

Red hill blazers
By
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OPEN ON A BLACK SCREEN.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(O.S)

In the shady town of Red Hill lies
a bank that has never been touched,
that's the place for outlaws to be.

"RED HILL BLAZERS" blasts onto the black screen in red.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

The sun shines down on the dusty town of Red Hill. Few people walk around the town, doing their own chores and routines. Pan down to JASPER, the 50 year old sheriff with a thick, bushy grey mustache, wearing his dusty shirt and waistcoat with his dusty jeans and rancher boots, his grey hair covered by his sheriff's hat. He looks onto the town, gripping his revolver with pride.

Jasper walks along the streets of Red Hill, whistling as he grips his revolver.

A young boy speed-walks in front of Jasper.

JASPER

Hey there, young buck.

YOUNG BOY

Hey, sheriff.

The young boy carries on speed-walking and Jasper continues to walk and whistle. He tips his hat to a lady walking by in her raggy clothes.

POOR WOMAN

Morning, Sheriff!

JASPER

Mornin'.

Jasper walks on, whistling still. He turns left, looking towards a general store.

INT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE-DAY

Jasper walks into the cluttered general store, he tips his hat to CLARK, a chubby, black bearded male with a white top and dungarees on. He stands behind his desk.

JASPER

Mornin', Clark.

CLARK

How d'ya do, Sheriff Jasper?

JASPER

I'm doing fine, hot day today, eh?

CLARK

You can say that again. I'm sweating like a pig in a fur coat.

JASPER

Same here. You got the paper in?

CLARK

I sure do. Not set it out yet ofcourse. Wait here, let me get 'em.

Clark walks into the backroom of the store, off camera.

Jasper looks around the store, playing with items and inspecting them.

Clark then steps back out from the backroom, holding a stack of newspapers that are held together by a few strings. Clark grabs a knife from his desk and slicing the top of the string in half and releasing the stack of newspapers. He takes one and hands it to Jasper.

Jasper straightens the paper and lays it on the desk.

JASPER

Well, well, look who's making headlines, huh?

CLARK

Goddamn outlaws! Looting banks and ransacking towns for a week now.

JASPER

They've hit two banks in random order, no trails. I doubt they'll hit us but if they do we'll be ready.

Clark looks at Jasper wearily.

CLARK

Don't take this the wrong way, Sheriff but with just you and your two deputies it's a hard battle against these men. They've torn towns up that have 10 plus men at their hands!

Jasper sighs, closing the newspaper.

JASPER

If everyone in this darn town mans up, we'll be ready. That includes you, Clark. You have your double barrel behind the counter and we all know you can use it, we all saw it used on that poor boy's foot. Why can't you use it on these outlaws?

Clark and Jasper share an awkward stare for a while.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper walks, the general store behind him. He takes off his hat and runs his hand through the strands of hair he has left on his balding hairstyle.

He sighs once. A male walks by, staring at him, Jasper blanks him, looking to the floor.

INT. RED HILL-SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jasper walks into the small sheriff's office. He places his hat on his head firmly, he looks to the two laid back deputies. One is BILLY, a skinny young male with long, raggedy blonde hair and a thin blonde mustache with his deputy uniform on. The other is CLINTON and has a beer gut and a black grizzly beard and short but messy hairdo with his uniform on also. Clinton sleeps with his hands under his beer gut.

JASPER

For godsake, Clinton wake up!

BILLY

He's been like that for an hour.

JASPER

And you didn't wake him up?

Billy shrugs.

Jasper rushes over to Clinton, sighing. He smacks him over the back of the head, waking him up suddenly.

CLINTON

By god...

JASPER

Yeah, you will wake up, you goddamn idiot. I didn't sign you up to sleep.

CLINTON

I'm up, Sheriff. I'm up!

JASPER

I had to whack you over the back of the head to get you up, you have to be watching our cabbage stealer over here.

Jasper chuckles, looking at a scruffy male in one of the two jail cells in the office. The man a.k.a CABBAGE STEALER is pressed up against the cell bars, holding onto them tightly and squashing his head between two of the bars.

JASPER (CONT'D)

How are ya, son?

CABBAGE STEALER

I just stole a cabbage, Sheriff. How long will I be in here?

JASPER

Not too long thankfully. Just hold tight on them bars and keep your mouth shut.

CABBAGE STEALER

None of y'all in this town can let things slide, can you now?

JASPER

Nothing gets past this nose.

CABBAGE STEALER

I know, look at the size of it!

Billy quickly draws his gun, flicking off the safety and aiming to Cabbage stealer.

BILLY

Want to say that again, son?

JASPER

Woah now, leave him be, Billy.

Billy tuts, then flicking his safety on and holstering his gun.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I'm sure he'd love to say it again but lets not give him the...

