

Kevin Goes West
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Mist still clings to the grass. It looks cold, still, quiet.

A PUMPKIN comes from the sky, smashing as it lands. In the distance, the ROAR of a CROWD.

Looking up, hundreds are gathered to watch from behind a rope line. Before them, a row of CATAPULTS, TREBUCHETS, and other HURLING DEVICES too concocted to have a proper name.

An ANNOUNCER speaks through a portable microphone and amplifier as a FOUR-WHEELER chases the pumpkin in the distance.

ANNOUNCER

The 12th Annual Punkin Chunkin' is underway! The official length... twenty six hundred and forty-two feet!

Two GUYS DRESSED AS VIKINGS high-five.

A couple walk past - KEVIN (27) and MOLLY (23), Kevin struggling with a sack of hurl-ready pumpkins.

Kevin is tall, lean, partial to clothes that look more appropriate for Casual Friday at an office than this field.

Molly is beautiful. More than one observer wonders what she's doing with this guy in her painted-on jeans and low-cut top.

MOLLY

Careful! You're going to drop them.

KEVIN

I always forget how heavy gourds are. Thanks again for coming. After Carl dropped out-

MOLLY

No problem. I was curious about what you did for fun. You're always so stuffy at work.

KEVIN

I'm not stuffy. This is it.

Kevin drops the sack of pumpkins, stretching his sore arms as he deposits the sack at the base of THE FLING.

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Molly gives his shoulders a rub and you can tell by Kevin's face the weight of pumpkins is the last thing on his mind.

Molly sees one of the Vikings eyeing her and drops him a wink, a moment missed by Kevin.

MOLLY
Better?

KEVIN
Much.

A SPROING! from the catapult beside them, a group of overweight REDNECKS cheer as their pumpkin sails.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Team Rebel Yell sends it into the stratosphere! We may have the distance to beat... thirty-eight hundred and forty-one feet!

Molly looks over, impressed.

MOLLY
Wow.

Kevin grins, confident.

KEVIN
Wait'll you see what The Fling does.

Molly's attention is back, a grin spreading.

MOLLY
You sound pretty sure of yourself. So, you're... what? Like King of the Nerds?

KEVIN
Most for these people are engineers like me, some just hobbyists. Don't call them nerds too loud.
(smiling)
But, yes, I will rule them all and hear the lamentations of their women.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Next up, Team Drawing Board with their 'pult, The Fling! This is the third year for the team with a completely rebuilt catapult.

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A smattering of applause.

MOLLY
We're up.

The FLing is a towering catapult made of fiberglass and bungee, a cylinder at the base coiled with tensed bungee cord. A notched wheel turns as Kevin adds to that tension. He places a hand on a release lever as Molly looks on.

KEVIN
You want the honors?

MOLLY
It's your baby.

Kevin gives her a sloppy wink, an unfamiliar gesture for him.

The CROWD goes silent as he pulls the lever. Nothing.

Kevin gives the lever another yank. Same result.

Murmurs begin in the crowd as he leans towards the cylinder.

KEVIN
I don't understand, it should-

SNAP! The bungee cords can't hold any longer, BREAKING in the center, the basket pitching forward, slamming the pumpkin into the earth and SPLINTERING the main shaft.

The crowd flinches as Kevin hits the dirt. Molly heads for the nearest opponents cordoned-off stall, the Vikings.

The Fling collapses in on itself in a twisted heap of fiberglass and bungee cord.

Kevin looks up to see a JUDGE extending a rope for measure from the wreckage to the remains of his pumpkin.

JUDGE
(holding rope aloft)
Three-point-seven feet!

Kevin looks over his shoulder to Molly.

KEVIN
Are you alright?

She's gone, taking shelter in the arms of a Viking.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Crap.

INT. ALLIANCE FURNISHINGS OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits hunched over an artist's desk, flipping through layers of designs. On the corner, a diminutive PUNKIN CHUNKIN' 2011 trophy - SHORTEST HURL.

He flips through one sheet, then back, to the front again. Something's wrong.

His boss, CHRISTIAN MICHAELS, a late-40's playboy with more ego than talent, cuts through the office space, a maze of cubicles and drafting tables, followed closely by GRACE PARKER (20s), his beautiful and overqualified assistant.

As they pass, Kevin follows, matching stride towards Christian's office.

KEVIN
Mr. Michaels?
(no response)
Christian?
(still nothing)
Chris?

Now, Christian stops, turns, faces Kevin.

CHRISTIAN
Kevin. You don't have to be so formal around here, buddy. What's the problem?

KEVIN
It's, uh... well...

Kevin's distracted by the smile Grace gives him.

CHRISTIAN
Well?

KEVIN
It's the new chair. Hugo.

CHRISTIAN
Great name, right?

KEVIN
Yeah, great. The problem is with the base. It's too small.

CHRISTIAN
Come again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

See, the seat is eighteen by sixteen, which is fine, but it's also 19 inches tall. The base with the casters is only fourteen inches. It's top heavy.

CHRISTIAN

(flapping his hand like a mouth)

What are you saying? You start talking numbers and all I hear is blah blah blah.

KEVIN

It'll fall over.

Christian claps an arm on Kevin's shoulder, leading him back to his drafting table.

CHRISTIAN

What department do you work in again?

KEVIN

Drafting.

CHRISTIAN

So your job is to draw the spec sheets for the furniture sent up from design.

KEVIN

Yes, sir.

CHRISTIAN

Sir. Please. The point is, you just draw. You're practically just tracing. Any five year old could do it.

KEVIN

Right, but-

CHRISTIAN

The designers don't come up here and tell you how to do your job, do they?

KEVIN

No, but I have a degree in-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTIAN

Exactly. So, let the designers
design and you... trace.

Kevin stands agape as Christian continues on, catching the eye of Grace who offers an apologetic smile before following Christian. She knows Kevin's right.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound of a key in the lock, accompanied by muffled whispers and shushes. The door swings open, framing Kevin in profile as he fumbles for the lights.

The small, one bedroom apartment is lit, revealing FRIENDS wearing paper party hats, blowing noisemakers and calling out-

ALL
SURPRISE!!!

Kevin jerks back in fear, looking panicked before realization replaces terror.

KEVIN

Jesus!

His best friend, CARL rushes to him, all smiles and good nature. His unkempt shoulder-length hair and concert tee shirt hides his girth as best it can.

CARL

Happy birthday, man.

Kevin surveys the room, mostly guys and the girlfriends they've dragged along.

KEVIN

Thanks, guys.

Hands are shaken, and a couple of the Girlfriends even give him a peck on the cheek with the requisite well-wishes.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Old school rock 'n roll plays while Carl and Kevin sip beers on his couch, watching Clint Eastwood take care of business in the Italian desert on a flatscreen. Both are fatigued by the late hour and beer, surrounded by remnants of the party.

Eastwood lights a cigar with a squint.

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CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Now that's a man. A take no shit,
easy ridin' man.

CARL

How many times have you seen this
movie?

KEVIN

Dozen or so.

CARL

That's not healthy.

KEVIN

Times were simpler. No bosses
telling you it's not your job, or
their job, for that matter. Women
stood by their men. Just easier
back then. This guy is badass, no
question. But if he breezed into,
say, Detroit and tried to pull this
shit, he'd be arrested and thrown
in jail.

CARL

Rightfully so. The man's a
criminal.

KEVIN

He may not do what's legal, but he
does what's right. This whole
village would be screwed if it
wasn't for him. He rides in,
handles his business and cruises
back out. And the hottest girl in
town wants him, but he's too cool
for that. Gangsta.

CARL

Don't say gangsta. Nobody says that
anymore. What about your senorita?
The one at work?

KEVIN

Grace?

CARL

Yeah. The secretary.

KEVIN

Administrative assistant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Carl stands, shaking his empty beer bottle.

CARL
I'm grabbing another beer from the chilled food repository. You need another?

KEVIN
I'm good.

Carl disappears into the kitchen, leaving Kevin to his musing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You could just be a man then. All you needed was a six-gun, your trusty horse and the clothes on your back. You should do a Western comic.

Carl returns, already draining half the new beer.

CARL
Westerns don't sell. You know you wouldn't last a second in the West.

KEVIN
What are you talking about, I'd be awesome.

CARL
I'm happy to hear you say that.

Carl leans over, retrieving an envelope from his jacket. He hands it to Kevin.

KEVIN
What's this?

CARL
Open it up, cowboy.

Kevin removes two tickets, crossed six-guns stamped on them.

KEVIN
The Old West Stampede?

CARL
Dinner and a show.

KEVIN
I guess you're going with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARL

I already have two for myself. The other ticket is for a lovely lady yet to be named.

KEVIN

I don't know who else to bring.

CARL

I think you do.

INT. ALLIANCE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Kevin sits at a round table in a sterile cinderblock room, soda and sandwich vending machines behind him. His forehead is pressed against the table.

A door opens. Kevin doesn't move until the sound of a chair scooting away from the table draws his head up to find-

Grace, opening her food container.

GRACE

Sorry, I thought you were asleep. Rough night?

KEVIN

The night was fine. The morning's where it catches up.

GRACE

What was the occasion? Or just that kind of Wednesday?

KEVIN

It was my birthday.

GRACE

Happy birthday!

Kevin winces at the volume.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Happy birthday. I'm Grace by the way. Haven't had time to introduce myself to everyone. Too busy chasing Christian... sorry, Chris... around.

KEVIN

Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I've seen you. And don't worry, everyone gets to feel terrible the day after their birthday. My 23rd, I woke up in the back of my best friend's car.

KEVIN

That happens, I guess.

GRACE

After it was towed.

Kevin smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That wasn't the worst. For my 19th, this was my first semester of college, I ended up in a different state.

KEVIN

You either have terrible friends or the worst case of sleepwalking I've ever heard of.

Grace belts out a surprised snort of laughter, covering her mouth.

GRACE

That's attractive.

KEVIN

You are.
(quickly)
I mean, it is.

Grace suppresses a wider smile, returning to her food.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I have to get back to-

GRACE

Yeah, you should-

KEVIN

It's been half an hour, and-

GRACE

Totally understand.

KEVIN

It was nice to finally talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE

Well, I'm around, you know.

Kevin stands, crossing to the door where he pauses.

KEVIN

Are you doing anything Saturday?

GRACE

Just drinks with some friends.
Staying within the zip code this
time.

KEVIN

Oh, okay.

GRACE

It's not a big deal. Just something
we do if nothing else is-

KEVIN

No, sounds fun.

GRACE

It's not set in stone or anything.
Are you-?

KEVIN

Me? No. Just idle curiosity. So,
see you around, Grace.

He exits, leaving Grace disappointed behind him.

EXT. OLD WEST STAMPEDE - NIGHT

The parking lot is mostly empty, the stadium-like building in
disrepair - faded paint, the neon cowboy on the sign missing
an illuminated leg.

INT. OLD WEST STAMPEDE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, alone, shuffles through the doors with Carl and his
date for the evening, LAURA, who looks a few months away from
the legal purchase of alcohol, but hot enough to get it
anyway.

KEVIN

She all but asked me out. She
opened the door and I slammed it
shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

You're an idiot. And you owe me
\$34.50 For the ticket, too.

KEVIN

I thought that was a gift.

CARL

It was until you wasted it.

LAURA

Are the horses real in the show?

KEVIN

Most of them. One is a robot that
looks like a horse, but you can
barely tell.

Carl gives him a hard look as they scoot along a long booth,
taking a seat.

A SUBURBAN FAMILY shuffles in beside them, MOM and DAD,
looking like they would rather be anywhere but here, and SIS
and JOHNNY, both somewhere between 8 and 10. Johnny is all
chubby-cheeked enthusiasm in his sheriff outfit, replete with
plastic vest and chrome-colored six-shooter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Johnny)

How you doing, partner?

CARL

Leave the kid alone.

KEVIN

What?

