

3 GODFATHERS

Written by

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EXT. FOREST CREEK - DAY

A beautiful, clear river runs through the lush and mountainous forest floor. SILENCE in the air but a soft breeze and a few distant birds. God took his time with this place. It's like a scene out of a movie.

Suddenly, a high pitched HOWL pierces the serenity. A CRASH into the deep pool of water shoots water high up in the air. From the ripples, emerges a YOUNG BLACKFOOT INDIAN GIRL (10). She has swung from a rope tied to a nearby tree.

She wears a HIDE-SKIN skirt and several colorful beads around her neck. Her long, black hair is braided and tied up with LEATHER ROPES.

She makes her way expertly back to shore and grabs the rope for another swing. She speaks in the Native Blackfoot tongue.

YOUNG INDIAN GIRL
Tió! Tió! Watch this one.

Again she runs with the rope and then swings herself far out into the river. Splashing down with the reckless abandon of youth.

We see a tall FATHER FIGURE watching nearby. We cannot see a face but from a hearty laugh we can tell it's a man.

The young girl pulls herself onto the riverbank once more. Grabbing a few stones, she skips them playfully and effortlessly across the water.

FATHER FIGURE (O.S.)
That's enough for today. We need to
return and help with supper.

YOUNG INDIAN GIRL
Okay Tió.

Skiping one more stone the young girl then stares into the rippling water, at her own face. Studying her features.

Suddenly, her young face is transformed into the face of A WOMAN. A WHITE woman, about 10 years older. Although the woman in the reflection is white, there is a slight resemblance to the young Indian girl.

She studies this older woman's face with wonder and joy. She has seen this before. She smiles and skips away.

Back again on the older WOMAN'S FACE in the water, we see the woman smiling back at us.

A YELLOW FLOWER then floats into the scene, breaking up the image, and we follow the flower as it weaves down the river.

1887, MONTANA

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

We are again following the same YELLOW FLOWER in the water, but now we are in a smaller creek.

The FLOWER then bumps into a PREGNANT BELLY. In the water we see the reflection of THE WHITE WOMAN from the first scene.

The woman picks up the yellow flower and puts it in her hair.

This is MARY (22), WHITE, PRETTY and VERY PREGNANT, and she is wading TOPLESS in the clear river stream.

She rubs her SWOLLEN BELLY and hums a song lightly to her UNBORN CHILD.

JOSEPH (30), BLACKFOOT INDIAN, HARDSCRABBLED AND FEARLESS appears from behind a tree.

He watches the beautiful scene unfold for a moment. He seems as if in a TRANCE. A smile spreads across his cracked lips.

He begins to undress. Never taking his eyes off the BEAUTIFUL CREATURE in the water.

JOSEPH, now FULLY NAKED, steps carefully down to the river and slowly wades into the water.

Joseph reaches Mary and wraps his arms around her sweetly.

Mary relaxes into his arms. Safe and Secure.

JOSEPH

I've never seen something as
beautiful as you in this moment.

MARY

Well enjoy this peace my love. I
have a feeling we are due for an
awakening very soon.

JOSEPH

I welcome it.

MARY

You will be amazing in it.

JOSEPH

But I do worry, the journey ahead
of us is long and I . . . We have
just this last one tomorrow. And
then . . .

MARY

Tomorrow is a long and crooked
road. Let us just be here.

JOSEPH

But putting my family through
whatever lays ahead. These choices
I've made.

Mary turns and takes Joseph's face in her hands softly.

MARY

My own true love.

She then takes Joseph's hands and places them on her belly.

MARY (CONT'D)

Let me carry your troubles like I
carry our child.

JOSEPH

You do too much.

MARY

I do and will always do. For you
are my king. And my heart.

They kiss.

INT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - DAY

Two men sit at a table playing cards and smoking.

PAT (25), WHITE AND WIRY, is the more hot-tempered of the
GANG. He studies his cards dutifully.

BERTO (30), MEXICAN AND BEARDED, stares at Pat impatiently.
He is sensitive and suspicious and proud.

A third man, DAVE, (30), WHITE, the more level-headed member
of this GANG, sits nearby on the floor, studying several
random objects, particularly placed in front of him. A
string, a pebble, a feather, stone and a nail.

BERTO

Just tell me one thing Pat. Am I gonna die first?

Pat looks up from his cards.

PAT

What?

BERTO

(slowly as if to a child)

Am. I. Going. To. Die. First. Or are you gonna play?

PAT

Don't be dumb.

BERTO

Just a weird strategy is all. Waiting for me to die. Might take a while.

PAT

Not after I take all your money, Berto. You might just off yourself.

BERTO

You will never be so lucky amigo. I plan on living a long time.

PAT

That's fine. Just try and do your living far from me.

BERTO

Oh trust me, once we split our booty you won't ever see me again.

PAT

You a fucking pirate now Berto? Don't say booty. We're cowboys. It's loot or plunder. Or if you must, spoils.

BERTO

How about I just say whatever I want? Since, you know, you're not the boss, Joe is.

PAT

Well let's fucking ask Joe when he gets here then! See what he says!

DAVE

Nobody is bothering Joe with that fucking bullshit! And if you two would quit yapping I could think straight. Still trying to figure out this shit for tomorrow.

BERTO

I though we had it figured already.

DAVE

We do but . . . Something about the getaway makes me uneasy.

PAT

What about it?

Dave uses the random objects to illustrate as he speaks.

DAVE

See after the heist, we head up and through these hills, take the river north and home free.

PAT

Right.

DAVE

And that's pretty much the same pattern as most the others.

BERTO

Ain't broke ya know?

DAVE

Yeah but there's this other road here see. And if it so happens that this carriage is coming with any extra protection, like we saw in Arizona a few times, we might get cornered.

PAT

Yeah that Benson hold-up got hairy fast.

DAVE

Right and we got lucky that time cause Berto made a one in a million shot.

BERTO

What?! That was no luck.

DAVE

And we can't count on luck.

BERTO

I'm the best damn shooter in this state.

PAT

You're not even the best damn shooter in this room.

BERTO

I out shoot you every time and you know it.

PAT

I know you almost shot your own damn foot off that's what I know.

BERTO

There was a snake!

PAT

And you missed that too!

The two men explode and go at each other but Dave is just in time to separate them. By separate I mean get caught in the middle of the scrum and all three end up on the floor just as Joe walks in.

The three men on the floor freeze in their respected positions as Joe ignores them and, still wet from the river, crouches in thought by the warm stove.

The men untangle and pull themselves together.

BERTO

(to Joe)

Pat said that booty was . . .

PAT

(to Berto)

Just shut up already.

Dave steps in.

DAVE

Joe, about tomorrow.

JOSEPH

The back road I know. We pack heavier than normal. If we still get some heroes . . .

JOSEPH stands and walks to the random objects now scattered on the floor. He positions a feather and then a stone and nail by it.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

We turn and end it here. And that will be it. After this, we head straight north. Banff, Canada. And then and only then do we split the loot.

Pat gives Berto a look.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

As I told you when I brought this gang together, getting my wife and my coming child to safety was half the gig. Thoughts? Concerns?

The men are silent.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Good. Berto, help Mary with dinner. Pat, horses. Dave, check the ammo. We gonna take it all tomorrow.

The men nod and go about their business. Mary enters carrying a bucket of water and a sack of potatoes over her shoulder.

All the men rush over to help her.

MARY

I got it fellas.

She casually moves thru them and sets the goods down by the stove. She turns to the boys expectantly.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well, don't we have things to do then?

The men kick in to gear. Pat and Dave rush out and Berto gets to work on the potatoes.

Joe walks to Mary and kisses her forehead.

JOSEPH

You know you should really enjoy these last few days. Soon won't be no one around to help with the cooking and cleaning and laundry and . . .

He smiles at Mary. Mary responds with a solid punch to the gut.

MARY

You shit.

Joseph grabs her and kisses her deeply. Berto busies himself with a potato.

Suddenly Mary wails in agony.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh god!! Oof!

Mary grabs her stomach and bends over.

JOSEPH

Mary?

MARY

Just a whatchamacalit.

JOSEPH

Here lay down. Berto, help me.

Berto and Joseph lay Mary down on the bed. Berto pulls a stick from his pocket.

BERTO

Here Mary, chew on this. It's Dandelion root. Helps the body relax.

MARY

That's a fucking stick Berto.

BERTO

Well yes but it'll help with the pain. Promise.