Jasper begins to walk to Cabbage stealer's cell.

JASPER (CONT'D)

... Courtesy.

Jasper then quickly jabs Cabbage stealer in the nose, sending him to the floor of his cell.

Billy and Clinton chuckle.

Jasper holds his knuckle low at his waist, trying to hide his pain from the other two.

CLINTON

Sure shut him up, eh, Sheriff?

BILLY

Sheriff's still got it.

Jasper smirks at Billy, quickly placing his hands to his side, now showing no more signs of pain.

CLINTON

Bam! Hit him right in his stinkin' nose, that bastard's going to have a hard time breathing for a while now.

BILLY

He looks abit confused, right?

Billy and Clinton laugh together.

JASPER

Alright, patrol time, lets head out, check up on the town.

BILLY

Hardly anything to check up on at this time but hell, why not?

JASPER

It's not a why question, we need to do it, Billy. So lets get it done.

CLINTON

What the sheriff says, Billy.

CABBAGE STEALER

Yeah, do what the Sheriff says!

Cabbage stealer stands up now, smiling with a bloody mouth.

BILLY

Shut up.

Billy jabs Cabbage Stealer once more, sending him to the floor again.

The trio laugh.

JASPER

Hell, I swear we want to give him a broken nose.

BILLY

I sure do!

EXT. UNKNOWN AREA- DUSTY PLAINS-DAY

The desert lays with small shrubs and cacti littered across the mostly sandy environment.

It is all quiet for a while. Then the sudden sounds of distant gunshots are heard.

A horse wagon flies by, men sat on it shooting their pistols.

The horses gallop strongly, NATHANIEL, a middle aged outlaw with slicked back black hair in an orange shirt and pants sits at the front of the wagon, whipping the horses.

Pan to the back of the wagon, GHOST, a fair skinned mexican man with a bald head and goatee, wearing his signature poncho shoots his gun wildly. Next to him is RYDER a young white male with dirty blonde long straight hair, he wears rancher clothing, with white gloves and a standard cream hat that is strapped to him with string, it flies off his head with help from the wind.

They both fire off their revolvers at the oncoming horde of Lawmen riding their horses.

RYDER

Yee-haw! Come get it, you goddamn
son of a bitches!

Ghost closes one eye, aiming precisely with his gun then firing and hitting a lawman and sending him off his horse in a burst of blood and gunfire. Ryder smirks at the shot, then aiming his pistol and hitting a horse in it's chest and sending it on the floor.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Down you go!

Ryder wildly pops off his gun, hitting a lawman in the chest and sending him off his horse then missing the rest of his bullets.

Ghost grunts, shaking his head at Ryder, he is knocked out of his concentration on Ryder by a bullet hitting the wood of the wagon. Ghost covers his eyes, then looking back over at the Lawmen.

Ghost fires his gun off, shooting a lawman's face off, sending blood spurting off his head. He quickly shoots again, hitting a lawman in the stomach, the lawman stays on his horse but leans forward, holding his gut.

RYDER (CONT'D)

I got him.

Ryder steadies his aim and then shoots through the lawman's hat and sends a bullet to his brain, making blood fly out of his head. The lawman slides off the horse and onto the desert floor.

RYDER (CONT'D)

And hit.

One law man still chases them.

Ghost shakes his head and grunts.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Don't be so sad, Ghost. You can have the last one.

Ghost grunts again, then taking Ryder's weapon from him and stands up on the back of the horse wagon.

Ghost fires a fury of bullets from both revolvers into the last lawmen's chest, all of the bullets hitting him in his torso, the lawman stretches his arms out wide, the bullets slaughtering him until he falls backwards off his horse. Ghost continues to fire until the empty click sound rings, his chambers emptied.

Ryder looks at ghost in awe.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Well, well, the silent one is finally showing some emotion.

GHOST

Some anger you can't keep inside.

RYDER

Whoo-wee. That was a whole lotta anger.

Ghost sits down on the wagon.

Ryder takes himself a cigar out, he places it in his mouth and takes out his matches. He lights up his cigar, smoking it.

Ryder takes the cigar out and looks at it then slotting it in his mouth again.

He stares at Ghost, Ghost stares back. Ryder begins to laugh, opening his mouth slightly laughing. He claps his hands, then shaking his head.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper, Billy and Clinton walk down the streets. They look around the dusty town, eyeing the area closely.

JASPER
So, who would be drinking at the
saloon at this time?

CLINTON
Idiots.

JASPER
Correct. Lets head down there, see
if we can catch an idiot.

Billy chuckles.

INT. RED HILL- SALOON-DAY

The saloon is a wooden building with an average interior, a male bartender stands behind the small bar. One dirty drunkard sits at the bar. Jasper and the other two walk in, pushing the saloon doors open. They look around, seeing the empty seats and table but seeing the one drunkard at the bar.

