

WANTED: DEAD AND ALIVE

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OVER BLACK, the sounds of heavy rain and clinking armor.

FADE IN:

EXT. A JUNGLE, NIGHT

Amid a heavy thunderstorm, a cloaked, hunchbacked figure carrying a torch, THE GUIDE (70s), slashes through thick underbrush. He is followed by several other people- some exhausted armed Medieval knights; a Spanish monk, ANTÓNION (40s); and a man dressed in heavy Conquistador armor atop a horse, HECTOR (30s).

Hector raises his helmet visor and scans the area, suspicious. Fresh scars and a blonde messy beard are revealed on Hector's face.

A knight drunkenly walks up next to Hector.

DEAD KNIGHT

Sir, I-

The knight immediately drops to the ground. Antónion crouches down and places a hand on the knight. He looks up at Hector.

ANTÓNION

He's dead, sir.

HECTOR

(calling to the guide)

How much further? My men are exhausted.

THE GUIDE

How much further? We're here.

As The Guide says this, the group clears the jungle and looks out in front of them. A bolt of lightning strikes, illuminating a gigantic AZTEC FORTRESS. Ominous music.

MEXICO, 1512

INT. THE AZTEC FORTRESS, ENTRANCE HALLWAYS

A knight lights up a torch, and looks around him at the abandoned fortress. Damp moss and mystical symbols cover most of the surfaces. The knight looks around in wonder as Hector and Antónion talk in a dark corner behind him.

HECTOR

Every day, another one of us falls.
Every day, I must question my
resolve as leader of this
expedition. If I stop, if I think-
I will fall into that abyss...

Antonion places a hand on Hector.

ANTONION

But we must push forward. You must
push forward. If this artifact
falls into the wrong hands...

Hector looks into the distance.

HECTOR

I know the stakes all too well.

ANTONION

The Crown depends on you. Mankind
depends on you. There is immense
pressure on your shoulders, but you
must bear it.

Hector looks to Antonion, a pained smile on his face.

HECTOR

It is ironic that in our quest for
the betterment of mankind, we must
in turn push aside our own
humanity.

The gate opens with a mighty crash. The Guide looks back,
panting.

THE GUIDE

All good now! Come, come, it is
here.

Hector looks at Antonion, smiles, and turns to address his
men, taking off his helmet dramatically.

HECTOR

Hear now, men! Our journey ends
here. We left as boys, but we come
back as heroes! Reach forth, and
find your true resolve as soldiers
of the Knights Templar!

The knights raise their weapons and cheer. Hector looks at
them, smiling, basking in the glory. He flips his hair.

INT. AZTEC FORTRESS, VARIOUS HALLWAYS

In a short montage, Hector's company makes their way through the dark, cramped fortress. Traps pick more and more knights off until the company only consists of Hector, Antonion, the Guide, and three knights.

INT. AZTEC FORTRESS, HOLY CUP OF NAZARETH ROOM

The Guide pushes a button on the side of the room.

The entire fortress starts shaking, scaring the knights and Antóni3n, but Hector grimly looks forward.

Angelic music plays as a pillar of light illuminates the center of the room, where a large casket is raised from the stone, scattering dust and debris everywhere.

Slowly, ominously, a podium is raised from the casket - atop it, a normal-sized silver goblet adorned with jewels, the HOLY CUP OF NAZARETH. Lightning strikes outside.

Hector makes his way to the casket.

Hector takes the Cup in its hands and raises it to his face, examining it. Antonion flips through pages of a large book he has taken out.

KNIGHT 1

So the legends were true after all...

KNIGHT 2

Legends?

KNIGHT 3

Legends of an artifact, lost to memory but not time. Legends of untold power, a power that can corrupt, change, mold.

ANTONION

(reading book)

"A human sacrifice, a great journey, for the everlasting power of... immortality."

Thunder. Lightning.

ANTONION (CONT'D)

Draw!

On Antonion's word, all of the knights draw their swords and aim them at Hector. The Guide, upon seeing this, books it out of there. Hector looks at everyone, betrayed.

HECTOR

My brothers... how could you do this?

ANTONION

(to knight 1)

Get him. But remember - don't kill him.

Knight 1 nods, charges at Hector.