Mary reluctantly puts it in her mouth.

MARY

(gritting her teeth)
Tastes like dirt.

BERTO

Well, yes.

Berto helps with the pillow.

JOSEPH

Give us a moment Berto.

Berto nods and exits the hideout.

Joseph takes Mary's hand.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
You are my eternity.

Joseph looks to her belly.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
And you, my only hope of
immortality.

MARY
(still chewing on the
root)
I love you Joe.

JOSEPH
Rest carrot. Tomorrow we start our
long journey home.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

MONTANA, 1887

The MONTANA mountainous scenery is green and QUIET. Not a sound but the birds and crickets.

SUDDENLY the sound of GALLOPING HORSES!

A GUNSHOT!

Over a hill OUR GANG on HORSES riding hard.

All our GUYS have BANDANAS over their FACES.

JOSEPH turns around holding TWO GUNS and FIRES BACK at some UNKNOWN ENEMIES DOWNHILL.

A BULLET sends his HAT FLYING.

JOSEPH SHOOTS until his BOTH GUNS ARE EMPTY.

Another SHOT RINGS OUT. Joseph is HIT and FALLS BACK OFF HIS HORSE.

DAVE sees Joseph go down and rides back.

DAVE
JOE!

BERTO and PAT see this, draw their guns and return to the fight.

WHEN Dave reaches Joseph DAVE'S HORSE IS SHOT and instantly CRUMPLES to the ground.

Dave hits the ground hard, somersaults and comes up FIRING back down the hill.

The UNSEEN ENEMIES RETURN FIRE and Dave hits the ground just in time AS BULLETS HIT ALL AROUND HIM.

Berto and Pat ride up, quickly LAY DOWN THEIR HORSES to use for cover and RETURN FIRE DOWN THE HILL.

Berto
You wanna see how it's done huh?
Watch this.

Berto peaks over his horse, takes careful aim and fires off two quick shots.

BERTO (CONT'D)
Haha! See! Not luck.

PAT
Took you two shots!

Before Berto can respond Pat peaks out and unloads a few shots.

Dave crawls up to Joseph who lies on his back BLEEDING pretty bad from his gut.

DAVE
Gotta go Joe!

JOSEPH
You don't say Dave?!

Joseph smiles and struggles to get up.

Dave helps Joseph to his feet and with A WHISTLE, JOE'S HORSE rides up. Joseph gingerly gets on with Dave's help.

DAVE THEN MOUNTS the horse behind JOSEPH and TEARS OFF.

DAVE
Let's go boys!

Berto and Pat see JOSEPH AND DAVE RIDE OFF and then look to one another.

PAT
I'm out.

BERTO
Me too.

PAT
We should probably get going then
Berto.

BERTO
I think that's probably for the
best Pat.

Both men SWIFTLY STAND THEIR HORSES, mount and flee.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - CANYON - DAY

Safe now the FOUR MEN AND THREE HORSES ride slowly through a narrow canyon.

Joseph and Dave ride in back with Pat and Berto leading the way.

Pat and Berto are in the middle of a slightly heated discussion.

BERTO
I just don't know why you care so much, Pat.

PAT
I care cause it's a reflection on me, Berto.

BERTO
How's what I wear a reflection on you, Pat?

PAT
We all part of the same gang, Bert. We rob a bank somewhere and they see you wearing fucking shorts and they not gonna take any of us seriously.

BERTO
One, don't call me Bert. Two, you think they gonna be thinking about my shorts when I'm sticking a six shooter in their face? Telling them to say goodbye to their kids and whatnot??

PAT

I'm just saying real men don't wear
fucking shorts.

BERTO

Well I think that's where we differ
Patty. In regards to what it
quantifies to be a man.

PAT

How's that?

BERTO

Well you seem to think that a man
should let society and the time and
place that man happened to be born
and raised in, dictate what he
should or should not wear. Whereas
I think a man, a real man, wear's
whatever the fuck he wants,
whenever the fuck he wants.

PAT

Whatever just . . .

BERTO

If you could just swallow your damn
pride now and again, shit you'd see
why I wear'em. Get that breeze
going on your balls on them hot
rides and . . .

PAT

Don't be talking to me about your
fucking hot balls Bert!

BERTO

I SAID DON'T CALL ME BERT, PATTY!

PAT

WELL DON'T CALL ME PATTY, BEANER!

DAVE (O.S.)

HEY!!

From behind Dave interrupts the lovebirds.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You lovebirds wanna give it a rest.
Joe's having a hard enough time
without your quarreling making us
crazy.

Dave looks down to Joe who's hunched over a bit. Dave can see BLOOD DRIPPING down and OFF HIS BOOT.

DAVE (CONT'D)
How you feeling Joe?

JOSEPH
Sad.

DAVE
Sad?

JOSEPH
That was my favorite hat.

DAVE
(laughing)
Well shit man, with this last job
you get all the hats you want.

JOSEPH
I liked that one.

Dave looks down to Joseph's wound.

DAVE
Can I?

Joseph nods. Dave peels away the fabric and sees the wound. It's deep and BLEEDING BAD. Dave hands him a canteen.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Drink this. We almost there. I can
patch you up.

JOSEPH
Mary.

DAVE
Yeah I don't think we hiding this
from her.

JOSEPH
And my baby. You watch them for me
Dave. Take care of them. Get them
to BANIFF.

DAVE
Hey Joe, you can't leave us now. We
still got quite an adventure ahead.

JOSEPH
Dave. Please. Promise me.

Dave takes a moment to realize the seriousness of that request.

DAVE
I promise Joe.

INT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - DAY

MARY lies on a bed with a wet cloth on her forehead and a root in her mouth. She hears horses pull up and the men coming.

As soon as they open the door Mary opens her mouth.

MARY
Well took you assholes long enough!
And you!

Mary looks at Berto and hurls the root at him.

MARY (CONT'D)
These goddamn medicine sticks ain't
do shit. You and your Mexican
homemade magic bullshit goddamn
stupid piece a shit . . .

PAT
Jesus, Mary! Try not to get too
worked up. You just gonna make it
worse.

MARY
Worked up?! I need some real damn
medicine! I feel like I got damn
javelinas running wild in my guts!
We got any more whiskey? I don't
wanna freak out but I feel like I
might goddamn freak the fuck out!

Pat pulls out a FLASK and hands it to Mary who takes a big pull and lays back down in pain.

After a moment she stops and looks to Joseph.

MARY (CONT'D)
Why ain't you talking?

Mary notices the grave looks on all their faces.

MARY (CONT'D)
What happened? What's wrong?

Mary starts to get up again.

JOSEPH
No, stay down.

Joseph kneels by her side and takes her hand in his.

MARY
Let me see.

JOSEPH
I'll be fine, carrot.

MARY
Joseph, you show me now.

After a moment Joseph gingerly pulls away the cloth on his wound. Mary tries to stay strong but she knows how serious this is.

MARY (CONT'D)
(to the other men)
Well why y'all standing there like
three dumb looking scarecrows?!
About as useless as a wheelbarrow
with rope handles! Fix that.

That snaps the men from their daze and Dave goes for a satchel in the corner.

DAVE
Right! I picked up some supplies
from Barstow last we was there.
Berto, help Joe onto the table and
Pat get us a some fresh water from
the river.

The men jump into action. Pat grabs a wooden bucket and exits. Berto helps Joe onto the table. Dave searches through the satchel for what he needs.

Just then Mary howls in agony.

MARY
Oh god! Oh lord I think this is it!
He's coming now Joe!

JOSEPH
Now? Shit, okay babe I'm coming.
Wait . . . he?

Joe slowly gets off the table and stumbles towards Mary.

BERTO
Joe, I've had 7 kids. I got it. You
need to . . .

JOSEPH
Get outta my way Berto. I got a son
coming.

Joseph gets down between Mary's legs.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
How you know it's a boy, carrot?

MARY
I just know Joe.
(screaming)
Oh God and he's a painfully little
asshole!

Berto pulls another ROOT from his pocket and brings it to Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)
No Berto! I don't need your damn
sticks right now!

BERTO
Just bite down on it. For the pain.

Reluctantly she bites down on the root.

Pat enters with the bucket of water.

PAT
Got the . . . Oh, what's all this?

DAVE
Birth Pat. Baby's coming.

Dave takes the water from Pat and kneels next to Joseph. Dave starts to clean and dress Joseph's wound as Joseph attends to Mary.

