

A Long Stalk Goodnight

Written by

MD THOMPSON

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Draft
Final Draft

Contact
469-857-3958
marcus.thompson1031@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HOMESTEAD FARM. NIGHT - MID 1800'S

An old rusting windmill blows in a gentle rotation, singing an eerily slow screech of a rhythm.

An abandoned two story Rustic log cabin sits alone on a hill in the open field.

Downhill facing the woods is a chicken coop made from pallets.

INT. CHICKEN COOP

The chickens are sleeping.

A boot comes down hard on the ground.

Huff. Huff. Huff.

Someone is out of breath.

A winded, bruised gunslinger plops his way into the chicken coop. He is a mess. Literally and figuratively. His face is sunburned from the beaming hot day, dried cracked dirt lay crusted upon his features, lips are cracked. His western attire are now dusty rags compared to what they once were.

He searches the chicken coop, using his hands, feeling along the floor and walls for--

He finds it.

GUNSLINGER#1

HAHAHAHA!

IT'S A CHICKEN COOP WATERING SYSTEM. A homemade chicken water bucket, with a nipple system.

He goes straight for one of the nipples, eagerly sucking and licking on the tip.

We hold there for a while, watching as this desperate man quench his thirst. It's so desperate it's funny.

The windmill still screeches in the background.

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CONTINUED:

Gunslinger#1 flops back against a mountain of chicken feed bags piled up against the wall.

He sits there catching his breath. He's calm but still worn, he wipes the bullets of sweat from his forehead laughing tiredly to himself. This chicken coop is a safe haven gem in his exhausted eyes.

Gunslinger#1 relaxes his head against the pile of chicken feed. His eyes begin to go distant. He is thinking of a memory. Something unpleasant from the past, and how it's all coming back to haunt him tonight.

THE MOONLIGHT BEAMS DOWN THROUGH THE MESH NETTING WINDOW IN THE CHICKEN COOP.

The patterns of the light reflect upon Gunslinger#1 face as he sits. Thinking.

SOUND

Chirp. Chirp. Chirp. Chirp.

The sound breaks Gunslinger#1 from his trance. He looks around the coop, searching for the sound. He crawls along the floor, listening with his ear.

SOUND (cont'd)

Chirp. Chirp. Chirp. Chirp.

Gunslinger#1 puts his ear lower towards the ground.

He finds the source.

He reaches underneath the shelf that houses the sleeping chickens. He retracts holding an egg.

Gunslinger#1 holds the egg up eye level.

It's in its beginning stages of hatching. There's a tiny crack on the side of the egg where the baby chick had already started tearing at. The tiny chirping is coming from within the egg.

It's the start of life and Gunslinger#1 is holding it in his hand. Something so small, yet so enormous at the same time. He appreciates this moment.

A rare grin forms on his face as the egg continues to hatch.

EGG

Chirp. Chirp. Chirp. Chirp.

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CONTINUED:

The eerie windmill howls before it comes to an even more eerie halt.

The homestead goes silent.

It's more frightening than the windmill's song.

The Gunslinger returns the egg to a nest with five of it's unhatched siblings.

The Gunslinger's expression is now determined. He is on a mission and he has to follow it through.

Gunslinger#1 flips around his rifle back scabbard and removes a HENRY 1860 RIFLE. It's aged but still nothing to be trifled with.

He dumps several flat nosed bullets onto the ground.

He slides the tab up the long tube shaft of the rifle, and he starts loading the bullets into the tube one at a time.

Clink.

Clank.

Clink.

The bullets carelessly slam on top of one another as they are being added.

In total he adds about 8 rounds into the rifle.

He twists back the tab, and it slams back on the tube, hitting one of the bullets--

BAM!!

The gun mishaps, and before anybody or anything can flinch-- THE CHICKENS are up and fluttering everywhere! Clawing, Clucking, pecking, it's a madhouse.

Gunslinger#1 swats at them as they attack.

They are ferociously going in at him, they claw at his face, he shoots again. Aimlessly, but intentionally.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP

Plucked feathers fly from the coop as the fight continues inside.

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CONTINUED:

Gunslinger#1 yells and groans as he too puts up a fight.

BAM BAM!!

Gunslinger#1 leaps from the chicken coop and into the overgrown tall grass.

He crawls away from the chicken coop and into the neighboring one.