Hector throws aside his own sword. Knight 1 goes for a stab, Hector dodges, disarms Knight 1, punches him in the head, knocking him out.

ANTONION (CONT'D)

(to knights 2 and 3)

After him! What are you waiting for!

Knights 2 and 3 charge simultaneously.

Hector rolls to the side, causing the knights to crash into each other. They are dizzy from the crash. Hector comes back up and bashes their heads against each other. They fall down.

Suddenly, a stabbing sound. Hector falls down in pain, stabbed in the leg by Antonion. Antonion laughs and pulls the sword out. Hector rolls a distance away, catches his breath. Antonion circles him.

HECTOR

Why are you doing this?

ANTONION

The Crown has its own reasons. War is on the horizon. With this... we can shape history, Hector. Hand me the Cup. Think of the greater good.

HECTOR

We swore a blood oath! We were going to protect this from humanity's grasp! We were doing the right thing!

ANTONION

And history is written by the victors!

(MORE)

ANTONION (CONT'D)

Tell me, do you not see a future
with your name as the savior of our
kingdom, etched in stone forever?
Think of what this will do for us!
For you!

HECTOR

I will not relinquish this to those
who wish to use it. That is what we
swore upon. And that is my final
word.

With a yell, Antonion charges in; Hector dodges, punches
Antonion's sword arm, sending the sword clattering across the
room.

The two engage in hand to hand combat for a bit. It's close,
but Antonion finally manages to get the upper hand. Hector
lies on the ground, defeated, as Antonion laughs and picks up
his own sword.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You really think you can best the
Cup's curse?

ANTONION

If I do, riches untold will be
awarded to me. I have to, Hector.
I'm sorry.

Antonion RAISES the sword, and stabs downward-

But just as he does so, Hector ROLLS out of the way. Hector
picks up a nearby sword, SLICES Antonion's leg!

Antonion yells out in pain, kneels to the ground.

Hector, with much effort, stands up, walks behind Antonion.
He raises the sword and SLICES Antonion's other leg!

Antonion yells again. Falls prone.

Hector spits out some blood, takes off his helmet, looks at
Antonion.

ANTONION (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for?! Stab me!
End my life here, grant me that
luxury!

Hector throws aside the sword.

HECTOR

You don't deserve a fate worse than death.

ANTONION

No! Hector! Please! Kill me! Kill me now! I will do anything for that power! HECTOR!

Hector, ignoring Antonion's please, hobbles out of the room with the Cup, picking up ANTONION'S BOOK along the way.

We focus on the helmet Hector dropped: engraved on it is the name "BRENTBRIDGE".

MATCH FADE TO:

EXT. BRENTBRIDGE BARNS, DAWN

In front of us, a wooden sign that reads BRENTBRIDGE FARMS.

A rooster comes into view and crows. And crows. And crows.

A lasso comes shooting out and wraps itself around the rooster's beak, shutting it up. A chuckle from off-screen.

LUCAS BRENTBRIDGE (26), a clean-shaven young man wearing cowboy overalls, the definition of naive, walks into view. His hair is blonde, cut short, well kept. He looks out at the horizon, smiles peacefully and gets the lasso off the rooster, named ROOSTY. He pets it.

LUCAS

Oh Roosty. It's been a good run all right.

Roosty crows in agreement.

ROLL TITLES over the Brentbridge Farm, a well-kept, cozy little farm with a shed, a stables, a large barn, and a large house next to it.

We follow Lucas as he walks around the area, doing odd work here and there. Having worked up a sweat, he dabs his forehead and looks to the sun cracking over the horizon: first light.

DALLAS TOWNSHIP, MONTANA TERRITORY, UNITED STATES, 1874

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Dallas is a little frontier town. It boasts a large, straight main street bordered by several shops, houses, and a saloon.

Lucas strolls down the main street, nodding and saying hi to townsfolk left and right. He goes into a general store.

INT. OL' PETE'S GENERAL SUPPLIES

Lucas slams some money down on a counter.

LUCAS

That's the last of the mortgage,
Pete. Count it. I wanna watch.

OL' PETE (70s) counts the money. Lucas looks on, proud. Pete finishes counting, looks up at Lucas.

PETE

Well, congratulations, Mr.
Brentbridge. You are now a bona
fide farm owner.