JOSEPH
(to Dave)
Okay what do I do?

DAVE
(unsure)
Um. Just, don't drop it.

Joseph nods. Dave tries to stitch up Joe while Joe comforts Mary.

Pat stands back in shock at the scene and Berto holds Mary's hand trying to comfort her.

JOSEPH
Okay carrot, you're doing great.

MARY
(mumbling through the
stick)
Get it out of me!!

BERTO
Try to breath Mary.

Berto demonstrates some breathing technique.

BERTO (CONT'D)
In and out. In and out.

MARY
(to Berto)
I'm going to kill all of you.

BERTO
Whatever helps.

Joseph winces as Dave attempts to stop the bleeding. There's
A LOT OF BLOOD between Mary and Joseph.

JOSEPH
(losing consciousness)
I see him. Babe, I see him.

The room goes quiet except for Mary as she gives a final push
and then . . .

We hear a baby cry.

Mary falls back exhausted and the rest of the men stare in
shock as Joseph carefully holds up his baby.

MARY
(also losing
consciousness)
Joe, let me see our baby.

With the baby in one arm Joseph crawls up to Mary. He is
close to death and everyone knows it. Mary gently caresses
Joseph's face. She looks pale herself.

DAVE
Joe . . . She lost a lot of blood.

Joseph carefully places the baby on Mary's chest.

JOSEPH
You were wrong carrot. It's a girl.

Mary holds her new baby as Joe wraps his arms around them both.

DAVE
Joseph?

BERTO
Mary?

MARY
Shhhhhh.

Mary kisses her baby and with her last bit of strength clasps Joseph's hand in hers as they both lose consciousness.

The other men stand frozen and helpless as the heartbreaking scene plays out before them.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - DUSK

As the sun sets the only sounds we hear are the river and the cries of a newborn baby girl.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - DAWN

Behind the hideout we see two fresh graves. Pat and Berto are stacking rocks in the shapes of a crosses on them. Dave stands holding the new born baby in a blanket.

Berto and Pat finish with the rocks and stand next to Dave.

After a moment Pat breaks the silence.

PAT
Jesus. Mary and Joseph. What do we do now?

DAVE
We go on. Stick with the plan.

PAT
But . . . What about the baby?

DAVE
(holding the baby
protectively)
What about the baby?

PAT
Well, I mean, we can't be dragging a baby around with us.

DAVE

What do you suggest we do Pat?

PAT

Well we should probably get her to a orphanage or something right? I mean we ain't got no business caring for a baby. We ain't know nothing 'bout babies?

DAVE

We aren't abandoning Mary's baby.

PAT

We can't have some baby crying as we sneaking up into Canada. Crying and shitting and slowing us down.

DAVE

The baby comes with us.

PAT

Oh you the leader now Dave? This your gang? I don't remember having a vote. Do you Berto?

DAVE

I gave Joe my word I'd take care of his baby. That's it.

PAT

(getting in Dave's face)

Well I don't think that is it. We got fifteen thousand dollars in there. Joe and Mary are dead Dave. And we got a hard month long ride to Banff. A baby? You wanna jeopardize everything we done? Everything we worked for?

Dave stares back at him hard and just before a fight erupts.

BERTO

This baby is your baby, Pat. Don't you know that?

PAT

What you talking 'bout?

BERTO

She is yours. This little girl. And She's mine. And Dave's. I know you didn't ask for it. Or want it. I know I didn't.

(MORE)

BERTO (CONT'D)

But this is your little girl now. Sometimes, that's how it happens. By mistake. On accident. Now, and for the rest of your life. What you decide now Pat, decides who she becomes. Who she will be. You give her love and she will love. You teach her hate and she will be hateful. You give her security and she will feel secure. And if you toss her like trash, she will be trash.

Pat thinks a moment. Then looks to the others.

PAT

Yeah, okay. I'll just get my cut and be on my way. Good luck with the kid.

With that Pat heads back to the hideout. Berto and Dave block his way.

PAT (CONT'D)

Get out my way?

DAVE

You wanna leave?

PAT

That's the goal Joel.

BERTO

Then go. Canada is that way.

PAT

I know where Canada is ya damn beaner. But I'm taking my money first.

DAVE

We divy up the money once we reach Banff. That was the plan. We get down there and split it 5 ways.

PAT

Well it's 3 now in case you lost count.

BERTO

It's four now. Unless you want to quit. And this beaner is okay with that.

Pat stares at them not budging. Finally.

PAT
You two are . . . Fine. But, I
ain't wiping it's ass.

With that Pat storms off leaving Dave and Berto with the baby and an uncertain journey ahead.

BERTO
HER ass! It's a girl pendejo!

Berto looks to Dave.

BERTO (CONT'D)
I've had 7 kids amigo. One is a
piece of cake.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS DOBE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The desert night is filled with the howling of coyotes. Slowly the howling is overtaken by a sound much more powerful, incessant and unforgiving. The HOWL of a newborn.

INT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Dave tries desperately to soothe the wailing baby. Berto adds some wood to the stove. Pat stares at a map with fingers in his ears.

PAT
(yelling)
Almost hoping they find us and hang
us at this point!

DAVE
She's hungry. Berto, do we have
anything she can eat?

BERTO
Just beans, and some horse meat
'til the next town.

DAVE
Can she eat that?

BERTO
Um, no. She don't have teeth for
awhile.

DAVE
So what then?

After a beat.

PAT
She needs milk ya dummies?

DAVE
And where do you suggest we get
that genius?

Pat looks at him with a shrug.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Pat stands back watching as Berto and Dave attempt to milk a horse. It's not easy and the horse rears up several times but eventually Berto calms the horse enough for Dave to slip underneath with the bucket and clasp a teat.

Dave works and works on the horse's tit to no avail.

PAT
(laughing)
You two look so ridiculous.

DAVE
You wanna get some sleep or not?

Pat relents and gets in to help. He gets under the horse and garbs the bucket from Dave.

PAT
Give me that. It's not a cow you
moron. You gotta pinch her from up
here.

Pat proceeds to produce milk but it sprays him right in the face. Dave and Berto burst out laughing.

BERTO
You think you can get some in the
bucket, mister horse whisperer?

PAT
Shut up! Just keep her still so I
don't get trampled to death. Think
you can do that Poncho?

BERTO
Anything for you Mr. Kahn.

Pat and Dave pause and share a look.

	PAT	Kahn?	DAVE
What?			

BERTO
Yeah, like Genghis?

DAVE I don't get it.

PAT The Mongolian?

BERTO
Horses. Famous for his wild army of
horse riders.

PAT DAVE
Eh, you missed on that one. That's a stretch Berto.

BERTO
Oh fuck both you gringos.

PAT
There you go.

DAVE
Yeah stick to the classics for now
Cortez.

Dave and Pat laugh and after a moment Berto can't help but laugh in spite of himself.

Just then Pat gets the milk flowing into the bucket and they all celebrate the small win.

INT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/ADOBE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The three men huddle around the baby as Dave pulls the boiling milk off the fire. Dave carefully pours the milk into a small bowl, and blows on it to cool it. He then attempts to feed the baby some of the milk from a wooden spoon.

After several attempts the little girl starts to take the milk and the men breathe a sigh of relief.

DAVE
There we go.

The men stare in wonder at their precious new addition. Even Pat is reluctantly moved by this new life.

BERTO
What should we call her?

PAT
Oh, I don't know. How about
Barbara?

BERTO
No, that's an old lady name.

PAT
That's my mom's name.

BERTO
And she's an old lady. How about
Margarita?

PAT
Like the drink? That don't seem
right. And she ain't Mexican ya
beaner.

BERTO
Well she ain't no old crusty ass
white lady neither!

After a moment Dave chimes in.

DAVE
Cut it out!

Dave turns to the baby. He looks out the window.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Halona. Her name is Halona.

Berto and Dave look confused.

DAVE (CONT'D)
It's was Joe's mothers name.

PAT
Halona.

BERTO
Halona. What's it mean?

DAVE
Of happy fortune.

The three men look on as Halona finishes her first meal.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

The three not so amigos ride a dusty trail in silence. Pat leads the way. Berto in second and Dave brings up the rear with Halona strapped to his chest.

Berto and Pat are in the middle of a heated argument.

BERTO

See what they do is, they grab you by your hair to get a good grip, then with the sharpest of knives they slowly start to peel your head off and . . .

PAT

Jesus, Berto.

