

Script # 280, Beautiful Girl, Anya, 2 pages ROLE: Female,
20-30 years

INT. UPSCALE BAR - EVENING

JOE sits on a bar stool trying to light his cigarette with flimsy matches. ANYA, the bombshell bartender, leans over the other side of the bar and lights it for him with her lighter. It's obvious they have history, and the flirtatious games they play can range from teasing to something more serious.

ANYA
Hello, handsome.

JOE
Hello, darling.

ANYA
Haven't seen you here in a while.
You've finally come to sweep me off
my feet?

JOE
I just needed a light.

ANYA
Awful long way to travel for a
light. And why would you not sweep
me off my feet?

JOE
Plenty of guys would. Pick one.

ANYA
I did. He's sweet, but a fool. I
throw myself at him but he never
catches.

JOE
He sounds like a sap.

ANYA
Yes. But a sap with broad
shoulders, dreamy eyes, and a
certain sexy, crudeness about him.
(Beat) What are you afraid of? You
afraid you're going to break my
heart?

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Yeah, that's it.

Joe flips his matchbook open to reveal writing on the inside. "8 o'clock. Be at the bar". Anya feigns shock and disgust to hide that she's really hurt.

ANYA
A rendezvous? Here? How could you?

JOE
Anya, don't be bitter.

ANYA
Tell me about her.

JOE
What do you want to know?

ANYA
Is she more beautiful than me?
Careful.

JOE
That wouldn't be possible.

ANYA
Sexier?

JOE
Even less likely.

ANYA
Wittier? Think carefully before you
answer.

JOE
(looks at the clock)
About 8 o'clock. We're about to
find out.

ANYA
Oh, Joe. Darling Joe. A blind date?
What a sad, sorry little man you
are. You know you can do better.