

THE FORSAKEN

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

The one room studio has a woodstove in the corner, a small dresser, and a table with two chairs. Most of the space is taken up by a beat up brass bed with red silk sheets.

The sheer curtains of the lone window flutter in the breeze. The window overlooks the main street.

Sitting naked on the edge of the bed is SAM (30). With tangled black hair and bloodshot eyes, he looks like he had a rough, albeit fun, night.

Next to him, under the sheets, is the silhouetted figure of KIM (20). Only her long and shiny black hair is visible.

Sam squints against the bright sunshine and pats her butt.

SAM

Rise and shine, babe.

She MOANS and barely stirs. He responds with a playful, but much more firm, slap on her butt.

KIM

Ow! Not funny, Sam.

SAM

Seriously, Kim. I gotta go. It's almost noon.

Kim sits up abruptly. She's Chinese, beautiful, and angry.

KIM

No, you don't!

He staggers to the corner and takes an unnaturally long pee into the chamber pot.

SAM

Yes. I do. He called me out.

Kim reluctantly gets up and puts on a well-worn silk kimono.

KIM

Tea first.

SAM

Christ, no coffee?

She pours water from a kettle into a Chinese tea pot, spoons in some green tea and sets it, with two cups, on the table.

KIM

No coffee. You drink tea!

Sam, now bent over a wash basin, holds up an open hand and nods. No point in fighting about it.

SAM

Okay, okay. Tea it is.

Sam gets dressed. His clothes are tailored and well made. He looks all business until he straps on his gun belt.

Kim, seated at the table, tends to the tea. She frowns at Sam as he buckles his belt.

KIM

Not at the table.

Sam opens his mouth to reply but thinks twice. He takes off the gun belt, hangs it on the back of his chair, and sits.

The small victory brings a smile to Kim's face.

He opens his pocket watch and sets it on the table. The watch fob is made of finely braided horse hair.

Kim holds her tea cup with both hands, bows to the cup and takes an audible sip.

Sam drinks half the tea in one gulp.

She gives a subtle shake of her head but stays silent. She points to his watch.

KIM

Where did you get the braid?

SAM

My brother Blake gave it to me when we were kids. He made it.

KIM

See? He does care for you.

SAM

That was a long time ago.

KIM

Before...all this?

She motions to the gun belt and Sam nods.

KIM
And you've kept it all this time?

SAM
It's all I've left from...the good
times. We've our differences now.

KIM
It's like this...
(motions to tea pot)
...it's all I have from home. When
I still had my honor.

An uncomfortable silence.

Sam checks the time and stows it in his vest pocket. He
stands and puts on his gun belt.

SAM
I have to go.

KIM
This is wrong.

He retrieves a saddlebag from the back of the door and
tosses it on the bed.

SAM
Hold on to that for me. Whatever
happens, your days as a...masseur
...are over. Everything you'll ever
need is in that bag.

KIM
I don't want your money, Sam.

She rushes to Sam and embraces him until he finally returns
it in kind.

From out on the street-

SHERIFF (O.S.)
I know you're up there, Sam! Come
on down. Let's talk.

She looks up into Sam's face and weeps.

KIM
Don't go meet the Sheriff. Go see
your brother instead.

He gives her a long kiss, then escapes her embrace. He dons
his Stetson, puts on a duster, and heads towards the door.

As his fingers reach the knob, he stops.

He draws his revolver and unloads all but one bullet. He spins the cylinder and then carefully lowers the hammer, not knowing where the round stops.

SAM
For Blake's sake.

Sam leaves.

She waits for him to turn, but he shuts the door without looking back. His steps fade down the hall and down stairs.

Kim is devastated. She throws herself onto her bed for a good cry until-

SHERIFF (O.S.)
That's far enough, Sam.

She runs to the window.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Close on Kim as she leans out to listen and watch below.

SAM (O.S.)
We don't have to do this.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
This mean you'll come in peaceably?

SAM (O.S.)
No, Blake. No such thing.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
You don't get to call me that! I'm Sheriff Bixby to you!

Kim is alarmed at his brother's sudden ire.

SAM (O.S.)
Come on, it's me. You're my brother, for Christ's sake.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
And I'll not have you tarnish the Bixby name any longer.

SAM (O.S.)
We're really gonna do this?

SHERIFF (O.S.)
And when I'm done with you, I'm
going right upstairs to take care
of your little tart!

Kim lets out the slightest shriek and leaves the window.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kim can't watch. As she turns towards her bed, a gunshot
(BANG!) rings out.

SCREAMS emanate from outside.

MAN (O.S.)
Someone get the Doc!

In a daze, she slowly goes and sits on the edge of her bed.
Kim opens the saddle bag and pulls out a wrapped package.

Money falls to the floor unnoticed as she opens the paper
wrappings fully.

The wrapping is a WANTED poster with a likeness of Sam that
reads DEAD OR ALIVE: SAM BIXBY.

Kim holds the poster to her chest and begins to cry.

The stairs down the hall CREAK. Footsteps get closer and
stop outside her door.

Both fear and longing flash across her face as the door knob
starts to turn.

FADE TO BLACK