

Ludovico's
Negro Y Blanco
by

Austin Ludovico

123/456-7890
no.such@thing.com

NEGRO Y BLANCO

INT.DESERT ROAD-DAY

The screen fades in to show the red arches of Utah blazing in the sunlight. Cut to a dusty desert road, abandoned. The faint sound of hooves and wheels turning slowly grows nearer. Cut to a closeup of the wheels then back to the road. A stagecoach appears over the horizon leaving a cloud of dust behind it. As it draws closer two men can be seen driving it, while another guards hangs off the side. They continue leaving the huge dust cloud behind them. From the view of the coach a man runs out in front of the coach dishoveld and dirty. They come to a sudden halt.

DISHOVELD MAN

Please help! Th-Them injuns, those damn injuns!

DRIVER 1

Hold up now, move along weve got a schedule to keep.

DRIVER 2

What the hell Murphy?

Driver 2 climbs down from the coach and approaches the poor man. Martha Whitlock looks out confused.

MARTHA

What is the delay coachman?

DRIVER 1

This poor bastard is holding up the road.

MARTHA

What does he want?

DRIVER 1

Passage I suppose.

MARTHA

We got no more room, tell him to get lost.

DRIVER 1

I was trying but Phil here is obliged to help him.

Martha scoffs and leans back in. Driver 1 sighs then reluctantly, inside the tagecoach:

JENNY

Mama why did we stop?

MARTHA

Its nothing dear.

Driver 1 signals for the guard on hanging off the side to follw him. Driver 2 approaches the dishovled man.

DRIVER 1

Get the hell back here, you know
how Whitlock doesnt like being kept
waiting.

DRIVER 2

What, we just gonna leave this
feller out here to dry up like a
prune?

DRIVER 1

(sighs)

Just give him yer canteen and point
him towards Ogden.

Driver 2 hands the man the canteen.

DISHOVELD MAN

You shoulve listened to your
friend.

Dishoveld pulls Driver 2 then draws his pistol and blows out his stomach. Driver 1 and the guard fire at the man but he uses Driver 2's body as a human shield. We zoom out to see a man with a rifle pointed at the coach. He shoots driver through the head, and all over the coach. The children scream and gather close to Martha. Guard turns and is shot down by dishovled man, he gets back up put is shot twice by the rifleman before he can react. A group of riders emerge from the arches, the rest of the Lapeyrouse gang. The Dishoveld man drops his human shield to the ground. The riders sorround the coach. Trent dismounts along with two other riders. They open the coach door to adress the family.

TRENT

Madam.

Trent tips his hat

TRENT

I assume you are the Whitlock
family?

Martha nods nervously.

TRENT

Then we held up thr correct coach,
your trek shall resume shortly.

He slams the coach door and addresses his gang.

TRENT

Shorty, Martin conduct this
vechickle.

MARTIN

Conduct?

TRENT
(Rolls eyes)
Drive the damn thing, halfwit.

MARTIN
Right boss.

The two men board the coach and it slowly trots forward. The rifle man (Fisher) rides up to Trent.

FISHER
Whats the plan now?

TRENT
We wait for old Mr. Whitlock to catch on. Which reminds me, arrange the bodies so they are easily visible.

FISHER
They already are.

TRENT
Then we shall return to the ranch and celebrate another successful hold up.

FISHER
Then what?

TRENT
(Laughs)
Whatever do you mean, we repeat.

FISHER
But for how long, when can we return to Louisiana?

TRENT
We can never return to there, too many laws, no many negroes.

FISHER
But there are many negroes here too.

TRENT
Yes but they have not grown wise to us like the ones back home have.

FISHER
Then this is our life, bandits in the driest place on earth.

TRENT
It seems that way.

As they ride off the title appears on the screen and the theme plays.

