Zombie Cowboy

Ву

Justin Cantrell

My brain

A Blockhead Production

Justin Cantrell

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EXT. BOG AT DAWN

A thick layer of fog rolls over an isolated, wet bog. The morning is cold and gray. The grass and leaves are soaked from a rainstorm the night before. All signs of life cease to exist. The natural landscape looks to be resting after a night of brutal winds. Water drips off the dead tree branches and long grass. Everything stands motionless, only the sound of trickling water can be heard. A small creek runs between two hills carrying the rainstorms water towards and off beat path that leads into a dark, desolate forest. A soaked, dirty toy bear lies on the ground near the creek. The toy is barely visible.

A lone wolf appears in the distance, over one of the bog's hills. It piers out looking towards the trail coming out of the forest. The wolf's head never flinches, never blinks. A noise can be heard from the forest. The wolf bolts away. The snapping of branches and rustling of leaves can be heard from the dark of the woods. A faint groan echos out across the bog. A man limps out of the trees and stumbles up the creek. He has a limp in his step and slowly drags his right foot. This is the RANGER.

RANGER (VO)

The fever, so they call it. Goddamn fever. I ain't ever heard of a fever that can make a man eat another man.

The RANGER steps down into the shallow creek and slowly walks up towards the hills. He's wet and covered in mud.

RANGER (VO)

But after the shit I've witnessed...can make a man believe almost anything. A whole town eaten alive by a fever...

The RANGER limps through the creek while never lifting his head. He pauses right before the toy bear. He tips his hat up and gazes at the toy, leans down, and picks it up.

RANGER (VO)

The fever ain't important no more. My family has gone missing with my wife sick. And if I cant get Lucy and my boy back...

The RANGER is holding the toy bear in his hand, surveying the rips and tares. He finally squeezes the toy and stuffs it in his coat pocket. CONTINUED: 2.

RANGER (VO)

...if I cant find my boy and wife...alive...I prey that the fever takes me. Cuz there aint nothin worse than living in this world without my family.

The RANGER stands up, throws the right side of his coat back and whips out his silver revolver. He checks the chamber, a quick ammo check, and spins his revolver back into its holster. Then adjusts his cowboy hat and hurries off the creek and up over the hill just in time for the sunrise.

FLASH BACK

EXT. FOREST AT NIGHT

A storm of massive winds and heavy rain is wrecking the forest. A wagon with a single horse is slowly making its way up the trail heading east toward the rising sun. A faint light illuminates the inside of the tent on the wagon. A bearded OLD MAN can be seen sitting on the front of the wagon steering his horse. He's holding the collar of his coat to his face and neck trying to keep dry.

OLD MAN

I told you this damn storm would be the end of us RANGER!

The RANGER sits in the back of the wagon with his wife, LUCY and son, JACK. JACK is no more than 10 years of age. His wife is lying down on her back pale and nearly unconscious. A bloody bandage is wrapped around her left forearm. RANGER is comforting her with his hand on her forehead while his son sits close to his mother clutching his toy bear. The rain begins taring through the tent over their heads.

OLD MAN

We need to find shelter from the storm, RANGER, you hear? The Burry Bridge is going to be flooded over for sure. My horse cant keep pulling us through the mud like this!

The RANGER sits still, comforting his wife, ignoring the OLD MAN's plea. JACK begins weeping and RANGER puts his hand on his shoulder. The OLD MAN quickly snaps his whip and the wagon speeds up again. The wagon shakes and bumps as violently as the rain. The RANGER looks up at his son and turns the boys head. The boy looks at his father and RANGER gives him a reassuring nod, then pats him on his back. The

CONTINUED: 3.

wagon suddenly jerks and kicks everyone off their seats. The horse shrieks.

OLD MAN

Dammit, Ranger!

The OLD MAN jumps off the wagon and walks out of the RANGER's sight then returns. He climbs into the front of the wagon.

