SWEET JUSTICE

FADE IN:

INT. RAMROD SALOON - DAY

An impeccably spotless saloon. Lace table cloths. Lace curtains. Garlands of flowers line the ceiling.

LARRY, thirtyish, stands at the bar. Row of sequins decorate his Stetson, shirt and pants. Rhinestones sparkle off his polished boots. A pearl-handled, chrome-plated revolver rests in his holster.

He takes a sip of Chablis from a wine glass, sets it back on a lace doily.

LARRY

Dee-lish.

Larry checks out his reflection in the mirror behind the bar, uses a finger to get his bangs just right.

MAX, the hunky young bartender clad in black leather chaps, wipes the maple counter.

SCANLON, 45 and scruffy, sits at a table and chugs red wine. He eyes Larry with pure hatred.

LARRY

(to Max)

Why's it so quiet in here today, Max?

MAX

Cuz you shot the piano player yesterday, Larry. Remember?

LARRY

Oh, yeah. Ugh, if I had to listen to "Camptown Races" one more time...

Larry looks around.

LARRY

Still, it'd be nice to get more people in here.

MAX

If you hadn't taken the beer out and fired all those saloon girls--

LARRY

Yuck.

Larry deliberately knocks a small tray of cucumber finger sandwiches behind the bar.

Max sees the mess, sighs knowingly. He bends down to pick it up.

**TARRY** 

Ahem.

Max gets the message and turns so his ass faces Larry.

LARRY

Make sure ya get it all, Max.

SCANLON

That's it!

Scanlon stands, approaches Larry.

LARRY

Not too close, Scanlon.

Larry taps the grip of his revolver with his pinky.

LARRY

Bangy-bang.

SCANLON

I had enough a you, Nancy boy!
Just who the hell you think you are, comin' into a decent God-fearin' town and sassin' it all up?

LARRY

I'm the guy who makes the rules. Don't like it? Forever hold your peace. Better yet, come over here and I'll hold your piece for you.

Scanlon reddens, shakes with fury.

SCANLON

You turned this place into a goddam laughingstock! Rightful name of this town is Creekwood. You got no cause to change it to Rubdown City!

LARRY

Just has a better ring to it. Besides, who's gonna stop me?

SCANLON

I'm powerful glad you asked me that. Kryder?

KRYDER, six feet four inches of rattlesnake-mean, steps through the exquisite swinging saloon doors. He sports twin Colts and a mustache big enough to hide a squirrel.

**TARRY** 

Ooh. Things-just-got-fun.

SCANLON

See, me and the townsfolk, we done took up a collection. Hired the fastest, nastiest gunslinger west of the Pecos.

LARRY

Not to mention the burliest.

SCANLON

Yer time's over, Larry. Best tuck yer tail between your legs and crawl on outta here, else Kryder gonna send ya straight to the marble orchard.

Kryder stares down Larry with murderous intensity.

LARRY

Hmmm...this is a toughie.

Larry walks back to the bar, finishes off his Chablis.

LARRY

Fill me up, Max.

Max reaches for the bottle.

LARRY

Wasn't talking about the wine.

Max shakes his head and turns away. Larry grins and looks back to Kryder.

LARRY

Okay, back to biz.

Kryder looks to Scanlon.

KRYDER

Y'all gotta be kiddin' me.

Kryder walks around the saloon, wipes his filthy hands on a table cloth. He takes a big whiff.

KRYDER

What is that smell?

LARRY

Lavender. Like it?

KRYDER

Saloons s'posed to smell like stale beer and cheap cigars.

LARRY

Honestly, I don't even like the word saloon. I prefer cabaret or drinkery, but that's just me.

Kryder laughs, lowers his head, scratches his 'stache.

KRYDER

So you're Limpwrist Larry?

LARRY

I just can't seem to shake that nickname. But yes, I am he.

KRYDER

I heard you were fast.

LARRY

Yeah, it really is all in the wrist.

He flops his right hand back and forth.

LARRY

Loose as a goose.

Kryder shakes his head and looks at Scanlon.

KRYDER

God a mercy, I'd a done this for free.

Kryder steps in front of the saloon doors, crosses his arms.

KRYDER

Awright, you half a Mary. Dyin' time.

Larry turns to Max.

LARRY

Max, if this guy kills me, make sure they bury me in my Easter suit. The purple seersucker.

Larry takes a step toward the middle of the saloon, then looks back toward Max.

LARRY

Oh, and I'd prefer a mahogany casket with duchess satin lining.

He takes another step, hesitates, then turns back.

**TARRY** 

Slipper satin.

Larry nods, then walks to the center of the saloon and turns to face Kryder.

Max ducks under the bar.

Scanlon runs to the far wall.

Kryder lowers his hands to his guns.

Larry flicks the leather tassels of his holster, runs his index finger along the shiny pearl grip of the six-shooter.

The two gunfighters burn stares into each other.

Kryder draws.

Larry pulls his pistol with near-superhuman speed and puts a single bullet through the dead center of Kryder's chest.

The big man stumbles backward out the saloon doors.

LARRY

Looks like I'll be stickin' around.

Larry looks to Scanlon, aims his gun at him.

Scanlon raises his shaking hands.

SCANLON

No. Please.

LARRY

Give me one good reason why I should let you keep breathing, Scanlon.

SCANLON

I won't cause you no more trouble.

LARRY

I said one more good reason.

SCANLON

Uh...I...

Scanlon desperately looks around the saloon, spots the piano in the corner.

SCANLON

I can play piana!

LARRY

I just couldn't bear "Chopsticks" and "Oh, Susanna."

Larry cocks back the pistol's hammer.

SCANLON

I was classically trained as a kid. Lemmee show!

He runs to the piano, cracks his knuckles, plays Brahms' "Rhapsody in B Minor."

LARRY

Ooh, Brahms.

Larry holsters his gun, walks back to the bar.

LARRY

I'm suddenly in the mood for a Merlot.

Max grabs a bottle, pours some red wine. Larry takes a sip.

LARRY

Mmm. Things are lookin' up here in Rubdown City.

FADE OUT.