

written by

EXT. CRIPPLE CREEK HIGH STREET - DOWN THE ROAD - DAY

ON SCREEN: Cripple Creek, Colorado. 1889.

A US Mail stage coach being driven by two men makes its way down the high street.

BART ([50] barrel chested, salt-and-pepper moustache contrasting his crisp and clean US Postal Mail Uniform). And IKE ([35] Mexican bandit moustache imitating Bart's. He's wide eyed and stupid and also wearing US Mail Postal Office Uniform)

Bart hands Ike the reins and encouragingly hits him on the arm. He swings round and enters-

INT. US MAIL STAGECOACH - CONT.

Bart soothes an ache in his back. He pulls a revolver from his breast pocket, flicks open the cylinder and spins it to ensure it's loaded.

He claps it shut and passes it to FRANCES ([33] poorly cut short blonde hair, yellow stained teeth and manly. She also wears a postal uniform).

A male voice emanates from a large box taking up the foot space in the coach.

BILL (O.S.)

Remind me again why I'm in the box?

BART

Seein' as it was your idea, it only seemed fair.

BILL (O.S.)

It weren't my idea. It were Carson's.

BART

You said it were yours.

BILL (O.S.)

Well, I mean...it was my initial idea. And it's a great idea but Carson came up with the box.

BART

But Carson's dead.
(looking at Frances)
Killed by Injuns, right?

Frances nods nervously.

FRANCES

Right.

Bart stares at Frances with suspicion.

BART

Besides, you're the only one who can pick a lock.

BILL (O.S.)

You make a good point, Bart. But can I at least get some airholes?

BART

Sure.

Bart removes a knife from his boot and stabs the top of the box twice.

BILL (O.S.)

Fuck!

Bart and Frances laugh again.

EXT. CRIPPLE CREEK TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

A passenger train chugs into the station. In the foreground we see Cassidy putting up a missing poster for Sandy on the notice board, which is covered in dozens of other missing posters.

Three prominent WANTED posters hang next to the missing ones:

'BLOODY' BART EASTER WANTED FOR MURDER, ROBBERY & ARSON.

BILL 'BABY BOY' PORTER WANTED FOR HORSE THEFT, SELLING GUNS TO INDIANS & CHEATING AT CARDS.

'CURLY' CARSON COSGROVE WANTED FOR RUSTLING, ROBBERY & SELLING WHISKEY TO INDIANS.

IKE & FRANCES TERWILLIGER WANTED FOR ROBBERY & UNCHRISTIAN BEHAVIOUR.

FELIX ([58] round glasses, pristine train signaller uniform) approaches her.

FELIX

Oh Good God. Not another one.

CASSIDY

Excuse me?

FELIX

Look, lady. This is the first place any visitor is gonna see. And people come to Cripple Creek and, you know, they love Cripple Creek. They want to see the landmarks, go get a drink at The Spur, piroot our **mighty fine** prostitutes...

Cassidy clears her throat.

FELIX (CONT'D)

And this stuff...

Felix circles Sandy's posters with his finger

FELIX (CONT'D)

It's just bringin' everyone down.

CASSIDY

Right.

FELIX

They pull in here, see the gorgeous greenery and landscapes.

(Points to the mountains)

"Oh wow, now ain't they some lovely mountains? I know I'm nearly in Cripple Creek, can't wait to get my ivory ticklers on some well-serviced prostitutes."

He pretends to get off an imaginary train.

FELIX (CONT'D)

"Oh, There's some wanted posters. Gosh, that's mighty exciting! There must be a lot of money round here if there's bandits, what a mighty fine economy Cripple Creek has!"

(Makes an over the top sad face)

"Oh wait what's this? It's a dead little girl. Well that's a downer, let's go home."

CASSIDY

Not *dead*. Missing.

FELIX

How long's it been?

Beat.

CASSIDY
Two months.

FELIX
I don't want to be harsh, lady. But
she's basically cougar food.

Behind them, the US Mail stagecoach pulls up next to the train. Ike, Bart and Frances unload the crate (with Bill in it) with great difficulty. Cassidy takes the pin out of Sandy's poster. Felix runs over to the gang.

FELIX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, wait there! Do you Gentlemen
have the right documentation?

BART (O.S.)
Right here.

Bart hands Felix the papers. He inspects them.

Beat.

FELIX
Come back tomorrow.

BART
What?

FELIX
Your papers are for tomorrow.

Bart looks at the papers.

BART
God damn it, Bill.

FELIX
Hey now. Do I know you fellas from
somewhere?

BART
I can't see how you would.

FRANCES
And I'm actually a woman.

Cassidy comes up to the group with a poster.

CASSIDY
Gentlemen!

Frances huffs.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)
 Could you please take a moment-

Felix stops Cassidy in her tracks and takes her aside by the poster board.

FELIX
 Please, m'am. You really have to...

Felix trails off as he looks at the poster board. He studies the 'WANTED' posters of Bart, Bill, Ike and Frances. He gets closer and then puts his finger above their lips to represent a moustache.

Beat.

FELIX (CONT'D)
 Holy sh-

BANG. Felix is shot in the head from close-range by Bart.

Cassidy screams and runs for cover behind the crate (with Bill in).

Bart shoots in the air.

BART
 Good mornin' everybody. I will ask
 you to please remain calm-

Bart's head explodes. Cassidy SCREAMS in terror. TRAIN ENGINEER with a Winchester Rifle has downed him.

FRANCES
 Bart!

Ike and Frances start firing at anything that moves and the civilians retaliate.

Cassidy is curled up behind the crate - heavy BANGS start coming from inside.

