

THE GUNSLINGER:
An Old Time Hitman

By

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EXT. DESERT- DAY

Nothing. There is only desert. Maybe a wooden fence that runs along the side of an unpaved road.

A MAN runs into frame He is frantic, afraid of something. He falls. Quickly gets back up. Continues to run.

Then the GUNSLINGER walks into frame (A tall man, wearing a black trench coat and fedora hat). He slowly follows the man.

THE MAN

continues to run.

GUNSLINGER

is very close behind. Puts his hand on his holster. Does not pull revolver out.

THE MAN

again trips. Falls on face. Stumbles to his feet. Turns around and...

CLICK! A revolver in the Man's face.

GUNSLINGER

You've been a bad boy, sir.

(beat)

Now what do you recon I'm gonna do with this here shootin' iron?

The man is too frighten to speak. He only mumbles.

GUNSLINGER

(Chuckles)

I was hired to kill ya, ya know? That's why I'm chasin' ya. With this here shootin' iron I'm gonna blow your brains out, cause that's just what I do.

He puts his finger on the trigger.

MAN

No wait! please, don't do this, I'll change, I promise you.

Gunslinger moves his gun from the man's face. Says nothing for a beat. He thinks.

GUNSLINGER

I don't believe you. And do you know why? People don't change, only times do.

He points guns back at man's face...

MAN

But I'm just a normal bartender...

BANG! BANG!

The gun explodes. Bullets hit the man in the face. Dies instantly.

Gunslinger holsters the revolver and walks off.

INT. WESTERN SALOON- DAY

The saloon is full. CARD PLAYERS play their games. SALOON GALS serve dances and deliver drinks. The BARTENDER fills up a few glasses.

The front door splits open. Gunslinger enters. Walks up to counter top. Bartender, cleaning glass, looks at him.

BARTENDER

What do ya want? cause all I'z got is whiskey.

GUNSLINGER

Ya got any Jing?

BARTENDER

Now what's that? I don't know anything about your city slicker drinks, I'z only got whiskey.

GUNSLINGER

Oh, well then I guess I'll just have your head.

The Bartender is shocked. Looks up at Gunslinger. Then reaches for his own gun.

The Gunslinger is much quicker. In a split second his gun is out. BANG! BANG!

The Bartender's face explodes. Falls to the floor dead.

The Card players quickly react. each one grabs their own weapon. Aim but do not get the chance to shoot.

Gunslinger quickly spins around. BANG! BANG! BANG! Kills each one of them. Two with one bullet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON- DAY

As the Gunslinger exits the saloon the SHERIFF and his MEN run up to him. They draw their weapons.

SHERIFF
(shouting)
Halt! Ya ain't going no place to run. We out number ya, slicker.

GUNSLINGER
You may out number me in persons but I out number you in gun power.

The Sheriff's men look at one another, confused.

BANG!

The Gunslinger shoots. One of the men is taken out. The others open FIRE. And the Gunslinger jumps behind a thick stable.

Gun fire continues.

The Gunslinger checks his revolver. No ammo. Looks over at his horse. Spots rifle. Waits for the Sheriff and men to run out of ammo.

The gun fire stops. The Sheriff and his men quickly start to reload.

Gunslinger jumps out from behind the stable. Grabs his rifle and SHOTS down all of the sheriff's men. Only the sheriff if left alive. No more ammo in rifle.

SHERIFF
We're both without ammo in our iron. Why don't we settle this like real men, hands only?

GUNSLINGER
Hands only, huh?
(beat)
Alright, hands only, man to man. Let's do that.

Sheriff throws gun down. Gunslinger throws gun down. A beat.

The Sheriff sprints towards Gunslinger, fist up. When the sheriff is within' reaching distance the Gunslinger pulls out a large knife. STABS Sheriff in the top of the head.

The sheriff hits the floor dead. Gunslinger pulls knife out of Sheriff's head. He picks up rifle and jumps on horse.

Rides off.

EXT. SECOND SALOON- DAY

The Gunslinger rides up on horse back. Jumps off horse and ties his steed up. A DRUNK sees the Gunslinger doing this and whistles.