OLD MAN

Damn axles gone to hell! I told you we couldn't make it through this storm! I hardly got the supplies to fix it! Listen, boy, you grab me in the middle of the road half cocked with your badge and your gun then force me out this way! Wont tell me a damn thing! Your boy hasn't made a peep and your wife's got one hell of a fever-

As soon as the word fever leaves the OLD MAN's mouth the RANGER flips out his revolver and points it immediately at the OLD MAN's head. His eyes dead set on him.

RANGER

She ain't got no damn fever!

The OLD MAN's jaw completely drops and his eyes are full of terror. A gust of wind suddenly rips a hole through the tent and rain beats down across the RANGER's face. The silver on the revolver shines in front of the OLD MAN's eyes.

RANGER

... Now about that axle.

OLD MAN

Yessir. Right away. Just let me grab my tools and a la-

A sudden loud moan interrupts the OLD MAN. The RANGER turns his head towards the back of the wagon. The boy begins weeping and clutches his father. The RANGER looks down at his wife and then to a brown wooden box. Another loud and more distinct moan bellows through the forest. He quickly opens the box and throws a rifle to the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN

What the hell was that?

CONTINUED: 4.

RANGER

You stay with my family until I come back.

OLD MAN

Whats going on? Is it Indians? They'll skin you alive out in these parts.

RANGER

Lets pray their Indians then.

The RANGER grabs the lamp and jumps out the back of the wagon.

JACK

Papa! NO!

RANGER

Be strong, JACK. Stay with your mother. (turns to the OLD MAN) Get this wagon fixed and you shoot anything that comes at this wagon that ain't me. Ya hear?!

OLD MAN

Yessir. I just don't understand. Whats going on? Cant you tell me?

Another loud moan cuts through the air. The RANGER turns his head towards the sound, then looks back at the OLD MAN.

RANGER

You wouldn't believe me...I've tried before.

The RANGER holds up the lamp, turns and heads into the darkness. JACK reaches his hand out to his father.

JACK

Papa!

FLASH FORWARD

EXT. OPEN FIELD AT NOON

The hot afternoon sun has dried up all visible rain. The RANGER is moving faster now. His limp is slowly going away. He keeps his eyes forward and his hand out, with the other on the grip of his revolver. He's following a trail.

CONTINUED: 5.

RANGER (VO)

When the fever first broke out our town's preacher believed it was the wrath of god punishing us for our infidelity, fornication, prostitution, murder...he had half the town folk in a panic. Mother's burning there children, neighbors lynching neighbors, mass suicides...

The RANGER's head keeps looking back and forth surveying the ground in front of his feet. He slows down briefly then quickly rests on one knee. He holds his hand out and lifts a piece of long, broken grass to his face. Its stained with blood. The RANGER removes his hat and wipes away the sweat upon his forehead.

RANGER (VO)

Other town folk said that it was the Indians. A man by the name of, John Riley, lived just outside town with his three sons and daughter. A few days ago he and his two eldest sons went out hunting for elk, only Mr. Riley returned home that night battered and bloody, hardly making any sense at all. He had bite marks all over his body and had caught...whats known now...as the fever. He said they were attacked by Indians...rabid, man-eating Indians.

The RANGER is moving quickly through the tall grass looking only forward. An INDIAN is slowly walking along the tree line in the distance, observing the RANGER. The INDIAN stands low to the ground and moves swiftly behind the cover of the forest. The RANGER never notices he's there. The INDIAN looks out at the RANGER. His eyes following the RANGER's every move.

RANGER (VO)

Riley said the Indians ate his sons alive and that no bullet would stop them. He shot off every round he had. "Damn Indians wouldn't stay down!" He'd screamed. Nobody believed him...not even me. Thought he'd lost his mind when he'd lost his sons. Can't blame the man.

CONTINUED: 6.

The INDIAN steps out of the tree line completely visible in the sunlight. He stands up, mostly naked, armed only with his tomahawk and bow. He looks out at the RANGER giving him the chance to see him. The RANGER is to fixed on the trail he's following, never noticing the INDIAN. The INDIAN's face is blank, but stands with a type of understanding to the situation. The INDIAN is young with smooth dark skin, unscathed and clean from any bites, and wears a mo-hawk on top of his head. His eyes could tell a thousand stories.