BERTO

I'm just saying that's why I keep my hair nice and short. That way they can't get no good grip and my scalp won't end up as some loincloth on some Indians ass.

PAT

You keep your hair short cause you going bald Berto you ain't fooling nobody.

BERTO

What?? I got great hair I'll have you know, I'm just not into having my brains exposed.

PAT

Whatever you gotta tell yourself pal.

The convo is interrupted by the sudden wailing of a baby.

PAT (CONT'D)

See this what I'm talkin' about. We were in Indian country right now we'd be dead.

BERTO

Scalped for sure.

DAVE

Well lucky for us we ain't. Now hold up a minute and let's . . .

Berto and Pat stop and turn around to see Dave, stopped in his tracks and looking down at the baby.

Dave looks at them with fear in his eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Guys. Please. What do I do?

We can now see that Halona has shit and it's leaked out of her little wrap and spread all over Dave. It's a green pea color and there's a whole lot of it.

Everyone freezes in horror.

Dave begins to gag.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Help me. God. Oh God. Please help me.

PAT
(dead serious)
That came outta that baby?

DAVE
(between gags)
I think so.

PAT
Mother of god.

DAVE
Berto?

Berto is grossed out but tries to remain cool.

BERTO
Yeah, no, it's, totally, babies do that.

DAVE
What do we do?

BERTO
Well, we have to clean her up. And wash her.

DAVE
Well can someone please come and take her off me?

PAT
Oh not me. I was very clear where I stood on such matters.

Berto rides back and starts to gingerly extract Halona from Dave's chest.

BERTO
You two are some real tough guys
huh?

Berto gets Halona off Dave and holds her up and away.

BERTO (CONT'D)
It's just a baby. And it's just
some poo. It's all very natural and
. . .

In a flash Halona has VOMITED all over Berto's face and into his mouth.

After a moment of shock, Berto spits some puke back out.

BERTO (CONT'D)
Forgot about the other side.

Pat busts out laughing and after a moment so does Dave. Then Berto shakes his head and smiles in spite of himself.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The stars are bright and moving fast. Berto lays on the ground staring at the web of stars above and creating snow angels in the dirt.

Dave has turned his socks into sock puppets on his hands and is entertaining a very amused Halona.

Pat stares at the fire in a trance.

SUDDENLY a howl in the distance snaps Pat from his trance. He stands and looks out into the blackness.

After awhile.

BERTO
Coyote don't hurt.

PAT
They get close enough cowboy.

BERTO
They ain't want nothing to do with
you . . . Cowboy.

After a beat Pat sits back down and stares back into the fire.

PAT

You know where that term come from?
Cowboy?

BERTO

I'm sure I do not know.

PAT

From the Negros Berto.

BERTO

How you figure?

PAT

The slaves they had tending the
cows. They was the original cow . .
. Boy. You think they'd be calling
a white man boy? Nah, it was the
Negro man. They was the original
cowboy.

BERTO

Well glad they tended the cows and
not the pigs. Being called pigboys
just doesn't seem as cool.

They all sit in silence contemplating deep shit.

DAVE

(Looking into Halona's
face)

We were all once so small. It's
strange. I barely remember being a
child. How simple life must be.

PAT

Yeah, no shit. Well, actually it's
all shit ain't it? Pissing,
shit and eating. Your only
concerns.

DAVE

Simple but yet so fragile. It's a
wonder any of us make it.

PAT

Yeah, if you're lucky you can grow
up to realize the world is fucked
and you're just gonna die soon.
Probably painfully and alone.

BERTO

Jesus Pat, don't be teaching her
that shit.

PAT
Better she hears it from us now.

DAVE
Luckily she can't make sense of any
of your bullshit.

JUST THEN a sudden HOWLING splits the night. Sounds almost
wolflike. But it's HUMAN. AND CLOSE.

The three men look to each other in shock.

PAT
(whispering)
Blackfoot!

The men jump into action.

Berto kicks dirt on the fire putting it out in an instant.

Pat pulls out his pistol and takes cover behind his horse.

Dave grabs Halona and takes cover as well.

The listen to the night. Eerily quiet.

Then the sound of horses. Hooves on rock. Huffing and
puffing. Closer and closer.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS- NIGHT

Two NATIVE BLACKFOOT INDIANS ride up. It's a father (30) and
his son (16) on a tracking expedition.

BLACKFOOT SON
(in native Blackfoot)
Three men. Three horses. Close.

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
Yes. Good. Just behind that rock
there. And what else?

BLACKFOOT SON
(in native Blackfoot)
Ummm, and hauling . . . I don't
know.

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
A baby.

BLACKFOOT SON
(in native Blackfoot)
A baby?

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The three men stay as still as possible. All the men look to Halona who is awake but quiet for now.

Dave looks at his hand and

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - NIGHT

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
Yes, a newborn.

BLACKFOOT SON
(in native Blackfoot)
Did you hear the baby cry? Or was there extra weight in the tracks?

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
No son, it was the very distinct and unmistakable smell of shit.

They both laugh.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/CAMPSITE - SAME

Berto leans over to Pat with a his gun at the ready.

BERTO
(whispering)
They're laughing about how they gonna scalp us all up.

PAT
(Whispering)
You speak Blackfoot??

BERTO
(whispering)
No, but you can hear it in their voice. They're dying to scalp us all up.

DAVE
(whispering)
Shhhhhh. Y'all talking more than
her. Shut it.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - SAME

The Native Indians sit and talk on their horses.

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
Newborns have a very distinct shit
smell son. You smelled just like
that.

BLACKFOOT SON
(in native Blackfoot)
Like a white man's baby?? No way!

BLACKFOOT FATHER
(in native Blackfoot)
All babies are the same son. All
humans are the same when we are
born. Now let's get home. Your
mother will be pissed we stayed out
this late tracking the white man
again.

The two Blackfoot Indians take off thru the darkness like the
experts of the land they are.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The three men are frozen listening as the Indians ride off.

Once they're gone they all let out a sigh of relief.

PAT
That was too damn close.

BERTO
Yeah, if they would have known we
were here . . . Scalped for sure.

DAVE
I'm surprised they didn't track us
down. I've heard they are master
trackers.

PAT
Probably a myth. Like they're
ability to ride thru the night with
no light.

BERTO
And look at that. Our princess
stayed still right thru it.

The three men peer down at Halona.

PAT
Kinda cute when she's not yapping.

DAVE
Or shitting.

BERTO
Or puking.

Dave lays Halona back down in her makeshift bed and the three
men lay down close by.

The moon shines bright on our trio as they settle in for the
night.

As they look up at the stars, moving inexplicably fast
through the sky, Dave speaks up.

DAVE
Berto, where the hell did you get
this peyote??

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

The men make their way up a steep embankment on their horses.
Halona is situated snugly against Berto's chest.

They slowly make their way to the top and past the tree line
to a cliff over looking a seemingly endless valley with
mountains in the very far off distance.

They take a moment to admire the view. But then the situation
becomes clear.

DAVE
Those mountains way out there.

PAT
That's Canada?

BERTO

If only we were so lucky. That's just where the true struggle begins.

DAVE

Canada is on the other side fellas.

PAT

We sure there's no other way?

DAVE

Not if you don't feel like going to jail.

BERTO

Or getting scalped.

PAT

You really have thing about scalping huh?

BERTO

Have you seen it happen?? Can you imagine what that feels like?? You'd have a thing too if you had seen it.

PAT

Have you seen it? Please enlighten us with your first hand knowledge of this savagery.

Berto quiets for a moment.

BERTO

Well, no I mean, not in person per say, like up close or anything but they got stories, real validated and documented stories of all the scalping being done and some guy even made up pictures of it all and shows all this blood and . . .

PAT

Keyword in there is MADE. UP.

BERTO

Stories gotta be coming from somewhere Pat!

PAT

Well you keep talking about it and you're gonna wheel it in to your own existence buddy. Ain't you ever heard of the law of attraction?

BERTO

I've heard of the law of if you get your head scalped, your brains come out and you don't speak to good when your brains are on the floor.

DAVE

Enough with the scalping in front of the baby!

The two men shut up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Geez, gonna give her nightmares.

Dave looks back out over the valley below.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well, we got horses. How hard can it be?

Then as if on cue, Halona's face squintches up in a knot as she fills up her makeshift diaper. The stench is overwhelming.

The three men gag and take off as if to outrun the smell.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

A HYSTERICAL BANKER, CHARLES BURLAP, (55), FAT, BALD AND SWEATY is in the office of SHERIFF CODY PRITCHERT (40).

