

THE GUNSLINGER II
Back Stabbers

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Third Revision
08/22/09

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EXT. DESERT -- DAY

A DARK FIGURE

lays on the ground. Half buried in sand. The figure is actually a man wearing a black trench coat, black boots and has long black hair. His face is unseen because it is buried in the sand. The dead man holds onto a black hat in an arm stretched out before him.

TWO MEN

stand near by. The two carry shovels with them. They stare at the body for a beat.

MAN 1

Poor feller, never last a day in this heat, specially with 'em dark cloths he be wearing.

MAN 2

Not all men are built the same, his body couldn't take the heat and his mind was too stupid to do anything about it.

(beat)

Well let's not stand around all day starin' at a dead man, we got to get this loot out of the ground.

MAN 1

Right.

The two men start to dig. Every now and then Man 1 looks over at the body. After a while of digging he stops to continue staring at the body.

MAN 2

What are you doing? This hole ain't gonna dig itself.

MAN 1

I was just thinking how funny this is.

MAN 2

What the hell is you talking about?

MAN 1

Well there's a dead man over there, and we're digging a hole. So, in a way we're knida diggin' him a grave, ain't we?

(CONTINUED)

Man 2 looks over at the body. He chuckles.

MAN 2

I guess you's right.

(to the body)

Smile, you sumbitch, we giving you something no one else would, a grave.

The two men laugh and continue to dig. A beat.

MAN 1

Say, did you ever count all this money?

MAN 2

No, not really.

MAN 1

Well how much do you think is in that case down there?

MAN 2

Hell, I don't know. A thousand, two thousand, hell, maybe even three thousand dollars or so.

MAN 1

Christ, that sure is a lot of money. How's we gonna split that?

Man 2 thinks. He obviously does not want to split that much money. As he thinks he looks from Man 1 to the body.

MAN 2

You know what, if we're gonna be diggin' that there body over there a grave, maybe we should check 'im, know? See if he's got any shootin' iron on 'im.

Man 1 looks over at the body.

MAN 1

You wanna steel from a dead man?

MAN 2

Why the hell not? We already stole this loot, from two diferent people, might as well get a few guns on us, incase anyone tries to follow us. Besides, that dead boy owes us, we diggin' him a grave, what did he ever give us? Nothin'.

MAN 1
You're right.

Man 1 drops his shovel and heads over towards the body. As his back is turned Man 2 pulls out a large knife.

Man 1 tries to flip the body over to make the search for a weapon easier. But as he goes to turn the body, the body jumps to life.

THE "DEAD MAN"

whips out a revolver. He holds it up to Man 1's eye and SHOOTs. A large chunk from the back of Man 1's head stains the sand behind him.

MAN 2

watches this in horror. He takes a few steps back. He then throws the knife at the "dead man".

The dead man, really THE GUNSLINGER, dodges the knife.

Man 2 tries to run but the Gunslinger SHOOTs him in both legs. Man 2 lets out a YELP. He hits the floor and immediately tries to crawl away.

Gunslinger quickly catches up to him and kicks Man 2 in the gut. Man 2 curls up, clutching his gut.

MAN 2
What the hell do you want?!

GUNSLINGER
Me? I don't want anything.

Gunslinger sticks the barrel of his revolver in the man's left ear. He pulls back the hammer.

GUNSLINGER
But your employer, who in a lot of ways is also my employer, does not like it that you and your dead friend over there stole from him. So, what he wants is your head.

Gunslinger pulls the trigger.

Man 2's head explodes as blood bursts through his right ear. He hits the floor, dead.

The Gunslinger starightens up. He slides his revolver into his holster. He puts his hat on his head, looks out over the horizon and walks off.

EXT. TOWN, JAILHOUSE -- DAY

THE SHERIFF

leans up against a post on the porch of the jailhouse. He looks around town as he smokes a pipe. He spots the Gunslinger walking through town and he smiles.

SHERIFF

Well I'll be damned, look who showed up. Back in town, eh?

GUNSLINGER

On business, yes.

SHERIFF

Ooh, that business of yours can sure be deadly some times.

(chuckles)

Come over hear, I haven't seen you in years. Come now, let's have a drink.

The Gunslinger smiles and makes his way over to the jailhouse.

INT. JAILHOUSE -- DAY

The Gunslinger has taken a seat across from the Sheriff at the Sheriff's desk. The Sheriff pours two glasses of whiskey. He slides one over to the Gunslinger.

SHERIFF

Drink up, and make yourself comfortable.

