

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Two rows of buildings are separated by a wide, dirt street. The wind whips about. Dust swirls like a tornado.

A lone figure, dressed in black, approaches in the distance.

The figure gets closer, a MAN, mid thirties, holds the collar of his jacket close to his face to combat the swirling dust.

He walks to the middle of town and up the steps of a general store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The man enters and looks around.

An old man, COOKY, is asleep in a chair behind the counter.

The man stomps on the ground to shake the dust off. It wakes Cooky, who leaps from his chair.

COOKY

Who's there?

Cooky sees the man, who stops dusting himself off.

MAN

Didn't mean to scare ya.

COOKY

Quite alright. What can I do for ya?

The man slowly walks toward the counter.

MAN

I'm in search of a gunfighter for hire.

COOKY

Ain't much of anybody round here anymore, especially a gun for hire.

MAN

How bout a place for a drink then?

Cooky points to a large hole in the wall, covered by a curtain.

COOKY
Right through there.

The man nods and proceeds through the curtain.

INT. SALOON - DAY

The man sits at the bar. Not a soul in the place.

Cooky enters and takes his place behind the bar.

MAN
You the bartender too?

COOKY
Like I told ya, nobody round here no more. I pretty much run everything.

MAN
Sounds peaceful.

Cooky extends his hand.

COOKY
Name's Cooky. Don't believe I caught yours.

MAN
BAKER.

COOKY
Pleasure to meet ya. Now, what can I get ya?

BAKER
Whiskey.

COOKY
Coffin varnish, comin' right up.

Cooky pours the drink and sets the bottle on the bar. Baker drinks it quickly and signals for another.

COOKY
Help yourself.

BAKER
Much obliged.

Cooky leans against the back wall. Baker pours another drink.

COOKY
So, whatcha need a hired gun for?

BAKER
I got a score to settle.

COOKY
So it's revenge you're after.

Baker drinks his whiskey.

BAKER
Yep.

COOKY
Most people I know get their own revenge.

BAKER
I got my reasons.

COOKY
Well, there's a fella rolls into town every now and then. He might help for the right price.

BAKER
Don't have much money. I'm gonna need a good samaritan.

Cooky laughs.

COOKY
That's harder to find than people out here.

BAKER
I'll take my chances.

Baker pours another drink.

COOKY

Ain't sure when he'll be back, but you
can bunk over at the hotel if you got
ten cents for the night.

BAKER

I can handle that.

Baker drinks the whiskey, puts a coin on the bar, and gets
up.

COOKY

Just be careful of them whores.

BAKER

As long as you ain't in charge of that
too, I'll be fine.

Cooky laughs and Baker exits.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Two women, KATE, brunette, and MAE, blond, both mid
twenties, sit on a couch. They appear to be extremely
bored.

Baker enters the hotel. The women jump to attention.

KATE

Well, hello there, handsome.

BAKER

Ladies.

KATE

Somethin' we can do for you?

MAE

Somethin' we can do to you?

The two women look at each other and giggle.

BAKER

Cooky said I could get a bunk here.

KATE

It's ten cents a night for a bed,
fifteen cents for a bed and bath, and
then we got the fifty cent package.

BAKER

What's that get me?

MAE

A bed, a bath, and one marvelous
fuckin'.

The girls look at each other and giggle again. Baker
cracks a small smile.

BAKER

Thank ya, but I think I'll just take the
bed for now.

The ladies sigh in disappointment. Kate points to the top
of the stairs.

KATE

Up the stairs, second door. I'm Kate
and this is Mae.

Mae smiles. Baker nods.

BAKER

Baker. Thank you.

Baker heads up the stairs.

KATE

If you change your mind, I'll be up in a
bit with some fresh linens for the bed.

Kate winks at him. Baker smiles, nods, and goes into his
room.

Kate slaps Mae on the arm.

KATE

Dammit, Mae. Why you always gotta scare
'em like that?

MAE

Me?

KATE

Yeah, you.