Johnny tickles the handle of his pistol in its vinyl holster,
eyes narrowing.

Kevin's eyes squint against an imaginary sun, his hands
dropping to his waist.

The two size one another up across their friends and family.
Then, Johnny draws.

Kevin is quick, but the loud SNAP! of a cap pistol greets him
before he can get his pretend shot off, and he CLUTCHES HIS
CHEST, falling out of the booth onto the floor.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He got me, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Johnny explodes in giggles.

CARL
Would you get up, please?

Kevin does.

KEVIN
You're not much fun, you know that?

CARL
I'm glad you're having a good time,
because shit's about to get real.

KEVIN
Language. There are children.
(registers Carl's line)
What do you mean, shi-
(off Johnny's look)
-stuff's about to get real?

HORSES pour into the arena on the floor, COWBOYS and INDIANS dressed for the part, circling the ring to give all a view.

A horse breaks away from the stampede of two dozen riders, ridden by CODY BLACKWELL. Cody's hair is snow-white, his Van Dyke full and well-groomed. His tan coat is lined with tassels along the sleeves and chest, matching chaps over tan trousers, ending in animal skin boots.

Cody dismounts to applause, his voice echoing through the half-full room. Cody's enthusiasm is more than enough to fill the empty seats, the SPOTLIGHT lighting him up like a mirage.

CODY
Well, howdy partners!

A few "Howdys" float down.

CODY (CONT'D)
I don't think I heard you. I said,
'Howdy, partners!'

The Crowd responds more vociferously, Kevin included. Carl sees his friend respond and grins.

CODY (CONT'D)
Welcome to the roughest, the
toughest, the wildest Wild West
Show this side of the Mississip!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CODY (CONT'D)

Before we get started, I think some of our cowpokes are going to bring around some vittles for you. You get some grub in ya, and we'll-

His speech is interrupted by a BOOMING VOICE, amplified by his mic, the spotlight SWINGING UP to find this Man In Black.

SILAS

Hold it right there, Cody!

CODY

Silas Black!

SILAS

That's right. You been running this show for too long. Tonight, me and my boys are gonna take it back!

BOOS from the crowd.

SILAS (CONT'D)

And as for all of you yellow-bellied varmints, I'll deal with you later!

Silas disappears into the shadows.

CODY

Folks, I sure am sorry about that. Looks like Silas is back in town, and our sheriff's gone missing! Who's going to save us?

Children's hands fly up.

CODY (CONT'D)

Lots of our young partners want the job. But it looks like we have someone special riding in tonight. Sheriff Kevin, you out there?

CARL

He's right here!

Kevin looks from Carl to Cody as the spotlight finds him.

KEVIN

Oh no. Are you serious?

CODY

Stand up, Sheriff!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Applause goads Kevin to his feet, timidly waving.

CODY (CONT'D)

Why don't you meet us down here.
One of our ranch hands'll get you
ready. If you're gonna be squaring
off against Silas Black, you're
gonna need some iron!

The crowd applauds again as a Western-garbed ASSISTANT takes Kevin's arm.

CARL

Have fun, sheriff!

INT. STAMPEDED BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin follows the Assistant to a Costume Rack, Cody awaiting his arrival. Kevin shakes his hand.

KEVIN

Hi, Cody, sir, nice to meet you.
Look, my friend set this up, and if
you want to get one of the kids-

CODY

Nonsense. You'll make a great
sheriff. Let's see here.

Cody lifts a wool shirt and leather vest from the rack and holds them against Kevin.

CODY (CONT'D)

That's fine. Now, those jeans will
work, but try these chaps. And a
duster, a hat...

Cody pulls the items from the rack, fitting Kevin by eye as Kevin trades his shirt for the wool one and buttons the vest.

CODY (CONT'D)

Can't forget your hat.

Kevin looks to the wall where a row of Stetsons and wide brimmed sombreros hang. Beside them, a picture of SHERIFF JULY WILSON, looking somber, a rifle held across his chest. Beside the framed photo, a BADGE.

KEVIN

Cool badge.

Cody pauses, taking Kevin's measure.

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CONTINUED:

CODY

You even know who July Wilson is?

KEVIN

Yeah, of course. He was the sheriff that ran Snake Rogers out of Mercy. He shot three men before they could pull their guns.

Cody chuckles.

CODY

I guess you do. Here's something you don't know. That there is the actual badge July Wilson wore on that day in 1862. You can even see where a bullet grazed it.

Kevin peers closer, seeing a LONG SCRATCH along the surface.

KEVIN

Get out of here.

Cody holds up his right hand.

CODY

On my honor. Fell into my hands when I was about your age. Far as I know, no man's worn it since July left Mercy almost 150 years ago.

Kevin WHISTLES appreciatively.

Cody removes the badge and pins it to Kevin's vest.

KEVIN

Oh, I couldn't-

CODY

Something tells me it'll be fine in your keeping. Now, when you hear Silas ask if there's any man brave enough to meet him on the street, you stroll on out there and you tell him you are.

KEVIN

Okay, got it.

CODY

After that, he'll do most of the talkin'. Remember there are young 'uns in the audience.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CODY (CONT'D)

Other than that, he'll tell you to
draw, you do, and he takes a fall.
(drops Kevin a wink)
You have fun out there. Sheriff.

Kevin smiles, looking down at his badge.

INT. ARENA - LATER

Silas stands in the center of the arena, spinning slow to address the entire crowd. The rest of the cast has retreated to the edges of the ring or backstage, Cody huddled in fear against the wall.

SILAS

The Stampede is mine! Unless
there's any man or woman out there
thinks they're brave enough to face
me.

KEVIN (O.C.)

I am.

The crowd applauds wildly as Kevin steps into the arena. His hat is trail-worn, his duster covering most of his outfit. He looks every bit the part.

SILAS

And who are you?

KEVIN

I'm... Uh... Sheriff July Wilson.
And this here's my town.

More cheers, and something else. A twinkle of GOLD FLICKERS around the badge as Kevin waves at the applause.

SILAS

Well, Sheriff July Wilson, how
about you meet me in the street?

KEVIN

Sounds like fun.

More cheers and laughter. Carl is beside himself laughing and urging his friend on.

Kevin steps into the center of the arena with an exaggerated gait, squaring off against Silas. Silas's hand falls to his holster.

SILAS

Whenever you're ready. Draw.

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CONTINUED:

Kevin eyes the villain, his hand falling to a pearl-handled revolver. Silas wiggles his fingers as Kevin's eyes narrow.

The moment is pregnant with tension, at least until Silas raises his eyebrows - 'C'mon.'

Kevin makes for his gun, the closed holster allowing an inch of give before stopping the draw cold. Silas has no such trouble, drawing his gun and FIRING!

Kevin sees the smoke from the barrel, a LICK OF FLAME, obscuring everything else. Kevin takes a step back, the badge on his chest erupting gold sparks like a busted sodium bulb at a baseball game, smoke and sparks filling everything, knocking Kevin backwards, falling onto-

EXT. DESERT - DAY

-the loose sand of the desert. Kevin scrambles to his knees, another bullet WHIZZING over his head. He hits the deck.

KEVIN

Hey! Are you using real bullets?!
Are you people crazy?!

There's a pause.

SNAKE (O.C.)

'Course we're using real bullets.
What the hell you think?

KEVIN

I think this has gone too far!

Kevin's eyes dart around - the dune he hides behind, the cactus nearby, the sun shining down. He's outside!

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wait a second. What's going on?

Another shot kicks sand up in a plume.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Will you stop shooting for two
seconds? Something's going on here!

SNAKE (O.C.)

Tell you what, you figure that out
and me and the boys will just ride
on out of here. Deal?

KEVIN

What? Yeah, go. Just stop shooting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few gravelly laughs come from SNAKE ROGERS and his gang, hidden by the sands.

SNAKE (O.C.)
(quieter)
Come on, boys.

There's a beat, then the sound of HOOFBEATS retreating into the distance.

Kevin peeks his head over the dune, seeing a gang of six riding away. He stands, brushing away sand.

KEVIN
Okay, I'm having some kind of hallucination. No big deal. I fell, I hit my head. Any second, I'm just going to wake up.

Kevin stands, motionless. A SAGEBRUSH blows by.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Okay, so, I'm not waking up.

JED (O.C.)
Hello? Anybody there?

Kevin looks around, searching for the source of the voice.

KEVIN
Hello?

JED (O.C.)
Over here!

KEVIN
Here? Where? There's some weird acoustic thing happening, sounds like you could be anywhere.

JED (O.C.)
By the tree, ya idiot!

Kevin looks around spinning in the sand, finally finding a Joshua tree in the near distance. He staggers awkwardly through the loose sand towards it.

Close, he sees JEDEDIAH MARKS, JED, for short, tied tightly, a VULTURE on a low hanging branch taking a keen interest. Jed is dressed in authentic gear, much more worn and used than Kevin's costume, his face peppered with tiny scars and a three-day-old beard.

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CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN
You okay?

JED
Just get me untied. I think this
damned bird's taken a liking.

The vulture takes a peck at Jed's ear.

KEVIN
Yeah, right.

Kevin fumbles with the knot.

JED
I appreciate it.

Kevin finds another knot holding Jed's hands up. He reaches to untie it, revealing the badge on his vest, looking brand new. Jed's eyes widen.

JED (CONT'D)
Wilson?

KEVIN
What?

JED
I just saw your badge. You must be
Wilson, the man the Territory sent.

Kevin looks down, recalling the badge.

KEVIN
Oh, yeah, right. July Wilson,
that's me.

Jed's hands drop, suddenly free.

JED
Where's your horse?

KEVIN
I don't think I have one. Hang on,
we need to get you some help. You
look like you're dehydrated.

Kevin fishes in the pocket of his jeans for an iPhone, dialing 911. He presses it to his ear, then looks at the screen.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
No signal. AT&T, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jed rubs his wrists, turning back to the tree at the vulture's SQUAWK.

Kevin paces away, trying to text, to call... BANG!

Kevin turns to find Jed holster his gun, a flurry of black feathers settling to the ground. Jed returns the gun to its holster with a spin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Would you be careful with that thing please?

(re: iPhone)

I'm not going to get a signal out here. Looks like we're going to have to thumb a ride or something.

JED

Signal?

KEVIN

Where's the closest road? I don't know, maybe I blacked out or something. Carl's left me in stranger places. One time he drove two hours to- Hey, what's your name, anyway?

JED

You don't know me?

KEVIN

Were you in the show?

JED

No. You headed for Mercy?

KEVIN

This is Mercy, isn't it?

JED

Town's just over the rise and a couple miles south.

KEVIN

That's where I'm headed then.

Jed extends a hand.

JED

Jedediah Markham. Mind if I come along?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KEVIN

Kev- I mean, July Wilson. I don't suppose you have a car?

Jed stares, curious.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Figures. Lead the way. What kind of name is Jedediah anyway. You guys sure take this seriously...

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MERCY - LATER

Jed leads, his mood darker as Kevin drones on.

KEVIN

I mean, it was cool, the show and everything, but then I woke up here and people were shooting. This is so vivid, you know. It must be one of those, whaddaya call 'em, lucid dreams.

Jed stops.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong?

JED

I ain't never met a man talks as much as you.

KEVIN

When I was a kid, I didn't communicate well at all, and now-

JED

Shut up.

Kevin does.

JED (CONT'D)

Wherever you think you are, let me set you straight. You are just outside Mercy, Arizona. Those boys that were shootin' at you weren't in no show. You see them again, they're apt to kill you where you stand, you understand me?

KEVIN

Why would they want to shoot me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED

You're the sheriff the Territory sent, ain't you? Well, hell, why do you think they sent you here? To get rid of them.

KEVIN

Oh, but I'm not really July Wilson.

JED

What are you talkin' about?

KEVIN

My name's Kevin. I just have Sheriff Wilson's badge. Hmm, what do you know about that?

Kevin scratches the now-unscarred badge.

