

YER' IN OVER YER' HEAD

Written by

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EXT. TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD (CAMP) - EVENING

Two heavily mustached westerners stand under a make-shift shower-- a stream of water that has been pumped and diverted over a small cliff.

WYATT (27) takes off his filthy clothes along side his workmate, BILL (34).

BILL

Damn sun will be the death of me.

Bill drenches his face in water, takes a mouthful, swishes it around and spits it out.

WYATT

You know that goddamn China-man was sittin' in the shade? Caught him doin' it three times.

Wyatt has his turn in the center of the falling water. He slathers it into every pore of his face, takes a mouthful, swishes it around and swallows.

BILL

Lazy is what they is. You know two China-men are makin' what I make? Payin' slaves? It ain't right.

WYATT

And this here water is dirty as shit. Gotta' sorta' tang to it. Ain't proper workin' conditions if ye ask me.

Wyatt runs his tongue back and forth across his teeth to get a good taste. He squints one eye like he's just been kicked with a shot of whiskey.

Pan up through the muddy rock of the cliff face --

To the stream, no wider than a foot and a half --

A little ways up-stream, to a pair of tanned legs in straw sandals.

The legs straddle the stream and a golden torrent pours from in between.

Then, one last GRUNT as the mysterious stranger empties the last of his bladder.