Pete turns to put the money somewhere safer.

LUCAS

Naw, I'm just a plain and simple
farm owner now.

PETE

That's what that means.

Lucas looks down, embarrassed. Pete chuckles, ruffles Lucas's hair.

PETE (CONT'D)

Look at that. Same ol' Luke. Seems
like it's just been a minute since
you were playing hide and seek in
this here store.

LUCAS

Sure does seem like it.

Lucas looks out the window. Townspeople pass by.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You know, it's kind of funny. I
woke up at the same time this
morning, and I went out and did the
same things, and- and I don't know
how to describe it, but I felt...

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)
refreshed. Like, it's a new day
now.

PETE
Well, that's the feeling of
accomplishment, Luke. It's only up
from here. Hey, son, look at me.

Lucas looks at Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)
You've made it.

Lucas cracks a smile.

LUCAS
Oh, and before I forget, I'd like
to make a change to the lease.

Pete nods, brings out a lease, puts it on the counter.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I can remove someone, right?

PETE
(concerned)
You can...

LUCAS
All right then. I'd like to remove
Jake.

Pete sighs, then takes a pen out.

PETE
It was always going to come to
this, wasn't it. You should be
proud of your brother- he's done a
lot for this town. Would be good if
you acknowledged some of it.

LUCAS
Oh, I acknowledge it. I also
acknowledge the fact that he's an
unemployed freeloader sucking up
half my income. Every night, a new
woman! Comes home drunk! And I'm
the only one cleaning up around the
place!

Beat.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I know what he's done, okay, I know the exploits, the legends, but why should it matter? What matters is who he is *right now*.

Silence between the two. Pete signs Jake's name off the lease.

PETE

Well. There it is. He's on his own now.

Lucas nods.

LUCAS

Hey, thanks, Pete. For everything you've done.

Pete smiles.

PETE

Just know that no matter what corner of the world you go to, you'll always have a home here in Dallas. Have a good one, Luke.

Lucas exits the store.

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Lucas, his eyes closed, smiles and breathes in. The street is quiet, serene. Too quiet.

Something's not right.

He opens his eyes, looks in front of him. The street is completely empty. Looks to his left. A head ducks into a second-story, closing a window.

A RUNNING TOWNSPERSON bumps into Lucas from the right.

RUNNING TOWNSPERSON

(as they're running away)

The dead man's back! HE'S BACK!

Lucas looks at the townsperson running away, then turns right:

Cresting the center of the street into view, distorted by a heat mirage, a small group of grizzled, armed men ride their horses slowly down the main street. These men are the CAROL GANG, a group of notorious outlaws.

We zoom into the center, where the leader of the Carol Gang, BOONE CAROL (65), face covered by his hat, rides menacingly.

Lucas quietly yelps and ducks back into Pete's shop.

INT. OL' PETE'S GENERAL SUPPLIES

Pete looks up from the counter at the re-entering Lucas.

PETE

Welcome- oh it's just you-

Lucas, panting, finds cover near a window of the shop. He looks out the window.

LUCAS

He's here, he's here!

PETE

(concerned, sinking in)

Who's here?

From outside, a booming, echoing voice:

BOONE

(OS)

BOOOOOONE!

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Atop his neighing horse, Boone holds a rifle in his hands and an unlit cigar in his mouth. His face is covered in shadow from the brim of his hat. He raises it, revealing his face:

He bears ugly burns across the entirety of his face, and a large scar across his right eye. He maintains a well-trimmed moustache. One of his arms is a mechanical metal prosthetic. He is the textbook definition of a villain.

He nods, holding his head in place, and a nearby outlaw extends a lit match. Boone lights his cigar with this, puffs, takes out the cigar, shouts:

BOONE

BOOOOOONE CAROOOLL!

Silence.

BOONE (CONT'D)

That didn't work? Well, let's try this. JAAAAAKE!

INT. OL' PETE'S GENERAL SUPPLIES

Pete and Lucas look at each other, worried.

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Boone chuckles.

BOONE

What, surprised I'm back? For the man so many fear, it's interesting how you can botch up a job so bad. But I ain't here for that.

Boone cocks his rifle.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You may have the quickest hand west of the Lakes, and the keenest eye east of the... well, there's not much there at the moment. You may have all that, but I've got something more important: manpower.