JED

Anyone else know that?

KEVIN

Not in this dream, but-

Jed pulls his gun, firing it into the air.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Whoa! Hey! No need for that!

JED

I don't know what's wrong with you, but this ain't a dream. You are here, with me, in Arizona.

KEVIN

Okay. Fine.

JED

And when we get to town, you don't tell anyone else you're not July Wilson, understand?

KEVIN

Yeah, I got it. Jeez. You'd expect a dream to be a little friendlier.

Jed grips his gun, raising it slightly, trying to keep himself from shooting Kevin right there. He takes a breath and holsters the gun, quick as a lightning flash.

JED

Come on, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

Are we close?

Jed points as they top a bluff, looking down on the small town of Mercy. CITIZENS walk the dirt streets, horses trotting along among them. A few wooden sidewalks line storefronts - mercantiles, grocer, mortician, bank, saloon.

The sounds of the town drift up, an oasis of semi-civilization in the desert and undeniable, an ADOBE WALL around the town marking it as a former Mexican stronghold, a single GATE pointed north the only way in.

Kevin's jaw drops.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I can smell it. Oh my god, I can hear it and smell it and it's real!

JED

That's what I been trying to tell you.

KEVIN

It's a real Western town! And it smells awful.

JED

Welcome to Mercy.

EXT. MERCY - LATER

Kevin and Jed walk unnoticed through the town. Jed keeps his head down.

KEVIN

Kind of depressing, isn't it?

JED

You ever stop talking?

KEVIN

I'm a people person.

JED

I'd prefer it if you were a quiet person.

KEVIN

And I'd prefer it if I were back at the Stampede eating grilled chicken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DRUNK comes flying through the swinging doors of the SALOON ahead of them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Whoa!

The Drunk staggers to his feet, faces Kevin.

DRUNK

(slurring)

What are you looking at?

The Drunk unsteadily faces Kevin, bowing up.

KEVIN

Nothing! I was just-

Jed decks the Drunk, knocking him out cold.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What did you do that for? You really have a problem, you know that?

Jed nudges the Drunk's hand with his boot, kicking away a KNIFE.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh.

JED

You want to watch yourself in here.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Kevin follows close behind Jed, pushing through the doors.

COWBOYS play cards, drink and paw at the PROSTITUTES who hang on their shoulders or sit in their laps.

KEVIN

What are we doing here?

JED

I need to find someone. Stay out of trouble. And keep quiet.

Jed walks to the bar, leaving Kevin alone at the door.

LITTLE SAM, all five and a half filthy feet of him, sneers at Jed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE SAM

You got some guts coming here.

JED

Don't nobody know or care I'm here
but you and me. I'm looking for
Adriana.

LITTLE SAM

I ain't seen her. Even if I had,
I'm right sure she don't want to
see you.

JED

She can tell that to me herself.
Where is she?

On Kevin, wandering over to watch a poker game played by six
GREASY OUTLAWS.

He leans over the shoulder of one Outlaw. The Outlaw slowly
turns to Kevin.

GREASY OUTLAW #1

Help you with something?

KEVIN

I was just watching the game. Don't
mind me.

GREASY OUTLAW #2

You gonna watch, you gotta play.

Greasy Outlaw #2 kicks a chair away from the table.

GREASY OUTLAW #1

You got money?

KEVIN

I don't think- Oh, wait!

Kevin holds up a small sack, spilling several gold coins into
his hand. The Greasy Outlaws are very interested now.

GREASY OUTLAW #1

Well, well, have a seat, high
roller!

ON Jed, holding Little Sam over the bar by his collar.

JED

What do you mean she left town?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LITTLE SAM

After you and your boys rolled through last time, she took off right after you.

Jed pushes him away.

Jed looks to the empty doorway where Kevin should be. A quick scan of the room finds him at the poker table.

JED

Son of a bitch.

ON KEVIN, raking a pile of coins towards him, smug.

KEVIN

It's all math. Pot odds and percentages, guys.

Greasy Outlaw #2 stands, toppling his chair, hand at his hip.

GREASY OUTLAW #2

I reckon you're a cheat!

KEVIN

Cheat? I've never cheated at anything in my life.

GREASY OUTLAW #2

And a liar, too!

KEVIN

You're really worked up about this. Look, have a seat and I'll show you. Very simple calculations.

GREASY OUTLAW #2

I calculate you best get up and face me like a man.

Greasy Outlaw #2's eyes go wide. Jed appears over his shoulder, a GUN pressed to the Outlaw's back.

JED

Easy. You wouldn't want to go and shoot the new sheriff.

GREASY OUTLAW #2

Sheriff?

JED

Go on, July. Show him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kevin pulls his duster aside, revealing the badge. The attention of the entire room falls on Kevin.

KEVIN
Yeah, that's me. July Wilson.
Sheriff.

JED
We good here?

Greasy Outlaw #2 nods.

JED (CONT'D)
Alright then.

Jed holsters his gun, grabbing Kevin up and pulling him to the door.

JED (CONT'D)
You all go about your business,
now.

All eyes follow them out.

EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stumbles onto the sidewalk, dragged by Jed.

KEVIN
What are you doing?

JED
Saved your life. Makes us even, by
my figuring.

KEVIN
Really? From my chair, it looked
like you just told the whole town I
was the sheriff.

JED
You are, long as you're wearing
that badge.

KEVIN
My name is Kevin, got it? I'm not
the sheriff, I'm not even a cowboy
or cowpoke or whatever you call
yourselves. I just want to go home.

MARIA (O.C.)
Sheriff? Sheriff Wilson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin sags as MARIA smiles up at him, a pretty young thing.

MARIA (CONT'D)
Oh, Sheriff, it's good to see you!

Jed turns his face away from her.

KEVIN
You, too. But I'm just passing through, so I wouldn't-

MARIA
Listen to you! Passing through. I imagine that's the life you live, cleaning up some Godforsaken town like Mercy and moving on to the next. I want you to know we won't take you for granted. My husband's the mayor, you know, and he's been looking forward to your arrival something fierce. In fact, let me be the first to officially welcome you and invite you to a dinner, in your honor, tonight.

KEVIN
I appreciate that, but really-

TOWNSWOMAN
Nonsense. You can invite your deputy, too.

Kevin grins.

KEVIN
My deputy. Of course, we'll be there.

JED
(quietly)
This isn't a good idea.

KEVIN
You tell everyone we'll be there with bells on.

TOWNSWOMAN
I, uh, suppose that's a tradition we're not familiar with. Yet! I'm sure you have so much you can teach us! I have to let my husband know you're here. You'll excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN
Of course.

Kevin tips his hat, leaving her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Well, deputy, looks like we have a party to go to.

JED
Don't call me deputy. I thought you wanted to get home.

KEVIN
I do, but one night won't kill me.

JED
Then one more detour won't kill you either.

KEVIN
Where are we going?

JED
First, to get a horse.

KEVIN
Horse? I've never ridden a horse.

JED
First time for everything, I reckon.

INT. LIVERY - DAY

Jed pushes Kevin ahead of him into the stable.

KEVIN
You're not listening to me. I have never, ever ridden an animal. I don't even have a dog.

JED
You're going to learn, then. Just ask Harper for the horses and leave me out of it.

KEVIN
Who's Harper?

HARPER
Morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARPER's beard is a bird's nest, random crap littering it, a dried trail of tobacco spit down the middle. The stains there are nothing compared to his clothes.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Help ya?

KEVIN
Yes, I'm-

HARPER
New sheriff. I know who you are. I asked if I can help ya.

KEVIN
I need horses for me and my deputy.

Harper leans around Kevin for a view of Jed, squinting.

HARPER
Deputy, huh? I know you?

Jed stays in shadow.

JED
Don't imagine so. Just got to town today with Sheriff Wilson.

HARPER
Uh-huh. I got two old nags here, nobody seems to have much use for. You can have them. Don't much care to be ridden, buck you soon as look at you, but they'll settle down with a good hand at the reins.

KEVIN
I was hoping for more of a starter horse situation. I have so much on my mind, being sheriff and all, taming a horse is just not on the radar today, so maybe something like you would give a child or-

JED
We'll take 'em.

HARPER
Uh-huh. You sure you're a sheriff?

JED
Just been out in the sun is all. Appreciate the horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARPER

They're in the last two stalls.
Only ones have anything in 'em. I
expect 'em back by sundown.

JED

Thank you.

KEVIN

Thanks.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Kevin clings to the bony horse he rides, following Jed, tall and natural in the saddle. A worn trail guides them towards a valley by a bend in the river.

KEVIN

It's like someone is punching me in
the ass over and over again.

JED

Don't fight the horse. Let her
guide you. Just roll with her.

KEVIN

Why did you drag me out here on
this sack of glue?

JED

I need to find someone. Go a whole
lot easier if I find her and you're
there to tell her I'm deputized.

KEVIN

Her? I get it, now. You want to
impress her.

JED

It ain't what you think.

KEVIN

Really? Let me take a shot. This is
some girl you knew, but you screwed
things up. So now you have to find
her and convince her that you're
not the same schmuck who screwed
things up the first time.

JED

What's a shmuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Kind of an idiot.

JED

You calling me stupid?

KEVIN

No. I'm just saying I understand. I have a girl back home, too. Not my girl. Not yet.

JED

You done anything to make her yours?

KEVIN

I was going to ask her out to my birthday dinner. I got nervous.

JED

If you really like this girl of yours, do her a kindness. Let someone else take care of her.

KEVIN

What do you mean? She likes me.

JED

Maybe she does. Seen a lot of good women with men can't do for 'em. Best thing those boys, and I do mean boys, could have done for their ladies is walk away and never come back, let a real man take care of 'em.

KEVIN

Some Neanderthal like you?

JED

That some kind of monkey man?

KEVIN

Basically. The point is, not every woman wants a man like you.

JED

If you're what a man from the future looks like, I'll be happy to die before that ever happens, thank you very much. I'll prefer to be a real man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN
I am a real man!

Kevin falls off the horse.

EXT. CORAZON RANCH - LATER

Kevin has improved on the back of a horse, but not so you'd notice. Jed's looks run the gamut from frustration to total frustration.

As the pair follows the trail to a bend in the river, the desert gives way to lush green, made fertile by the waters. A few modest crops grow and horses prowl a border fence. It is a glimpse of paradise.

KEVIN
Wow.

JED
What?

KEVIN
I said 'wow.' That's beautiful. You know the owner?

JED
I do. Word of warning, she may try to shoot us.

Jed spurs his horse on, Kevin's horse following Jed more than being urged by Kevin.

KEVIN
Why would she do that? Jed? Why would she try to shoot us?

As the trail grows green, Kevin spies a beautiful, tan-skinned WOMAN emerge from the one-story ranch house 50 yards away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Look at her.

His smile grows pale as the Woman raises a rifle, the barrel pointed right at them!

BANG!

Kevin's off the horse again, almost on purpose. Jed leans forward in the saddle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED
Adriana! It's me!

Her reply is in a sultry, Spanish-inflected voice.

ADRIANA
I know who it is.

BANG!

Jed looks to Kevin on the ground.

JED
That's the rifle I gave her. She
only has two shots.

Jed raises in the saddle.

JED (CONT'D)
Can I talk to you for a minute?

BANG!

Jed hits the ground, too.

KEVIN
Guess she got a new gun.

Not funny to Jed.

ADRIANA
Who's that with you?

JED
The sheriff! Would you stop
shooting at us? We're here on
official business!

ADRIANA lowers the rifle.

ADRIANA
Sheriff? Let me see your badge.

Jed encourages Kevin with a roll of his hand. Kevin raises the badge high over his head, body trying to remove itself from the attached and all-too-exposed arm.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)
Alright.

Adriana enters the house.

Jed smiles at Kevin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED
I expect that went pretty well.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LATER

Jed sits at a kitchen table like he's been there before.
Kevin leans against a support beam, faling at casual.

