

Adapted Western Script

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DOLORES, an intelligent woman, has been accused of killing the daughter of a nearby saloon-owner. He has been forced to participate in a gun slinging fight to determine his fate.

QUENTIN, a large middle-aged man, is Dolores's good friend, and has volunteered to represent Dolores in this gunfight. He is confident that he can defeat the saloon-owner.

As Dolores and Quentin are walking along a narrow path in the woods:

DOLORES  
(concerned, worried)  
Are you sure you want to do this?

QUENTIN  
(confident, reassuring)  
Shut your big bazoo, of course I  
want to do this. You're my lover.

Quentin picks up a flask of whiskey from his belt and starts chugging it down.

DOLORES  
(irritated)  
Don't drink before a gunfight - you  
know that! You're beginning to sour  
my milk Quentin - my life is at  
stake here!

Quentin puts down the flask and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN PATCH IN FOREST - DAY

Dolores and Quentin emerge from the trees.

DOLORES  
We're here.

WYATT, an aggressive saloon-owner, is a muscular man renowned for his gun slinging ability. His daughter has been recently murdered, and he believes Dolores is responsible.

As Wyatt emerges from the trees and looks at Dolores:

WYATT  
 (cocky, amused)  
 I see you brought a friend. Too  
 afeared to face me yourself?

As Quentin walks into position opposite from Wyatt, putting  
 his hand on the revolver:

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 (cocky, confident)  
 What do we 'ave 'here? A dead man I  
 see? Are you ready? You're gonna  
 pay for my daughter's death.

QUENTIN  
 We'll see.

WYATT  
 (sad)  
 I still remember the night I found  
 her all boogered up right there in  
 my saloon. I couldn't save her. The  
 customers there said that it had  
 been Dolores.

(Flashback) Wyatt walking into an mostly empty bar at night,  
 seeing his daughter dead on the ground. Wyatt runs up to her  
 and screaming in agony while shaking his daughter's head,  
 trying to "wake her up".

QUENTIN  
 (confident)  
 Dolores here had nothing to do with  
 your daughter's murder. Apologise  
 now and we can end this nonsense.

Wyatt ignores Quentin's remarks.

WYATT  
 Let's just get this over with.

As both Wyatt and Quentin slowly reach for their guns:

QUENTIN  
 3...2--

Before Quentin can finish counting down, Wyatt takes out his  
 revolver and pulls his trigger. Quentin quickly reacts and  
 dodges, and the bullet only grazes his stomach. Quentin,  
 gripping his stomach, stumbles, and then starts backtracking.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
 (angry, shouting)  
 You filthy chiseler!

Wyatt walks forward, pulling his trigger again. Quentin dodges the bullet and this time pulls his trigger, but Wyatt dodges it.

WYATT

If you wanna beef me, that ain't gonna be enough!

Wyatt pulls his trigger a few more times, but Quentin manages to dodge them and then run behind a nearby tree to hide.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(irritated, shouting)

Come 'ere and face me like a man, you coward!

Quentin turns around and shoots one bullet, but his unsteady hand causes him to miss. Wyatt cautiously approaches the tree that Quentin is hiding behind.

As Quentin takes deep breaths behind the tree:

QUENTIN

(soft)

Admit that you're wrong now and I'll end your life without pain.

Wyatt chuckles.

Catching him off guard, Quentin suddenly turns around and shoots Wyatt in the hand.

WYATT

(angry, in pain)

Arghhh!

Wyatt falls onto one knee, and Quentin shoots him in the stomach again.

As Wyatt falls onto his back:

QUENTIN

(confident)

No, no, no, you can't die, my friend. You haven't admitted it yet. Dolores didn't have anything to do with your daughter's death. Say it now!

Quentin leans over and looks Wyatt right in the eye. Quentin steps and kicks Wyatt's gun out from his hand and into the bushes nearby. Quentin cocks his gun and keeps his revolver pointed at Wyatt's forehead as he circles around Wyatt's body.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
You're dead meat anyways - just say  
it.

Quentin glances at Dolores and Dolores gives a nod.

DOLORES  
(firm)  
Finish him.

Wyatt suddenly uses his last bit of energy and uses his hand to trip Quentin. Quentin's gun drops out of his hand as he falls to the ground. Wyatt sits up, grabs Quentin's gun. As Quentin tries to crawl backwards.

QUENTIN  
(scared)  
I...I love you Dolores!

Wyatt fatally shoot Quentin in the head and Quentin immediately falls to the ground.

WYATT  
(calm, soft)  
Dolores here might not have killed  
my daughter, but somebody did.

Dolores is shocked as his jaw starts to drop. He turns his back and starts to run, but stumbles. Hearing the footsteps, Wyatt suddenly turns around and shoots Dolores in the back with one shot. Dolores falls onto his knees, and Wyatt shoots him in the back one more time. Dolores then falls face first into the ground.

FADE BLACK