Mr. Burlap is pacing as he yells.

CHARLES BURLAP

(fuming)

Now this is my third bank they done hit Sheriff! They're bleeding me so dry I'm spittin' cotton.

Sheriff Pritchert leans back with his feet on his desk listening patiently.

CHARLES BURLAP (CONT'D)

I can't afford another loss like this!

(MORE)

CHARLES BURLAP (CONT'D)
I need to know what you're gonna do
to protect me and my business's or
maybe I think about pulling all my
investments from this shit fart
town and that includes donations to
your re-election Mr. Pritchert!

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
Mr. Burlap, I assure you we are
just as interested in catching
these men as you are.

CHARLES BURLAP
Oh I seriously doubt that sheriff.

The Sheriff points to several wanted posters on the wall. We
see DRAWINGS OF JOSEPH, BERTO, DAVE and PAT. They say **"Wanted
Dead or Alive for Robbery and Assault"** Below their faces it
reads **"The Shorts Gang."**

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
I got wanted posters up in every
town from here to the Mississippi.

CHARLES BURLAP
Well I want you to put a reward out
on their heads.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
Well we don't really have the money
for-

CHARLES BURLAP
I do. Put a \$1000 bounty on each of
their heads. Dead or alive.

Mr. Burlap starts pulling out wads of cash.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
Woah, woah, woah, easy there
Charles. I can't be having that
kinda money in here. This ain't a
bank.

Mr. Burlap starts shoving the money back in his pocket.

CHARLES BURLAP
Well you see! That says it all
right there! You, with all the guns
and law right here and you still
don't feel safe holding onto money.
This world is going to hell in a
handbag Sheriff, and no one feels
safe no more.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Well if it makes you feel any better I got a telegraph from the Marshalls office says they looking for these boys too.

CHARLES BURLAP

The Marshalls?? Well bout time. I want their heads in a noose. But make sure to put the reward on the posters. See if we sniff'em out.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Soon enough Charles. Soon enough. Got my best boys on the case.

Sheriff Pritchert escorts Mr. Burlap out of his office.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT (CONT'D)

I'll keep you updated. Now if you'll let me get to it. I have to get to work if we're gonna catch these sons of bitches.

Mr. Burlap exits and the Sheriff walks back to his desk and sits. From a drawer he pulls a flask and is about to take a sip when he is interrupted by his deputy ANNIE FISHER, 20's AND PRETTY.

ANNIE FISHER

Sheriff??

The Sheriff quickly hides the flask before Annie can see.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

What is it Annie?? I'm trying to work in here.

ANNIE FISHER

Is it true what you said??

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Is what true?

ANNIE FISHER

About the Marshalls? Being on the case.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Not that I know of Annie.

ANNIE FISHER

Well then why'd you say that to Mr. Burlap?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
Oh just to get his fat-ass off my back.

ANNIE FISHER
Sheriff! That's not very nice.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
Oh he'll be fine. Shoot, he's got more money than he could ever say grace over.

ANNIE FISHER
And your best boys on the case? Is that true? Do you have your best boys looking for those men?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT
(sigh)
Annie, in this world you gotta learn which battles to fight. Them boys are probably long gone and halfway to Mexico by now. We won't ever see them again. And I only got so much time and deputies to spare.

The Sheriff stares at the WANTED POSTERS of the SHORTS GANG.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT (CONT'D)
Them boys were good. Professionals. Smart. So I'm sure they're down in Mexico already sipping on Mezcal and dancing with little Senioritas. Living the life.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

PAT (O.S.)
I'm surrounded by fucking idiots!

The gang is huddled around a map. The horses tied to nearby trees. Halona is strapped to Berto's chest.

DAVE
What did I say about swearing in front of the baby!

PAT
And it's goddamn hotter than a fur coat in Marfa! I told ya we shoulda gone left back at the wash!

DAVE

You didn't say a damn thing Pat!

PAT

Well I was thinking it but you two seemed so damn sure of yourselves!

BERTO

And I kept saying we should be traveling at night so I can lead us by the stars!

PAT

Whaddya know about the stars beaner?! You some sailor now?

BERTO

It's just the north star you idiot! It's pretty damn simple.

PAT

And what happens when it's cloudy you, you . . . Bigger idiot!

Pat and Berto are about to go out it when Dave steps in.

DAVE

Whoa, whoa! Calm down you fucking nitwits! We're never gonna get anywhere hollering at each other.

Pat and Berto settle and Dave points to the map.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Now look! Joseph said we were supposed to take the Black Canyon trail till we got to Montana then it was a straight shot up into Canada along the Crow river.

Dave points to another spot on the map.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(pointing to the map)

Now, right now we are somewhere here. I think. And we need to get here. So if we keep west we get to this small town here. There we can stock up on supplies before our last push up into Canada and our freedom. But we can't fall apart now. We gotta finish this thing. For Joseph and Mary. And for Halona.

Berto and Pat look to Halona. Then back to Dave.

PAT

Okay.

BERTO

For Joseph.

Pat reaches over and pats Halona's head.

PAT

And his dumb baby.

DAVE

Good. Now let's get going. Don't
wanna be out in the open by
nightfall. Entering Crow Indian
territory.

The gang starts to saddle up.

BERTO

The Crows? I hear they don't
sharpen their spears on purpose
just to make it hurt more.

PAT

You hear a lotta things for a guy
never shuts up.

BERTO

I'm just open to learning about
other things besides myself gringo.
It's called opening your mind.

PAT

I think you opened yours too wide
and your brains fell out.

BERTO

Oh yeah?!

PAT

Yeah! Cause you say you're so
opened minded but you just keep
saying the most racist shit, you
wetback.

BERTO

Wetback?! I was born in Arizona you
jackass! I'm more American than
you. You're the immigrant, you
potato farming . . . Potato!

PAT

Whoa, good one Berto. Really cut me deep with that one.

DAVE

Will you two cut it out?! Gonna make me crazy. And we need to keep a low profile or we're gonna attract some unwanted attention.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

Our father and son Blackfoot Indians sit atop their horses on a cliff over-looking the valley below. They speak in the Blackfoot Indian native tongue.

BLACKFOOT FATHER

Looks like our friends are a little lost son.

BLACKFOOT SON

Where do you think they're headed father?

BLACKFOOT FATHER

Canada most likely. They are on the run from someone. The law is looking for them no doubt.

BLACKFOOT SON

And what are three outlaws doing traveling with a baby?

BLACKFOOT FATHER

Not quite sure son. But they still have a long road ahead of them. And the law is not the only enemy they will face. Let's go now. Your mother is making my favorite tea.

The father smiles at his son and they turn and ride off.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CAMPSITE - DUSK

Pat is fast asleep with his feet on the tightly-tied bag of money and his hat over his face.

Dave is close by sleeping against a tree trunk. Hat over his face as well.

The shadow of a man looms over Pat. Dave raises his head and when he sees what's happening he's immediately wide awake.

DAVE
Don't do this.

Pat starts to stir, listlessly pulls off his hat but the setting sun shines from the back of the man standing over him.

PAT
What the fuck?

DAVE
Berto, NO!

A wet, dirty cloth falls on Pat's face. - Halona's handmade diaper. There is deadly silence.

BERTO
Eres muerto, nino.

As Pat slowly realizes what has happened, he emits a scream that grows louder and louder, like an air raid alarm.

PAT
You black bastard! You've made your last mistake!

Berto Burts into a fit of laughter, clutching his sides. In a rage, Pat grabs the nearest stick from the ground and throws himself at Berto. Dave runs in between them and stops Pat holding the stick over his head.

PAT (CONT'D)
Dave, let me kill 'em!

DAVE
Okay calm down Pat! It was just a bad joke!

PAT
Oh you think it's funny do ya?!

DAVE
No, of course not.

Dave looks at Berto but can't hide his laughter.

PAT
Okay, I see how it is. Well I'll shoot you both.

Pat reaches for the revolver in his holster but it's not there.

PAT (CONT'D)
Berto? Where is it?

Pat looks around and finds his weapon in Halona's small hands. Dave sees it, too.

DAVE
Berto, why does the child have a gun?

BERTO
She likes it. Babies like shiny things.

PAT
Then why didn't you give her yours?

BERTO
I know how to you use mine pendejo!
And don't worry, I took the bullets out.

Suddenly a gunshot goes off and Pat's hat goes flying!

