

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

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FADE IN:

EXT. WESTERN SALOON - NIGHT

A duet of rain and wind envelopes the town.

Thunder booms overhead. Even still the sounds of laughter and music pours out from the establishment.

A MAN covered in leather approaches on horseback. He stops outside the saloon entrance. He dismounts from his horse.

He ties the animal's reins to a hitching post. He enters slowly enters the saloon.

INT. WESTERN SALOON - NIGHT

Filled to the brim with cowboys and poker. Dance hall girls on stage to the tune of a elderly piano player.

THE MAN

He enters the saloon. He pulls off his hat to reveal a handsome man with piercing eyes -- and a predatory gaze.

He's steps up to the bar.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

MAN

Whiskey.

BARTENDER

Comin' right up.

As the Man waits for his drink, he eyes the saloon and its clientele.

His eyes catch the attention of several men at a poker table - all of them try to cop a feel of one the WAITRESSES.

POKER PLAYER#1

Come on sweetie, just one kiss.

He holds on to her skirt,

WAITRESS

Listen, I told you before I ain't that kind of girl.

POKER PLAYER#1

That 'cause you ain't had any trainin'.

The Waitress tries again to pull away. The the Poker player grabs her by the arm.

POKER PLAYER#1 (CONT'D)
You trying to get your price up,
whore? That it?

POKER PLAYER#2
Listen Delroy, lets' keep playin',
The cards are gettin' cold.

POKER PLAYER#1
Fuck off. Now listen pretty lady,
my pa owns half the town. I can
make it real easy or real hard for
you to keep this here job.

THE MAN (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Poker Player#1 turns to find the Man standing behind him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Seems to me the lady doesn't want
your company.

POKER PLAYER#1
Who gives a shit what "the Lady"
wants. And who the hell are you?

THE MAN
I'm the one telling you to keep your
hands to yourself.

POKER PLAYER#1
Oh? Really?

He rises from his chair.

WAITRESS
Delroy, you're drunk.
(to the Man)
He don't mean no harm. It's just he
gets a little booze in him-

POKER PLAYER#1
I don't need no help from no whores.

He shoves the Waitress hard. She drops to the floor.

THE MAN
Tell you what. Why don't you take
your winnings, go home and sleep off
that booze?

POKER PLAYER#1
I'll make you a counter offer. You
suck on my big ole' rebel dick and
I'll fuckin' do a jig out the door!

He laughs -- as do the other poker players.

THE MAN

All right.

POKER PLAYER#1

What?

THE MAN

I'll suck on you rebel dick and you
leave.

The Poker Player stops laughing -- as do the others at the
poker table.

The music stops. The dance hall stops dancing - the other
patrons quiet down.

POKER PLAYER#1

That isn't funny, mister.

THE MAN

I wasn't trying to be. You said if
I sucked your dick you'd leave. Now
are you a man of his word or not?

Poker Player#1 stands there -- still stunned.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

If its a problem doing it here, we
could rent us a room and you could
drop your britches and I could get
to work.

POKER PLAYER#1

You fuckin' asshole-

He reaches for his pistol.

The Man pulls out his gun so fast his hands appear A BLUR.
He aims point blank at Poker Player#1's head.

THE MAN

Open your mouth.

Poker Player#1 hesitates.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

I said open it. I won't ask again.

Poker Player#1 slowly opens his mouth. The Man shoves the
end of his revolver into his mouth.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Now suck on it.

Despite the gun in his mouth, Poker Player#1 still manages
to respond with a "Hum???"

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Do it.

Poker Player#1 sucks on the gun barrel.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

I bet right now you wish you were
sucking on a dick instead of this.

He pulls the gun out from Poker Player#1's mouth.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Take your winnings, all of you and
get out.

The players grab their money. They quickly rush out of the
saloon. The music and dancing resumes.

The Man sits down at the table. He pops open the whiskey
and takes a slug.

WAITRESS

Thanks.

THE MAN

Your welcome.

WAITRESS

You got a name?

THE MAN

Nope.

WAITRESS

What do I call you, then?

THE MAN

Sir or mister would be fine.

WAITRESS

Listen, mister, maybe if you ain't
busy... I get off at midnight.

THE MAN

I appreciate the offer but I'm not
interested. You're a handsome woman,
no doubt but my tastes runs more
toward the fellas if you catch my
meaning.

WAITRESS

Not sure I follow. Wait a sec. I
think do. You mean you weren't
kidding about suckin' on Delroy's...

THE MAN

He's a beer swaggering pig with the manners of a two cent whore but he's still had lovely eyes. I have a soft spot for big eyes.

WAITRESS

Wow. I ain't ever heard of... I mean I ain't met one...you sure you ain't the least big aroused by ny...

THE MAN

No thanks.

WAITRESS

Well okay, then. Thanks for the help.

THE MAN

My pleasure.

WAITRESS

Jesus you're so polite. All your kind so nice?

THE MAN

Most.

The Waitress walks away. She turns her hand and beams a beautiful smile at the Man.

MAYOR BILLINGS (60) walks over to The Man.;

MAYOR BILINGS

Excuse me, son. Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm the town's Mayor, Mayor Billings. May I sit?

The Man shrugs.