INT. CHICKEN COOP#2

This chicken coop is the busted up ghetto version of the previous one, but it's empty so it will do.

Gunslinger#1, now bloody and scratched from the cock fight, has him on edge. He tries to steady himself, concentrate. He grips his rifle tightly.

He steadies his aim towards the woods straight ahead.

AND THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK, AND DEEP.

The trees blow in the breeze.

Gunslinger#1 eyes the lining of the trees about 100 yards ahead, he can barely make out anything.

He squints.

The windmill picks back up with its slow melody.

The bullets of sweat has now returned to Gunslinger#1 forehead.

The rifle slightly shakes underneath his grip. He calms himself and uses the shed "window" as a stand for the rifle as he aims.

His POV lining the trees for any movement.

Nothing.

He scouts the other directions.

STOP!

WE freeze at the sight of it.

The ghostly thin silhouette as it dances loosely in the air.

Smoke. From a cigarette.

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CONTINUED:

We follow the trail.

Standing inches outside of the woods we see a dark silhouette of another Gunslinger in the distance.

A tall slender stature as he smokes. The other Gunslinger's trench coat blows in the breeze, face is distorted under the hat and distance, but he doesn't move. He just smokes.

Gunslinger#1 eyes are focused right on his adversary in the distance.

GUNSLINGER#1
(to himself)
Can you see me? Because I can see
you.

Gunslinger#2 continues to smoke.

The orange speck of a light fades in and out.

Gunslinger#1 exhales as his finger stokes the trigger.

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)
You can't see me.

Gunslinger#2 flicks the cigarette and eases back into the woods, disappearing like a ghost.

Gunslinger#1 furrows his eyebrow in confusion.

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)
Where'd ya go?

SOUND
Grooowwwlllll

Gunslinger#1 shoots his aim towards the ground outside of the chicken coop and there we see a mad rabid American Pit Bull Terrier coming right at the coop a few meters away.

OH SHIT!

Gunslinger#1 turns and bolts from the chicken coop, running uphill with all his strength.

The dog effortlessly leaps through the chicken coop window, and is nearing Gunslinger#1's trail.

Gunslinger#1 is chopping the wind with his arms as he runs, his feet is like a well oiled machine as he sprints like hell.

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CONTINUED:

The rifle wags around in its holster on Gunslinger#1 back.

The dog grunts as it runs after him, it too is on a mission.
HUNT.

Its muscles flex working in overdrive as The Dog breaks in behind Gunslinger.

He feels The Dog inching in on him.

GUNSLINGER#1
ARGH! FUCK!

The dog snaps at the bottom of his boot heel.

HUMPH!

Gunslinger leaps up a ditch, gaining a not so distant lead from The Dog.

There he sees the old rustic log cabin and with more determination he b lines towards the cabin with The Dog being a close second on his ass.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN

Flies buzz around a dull light from the lamp post.

HUFF! HUFF! HUFF! HUFF!

Gunslinger#1 is racing towards the front door.

It sits waiting for him to enter.

We sit waiting for him to reach us.

Beat.

Gunslinger#1 runs through the buzzing flies and onto the porch.

He yanks open the front door.

THE DOG RUNS TOWARDS THE PORCH AFTER HIM.

A screen door. Cowboy tries to yanks open door.

LOCKED.

FUC--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOG JUMPS INTO GUNSLINGER#1 KNOCKING THEM BOTH THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR AND INTO THE CABIN.

INT. LOG CABIN. KITCHEN

The Gunslinger and Dog come crashing through the junky kitchen and landing on the table, knocking it over to its side.

They are both thrown to the floor hard and rough, but there's no time for moans and groans.

Gunslinger leaps onto his feet.

The dog shakes it off leaping at him, Gunslinger blocks the attack with his arm. Bad idea, he gets a arm full of dog teeth.

GUNSLINGER#1

AHHH!

They fight and tussle around the kitchen.

Finally Gunslinger decks the dog right in the nose. HARD.

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)

DOWN BITCH.

The dog drops, but jumps again.

Gunslinger swings around his rifle scabbard, using it as a bat, swinging it against The Dog's dome.

The dog is knocked to the side, and Gunslinger turns running from the kitchen.

INT. CABIN. HALLWAY

They run down the narrow hallway and into the living room, Gunslinger turns and runs up the stairs, The Dog hot on his heels. Midway up the stairs, Gunslinger leaps over the banister and lands hard on the floor below. The Dog keeps running up the stairs.