We track through the crowd of outlaws: they are chuckling, grinning.

BOONE (CONT'D)

On my signal, a hundred men are going to go house to house, ransacking and pillaging and burning.

Continue tracking, outlaws now have Viking helmets and are sharpening their axes and ride Viking longships.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Now, you can see your dear town go up in flames, or...

Ominous shot on Boone.

BOONE (CONT'D)

You can give me what I want.

Silence.

BOONE (CONT'D)

No answer? Well then. So be it.

Boone raises his arm, and a war horn blares out.

His men immediately fan out and go into shops and houses, thrashing things about, doing general outlaw stuff. Boone revels in the chaos. A longship crashes into a house.

INT. OL' PETE'S GENERAL SUPPLIES

Aggressive knocks ring out from the armory's door. Pete pushes a barrel in front of it, blocking it.

KNOCKING OUTLAW 1

(OS)

Open this door right now!

Pete turns to a crouching Lucas.

PETE

(to Lucas)

What the hell is Boone Carol doing here? I thought Jake-

LUCAS

I thought so too!

Pete breathes a heavy sigh.

PETE

Lucas. Run out the back door. Get Jake.

LUCAS

(shaking)

But- but they're gonna kill you!

PETE

Dammit! They'll kill all of us if that Boone doesn't get what he wants! We aren't soldiers! We can't fight this mess! He can!

LUCAS

Do you know what state he is in?

PETE

Montana! But do you have any other alternatives?!

Lucas hesitates.

KNOCKING OUTLAW 2

(OS)

Should we just break it down?

KNOCKING OUTLAW 1

(OS)
Oh, good idea.

The knocks become more aggressive. Pete grabs Lucas.

PETE
GO! NOW!

Lucas scrams from the store. The door begins to break, and Pete takes up a position behind his counter, readying a shotgun.

EXT. BRENTBRIDGE BARN, MIDDAY

Lucas runs towards the shed. He's panting heavily; it's quite a long run. He takes a moment to compose himself before knocking on the door of the shed. No answer. He knocks again, but this time his knocks push the door open slowly.

INT. JAKE'S SHED

The interior of the shed is a total mess. Save for a mattress on which lies a snoring mound, the entire floor is covered with empty whisky bottles, loose ammunition, guns, pornographic newspapers, and just general Western stuff. A dart board hangs on one of the walls, darts shot all over it, and so does some badges and army medals.

Lucas holds his nose closed at the smell.

LUCAS
Jake?

No answer. Lucas tries to make his way to the bed, but stumbles on a bottle.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Jake?

Lucas kicks the mound on the bed. A groaning sound is heard from the mound on the bed.

JAKE
(muffled)
Ow! Suzie, you got up on the wrong side of the bed...

LUCAS
Get up, Jake! It's me, Lucas!

Hands shoot out from the mound and pull down the blankets slightly, uncovering a pair of bloodshot, blinking eyes.

JAKE

Luke?

Lucas walks to the shed doors and kicks them down. Great sunlight floods into the room. The mound groans in pain.

LUCAS

Get up! Now! It's urgent!

JAKE BRENTBRIDGE (42) emerges from his blankets in all his glory: wearing just some boxers, he is a sorry image of a man. His hair is a matty black mess, and his facial hair is a mottier black mess. Dark circles surround his hungover eyes, spilt liquor from the previous night out covers his body, which bears a potbelly and signs of disuse.

He's not the guy he used to be.

JAKE

You little- why'd you wake me UP?!

Jake lunges for Lucas and trips on the mess on the floor, falling to the ground. Lucas looks at Jake, shaking his head. Jake groans and lunges some more, but is unable to reach Lucas. Jake gives up, panting on the ground. Lucas walks over to kick him once more, and Jake raises his hands in surrender.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You've bested me! What's happening?

Gunshots and screams in the distance. Jake perks up, looks more sober. He gets up and looks to Lucas.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Lucas-

LUCAS

Boone Carol and his gang are in town.

JAKE

Boone-?

Jake quickly puts on a shirt and pants.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Damnation! What's he doing here?

LUCAS

My question exactly.

JAKE

I thought I got rid of him in Vicksburg.

LUCAS

My question exactly.