JASPER
Ah, well, a lonely traveller stops
at Red Hill to have a nice drink,
huh?

BARTENDER
He's been here all day drinking,
Sheriff.

JASPER
I could guess that.

CLINTON
A child could of guessed that.

BILLY
He looks completely out of it.

The drunkard looks around, slouching on the bar top.

DRUNKARD
He-... Hey, boys! Good day, right?

JASPER
Ah, save it. Where are you from?

DRUNKARD
D-down the road.

JASPER
That ain't good enough of a
description, friend.

DRUNKARD
Small town... Down the road.

BILLY
What's the town's name?

The drunkard shrugs his shoulders.

BARTENDER
I think he was already drunk when
he got here.

JASPER
Fool. We'll get him out of here. He
can go back to the town he came.

DRUNKARD
Whaaa?

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SALOON-DAY

The drunkard flies to the camera, faceplanting against the floor. Cut to a shot of Jasper and the deputies standing on the porch of the saloon, looking down onto the drunkard.

BILLY
Find your horse, drunkard!

CLINTON
Better hope you can find it or else
you're walking back!

Jasper smirks, stepping off the porch.

JASPER
Lets hope he can find home, eh?

BILLY
Yeah.

EXT. RED HILL- OLD PATTY'S FARM-DAY

A small fenced area of pigs is next to a large red and white barn that is full of hay.

We look at the farm for a while until Jasper and the deputies walk in front of the view, heading to the barn.

INT. RED HILL- OLD PATTY'S FARM- BARN-DAY

OLD PATTY, an old man with a bald head in farmer's clothes rakes hay in his large barn.

JASPER
(O.S)
How d'ya do, Patty?

Patty looks up, smiling.

Jasper, Billy and Clinton walk on the scene, all of them greeting Old Patty in their own way.

OLD PATTY
Hey there, fellas.

JASPER
Fine day today, eh, Patty?

OLD PATTY
Ah, sure is. I hope my pigs don't get too hot, if they get too hot, that ruins my chances of getting more piglets.

BILLY
The more piglets, the more pig, the more pig, the more food.

OLD PATTY
Correct... You never thought of farming yourself?

Old patty smiles at Billy.

CLINTON
Billy's too heavy handed for farming, he'd drop half of those pigs on their heads as soon as he gets 'em.

OLD PATTY
I'll take any hands nowadays. It's just me and junior and I'm not much help.

JASPER
The deputies and I are always here to help you, Ol' Patty. But we need help from you and junior.

OLD PATTY
How can we help?

JASPER
Call Junior over, we need to talk about this together.

INT. RED HILL- OLD PATTY'S FARM- BARN-DAY, MINUTES LATER.

Jasper and the deputies and Old Patty and his son PATTY JUNIOR., a young fit 20 something white male with black, wavy hair and wearing a blue wool top and dusty clothes. All stand in the barn in a circle.

JASPER

Alright, I figured I'd tell you all first... We think the bank robbing outlaws are on their way to the town. Of course, it isn't exactly confirmed since they're hitting towns in random order but we need to be ready.

OLD PATTY

And you want us to fight?

JASPER

I think, even at your age, Patty you could be a good shot. But, Junior is a good shot, I've seen him before.

PATTY JUNIOR

How've you seen me?

JASPER

You think I don't hear the shots when I go out for rides? I watch you sometimes, it's easy to hit cactuses a bit harder to hit real men, especially outlaws like these.

PATTY JUNIOR

I know. But, this is going to be dangerous. These guys have destroyed towns so what makes you think we can take 'em?

BILLY

Oh, for godsake.

JASPER

I've had it with all this goddamn negativity and the fact that no one thinks we can take on a few gunslingers. This town's lost it's passion, it's pride.

OLD PATTY

He's right, son. We should protect what's ours.

Patty Junior looks to his father, then nods.

PATTY JUNIOR

I'll fight then, when are we preparing for?

JASPER

Whenever. Could be tonight for all we know, so lets get training, all hands on deck...

Patty Junior nods, smiling.

INT. RED HILL- SALOON-NIGHT

Jasper stands at the front of the saloon, a crowd huddled in front of him. In the crowd sits the deputies, the Bartender, Old Patty and Patty Junior and other civilians of the town.

JASPER

Alright, folks. I called you here today because I need to speak to you all... If you've been reading the headlines lately you'll know that we, in the west have a problem on our hands. We have a few bank robbers on the loose. Three outlaws who are tearing apart communities and taking what is not theirs. This is only rumor but they could be hitting us. I've been putting the pieces together and I think that... And I'm being frank here, that we're the weakest here. Three men, me and my two deputies run the town and we hold a small bank that is worth quite a lot. So, why wouldn't they come for us? We need to be ready, all gunslingers, people who I know or don't know about, I need you, we need you. Without you, we could have the town destroyed.

