

CHRIS SIDES

INT. SALOON

The drunk parades Sarah through exiting patrons, proud of his find.

Sarah takes it all in. She's familiar with this place and not happy to be back. Her eyes move from the stairs to the rooms up above back down to the bar and over to the poker tables. That's where she sees him: Travers plays cards with three other men. JODIE, one of the prostitutes, sits on his lap while he plays.

The drunk breaks Sarah's concentration as he tugs her along towards the bar. They pass a black piano player, CHRIS, just as he plays the last notes of a tune.

Sarah grabs hold of the instrument as the drunk loses his grasp once again. The old man stumbles off into the crowd alone.

SARAH

Chris.

The piano player looks up from his keys. He strikes the last few notes without much weight as he looks at Sarah with bewilderment.

CHRIS

S'that you, Sarah girl?

She nods, remembering once again these recent wounds.

CHRIS

What're ya doin' back in this joint
'n' what'n god's name's happened to
ya?

SARAH

Chris. I haven't got much time.

Suddenly a bottle crashes onto the wall next to them followed by cries for more music.

CHRIS

Guess I best play.

He starts up another tune but doesn't take his eyes away from her.

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SARAH

Do you know anything about that man
playing cards?

She points to Travers.

CHRIS

He the one done this to ya?

SARAH

No.

CHRIS

Good! Cause if he was, I'd a cut
him 'tween now and the next song.

SARAH

How long's he been here?

CHRIS

A night and a day.

She watches Travers play across the rowdy sea of people as
Chris tells her.

CHRIS

Came 'n here lookin' for a woman.
His wife is what I'm figurin'. From
the sounds of it, she coulda been
your sista.

He catches Sarah's eye for a moment and wonders if she might
know something he doesn't but the piano player shrugs it
off. A master of multi-tasking, he plays and gives Sarah the
rest of the details on Travers.

CHRIS

Didn't take no time 'fore he
started liquorin'. 'Spect cause he
knows his wife become a whore.

He sees the change in expression for Sarah: shame.

CHRIS

Ya know I don't mean no harm 'n
sayin' it, Sarah. We all whores
'round here. 'Nyway, after dat
Jodie got her hooks 'n 'im. Ya know
what dat means.

Sarah glances through the bodies at Travers as Jodie plays
with his collar.

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CHRIS

Who is dis man to ya, Sarah?

SARAH

Chris, I need to get him out of here.

CHRIS

Dat don't seem like no easy thing to do right now. And I'd be careful not to let McCabe see ya. He wasn't smilin' when you up 'n' left.

Sarah didn't see him before but now she recognizes MCCABE, the owner of the establishment in a big fur coat at the bar.

SARAH

Thank you, Chris.

CHRIS

Sure thang, sista Sarah. I never did think I'd see ya again.

Sarah slips into the crowd.