DRUNK
One beauty of a horse.

The Gunslinger ignores the drunk. Walks into Saloon.

INT. SECOND SALOON- DAY

The Gunslinger walks up to the bartender. Does not say a word. The BARTENDER smiles at him.

BARTENDER
Ask no adds.

GUNSLINGER
I ain't here for no favor. I did your damn job.

BARTENDER
Hey don't be airin' lung in my saloon... and if you're finished with your job well then I'll gradfully pay you. The money's in the back, go along in, I'll meet up with you.

Gunslinger stares down the bartender. Then walks into the back.

INT. SALOON, BACK ROOM- DAY

The back room is nice. There is a sofa, private bar in the corner and a record player. The Gunslinger sits on the sofa. He takes off his hat and coat as he does. Sets them aside.

A beat later the Bartender enters.

BARTENDER

Your money is over here.

He walks behind the private bar and pulls out a bag. Tosses it onto Gunslinger's lap. He opens the bag and pours the money onto the table in front of him. Starts to count the money.

Meanwhile the bartender makes a drink.

BARTENDER

Care for drink?

GUNSLINGER

Why not? My job is done. I can celebrate.

The Bartender finishes making the second drink. Brings it to gunslinger.

BARTENDER

Do you know why I hired you, a man from the city?

GUNSLINGER

It wasn't cause I was cheaper. That's for sure.

Gunslinger raise the glass to his mouth. He notice something inside of it. Sets it down on table.

GUNSLINGER

This isn't all the money is it?

BARTENDER

Let me finish saying what I was.

(beat)

I hired you cause I needed some one from out of town. Someone who couldn't be asked by these towns people what happened to all the other bartenders, who hired you to kill 'em. You just kill and get out of town.

GUNSLINGER

So why do you want me dead?

The Bartender spits out the liquor. Looks up at the Gunslinger who is standing up.

BARTENDER

jumps behind the private bar.

Gunslinger reaches for his gun. It's not there. He turns to see a HENCHMAN throwing his fist at him. **BAM!** The Gunslinger flies and flips over the sofa.

The henchman picks the gunslinger back up and raises his fist. The Gunslinger quickly acts, grabbing the glass of liquor. **SMASH!** He breaks it over the henchman's head. the henchman's head starts to bleed, his skin starts to melt away. Something in the drink?

ANGEL ON: Gunpowder pellets falling to the floor.

The Bartender reaches for his rifle. He **SHOOTS** it at the gunslinger. It hits him in the shoulder.

Gunslinger **SCREAMS**.

BARTENDER

Don't move cause I'll use this
shootin' iron to blow off that
handsome face of yours.

The Gunslinger does not move. A beat. Then the gunslinger quickly grabs his knife and throws it at the Bartender. The knife **STABS** the bartender in the gut.

A **SECOND HENCHMAN** runs in. Sees the mess. Runs towards the Gunslinger.

The gunslinger grabs the man. The henchman's hand presses against Gunslinger's shot up shoulder. Gunslinger **SCREAMS**. Then he spins around. This cause for the Henchman to fly at the Bartender.

The Henchman **CRASHES** into the bartender. The knife is pushed farther into the Bartender's gut. The bartender falls dead.

As the Gunslinger knees down on the ground the henchman gets up. The Gunslinger spots his gun under the sofa. Quickly reaches for it.

Henchman gets closer to him and...

BANG!

The Henchman's head explodes. Blood flies everywhere.

The Gunslinger gets up. He rips a curtain off the wall from behind the private bar and wraps it around his bloody shoulder.

He walks out.

INT. SECOND SALOON- DAY

DRINKER'S watch as the Gunslinger steps out.

GUNSLINGER
(to Drinkers)
People don't change, only times do.
Keep that in mind.

He slowly walks out of the saloon. Holding his arm tight.

The drinkers get up and run to the back.

BOOM!

The sound of a loud rifle shot. Then a Horse galloping off.

FADE OUT:

THE END