Clark looks onto the scene.

CLARK

Hold up, Sheriff. Why can't we just let them take the money, no one dies.

BILLY

Are you insane?

OLD PATTY

We need to keep OUR money!

Everyone gets up in arms, arguing loudly with each other.

Jasper grunts, shaking his head.

JASPER

(Shouting)

Shuuut uppp!

Everyone silences and listens to Jasper.

JASPER (CONT'D)

The money in that bank is what keeps us alive! We pay for our water, our food, our items. We use it to keep the saloon open which creates more money for the town, keeping our income coming. If it all goes, we go. And nobody wants that...

Everyone nods slowly in agreement.

Jasper sighs, taking off his hat and rubbing his head.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Train up, ready up, get ready to serve justice Because Red Hill ain't no pushover, we WILL keep the town. We will keep the law and order.

Everyone nods, standing from their seats.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Get ready, folks. Come to me or the boys if you need any help.

Jasper walks along, placing his hat firmly on his head.

Clark approaches him, waving to him.

CLARK

Hey, sheriff.

Jasper nods to Clark.

CLARK (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

JASPER

What is it, friend?

CLARK

This attack is jolting me up. I can try to shoot but I feel like this isn't going to end well for anyone in the town...

Jasper sighs.

JASPER

We have to take this route. It's the only one where we survive. Or, the only one where we have a chance of surviving.

CLARK

I know but... It... It's just scaring me, Jasper.

JASPER

Life's hard sometimes. This decision is the right one, trust me, Clark.

CLARK

Fear gets the better of me.

JASPER

Like I said. Everyone needs to be strong, man up. That's the only way we survive.

Clark nods uneasily to Jasper. Jasper and Clark embrace.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Stay safe, prepare.

CLARK

I will, Sheriff.

Clark and Jasper walk off.

EXT. UNKNOWN AREA- OIL FIELD- NIGHT

The wooden horse wagon from the shootout before rides into the oil field, next to tents and large oil pumping machines.

It stops suddenly. In the back, Ryder wakes up, shaking his head. Ghost looks at him, loading his revolver.

NATHANIEL

(Shouting)

'Ey! Wake up, boys! We're back in town!

Ryder and Ghost hop out of the wagon, walking around, stretching off.

Nathaniel drops his pants a little, the sound of pee hitting the floor follows shortly after. Ryder looks around, seeing the campfires and tents in the area.

RYDER

Long ride, right? I slept like a baby!

GHOST

You snored like a pig.

RYDER

The silent one speaks when no one wants him to.

NATHANIEL

(O.S)
You're not falling out now, are you?

RYDER

No, daddy!

Ryder chuckles.

NATHANIEL

Shut up, Ryder.

RYDER

Alrighty then, Nathaniel.

NATHANIEL

Look around, then we should sleep, it's 10 and we need to keep on our toes, get on the way to the next town.

RYDER

Hmm, not a break?

NATHANIEL

We get a nice long break but we need to make tracks. This is the last one. It's an easy one to.

GHOST

I'm happy to go now.

NATHANIEL

Nah, lets take a break, too much heat and you're bound to get burned.

Ghost nods, then holstering his revolver and hopping back into the back of the wagon.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm heading off like Ghost.

RYDER

Why should I stick around? Sleepin' is my favourite thing next to armed robbery!

Ryder chuckles.

INT. OIL FIELD- IN THE BACK OF THE WAGON-NIGHT

Ryder, Nathaniel and Ghost lay in the wagon each with a quilt over them.

NATHANIEL

Sleep tight. We need to be up early, dodge any lawmen that might come ridin'... And, I don't know about you but I'm doing this for my family so I don't want to get involved with any innocent murders, not anymore. Lets keep it on the down-low.

RYDER

To be fair to ya', I'm in it for the riches so I can kill who I want, you can sit behind if you wish, Nathaniel.

NATHANIEL

Well, that's stupid of you, might aswell be a serial killer.

GHOST

Can you both shut up? We kill who needs to be killed, that is it.

RYDER

The silent one speaks again.

NATHANIEL

Go to GODDAMN sleep!

The three lay back, sleeping.

INT. RED HILL- JASPER'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Jasper sits on his bed in his pyjama wool suit.

He picks up a small photo from his bedside desk. It shows him and a young boy.

Jasper smiles, his eyes tearing up as he slowly strokes the photo. He kisses the photo and then places it back on his bedside desk.

Jasper lays back in his bed, wrapping himself in his covers.

He stares into space for a while.

JASPER

Night, son.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper walks along, the sun shining down on him.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper walks along the same path again, the weather is rainy and thunder bangs loudly in the background.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper walks along, holding his hat in his hands, he rubs his head.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper walks past Patty Junior, Junior looks at him, shaking his head.

