

GUNSLINGER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

SUPER: 1888 Texas

The hot sun burns in the midday sky.

The sounds of a light sirocco wind blows through the dry sandy desert.

A group of vultures flap their wings and squawk whilst they scavenge around a dead cow's carcass. The buzzing sounds of flies around the rotten cow.

An eagle soars high up above in the blue sky.

On a solitary rock nearby two lizards are locked in a strange dance, the act of sex.

The eagle soars at lightening speed down towards the two lizards.

Whoosh!

With extended talons, the eagle grabs the male lizard mounted on top of the other creature.

Lash!

The second lizard, also a male, suddenly extends it's sticky tongue and attaches it to the body of the other lizard.

Splat!

The lizard's tongue retracts and pulls the other lizard out of the eagle's grasp. The eagle flaps it's wings and flies away.

High up in the air the eagle takes a shit which falls rapidly toward the lizards on the desert sand.

The two lizards motion to each other, a mouth to mouth gesture which resembles a kiss, then both dart away behind a rock. The eagle shit splats onto the hard rock.

Silence. The only sounds, are the sounds of flies buzzing around the carcass nearby. Then the sounds of moans and groans fill the desert air. The sounds come from behind a large rock.

EXT. DESERT - ROCK - DAY

A small boy, about ten years old, his pants down to his ankles bends down.

The boy's face is screwed-up tight, the small veins extend in his face and neck and his eyes look like they are about to pop out. Suddenly the boy takes a big shit. Sweat trickles down the boy's forehead and down his cheeks.

The deep ping of a metallic sound like something dropping into a bucket.

Relief spreads across the boys face.

BOY

Oh, God!

The boy frantically rubs his eyes.

BOY

I can't see! I can't see!

The boy tries to run, but the short trousers around his ankles makes him trip and fall down to the ground.

BOY

Help!! Help! I'm blind!

The boy feels for his short trousers, pulls them up and runs away but runs straight into a hard rock.

Thud!

The boy is motionless on the ground, he wakes up, appears groggy. He slowly climbs to his feet, he sways from side to side for a moment then runs away through the sand.

The boy runs past the carcass, frightened, the vultures disperse and flutter away.

The boy runs in zigzag patterns to the middle of the hot sandy desert.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The hot sun burns in the morning sky.

A MAN, about 30 years old, sleeps under a blanket, smoke rises from a burnt out fire and a horse stands close by tied to a rock.

The Man suddenly wakes, he appears scared, frightened, sweat trickles down his forehead.

MAN

Fuck me! That strange bloody dream again... It plagues me all the time. Goddamn!

The Man climbs out of the makeshift bed, folds the blanket and ties this to the back of the saddle on the horse.

He reaches down to the ground and lifts his black hat and black coat. He puts on the hat and coat. He reaches inside the coat pocket and pulls out a pair of spectacles with dark glass for lenses and puts them on, covers his eyes.

He fumbles for the horse, puts a foot into one of the stirrups and climbs the horse. He pulls on the reins and the horse tramps off into the desert.

A silhouette of a rider and horse on the distant desert horizon.

INT. WESTERN TOWN - SALOON - NIGHT

It is crowded and noisy. HOOKERS, GAMBLERS, GUNMEN, POLITICIANS, enjoy their times drinking and chatting.

A one handed man, LEFTY, about thirty years old, plays at an upright piano.

Suddenly, the ching, ching, ching sounds of boots with spurs rings outside on the wooden sidewalk.

Lefty stops playing the piano.

Everybody in the saloon stops what they are doing and listens intently to the ching, ching, ching of the spurs as they get nearer, closer.

Ching, ching, ching.

Everybody in the saloon turns their attention to the swing doors.

The saloon doors swing open. A small man, called SHORTY enters the saloon, he carries a box in one hand and a boot with spurs in the other, they bang together and make a ching, ching, ching, sound.

Everybody in the saloon are suddenly relieved, some people laugh and then they return to what they were doing previously. Lefty returns to play the piano.

Shorty shuffles towards the bar.

The saloon doors swings open and the Man from the desert, he still wears dark glasses, steps into the room. He brandishes a thin ornate walking stick. His footsteps click in time with the third sound of the stick when it hits the wooden floor.

The Man in the dark glasses taps the walking stick to his left and to his right, uses the stick to find his way through some tables which leads to the bar. He approaches the crowded bar.

The Man in the dark glasses whacks the walking stick against a tall cowboy who dons a ten gallon hat.

The cowboy in the ten gallon hat, BIG ED, about 35, swings around, his eyes are glazed, he stares at the Man in the dark glasses then in a flash of lightening he whips out a Colt 45 from a holster on a gun belt.

Lefty stops playing the piano. Suddenly everybody stops what they are doing, silence in the saloon. All eyes on the Man who sports dark glasses.

BLIND MAN

Oops! I'm sorry...

Big Ed glares at the man, looks him up and down.

BIG ED

Hey, watch it! You blind or somethin'?

BLINDMAN

Oh, I do beg your pardon. As a matter of fact, yes I am.

BIG ED

Well just watch where you're goin' next time.

Big Ed slides the pistol back into the holster on the gunbelt.

Lefty returns to play the piano. People in the bar return to their activities, playing cards, drinking, a gaggle of conversations.

Big Ed moves to one side, makes way for The Blindman. He approaches the bar, collapses the ornate walking stick, it folds in four places. The walking stick remains in his hand.

The BARTENDER, in his late 40's, approaches on the other side of the bar.

BARDTENDER

What can I get you, blindman?