MAE

Cause we ain't had a man in here in ages, and what we been doin' in the meantime ain't ladylike.

Kate puts a finger to her lips, shushing Mae.

KATE

We promised we wouldn't speak of that.

INT. BAKER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Baker sits at a desk. He has removed his jacket, and wears a white t-shirt, black pants, and suspenders.

He stares at a picture in his hand. In the picture are himself, a WOMAN, late twenties, and two children, a BOY, 9, and a GIRL, 7.

There is a knock at the door.

BAKER

Come in.

Kate enters, holding clean sheets and a bottle of whiskey.

KATE

Here's the linens I promised, and a little whiskey in case you was thirsty.

BAKER

Thanks.

KATE

That a picture?

Baker holds the picture out to Kate.

BAKER

Yeah.

Kate takes the picture and looks at it.

KATE

Family?

BAKER

Yeah.

Mae stands in the doorway with her hands on her hips.

MAE

I was wonderin' where ya got off to.
Tryin' to steal 'em all for yourself?

Kate holds up the sheets.

KATE

Just droppin' off the linens.

MAE

Then what's with the whiskey?

KATE

Just thought our guest would like a
drink is all.

MAE

Well, that's a fine tall tale.

Kate places the sheets on the bed and the whiskey on the desk.

KATE

I was just talkin' to the man...

Kate starts to exit.

BAKER

Don't go. It's nice talkin' to someone.

KATE

Fine, but let's head downstairs so we
can stretch out.

Baker grabs the bottle and heads for the door.

INT. HOTEL, UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

The three exit Baker's room.

KATE

Yeah, we'll have a nice chat and a nightcap.

MAN (O.S.)

Hello, my lovelies.

The girls turn their attention to the distinctive Georgian drawl coming from the bottom of the stairs.

A MAN, early forties, dressed in a distinguished grey suit and hat, stands smoking a cigarette. He has two silver colts at his waist.

MAE

Scholar!

The ladies run down the stairs and greet him with a hug.

Baker proceeds down slowly after them.

SCHOLAR

I must say you're both pretty as a picture.

Baker reaches the bottom of the stairs.

KATE

Scholar, this is Baker.

The two men shake hands.

SCHOLAR

Pleasure to meet you, good sir.

BAKER

Likewise.

KATE

We was just about to sit and chat a bit.

Scholar eyes the bottle.

SCHOLAR

And a little imbibing I hope.

KATE

Of course.

SCHOLAR

Splendid. Shall we adjourn to the lounge area then?

INT. HOTEL, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The four are a little tipsy and laughing. The whiskey bottle nears empty.

BAKER

You're not, by chance, a gunfighter, are ya, Scholar?

SCHOLAR

Heavens no. I'm just an intellectual and a drifter. Why do you ask?

BAKER

Just saw that you were carryin' guns.

SCHOLAR

It's always best to have a little protection when drifting about. Thought I was gonna need 'em in Jerome.

KATE

What happened?

SCHOLAR

Enough talk of my adventures. How about someone else take a turn.

Kate looks at Baker.

KATE

How bout tellin' us about your family?

BAKER

There's not a whole lot to say.

MAE

Come now, there's gotta be somethin'.

BAKER

Not really. They're all dead.

KATE

Dead? How?

BAKER

Outlaws. Three of 'em.

KATE

Oh honey, I'm sorry.

BAKER

So, I'm lookin' for someone to kill 'em.

KATE

Do it for you?

BAKER

It's a long story.

Scholar sets his glass down.

SCHOLAR

I'll help you.

BAKER

You will?

SCHOLAR

You sit with me, share your whiskey and your story, that makes you my friend. I like to help my friends.

BAKER

That's damn kind of you.

SCHOLAR

I suggest we retire for the evening, and begin work on our plan when the cock crows.

BAKER

Sure.

INT. BAKER'S ROOM - DAY

Baker lies sound asleep in his bed.

Gunshots and loud shouting begin to ring out in the street.