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

SUPER: 1 week after the meeting.

An angry mob is formed outside the Sheriff's office. They shout and bicker between eachother.

INT. RED HILL-SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jasper sighs, rubbing his eyes.

Cabbage stealer leans against the cell bars.

CABBAGE STEALER

I think you got a mob out there,
Sheriff.

JASPER

(Shouting)

Shut him the hell up!

Billy smacks Cabbage Stealer's cheek with a right hook, sending him down to the floor again.

BILLY

My fists are starting to hurt from
punching that son of a bitch in the
face...

CLINTON

Mine too.

JASPER

Shit... I got 'em hyped up for
this. Now...

CLINTON

It's better that we address them
though.

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jasper steps out of the office, the mob's roars grow louder.

JASPER
(Shouting)
Alright, alright!

The mob settles, listening to Jasper.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I know that I got you up in arms!
And now you live uneasily, I get it
but it's better that we keep things
safe. That we're always ready.
Right?

BARTENDER
Half of us can't sleep at night
because of this bullshit!

The mob roars again.

JASPER
Okay, alright!

The mob settles once more.

JASPER (CONT'D)
I can't magic these outlaws out of
my ass, that's for sure and I know
for a fact that none of us want
them to come but they could just
do. Now...

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF RED HILL-DAY

Nathaniel, Ryder and Ghost load their rifles and pistols off the back of the horse wagon. They all wear bandanas.

NATHANIEL
Alright, fellas lets get it done,
we can get in and out and be done
in no time. I wanna get home to
Kaitlin and my little boy Joseph.
So, no messin' up.

RYDER
Get in through the backdoor, plant
the dynamite, get the cash and then
haul ass like your life's dependent
on it.

NATHANIEL
Well, your life is dependent on it.

Ghost chuckles.

RYDER

Naw, not going to be many people
who are threatenin' my life in this
dusty town.

Nathaniel grabs a bracelet from his pocket, he kisses it and
then holds it tightly and then places it in his pocket.

NATHANIEL

(Under his breath)
I love you...

RYDER

Alright, lets roll.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF RED HILL-DAY

On a hill above the scene, Clark looks down onto the men, he
sits on his horse.

CLARK

(Under his breath)
Shit...

Clark turns and races off on his horse.

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jasper continues to lecture the mob, Clark races to them in
the distance.

JASPER

We will have our guns loaded...

CLARK

Men! Men!

The mob and Jasper look to Clark.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Three men, loading weapons! They're
just down in the plains! They're
talking about getting in the bank!

JASPER

Jesus christ. Ready up people! Me
and the deputies and the bartender
will fire from the roof balcony of
the saloon, Clark, you take Patty
and Junior up to the roof of your
store, once them bastards get into
the bank we shoot up! Unless we can
communicate with them.

BARTENDER

I think that communicating is their last concerns, Sheriff.

JASPER

That's why you put your fingers firmly on your triggers. We're ready to fight!

INT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE-DAY

Clark rushes behind to the backroom of the store, Jasper and the deputies and the bartender follow behind.

CLARK

This is what I've been working on, look at these, they can stop cannonballs!

Clark rushes back out with a crate.

He quickly opens the crate, revealing some homemade body armours, made with two big metal plates held together by string.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Put these on you and you can take a bullet of two.

JASPER

They'll help, maybe block a bullet if we're lucky. Clark, grab your shotgun get the Pattys onto your roof.

Clark grabs his shotgun and rushes out of the shop.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper, the deputies and the Bartender jog across the streets, they wear their body armour, all holding weapons, Jasper having a Winchester repeater.

JASPER

(Shouting)
Positions! Go, go!

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

The saloon balcony door bursts open. Out comes Jasper, the deputies and the Bartender, they all lean up against the balcony, holding their rifles.

JASPER
 (Shouting)
 When I shout "SHOOT!" Then you
 fire!

Over the shoulder shot of Jasper looking around, pan across to see the Pattys and Clark on the general store roof.

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Clark crouches with his shotgun, testing his aim.

Patty Junior holds a rifle like his dad next to him, he nods to his dad, breathing heavily.

PATTY JUNIOR
 Keep down, Daddy, don't get hit. It
 ain't worth your life.

OLD PATTY
 More of them die than more of us
 die.

Old patty places his hand on his son's arm, smiling, teary-eyed.

They then both turn to the roof, aiming their weapons.

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

BILLY
 Alright, here it is. Use these
 metal plates well and don't get
 shot in the face.

BARTENDER
 I-I d-don't inte-end to.

CLINTON
 You sound like a babbling baby
 right now, make sure you don't cry
 when those bullets are flying over
 your fucking head because one
 second of not concentrating and
 you're bound to die.

