

The Damned and the Dead

By

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EXT. DAY. EMPTY WASTELAND

We see two cowboy slicks standing bow-legged glaring at one another. The first one, a BRUTE, with a stern look in his eye that only means trouble. The other, TIMID man who seems to have stumbled into the wrong place at the wrong time. A beautiful DAMSEL separates the two of them standing abandon in the middle of the silent stare off. The quiet is broken.

DAMSEL

Now can't we just work this out you
two! There ain't no meanin' for all
this--

(BANG!)

A bullet hits the ground just in front of the Damsel's toes, she jumps out of the way. Startled, it shuts her up.

THE BRUTE

Quiet.

He spits his blackened dip spit on the soil. Smoke pours out of The Brute's six shooter resting from his hip. He twirls his pistol before holstering it, eyes remaining locked on The Timid. The Timid gulps. He knows what is to come.

THE BRUTE

Yeah we're going to settle this
alright.

He begins to walk towards The Timid as he talks.

THE BRUTE

The only way two men outta.

Trying to match The Brute's macho, The Timid proudly steps forward; there's no turning back now. They circle each other like two panthers about to pounce. Both of there hands nearing there own six shooter.

DAMSEL

No! Stop it, no more fighting over
little ol' me!

The men ignore her, but deep down The Timid wishes he could take her advice.

DAMSEL

Now that's enough--

She jumps in front of the two and puts her arms out as if to shield the two from one another.

(CONTINUED)

THE BRUTE

Damn it, would you shut the hell
up!

The Brute steps forward to shove her to the ground. She hits with force and looks up at the two from the dirt ground. She catches The Timid's eye. His face turns from sorrow to fury and beams his glance back toward The Brute. The Brute exchanges a look that says "what are you gonna do about it?" The Timid pulls his pistol out of his holster and aims it down at The Brute. He doesn't even flinch.

THE BRUTE

You ever shot that pistol of yours
boy?

The Timid doesn't answer. He is clearly nervous, his hands shake. Giving up on his tough guy act, he lowers his weapon and sulks his head.

THE BRUTE

(snickering)
Say hello to Death when he greets
you boy.

In a flash The Brute draws for his six shooter and fires it once. The bullet hits The Timid dead in the gut. He looks down in cold shock, speechless. He coughs up a little blood.

DAMSEL

No! No!

The Brute lets off another round right in The Timid's heart. He hits the ground. Dead. The Damsel, now in tears, jumps up and pounds her fist in The Brute's chest.

DAMSEL

You animal! Why would you do
that...

The Brute still stares at The Timid, making sure he isn't going to get back up. He doesn't. He turns his attention to the girl, grabs and shakes her.

THE BRUTE

Stop it! Cut it out!

He yanks her on the arm to take her away. She tries escaping from The Brute's firm grasp to grief over the dead Timid. She slips away briefly and rushes to his lifeless body. The Damsel leans over to kiss The Timid's frail lips one last time. The Brute grabs her away just as their lips finish touching.

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THE BRUTE
Come on, get up girl!

He yanks her up by the arm and drags her off into the distance. He has won, but the Damsel still struggles to be free. She looks back at The Timid, as if some magic is going to happen, then sulks her head down in sorrow. The Timid lies on the dirt ground. Lifeless.

CUT TO

EXT. DAY. FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD WHERE THE BRUTE AND DAMSEL ARE

The sun is beaming. It is hot. The Brute is dragging the Damsel along the road. To an unknown destination.

DAMSEL
Where are you takin' me?

The Brute does not answer. He doesn't even look back at her.

DAMSEL
I can walk by myself ya know!

She hits him in the arm to get his attention. He glares back at her. Then releases her from his clutches. She brushes herself off.

THE BRUTE
Don't you try any thing funny.

The Damsel barely hears what he says, her mind is racing on a way to escape. She quickly kicks The Brute in the back of the leg.

THE BRUTE
AHH!

Without a second thought and runs off in the other direction to who-knows-where.

THE BRUTE
Son of a bitch, get back here!

He takes a few bounds to catch up to her slow sprint and grabs her forcefully, turns her around and slaps her with the back of his hand.

THE BRUTE
You don't wanna listen to me huh?

The Brute slaps her again.

(CONTINUED)

DAMSEL
No, I'm sorry. Please.

CUT TO

EXT. DAY. BACK DOWN THE ROAD WHERE THE TIMID LIES

The Timid lies cold and dead in the dirt. Sounds of the Damsel's shrieks can be heard in the distance. Suddenly his fingers twitch. His hand grasps the sand and rock into his fist and staggers himself back up to his feet. He picks up his gun; locked and loaded he stumbles after the two making their get away as his feet drag on the ground.

CUT TO

EXT. DAY. FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD WHERE THE BRUTE AND DAMSEL ARE

The Timid is struggling to catch up to the two and lets out a weeping groan in his bloodthirsty agony.

THE TIMID
MMMMMHH....

The Brute turns to see The Timid.

THE BRUTE
Now what the hell...

Upon a closer look The Brute sees The Timid is now a walking corpse, filthy with dirt and blood. Parts of flesh hang from his body and red blood drips from his mouth. His eyes are blank yet unflinchingly fixed on The Brute. He tosses the girl to aside like a rag.

THE BRUTE
Now what!?

The Timid only answers with a slight mummer of a groan. He keeps staggering forward.

THE BRUTE
(snickering)
Still ain't got nothin' to say,
huh? Alright, well I'll just put a
few more holes in ya!

The Brute stops walking toward the two. The Damsel tries to step in again, but before she even gets a word out.

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THE BRUTE

You stay outta this!

He verbally pushes her away. He's sweating. Looking confused and nervous. The two foes glide their hands ever so close to their six shooters. Waiting for the other to make a move. Without another word The Timid unholsters his gun, along with a hidden second one, and fires violently at The Brute. The Brute draws soon after but does not get any accurate shots off before he is drilled in the chest with bullet after bullet. He crashes to the ground. Dead. And he is not coming back. The Timid limps over to comfort the lost Damsel and leans over to The Brute. He clears a lump from his throat.

THE TIMID

...He says... "hello."

The damsel and The Timid walk off into the sunset. Hand in undead hand.