FLASH BACK

EXT. FOREST AT NIGHT

The RANGER is moving quickly through the dark forest. He holds the lamp out in front of him with his revolver drawn. The rain is coming down hard making visibility nearly impossible. The lamp flickers with every rain drop and step the RANGER makes. A loud scream or war cry suddenly cuts through the night. The RANGER squats down and scans the darkness ahead of him with the lamp that seems to hardly put out any light. Only the rain can be heard, pelting everything around him, another loud noise, the snap of a branch breaking, is heard. The RANGER looks up the hill towards the sound. A silhouette of a man on top of the hill can be seen. The RANGER aims up at the silhouette and fires off a round. BANG! The silhouette is gone. The RANGER stands back up and heads toward his possible kill.

EXT. FOREST AT NIGHT NEXT TO WAGON

The OLD MAN is standing outside the wagon with his tool box at his feet, holding the rifle close to his chest. He's looking out towards the sound of the gunshot.

OLD MAN

Don't worry, child(to JACK), your Pa's a trained ranger. I'm sure he's hit his mark.

JACK is shivering and clutching LUCY's feet. LUCY isn't moving and there are no signs of any breathing. Tears and panic cover the boys face. He begins shaking his mother's body.

JACK

Mama! Please, wake up! Mama! We need to leave! Please mama!

CONTINUED: 7.

OLD MAN

Come on, boy, settle down. Stay strong for yer Pa now. He's on his way back, I promise.

JACK

Mama no! Please! Mama!

The OLD MAN climbs back in the wagon with JACK and LUCY. He crouches over LUCY's body and puts his finger under her nose. The OLD MAN holds a look of worry on his face. He grabs the blanket over LUCY's chest and covers her face. He takes his hat off and holds it over his heart, then turns back to JACK.

OLD MAN

Child, I'm sorry...your mother was to sick to be traveling like this. She's ice cold and not breathing. C'mon now son. Your mother's gone. Gimme your hands now. Pray silently for her.

JACK begins weeping again and plants his face on the OLD MAN's chest. The OLD MAN is clearly uncomfortable and bewildered by the situation he has been dealt. The OLD MAN is a good man.

JACK

Mamas not dead. She'll come back...like auntie.

OLD MAN

I know child. You'll see them again. Your Pa' is on his way back now.

JACK

No, no! Please we need to find Papa now. We need to leave. Mama is going to come back angry. Please!

JACK is now trying to pull himself away from the OLD MAN. The OLD MAN has his back to LUCY's corpse and is trying to keep JACK from getting out of the wagon.

OLD MAN

You cant go out there! Be still child. Your father will be back. You need to wait here.

CONTINUED: 8.

While the OLD MAN is trying to keep JACK still. LUCY slowly sits up right behind the OLD MAN. JACK suddenly stops squirming and his eyes widen. A look of pure terror washes over his face.

OLD MAN What is it child?

The OLD MAN looks puzzled then turns around. LUCY is sitting up with her face still covered by the blanket. The OLD MAN slowly reaches out for the blanket and uncovers her face. LUCY's eyes are blood red, her mouth is wide open and drooling black foam, blood is pouring out of all the orifices of her face.

OLD MAN

...Dear lord-

LUCY's eyes suddenly lock onto the OLD MAN. She quickly grabs his head with both hands and bites down on his face. Crunch! Blood squirts all over the inside of the tent. The OLD MAN screams and squirms then shoots a single shot with his rifle. The bullet tares through the tent. LUCY is eating his face while his body struggles to get free. His legs keep kicking and knocks over the lamp. The inside of the wagon lights up in flames. JACK sits still in the back of the wagon his eyes glowing from the sudden fire. The horse begins to scream. LUCY is continuing to eat the OLD MAN's face not noticing the flames or JACK.