All three men look stunned and turn to see the pistol in Halona's hand is now smoking.

Pat turns red hot and starts to charge Berto.

Then the forest is torn apart by the deafening sound of a much bigger gun. The three men freeze and look around for the source of gunfire. Halona bursts into a loud wail.

Pat abruptly grabs the bag of money, Berto falls to the ground, covering Halona, Dave crouches down and scans the tree line.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)
Hands up, bastards! Hands . . . I
said fuck! Don't try to move! I'll
blow your fucking heads off!

An UNKNOWN MAN 35, comes out of hidig behind a tree with a rifle pointed at Dave. The man is very dirty, shabby clothes. Greasy, matted hair falls over his shoulders. Dirty teeth and a sparse beard that all looks terrible. A real scumbag. Pat raises his hands high above his head, holding the money bag in one of them. Berto, lying on the ground, slowly starts to get up.

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)
You stay down, beaner!

PAT
Hey!! THat's racist!

Dave slowly straightens up, holding his hands in front of him, trying to calm the intruder.

DAVE
Don't do anything stupid.

UNKNOWN MAN
Shut up! And shut your bastard friends up!

BERTO
Hijo de puta! (son of a bitch)

The unknown man approaches the lying Berto, kicks him and points the rifle to the back of Berto's head.

DAVE
Calm down. Just look at me and tell me what you need.

UNKNOWN MAN
The bag! Here now!

PAT
Oh fuck off!

UNKNOWN MAN
Susan, take the bag from him.

From behind a thick pine tree, a thin, short girl, SUSAN 25, enters the clearing. Her dress is faded and frayed, and in places we see Susan's futile attempts to sew it up neatly. The hem of her dress is smeared with mud. The girl's brown hair has not been washed for a long time, but she still tried to brush it. The skin on her face and hands is dried by the bright sun, which speaks to their nomad lifestyle. Susan is afraid.

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)
(to Susan)
Move!

The girl goes to Pat, but as she passes Dave, she trips over a tree root and falls to the ground.

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck up!

Dave takes advantage of the stranger's distracted attention, snatches his revolver from the holster on his belt, and points it at Susan. Now Susan and Halona are both crying.

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)
 (pushing the gun into
 Berto's head)
 I'll shoot him!! I swear I'll shoot
 him!!

PAT
 You have two charges, one of which
 you spent, you idiot. And Dave has
 six bullets in his revolver.
 Whether you kill him or not, you
 can't leave here, asshole!

Unknown nervously assesses the situation. With a sharp
 movement he points the rifle at Halona, who is sobbing in her
 blanket.

BERTO
 (hysterically)
 No! Shoot me!!

PAT
 Yes, shoot him!

This is like a scene from 'RESERVOIR DOGS . . . WITH A BABY'.

SUSAN
 Theo, let's just go! Come on let's
 go!

THEODORE
 Bitch, don't call me by my first
 name!

SUSAN
 So Mr. Wilson??

THEODORE
 Goddamn it woman!!
 (to Dave)
 You, cowboy, drop the revolver!
 Drop it or I shoot the baby!

Theodore touches the crying Halona with the barrel of his
 rifle.

BERTO
 Dave, drop the damn revolver!

Dave hesitates but drops the weapon to the ground.

PAT
 You motherfucker! Why did you do
 that?!

DAVE

Theo? Theodore, right? Now Susan gets up, takes the bag from our friend, and you will leave quietly.

PAT

Fuck you! I won't give them anything! You two walnuts took the child! And now you're responsible for her! I'm not giving them shit!

(to Theodore)

Try it bitch, you'll be riddled like a duck! Come on! You're all gurgles and no guts!!

BERTO

No! We made a promise to Joseph.

PAT

Well I didn't!!

BERTO

You son of a bitch selfish bastard!!

PAT

Yeah! I'm selfish! Guess what?! I did this for me! I've been risking my ass for that money and it's MINE!!

THEODORE

Will you two shut up!!! You two could start a fight in an empty house!

DAVE

Thank you!! Now look, Theo, it's all right. Pat, you give that bag to the nice little lady.

THEODORE

Susan, get up and get the bag.

Still crying, Susan gets up and limps over to Pat. As she approaches, she reaches for the bag, but Pat is much taller and she can't get the money. Theodore jabs Halona hard with the rifle and she screams.

PAT

God damn it Pat give it to her!!

PAT (CONT'D)

FINE!!

Pat lowers the bag and Susan takes it. Pat smiles at her eerily.

PAT (CONT'D)
Here. Enjoy.

Susan, bag in hand, retreats behind Theodore.

THEODORE
Good. Now Susan, grab the baby.

SUSAN
Theo . . .

BERTO
No!!

THEODORE
Whatcha doing, Theo??

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Take the fucking baby Susan! Now!

Susan begins to cry loud again but still picks up the bundle of blankets with Halona in them. Theodore points the rifle at Dave and moves away from Berto.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, you think I wanna take this little shit with me?! We'll be keeping the baby until we're sure you're not right on our tail. Then you can pick him up.

BERTO
Her! You bastardo!

Pat and Dave are silent as Theodore and Susan with Halona in hand, walk back into the woods with their money.

THEODORE
I'm sure finding her won't be hard. She about as noisy as two skeletons dancing on a tin roof. But hopefully you find her before the red- faces do. Oh, and nice shorts, beaner.

Theodore laughs at his own joke as they disappear from view, only the sound of Halona's slowly fading wail as a reminder

PAT
(quiet)
That's racist.

The gang looks stunned. Berto hurls insults up into the empty air in Spanish, and Pat picks up the revolver that had fallen from Halona's hands. Dave is at the edge of the clearing, listening to the baby's wailing as it goes.

DAVE
(to himself)
What do we do?

PAT
Give it ten. Then we go get our money.

BERTO
They could be gone by then!

PAT
They ain't gettin' far.

With that Pat checks the ammo in his gun and snaps it shut.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Halona can be heard crying. She's very close now. The trio holds their weapons at the ready and, walking noiselessly, approach the baby girls location.

DAVE
Stop.

Pat and Berto look warily into the coming darkness.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(points to)
There. By the fallen tree.

BERTO
I don't understand. Did they fall asleep already or what?

Pat puts his revolver back in his holster, comes out of hiding and nonchalantly walks forward.

BERTO (CONT'D)
(whispering)
What are you doing?

Dave and Berto stay behind the trees as they watch Pat, in turn, calmly approach Theo and Susan who are lying on the ground. Pat stands over their bodies. Gives a few kicks to the mid section of Theodore. Then taps Susan with his boot as well.

Pat then turns to Dave and Berto and gives a whistle.

As Dave and Berto walk up they see the not so pleasant scene before them. Halona is lying on the ground among the scattered bills not far from the couple.

Theodore's face is twisted in a frozen grimace of pain. There are two wounds on his cheek, blood already dry. The veins around the wounds are swollen and black. There are no wounds on Susan, but the blueish skin and swollen throat leave no doubt that they are both dead.

BERTO (CONT'D)

Santa Maria . . .

Dave rushes to Halona to make sure she is safe. He picks her up and rocks her to calm her down. Pat collects the money that fell out of the bag. Berto looks at Susan's peaceful face with tearful eyes.

BERTO (CONT'D)

It shouldn't have been like this for her. She's just a girl. A girl who got mixed up with the wrong guy.

PAT

Story as old as time Berto. She made her choice. Her death is nobody's fault but her own.

Halona in the hands of Dave calms down and begins to fall asleep, exhausted from all the excitement. Berto examines Susan's body.

BERTO

She, too, once was someone's daughter.

PAT

You know if you're such a loving father, why the fuck did you leave your twelve kids?!

BERTO

Seven! I have seven children! And you have no idea why! What I have done for my family! I would give anything to be with them!!

DAVE

Guys???

PAT
WHAT?!

BERTO
WHAT?!

Dave nods to Susan's lifeless body. Pat and Dave look to Susan as she slowly opens her eyes, misty and full of tears.

BERTO (CONT'D)
She's alive! Let's help her! Come on!

But Dave just looks at Berto with a sad face and rocks Halona.

BERTO (CONT'D)
Dave!

Pat walks over to Susan holding his revolver.

PAT
She's finished, Berto. Dave knows it too.

Berto is about to cry.

BERTO
You can't! This is wrong!

DAVE
(quietly)
Right or wrong Berto, it happened. Nothing else to do. It's sad but sometimes there's nothing you can do about that.

