

LEAVE THEM HANGING

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

Assorted TOWN FOLKS, dressed in their Sunday bests surround a HANGING SCAFFOLD. Among them MARSHAL JONES (36) and his wife ANNABELLE (30), nine months pregnant, ready to drop.

All their focus is on CHET (40), standing atop a hanging scaffold, a noose around his neck. A hooded HANGMAN stands next to him, his hand on a wooden lever.

MARSHAL JONES

Chet Peterson you been tried and convicted of cattle rustling and sentenced to be hanged by the neck till you die. Any last words?

CHET

No, I ain't the talkative type Marshal. No regrets.

MARSHAL JONES

Alright then.

CHET

Well, maybe just one.

Chet spits on the ground. Then locks his eyes directly on Annabelle's rounded belly. Annabelle's eyes widen.

CHET

Would of sure liked to see my child before I go.

Murmurs among the crowd.

MARSHALL JONES

What are you implying?

A wicked smile crosses Chet's face.

CHET

(to the Hangman)

Ready.

The Marshal turns towards Annabelle, a look of bewilderment on his face. Annabelle meekly shakes her head.

MARSHALL JONES

Wait!

To late, the Hangman pulls the lever. Chet drops through the scaffold's trap door. He twitches and contorts, all the while keeping his eyes focused on Annabelle until they go dead.