It worked.

The Gunslinger runs back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

He pushes through the swinging door.

He leaps over the sideways table and he positions himself behind it like a shield.

He retrieves Henry 1860.

He cocks it.

Points directly at door, and we wait.

Beat.

Directly right above us, in the room upstairs we hear The Dog's feet walking around the room.

He eyes the ceiling above.

We are right below him and he doesn't even know it.

A sinister grin forms on Gunslinger's face.

The Henry 1860 lifts from its post and up towards the ceiling.

Circling along with The Dog's footsteps.

GUNSLINGER#1
Yeah keep prancing around, I got you,
you bastard.

Cocks rifle.

AS GUNSLINGER AIMS AT THE CEILING, IN THE BACKGROUND IF YOU'RE REALLY PAYING ATTENTION, WE SEE THE OTHER GUNSLINGER INCHING IN FROM OUTSIDE THROUGH THE BROKEN IN KITCHEN DOOR. HE IS DEADLY SILENT. A RUTHLESS AFTERTHOUGHT.

Gunslinger#1 has his attention focused upward chuckling at that he has the "upper hand".

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)
(singing)
Yippy ti yi yo get along little
doggies it's your misfortune and none
of my own. Yippy ti yi yo get along
little doggies you know that Wyoming
will be your new home.

Gunslinger steadies his shot.

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CONTINUED:

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)
Now I sang, little doggie. Now little
doggie, you die.

GUNSLINGER#2 IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT, THE DOOR IS WIDE AND EMPTY
AS BEFORE.

The dog is heard running from the room.

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)
SHIT!

O.S. The dog comes down the stairs and stops.

Gunslinger#1 goes back to his post at the table aiming the
rifle at the door.

SOUND
(o.s
savagely)
GRROOOWWLLL

GUNSLINGER#1
(yelling back)
Oh yeah?! Well come on you fuck!

There's a loud bark and Gunslinger blasts his gun shooting a
gigantic sized hole through the kitchen door. It swings
madly back and forth.

It's silent.

Gunslinger#1 waits for movement outside of the room.

He puts down the rifle, and pick up a cleaver and a butcher
knife that spilled out onto the floor from the crash.

He goes to the swinging kitchen door.

Flip.

Flob.

Flip.

Flop.

The door swings back and forth.

Through the gigantic hole in the door we see The Dog. Still
alive. Still savagely waiting at the end of the hallway.

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CONTINUED:

They look at each other through the gigantic hole in the kitchen door.

The dog. Hungry.

Gunslinger. Tired. But, lets do this.

The door stops swinging and for a beat they stare for the stand off.

They both prepare to attack.

GUNSLINGER#1 (cont'd)

BOUNCE!

The dog runs towards the kitchen, preparing to leap through the gigantic hole through the door.

The dog's feet leave the ground and he is up in the air, big balls and all.

Wide eyed Gunslinger swings his weapons as The Dog comes at him open mouthed like a real jaws look alike.

SWOOSH!

YELP!

EXT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is silent.

This time we are looking at the Gunslinger's head through the gigantic hole in the door.

We hear the blades hit the kitchen floor.

There's no celebration here. He's tired. Too much death. Yes The Dog too.

INT. KITCHEN

DEAD DOG. NECK SPLIT. BLOOD CENTRAL ON THE FLOOR.

He picks up his gun.

GUNSLINGER#1

Sorry about that Henry.

He looks at his remaining bullets. 4.

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CONTINUED:

In the distance there's a whistle. Like if you're calling for your pet.

It hits him like a jolt of lightening, THE OTHER GUNSLINGER!

Like a drill sergeant he aims Henry at the kitchen door leading outside of the house.

THE TREE BRANCHES WAVE IN FRONT OF THE MOON, THE AIR IS COOL AND STILL.

There's no movement, so with his eyes still glued to the door, he backs out of the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

He exits through the swinging door, rifle still alert in his hands.

He stands at the swinging door. Face and gun seen through the gigantic hole.

Gunslinger#1 turns and runs down the hall, into the living room where he kicks over the floor rug tossing it aside, he pulls on the hidden latch on the floor opening up a hidden floor storage.

INT. FLOOR STORAGE

It's uh--not meant for people but it will do.

Gunslinger's boot comes down into the storage.

Huff. Huff. Huff.

He crouches down into the storage, propping his gun at an angle ready to shoot.