JACK

MA?

LUCY quickly turns her head around towards JACK. Her eyes are red and full of hate. Skin, blood, and bone fragments cover her face and mouth.

EXT. FOREST AT NIGHT

The RANGER is back on top of the hill still searching for signs of his kill or any blood. He holds the lamp close to the ground looking for any sign of a trail. He slowly creeps around not raising his head. The echo of the OLD MAN's gun shot finally reaches the RANGER's ears. He turns around looking back down the hill towards the wagon but is suddenly standing face to face with an INDIAN and his bow and arrow. They both are standing still. The RANGER is holding his revolver at his side. His index finger is slowly making its way around the trigger. The INDIAN is looking straight through the RANGER and with out hesitation shoots the arrow past the right side of his face. PHEWP! Landing directly into a walking corpse's face. The creature moans and falls

CONTINUED: 9.

back down to the ground. The RANGER drops the lamp and falls down to his knees in shock. The INDIAN nods his head at the RANGER and hurries past him to the corpse on the ground. He stands over his head and yanks the arrow from the corpses face, then pulls out his tomahawk and repeatedly hacks away at it's head. The INDIAN turns back around and points down the hill to where the RANGER's family is. The RANGER quickly recollects himself and turns back down the hill. He runs full sprint in the pitch black. His feet slip while he runs over the wet rocks and leaves. A scream from his son is heard. The RANGER picks up the pace. His face is getting scratched as he runs past the branches of trees. He holds his hands in front of his face to keep cover but looses sight of his footing. He steps down on a loose rock and tumbles down the hill. His head smacks down on a rock and he falls down into a puddle. The RANGER is knocked unconscious.

FLASH FORWARD

EXT. OPEN FIELD AT HIGH NOON

The RANGER is standing looking back west at the sun. He is holding his hat and rubbing the back of his head. He observes his hand, now covered in blood. A look comes over his face, as if recalling his fall the night before. He puts his hat back upon his head and continues his search along the fields. He's moving much faster now and completely determined to find his family. His limp is barely noticeable.

RANGER (VO)

I never should have left my family with that old man. He never knew what was really going on. He's dead because of me.

The sound of hoofs running catches the RANGERs ear. He squats low to the ground keeping his eyes peeled. The steed from the wagon comes running from the west. The horse can hardly be seen in the distance. The RANGER stands up and whistles to the horse. The horse turns in the direction of the RANGER and throws his head up and screeches. The RANGER pauses for a moment. The steed takes off heading directly towards the RANGER. As the steed comes closer the RANGERS eyes grow with concern. The steed is covered in blood and foaming from the mouth. Its eyes are blood shot and looking directly at the RANGER.

RANGER

Shit!

CONTINUED: 10.

The RANGER turns east and starts running. The horse screeches even louder. The RANGER is running as fast as his hurt leg will let him. The steed never lets up and only seems to be getting faster. The RANGER suddenly turns around and aims his revolver at the steed. Bang! Bang! The bullets hit the horse in the chest and mouth not even slowing it down. The horse lets out a horrible screech and jumps at the RANGER with its rabid jaws wide open. He quickly rolls out of the way.

RANGER

Shit!

The horse gallops past him, just barley missing the RANGER. The RANGER throws the coat off his back and slowly stands up.

RANGER (VO)

The head. Its got to be the head!

The horse now starts to make a wide turn back toward the RANGER. The RANGER checks his ammo. Three shots are in the chamber. He looks down the barrel of the gun and breathes in slowly.

RANGER (VO)

Three bullets. Three chances.

The horse screeches again and locks eyes with the RANGER. BANG! The shot misses. BANG! The steeds shoulder tares open with blood and is now directly in front of the RANGER. BANG! The bullet hits the steed between the eyes and its brain explodes out the back of its head. Its body, still carrying the momentum, falls at the RANGER.

RANGER

Shi-!