JASPER
 He's right, head on the shot!

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF RED HILL-DAY

Nathaniel rides the horsewagon, he slowly gallops along to the back of a hill. He parks up, Ryder and Ghost hop out of the back of the horsewagon, Nathaniel hops off the front.

NATHANIEL
Alright, move in!

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

POV: Jasper's binoculars. The binoculars look at the trio of outlaws running across the plains. They approach the back of the bank quickly.

Switch back to normal view.

JASPER
(Under his breath)
They're nearing here, I'll take the
first shot as soon as anyone
reaches the window.

Over the shoulder shot from Jasper, he aims down at the bank, waiting patiently.

The sounds of his heavy breaths fill the air, he steadily aims at the bank window, no one in sight.

Jasper keeps one eye closed, still waiting, the tension rising as the window keeps clear. Jasper keeps his gun aimed there.

Jasper's finger clenches on the trigger.

Suddenly, the three men burst into view, standing at the front of the windowless bank.

Ghost stands in prime view, Jasper has a clear shot.

BILLY
(Quietly)
Take the shot, Sheriff.

CLINTON
(Quietly to Billy)
Shut your mouth! Darn idiot!

Jasper remains focused, eyeing Ghost in his sights.

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Clark and the Pattys look onto the bank anxiously.

CLARK
(Quietly)
Fuckin' shoot goddamnit.

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

POV: Jasper's aim. He looks at Ghost, breathing slowly now. Ghost turns around, holding his rifle. He makes direct eye contact with Jasper.

SLOW MO BEGIN: Ghost aims his rifle in slow motion.

Jasper's eyes light up, he gasps and then FIRES!

SLOW MO END

We burst back into life, Ghost and Jasper firing off at each other.

JASPER
(Shouting)
Shoot!

Billy, Clinton and the Bartender shoot their guns, bullets blasting off the buildings and bullets flying off the wooden balcony.

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Clark and Junior fire their guns off at the bank.

PATTY JUNIOR
Shit, shit!

A bullet flies just past Clark, he ducks, holding his head.

CLARK
God!

A few bullets fly through the wooden cover that Clark and the others are using, just missing Clark.

PATTY JUNIOR
C-clark! Get up, come on, help me here!

INT. RED HILL- BANK-DAY

Nathaniel sits, leaning against the brick wall of the bank. He occasionally places his weapon over the top of the wall and fires out of the front windowless area of the bank.

Bullets fire and explode around them.

NATHANIEL
Someone get the goddamn dynamite!

RYDER
Whooeew, Boy!

Ryder fires two pistols off randomly, some of them hitting the wooden balcony poles, sending wood chips off it.

RYDER (CONT'D)
Ghost, get a shot off here!

Ghost rushes from the back of the bank, firing shots as he moves.

Ghost leans against the door, he opens it slightly, a bullet smashes off the end of the door, Ghost pulls back but then goes full on and opens the door just enough to fit the barrel of his gun through, he shoots it off, firing randomly.

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

A bullet hits the Bartender's metal plate, he falls back, hitting the glass of the balcony smashing it.

JASPER
Shit, get up, get up!

BARTENDER
Hit my plate! Christ the lord! God!

BILLY
Keep firin', keep firin', shit me!

A bullet flies and hits the top of Billy's hat, sending it flying off. He grabs his head, then leans down lower into cover.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Shit...

JASPER
(Shouting)
Keep firin'!

NATHANIEL
(Shouting)
Give it up! You ain't leaving here winners!

JASPER
(Shouting)
You ain't leaving here alive, you son of a bitches!

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Clark slowly stands up, he keeps his aim on the bank, firing randomly.

PATTY JUNIOR
Come on, christ...

Junior looks around, his dad no where in sight.

PATTY JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Where's my dad?

CLARK
What?

PATTY JUNIOR
(Shouting)
Where the hell's my dad!?

EXT. RED HILL- SALOON BALCONY-DAY

Jasper looks over at the guys on the roof, he sighs, then a bullet flies past him and hits the saloon behind him, he snaps back into concentration and fires at the bank again.

Bartender stands up, he limps back to cover.

BARTENDER
Oh god, Sheriff. This is heavy.

CLINTON
Man up! Be a man for christ sake!

Clinton looks at the bartender, not looking at the bank.

He shouts and bawls until a bullet flies into the side of his head, sending him down in a blast of blood and fire. Blood sprays from his head, he walls to his side, dead on the balcony.

BILLY
Oh, shit! God fucking....

JASPER
Jesus...

Everyone shouts and bickers, Jasper and Billy continue to fire.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Keep fucking firin'!

BARTENDER
God, god... Alright, okay.

Bartender pops out of cover, firing off his gun.

