

BOUNTY

Written by

Kevin Jameson

1823 Arbor Lakes Cir.
Sanford, FL 32771
Kjameson@fullsail.edu
407 775 1591

EXT. SALOON - DAY (1807)

ALEJANDRA, 25, coat and cowboy hat, armed with a colt in her holster, a die-hard bounty hunter with a scar under her eye from a gig gone bad, ties up her STALLION. She SLAMS through the saloon doors her spurs CLACKING with each confident stride she takes.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Sun shines through the windows. A thermometer beside the cash register reads: "90 degrees."

FOSTER, 30, cowboy hat, yellow tinted coat, armed with a colt pistol, skull bandana over his face, MEAN DOG lying next to him, sits at the bar. He glances calmly over his shoulder at Alejandra as she approaches. The bar is scattered with people.

Foster eyeballs her.

FOSTER

Nobody is sitting there, go ahead.

Alejandra sits right next to Foster.

ALEJANDRA

Can I get you something to drink?

FOSTER

Do I look thirsty?

ALEJANDRA

Does it matter? We have to talk.

FOSTER

I guess not. All right, whiskey on the rocks.

ALEJANDRA

It's mid-morning, how bout some coffee? Something a little lighter. Don't need you soaked when I'm trying to chat.

FOSTER

I told you what I want. Also, I don't have all day.

ALEJANDRE

You heard us Bartender, two drinks!

The BARTENDER, 50s, white shirt, black vest, grabs whisky rocks from a bucket and adds it to a glass, pours whisky and hands it over to Foster. He pours a cup of coffee, adds cream and sugar and hands it to Alejandra.

Foster takes a drink.

BARTENDER

What brings you hear foreigner?

ALEJANDRE

I'm hear on business. A little bounty hunting you might say.

BARTENDER

Alright, enjoy your drinks. Let me know if you need anything.

ALEJANDRE

Will do.

A bar fight breaks out next to a pool table . Alejandra smiles and elbows Foster to look. A MAN grabs a pool stick and breaks it over his knee. He hits ANOTHER MAN and knocks him out.

FOSTER

Now that is some fine whiskey. Warm on the way down even from the whisky rocks.

ALEJANDRA

Just like you have always liked it. Now I didn't just sit down next to you because you are pretty.

FOSTER

Well thanks for the compliment. I was guessing it was because I was. But that is just me. What do you want from me anyway?

ALEJANDRA

It surely isn't because you are an ace high boss. You are sitting deep in some shit if you ask me.

FOSTER

Is that right? How so?

Alejandra SLAMS her hand down on the bar. She looks at Foster.

ALEJANDRA

Keep your fucking eyes forward. We don't want anything scandalous happening here.

Foster looks forward.

FOSTER

Alright, alright. I'm not trying to go nowhere. We're just two people enjoying a day here at this beautiful bar, during this scorching summer. What can be better than that?

ALEJANDRA

Well this contract I have here in my pocket is a bounty. It's not just any old bounty, or some petty bounty, or a bounty for the books.

FOSTER

Let me guess. This is a bounty for some dinero? You trying to get flush? Rich?

ALEJANDRA

Well you are on the right path...but its a bounty on the killing of an innocent man.

FOSTER

How so?

ALEJANDRA

You didn't hear? That gambling fool Abbot. You know the one who was wanted for killing all those people?

FOSTER

Now that you mention it, it seems to ring a bell.

Alejandra SLAMS her hand down again.

ALEJANDRA

What did I tell you about keeping those eyes forward?

FOSTER

Tis tis... everything is smooth cool. My eyes. Are. Forward! Now cut me a fucking break.

ALEJANDRA

Just listen. Abbot, that serial killer, was innocent. He didn't hurt a soul.

FOSTER

Abbot killed over 20 innocent men, women and children. He is a cold. Blooded. Killer. Or should I say was, until somebody came up to him and blasted a hole between his listenin' ears.

ALEJANDRA

Part... of that is true. All except for the Abbot part. Abbot was in a different place at a different time. Sheriff here has lifted that bounty. That bounty was a dead or alive but everyone heard, didn't you?

FOSTER

Didn't I what?

ALEJANDRA

Didn't you hear about that bounty being lifted? Didn't you at least here it at the gospel before that hangin' last Sunday? Reverend and Sheriff Hunt himself announced it. And everyone heard his words.

Foster raises his hand to the Bartender and slides his glass forward.

FOSTER

Double whiskey on the rocks.

ALEJANDRA

Coffee.

The Bartender fixes the drinks.

FOSTER

That's funny, I don't recall him saying anything.

ALEJANDRA

Why?

FOSTER

Because I wasn't there. I was attending some business.

Foster bends over and ties his boots real tight.

ALEJANDRA

Now what makes you do that?

FOSTER

What?

ALEJANDRA

You tying your boots like you bout to make a getaway.

FOSTER

Now what makes you think I'm about to get up and leave this wonderful conversation?

ALEJANDRA

Oh, I don't know. Maybe you know a little bit about the killing of our poor innocent man Abbot.

FOSTER

Maybe.

ALEJANDRA

And that damn Dog you have there. What's his name?

FOSTER

Oh this fella I have here? Oh, he doesn't have a name. He's harmless as a duck.

The Dog sits up and growls.

ALEJANDRA

You keep that damn Dog outside, you here?

Foster looks at Alejandra. He gets up and takes his Dog outside. He ties him up and walks back inside the saloon.