Adriana pours two cups of coffee from a kettle on the stove.
She hands one to Kevin, who accepts gratefully.

Jed reaches for the other cup, face dropping as Adriana takes
a drink.

ADRIANA
What can I do for you, sheriff?

KEVIN
That's a good question. It's really
Jed's-

JED
Sheriff Wilson has deputized me.

ADRIANA
Really?

JED
Got everything but the badge. I
have the power to arrest you where
you stand if I wanted, isn't that
right, sheriff?

KEVIN
Laws vary so much state to state,
hard to keep up, but I don't think
she's breaking any-

ADRIANA
No matter what badge you wear,
you'll always be a scoundrel.

JED
That's downright hurtful.

ADRIANA
You want to talk about hurt? How do
you think I felt when you left me
here? I thought you were dead!

JED
Came damn near to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Would you two like some time to yourselves?

ADRIANA

I wish you had died! At least then I'd be rid of you!

KEVIN

Yeah, I'm going to get some air.

JED

Careful, darlin', you say that enough, I may get the wrong idea.

Kevin exits, unnoticed.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MORE

Kevin wanders the edge of the fence, looking up at the high bluff to the north. Inside, the sounds of an argument escalate.

KEVIN

I gotta get out of here.

His musing is interrupted by a glint of light on the bluff. He squints, trying to make out the source.

EXT. BLUFF - MORE

PETE, anywhere from 20 to 40, depending on how much dirt is caked on him (usually a lot), scrambles down the back of the bluff for cover, tucking his TELESCOPE under his arm.

He hazards a peek over the bluff again, the vague shape of Kevin below, outside the door of the ranch. A grin in dire need of more teeth spreads over his face.

PETE

Snake ain't gonna believe this.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MORE

Kevin's attention is drawn away from the bluff by the door slamming open.

JED

Whatever you got against me, you know you can't keep what's mine away from me forever!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIANA
You're a pig!

Kevin inserts himself between them.

KEVIN
Jed, seriously, not cool. A woman
is not property. She gets to make
up her own mind about her life,
just like you and me.

ADRIANA
Finally, a man with half a brain.

JED
Him?

Jed's jealousy is obvious.

ADRIANA
Yes, him.

KEVIN
Me?

ADRIANA
Do you know how long I've wanted to
meet a man who understands the
needs of a woman?

Adriana strokes Kevin's cheek. Jed fumes, Kevin melts. She's
a four-alarm fire.

JED
Guess it's time we head back to
Mercy. Sheriff?

KEVIN
What? Right. Going. It was nice to
meet you, Adriana.

ADRIANA
And you, Sheriff Wilson. I hope we
meet again. Soon.

Her lips graze his cheek, eyes on Jed.

Jed spits.

EXT. RANGE - EVENING

Jed's disposition is sour. No talking this trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin has rediscovered his romance with the West and even the nag beneath him plays it cool this go 'round.

KEVIN

You know, this isn't so bad. I think I'm getting the hang of it.

Nothing from Jed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, being sheriff, a pretty girl at my side. What do you think? Adriana Wilson. Nice, huh?

Jed gives Kevin a shove, who slowly tilts off his horse, the Western sky brilliant with sunset.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Oil lamps flicker to give the room a golden hue. A desk, two chairs, two cells side-by-side with straw in the corners. A simple affair awaits Kevin and Jed as they enter, the mayor, TULLY BRADFORD, more whisker than man, leading them.

TULLY

'Course the keys are on the wall there. Other door leads out to the gallows.

KEVIN

Gallows?

TULLY

We ain't head a proper hanging in almost six months.

(encouraging)

Hope you get some better use out of it, Sheriff. Maybe you'll find those ruffians stole the life savings of half this town.

JED

I think the Sheriff and I would like to clean up a bit.

TULLY

Sure, sure. Remember, eight o' clock. The whole town's been abuzz with word you're here, just abuzz I tell ya.

Kevin meets Tully's puppy dog-excited eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Bzzz.

JED

Glad we can help. See you at eight.

Jed closes the door behind Tully, rifling through the desk.

KEVIN

What are you doing?

JED

Looking for a badge. Ain't much of a deputy without one, am I?

KEVIN

I'm not much of a sheriff with one.

JED

That's an understatement.

KEVIN

Words hit as hard as fists, you know.

JED

You want to test that theory?

KEVIN

What bee got in your bonnet? Sorry, bees on the brain all of a sudden.

JED

That's exactly it! You talk like a damned school teacher.

KEVIN

It's a noble profession.

Jed slams the desk drawers, empty-handed.

JED

Why don't you go to this shindig they're throwing? I got things to do.

KEVIN

What things?

JED

Things that don't involve you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KEVIN

This is about Adriana, isn't it? I
can see you have feelings for her.

Jed lays a punch on Kevin's jaw that nearly sends him back to
the 21st century, but the floor stops him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Owww!

JED

Her name comes out of your mouth
one more time, it'll be a bullet
that puts you on the ground.

KEVIN

You have a really bad attitude!

EXT. SNAKE'S CAMP - NIGHT

A campfire burns below a scrawny rabbit on a spit, turned by
a CHINESE COOK.

Pete steps over the drunken Gang, a few of whom cling to
consciousness to paw at the WHORES they've coaxed back with
them.

Snake is sharpening a long hunting knife, the firelight
revealing a long SCAR running from his right eye, down his
cheek, terminating somewhere under the shoulder of his shirt.

SNAKE

You find him?

PETE

Jed was with that Mexican whore.

SNAKE

Jedediah always had a soft spot for
that one. They together now?

PETE

No. You ain't gonna believe this.

Pete pauses for effect.

PETE (CONT'D)

He's riding with that lawman we ran
into this morning. They headed back
to town. Word is, the whole town's
throwing him some big party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE
That right?

PETE
Yep.

SNAKE
Good work, Pete.

Snake marches through the camp, kicking his Gang awake, or slapping half-empty bottles out of their hands.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
Get up! Come on boys!

GARRETT, sober and looking deadly as he loads his bandolero, catches sight of the commotion from the corner of the camp.

GARRETT
Where we headed, boss?

SNAKE
Let's just say I'm feeling festive tonight.

EXT. STREETS OF MERCY - LATER

Kevin nods and waves to the TOWNSFOLK that pass by, his clothes cleaned as best he's able. His greetings get increasingly faux authentic with each face he passes.

In the

CENTER OF TOWN, a stage has been erected, a banner over it that reads "WELCOME SHERIFF WILSON."

Kevin stares up at it, unable to restrain the smile.

FAT LUCY (O.C.)
Sheriff?

Kevin finds FAT LUCY, a whore with a heart of ham, stomach of bourbon and legs of lard. His enthusiasm fades to not-so hidden revulsion.

KEVIN
Ma'am.

FAT LUCY
You're the one what's gonna help us with Snake, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Snakes?

FAT LUCY

No, Snake. That's why you was sent.
Snake Rogers. Him and his boys are
the ones what knocked my tooth out.

She smiles. Kevin winces in kind. Hard to tell what damage
was done and when.

KEVIN

It looks... fine. If they come
around again, I'll take care of
them. Don't you worry.

FAT LUCY

If you need some feminine
companionship, you can always find
me at Brady's. Just ask for Lucy.

She leans close, surprising Kevin into stasis.

FAT LUCY (CONT'D)

(whispering)
I do everything.

KEVIN

Have a good night.

Kevin hurries towards the stage, where Tully and Maria await.

TULLY

The sheriff is near!

MARIA

I see him.

Tully ushers Kevin onto the stage as the Townsfolk gather.

TULLY

Ladies and gentlemen of Mercy, we
have lived under the shadow of fear
and tyranny for too long.

Nods and murmurs of assent.

TULLY (CONT'D)

But the good Lord has sent us the
legendary July Wilson, a lawman
without peer!

Kevin offers a little wave, met by applause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TULLY (CONT'D)
I know everyone wants to get to the
party - especially you Myrom-

The Townsfolk laugh.

TULLY (CONT'D)
-but I thought it would be
appropriate for our new Sheriff to
say a few words.

Kevin takes a step forward, looking down into sincere,
hopeful faces. These aren't fantasies.

KEVIN
Hi.

Waves of optimism come off them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I don't think anyone's more
surprised than me that I'm here.

Laughter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
But when I look at you guys. I
don't know what to say. Thank you.

Despite some curious looks, the moment garners enthusiastic
applause.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
The mayor's right. Let's party!

A ROAR!

EXT. STREETS OF MERCY - LATER

Kevin claps in time with HOMEMADE MUSIC bellowing from the
stage, scanning the crowd for Jed. Tully stands close by with
Maria. An Arizona flag waves from a flagpole attached to the
stage.

TULLY
Where's your deputy tonight?

KEVIN
He's not one for social occasions.
I think maybe he had a hard time of
it as kid. Intimacy issues, you
know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tully doesn't, but nods politely anyway.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to check on him.

Kevin wades through the Crowd, happily accepting pats on the back and good wishes.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He mounts the steps of the Sheriff's office, turning at a voice-

ADRIANA
Sheriff Wilson!

Kevin couldn't be more pleased to see her. That is, until her smile fades to a look of fear and a CREAK comes from the door behind him.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)
Sheriff!

Her cry doesn't reach the Townsfolk, leaving Kevin alone to find Snake in the doorway behind him.

SNAKE
I don't think we've been properly introduced.

Kevin's face is frozen in shock. His hand darts out.

KEVIN
July Wilson. Nice to meet you.

Snake acknowledges the hand, leaving it between them. Over his shoulder, Pete and Garrett stare Kevin down.

SNAKE
Where's Jed Markham?

KEVIN
I don't know. I was just looking for him myself.

SNAKE
You believe him, Garrett?

GARRETT
He does have an honest face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

I've been told that before,
actually.

GARRETT

Still, I never believe a man who
ain't hurting a little.

SNAKE

Pain does introduce a certain level
of honesty to the proceedings.
Don't you think so, Sheriff?

KEVIN

I guess I'm an optimist. I'm going
to head back to the party. If you
see Jed, tell him I'm looking for
him, too.

Kevin's as good as his word. He turns to leave.

SNAKE

Not so fast.

GARRETT

I'm not in a believin' mood yet.

Garrett's hand is lightning fast, the GUN comes up and FIRES
in a breath.

Kevin stares at Garrett, then at the hole in his left
shoulder, SMOKE curling from the wound as blood spills down
his shirt.

Kevin collapses to his knees, agape.

SNAKE

Oooh, wasn't that fast!

ADRIANA

Sheriff!

EXT. PIG STY - NIGHT

Wading through mud and pig shit, Jed sifts through the filthy
earth. When the GUNSHOT comes, his head jerks towards the
center of town.

Beat. Adriana's voice.

Jed leaps the fence and is on the back of his horse.

EXT. STREETS OF MERCY - MORE

Snake stands over Kevin, in shock from the wound. Adriana struggles in Garrett's too-friendly clutches.

SNAKE

Tell me where he is, and we won't put any more holes in you. Tell me quick, and Garrett won't have to cut Jed's whore.

KEVIN

I told you. I don't know where he is. Just let us go.

SNAKE

You ain't much for rising to an occasion, are ya?

ADRIANA

You hurt me, and Jed will find you.

SNAKE

That's the whole damn point!

Snake's amusement is interrupted by the sound of HOOFBEATS.

Turning, Snake is met by Jed, falling from his horse onto him, sending them both to the ground.

Jed's fists pepper Snake into a daze.

Garrett shoves Adriana to the ground, meeting Jed halfway, Snake writhing on the ground, recovering.

GARRETT

I always knew you was a cheat.

Garrett raises his pistol, stopping Jed in his tracks.

JED

No call for shooting.

GARRETT

Where is it?

JED

I don't know. That's the God's honest truth.

Snake rolls to his feet, blood leaking from his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE

If you don't know, who does?

Adriana tenses.