Baker jumps from his bed and looks out the window to see three men, riding horses and shooting in the air.

They halt their horses at the saloon and head inside.

Baker quickly gets dressed and exits. Scholar stands in front of his door, holding a gun and holster out to him.

SCHOLAR

I don't think we'll get to work on that plan, friend.

Baker is confused.

BAKER

Did you know?

SCHOLAR

That little incident I had in Jerome was with them.

BAKER

How'd you know it was the same people? That they'd be comin'?

SCHOLAR

Because they are of a rare breed, and only stay in one place long enough to suck it dry. Completely worthy of a few lead pellets if I do say so myself.

BAKER

But, you're not a hired gun.

SCHOLAR

I'm not louse either, and that's exactly what I'd be if I let you go this journey alone. Now let's go.

Scholar hands Baker the gun and they exit.

INT. SALOON - DAY

The three men sit drinking whiskey and raising hell.

IKE, late thirties, with a long beard spits on the floor occasionally.

ROSCOE, mid thirties, and mustached has his feet up on the table.

JOHNNY, late twenties, stubble beard, smokes a small cigar.

All three men are filthy.

Scholar enters and sits at the bar. Cooky looks relieved to see him.

COOKY

Well, if you ain't a sight for sore eyes.

SCHOLAR

Cooky, you old ragamuffin, how bout a little of that devil juice?

Cooky pours Scholar a glass of whiskey.

The outlaws hoot and holler. Scholar turns to them.

SCHOLAR

If you gentlemen don't mind, I am trying to converse with my friend.

Ike eyes Scholar up and down.

IKE

I remember you. You're that fella from Jerome. The one with the big mouth.

SCHOLAR

Not big, really, just well spoken.

BAKER (O.S.)

If you remember him, perhaps you remember me too.

The voice comes from the direction of the general store.

The men turn. The curtain leading to the general store is torn down. Baker stands in the passageway, his jacket buttoned up tight.

IKE

Nope, don't remember you. Roscoe?
Johnny?

JOHNNY

Nah.

ROSCOE

Looks like a drunkard to me.

BAKER

Perhaps this'll help your memory.

Baker unbuttons his jacket to reveal a preacher's collar.

Ike smiles a snarly smile, showing decayed teeth.

IKE

Yeah, now I remember. You're that
preacher we burned outta Gammons Gulch.

BAKER

You burned my family.

Ike spits. He glares at Baker as he wipes his mouth.

IKE

And I enjoyed it too.

Baker trains his gun on Ike.

Ike stands up.

IKE

You gonna kill me, preacher? Ain't
there somethin' in the bible against
killin'?

SCHOLAR

I do believe there is.

IKE

So, whaddya gotta say to that, preacher?

BAKER

I didn't come here to kill you as a preacher...

Baker removes his collar.

BAKER

...I came here to kill you as a man.

He tosses the collar into the air toward Ike, who reaches for his gun.

Baker raises his gun to shoot, but before he can fire, Ike and the other two outlaws are mowed down by an onslaught of rifle fire.

Cooky hits the floor. Scholar lights a cigarette.

The outlaws lie dead. Scholar begins claps for Kate and Mae, who stand at the saloon's entrance with rifles.

KATE

Somethin' in there about an eye for an eye, too.

SCHOLAR

Well done, ladies, simply prodigious.

Cooky resurfaces from behind the bar.

MAE

What now?

COOKY

Should probably get a few pine boxes together.

SCHOLAR

Cheap ones.

BAKER

I got a better idea.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Three coffins are ablaze. The five stand watching them burn.

BAKER
Eye for an eye.

KATE
Where to now, Baker?

BAKER
I was just thinking about that.

KATE
And?

BAKER
This town got a church?

KATE
No, this town went to hell long ago.

BAKER
Then I must stay here and help restore
the faith.

SCHOLAR
That's not a half bad idea. I think I
shall join you.

Baker and Scholar nod at each other.

They stare at the fires in silence.

FADE TO
BLACK

THE END