FLASH BACK

EXT. FOREST AT DAWN

The RANGER's eye opens. He is laying on his stomach, soaking wet, in a puddle of mud. The rain has stopped. The RANGER rolls on his back and sits up. He holds the back of his head in discomfort. He wipes his face clean from the mud and dirt, and looks to the sky. His eyes widen and he checks for his pistol. It lies in a puddle next to him. He grabs it and climbs to his feet.

CONTINUED: 11.

RANGER

Ahhh!

He leans back against the tree holding his right thigh. He looks back east toward the trail and grinds his teeth. He grabs a fallen branch that lies at his feet. He uses it to take the weight off his right leg. He pulls himself from the tree and heads in the direction of the wagon. His face squints with every step he makes. His face is full of anger and frustration. He tries to pick up the pace as he moves through the wet forest. His nostrils open wide and sniffs a bit. He pushes himself out of the brush and on to the trail, only to see an abandoned, smoldering wagon. The RANGER's face looks worried. He hobbles to the back of the burned down wagon still smoking from the fire. The steed is missing but blood and small amounts of flesh are on the ground where the animal should still be standing. Most of the wagon is burned to the ground. The RANGER checks for bodies in the back but there is no one to be seen. He quickly spins around and looks to the ground. He begins searching for tracks, a sign that his family is still alive. He is looking frantically all over until something catches his eye. He pauses for a moment and limps over to a small foot print on the ground. The footsteps are small and lead away from the wagon. Another set of larger footsteps follow the small ones. A look of hope washes over the RANGER. He turns back around to the smoldering wagon and hobbles towards it, still using the stick as a cane. He searches the wagon for any spare supplies. He only finds a piece of rope that tide the steed to the wagon. He quickly coils the rope up and ties it to his back underneath his coat. He turns back to the tracks and follows them east. Before he gets to far a loud moan stops him in his tracks. He slowly turns back around. The OLD MAN's corpse is standing at the wagon. His nose and left eye are missing. The skin on his face is taring away from his skull. More than half his body is severely burned. The bone on his right leg is showing. He slowly moves towards the RANGER dragging his right leg. He lets out another moan. The RANGER sighs and lowers his head. He stands in front of the OLD MAN's walking corpse and slowly draws his revolver. The RANGER looks up at the OLD MAN's walking corpse and raises the revolver.

RANGER

I'm sorry I did this to you.

He cocks the gun and waits for the corpse to get closer. The OLD MAN moans louder than before, hungry for flesh. the RANGER pulls the trigger. CLICK! The gun is jammed and the OLD MAN's mutilated corpse is getting closer. The RANGER doesn't panic and slowly puts his gun back in its holster then lifts up his walking stick. He takes a deep breath and swings the stick at the OLD MAN's head. CRACK! The creature

CONTINUED: 12.

moans and falls back to the ground. The RANGER steps over the OLD MAN's struggling corpse. The RANGER holds the stick with two hands above the OLD MAN's head.

RANGER

Forgive me.

The RANGER plunges the stick down into the OLD MAN's open eye socket. The OLD MAN's corpse suddenly stops squirming and lies there dead...again. The RANGER steps away from the OLD MAN's corpse leaving the stick in his eye. The RANGER turns back and begins following the foot prints again, this time, dragging his hurt leg. He groans.

FLASH FORWARD

EXT. OPEN FIELD AT DUSK

The steed's corpse lies on top of the RANGER. The RANGER struggles to get out from underneath the dead beast. He slowly pulls his legs free and stumbles away and falls back down next to the steed. He is covered in blood and his clothes are hardly recognizable. He's exhausted and sits awhile. In the distance the INDIAN is crouching through the tall grass making his way towards the RANGER, his bow and arrow in hand. The RANGER is still clutching his bloody revolver. He is out of ammo now. He places it back in its holster then slowly pulls himself to his feet and stumbles away from the steeds corpse. Hes disoriented and has almost know idea where to go. He's lost. As he presses on the RANGER rubs his right shoulder. A look of pain and concern are in his eyes. He pulls back the collar on his blood stained shirt and reveals a bite mark left from the rabid steed.