Susan's lips barely open, and she lets out a hoarse sigh, while her eyes search the darkness for someone. Fingers stretched out as far as they can to grasp at the grass.

SUSAN
(into the void)
Dad . . .

Berto wants to answer her but is interrupted by the loud sound of a gunshot. Pat shot Susan in the head.

PAT
Ain't no point in watching her suffer.

Pat throws the money bag over his shoulder and starts to head back to their camp.

DAVE

Pat?

Pat stops, but doesn't turn around.

DAVE (CONT'D)

When were you gonna tell us you put
rattlesnakes in the bag?

Pat turns and looks at Dave.

PAT

Can't be too careful.

With that Pat walks off.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - DAY

A collection of different traveling scenes as the trio make their way through the gorgeous Montana wilderness.

- Traversing a raging river
- Pat using an axe to clear a tree from the trail
- Berto making a wooden toy for Halona to play with
- Dave studies the map and guides them forward
- All three men chase off a bear that is eating their food
- Dave rinses off and carefully baths Halona in a stream
- The sun rising up over the pines as the gang packs up
- The sun sets over the Rockies as the gang sets up camp
- The guys have a shooting competition
- The guys competing on who can change the fastest diaper
- And finally, the men reach a crest, and see below them a small western town.

With a knowing look to each other, they start down.

EXT. SMALL WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Our three heroes walk the streets of the small town as nonchalantly as they can. Halona is strapped to Dave's chest.

PAT
First things first boys.

Pat stops in front of the town SALOON.

DAVE
Are you crazy? We need to get what
we come for and get out. Who knows
who knows what.

PAT
Just a quick drink Dave. It's been
a long ride and we deserve a load
off.

BERTO
One quick drink please Dave. To
keep the spirits up.

DAVE
Okay fine. But one drink and we
gotta hit it. Get our supplies and
head out. The law is everywhere
nowadays.

PAT
Relax Dave, ain't no one this far
even heard of the Bandana Bandits.

BERTO
Bandana Bandits?

DAVE
When did we decide on that Pat?

PAT
Well we don't decide. The law
decides. The newspapers. But sounds
good. Hope it's that or maybe the
Good Looking Gang.

Dave and Berto just stare at him.

DAVE
You are not short on confidence I
give ya that.

The three men head into the Saloon.

INT. SMALL WESTERN TOWN SALOON - DAY

About half a dozen patrons sit around drinking. Our three
heroes head over to the bar.

DAVE
I'm gonna hit the toilet.

Dave waves down the old bartender.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sir, where's your toilet?

OLD BARTENDER
Outback. Where they put outhouses.

DAVE
Thank you, good sir.

OLD BARTENDER
But you can't be having a baby in here. This place is for hard drinks and hard drinking men.

DAVE
Oh, we will just be having one quick drink and will be on our way.

OLD BARTENDER
That's fine but the baby waits outside. This place is for hard drinking men only.

DAVE
Well the baby can't just wait outside by herself.

OLD BARTENDER
Then I guess you'll have to wait with her now won't ya.

Dave sighs and walks outside with the baby.

PAT
We'll save you some Dave, don't worry.

DAVE
(over his shoulder)
Make it quick.

PAT
Don't squat with your spurs on.

Pat and Berto turn to the old bartender.

PAT (CONT'D)
Two beers please.

BERTO
And some Mezcal if you got it.

The bartender lays out shot glasses and begins pouring some Mezcal.

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Dave closes the outhouse door and begins to relieve himself in the latrine. He looks up and sees something that make his eyes bulge out and he cuts his piss short.

INT. SMALL WESTERN TOWN SALOON

Berto and Pat finishing a second round of drinks when Dave walks briskly in.

OLD BARTENDER
Hey! I said no babies now.

DAVE
We are just leaving. Settle up boys, we gotta go.

PAT
Well we just getting our wheels greased Dave.

BERTO
Just one more drink and I'll take the baby Dave.

DAVE
NOW!

Dave turns and quickly walks back outside.

Pat and Berto look confused but quickly pay up and head out.

EXT. SMALL WESTERN TOWN - CONTINUOUS

As Pat and Berto join Dave he starts walking right away.

DAVE
We gotta get outta town. Now.

PAT
What's the big deal Dave?

Dave pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Pat.

Pat opens it up. It's the wanted poster with Pat's face on it. "WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE \$5,000. The SHORTS GANG"

PAT (CONT'D)
The Shorts Gang?! God Damn it
Berto!

Berto takes the paper and stares at it in disbelief.

DAVE
They got ones with all our faces on
'em.

Dave pulls out one with Berto's face on it. Berto stares at it and tries to hide a smile.

DAVE (CONT'D)
They're all over. Now quick. Follow
me.

Dave ducks down the alley between the Saloon and a bank. More posters on the walls as they pass.

PAT
You just had to stick out like that
huh, Berto? You and those damn
shorts?! Just had to make a
statement on manhood and blah blah
blah. Idiot.

BERTO
I can't believe it. And look how
handsome I look.

Berto holds up his wanted poster. He does indeed look generously handsome in the drawing. Like an exaggerated Mexican swashbuckler.

Pat stares down at his poster as they continue walking briskly. Crossing another street and then pass the tree lines into the woods where their horses await.

Pat's drawing does him no justice at all. In fact, he looks unusually thin and sickly in his drawing.

PAT
They got my face all wrong! What a
crock of horse shit!

DAVE
We need to worry more about how
we're not gonna get our necks
strung up.

The trio rides off into the safety of the woods.

PAT

Easy for you to say Dave. You don't
look like you got syphilis.

Berto laughs out loud.

BERTO

Ha! You do.

PAT

Shut it!

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS/CAMPSITE 2 - MORNING

The gang has camped out under the stars again. But it was a cold night and Berto and Dave are curled up together. Big spoon/little spoon style. The fire still smoldering.

Pat and the baby are nowhere to be seen.

Berto stirs a bit and snuggles up closer to Dave. Dave, still sleeping, reaches up and begins to caress Berto's face.

Berto smiles in his sleep at the touch. Then sleepily opens his eyes. After a confused moment Berto gently grabs Dave's hand. He feels it out adding to his confusion and then looks at it. His gaze then follows the hand to the arm to a very close Dave curled up on him.

Berto springs up and away from Dave.

Dave, alarmed by Berto's sudden movement, jumps to his feet half asleep and pulls out his pistol.

DAVE

What happened?! Who is it?!

Berto embarrassed tries to cover for the awkward moment.

BERTO

Just a . . . deer. I think.

DAVE

Damn Berto! The way you freaked out
I thought we was surrounded. Got my
damn heart racing faster than a
prairie fire with a tail-wind.

BERTO

Sorry, bad dream I think.

As Dave re-holsters his pistol he notices the sleeping arrangement he just leapt from. Makeshift pillows and blankets together . . . As he is about to put two and two together Berto interrupts.

BERTO (CONT'D)

Dave!

DAVE

What?!

Berto points to where Pat was sleeping.

BERTO

Pats gone!

DAVE

The baby!

The two search thru the campsite for the baby. Nothing.

BERTO

Pat took our baby!

DAVE

The money!

The two men scramble for the money satchel buried under an inconspicuous pile of rocks.

The satchel is there. Money is inside.

The two men breath a quick sigh of relief. They turn back to where Pat was sleeping.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well all his stuff is still here.

BERTO

And he wouldn't leave without the money.

DAVE

And why take the baby? He don't even like the baby.

BERTO

For a ransom?!

DAVE

Against who you idiot? No one even knows that babies alive.

Berto looks to the sky.

BERTO

Aliens?

Dave stares at him and shakes his head.

DAVE

Aliens Berto?

BERTO

They be abducting people all the
time Dave.

Dave just breaths deep before strangling his partner.

DAVE

He can't of gone far. He wouldn't
leave without the-

Just then we hear someone approaching through the woods.

Berto and Pat grip their pistols in their holsters.

Pat enters from behind the trees carrying Halona singing to
her softly.

PAT

Hush little birdie don't say a
word. Daddy gonna buy you a mocking-
-

Pat looks up to see Berto and Dave at the ready.

PAT (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you two idiots?

DAVE

We thought you maybe run off with
the baby Pat!

BERTO

You can't go sneaking off like
that!

PAT

Boy, if brains were made of
leather, you two couldn't saddle a
flea. Baby was crying so I took her
on a little walk that's all. Think
I'd leave all my stuff? And my
money? Just to take the baby?
Idiots.