JED

I left it with the preacher up at Diablo Bluff. I told him not to tell me where he was going to hide it. If I don't come for it myself in a week, I told him the church could have it.

GARRETT

That is the biggest pile of-

SNAKE

I think he's telling the truth this time. Probably can't tell from lookin', but Jed here was going to be a man of cloth, before a taste for the finer things led him down another road.

JED

You need me alive.

Snake ponders.

SNAKE

Don't mean I need you conscious. Garrett.

Jed faces Garrett, the butt of his gun CRACKING against Jed's skull, sending him to the ground in a heap.

ADRIANA

Jed!
(to Kevin)
Do something!

Kevin raises up, shoved quickly down again under Snake's boot.

SNAKE

Easy. We're just going to borrow him for a bit. I ain't much for law and order, but-

Snake removes the badge from Kevin's shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNAKE (CONT'D)
- even I know you ain't fit to wear
this.

Snake fastens it to his vest.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
What do you think?

GARRETT
Looks real bona fide.

Garrett tosses Jed over the back of his horse, mounting after him. Snake hops into his saddle.

Kevin slowly rises, meeting a condescending smile from Snake.

SNAKE
You two have a good evenin'.

Adriana and Kevin watch the horses barrel out of town.

INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE - LATER

Kevin sits on a wooden table, Adriana watching from the corner as DOC NIELSSON, a man who's almost managed to become a sphere, waddles to a dirty wash basin.

DOC NIELSSON
Good news is, it passed right
through. If you're going to get
shot, that's the way to do it.

Doc Nielsson returns with a bottle of rye whiskey, uncorking it with his teeth.

DOC NIELSSON (CONT'D)
Probably going to hurt a bit.

KEVIN
Don't you have some antibiotics or
some Neosporin or-

The liquor hits the wound.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Oww!

Doc Nielsson grins.

DOC NIELSSON
You sound just like my daughter
when you squeal like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin meets Adriana's eyes, who returns a look of contempt.

KEVIN

What?

ADRIANA

You let those men take Jed. You did nothing to stop them.

KEVIN

I'm not sure if you noticed, but I got shot.

ADRIANA

It's a shame they didn't put you out of your misery.

Doc Nielsson dresses the wound.

KEVIN

Who were they anyway? Seemed like they knew you.

Adriana looks down.

ADRIANA

I don't know.

DOC NIELSSON

The way you described it, Sheriff, sounds like Snake Rogers and his gang. Mean sons of bitches. Been terrorizing every stagecoach and bank between here and California. Same ones robbed us a few weeks back.

KEVIN

Isn't there someone to go after them?

DOC NIELSSON

We was hoping the sheriff would take care of them.

KEVIN

They knew Jed, too.

DOC NIELSSON

Jed Markham? 'Course they did. He rides with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADRIANA
That's not true!
(quieter)
Not anymore.

Kevin stands.

KEVIN
I should have known. And you knew
all along, didn't you? That he was
nothing but a criminal.

ADRIANA
He's not like them.

KEVIN
Really? He's the crook with a heart
of gold?

DOC NIELSSON
Maybe I should leave you two alone.

KEVIN
Don't bother. Thanks, Doc.

Kevin leaves, SLAMMING the plank door.

DOC NIELSSON
He owes me a dollar. I don't get
out of bed for free, you know.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin rubs his arm, marching through the now-empty streets.

ADRIANA (O.C.)
Sheriff, wait!

Kevin stops.

KEVIN
You lied to me. So did Jed.

ADRIANA
Jed isn't who you think he is.

KEVIN
He's not a thief?

ADRIANA
He was going to get away from
Snake. We were going to be
together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

When he didn't come back, I thought
he'd decided to leave without me.
Or stay with them.

KEVIN

Why didn't you just leave with him
when he came to you at the ranch?

ADRIANA

It's better if I show you.

EXT. GALLOWS - MOMENTS LATER

Adriana drags a shovel over the packed sand beneath the
gallows.

KEVIN

Let me.

Kevin takes the shovel, glancing nervously at the rope that
hangs above.

ADRIANA

How's your arm?

KEVIN

It's fine. What am I looking for?

ADRIANA

A chest.

Kevin digs deeper.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

Jed is a good man. He wants to be.
When he came to me and told me
about the plan to rob the bank, we
decided that we could take the
money and escape together.

The shovel THUMPS against wood. Kevin defines the edges.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

So I hid it here. Not even Jed knew
where it was.

KEVIN

So the story about the preacher-

ADRIANA

It's a lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
That's a surprise.

Kevin hefts the microwave-sized CHEST out of the hole.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Heavy.

He climbs after it, flipping the padlock on the front.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I don't suppose you have the key?

ADRIANA
Jed has it. That was the deal. I
hide the money, he keeps the key.

KEVIN
So why dig it up?

ADRIANA
If we're going to get him back,
we'll need something to trade for
his life.

KEVIN
Get him back? This is as far as I
go. All I want to do is get home.

ADRIANA
I can take care of myself, but I'm
going to need help getting Jed
free. A woman alone against half a
dozen men... I'd be lucky if all
they did was kill me.

KEVIN
Forget it. You saw what happened.
I'm not a real sheriff. It's just
some stupid badge from-

Kevin pauses.

ADRIANA
What?

KEVIN
The badge. I've been trying to
figure out how I got here. The
badge was the one worn by the real
July Wilson. It's the only thing
that makes sense. Well, in the
neighborhood of sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADRIANA

The badge Snake took?

KEVIN

Yes.

(reality settling in)
The badge Snake took.

ADRIANA

So you need me as much as I need
you. Neither one of us can make it
alone.

KEVIN

Okay. Alright. I don't suppose you
know the way to Diablo Bluff?

ADRIANA

Of course I do.

KEVIN

Of course you do.

ADRIANA

I'll get the horses!

Kevin watches her leave, struggling to lift the chest.

KEVIN

The Old West sucks.

EXT. ROAD TO DIABLO BLUFF - DAWN

Jed is awake, hands bound to the horn of his saddle. Snake
and Garrett ride ahead, Pete and three other BANDITOS behind.

SNAKE

Been too long since we rode this
way.

JED

You thinking of settling down,
Snake?

SNAKE

I got a wandering spirit. What was
you thinking with that Mexican
girl? Double-cross us and you and
the girl run off with the money?

JED

Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE

Not particularly friendly.

JED

S'pose not.

SNAKE

You're still quiet as ever. Good to see some things never change.

JED

And you're still the same stupid, foul dung-heap in a saddle you always were.

Garrett's gun is out in a blink. Snake pushes his arm down, laughing.

SNAKE

Not making much case for keeping you alive once we get that gold.

JED

I didn't figure you had much intention of that.

SNAKE

Smart as ever, too. Some things never change.

Pete and the Banditos laugh.

EXT. CANYON - MORNING

Adriana, confident in the saddle, watches in amusement while Kevin tries to find the rhythm of the horse's gait. The chest bouncing into the small of his back isn't helping, either.

ADRIANA

What's your real name?

KEVIN

Kevin. O'Connor.

ADRIANA

You look like you've never ridden before.

KEVIN

Before yesterday, I hadn't.

ADRIANA

Life in the city makes men soft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
I'm really tired of people
questioning my manhood. Where I'm
from, I happen to be highly
respected.

The look Adriana gives says she's not buying it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Fine. What do you want me to say? I
have a shitty job and a shitty life
and I can't even ask out the one
girl that I like and I'm stuck in
THIS SHITTY DESERT!

The final words echo. Adriana is smiling.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What?

ADRIANA
For a second there, you sounded
like a man.

KEVIN
It's the gun.

ADRIANA
Have you fired it?

KEVIN
No.

ADRIANA
It's time you did.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Sitting atop a log, three rocks are spaced evenly apart.
Kevin stares down the barrel of his revolver, Adriana leaning
over his shoulder. He's distracted by her nearness.

ADRIANA
Take a breath, hold it, squeeze the
trigger.

Kevin takes a breath, holds it, FIRES. The rocks are unmoved.
He regards the gun.

KEVIN
Maybe the sight's off or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIANA

Give it to me.

KEVIN

You have a rifle.

She extends her hand, wiggling her fingers - "Give it here."
He does. She examines it, reloads.

Adriana squints one eye, takes a breath and FIRES THREE TIMES
in quick succession. All three rocks go flying. She slaps the
handle of the gun back into Kevin's hand.

ADRIANA

It's not the fault of the gun.

KEVIN

Show off.

Adriana hurries to the log, replacing the rocks, and back to
Kevin's side.

ADRIANA

Your problem is you think too much.
This isn't about thinking. This is
about being calm, precise. Try
again.

Kevin FIRES again, misses.

KEVIN

This is ridiculous. I'm not a-

Adriana takes his face in both hands and plants a kiss on
him, a good one. When she releases, Kevin is dazed.

ADRIANA

Now, try again.

Kevin turns to the log and fires. The rock sails.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

Better.

Kevin stares after her as she goes to the horses, mounting.

KEVIN

That was incredible.

ADRIANA

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Adriana spurs her horse on, Kevin hurrying to get on his horse and catch up.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - DAY

Resting on a high bluff, a winding desert trail leading up to it, the MONASTERY casts a shadow on the yellow sand. A lazy WINDMILL turns on the south face of the monastery.

Snake rides ahead, Pete and Garrett flanking Jed as the other Banditos trot behind.

SNAKE

That is a pretty sight.

JED

You're not getting religion on me, are ya, Snake?

SNAKE

Hell no. But all that gold inside... well, it does my heart good is all. Call on up to the preacher.

Jed rides beside Snake, holding his bound hands up.

JED

Mind letting me free? Father Jake is gonna have a hard time giving up the chest if it appears I'm under duress.

Snake narrows his eyes, removing a long HUNTING KNIFE from his side.

SNAKE

You try to run on us, Garrett'll put a hole in your back for your trouble.

Jed returns Snake's glare as the knife whips between his wrists and frees him.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

A SILHOUETTE peers through slits in the boarded windows. From his perspective, this stranger can see Snake and his gang, Jed in the midst of them.

CLICK... BANG!

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

A puff of sand ahead of the GUNSHOT spooks the horses, bringing the procession to a halt.

FATHER JAKE (O.S.)
Who is that?

Jed spurs his horse to the front of the group.

JED
Father Jake? It's Jed.

FATHER JAKE
What do you want?

JED
I came back for the chest.

FATHER JAKE
It ain't here.

JED
Why don't you let me and my friends
come up and have a look for
ourselves?

Jed moves his horse slowly forward, spotting FATHER JAKE's rifle aimed at him through the spinning blades of the windmill. Jed's arms raise as he approaches.

JED (CONT'D)
Ain't no need for bullets. A little
peek and a rest, is all.

FATHER JAKE
Who's that with you?

JED
You remember me talking about Snake
and Garrett, right?

Beat.

FATHER JAKE
Oh, I surely do.

The rifle retracts. COMMOTION inside, then, the sound of BOLTS FLUNG OPEN. Jed looks over his shoulder at the gang.

JED
I told you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jed urges his horse forward, not seeing Garrett remove his pistol and lay it across his lap. Snake doesn't miss it.

SNAKE

(quiet)

Easy. Once we have the gold, you can do whatever you want.

Garrett's lip curls at the delay, but the gun disappears.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

The steady CREAK of the windmill follows Jed into the dimly lit main room, a wooden staircase wrapping around the walls and up and up.

Father Jake cradles his rifle, but it could be aimed at the intruders at the slightest sign of trouble.

Jed leads the way, Snake and Garrett over his shoulder, the rest of the gang outside.

FATHER JAKE

Didn't expect to see you here again.

JED

Didn't expect to come back.

FATHER JAKE

(to Snake)

You must be Snake.

SNAKE

Jed talked about me, huh?

FATHER JAKE

The chest's in the bell tower.

SNAKE

That's just aces. How about you step aside and me and my man here will take it off your hands.