RANGER (VO)

No. Not now.

The INDIAN stands up from the grass and runs at the RANGER's back, leaping over the dead steed. He lifts his bow and arrow, and points it at the RANGER's back. He's standing only a few yards away from the RANGER. The RANGER turns around facing, once again, the INDIAN and his bow and arrow. The RANGER looks at his wound and then raises up his hand at the INDIAN.

RANGER

Please...not now...let me find my family first. I need to know they're alright.

The INDIAN stares intensely at the RANGER.

CONTINUED: 13.

RANGER (VO)

Please, lord. I've never asked for any adds before...just give me more time.

The RANGER is still holding his hand up at the INDIAN. The INDIAN's eyes ease up and then lowers his bow and arrow. The RANGER lowers his hand in disbelief. The INDIAN quickly pulls out his tomahawk and throws it between the RANGER's feet. The RANGER flinches and steps back. The INDIAN points towards the right direction. The RANGER stands in disbelief, startled by his answered plea to the lord. The INDIAN motions with his hand to get going. The RANGER grabs the tomahawk and turns to the direction in which the INDIAN had pointed at. He drags his broken, blood stained body along the grass and gives one last glance at the INDIAN. The INDIAN stands in place looking back at the RANGER.

TRANSITION TO BLACK

OPEN FIELD AT NIGHT

The Ranger is moving through the dark field. His left eye is full of blood and he is turning white.

RANGER (VO)

This is it. That INDIAN will be back to finish me off for sure. I need to know LUCY and JACK are alright. They have to be...why else would I still be alive and how could they have traveled so far if the fever turned them.

The field opens up at the bottom of a massive cliff. The ground has turned into sand and a single tree is planted before the cliff. The RANGER sees a small figure at the wall of the cliff. LUCY is on her knees chewing on a small body. The RANGER steps out from the tall grass onto the sand.

RANGER

LUCY?

LUCY snaps her head around. Blood on her face with human flesh hanging from her jaws. The small body is the remains of JACK. The RANGER's eyes grow with terror and rage. LUCY growls and crawls at the RANGER.

RANGER

N0000000!

CONTINUED: 14.

The RANGER pulls the rope from his back and tackles LUCY. He struggles with her on the ground and wraps the rope around her body, tying her arms to her sides and wrapping more rope around her mouth. He pulls her back to the ground and drags her to the tree, tying the rope to its roots.

RANGER

(sobbing)

LUCY darlin. Why? Why do this? Our boy...our beautiful boy.

LUCY struggles and squirms, hungry for more human flesh. The RANGER turns back towards JACK's mutilated corpse. Hardly any skin remains on JACK, he's blood and bones. The RANGER falls to his knees sobbing uncontrollably.

RANGER

JACK. My son...(crying)N000000! Your mamas sick, she didn't know any better. I cant leave you like this...I cant.

The RANGER's mind is lost. His spirit is finally broken. He crawls away on all fours like a dog and begins digging a hole with his bare, bloodied hands. The INDIAN is watching from the tall grass. The RANGER babbles and crying can be heard.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF AT NIGHT

The RANGER sits on top of a pile of dirt. He's buried his son and is looking at LUCY who is still struggling to get him from the tree. He has lit a fire between him and LUCY. The orange light dances between them. The RANGER coughs and blood spits out his mouth. He's ghostly white. The fever is taking hold of him. He looks back up at LUCY and smiles.

RANGER

Remember when we met. I couldn't have been older than 16(coughs again) I was a young, wild, ignorant son of a bitch then. Haha. Your father took pity on me and hired me to take care of his cattle. He knew I loved you before I did. I didn't know a damn thing then. When he first took me to round up the cattle, I was shaking in my boots. I hardly new how to hold a rope(coughs up more blood)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: 15.

