

MIKE & DAVID - SIDES 1

INT. BAR - SMALL TOWN, USA - SUNSET

The bar is dimly lit and smoky. 1950's era country music plays softly on the jukebox in the background.

DAVID NASH (28) sits at the bar waiting to order a drink. He is dressed very differently than those around him, donning a pair of black jeans, a button-up shirt, and high-end work boots. His appearance is well kept and he is handsome in his own rugged way.

The local patrons are more casual-looking, clad in cowboy hats, wranglers, and flannel shirts.

CLYDE (60), the bartender approaches.

CLYDE
Another round for ya?

David nods his head.

Clyde prepares his drink.

A young woman walks across David. He follows her with his eyes lustfully and tries to meet her gaze. He smirks at her. She looks in his direction and then looks away quickly, trying to ignore him completely.

INT. PONY BAR - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

MIKE ADAMS (36) sits at a small table in an isolated area towards the back of the bar. He sips on a single beer.

David rambles over to the table with a beer and a shot. Three empty beer glasses decorate his side of the table. He slumps into his chair.

START



DAVID

I don't know how much longer I can take 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 **town**. I had to drive 100 miles alone just to get a fuckin' haircut and all these people look the exact same. Buncha ice queens.

David smiles slyly. He grabs his beer glass and takes a big swig.

MIKE

Come on, man. There gotta be *some* good people here.

DAVID

Dude...these people...
(Lowering his voice)
These are the people that put that orange turd in the White House.

Mike starts laughing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's true.

MIKE

I'm sure some did, but ya can't hate on every single person here.

DAVID

(semi-jokingly)
Eh, maybe I can.

MIKE

Aw, come on. This shoot is gunna keep us here awhile, so we might as well make the most of it. You know like, at the very least, get to know the town, the people...maybe leave politics out of the equation for once...

David playfully bats his eyes.

DAVID

Do I have to though?

MIKE

(rhetorically)
Give it a try, dude!
(pause)
Oh shit, speaking of which, what time is it?

DAVID

7:30.

MIKE

Shit, all right man, I gotta bounce.

← END