MAYOR BILINGS (CONT'D)

Much obliged,

He sits.

MAYOR BILINGS (CONT'D)

You handled yourself quite well a moment ago. For a second, I thought we were really gonna have to put old Delroy there in a pine box.

THE MAN

Delroy?

MAYOR BILINGS

The gentleman you had sucking on your gun.

THE MAN

Oh.

MAYOR BILINGS

Anyway, I noticed you're quite fast with a gun. To be frank, you pulled your weapon out so fast-took my breath away, yessiree!

THE MAN

What is it you want.

MAYOR BILINGS

Well, Franklinville is an upcoming town. We're on the rise. Businesses always moving in; railroad's just six months away from completion making us a major hub for travelers from all over the country.

The Man doesn't respond. He takes a swig from the whiskey bottle.

MAYOR BILINGS (CONT'D)

I see your a man of few words. I like that. Anyway, despite all our efforts to make Franklinville a town where respectable folks and businesses can thrive we do have a problem of lawlessness.

The Man takes another swig from the Whiskey bottle.

MAYOR BILINGS (CONT'D)

Anyway, as I was saying. The town needs a sheriff.

THE MAN

You mean you don't have one?

MAYOR BILINGS

We did. In fact we've had about half a dozen sheriffs I'm sorry to say.

THE MAN

What happened? They quit?

MAYOR BILINGS

More like died. Each and every one.

THE MAN

Sounds like a dangerous job.

MAYOR BILINGS

That's why we pay one thousand dollars a month for the man who takes the job.

THE MAN

And you'd like me to take over.
Next in line as it were.

MAYOR BILINGS

I have absolute confidence you're
what the town needs. A lawman who
acts quickly, on his toes; doesn't
take guff. Interested?

THE MAN

Two thousand a month plus food and
lodging.

MAYOR BILINGS

Done. Just stop by the town hall
and we'll get you set up and ready.

He rises from the table. He holds out his hand to The Man.

MAYOR BILINGS (CONT'D)

Welcome to Franklinville mister... I
didn't get your name.

THE MAN

I know.

MAYOR BILINGS

Right.. well see you in the morning.
Good day, Sir.

He walks out.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

The Man steps outside. The rain has stopped. He walks over
to his horse.

DELROY (O.S.)

Hey! You!

The Man turns to find Delroy (aka Poker Player#1) across the
street.

DELROY (CONT'D)

You made a fool'a me. I cant let
that slide.

THE MAN

Well it was either that or a hole
where your left used to be.

DELROY

Oh, you're funny. I'm laughing so
hard my teeth are fallin' out.

THE MAN

You should get someone to write more wittier repartees for you.

DELROY

Repar-what??

THE MAN

I'm tired, Mister Delroy. If you want, I'll be glad to meet you in the town square at noon. At which point you'll have a hole between the eyes.

DELROY

Ain't you scared'a nothin'?

THE MAN

Nope. You, know, I rarely say this to other men but I have to admit you have the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen.

DELROY

You're shittin' me.

THE MAN

I shit you not. Listen, Delroy, you seem like a nice fellah. Of course you're pretty much of a colossal shithead when you get drinks in you but I like you. I don't see any reason we should be enemies. In fact, I'd consider it a personal favor if you'd accept my apology for embarrassing you in front of you friends.

DELROY

They weren't my friends. I ain't got no friends. Ain't ever had any, really.

THE MAN

Why's that?

DELROY

Well, I thought about it and I think it might have somethin' To do with the fact I'm a whore mongerer not to mention the town drunk.

THE MAN

Well, then. I'd be happy to be your friend, Delroy.

DELROY

Really?

THE MAN

Got my word on it.

DELROY

You ain't gonna try anythin' are ya?
Like grabbing my crotch or kissin'
me on the lips?

THE MAN

As much as I'd like to, Delroy, I
promise to keep my hands to myself.
Of course if you change your mind-

DELROY

I won't, thanks.

THE MAN

Listen, I've just been hired as the
new sheriff. I could use a deputy.
Interested?

DELROY

You serious??

THE MAN

As a charging bull.

DELROY

Okay.

THE MAN

Meet me in the Mayor's office bright
and early. Eight o'clock.

DELROY

You bet!

The Man hops on his horse.

DELROY (CONT'D)

Say, I didn't get your name!

THE MAN

My folks never gave a me a name.
Tell you what. Why don't you pick
out a name for me?

DELROY

I always liked Shirley.

THE MAN

That's a woman's name.

DELROY

I ain't ever judged a man by where
he puts his pecker. So the way I
see it, Shirley is what I see when I
look at you.

THE MAN

Come on, you could do better. Gimme
a name, like Doc Holiday, Wyatt Earp.
A name that'll put the fear in
criminals.

DELROY

I got it! How about The Loner Ranger!

The Man thinks a moment.

THE MAN

I think that one's taken.

DELROY

I got it! How about Rams Hard!

The Man think again.

THE MAN

That could be interpreted in so many
ways but what the hell. Sheriff
Rams Hard it is!

He rides off.

DELROY

Now that I think about it. He is
kind'a cute.

(worried)

Holy shit. What if I'm gay?

FADE OUT:

THE END

He stops in front of the salon. He dismounts from his horse.
He ties to a post and enters,