INT. RED HILL- BANK-DAY

Ghost smirks, his pistols smoking, he leans up against the front of the bank.

NATHANIEL
You got him?

Ghost nods, laughing.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
Christ, don't get the body count
too high.

GHOST
He was a lawman!

RYDER
Just shoot, you sound like a little
girl!

Nathaniel fires off, shooting the general store roof up.

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Junior bounces back slightly, he takes a shot to the arm, he holds his arm, shouting in pain. Junior falls to his ass, dropping his gun.

PATTY JUNIOR
(Shouting)
Shit!

CLARK
Gaaah!

Clark fires two of his shotgun shells out, they pound through the front door of the bank, sending it off it's hinges.

INT. RED HILL- BANK-DAY

Nathaniel and the other two cover their faces, the door flying back off the hinges. Ryder is hit by the door, it lays on top of him on the floor.

Ryder takes out his pistol, firing it off as bullets hit the door on top of him.

RYDER
(Shouting)
Mother!!!

Ryder slides the door off of him.

EXT. RED HILL- GENERAL STORE ROOF-DAY

Clark and Junior sit on the roof, both tired out, Junior holds his bloody arm, Clark sits on his ass, bullets flying past them both and smashing against the wood cover in front, sending splints of wood around them.

CLARK

Oh, christ. This is too much!

PATTY JUNIOR

Where the hell's my dad... The bullet in my arm, god!

CLARK

Keep calm, we can find a doctor. Your dad's probably fine...

PATTY JUNIOR

We aren't gonna get out of this if we don't shoot!

INT. RED HILL- BANK-DAY

BOOM! The sound of fire crackling comes after the boom.

RYDER

The safe is wiiide open! Get the fucking shit!

NATHANIEL

Watch the fire!

Nathaniel and Ghost rush in first, pushing past the fire and looking inside the huge safe in the room.

Nathaniel picks up a large sandbag full of money, he places it over his shoulder, then moving out of the way.

Ghost takes a sandbag, placing it on his shoulder then rushing out.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Wait-... Wait up, Ghost. Ryder, hurry up!

Ryder fires off his weapons, he runs into the safe room, grabbing a sandbag of cash, placing it over his shoulder.

He runs out to see Old Patty with his dual wield revolvers, before he can speak Patty pumps him full of bullets, sending him flailing. He fires and fires, sending spurts of blood all over the place. Ryder falls to the ground, Patty firing still, until he hits the floor in a splash of fire and blood.

Patty looks up, seeing Nathaniel, Nathaniel shoots Patty up, sending multiple shots into his gut, Patty fires into the air but Nathaniel bangs in shots at Patty, until his gun is empty. Patty stands up, all his torso red, blood dripping from his gut.

Patty's mouth drips with blood, he refuses to fall. Nathaniel shakes his head, teary eyed, he throws his rifle at Patty, sending him to the floor finally.

Nathaniel runs out of the back of the bank.

Camera pans down on Patty's dead body, he lays in a pool of blood, blood dripping from his mouth and his body riddled with bullets, more blood dripping from his torso.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Everyone rushes out to the streets, covered in dust and blood. They look around the bloody and destroyed streets in awe.

JASPER
Jesus christ.

Junior kneels down, crying, holding his bloody arm.

He cries endlessly.

JASPER (CONT'D)
No... No...

Jasper rushes to the bank.

He runs to the windowless front of the bank, he looks at patty on the floor, he nearly breaks down, tears rolling from his eyes as he holds his mouth.

JASPER (CONT'D)
God... God...

BILLY
Clinton's dead aswell...

Billy wipes tears from his eyes and sniffing up.

JASPER
Stay here, heal up, I'm getting
these motherfuckers myself.

Jasper sprints to his horse, he takes his body plates off at the same time, epic western music places as he runs.

He hops on his horse and whips it wildly with his foot, kicking it into a fast speed.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF RED HILL-DAY

Ghost rushes onto the horsewagon, he places the sandbag onto the back of the wagon, then rushing to the front.

GHOST
Come on, quick!

Nathaniel tosses the sandbag on the back of the wagon, he then hops on the front of the wagon with Ghost.

GHOST (CONT'D)
Everything loaded?

NATHANIEL
Yeah, come on.

BANG BANG! Nathaniel's eyes lighten up, camera pans down to show Ghost's hand on the trigger of his revolver, it smokes near Nathaniel's bleeding stomach. Blood drips on the top of Ghost's hand.

Back up to Nathaniel's face, he spits blood from his mouth, his eyes wide open.

Ghost presses the barrel of his pistol to Nathaniel's head, he pushes it against his head, sending him off the end of the wagon.

GHOST
Idiota.

Ghost looks over Nathaniel's body, he sees Jasper walking to him.

Ghost laughs, aiming his gun at Jasper.