He takes a step, halted as the rifle shifts in Father Jake's arms, barrel levelled at Snake's chest.

FATHER JAKE

Jed comes. The rest of you wait here.

Jed looks back to Snake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE

Go on. Just remember I know where your whore lives. You try to double-cross me, I'll make sure she pays for it.

JED

You got a powerful suspicious outlook. That ain't healthy.

Jed follows Father Jake up the stairs, motes of dust drifting between the wooden steps as they ascend.

Father Jake's eyes dart over the crudely-fashioned hand rails as they climb, until satisfied they're out of earshot.

FATHER JAKE

What the hell are you doing here, Jed? You know I don't have the gold. And I don't want any trouble from these thugs.

JED

You still have that bedroll I left here?

FATHER JAKE

Maybe. Are those guys trying to kill you?

JED

They will once they realize there's no money here. Where's the bedroll?

FATHER JAKE

Up here. With all the other junk.

A board POPS under Jed's foot, splintering.

FATHER JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Watch your step. You got a plan or something?

JED

Something.

FATHER JAKE

Just don't get me killed, alright? I got a little filly from Santa Crusta meeting me here tonight.

JED

I see you took those vows to heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER JAKE

God doesn't get out here much.

EXT. ROAD TO DIABLO BLUFF - DAY

Adriana rides ahead of Kevin, who looks more sure on the back of his horse.

Adriana pulls the reins to bring her horse to a stop. Kevin doesn't have that move down, yet, and nearly goes ass-over teakettle over his horse's head.

ADRIANA

Look, down there!

Outside the Monastery, now just in view, the remainder of Snake's gang mills outside, exchanging cigarettes and generally paying little attention.

Adriana dismounts, sliding the rifle from her saddlebag. Kevin follows her to the ground.

KEVIN

Do you see him?

ADRIANA

No.

KEVIN

So what do we do?

ADRIANA

We're going to circle around to that bluff over there and give Jed some cover. When the time's right, we'll open fire.

KEVIN

How will we know when the time is right?

ADRIANA

With Jed, you always know.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

At the top of the monastery's BELL TOWER, Father Jake sucks in oxygen after the climb while Jed upends piles of junk stored here.

JED

You're sure it's up here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER JAKE
No. I said maybe.

JED
It has to be.

A collection of guitars in various states of disrepair tumble, sending a hollow jangling down the steps, and a sunset-colored bedroll onto the floor at Jed's feet.

He takes the bedroll at the corners and WHIPS it out, rolling it fluidly out to reveal a pair of pearl-handled COLT PISTOLS.

FATHER JAKE
Madre de dios!

JED
I thought you said God doesn't get out here much.

FATHER JAKE
Sometimes it's a good idea to extend an invitation.

GROUND FLOOR

Garrett and Snake look up as the sound of FALLING GUITARS reaches them.

SNAKE
See what's taking them so long.

Garrett nods, his gun out of its holster once more.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - DAY

Adriana and Kevin lie flat against the rise of the bluff overlooking the monastery. Kevin has his pistol in hand, Adriana her rifle, both trained to the gang below.

KEVIN
I don't think I can do this.

ADRIANA
What?

KEVIN
Shoot someone.

ADRIANA
Would you rather them shoot Jed? Or you? Or me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

No. Of course not. Maybe we can talk to them, come up with some sort of arrangement.

From within the monastery, they hear a SHOT.

ADRIANA

Sounds like the time is right.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Garrett holds his pistol ahead of him, smoke still curling from the barrel of his gun, back pressed against the wall of the curling stairs, halfway up to the bell tower.

GARRETT

Jed? You still alive?

BELL TOWER

Father Jake and Jed trade a glance as they follow the path of the recent bullet to the back of the wall - eye level and directly between them.

FATHER JAKE

Give me one of those guns.

JED

Get your own.

FATHER JAKE

I held onto them for you, didn't I?

JED

We can talk about this later.

FATHER JAKE

I won't need a gun later.

Another BANG! as Garrett sends another bullet ahead of him up the stairs.

JED

Here.

Father Jake breaks the revolver, ensures it's loaded with a spin of the chamber, secures the barrel again with a flick of his wrist - an old pro with a gun.

FATHER JAKE

So, we shoot 'em?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED
That's the idea.

Father Jake wastes no time, firing a shot across the bow as Garrett's hat peeks over the floor's horizon.

GARRETT (O.S.)
That's damn sneaky, Jed. Hiding
guns up there.

JED
Little insurance is all.

GARRETT
You got the gold up there with you,
too?

JED
Maybe. Why don't you come on up and
find out?

STAIRWELL

Garrett tilts his head as he speaks, following the sounds from above with the barrel of his pistol.

GARRETT
I'm just fine here for now. What
about you, preacher? You want to
tell me where my gold is?

FATHER JAKE (O.S.)
You go to Hell!

Garrett smiles as he fixes on the floor above him, a drift of dust flowing down from the floorboard.

GARRETT
I probably will at that.

Garrett FIRES!

BELL TOWER

Jed backs away from the stairs, his back against the shuttered windows of the tower.

JED
That was close. Jake?

Father Jake's smile dims as he falls to his knees, blood blooming over his white shirt. He falls face down onto the wooden slats.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

The shots echo along the bluff, Adriana letting out a gasp. She stands, quickly pulled back down by Kevin.

KEVIN
What are you doing? Are you crazy?

ADRIANA
I can't let him die like that. I
have to go to him.

KEVIN
I get that, but if you go charging
down there, they'll shoot you, too.

SNAKE (O.C.)
(distantly)
Come on, boys. We don't want to
miss a good killin'!

Kevin watches as Pete and the Banditos dismount, grab their iron, and rush the monastery, following Snake's voice from within. Adriana struggles to follow them.

KEVIN
Would you wait one second. Look!

Adriana follows his finger to the now-open shutters of the bell tower where Jed leans out, occasionally hidden by the spinning blades of the windmill.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Snake and the boys burst through the door, Garrett high above them on the stairs.

SNAKE
You got the gold?

GARRETT
He's got it up there with him.

The words have barely left his mouth when BULLET HOLES appear in the floor above him, slugs burying in the walls around Garrett. He retreats down the steps.

SNAKE
Pete?

PETE
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE

Get that lamp oil. I had myself an idea.

BELL TOWER

Jed peers down at the ground sixty feet below, gauging a jump. Through the turning arms of the windmill, he spots the GLINT of glass on the bluff.

JED

Adriana.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

Adriana lies flush against the edge of the bluff, adjusting the sight on her rifle. Kevin awkwardly mounts his horse.

ADRIANA

Maybe you should do the shooting. It doesn't matter if you hit anything.

KEVIN

Thanks, but I got this. Besides. I need that badge.

Kevin swings the horse around, pointing it towards the Monastery.

ADRIANA

Be careful.

With a cluck of his tongue, the horse is off...

...leaving Kevin on the ground. He chases after.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Snake coordinates as Pete and the three Banditos liberally apply lamp oil to the walls of other Monastery. Garrett keeps his eyes trained on the stairs.

SNAKE

Jed, you planning on pitching camp up there?

INTERCUT BETWEEN SNAKE AND JED IN THE BELL TOWER

JED

Plenty of food, plenty of tequila. Might make for a nice spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jed peers out the window again. Just as far down as it was before.

JED (CONT'D)
I'd invite you up, but I'm not sure
there's enough for everyone.

Jed checks his ammo. Running low. Not good.

SNAKE
We're fine down here. Tell you
what, you wait right there. Me and
the boys are cooking up a little
surprise for you.

Pete cackles.

EXT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin closes in on the horse, grabbing its tail. The horse lashes out with a shod hoof, knocking Kevin out.

INT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Snake stands at the doorway, lighting the wet nub of a cigar as his posse looks on.

GARRETT
What about the gold?

SNAKE
Once the fire burns out, we may
have to do a little digging, but
the gold'll be there.

Snake regards the glowing end of the cigar.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
(Calling up to Jed)
You got any last words?

JED
Can't think of anything that
wouldn't be hurtful.

SNAKE
Alright, then.

Snake takes another step back into the sunlight and tosses the cigar to a puddle of lamp oil. The FIRE bursts to life, flowing over the rivulets of oil to the walls of the Monastery and up the steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELL TOWER

Jed hazards a peek down the stairs, gun cocked, seeing the fingers of flame creep up the wooden steps.

JED

Aw, hell.

EXT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

Snake backs away from the doorway, the flames licking up the walls.

A PUFF OF DUST from the adobe wall catches Snake's eye, followed by the REPORT of a gunshot.

PETE

Get down!!

Snake and his gang hit the dirt, looking for cover where there is none. The only refuge is the now-burning Monastery.

Another shot sends grit into Snake's face, a little too close for comfort.

SNAKE

Back inside!

GARRETT

The church is on fire!

SNAKE

You want to stay out here and get shot?

As if to answer the question for him, a bullet grazes his cheek, opening an ugly wound.

The gang retreats into the sweltering interior.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

Adriana loads another bullet into the chamber of her Winchester, tracing down the barrel and firing again as the last of the gang disappears into the Monastery.

She pans to her left, finding Kevin unconscious.

ADRIANA

Damn!

Back to the Bell Tower window where Jed looks down.

INT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Jed sees the horse pause below him, still too far to jump, but the fire's starting to overwhelm the tower. He places his hand on Father Jake, a final farewell, and holsters his gun.

JED

This doesn't work, Father, I'll be seeing you soon.

Jed takes a breath and leaps-

EXT. MONASTERY - CONTINUOUS

-onto one of the arms of the windmill!

The sheet threatens to tear, the fabric bunched in Jed's hands giving, DROPPING HIM harshly, then holding. As the arm turns down, Jed drops onto the waiting horse. With a kick of his spurs, he rides hard for the bluff.

EXT. DIABLO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

Adriana fires again, keeping Snake and his gang at bay. What she doesn't see is Garrett, slipped away from the fiery interior, leveling his pistol at her position. She sees him at the last moment, rolling down to cover as two quick bullets kick up sand.

ON JED,

Riding hard towards the bluff. He pauses, briefly, at Kevin's prone form, lying face-down in the sand. Jed snatches him up onto the rear of the horse and spurs the horse onward.

He meets Adriana, already on her horse, heading for safety. He notes the chest strapped to her horse.

JED

Pretty quick to get rid of that.

ADRIANA

You'd rather I let them kill you?

JED

They'll come for us.

Kevin stirs behind Jed.

JED (CONT'D)

What am I worried about? We have the sheriff to protect us.

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

As the Monastery burns behind them, Snake and his men round up their horses. Garrett looks pissed.

GARRETT

We going after them?

SNAKE

Not yet. We know where they're headed.

GARRETT

I want his head, Snake.

SNAKE

You'll have it. But first, we have to find that gold. If he didn't take it with him, it ain't here. Only place we ain't looked proper yet is in that shithole town. You up for some old-fashioned burnin' and pillagin'.

GARRETT

Ought to tide me over until I can look that dog Jed in the eye again.

SNAKE

Good enough.

Snake mounts his horse.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Alright, boys, saddle up! Time for us to be on the right side of a fire for a change.

Snake smirks as his boys whoop and holler.

EXT. ROAD TO MERCY - DAY

Kevin clings to Jed's back, the horses moving at a clip.

KEVIN

We have to find Snake. He still has the badge.

JED

I didn't see nothin' on him that resembled a badge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Then I'm stuck here.

JED

Believe me, I'm in as much a hurry to be rid of you as you are to go.

KEVIN

Hey! I did try to save you!

JED

Is that what you were doing face down in the sand? You got a funny notion of saving people.

KEVIN

If it were up to me we would have traded the gold for the badge and gotten the hell out of there.

JED

Yeah, that's about the kind of man you are.

KEVIN

The kind of man I am? Let's talk about the kind of man you are. The kind that lies, the kind that steals, the kind that-

ADRIANA

Boys, boys! You two are like children, you know that?