He pulls down the storage door, too stuffed the door won't close.

He readjusts himself and he pulls down the door and just like that he is safely hidden.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The room is silent.

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CONTINUED:

The front door of the home broke off the hinges years ago, leaves pour in from the gentle breeze making obscure leaf tornadoes throughout the room.

A pair of black boots come into frame, they stop at the frame of the door.

Cigarette drops.

Another whistle for The Dog.

The cigarette burns on the floor.

Boots walks into the house.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Criick.

The boots stop. Right on top of the floor storage. The boots bounce on the spot.

CRRRIIICCK.

SHOT OF GUNSLINGER#1 INSIDE OF THE STORAGE POINTING HENRY UPWARD RIGHT BELOW THE OTHER GUNSLINGER. FACE DRENCHED AND DEADLY STONE COLD. ONE MOVE MOTHERFUCKER.

The black boots walk off from above the storage and towards the kitchen.

The door swings behind him.

There's a low groan from inside of the kitchen. It's clear he is witnessing the dead dog.

SUDDENLY the kitchen door swings open and Gunslinger#2 emerges, he stomps as he walks down the hall, pass the crick on the floor, and up the stairs, boots not missing a step.

We stay in the living room as Gunslinger#2 is heard walking upstairs.

SLOOOWLY the storage door is pushed open.

Henry comes out first.

Gunslinger#1 head pops out second, coast is clear.

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CONTINUED:

Gunslinger#2 footsteps wanders about upstairs opening doors, searching.

Gunslinger#1 closes the hatch silently and slowly, trying. not. to. make. A. Sou--

In a smooth and quick motion, The Gunslinger#2 slides sitting down on the banister holding out a colt and before Gunslinger#1 can hold out Henry in defense--

BLAAM! The colt shoots.

Neck shot. Gunslinger#1 flies off his feet and lands hard into the wall.

Wide eyed in disbelief he grips his neck, mopping up blood as it spills. No hope.

Gunslinger#2 jumps onto the floor in front of him, standing tall in victory. The Old West Colt is a work of art, a dark gun with gold carvings and lettering.

Gunslinger#1 eyes the gun and tries to point at it but his arm drops tiredly down, the gun is familiar to him.

Gunslinger#2 looks down at him hidden behind the black hat and scarf. He squats down in front of suffering Gunslinger#1 and removes the hat, a long dark braid drops down from the hat.

Gunslinger#1 is at first shocked, then he is enraged. He grunts and hollers through his fatal neck wound.

Gunslinger#2 just let him have his fit.

Gunslinger#1 calms down, he faintly murmurs to himself as he holds onto his neck wound.

Gunslinger#2 bends forward trying to understand--

Gunslinger#1 removes his hand from his neck wound and it shoots blood into Gunslinger#2 face.

Gunslinger#1 bellows out a gasp of a laugh. His last fuck you.

Gunslinger#2 unwraps the scarf from around her face revealing that she is a woman. A female gunslinger, a pretty good one at that. She is a plain Jane, eyes hold only revenge.

She uses the scarf as a napkin, wiping away the blood from her eyes.

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CONTINUED:

She tosses it at Gunslinger#1 face, he snatches it, pressing it to his wound.

Gunslinger#1 kicks his leg around, trying to grab Henry with it.

Gunslinger#2 picks up Henry.

Gunslinger#1 angrily insults her through his muffled speech.

GUNSLINGER#2

Fuck me?

(points Henry between
Gunslinger#1 legs)

Fuck you.

Gunslinger#1 squirms from her aim.

GUNSLINGER#2 (cont'd)

What's more disappointing? Knowing that you're about to die, or, as soon as you do I'm going to throw this shit kicker rifle into the first flame I see.

Gunslinger#1 is seething through every hole in his face.

She twirls the rifle, aiming it at Gunslinger#1 like a ROTC show.

GUNSLINGER#2 (cont'd)

At ease, soldier. You're going home.

She squints her eye, ready to shoot.

Gunslinger#1 eyes are distant. He's fading away.

Dies.

His eyes lay open, tired. Defeated. Dead.

Camera pans out from his face--

GUNSLINGER#2 IS ALREADY OUT OF THE HOME AND INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING US WITH ONLY THE VIEW OF THE NIGHT SKY AND THE EERIE WINDMILL SINGING IN THE DISTANCE.

FADE OUT