JASPER
You're not going to play by the rules then? No duels? Just straight up murder?

GHOST
Do I look like I play by the rules?

Ghost pops off, shooting Jasper down.

Jasper falls to the floor, holding his chest.

Ghost smiles, he then begins to slowly gallop away.

Ghost takes one of Ryder's cigars, he places it in his mouth and lights it up with some matches.

Ghost continues to grin, smoking his cigar.

The horses gallop slowly, Ghost puffs on his cigar.

He continues to smile until BAM! Blood splats out the front of his face, he leans forward, blood all over him. He falls off the horsewagon, dead.

Jasper lays on the floor, his pistol smoking as it aims up, he breathes heavily, blood dripping from his mouth and nose.

He sighs in relief, dropping his arm, looking into the sky.

Billy rides up on his horse, instantly hopping off and rushing to Jasper.

BILLY

Ah, shit. For fucksake. Come on,
come on.

JASPER

I g-got it in the heart.

BILLY

Come on!

EXT. RED HILL- GRAVEYARD-DAY

PRIEST stands at the front of the graveyard, a crowd gathered
infront of him.

PRIEST

Patrick Maurice and Clinton Mckyle
were two brilliant men, now, please
welcome Sheriff Jasper Evans who is
going to share his memories of
these two men.

Jasper limps up to the front on his wooden crutches.

Jasper smiles, waving his hands at the crowd.

JASPER

Well, what can I say? It was a
month ago when I was stood side by
side with these men, taking down
outlaws and protecting this town
from.... From them. Both men gave
their lives to save this town...
They gave their lives to save you.
Old Patty walked right up to them
and he knew his mission, gunning
one of them down. He went out like
the honourable man he was. He was
the most honourableman I ever met
and I'm sure his son will be the
same. Clinton, a man of the law, a
man that was the best at his job,
he knew what he had to do, he knew
that he had to keep this town the
same as it always was. The both of
them were heroes. And you shoud all
remember that.

Patty Junior and Jasper look at eachother, both teary eyed.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-DAY

Jasper limps along on his crutches, he sniffles up, wiping
his nose once.

Billy places his hand on Jasper's shoulder, stopping him.

BILLY
Hey, Sheriff.

JASPER
Hey there, Billy.

BILLY
What now?

Jasper smiles, then reaching into his pocket.

Jasper takes out his sheriff's badge, he hands it to Billy, he smiles at Billy.

JASPER
You're the sheriff, make the decisions.

Jasper and Billy embrace.

BILLY
Why, Jasper?

JASPER
Because I won't be here long. Not long enough to see the town through. And now people are going to be dying to join the department now.

BILLY
Make sure you get home safe, Jasper.

JASPER
Goodbye, Billy.

Jasper smiles then turning around and limping away.

EXT. JASPER'S GETAWAY- RIVER- SUNDOWN

The long river runs smoothly, the sun lays low, the sky orange. The wind blows the desert shrubs slowly.

SUPER: 4 months later.

A small cabin sits next to the river, a campfire burns slowly outside.

INT. JASPER'S GETAWAY-CABIN-SUNDOWN

The cabin door opens slowly, in walks Jasper in rancher clothing, he closes the door behind him.

INT. JASPER'S GETAWAY- CABIN, LIVING ROOM- SUNDOWN

Jasper sits on his chair, he looks at the river outside of his window.

Camera focuses on different items in his house as his voiceover speaks.

JASPER

(V.O)

My heart is feeble now, I ain't got too long left on this earth. But I'm making the most of it in my riverside getaway. I haven't been to Red Hill in months, too many bad memories now. But I know that Billy is doing his job well.

EXT. RED HILL- DUSTY STREETS-SUNDOWN

Billy patrols the area with four deputies.

JASPER

(V.O)

I think that life is better now, Red Hill will be the new place to be and I'll know that I did my job. After all the killing it seems my hands are finally clean.

Billy throws a drunkard out of the saloon, then walking off after it.

JASPER (CONT'D)

(V.O)

Now I just count down the days until I croak. Until then, I'll watch this river, watch it flow.

EXT. RED HILL- OUTSIDE OF THE SALOON-DAY

Billy leans against the saloon porch, he looks around. Clark smiles at Billy, he walks onwards after smiling.

BILLY

(V.O)

Red Hill is the new place to be, people come from all over to try out the saloon and the weekly entertainment house as we call it. I have four deputies all together and we enforce law and order, just like Sheriff Jasper. IF he's still alive I'm sure he'd love to see the town he created.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

But it's my job now to keep his
creation safe, and I will keep it
safe. I'll keep out the Red Hill
Blazers.

Billy walks off, camera draws out, showing an active, lively
Red Hill, music in the background and a general happy vibe
around the town.

The orange sun lays, staying for a while.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.