

Sam Gregory

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FADE IN:

NIGHT. DUSTY VALLEY.

Dust dances around on the valley floor as the wind blows.

We reveal a group of FIVE COLD PEOPLE, chattering away all crowded round one another.

These are, DICK, EVELYN, GEORGE, SAL, and EMMANUEL.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

Steam blows out their mouths like smoke from a cigarette.

In the distance we see a LIGHT only a small light, one or two people from the group take notice and proceed to nudge the other's, drawing their attention to it.

It draws closer (still not recognizable) and by now the whole group glaze into it.

We follow along a STAGECOACH with a bright lantern jingling about on the roof hitting against the wood.

We follow alongside a troop of SIX HORSES starting from the rear slowly making our way up to the beast's nose.

The coach makes it's way parallel with the group.

We take the DRIVERS POV as he WHIP'S the horse's. Stop-

They obey, letting out SNARLS.

George walk's over to the window of the coach, face nearly touching the curtains and says:

GEORGE

Sir you gotta help us we've-

A RIFLE BARREL slowly peep's out of the curtain pointing directly at the Man's HEAD shutting him up completely.

He step's back and RAISES HIS HANDS.

The Driver pull's out a PRISTINE REVOLVER and casually hold's it pointed upwards.

DRIVER

Any of you try and run n'the'll be  
a bullet in your head!.

The group stand motionless.

The curtains of the coach draw open and we see a smart looking man named SAM GREGORY (30s) wearing a winter coat with an impressive mustache and beard.

The gun is still aiming at the group.

SAM

All of you are welcome in if you wish.

Sam draws the gun back into the carriage.

DRIVER

There ain't no more goddamn' room up in there!.

Suddenly...

One of the WOMEN in the groups try's to make a run!, letting out loud screams as she does so...

DRIVER

Casually points his gun at the fleeing woman, cocks back his gun making the distinctive "CHICK" sound and BLASTS the woman into next month!

She slumps to the ground...

Dead.

CLOSE ON: as George let's out a shout in a mixture of anger and sorrow as his wife has just been killed.

GEORGE

Sprints towards her slumbered up body and quietly weeps as he holds her hand.

DRIVER

Ok... Now we got room.

DRIVER

Whip's the horses with his worn out rope signaling, go.

The horses get going again leaving George to weep.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE COACH - LATER

The coach rock's side to side, up and down as it slowly moves along.

There's an awkward silence in the coach, probably because a group of people have had their friend shot and are in a coach with someone who let this happen. Oh, and they've been kidnapped.

The sound of the lantern hitting the coach is none stop and begins to annoy Sam, he reacts with-

SAM  
(to the driver)  
Stop that fucking noise right now!

The noise DOESN'T STOP

Sam opens the curtain and puts his head through.

SAM  
(to the driver)  
Are you deaf?, stop that noise.

It stops...

SAM  
Sorry about that folk's, how ya'll doin'.

SAL  
What do'ya want with us, we ain't done nothin' wrong?

SAM  
I'm sorry about all this but I... how can I phrase this... I just need you for somethin' let's just leave it at that.

SAL  
Like what?

SAM  
Patience... you'll find out sooner or later.

Sal and the rest begin to look anxious now, contemplating in their minds what Sam has in store for them.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Dick, George, Sal, and Emmanuel all sit round a MEDIUM SIZED WOODEN TABLE in an EMPTY ROOM, no other furniture no nothing, just the wooden walls, roof, table, and chairs.

Suddenly the door swings open, relieving Sam, who stands there for a while, smiling.

He wanders over to the group, pulls up a nearby chair and sits, still with a smile on his face.

DICK  
Why are we here?

SAM  
Well... long story short i gotta' small job for you's.

DICK  
A small job. What small job?.

SAM  
Ok. A big job.

DICK  
(almost shouting)  
Well we don't wanna do none of your dirty business!

Sam immediately pulls out a revolver and aims at Dick's head.

The smile has morphed into anger.

SAM  
(shouting)  
Don't raise your voice at me you son of'a bitch!

Dick shuts up.

SAM  
(beat)  
Now are you gonna' listen?

Dick stares daggers at Sam before proceeding to NOD his head, yes.

SAM  
Ok good, here's the plan for you fine folk'. Your gonna have to pull of a robbery.

EMMANUEL

How much money we talkin'?

SAM

Ten thousand dollars, well fifteen thousand to be precise.

EMMANUEL

What'da we get?

SAM

All you's get to keep your life's, simple. You do this i let you go, you don't well... i kill you. Doesn't that seem fair to all ya'll?

They all remain silent with a look of anger on there faces.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Right then, let's get to it!

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - HILLS - NIGHT

Sam, Dick, Sal, and Emmanuel sit on a small hill overlooking the small town where they plan their next move.

There all armed.

Dick, Sal, and Emmanuel all have SHINY REVOLVERS.

UNLOADED.

Sam has a medium sized wooden carcano rifle.

LOADED.

SAM

(pointing into the town)

See that bank over there?

SAL

We see it.

SAM

It'll be that one there.

EMMANUEL

An' you expect us to jus' walk in guns blazin' and get your cash?

SAM  
Exactly what i expect.

EMMANUEL  
Your crazy.

SAM  
Not as crazy as what you folk's  
u'll be doin' in a few minutes. Get  
to it, it'll be shuttin' soon.

Sam throw's them a LARGE KNITTED BAG.

They get up off their asses and begin to walk down the hill  
in the direction of the SMALL BANK.

We see Sam pick up and ready his rifle in the direction of  
the three.

SAMS'S POV  
We see the sniper's CROSS HAIRS as he aims at the group  
EXTREMELY close to the bank entrance, watching them. They  
walk into the bank and through a small window we see them  
communicating to the owner.

Sam pull's out from the scope and puts his head into his  
arm, almost like he's praying.

After a few seconds lifts his head back up and continues to  
aim through the rifle where we see-

FIVE LAWMEN surveying the hill in his direction, all armed  
with PISTOLS.

Sam FIRES in panic, missing one of the men by an inch.

SAM  
(to himself)  
Fuck, Fuck, fuck!.

He slyly gets up and dashes behind the south side of the  
hill, running for his life!, WE FOLLOW.

After a while of intense running he quickly throws himself  
behind a large rock.

CLOSE UP  
Of Sam's face as he gasp's for air with a terrified look on  
his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. DUSTY VALLEY - NIGHT

We focus on a man whose sitting on the dusty floor, legs crossed, wearing a DIRTY WHITE SHIRT AND BROWN TROUSERS.

We hear the noise of a carriage draw closer and closer until the noise draws to a HALT.

We see Sam open up the carriage curtains with a SMILE on his face...

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF FILM**