

She then sees David for the first time. She notices him sheepishly looking at her.

JOCELYN

Hey, Clyde, who's that guy?

She motions with her head. Clyde and Jocelyn both look over at David.

David makes eye contact with both of them and coyly looks down. He knows they are talking about him.

CLYDE

That weird lookin' fella. I think he works for the paper.

Jocelyn smiles to herself.

JOCELYN

I don't think he's that weird lookin'.

She takes another sip of her drink and slowly walks over to David.

David nervously fidgets, not knowing how to react as he sees her approaching.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

START →

Clyde says you work for the paper.

DAVID

(nervously)
What?

JOCELYN

You work for the paper?

DAVID

Uh... yeah. But, I'm not a writer or anything. I'm a photographer.

JOCELYN

I'm Jocelyn, by the way.

DAVID

I'm David.

David smiles. He doesn't know what to say.

JOCELYN

You aren't from around here, are you?

DAVID
No, I'm not. I'm from New York.

Jocelyn sits down. David is pleasantly surprised.

JOCELYN
I always thought that I would live
in New York City.

DAVID
Oh yeah?

JOCELYN
Yeah, ever since I was a little
girl.

Jocelyn fiddles with her drink.

DAVID
You ever been?

JOCELYN
No.

They look at each other smiling. A song in the vein of The Grateful Dead, "Black Peter" comes on the jukebox. Jocelyn looks up at the jukebox.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
I love this song.

David is surprised.

DAVID
Yeah, this is one of my favorites.
(Pause)

David looks around the bar.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(Absently)
It always makes me a little sad
though.

JOCELYN
Sometimes sad is alright. ← END

They make eye contact. A slight smile makes its way across David's face. There is a magnetic connection between these two as they look into each others eyes. The moment is charged.

CUT TO: