

INT. JAY'S BAR - NIGHT

The town watering hole. It's loud, smoky, and there's plenty of crumbs left over in the seats.

A jukebox fills the room -- "Gouge Away" by The Pixies.

CHRIS IRVING -- mid to late 20s, handsome -- leans over one of the pool tables, stick in hand, sizing up his shot.

CHRIS

Eight ball... corner pocket...

And for a split second, just before he shoots, he looks up --

Across the room, he sees a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN sitting alone at the bar, a Budweiser in front of her. She looks around the room, a little bit distant, sad.

Chris focuses back on the game, back on the shot. He shoots.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Chris' friend, and his opponent, JIMMY, puts money in Chris' hand, one bill at a time, like a cashier.

JIMMY

Unbelievable.

CHRIS

Cheer up, Jimmy. It's not every night I get to have a comeback like that.

JIMMY

It's called a hustle.

CHRIS

Come on, it just wasn't your night.

JIMMY

No, it wasn't.

Chris picks up his jacket.

JIMMY

Where are you going?

CHRIS

I... have a date.

JIMMY
A date? With who?

Chris looks at the Beautiful Woman across the room. Jimmy follows his line of sight and sees her.

JIMMY
The princess?

CHRIS
What? You don't think it's a good idea?

JIMMY
She looks like work.

CHRIS
How so?

JIMMY
Well, she's not exactly Darlene from the Shop N' Go. Besides, haven't you disappointed enough women in this town? Any one of them with half a brain should run away from you the second they see you.

CHRIS
Don't hold back, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Sorry.

CHRIS
If you'll excuse me, it looks like I have some work to do.

Chris starts to walk away, but Jimmy stops him.

JIMMY
Double or nothing she shoots you down.

CHRIS
Go play with your stick, Jimmy.

And with that, Chris starts walking across the room to the bar. As he passes somebody's table, he casually picks up their beer -- a Budweiser -- claiming it as his own.

AT THE BAR

Chris walks to the bar. The Beautiful Woman doesn't think anything of it as first, and neither does THE BARTENDER, who's cleaning some glasses behind the counter.

Chris holds up "his" Budweiser, using it to point at hers.

CHRIS

Budweiser. I like the way you think. What do you say I buy you another one? That one's looking a little bit shallow.

She doesn't say anything. A deer caught in the headlights.

The Bartender shakes his head, amused. Chris notices.

CHRIS

My name's Chris. What's yours?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I'm sorry... Chris? I'm actually meeting my boyfriend here. He should be here any minute now.

CHRIS

(holding his arms out)
He's here. What do you know about that? I'm kidding. Can I at least ask you one question before I leave you alone?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Okay.

CHRIS

Your boyfriend... is he that sure of himself, or is he just that big of an idiot?

(off of her reaction)

In my experience, if a guy has a girlfriend that looks like you, he's not going to leave her alone in a place like this, not unless he's one or the other. So which one is it?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Maybe I'm just a very independent woman. I go where I want to, when I want to, with who I want to.

CHRIS

I'm sure you are, but based on the way you've been looking around the room tonight, looking at everyone like they're on some other planet, something tells me I'm not that wrong about him, that maybe you deserve something a little bit better.

And this hangs there for a moment. Off of him, knowing everything he's said is right, and off of her, maybe realizing it for the first time.

And Chris gives her a small smile, almost comforting.

CHRIS

Enjoy the rest of your beer.

But before he can leave --

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I thought you were gonna buy me another one?

A smile stretches across Chris' face, settling into his seat.

CHRIS

(across the bar)
Hey, Jay! Another Bud!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Blue label on the rocks.

Chris stops, turns back to her. There's a mixture of surprise and confusion on his face.

CHRIS

A blue label? Whiskey?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

On the rocks. Is that a problem?

CHRIS

No problem at all.

Chris speaks to the Bartender, who's come back from the other end of the bar, but he looks at the Beautiful Woman as he does it. And even saying the words, he's amazed by her.

CHRIS

Blue label, please. On the rocks.

The Bartender gets her her drink.

CHRIS
I never got your name.

SARAH
I'm Sarah.

CHRIS
It's nice to meet you, Sarah.

SARAH
It's nice to meet you, too...
Chris.

And they just stare at each other.

Judging from the look on his face, it's safe to say he's never met anyone like her before. And judging from the look on her face, she probably knows it.

CHRIS
(laughs)
What?

And she just shakes her head...

Whatever it is, whatever she's sensing or feeling, she's not going to tell. And that's just the way she likes it.

CUT TO: