

START

—————→ DAVID
I hate this place, man.

MIKE
The Pony Bar? Jesus, it isn't that
bad, man. Good music, good...

David interrupts-

DAVID
-Nah. Not the bar. This *place*. This
town. It's abysmal, man. I had to
drive 100 miles alone just to get a
fuckin' haircut.

MIKE
It's beautiful though.

David gives Mike a "what the fuck" look, but then his face
quickly softens.

David sighs aloud.

DAVID
Yeah, but it's different for you..
you've got your wife and kids
and...I've got...I don't know.
(pause)
I'm just over it now I guess.

David fiddles with his beer can and then takes another swig.

MIKE
For fuck's sake man, try to lighten
up and make the most out of your
time here. Try to get to know some
people.

David smirks.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Speaking of which, what time is it?

DAVID
Seven-thirty.


MIKE
All right, my man. Sorry to bail
out on you, but...I'm out.

Mike chugs the beer. David's face drops slightly.

Mike grabs his coat from the back of the chair. He pulls out
his wallet and drops a 5 on the table.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Need a lift?

DAVID
(pause)
Nah. I'm going to have a couple
more here. I'll see you tomorrow.

MIKE
All right. Don't get trashed,
though. I need those Fish and Game
Patrol pictures by tomorrow
morning. My story's going up at 6
am.  END

DAVID
Either way. It'll get done.

Mike gives him a friendly pat of acknowledgment on the
shoulder as he leaves.

He approaches the front door of the bar to leave. As he opens
it, JOCELYN MARCHAND (23) walks in. She is very beautiful,
despite looking slightly worn beyond her young years.

Mike holds the door open for her. As she walks past, Mike
makes eye contact with David and gives him a look that says
"you seeing what, what I'm seeing"?

David's face brightens up at the sight of her.

CUT TO:

As Jocelyn walks through the establishment, the faces of the
local patrons perk up. They all recognize her.

She puts on her friendly face and says hello to them, while
walking right past David.

David can't help but stare at her beauty and doesn't take his
eyes off her.

Jocelyn approaches the bar.

JOCELYN
Can I get a bourbon, Clyde?

CLYDE
Sure, darlin'.

Clyde pours the bourbon and hands her the drink. She takes a
sip and then turns around, scanning the bar.