BILL (O.S.)
 What the hell is goin' on out
 there?

The box vibrates some more. Cassidy is frightened but daren't move with the bullets flying.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (sobbing)
 It's so fuckin' hot.

Cassidy screams as a bullet whizzes past her.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey. Someone out there?

Cassidy stays quiet.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Listen, there's a little latch on
top of the crate. Please. Help me
and I'll help you get outta here.

Cassidy is extremely reluctant but sees her situation. She reaches up and finds the latch - she releases it.

An extremely sweaty, topless and fat BILL ([45] a receding hairline sit on top of a shapeless, doughy face) bursts out the box with his guns pointed at Cassidy.

He then gestures towards the town.

BILL (CONT'D)
Go. I'll cover you.

Cassidy looks around and sprints away as Bill starts firing into the crowd.

Ike and Frances start falling back and run to the stagecoach.

BILL (CONT'D)
Get in; I'll ride.

Bill mounts the horse in front of the Stagecoach. Several ON-LOOKERS watch in fear.

Ike and Frances enter the stage coach. They look behind them.

FRANCES
Go!

Bill kicks the horse to move. The horse rides off and the stagecoach remains stationary; Bill has untied it.

INT. US MAIL STAGECOACH - CONT.

Ike and Frances are sat waiting to be whisked away.

Beat.

Frances pops her head out the door - she sees Bill riding into the distance.

FRANCES
That piece of shit.

IKE
He left us, didn't he?

Frances looks behind and sees SHERIFF LEONARD RUSKIN ([57], leathery face, thick grey handle bar moustache, stetson covering his bald head) and Wyatt on horseback approaching them.

FRANCES
Things may have gotten a little worse.

They casually exit the stagecoach. Leonard and Randy pull up outside the train station.

Leonard turns to an onlooker.

LEONARD
You see where they went?

The onlooker points to Ike and Frances who are creeping out of the stagecoach.

ONLOOKER
The other rode off up there.

He signals to the mountains.

Leonard fires a warning shot at Ike and Frances' feet.

LEONARD
(shouts)
Don't you two sons of bitches take another step!

Beat. Ike and Frances raise their hands.

IKE
We're just a couple of mailmen!

LEONARD
(To Wyatt)
Arrest these two and I'll find the ditcher.

Leonard whips his stirrups and rides off, Wyatt keeps his gun pointed at Ike and Frances.

EXT. FIELD BEFORE THE MOUNTAINS - LATER

Bill sprints through a shallow river on horseback. Bill looks behind him, he sees two Native Indians: BODAWAY [24] and DEMOTHI [25] on horseback. He pretends he hasn't seen them. He lashes the reins in an attempt to hurry the horse.

They start to speed up.

Bill slyly looks over his shoulder, he's whipping the horse, but the river slows him down.

They're gaining on him, they enter the river.

He's out of the river - he bolts. Bodoway and Demothi do the same but, like Bill, the river holds them back.

Bill is racing up the side of the mountain until CHEVEYO [54], HAKAN [45], and ELAN [30] (all Native American) appear from nowhere. He's surrounded. Bill pulls on the reins. Cheveyo pulls out a gun. They all pull out their guns and aim at Bill.

Bill puts his hands up.

BILL
Fellas! It's me, Bill.

Beat.

BILL (CONT'D)
C'mon, please. I really wouldn't...

Cheveyo pulls the trigger, Bill squeals.

Beat.

...

Nothing happens.

Bill opens his eyes and gives them a weak smile.

DEMOTHI
You're a fucking asshole, Bill.

CHEVEYO
(in native American)
Tell the fat man I hate him.

DEMOTHI
My father hates you. And he thinks you're fat.

BILL
That's refreshingly honest of him.

DEMOTHI
You sold us broken guns!

BILL
Are you sure the safety isn't on?

HAKAN
There is no safety. They don't even
have chambers.

Beat.

BILL
Ain't that funny?

CHEVEYO
(in Native American)
Tell him he ruined my birthday

DEMOTHI
You ruined my father's birthday.

BILL
Look, I can get you boys new guns.
Better ones! With twenty chambers!
Made of diamonds and pearls!

DEMOTHI
Give me your gun.

BILL
(worried)
No. You don't want my gun. It's
broken too. And I don't think I
even brought it with me.

Demothi rides over to Bill and snatches his gun from his
holster.

BILL (CONT'D)
Oh, there it is.

Demothi points the gun at Bill. Bill backs off and puts his
hands up.

CHEVEYO
(In Native American)
(to the group)
This one works, look how scared he
is!

BILL

Let's be sensible here, fellas. I can help you. What's one gun gonna even really do?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS ON THE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Bill is completely naked and tied to a tree. He looks terrified.

The air is still and all around is quiet. One of the nearby trees begins to gently RUSTLE. Bill nervously looks to see the origin of the sound, he tries to wriggle free.

Heavy WHEEZING of a MYSTERIOUS BEAST are heard in the same direction.

The RUSTLING gets louder.

BILL

You better get out of here real fast. I've got a gun! And I will bla...

Bill is desperately wriggling.

BILL (CONT'D)

Damn, that's such a good knot.

The RUSTLING intensifies. Bill cries.

LEONARD (O.S.)

I prefer my presents wrapped in ribbon.

Leonard enters, (not from the direction of the rustling) he approaches the tree, holstering his pistol.

BILL

What?

Leonard stands and admires Bill tied up.

LEONARD

For two long years you have eluded my clutches, boy. And here you are... all wrapped up.

BILL

Who the fuck are you?

LEONARD (CONT'D)

The cat has caught the mouse.