JAKE

I left him in a burning house, he was on fire, screaming out in pain, that whole dramatic deal!

LUCAS

That's how you killed him? No wonder he's so angry.

JAKE

Hey. Hey, I didn't kill him. He's alive now, right? So I'm faultless.

LUCAS

Does that matter?!

BOONE

(OS, in the distance)

BOOOOONE! OH THAT FEELS GOOD!

Jake sighs. He takes a revolver from the ground, checks its ammunition.

JAKE

Well. Looks like it's time to claim that bounty a second time.

LUCAS

There isn't a bounty. He's supposed to be dead.

Jake eyes Lucas, groans.

QUICK, STYLIZED CUTS of Jake readying himself up, putting on holsters, ammunition bandoliers, loading guns, etc. By the end of it he looks pretty badass.

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Dallas is in ruin. Buildings are on fire, townspeople desperately try to fend off attacking outlaws.

JAKE

(OS)

BOOOOOONE!!! Oh, that *does* feel good!

The action ceases. Attention is drawn towards:

In slow-motion, Jake struts down the main street, followed at his side by an exhausted Luke. Hiding townspeople lift their heads over banisters, open curtains in their windows in awe of Jake. Outlaws exit shops and houses, looking onward in fear. The knocking outlaws turn from the still-closed armory door and look at Jake and Lucas.

Boone eyes down Jake with a steely resolve. Smiles: *everything is going according to plan.* He gets down from his horse and walks out to meet Jake.

BOONE

Well. Look what the cat dragged in.

Boone and Jake stare each other down. A tumbleweed rolls across the road. The wind blows dust up.

JAKE

Boone Carol.

BOONE

Jake Brentbridge.

JAKE

You just don't quit, do you?

Boone points to Jake's soft belly.

BOONE

Well, looks like you did.

Outlaws chortle. Jake grimaces, sucks in.

JAKE

Now, I don't mind you taking the time to track me down all this way out in the frontier. But I do mind you bringing these innocent townspeople into the mix.

Boone grins. A red glint in his eyes.

BOONE

When you've seen the things I've seen, know the things I know- you care less for the smaller things in life.

Jake grimaces.

JAKE

Cut to the chase, Boone. What do you want?

BOONE

I don't want to reveal any more information than I have to, but let's just say we both know something about it.

Jake grimaces.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Something about... a cup.

Jake grimaces. Boone grimaces. Lucas grimaces. Jake grimaces.

JAKE

I don't know what you're talking about.

BOONE

Come on, Jake. You know what I'm talking about. You know what's at stake. You know I'm getting that Cup. And you know there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Boone cocks his head.

More outlaws emerge from hiding around Jake and aim at him. Jake looks at them, trying to keep them in sight, but they end up surrounding him. Jake turns around desperately, but he can't get all of them in his field of view.

BOONE (CONT'D)

In case you didn't get it, this is me cutting to the chase. Or, rather, my men cutting you down with enfilade fire. It's textbook military tactics.

Jake smiles.

In one smooth motion, Jake takes out his guns and starts firing at the outlaws. They fire back, but Jake dodges all of their bullets. Jake falls on the ground and spins around on his back, firing at all of the outlaws, who drop to the ground, dead.

Jake stands back up, blows on his smoking guns. Apparently he's still in his prime.

JAKE

Well, I didn't go to class.

Boone frowns, and more outlaws rush forward to engage Jake. They open fire, and Jake runs to some cover and starts firing back. Jake turns behind him and calls out to Lucas.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Luke!

Lucas is cowering behind a barrel as stray bullets fly around.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Luke! Hey, Luke!

LUCAS

What? Oh my god! Ahh! What?!

JAKE

You good?

Jake fires back, downing some outlaws.

LUCAS

Good?! I'm being shot at, how is that good?!

JAKE

Shot at is much better than being shot! I'm going to ask you to do something!

LUCAS

No!

JAKE

All right! I want you to get up and make your way to the barn, and I want you to prep the horse, we're getting out of here!

LUCAS

Does that involve me running? Because I don't want to run right now!

JAKE

All right! Barn! Horse! Remember! I'll meet you there! Ready?!

LUCAS

Sorry, I didn't catch that! Maybe repeat yourself? Very slowly?

JAKE

GO!

