises his hand.

Minna watches with interest as Lukasz takes their order and turns back to the bar.

As Lukasz turns away to pour the drinks, he mutters to Minna.

LUKASZ  
No, every year, is same. Husbands  
and wives get bored, they come to  
hotel, meet in bar, pretend they  
are strangers. Is sex game, spice  
up boring same-old same-old.

He turns and points to various single women and nervous couples around the bar.

LUKASZ  
There. They are strangers in bar.  
Strangers in bar. Strangers in  
bar.

He takes and places the drinks down in front of the couple.

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Minna laughs, slightly shocked.

MINNA

So we should pretend to be  
strangers?

Lukasz smiles, puts his arm around her.

LUKASZ

How could we be strangers? You  
are my little friend. Is for  
lovers, not friends.

INT. HOTEL LIFT - NIGHT

Minna is at the back of the lift, trapped behind the  
couple from the bar who are locked in a drunken, messy  
snog.

The woman's blonde hair slithers to the ground. She  
doesn't notice as Minna picks it up and slips it behind  
her back.

EXT. HOTEL KITCHEN DOOR - NIGHT

Lukasz is by the door, smoking a cigarette. He looks up as  
a pair of heels clack-clack round the corner.

A woman with blonde hair is silhouetted in the  
streetlight.

MINNA

(attempting a posh English  
accent)

Hello. Maybe you help me. I got  
lost and I'm trying to find the  
front door of hotel.

Lukasz stands up to meet her and laughs in disbelief.

LUKASZ

Minna, sweetest, I told you. We  
cannot play. Is for lovers.

She puts her fingers to his lips to silence him.

MINNA

I want to be stranger. To you.

Lukasz looks down in realisation.

He starts to smile.

FADE OUT