

CLICK. CLICK.

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INT. BAR - EVENING

The chalk signboard declares happy hour.

But nobody cares.

Commercial. Mediocre.

Every surface meant for industrial cleaning products.

Accentuated by dimmed overhead lights.

And the electric CLICKS of an over-40 COVER BAND hooking up equipment O.S.

The BARTENDER'S eyes never leave baseball on the flat screen behind the bar as he pours drafts.

Delivers them to some OLDIES. Spread out with an actual paper newspaper between them.

At a table, 2 OLDER WOMEN gossip over beers. Cackling at their own jokes.

Late to get the memo not to care, **RUTH**, 40s, reaches the doorway. Peers inside.

Her high heels clicking on the floor matching the click of the equipment, now hooked up and replaced by electric strums.

She wears a cocktail dress fitting every curve. What she doesn't possess in looks, she compensates in immaculate make-up.

Perfect hair.

Perfect control.

This bar's not ready for her, maybe it will never be--

She pauses in the doorway, taking in that secret information. And the décor. Or lack thereof.

Then walks inside anyway.

Out-dressed by three degrees and keenly aware of it.

Ruth makes her way to a barstool.

Perches like an exotic bird.