Lucas makes a break for it as Jake rises and starts dodging around and shooting outlaws.

EXT. AROUND DALLAS, DAY

Lucas dodges stray bullets as he runs for the barn.

EXT. DALLAS MAIN STREET, DAY

Jake slowly retreats towards the barn as he shoots at more and more outlaws coming out from everywhere.

JAKE

(to himself)

Oh, listen to Luke, huh? Oh, I gotta get up and save the town, huh? Dammit. Listen to your inner voice next time, Jake.

EXT. BRENTBRIDGE BARN, STABLES, DAY

Lucas, panting heavily, attempts to catch his breath. Sounds of pitched battle in the distance.

The Brentbridge's horse, DANCER, neighs softly and looks to Lucas sadly. Lucas pets Dancer. Roosty comes in and crows sadly.

LUCAS

I know, I know, Dancer, Roosty, bad things are happening. But we've gotta go. We've gotta go on a big journey, you hear that?

Jake jumps into view, panting and bloodied.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Lord! Are you okay?

JAKE

Oh, that's not my blood.

LUCAS

How do you get blood on yourself in a gunfight?

Silence.

JAKE
You prep that horse yet?

Dancer neighs. Jake walks up and pets Dancer.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Good girl, good girl.

LUCAS
(softly)
It's a he.
(normal)
So, we ready?

Jake walks towards his shed.

JAKE
I just gotta grab one thing-

Lucas looks to the distance, towards town, where he sees several outlaws on horseback galloping towards the barn.

LUCAS
We don't have a lot of time, Jake!

INT. JAKE'S SHED

Jake is rummaging through all of the mess in the shed. Lucas pokes his head in.

LUCAS
Jake! Come on!

JAKE
Wait just a minute!

Lucas looks out. The outlaws are getting closer.

LUCAS
We don't have a minute! Talk straight with me! What's going on? Why is Boone here? What's so important that you're willing to risk death for it?!

Finally, Jake finds it: a bag carrying something solid and heavy inside it. He unwraps it: it's the Cup.

JAKE
(to himself)
This.
(to Lucas)
All right, let's get out of Dallas!

Jake gets up, looks around: Lucas is absent.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Luke? Hey, Luke?

A gunshot from outside.

LUCAS
 (OS)
 NO!

Cautiously, Jake exits the shed...

EXT. BRENTBRIDGE BARN, MIDDAY

...To be greeted by the entire Carol Gang aiming their guns at him.

In front of the group is Boone, his arm wrapped around Lucas, a gun pointed down at a dead Roosty laying on the ground. Boone blows on the barrel, then trains his gun back on Lucas.

LUCAS
 He got him, Jake! He got Roosty!

JAKE
 Luke!

Jake starts to walk towards Lucas, but all the outlaws ready their guns at him. Jake backs away slowly.

BOONE
 You see, I play fair, Jake. I gave you a chance when I first rode into town. Even when we were all aiming at each other, I offered you a way out. But you chose to fight. You chose to take the low road, and not let fate run its course. Well, I'm giving you one last chance here, Jake. One last chance to make amends. One last chance to be rid of me forever. Make a choice: Lucas, or the Cup.

Jake looks around him: there is no way out. He is *completely* surrounded.

JAKE
 (to Lucas)
 Don't worry, I'll find a way out of this.

LUCAS

Just do what he's saying, Jake!
What's in that bag?! What's so
important that all of this had to
happen?!

JAKE

(to Boone)

Please don't hurt him. He hasn't
done anything.

BOONE

If anything, you're going to be the
one hurting him. Because it's
really up to you. Just hand me the
Cup.

LUCAS

Is this about a cup?! Am I going to
die over a cup?! Jake, you're going
to let me die over a goddamn cup?!
©

BOONE

Here, I'll do you a favor. I'll
make it easier on you. Hand me the
Cup in five seconds, or we kill the
both of you and take the Cup
anyway. Sound good? Thought so.
Five.

Jake looks around. There is *no* way out.

LUCAS

Just give it to him!

BOONE

Four.

Jake tries to make a move, but outlaws spot him and raise
their guns at him. He's tried that already.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Three.

JAKE

Take me instead. Don't hurt him.

BOONE

I mean, we take the Cup anyway. But
if you want to die. Two.

