# Linda & Melissa – Horseshoe Bar Scene Script

INT. THE HORSESHOE BAR – NIGHT  
  
The bar is nearly empty. Neon beer signs cast a dim glow over the worn bar top. LINDA, late 50s, wipes down the counter with practiced rhythm.  
  
At the far end of the bar, MELISSA KRAFT, 35, sits alone with a stack of legal papers. Her honey-blonde hair glows in the light. Her sharp green eyes never leave the page.  
  
LINDA  
(calling out)  
Last call, folks.  
  
A few regulars groan and shuffle out. Linda’s eyes land on Melissa.  
  
LINDA (CONT’D)  
(approaching)  
What’s your poison?  
  
MELISSA  
Bourbon, neat.  
  
(she stacks her papers)  
  
You’re Linda Man, right? Former attorney?  
  
LINDA  
(smiling as she pours)  
That obvious?  
  
She pours two drinks. Slides one toward Melissa and takes the other herself.  
  
LINDA (CONT’D)  
To the ones who fight the good fight.  
  
MELISSA  
You know about the Richardson case?  
  
LINDA  
Hard not to in this town. I was there when they arrested him. Steve came in sometimes. Quiet guy. Always tipped well.  
  
MELISSA  
(sits straighter)  
You knew him personally?  
  
LINDA  
As much as any bartender knows a regular. Him and Sidney would stop in after the farmers market.  
  
(pause)  
  
Never saw a hint of violence in that man.  
  
MELISSA  
That’s exactly what I need to hear.  
  
(she pulls out a notebook)  
  
Would you be willing to—  
  
LINDA  
Make that statement official?  
  
(smirks)  
  
Wouldn’t be the first time I testified. Though usually, I was asking the questions.  
  
The last of the patrons leave. Linda doesn’t dim the lights. She leans on the counter, looking at her reflection in the mirror behind the bottles.  
  
FLASHBACK MONTAGE:  
  
— YOUNG LINDA in a courtroom, sharp suit, confident.  
— TOMMY MARTINEZ, 18, in handcuffs, tears in his eyes.  
— A grainy security cam image: Linda breaking into a prosecutor’s office.  
— A JUDGE declaring her disbarment.  
— TOMMY, free, hugging his mother.  
  
BACK TO SCENE  
  
Linda restocks the shelf. The bottle of Jack Daniels gleams.  
  
LINDA  
(to herself)  
Some rules are meant to be broken.  
  
She wipes another circle on the bar, slower now. A quiet resolve growing.  
  
FADE OUT.