

FADE IN:

EXT. STORMVILLE - DAY

As the name says, this is a place where the storm lives, but now it is particularly quiet. A few people are walking in the street...

Dozens of dried shrub balls roll along the street, then...

The WIND BLOWS VIOLENTLY, whipping up sand, dried bushes, socks and other items of clothing.

Everything swirls along the main street. The dust swallows everything in the city!

INSERT: STORMVILLE - 1887

The locals are crazy. They run, blinded by the dust, bumping into each other.

The horses gallop without direction, as boards fly above their heads.

A MEXICAN lies calmly sleeping, covered by his huge *SOMBRERO*.

A woman screams in panic as a short man flies over her head, landing in the horse trough.

Three Native Americans, possibly APACHES...- It is impossible to tell because of the storm - , walk against the wind. The three are triplets, aged about 20.

A Catholic FATHER, JAMES BRIDE, 50, wearing a pair of spectacles with thick lenses, helps a little pink pig safely across the street.

A coach heads towards him, out of control, showing the destination RAINVILLE.

Father Bride leaps to one side like a goalkeeper in a football match, clutching the little pink pig, as the coach thunders past.

He gets up and moves forward, shielding his eyes and the pig from the wind.

INT. GENERAL STORE - CONT.

It is a traditional store, typical of those found in the Old West. It sells practically everything.

KARL MAXMILIAN, 70, is a German immigrant who arrived in Stormville when it was still called WINDVILLE, as recorded on the inscription of a picture which hangs on the wall, with Karl posing next to the city's first Mayor, HAPALONG SUNDANCE.

Suddenly, an old woman, about 70, wearing black, flies into the store in panic. Her hair is in disarray.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, God! I hate this city! That storm won't leave us in peace!

KARL

(in a German accent)  
Calm down, Miss GENRE. I'll bring you a glass of water.

Miss Genre shakes herself, covering the place in dust.

Karl arrives with a glass of water. He hands it to her...

Someone opens the door...

A GUST of wind blows in, sending Miss Genre, with the glass of water, against the far wall. She faints immediately.

It is Father Bride...Holding the little pink pig under his arm.

FATHER BRIDE

Oh, my, oh my! I promised myself  
I'd go back to New York. Karl  
gives me a glass...  
(cough)  
glass...  
(more cough)  
Gla...Plea...Kar...

Father Bride's face turns pink...then red...

Karl runs to fetch a glass of water and hands to him.

Father Bride loosens his grip on the little pink pig in order to pick the glass of water, but the little pink pig jumps out of his hands and runs away, hiding somewhere.

The old German drops the glass of water, which falls onto Miss Genre's head.

It wakes the old woman up.

MISS GENRE

What on earth is happening in here?!

Father Bride falls onto his knees. NO AIR...COUGHING - his face turns RED...PURPLE...

KARL

Help him before he dies, for the Kiser's sake...

Miss Genre looks at a bottle nearby. She opens it and pours all the contents into Father Bride's open mouth.

He seems to be reviving...But when he sees the label on the bottle he faints.

MISS GENRE

What's the matter?!

KARL

It's laxative, Miss Genre!

The door opens again! The Mexican that lay sleeping tries to enter the store, but his sombrero is too wide for the doorway.

A strong gust of wind blows and he is pushed into the doorway.

KARL

Close that door, damn it!

The Mexican is unable close the door and continues to block the doorway.

Suddenly, he leaps like a cork from a bottle of champagne.

It's the three Apaches.

The three Native Indians pull at the door, trying to close it, but wind is too strong.

Father Bride comes over to help them. Now all four of them are pulling at the door! Just as the door closes, they hear a STRANGE NOISE.

Miss Genre's eyes fly open.

Karl crosses himself.

The three natives look at each other, sniffing something on the air.

The Mexican takes a bottle of tequila from under his *sombreiro* and takes a good swig.

Everybody turns to Father Bride.

FATHER BRIDE

What?!