RANGER (cont'd)

haha. Your father...he treated me like a son. I remember the first big storm that summer. A storm like last night, scared half the cattle off the ranch. We were trying to round them up in the night and there was this calf that had run miles away from the rest of the herd. I picked up his trail, I was always good at tracking animals. I was sure I would find him hiding under a tree alive and shaken, ready to take him back to your pa and make him proud. He and the other men had taken most of cattle back to the ranch...(coughs harder) only when I found the calf. He was being torn to pieces by wolves. I was young then and didn't carry a revolver. I jumped off my horse and ran at the wolves to try and scare em away like rats. Only they didn't leave...I was so young then, I haven't thought about that day in years.

The INDIAN stands in the dark watching the RANGER. He is slowly being joined by his fellow Indians, only a couple walk up behind the INDIAN, one is carrying a head of a once walking corpse. The INDIAN never takes his eyes off the RANGER.

RANGER

The wolves turned on me and by the time I realized the danger I was in my horse had taken off with out me. I seized up, my legs shaken like a rattle snake tale. (tries to laugh it off) I thought I was going to be eaten alive. Your pa came out from the distance, I suppose, screaming for me to run. I couldn't...I just stood there looking straight into the wolf's eyes. Your pa came galloping down shooting his pistol off like a wild man killing the one wolf I had locked eyes with. The others scattered. I remember after they left...I cried...I cried so damn hard, your father had to slap me to get my attention...embarrassing right? He (MORE)

CONTINUED: 16.

RANGER (cont'd)
told me to never falter and when I
was to marry you...(he sniffles and
coughs more)...when I was to marry
you...to never let you see me
cry...to take care of you (he's
sobbing now) and our
children...dammit LUCY...AHHH!

The RANGER falls off the dirt pile, clutching his stomach. He looks up at LUCY who has done nothing put struggle since being tide to the tree. He pulls out the tomahawk and starts crawling towards LUCY. His body is shaking and both eyes are blood shot. He's begining to turn into a walking corpse. The INDIAN is in the distance still, only to be joined by more Indians. A whole tribe of Indians are standing in the tall grass watching the RANGER. The RANGER pulls himself to his feet and grabs LUCY by her hair and holds up the tomahawk. LUCY struggles to try and bite at the RANGER. Her mouth is covered by the rope. The RANGER stands looking into LUCYS lost eyes. He lowers the tomahawk, failing to see his wife is no longer his wife. He drops the tomahawk and removes the rope from LUCY's mouth. He's holding her by the back of her hair. She snaps her jaws at the RANGER. He falls to his knees, blood rolling out from his ears and mouth, he holds her head with both hands. He gazes at his wife and smiles.

RANGER

I love you, LUCY. I'll be with you and JACK soon.

The RANGER pulls LUCY's face to his. He kisses her snapping mouth only to have his bottom lip bit by LUCY. She bites straight through, the RANGER pulls away only to have his lip torn off. He screams and falls back on the ground. The fever has taken control and he squirms and twist, spitting blood all over himself. He's screaming and groaning, trying to resist the fever. He pulls out his revolver and puts it to his head. CLICK! CLICK! The gun is empty. His hands begin to seize up, something like rigor mortis, he shakes all over. The dirt on the grave next to him is shaking now. Something is trying to dig itself out. The RANGER lets out a loud roar and stops moving. The RANGER lays on the ground motionless. The tribe of Indians have surrounded the RANGER and have lit torches. They begin walking towards the camp. The RANGER's eyes open, he is now a walking corpse, a zombie cowboy. He rises to his feet, still clutching his revolver. the tribe of Indians have him out numbered 7 to 1. The RANGER stands to his feet and faces the Indians. The dirt above the grave is still trembling. The Indians have there weapons drawn. The RANGER's jaw shifts to the side in a pop and lock motion. A few Indians lite there arrows with their torches and aim up at the sky. The RANGER lets out a final

CONTINUED: 17.

moan. The Indians shoot there flaming arrows at the same time. They sore through the air and fall back down towards the RANGER with full momentum. The RANGER embraces it.

A small hand bust out of the grave after the arrows hit the RANGER.

ROLL CREDITS

ZOMBIE COWBOY