

## Her Smile

### **Set:**

The bar in an expensive hotel, bar stools at the bar, 2 lounge chairs around a small round table, low lighting and quiet music.

### **Cast:**

Michael – Businessman, smart, early 40's.

Barman – Suitably attired for the high standard of hotel.

Lalita – 30's, Tall, pretty, long red dress.

*(Michael sits on a bar stool at the bar, relaxed, side on. He beckons the barman with his empty glass, the barman takes it and refills his whiskey. Throughout, Michael addresses the barman and the audience.)*

**Michael:** *(to barman)* Thanks.

**Barman:** Sir.

**Michael:** Cheers.

**Barman:** Cheers.

**Michael:** You know, I should have just met her eyes and greeted her with a subtle smile, that's all. I should have passed her by, taking in the sweet scent of her perfumed hair and wallowed in her wake. *(He smiles, breathing her in.)* If I had left it like that maybe everything wouldn't have gone to hell in a hand kart, to coin a phrase.

**Barman:** *(nods)*

**Michael:** I should have taken my drink and gone back to my room via the claustrophobic lift and lonely corridor. I could have just plonked down my whiskey on the sideboard, switched on the TV or checked my emails.

**Barman:** *(nods)*

**Michael:** Or phoned my wife.

**Barman:** Yes.

**Michael:** *(Walking to a lounge chair, sits and addresses both the audience and the barman.)* Instead, I found my chair in the bar behind the double whiskey the barman had kindly left for me.

**Barman:** *(Smiles and nods.)*

**Michael:** I sat back in the soft lounge chair, resting one ankle onto my knee and contemplated a cigar, probably one of the fat Cuban cigars tempting me from the bar.

**Barman:** *(Takes a big cigar from a rack on the bar, holds it to his face and rubs it along under his nose.)*

**Michael:** Not the only temptation that night.

**Barman:** Sir?

**Michael:** Then there she was again.....

**Barman:** Ah.

*(Lalita, in red dress walks in, takes a seat on the other bar stool at the bar, places a small handbag on the bar and elaborately shakes her hair over her shoulders.)*

**Michael:** .....with the same sirens smile she gifted me in the lobby, her dark dangerous brown eyes locked onto mine.

**Lalita:** *(Looks intensely at Michael)*

**Michael:** I should have just returned her flirtation with a dismissive grin or embarrassed chuckle.....

**Barman:** *(chuckles)*

**Michael:** .....or ignored her completely by collecting up my copy of the Times *(does so)* and looking up a story of a shamed politician.

**Barman:** Hancock?

**Michael:** (smiles)

**Lalita:** (Turns again to look at Michael.)

**Michael:** Maybe everything would have been fine, but I cannot resist a smile, especially when her whole face smiles.....

**Lalita:** *(gives Michael a big sexy smile.)*

**Michael:** .....the same as I cannot resist a fine Cuban cigar.

**Barman:** *(smiles)* Agree.

**Michael:** *(standing while speaking)* If I had not stood up, offered her a seat next to me.... *(Does so)*

**Lalita:** *(slips elegantly off her stool.)*

**Michael:** ...offered her the best smile I could conjure in return, offered her a drink, maybe.

**Lalita:** *(smiles again.)*

**Michael:** Maybe she could have declined, tilted her head coyly and mentioned the probable distaste of a husband or fiancé.

**Lalita:** *(holds out her slender hand and points to her rings.)*

**Michael:** she could have walked shyly by as if I existed as someone to simply share a smile with.

**Lalita:** *(Sits down on the other lounge chair, laughing silently.)*

**Michael:** Just possibly, it was all her fault, maybe. I could have just chatted with her, as if she were an old friend or business acquaintance I had recently met.

**Lalita:** *(smiling, gives a fake yawn.)*

**Michael:** I should not have enquired of her name....

**Lalita:** *(mimes: 'Lalita')*

**Michael:** ....commented on the exotic sound of it. If I had not been as obvious as I looked her up and down, taking in her curves in her long red dress, been caught lingering on her slender legs resting delicately in high heels.

**Lalita:** *(Smiling, follows his gaze.)*

**Michael:** If only the bar had closed early....

**Barman:** *(checks his watch and shakes his head.)* No.

**Michael:** ....or the kind barman had advised me of the possible imminent danger and refused my request for her Pink Gin and Lemonade.

**Barman:** *(Delivers a pink gin and lemonade to Lady.)* Madame.

**Michael:** *(looks disbelieving at Barman.)* If we had not finished our drinks so quickly....

**Michael and Lalita:** *(both take a big swig of their drinks, Michael looking slightly embarrassed, Lady confident and flirty; this can be a few moments of exchange.)*

**Michael:** ....instead choosing to finish with a coffee and wish each other a good night and a successful day after....

**Lalita:** *(sits back in disbelief.)*

**Michael:** ....maybe just maybe. If I had managed to resist more temptation, her curling finger as she raised her sleek body from her chair, beckoning me on.

**Lalita:** *(stands, acts out Michaels last sentence.)*

**Michael:** If I did not follow. *(He stands, takes a step towards Lady but stops.)* I should have just met her eyes and greeted her with a subtle smile, that's all. *(does so)*

**Barman:** So....?

**Michael:** So I did. Nothing went to hell in a hand kart and I wallowed in the sweet sound of my wife's voice in my hotel room. *(Leaves)*

**Lalita:** *(Shakes her head with a smile and sits at a bar stool.)*

**Barman:** *(produces another pink gin and lemonade and offers it to Lalita.)*  
Madame.

The End.