

LIAR

Written by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

An old man, seemingly troubled is hanging over a counter, whiskey and cigarette sloppily gripped in his hand.

Young and smiling women are all over the bar talking to gentlemen; pouring them alcohol, fondling them: images showing clearly that they're prostitutes.

HAROLD

It still hurts whenever I think about it.

A woman in her 20's, thinly dressed, is sitting quietly at the same counter, her body turned away from the man, swirling the top of a full wine glass with one of her fingertips.

She does not reply.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Is it okay if I reminisce?

The woman sighs.

CLARA

She's not coming back.

Angry by her remark, Harold hastily turns her towards him.

HAROLD

Well why not?!

She fights back, removing his hand from her, disgusted by his touch.

CLARA

BECAUSE SHE'S GONE, YOU IDIOT.

She gets ready to leave, leaving the wine glass behind her. Harold tries to grab her by the wrist but leans too far out on his chair; making him fall over and topple his glass, staining his white shirt.

She gasps as she hears the sound of him falling, the rest of the bar quieting down to see what's going on.

She turns back to see him trying to rise from the floor, his drunken state leaving him stranded.

CLARA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You silly, silly fool...

A beefy guard interrupts.

ROGER

Is everything alright here, ma'am?

CLARA  
(still laughing)  
Yes Roger, everything's fine. The gentleman's just had a little too much to drink.

Roger nods silently, moving away. Clara sighs and walks toward Harold, kneeling when coming close.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Come on, get up before he comes back and kicks you out.

Harold reaches out his hand, ashamed.

HAROLD  
Help me up, will you?

She takes his hand. Once up, she fixes his crooked tie and dusts off his suit.

CLARA  
Look... Have you ever heard the expression "don't wake the dead"? The girl you knew is gone, dad. Forever.

HAROLD  
But why? I've changed... Peach, just come back. Things will be different.

CLARA  
(stern expression)  
You have to live with your choices, dad. I live with mine.  
(beat)  
Don't come back here.

She begins to walk away. Both Clara and Harold knows that this time there's no way he can persuade her to stay, but Harold can't stop himself from trying.

HAROLD  
(pleading)  
No, wait! I can give you more money, just talk to me some more - please!

Clara walks away. She meets another prostitute on the way out.

ELIZABETH  
Client being a douche?

CLARA

No... But I'll tell you one thing:  
I won't do this role-playing  
bullshit anymore. I refuse to be in  
the middle of some sick guy's  
therapy session.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, tell me about it.

Elizabeth looks at her walking away - Harold crying in the background, Clara in the foreground. Clara's face is worried and weary. Who was she lying to? Harold, or Elizabeth?