They both look red-faced.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

You two can argue all the way back to Mercy, or you can figure out what it is we're going to do.

JED

Snake won't let it go until one of us is dead. You know that, Adriana.

She nods.

KEVIN

So, we find a way to... you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JED

Kill him? See, you can't even say it. I tremble at the thought of what you'll do when the time comes.

KEVIN

Maybe there's another way.

EXT. MERCY - EVENING

Kevin, Jed and Adriana tie their horses outside the Sheriff's Office. Jed scans the streets. A few Townspeople pass by, eying them warily.

JED

You know any reason why we may not be welcome here?

KEVIN

Well, they know you're a criminal, but I'm fine.

A tall, stern-looking man approaches from the center of town.

ADRIANA

Who is that?

KEVIN

Uh-oh.

JED

Uh-oh? You know him?

KEVIN

I've seen pictures. That's July Wilson. The real one.

The man comes into focus, every bit the image of JULY WILSON. His eyes are gray steel, and the photo seen at the Stampede does nothing to convey the gravitas July carries with him.

JULY

You there! I think we need to talk.

ADRIANA

(quietly, to Jed)

Go.

Jed backs away, making slowly for his horse. He's mere feet away when July's hand does its magic trick where it disappears and reappears with a gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULY

Not so fast, Jed. Why don't you step away from the horses. You, too, ma'am.

Arms raised, Adriana and Jed take a step back.

KEVIN

Sheriff Wilson, this is all a big misunderstanding. I think if you'll-

JULY

I ought to shoot you where you stand. Son, impersonating a federal officer is a hanging offense. Word is, you even have my badge. Mind handing that over?

KEVIN

I sorta lost it. If I could just-

JULY

What you're all going to do is step inside that building behind you and keep your mouths shut, 'less I tell you to talk. We have a real good understanding of one another?

They nod.

JULY (CONT'D)

Just so everything's nice and legal, I have to tell you that you're all under arrest.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Kevin and Jed share a cell, Adriana in the other. At the moment, they are alone in the office.

KEVIN

I don't know if you're familiar with irony, but this is pretty much the textbook defin-

JED

I'm already in jail. I don't expect murder would change my situation much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

You're a real glass-is-half-empty kind of guy, aren't you?

JED

That's it.

Jed grabs Kevin by the lapels and shoves him roughly against the bars. Kevin struggles, but he's out of his league.

JED (CONT'D)

Ever since you untied me from that tree, you have been nothing but trouble. You shoulda let me get ate by them vultures. Instead, you had to drag this on. Now I'm going to show you the kindness you never showed me.

KEVIN

Wait, wait!

Jed hesitates.

JED

Well?

KEVIN

I'm too young to die?

Jed wraps his hands around Kevin's neck as Adriana raises a cry of protest. Jed pauses as the door opens and July enters, the CHEST OF GOLD in hand.

JULY

Well, well, we got us quite a catch here. This wouldn't be from that bank job, would it?

Jed releases Kevin.

JED

That's just a little nest egg for Adriana and me.

JULY

That's one hell of a nest.

July places the chest on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULY (CONT'D)

I'll keep hold of it for safe keeping. Something tells me you ain't gonna have much use for it.

July approaches Adriana's cell.

JULY (CONT'D)

You are a pretty thing. If you're of an accommodating disposition, I suppose we could work alternate arrangements for your stay. Say, my lodgings?

Adriana nears the bars, swinging her hips. She leans close to him and SPITS in his face.

ADRIANA

You don't deserve to call yourself a sheriff.

JULY

Suit yourself. Shame to see such a pretty girl hang, but guess you made up your mind. You three keep company. The judge'll be here day after tomorrow. Guess you'll all dangle day after. You have any thoughts on a last meal, I'd be thinking of a menu right quick.

July gives them a wink and exits.

KEVIN

Wow. He's kind of a jerk.

Jed doesn't hesitate in putting his hands on Kevin's throat again.

ADRIANA

Will you two stop it! We are locked in a cage. And Snake and his men can be no more than a day's ride out. We'll be lucky to survive until they can hang us.

KEVIN

I think I can get us out of here.

Jed release some pressure for Kevin's throat.

JED

How are you gonna do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEVIN
Will you let go of me?

Kevin slips away from Jed and presses himself against the bars.

JED
You trying to slip through? Ain't going to happen.

KEVIN
Just a little more.. got it!

Kevin stands, holding aloft a discarded RAILROAD SPIKE.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Give me a lever long enough and I shall move the world.

Jed watches as Kevin approaches the barred window, specifically the IRON FRAME set into the earthen wall. He wedges the spike beneath the window frame and pushes down, hard.

Jed casts a doubting glance to Adriana, turning back when he hears the CRACK! of the wall, dust falling onto the cell floor. It's not much, but it's a start.

JED
I'll be damned.

EXT. STREETS OF MERCY - LATER

July Wilson stands near the bandstand, looking over his town with the eye of a robber baron. Tully attends the new Sheriff in his dotting, puppy dog style.

TULLY
We shoulda known there was something about that impostor. There's something... off... about that boy.

JULY
Don't be so hard on yourself, Mayor. I have a trained eye for that sort of thing.

TULLY
We're awful happy to have you.

July looks flatly at the Mayor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULY

Why don't you tell me about these bandits of yours. Snake is his name, is that right?

EXT. ROAD TO MERCY - NIGHT

Snake rides hard, Garrett, Pete and the Banditos with him. One of the Banditos rides atop a WAGON, a tarp covering a mysterious *something* in the back.

They stop outside the walled gate of Mercy.

PETE

Here?

SNAKE

Here.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

Jed slips out of the rear wall through what used to be barred windows. Kevin follows, landing hard with no help from Jed, who does help Adriana out the window.

JED

(to Adriana)

You alright?

Kevin picks himself up.

ADRIANA

Yes. What do we do now? I can go back in for the gold, and-

JED

There's always more money. We stick around Mercy, ain't none of us going to get out alive.

KEVIN

But the badge...

JED

I appreciate you gettin' us out of that cell. In fact, that's the first time since we met that I ain't had the urge to hit you.

KEVIN

(genuinely)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JED

But that don't mean I'm figuring on
risking my life to get some magic
badge for you. You come with
Adriana and me, and we'll figure
something out.

Jed takes Adriana's hand, leading her stealthily along the
rear wall of the town. It takes a moment before Adriana
realizes that Kevin's not following.

ADRIANA

Jed.

Jed looks back, seeing Kevin behind them.

JED

What are you doing, boy? You stay
here, you are definitely going to
die.

KEVIN

I can't go. I have to get that
badge from Snake. And don't call
me boy. I just broke out of a
jail.

JED

Alright, Kevin, but what you're
talking about is suicide.

ADRIANA

Jed...

JED

He's made up his mind. I ain't in
a hurry to the grave.

KEVIN

Neither am I, but I want to get
home. You may find this life of
running from one place to another
while people shoot at you exciting,
but I'd like to see my friends and
the girl I left there. You want to
help, great. You don't... Enjoy
running, Jed. Seems like that's
what you do best.

Jed nods, considering his words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JED
Best of luck.
(to Adriana)
Let's grab my guns and get out of
here.

EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Jed and Adriana creep along the wall. In the center of town
people are assembling.

ADRIANA
I feel bad for Kevin.

JED
I think something got knocked loose
when that horse kicked him.

ADRIANA
He saved our lives.

JED
I reckon that's so.

ADRIANA
Saved yours twice.

JED
If you keep count of such.

ADRIANA
We should help him.

JED
I'll say a prayer.

ADRIANA
He's right about the running.

JED
How's that?

ADRIANA
You were running from the law when
you were with Snake, now you're
running from the law *and* Snake.
One of them's bound to catch up to
you sooner or later.

JED
Let's aim for later.

Adriana pulls away, standing at the open gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIANA

No. I don't want to run my whole life. I want that house by the river. And I want you there, too. Maybe raise a couple of our own.

JED

Are you crazy? Do you-

Jed breaks off, listening as a METALLIC CRANKING sound echoes. His eyes widen in alarm as he rushes Adriana, knocking her to the ground away from the open gate as BULLETS tear into the earth.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MERCY - CONTINUOUS

Snake cackles as Pete cranks a GATLIN GUN, chewing up the adobe walls at the entrance to Mercy.

SNAKE

You still with us, Jed? Thought you might appreciate a couple extra holes in that girl 'a yours!

Pete stops.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

You bring me that chest, Jed, and I'll only kill you. Promise.

EXT. MERCY - CONTINUOUS

Jed checks Adriana, who is breathless but fine.

JED

Guess running that direction's out.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MERCY - CONTINUOUS

Garrett looks put off by the activities.

GARRETT

This ain't no way to kill him, Snake. Let me take him.

SNAKE

The Gatlin here's just containment. I could never take away your simple pleasures, Garrett. Why don't you go on around the back with these two, see if you can't find us a chest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNAKE (CONT'D)

If you happen to run across our old
pal Jed... Go ahead and shoot him.

Garrett starts off, followed by two Banditos.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, Garrett?

Garrett turns back.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Anyone else you get a hankering to
kill? That's fine, too.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Wilson instinctively ducks as the SHOTS ring out.
Beside him, Tully ducks, also.

TULLY

Sheriff! It's them!

JULY

I reckon it is.

TULLY

What are you going to do?

JULY

I believe they're here for that
gold Jed took from them. I have a
feeling that they might move on if
we hand that over.

TULLY

But that's our money.

JULY

Seems to me that ain't been your
money since they took it the first
time. You rather end up full of
holes?

TULLY

You're supposed to defend us from
them!

Another round of the Gatlin gun rings out.

JULY

I prefer bein' alive, all the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

July rushes towards the Sheriff's Office, leaving Tully slack-jawed behind him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

July slams into the office, more rounds from the Gatlin gun echoing outside.

JULY

I don't suppose you could tell your
pals to-

He stops short, seeing the empty cell and the missing window bars.

JULY (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

He checks the desk, finding the chest as he left it.

JULY (CONT'D)

'Least there's that.

July hefts the chest into his arms and exits.

EXT. MERCY - CONTINUOUS

July struggles with the heavy chest as he approaches the gates, careful to keep out of the line of fire.

Behind him, Kevin follows, keeping hidden between buildings.

July deposits the chest at the walls of Mercy, climbing to peek over the top of the wall. He gets a round of bullets for his trouble, forcing him back into hiding.

JULY

Snake? Snake Rogers?

The firing stops.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SNAKE AND JULY

SNAKE

Who's that?

JULY

Sheriff July Wilson!

SNAKE

Heard that one before. What can I
do for you, Sheriff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULY

I thought we might make ourselves a deal. I have this chest here that everyone seems to be worried over. How about I give you half of whatever's inside, and you go on your way?

SNAKE

Half? Way I see it, whole thing's mine.

JULY

Maybe so. But you take off with all that money, I'm going to have to report it. You'll have every marshals in the territory riding out after you.

SNAKE

And if I give you half?

JULY

Just as easy to tell it so that you died in a firefight, never to be heard from again.

SNAKE

And your share?

JULY

Ought to keep me too entertained to come after the likes of you.

SNAKE

(quietly, to Pete)
I like this one.
(to July)
You got yourself a deal, Sheriff. You come out holding that chest, and only that chest, and we'll meet in the middle.

Silence a moment, then July appears at the open gates, holding the chest in his arms.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Good as your word. All marshals as reasonable as you?

JULY

Any worth their salt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNAKE

Don't see much reason to go sharing
then.

He NODS, signaling Pete to start cranking the Gatlin gun.
Kevin sees, but he's so far away from the Sheriff.

July drops the chest, turning to run, but the bullets tear
into him, even as Kevin jumps from hiding, slamming that city
gates closed.

Wood splinters and holes appear behind him as the gun tears
into the gate.

KEVIN

Sheriff!