MISS GENRE

Get out of here, you smelly Irishman.

FATHER BRIDE

Just because I'm a catholic?...

KARL

No, because you you're shitting yourself, Father!

MEXICAN

Run behind those sacks of

potatoes and relive yourself,  
amigo...

MISS GENRE

Behind the potatoes? Why not  
"run outside"!

The Father flies out, but there isn't time! He does it right there!

Total silence...Even the wind seems to have stopped blowing...

A LOUD NOISE!

MEXICAN

Madre Dios!

Everybody covers their noses with their hands.

The door opens again.

Sheriff BRUCE "EYE-BROW" GRANT enters, 50, tall, he appears to have a bushy mustache above his eyes. He has two shiny .45 Colt pistols slung around his waist.

EVERYBODY

CLOSE THAT FUCKING DOOR!

SHERIFF GRANT

I heard you. I'm not deaf!

He closes the door. This time it shuts easily.

They all look at each other, astonished.

Immediately, Sheriff Grant smells the bad odor in the air and begins retching...

KARL

Oh, no!

MISS GENRE

I have to get out of this  
hell...

MEXICAN

And straight to another hell  
outside, Señora.

The three Apaches are laughing at Miss Genre.

The Father joins them, his skin now yellow!

Sheriff Grant VOMITS over the three Apaches!

APACHE #1

And the white men say we are  
bad-mannered people...

A loud NOISE!

Everone is still afraid...

KARL

What the hell...

SHERIFF GRANT

Silence!

The noise GETS LOUDER!

The three Apaches get onto their knees and bend their heads to the ground to listen.

ALL APACHES

HORSES!

MEXICAN

(goes over to the window)  
CHIEF TANOOKY TEN-WIVES! With  
his ten wives.

FATHER BRIDE

For the sake of Saint Patrick,  
how could they ride out in this  
storm?

MISS GENRE

He has ten wives, hasn't he?

The noise stops, the only sound is the wind blowing outside.

SHERIFF GRANT

It's him!

KARL

To shop in my store!

ALL

OH NO!

The door opens and Chief Tanooky Ten-Wives enters, followed by his ten wives and clouds of dust...

He is, about 40, very tall and underneath his trousers we can see he that has a HUGE pair of BALLS!

Everybody stares at them!

Chief Tanooky Ten-Wives notices, and grins proudly.

The store is CROWDED with people!

Suddenly, the little pink pig spots the open door and tries to escape...

MISS GENRE

THE PIG IS ESCAPING!

CHIEF TANOOKY TEN-WIVES

No, it won't!

Chief Tanooky Ten-Wives throws his long knife...

FATHE BRIDE

Holy cow!

The knife hits the little pink pig in the center of its forehead!

The little, fat pink animal looks up at everyone inside the store...

A SINGLE TEAR DROPS from its pink face.

Everyone looks at the poor little pink pig, feeling very sorry for it.

The little pink pig seems to watching his life passing by...

SEQUENCE WITH THE LITTLE PINK PIG:

- A very small suckling, drinking from his mother's teats. together with his eleven brothers.
- A young little pink pig, running through a green, flowery meadow with his beloved sow.

BACK TO SCENE

The little pink pig splutters and dies.

MEXICAN

(to Chief Tanooky Ten-Wives)  
Madre fucker! You killed him!

FATHER BRIDE

There goes my lunch!

SHERIFF GRANT

Hey, it was only a pig, come-on...

CHIEF TANOOKY TEN-WIVES

(raising a hand)  
Karl.

KARL

(raising a hand)  
Hi, Chief Ten-Wives! Visiting or shopping?

CHIEF TEN-WIVES

Neither. We are hiding from  
GENERAL JAMES STORE.

Once again a loud NOISE is heard!

The three apaches are about to kneel down again...

CHIEF TEN-WIVES

Oh shit, guys! It's the General  
James Store. He's coming after  
me!

FADE OUT