

Unspoken, Unrequited

By

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INT. WESTERN SALOON - DAY

1847. Saloon walls chip with paint. Round, wooden tables spread throughout the bar, empty beer mugs littered across a few of them. BARTENDER wipes a spilled mess on the floor next to an unconscious OLD MAN sitting on a stool with his head laid on the bar top. A whistle of wind blows outside.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. The sound of boots against old wood. The swinging doors creak as a COWBOY walks through. He's dressed in a cotton shirt, wool trousers, and a leather vest with a pocket on each side of his chest. Even more, he dons dark brown, heeled boots with spurs on the back, and a classic cowboy hat with a wide base.

CLOSE ON the cowboy. He moves a piece of wheat from the right side of his mouth to the left. He looks around, searching. With a sigh, he shuffles toward the bar.

The old man snores. The cowboy takes a seat at the end of the bar. Bartender sets a full glass of beer in front of him and goes back to cleaning the mess. The cowboy sips on it and TAPS his knuckles on the bar top.

A few people walk in and sit at the opposite end of the bar. They speak softly in the background, their voices a low hum, no words discernible.

SERIES OF SHOTS depicts the passing time.

Hands of a clock on the wall tick to 1:00.

The cowboy takes another sip, looking at the saloon doors.

The clock ticks to 3:00 P.M.

The group of people laugh loudly.

The old man gurgles, drooling onto the bar top. He wakes himself up with a snore. He bolts up, looks around, confused.

The cowboy rolls his eyes and finishes his third mug of beer. Slides it next to the other two empty ones. Just as he pushes coins to the bartender, the saloon doors once again creak and swing open. Everyone turns to see who it is. Only the cowboy's gaze lingers.

CLOSE ON saloon doors. In walks a beautiful WOMAN, 37, with long, curled hair. She has on expensive-looking clothes. She takes lacy gloves off her hands and puts them in a handbag.

Her eyes scan the room, landing on the cowboy. Familiarity flashes across her face before looking away. She walks to the bar and asks for wine.

The cowboy watches intently as she receives a glass of red wine, bringing it up for a light sip. CLOSE ON her left ring finger. A light area toward the base. No ring, but a lighter area where one used to be. The cowboy stops staring.

INT. CHURCH - WEDDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Large gathering of people dressed in nice clothing. A couple under an alter in wedding attire. One of them is the woman from the bar. They smile lovingly at each other.

In the audience is the cowboy. He sits in the back pew with tears falling down his face. As the two getting married finish saying their vows, their voices drowned out by the pounding in the cowboy's ears, he gets up and exits the church just as they kiss.

Doors close on an uproarious cheering in the church.

END FLASHBACK.

Saloon doors creak again as the woman walks out of them. The cowboy shakes his head with a somber look on his face. Runs his hands through his hair. Wipes at his face to remove grime. Sets the hat firmly back on his head. He darts from the bar to follow her outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN SALOON - DAY

Tumbleweed BOUNCES across the street. Dust WHOOSHES in the air. Horses NEIGH at the logs they're tied to. In the distance, the cowboy and the woman talk outside of the saloon.

It's a heated argument. The cowboy throws his hands in the air and the woman points a finger at his chest. He throws his hat on the ground as she walks away. Her dress sways across dirt as she disappears through a collection of buildings.

The cowboy falls to his knees, head in his hands. He lets out an agonizing scream and doubles over himself as he cries.

The love of his life is gone for good.