BLINDMAN

Whiskey, please.

The Bartender swings around, grabs a bottle from a shelf, a clean shot-glass and swings back around to face the Blindman. The Bartender pours whiskey into the shot-glass.

BARDTENDER

There you go. One whiskey.

The Blindman extends his arm and reaches for the shot-glass on the bar. The bartender's hand rests on top of the Blindman's hand.

BARTENDER
Pay first, blindman!

BLINDMAN
Sure thing.

The Blindman reaches inside his trouser pocket, he pulls out a silver dollar and flings it onto the bar. The silver dollar spins around and around on the bar. The Blindman slams his hand down on the coin and it stops in it's tracks.

The Bartender reaches for the silver dollar.

BARTENDER
Thanks.

The Blindman brings the shot-glass up to his lips and knocks it down in one gulp.

The Bartender begins to move away from the bar when the Blindman grabs his arm and stops him in his tracks.

BLINDMAN
Wait!

The Blindman flings another silver dollar on the bar.

BLINDMAN
One more shot and a question...

BARTENDER
Sure, Blindman...

The Bartender pours another whiskey into the shot-glass.

BARTENDER
What do you wanna' know?

The Blindman leans in closer to the Bartender.

BLINDMAN
You heard of a guy called Jay
"Flicker" Norton?

BARTENDER
J... J... D' you mean Flicker?

BLINDMAN
Uh-huh...

BARTENDER
Look, blindman... Er... Sorry, I
don't mean...

Big Ed in the ten gallon hat turns around and faces the Blindman.

BIG ED

People around these here parts say
Jay "Flicker" Norton has dead eyes.
A ruthless cold-blooded killer.

Shorty pushes between Big Ed and the Blindman.

SHORTY

They say no one's ever seen his face.
Those that have are not around much
afterwards. If you get my meaning...

BLINDMAN

Me neither...

BARTENDER

Yeah, you neither, blindman. You
couldn't...

The Blindman flings another silver dollar on the bar.

BLINDMAN

Another shot.

The Bartender pours another whiskey.

BARTENDER

There's two cowboys at a table in
the corner to your left...

The Blindman turns to the left, he listens intently.

Two ugly cowboys sit at a table in the corner of the room.
One has busted teeth, MO ONEATER unshaven, and wears a leather
jacket and a brown hat. The other has a ponytail in his
hair, this is SCARFACE, about 30 years old, he sports a long
scar down the left-hand cheek on his face. Both men are
armed, colt 45's in holsters in their gunbelt. A pretty
hooker sits and giggles on Scarface's lap.

The Bartender looks surprised.

BARTENDER

You can't see them, can you?

BLINDMAN

I'm a good listener. Please,
continue...

BARTENDER

They're looking for Jay "Flicker"
Norton. They're waiting for him.

The Blindman flings a couple of silver dollars on the bar.

The Bartender pours more whiskey into the shot-glass.

BLINDMAN

The money's not for more whiskey.
It's your tip.

BARTENDER

Thanks, blindman!

BLINDMAN

Oh, and move the most expensive
whiskeys from the shelves. And keep
yourself down...

The blindman unfolds the walking stick and steps through the tables and chairs, bangs the stick on the wooden floor as he goes.

Tap, tap, tap.

The Blindman taps the walking stick on the table in the corner of the room.

The two cowboys, Mo and Scarface chat and drink. Scarface kisses the hooker, Mo takes out a long jagged-edged hunters knife and is about to drive it deep into the table top when...

Whoosh, swish, thrack!

The Jagged-edged knife doesn't hit the table but flies through the air, revolves and lands in the Blindman's hand.

"Oooh" sounds of amazement from the other people in the bar.

The people sitting next to the table where the two cowboys sit clears instantly.

The hooker slides off scarface and she runs over to the other side of the saloon.

Mo goes for his gun but is not quick enough on the draw and the Blindman throws the jagged-edge knife which buries deep into Mo's chest, he slumps forward in the chair, dead.

Scarface drops to the floor, goes for a pistol but he is not quick enough. The Blindman's walking stick smacks his hand. A second whack of the walking stick hits Scarface in the throat and he falls to the floor and chokes, out of breath.

The Blindman leans down and grabs Scarface by the scruff of the neck, lifts him up and throws him down in a chair.

Everybody in the bar watches silently.

The Blindman leans in close up to scarface.

THE BLINDMAN

So, waitin' for Jay "Flicker" Norton,
are we?

Scarface coughs and splutters, is unable to speak a word.

BLINDMAN

Well, you found him.

Scarface reaches down for his pistol but he is not quick enough and the Blindman whips his walking stick forward and pushes the stick into Scarface's left eye. Blood and gunge squirts out of the eye socket. Scarface slumps back in the chair, his hand trembles for a moment then he dies.

The room is silent.

Suddenly the bar sounds of drinking, talking and music begin again as if nothing happened.

The Blindman carefully waves his stick to the left and to the right, he moves through the clearing in the crowd. He looks up and turns to the direction of the Bartender.

BLINDMAN

They're not waitin' for Jay anymore.

The Bartender peeks over the crowd gathered at the bar.

BARTENDER

Will you?

The Blindman stops in his tracks, removes his dark glasses his eyes are white and he glances over to the Bartender.

BLINDMAN

Better not, I won't be able to see him. I'll see you around.

Shorty follows and tugs at the Blindman's coat-tails.

SHORTY

Hey, wait... How'd you do that?

The Blindman strolls out of the saloon and Shorty follows him out.

FADE OUT:

THE END