The Gunslinger pulls his revolver out of the holster and sets it on top of the desk. He then takes a sip of whiskey.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

So, who you in town for? No, wait... don't tell me, let it be a surprise. Just tell me what the poor sumbitch looks like so I can guess who he is.

GUNSLINGER

(Pantomiming)

Well he's about this big, real skinny, his hair's like this. He's pretty well known around town.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Not sure who that is, but don't worry about the mess you leave behind, I'll just have Bert clean it up later.

The Sheriff points over at BERT. Bert is asleep in a small cell.

GUNSLINGER

I'm sure you will.

The Gunslinger takes another sip of his drink.

SHERIFF

Is there anything else I can get you?

GUNSLINGER

Do you have any bananas?

SHERIFF

Any whats?

GUNSLINGER

Banana, it's a tropical fruit.

SHERIFF

We ain't got none of that here. Here, we eat only what men should eat.

GUNSLINGER

But you know what they say, "a man who eats bananas is a man with no shame."

SHERIFF

Well that's a load of cow shit. Men are supposed to have shame. A man with no shame ain't no man at all.

GUNSLINGER

Well I don't know about that, Sheriff, I eat a lot a bananas.

SHERIFF

And if you keep doing that you're gonna change into one of them girly types.

(CONTINUED)

GUNSLINGER

Sheriff, if there's something I've learned in my years it's that people don't change, only the times do.

SHERIFF

Ain't that the truth.

The sheriff sits back, smoking and taking a shot of whiskey.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

So, you gonna be in town long?

GUNSLINGER

No. I just have to take care of this one man and then I'm leaving this town, maybe for good.

SHERIFF

No you won't. This town is full of back stabbing bastards. As long as those people are around there're gonna be other people who will want you to get rid of them. You'll be back, just wait and see.

(beat)

Fact. I had to scrape up to dead fellers who got their brains blown out earlier today. That wasn't your work was it?

GUNSLINGER

Yes, yes it was. They stole from someone who didn't like that, so that someone hired me. I just do my job.

SHERIFF

Yeah, and for that I can't blame ya.

The Sheriff looks down at Gunslinger's revolver.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

That one's a beaut. How much it cost you?

GUNSLINGER

I don't think you'd be able to count that high.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Then don't make me.

A beat. The Gunslinger finishes his glass of whiskey. He then sets it down on the desk top.

GUNSLINGER

So, do you know who it is I'm after, yet?

SHERIFF

Nope. I have not a clue.

GUNSLINGER

Well just guess.

SHERIFF

Hell, I don't know. Jimmy the gun smith's son? That boy's been getting into too many fights lately, he's gonna get himself killed, and, well, seeing you here, I supposed that day has come.

GUNSLINGER

No. No, I'm not here to kill Jimmy.

SHERIFF

Then who the hell are you here to kill?

GUNSLINGER

(softly)

You.

The second the sheriff hears this he reaches for his revolver. He struggles with getting it out of the holster.

The Gunslinger simply grabs his revolver off the desk top and SHOTS the sheriff in the gut. He then SHOTS him in the shoulder.

SHERIFF

Agh!!! Dammit!

The sheriff falls to the floor.

The sound of the gunshots awaken Bert. Not being able to get out of the cell Bert watches in horror.

The Gunslinger gets up from his chair and walks around to the sheriff. He stands over him for a beat, only staring.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Why?

GUNSLINGER

Well, it's like you said, this town is full of back stabbers. And it so happens that one of these back stabbing towns people wanted you gone.

(beat)

I'm just doing my job.

SHERIFF

(coughing up blood)

And for that I can't blame ya. But please, tell me, who sent you?

GUNSLINGER

The gun smith.

SHERIFF

You're a good man for telling me that. So, do me a favor. I want to hire you. You can have all my money, I don't care, it's no good to me anymore.

GUNSLINGER

What do you want me to do?

SHERIFF

Kill... the gun smith's son. Let him suffer like I am right now. Go on, go do that. My money is in the town's bank, you can take it from there, just promise me you'll do that job for me.

GUNSLINGER

You have my word. But, first. I have a job to finish.

Gunslinger sticks the end of the barrel up against the Sheriff's forehead. He then SHOTS. Blood stains his face and the walls.

The Gunslinger slides the revolver into its holster. He puts on his hat, looks out the door at the town and then over to Bert.

Bert shakes his head, frighten.

(CONTINUED)

BERT

I won't tell anybody, promise. The
gun smith has it coming. My lips
are sealed.

The Gunslinger nods. He then walks out of the jailhouse.

FADE OUT.

THE END.