FOSTER

Better?

ALEJANDRA

Much!

Alejandre takes out her colt pistol.

ALEJANDRA (CONT'D)

You see that glass over yonder?

Foster glances at the glass as it explodes.

ALEJANDRA (CONT'D)

That's your nuts if you up and try anything clever, you hear?

Alejandre spins her pistol around her finger and puts it back in her holster. Heavy smoke exits the barrel.

FOSTER

Now where were we? Was it the part where I know something about Abbot's death?

ALEJANDRA

Here's the thing...the fella that is responsible for his death is on an open contract. That means...

FOSTER

Dead or alive?

ALEJANDRE

Dead or alive.

ALEJANDRA

Right. So, here is the contract.

Foster grabs the contract and reads. He snickers a bit. He continues reading. He snickers again.

FOSTER

This last part...

He takes a sip of his whiskey. He reads aloud...

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Our culprit - a man who stands about 5'10" wears a cowboy hat and was last seen wearing a yellow tinted coat. He is wanted dead or alive.

ALEJANDRA

Now ain't that somethin? Here you are, 5' fucking 10", cowboy hat and all. Lastly, a yellow tinted coat. Now what the fuck do you think now?

FOSTER

Seems like a misunderstanding or a coincidence if you ask me. You may ask why, and the reason is because I don't have any reason to be killing an innocent man.

ALEJANDRA

That's the thing Foster. You didn't know, remember?

FOSTER

That is true. And I could tell you that if I saw that man and there was a bounty I wouldn't think twice about putting a bullet in his head. Especially with a bounty reward like that.

ALEJANDRA

You killed him didn't you?

FOSTER

Maybe.

ALEJANDRA

You thought he was guilty, and you wanted him to pay for all those murders he supposedly committed, didn't you?

FOSTER

A man shouldn't be carrying the burden of all the murders on his conscience anyway...dont you think?

Foster spits on the floor. He stands up from his seat.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Now after all this back and forth, if you don't mind, I have to use the john. Unless of course you want me to piss right here?

ALEJANDRA

No, go ahead. Go use the john.

They finish their drinks. Foster takes his coat and puts it over his chair. He walks over to the restroom. He opens the door and disappears.

Alejandra stands up. She walks out the front of the saloon.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Foster slips out the window.

Alejandre waits outside.

Foster walks to the front of the saloon.

Alejandra spots him and pulls the trigger. Dirt/dust explodes close to his boots.

ALEJANDRA
What kind of fool do you take me
for?

FOSTER
No, you see I was just checking on
my dog out here in the heat. You
know you can't...

ALEJANDRA
Shut up!

Alejandra takes out her second colt pistol and points it at Foster.

ALEJANDRA (CONT'D)
Get back in the saloon. Keep your
hands up. Way. Up.

Foster walks through the saloon doors. Alejandra follows and slams the doors open.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Alejandra puts her pistols back in her holsters. THE OCCUPANTS stare.

FOSTER
I take it you want me to sit back
in my seat.

ALEJANDRA
Either you do that or I shoot you
dead right here before someone else
does today. And I don't want any
blood on my hands.

FOSTER
Fine, you can have it your way
Ally.

Foster sits down. Alejandra sits next to him.

ALEJANDRA
Two more drinks?

FOSTER
Shit...why not?

The Bartender pours another whiskey on the rocks and another coffee. He slides them in their direction.

ALEJANDRA

Thanks.

FOSTER

Thanks.

Alejandra takes a sip. Foster gulps down his.

ALEJANDRA

So, now that we have done our own little rodeo, I think it is time I lay down what your options are.

FOSTER

Sounds fair enough. I'm listening...

ALEJANDRA

First things first, you admit you took that mans life?

FOSTER

I didn't only take that mans life, I took his entire head off his shoulders. It literally snapped back off his body and rolled a couple feet to my boots. Must be the extra gun powder.

ALEJANDRA

Yea, must be.

FOSTER

Anyway, sounds like my options are either come in with you or get my head put on a stick.

ALEJANDRA

That's what I was saying. I reckon you can come in with me and we can sort all of this out. You can tell the sheriff you didn't get the news, you were attending some business and you thought you were cleaning up the town, doing it a favor.

FOSTER

Sounds convincing. Except I don't think sheriff Hunt is going to buy it. It sounds like quite a gamble.

(MORE)

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I'd rather take my odds and go on
the lamb.

Alejandra SLAMS her hand on the counter again.

ALEJANDRA

You leave this bar, you have only a
couple hours until you're dead. D-E-
A-D dead. You walk into that
sheriffs office with me at least
you stand a chance on survival.

FOSTER

The way I see it, even if I am set
free I'll still have to watch my
back. Who knows what could happen?

Alejandra removes his skull bandana.

ALEJANDRA

Listen, I am the better bounty
hunter here. I've been ever since
we have been doing this business as
young'ns. You're my brother, you
should do as I ask.

FOSTER

Well it seems to be the best
option, so be it.

Alejandra takes out her pistol and points it at Foster. She
picks up her bounty paper off the counter and directs him to
the entrance of the saloon.

Foster exits.

Alejandre makes it to the doors when she is sprayed with
Foster's blood.

ALEJANDRA

FOSTER! NOOOOOO!

Alejandra screams and wipes the blood from her face.

BOUNTY HUNTER (O.S.)

MURDERER!