Jake sighs.

LUCAS

JAKE!

Boone cocks his gun.

JAKE

(sotto)

I'm sorry.

BOONE

One.

In slow-motion, Jake's hat falls to the ground, dropped by him. His guns drop to the ground, and since they're still loaded, they fire into the air, scaring a few outlaws, but their attention is quickly drawn towards:

The bag carrying the Cup hits the ground, throwing up dust. The impact throws up the Cup into the air. Outlaws all around stare at it in awe as it flies through the air, finally landing in Boone's grasp.

Silence as Boone inspects the Cup. He nods to himself.

BOONE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

And thus the inevitable becomes...
evitable.

(to Jake)

Thanks, Jake.

Boone aims at Jake and fires.

Jake looks down. A pool of blood spreads from his chest.

LUCAS

NOOOO!

Lucas elbows Boone in the belly, sending him backward and releasing his grasp. Lucas runs to Jake. Outlaws try to restrain Lucas, but he dodges all of them.

Jake falls to the ground, dead. Lucas reaches him.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Jake? Jake?!

Lucas slaps Jake's face. No response. Thunder. It begins to rain. Lucas raises his arms to the sky.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

GOD, WHY?

BOONE

(OS)

You little...

Lucas looks up to see Boone towering over him, rubbing his belly where Lucas hit him.

BOONE (CONT'D)

I oughta kill you for that.

SUPPORTIVE OUTLAW

(OS)

You should, boss!

BOONE

(to Lucas)

I should kill you for that.

Lucas runs up to Boone to strike him again but Boone easily kicks him aside. Lucas rolls across the ground, groaning in pain.

Boone chuckles, takes his time walking towards Lucas, who's trying to get up from the ground. He puts a cigar in his mouth, nods. A hand extends and lights the cigar.

Boone draws his gun. Follows Lucas, who's crawling towards Jake now. Lucas reaches for one of Jake's guns, but Boone shoots it out of the way.

LUCAS

Why did you do this?!

BOONE

Read the terms and conditions next time. I didn't say I wasn't gonna kill Jake, did I?

SUPPORTIVE OUTLAW

(OS)

You didn't, boss!

BOONE

I do hate killing the young ones that have done no harm. Especially ones that can do no harm.

LUCAS

Damn you! Damn you!

Boone aims at Lucas.

BOONE

Any last words?

Lucas looks up, kneeling by Jake's body, panting, furious.

LUCAS
You'll pay for this.

The outlaws burst out laughing. Boone chuckles and chambers a round. Lucas closes his eyes. Boone squeezes the trigger.

ALL OF A SUDDEN, a bright pillar of green light appears in the clouds. It beams into Jake's body. EVERYBODY is shocked by this. Boone is so shocked that he drops the Cup. It rolls towards Lucas.

JAKE
AAAAH!

A green transparent form of Jake with his clothes on, Jake's spirit, rises from Jake's body. For all intents and purposes in this script, this is still Jake, but he's just a ghost now.

LUCAS
What-

JAKE
In-

BOONE
Tarnation-

Lucas hears a clamping sound beneath him and looks to see that a green chain connects his leg to Jake's leg.

OUTLAW 1
(to Boone)
Does this mean he's dead or-

BOONE
GET HIM!

The overwhelmed outlaws snap out of it quickly try to get their weapons readied, but they're not fast enough. Jake and Lucas make a run for it in opposite directions, but the chain pulls taut and stops them in their tracks. They look at each other.

JAKE
RUN!

Lucas notices the Cup beneath him, wraps it in a bag and throws it on Dancer. Jake and Lucas get on Dancer and gallop away.

EXT. DALLAS OUTSKIRTS, DAY, RAIN

Luke and Jake ride on Dancer, Lucas at the reins. Jake looks behind him. Outlaws on horseback are aggressively giving chase and getting closer. Lucas is slapping himself.

JAKE
Faster!

LUCAS
I'm gonna wake up. This is all just
a bad dream...

A bullet barely misses Jake. He looks behind him to see outlaws whooping and whipping around lassos. An outlaw fires, and the bullet whizzes by.

JAKE
They're gaining on us! Hey, Luke,
snap out of it!

Jake tries to take hold of Lucas, but his hands phase past him. Jake looks to his hands in shock.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Oh no...

