DRUNK SIDES

EXT. TOWN OF PAYSON - BACKSTREET - NIGHT

Sarah creeps along the dark backstreet of town.

CLOSE ON a hand as it reaches out of the darkness and grabs her arm.

She struggles and pulls the figure into the light. It’s an OLD DRUNK with one crooked eye.

OLD DRUNK
Well, hello miss Scarlet.

Sarah pries herself free from the drunk’s grasp.

OLD DRUNK
What’s wrong?

He staggers towards her as she takes a few steps back.

OLD DRUNK
I sure did miss ya, miss Scarlet.

Sarah is caught off guard, not sure what to do.

OLD DRUNK
Come ’ere and give me one of ’em sweet kisses.

She notices as two COWBOYS enter the backstreet. Sarah moves towards the drunk, back into the shadows. The drunk lets out a little howl as he grabs at Sarah.

SARAH
Be quiet.

Close now, the drunk gets up close, his breath putrid. But with his one good eye, the drunk sees she isn’t who he was thinking.

OLD DRUNK
Now wait one damn minute.

SARAH
I said shut up.

OLD DRUNK
Ya ain’t my scarlet... she ain’t so cut up as you.

He slumps down, depressed.

(CONTINUED)

OLD DRUNK
She musta run off with that fella.

This sparks for Sarah.

SARAH
Who?

OLD DRUNK
He was lookin’ for her.

SARAH
What man are you talking about?

She steps back out into the light. He gazes up at her and smiles.

OLD DRUNK
But hell, I ain’t picky. Ya still pretty in my book.

He gets up and grabs her.

OLD DRUNK
(staggering along)
Lemme me buya drink.

She goes along, knowing he might lead her to Jack.