Kevin rolls him over. The Sheriff is open-eyed, dead.

JED (O.C.)

Kevin! Over here!

Kevin finds Adriana and Jed hiding behind a nearby store. He
grabs up the chest, running towards them.

JED (CONT'D)

Are you trying to get yourself
killed?

KEVIN

Look! I got the chest!

JED

That's all dandy, but by my
figuring, long as they have that
gun, we're still in a pretty bad
way.

KEVIN

I had an idea about that. You may
not like it.

JED

That's just about routine these
days.

KEVIN

Follow me.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin now wears the badge, still carrying the chest. Jed and
Adriana flank him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIANA

Do you think they'll agree to it?
We did steal it from them.

KEVIN

In a way, you're just giving it
back.

JED

I don't like it.

KEVIN

That's a surprise. Coming from the
lying liar thief.

JED

That gold was meant to be the last
time I ever did anything on the
wrong side of the law. Enough for
me and Adriana to disappear.

KEVIN

Maybe now you can stay.

A look, missed by Kevin, passes between Adriana and Jed.

They continue in relative silence, until the click of a
pistol's hammer catches Jed's ear.

JED

Get down!

He shoves Adriana and Kevin roughly to the ground as a SHOT
rings out, close.

Jed rolls over, pulling his gun at the same time. He levels
it at the source of the sound, seeing Garrett appear from the
shadows, his gun now pointed at Jed. He is flanked on either
side by a Bandito, one with a rifle aimed at Kevin, the other
with a pistol on Adriana.

GARRETT

You always were a burr in my
saddle. Now I'm-

Jed fires, three times BANG! BANG! BANG! a look of surprise
spreading over Garrett's face as blood spills down his chest.
The surprise turns to fury as he raises his pistol, Banditos
falling on either side of him.

Another BANG! Garrett falls to his knees, a second hole and
more blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JED
He always did talk too much.

Kevin looks from Garrett to Jed.

KEVIN
(amazed)
You killed them. All three of
them, before we even knew they were
there.

JED
You'd rather be shot?

KEVIN
No.

JED
Good, then. Let's go throw our
money away.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MERCY - CONTINUOUS

Snake mounts his horse, gesturing for the remaining banditos
to saddle up.

SNAKE
Sounds like Garrett found our
money, boys. Soon as that gate
opens, be ready to ride in. Shoot
anything that ain't us.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Tully and the assembled Townspeople look on as Jed, Adriana
and Kevin approach. Tully steps forward to meet them.

TULLY
That the money you took from us?

JED
It is.

TULLY
You come to rub it in our faces
that you got what you wanted, free
and clear?

JED
Not precisely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

None of us are safe as long as they have that gun out there. I have an idea that might work, but we're going to need your help.

COWBOY #1

You ain't even the sheriff!

Tully holds up his hand to silence the crowd behind him.

TULLY

Just what do you have in mind?

KEVIN

You see that platform behind you?

ALL turn to look at the platform.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You get me some strong rope, I think we can do something with that.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

Jed and Kevin, along with several other Townspeople, heave at the rope now tied to the FLAGPOLE attached to the stage. It bends and creaks. At the end, a basket has been fashioned there, looking like an honest-to-god catapult.

Straining to keep it almost parallel to the ground, Adriana ties it down to the town CISTERN.

ADRIANA

There.

Kevin, Jed and the Townspeople step away.

TULLY

That's going to take a hell of a shot.

KEVIN

Yes it is. The chest?

Jed begrudgingly lifts the chest into the basket.

JED

Tell me why we have to use the gold again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

You know anything else small enough
and heavy enough?

JED

We could use you.

KEVIN

Too big.

Kevin climbs the makeshift stage, using a TELESCOPE to judge the distance. He closes his eyes, making his mental calculations.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, up a little.

The Townspeople loosen the rope, raising the catapult's angle.

Kevin steps from the platform, taking a breath.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Don't think. Just be calm.

He's startled as Adriana approaches, taking his face in both hands. She kisses him, leaving him just as dazed as the first time.

ADRIANA

Now shoot.

Kevin turns, taking a knife from Jed. He closes his eyes and swings, the flagpole snapping back to its upright position, the chest sailing into the sky.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MERCY - CONTINUOUS

Snake and the Bandito stir on their horses as a high WHISTLING SOUND increases in volume.

Pete leans around the Gatlin gun, straining to hear.

SNAKE

What the-?

The chest hits the wagon dead-bang, sending up a shower of splintered wood, pieces of the gun and gold coins.

Snake and the Bandito scatter from the collapsed wagon, their horses spooked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their attention is quickly turned to the battered gates, now swinging wide.

At the gate, the Townspeople of Mercy have gathered, Jed and Adriana leading them as they storm forward.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Shoot them! Shoot them!

Snake calls after the Bandito in vain as he heads for the hills. He turns back to the townspeople, gun held high, met with Jed's gun, Adriana's rifle, and various pitchforks, brooms and torches.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

That's some neat trick you and your boy pulled, Jed. Guess you'll want to shoot me now.

JED

I don't have the urge to see any more blood spilled, Snake. And his name's not boy. It's Kevin. You remember that from now on. Ride on, Snake. Ain't nothing here for you anymore.

SNAKE

You think you're safe here? You're just as wanted as I am.

TULLY

Who? Sheriff Wilson? Why, he's always welcome in Mercy. In fact, there's talk he might just settle down here.

Adriana takes Jed's hand.

SNAKE

That the way it is? Guess this is yours, then.

Snake tosses the BADGE to Jed.

JED

That's the way it is. And I promise you this, you ever show your face in Mercy again, it'll be the last act of a very, very stupid man.

Snake nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SNAKE

Don't leave me much choice.

JED

Reckon not. Ride on, Snake.

Snake turns his horse, slowly riding into the night.

The Townspeople CHEER as Jed faces Kevin. Jed affixes the badge to Kevin's chest, still unmarked.

Adriana hugs close to Jed as Kevin extends a hand to Jed, who accepts it.

KEVIN

Sheriff.

JED

Don't hardly seem appropriate.

KEVIN

Sheriff July Wilson. Gunned down three men before they could draw their weapons.

JED

What are you talking about? They had their guns pulled on all of us.

KEVIN

Sounds better the way I say it.

Jed nods, then pauses, head tilting as he hears the COCK of a gun's hammer. His attention turns to-

Snake, gun held up to freeze them all.

SNAKE

I couldn't part ways like that. We got too much history you and me. Go ahead, try to pull on me, Jed. See if I ain't a hair faster.

Jed's hand twitches and is stilled by Adriana's.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

No? Guess I'll just shoot you where you stand, then.

Snake's arm goes up, levelled at Jed's chest. He FIRES!

TIME SLOWS as the bullet from Snake's gun spirals from the barrel in an explosion of smoke and fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kevin leaps between the bullet and Jed, the slug striking the badge, sending out a shower of gold sparks, leaving a long SCAR along the surface. As he falls, Kevin sees Jed's hand snatch his gun from the holster.

He's fast, firing at Snake. Jed's bullet finds it's target, leaving a smoking hole dead-center of his heart.

Kevin falls backward, seeing Snake clutch his chest and tumble from his saddle as Kevin is consumed by GOLD LIGHT, falling... falling...

INT. OLD WEST STAMPEDE - NIGHT

... onto the hay-strewn floor of the arena. Kevin blinks, looking up at the stands where Carl and Laura applaud wildly.

Silas approaches, looking mean.

SILAS
Get up you yellow-

Kevin scrambles to his feet, flipping the snap open with his thumb and whipping the gun from its holster in a fluid motion, firing it at Silas, who clutches his chest dramatically and falls backwards onto the dirt.

The place goes nuts!

CODY
Thank you, Sheriff Wilson! You saved the Stampede and all these good folks! Let's hear it for our Sheriff!

More applause as Cody nears, clapping a hand on his shoulder.

CODY (CONT'D)
Nicely done, Sheriff. Thought that holster was going to be the death of you for sure.

Kevin looks about, vertigo washing over him, staggering.

CODY (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, let's get you backstage. These lights can get to you.

INT. STAMPEDED BACKSTAGE - LATER

Kevin sits before the wardrobe racks, handing his hat and duster over to a COWGIRL. Cody smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CODY
Looked like you enjoyed yourself.

KEVIN
I'll never forget it.
(standing)
Oh, almost forgot. The badge.

Kevin hands the newly-marred badge over to Cody.

CODY
Sheriff Wilson would have been
mighty proud. You wore it well,
son.

Cody returns the badge to the shadowbox, but something catches Kevin's eye. The picture's different, another figure in the portrait.

Kevin looks closer at the portrait, now of Jed and Adriana.

CODY (CONT'D)
That wife of his was some looker,
wasn't she?

KEVIN
Great kisser, too.

Cody looks bewildered as Carl and Laura arrive backstage.

CARL
Hey, there, Sheriff, you ready to
go home?

KEVIN
You wouldn't believe how much.

INT. ALLIANCE FURNISHINGS OFFICE - DAY

Kevin enters the office like he's passing through saloon doors, moving with purpose through the cubicles. He may not wear a badge, but his gait suggests a new sheriff's in town.

He pauses before a cubicle - RICH's - a drone from the cubicle hive.

KEVIN
Where's Chris?

RICH
In his office. Are you okay, man?

Kevin squints at a sun hidden by venetian blinds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Never better.

And he's on the move, unabated, to-

INT. CHRISTIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin doesn't knock. He surprises Christian in his chair, dictating a letter to Grace, who smiles as she sees Kevin. It's a good smile - there's something wonderfully different about him.

CHRISTIAN
Kyle, right? What can I do ya for?
By the way, I know we had some
disagreement about our new chair,
Hugo, but I gotta say this thing
feels great!

KEVIN
Chris. Grace.

GRACE
Kevin. What are you doing in here?

Christian stands and comes around his desk.

CHRISTIAN
Look, buddy, not to go all
corporate on you, but you really do
need to schedule an appointment-

KEVIN
No. I don't. I came here to tell
you I'm quitting.
(to Grace)
And to see if you'd like to have a
drink with me.

GRACE
I'd love to!

CHRISTIAN
Quitting?

KEVIN
(to Grace)
Right now. Let's go.

GRACE
Kevin, I can't. I mean, this is my
job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

You really want to work for this
douchebag? Or you want to go out
with me? Can't guarantee we won't
end up in a different zip code,
though.

CHRISTIAN

Let's be careful how we throw
around the D-word, Kyle.

Grace considers it, really giving Christian a hard look.

GRACE

No. No, I don't want to work for
this douchebag.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

Let's go then.

CHRISTIAN

What is going on here? Is this a
joke?

Grace stands by the door as Kevin approaches Christian, who
stands to meet Kevin, inflating his chest like a blowfish.

KEVIN

This isn't, but you know what is?
Listening to your buddy-buddy
condescension for two years while I
wasted away... tracing. You
deserve this place. Enjoy your
stupid chair.

CHRISTIAN

It's name is Hugo. Grace-?

Christian makes for her, trying to side-step Kevin who pushes
him back into Hugo.

KEVIN

Stay.

Kevin leaves him, slouched in the chair, taking Grace's hand
and leading her out the door.

Christian, bewildered by the events of the last sixty
seconds, frowns as he hears a CREAK, then Christian goes ass-
over-elbows. That base really is too small.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Kevin and Grace stand at the base of the new and improved Fling, resembling a flagpole once used to hurl a chest of gold. The eyes of the Punkin' Chunkin' world are upon them.

KEVIN

Ready?

GRACE

You do the honors. It's your design after all.

Kevin bends to release the lever.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wait!

She pulls him close and kisses him with everything she has.

GRACE (CONT'D)

For luck. Now shoot!

He pulls the lever. The pumpkin sails, and it ought to have a flight attendant on it the way it's flying.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

This could be a new record, folks!

With the evening sky as a background, the pumpkin flies, quite literally, into the sunset.

FADE OUT.