Jake sees the rain phasing through his hands and body.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Oh no.

An outlaw throws his lasso towards Jake, but it phases right through him. The lasso crashes back into the outlaw's horse, sending it to the ground.

LASSO OUTLAW
Oh no!

Lucas snaps out of it, kicks Dancer. Dancer speeds forward.

JAKE
Luke...

LUCAS
Jake! Shoot them!

JAKE
That's what I've been trying to
tell you! I don't think I can!

Lucas looks back at Jake.

LUCAS
 (exasperated)
 What are you talking about? You're
 the keenest eye west of the
 Mississippi and the quickest hand
 east of the... uh...

JAKE
 (pointing forward)
 Hey, eyes on the road.

Lucas spins back around, hiyabs Dancer.

LUCAS
 I mean, you're still Jake
 Brentbridge, right? You're still my
 brother?

JAKE
 I- yes, Luke, I'm here! I'm Jake!
 But I got no guns, no ammo- I can't
 even grab things! I'm just a damn
 ghost now!

Lucas spots a forest in front of him. He looks behind him, where he sees outlaws trying to keep balance on the slippery ground. Lucas spurs Dancer towards the forest. They enter the forest.

EXT. FOREST, DAY, RAIN - CONTINUOUS

LUCAS
 What do you mean-

Lucas looks beneath him, where Jake's arm protrudes from his chest, giving him a middle finger. They look at each other. Lucas turns back to the road. Sighs. Closes his eyes.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 I'm going to wake up. I'm going to
 wake up. My brother was dead but
 now he's not and my life is falling
 apart.

Jake looks behind him: outlaws are firing wildly and whooping and slipping and crashing into trees.

JAKE
 Luke! LUKE! THIS IS NOT THE TIME!

Jake waves his hands through Lucas fruitlessly as Dancer veers left and right drunkenly.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 GODAMMIT, LUCAS! WE ARE GOING TO
 DIE!!

LUCAS
 I AM!

Jake tries to scare Dancer in either direction by waving his hands in front of its eyes. It neighs and veers more. It's working, sort of.

Gunshots start to die down.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
 Let's just- let's just go back-

JAKE
 We can't-

LUCAS
 Let's circle back around, I think
 we lost them-

JAKE
 Lucas, I'm telling you, we-

LUCAS
 We need to go back to Dallas-

JAKE
 Luke, there ain't nothing back in
 Dallas for us! Dallas is gone!

Beat. Lucas tries to hold back tears.

LUCAS
 That's it then? You're just going
 to walk away from Dallas? Not even
 look back?

JAKE
 Bad choice of words, Luke, what I
 meant-

LUCAS
 You may have forgotten this, but I
 grew up in Dallas. I made memories
 there. We made memories there. You
 know, this is what I hate about
 you. All you care about is
 yourself. You won't, or can't, see
 anything but yourself. I hold no
 sympathy for your predicament.
 (MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You brought this on yourself. You
deserve this.

Dancer slows to a stop. Jake, furious, gets off Dancer.

JAKE

Get down here.

LUCAS

No.

JAKE

Luke, get down here and talk to me.

Lucas scoffs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

NOW!

Lucas sighs and gets off Dancer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(getting in Lucas' face)

You think I'm glad I'm a ghost? You
think I *want* to be here?

LUCAS

Screw off-

JAKE

HEY! Don't interrupt me!

Lucas shuts up, slightly shocked.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now, you want to be rid of me,
right?

No answer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

LUKE! You want to get rid of me,
right?

LUCAS

Y-yes.

JAKE

All right. Good. I want to be rid
of me, too. Glad we're on the same
page. You see what I just did
there? That's called teamwork. See,
teamwork is real special.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Because you don't have to be friends, you don't have to like the others who are trying to solve the same problem as you. All you got to do is *work* together. And everyone will be better off for it. So, Luke, say all you want about me, but for the love of *Christ*, work with me here. Because we are in this *together*.

Lucas takes a breath.

LUCAS

Fine.

Beat.

JAKE

So who's doing the walking?

LUCAS

(sighs)

I'll lead. Come on, Dancer.

Lucas leads Dancer along as Jake trails behind.

END OF SAMPLE: to read rest of script, email admin@kylewong.com