

1 INT. BAR, NIGHT.

ELISHA (26), a tall brunette with a sparkle in her eye and dimples in her cheeks, sits alone at the bar of a crowded cocktail bar, empty glass in hand. She catches the eye of another WOMAN across the bar and they share a brief smile before a GENTLEMAN walks up to the other woman and they start chatting.

Elisha frowns, checks her phone for the time and lets out a sigh.

MAN

(O/S)

What's a beautiful woman like you
doing with an empty glass in a place
like this?

She turns toward the voice. A handsome man, early thirties, well dressed and clearly wealthy, leans against the bar next to her chair. She narrows her eyes then smiles flirtatiously and turns towards him. Crosses her legs seductively.

ELISHA

I'm waiting for somebody. They're
late.

SAMUEL

Samuel. Reckon they'll mind me buying
you a drink in the meantime?

ELISHA

Elisha. And I don't care if they mind.

SAMUEL

Their loss, my gain right? What are
you drinking?

ELISHA

I'll have...

(Beat)

Disaronno and Coke, please. Double.

SAMUEL

My pleasure.

He shifts a few feet down the bar to the bartender. Elisha catches eye contact with the other girl again - she nods towards her. The other grins and nods back as the bartender deposits a drink in front of her and moves over to take the Samuel's order. She takes in her surrounds for a moment, then

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the Samuel returns with their drinks.

SAMUEL (cont'd)

There you go.

ELISHA

Thank you.

SAMUEL

So... You didn't answer my question.
How comes you're sat here alone?

ELISHA

It's no big deal. I'm waiting for my
partner.

SAMUEL

Oh. Is it serious?

ELISHA

Pretty serious, yeah. We're married
actually. Have been for a while now.

SAMUEL

Married?! Shit... I'm sorry, I just
assumed it was a first date gone wrong
or something. He's a lucky guy.

ELISHA

She. She's a lucky girl.

The woman that was sat across the bar before walks over to
the couple, drink in hand, and puts her arm around the
Elisha's shoulders.

WOMAN

Yes, yes I am. You ready babe?

ELISHA

Yeah.

She stands.

SAMUEL

...I just got hustled, right?

ELISHA

Sort of. Sorry. But thanks for the
drink.

Elisha winks at him, then puts her hand on her wife's butt

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and squeezes it. They walk away.