Pat goes and sets the baby down.

DAVE

So when did you start caring about the baby and if it was crying?

Berto and Dave eye Pat suspiciously.

PAT

What?! Well, no, it's just . . . I couldn't sleep! She wouldn't shut her screaming. She makes more noise than a cornhusk mattress.

DAVE

Sure Pat. Sounds like someone has baby fever.

PAT

What?! What the hell is that? And no I don't!

BERTO

Baby fever?! Is it contagious??

DAVE

No Berto, its not contagious. It's just Pat here is starting to feel that fatherly feeling. That parental instinct. I think he's actually grown fond of the little one.

PAT

Oh cut it out. I was just trying to keep her quiet.

BERTO

Sure Pat. It's okay. I won't tell anyone you've gone soft.

PAT

Yeah yeah, laugh it up you two. I'm just trying to get us to Canada without this baby getting us captured or killed. Then she's all yours.

MARSHALL SMOLINSKI(O.S.)

Don't think you'll be getting that far fella.

Startled, Pat and Dave and Berto reach for their guns but they quickly see they are surrounded by 5 officers of the law with pistols and shotguns aimed right at them.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI (30), WHITE, SMUG AND ARROGANT. He points a shotgun at the GANG.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

I'm Marshall Smolinski and this is the end of the line for you three outlaws. Wanted for half a dozen robberies, assault and kidnapping. Now lay the baby and your pistols softly on the ground and put your hands high up on the air.

Our gang slowly complies and lays their weapons down. Pat reluctantly lays Halona down carefully on a blanket.

PAT

Kidnapping?! What?!

DAVE

We ain't no criminals. You must have us mistaken for someone else.

The Marshall pulls out the **WANTED POSTERS**.

MARSHALL SMOLINSKI

No that's you three all right. Not many beaners wearing shorts.

All the Marshalls laugh at Berto.

Pat glares at him and shakes his head.

Smolinski spots Halona wrapped up in her bundle on the ground.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Is that a baby?!

BERTO

No.

PAT

Yes.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

What in the world are y'all doing with a baby?! She one of yours?? Or you steal her too??

BERTO

She is ours.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Ours?? HA! Ain't that cute. Bunch-a outlaws trying to play house. Well, now she belongs to the state. And you belong in jail. Which is where you're headed now. Then off to the gallows. There's a hanging in your near future boys.

Berto slowly touches his neck.

BERTO

I always thought it would be a scalping.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Hands up beaner!

PAT

Hey! No one calls him that but me! You racist son of a bitch!

One of the Marshalls pistol whips Pat and he goes down hard.

MARSHALL SMOLINSKI

Search for the money. They got it stashed here somewhere.

The other Lawmen start tearing up the camp, searching for the money.

Marshall Smolinski then picks Halona off the ground. He looks her over.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Oh look at that. It's a little half-breed?

BERTO

She. It's a girl pendejo.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Well then, this little half breed's gonna make someone a good little housemaid. And maybe when's she's old enough, about twelve, well maybe then I'll take her for myself. Teach her how to be a good little wife. Hear them half-breeds know how to treat a man.

Smolinski smiles at them creepily. He hands Halona off to one of the other lawmen who holds her out and away, unsure what to do with her.

DAVE
You son of a bitch!

BERTO
Don't you dare!

PAT
I'm only mad I can only kill you
once!

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
Keep dreaming boy. I know what I'll
be dreaming about. You three
swinging in the wind.

Marshall #2, holding the baby, looks to Smolinksi.

MARSHALL #2
Um, and what do I do with it.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
(unsure)
Uh, just wrap it up and . . . Tie
it to a horse. It'll be fine.

PAT
She's not a sack of potatoes!

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
Shut your mouth heathen!

One of the Marshalls produces the satchel of stolen money.

DEPUTY #2
Found it!

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
Alright, let's cuff 'em and mount
up. We gonna bring these boys to
justice.
(whispering to our trio)
And collect that handsome reward
for your sweet little hides.

The other Marshalls close in and tie up our gang.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Pritchert sits with Charles Burlap.

CHARLES BURLAP

Well I had no idea I'd be getting it in the neck like this. What's the world coming to when you gotta bribe the law to do their job?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Well now Mr. Burlap you're the one that wanted to up the reward money.

CHARLES BURLAP

Yes, to encourage a helpful citizen or maybe possibly a betrayal. Not to pay the men that should be looking for them anyway! Paying the Marshalls to do what they ought to be doing anyhow?! No sir. I won't pay it.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Well now Charles them boys are on their way back now. With the convicts in tow. Tied up like hogs and ready for a reckoning. But you don't pay them boys what they're expecting and-

CHARLES BURLAP

And what?! You're just gonna let the criminals go free?! I cannot believe that this is how an honest man does business. What kinda sheriff are you? I'll be seeing you get voted out come next November. You have my word on that!

Charles Burlap storms out of the office leaving Sheriff Pritchert alone for a brief moment.

Then in busts his deputy Annie Fisher.

ANNIE FISHER

Sheriff?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Yes Annie?

ANNIE FISHER

What about it the money?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

What money?

ANNIE FISHER

The money them boys stole. I heard
it was more than you could even say
grace over.

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Welp, seems the gang already done
spent most of it.

ANNIE FISHER

Oh no. Won't that upset Mr. Burlap
even more?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

It ain't his money anyway.

ANNIE FISHER

No?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Nope. It's his clients and they the
ones that ain't gonna be too happy
it's gone.

ANNIE FISHER

So what will happen to the bank?
And Mr. Burlap? And the clients?
And the ransom? And the shorts gang
that caused all this?

SHERIFF PRITCHERT

Well Annie, this towns about to
have a moment.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

A sheriff's 'prisoner transfer' wagon rumbles down the dirt
road. Four more armed officers of the law follow on
horseback.

Another armed officer is driving the wagon and sitting next
to him is Marshall Smolinski holding a shotgun.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - DAY

Pat, Dave and Berto are all handcuffed in the barred and
locked up covered wagon.

PAT

Well if this ain't like hugging a
rose bush.

BERTO
They gonna hang us ain't they.

PAT
Oh shit yeah Berto. We buzzard
bait.

BERTO
Does it hurt.

PAT
Not a bit. It's all over faster
than a sneeze through a screen
door.

DAVE
And the how the hell would you know
Pat. You've been hung before have
you?

PAT
No, but I seen it. Many times.

Pat looks to Berto and mimes a hanging. Holding the imaginary
rope up with one hand and dropping his head with his tongue
out.

Berto recoils in fear. He pleads with Dave.

BERTO
I can't die Dave! I have 7 kids to
support!

DAVE
You're not gonna die Berto.

BERTO
NO??

DAVE
No. I'll think of something.

BERTO
Like what?

DAVE
Like, I don't know Berto. I don't
know. Something will come to me. We
gotta get outta this. For Halona.
Damned if we let them take her
away.

BERTO
Right. We must get her back.

PAT
And the money.

Berto and Dave look at Pat incredulously.

PAT (CONT'D)
What??

Suddenly we can hear Halona wailing.

Our trio rush to look out the back bars of the wagon to see.

We can see the small box Halona is in attached to the horse.
The men continue on paying her no mind.

DAVE
(calling out)
She's hungry! She needs to eat!

PAT
You can't keep her tied up like
that!

BERTO
She's scared!

Suddenly, the wagon stops abruptly causing the men to fall
over on top of each other with Pat underneath.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

We see Smolinski hop off the wagon in a huff.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
Will you shut the damn thing up!

MARSHALL #2
What do you do with it?

Smolinski pulls out a flask as he walks over to Halona. He
pours whiskey on his finger and feeds some to the crying
Halona.

DAVE
Don't you get her drunk!

Halona quiets down. Smolinski then picks Halona up and rocks
her gently.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
See. No problem at all.

Just then Halona HURLS CHUNKS all over Smolinski's face.

DAVE

Told ya!

PAT

They do that.

Smolinksi, humiliated, hands the baby back to Marshall #2 and wipes his face with a handkerchief.

SMOLINSKI

(to Marshall #2)

You take that thing, and get it outta my sight.

MARSHALL #2

Well where to??

SMOLINSKI

Just ride her the hell outta here!
We'll meet you back in town!

Smolinksi smacks the horses ass and Marshall #2 rides off with Halona.

Smolinski looks to Dave as he walks back to the wagon.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

She'll be paying fo' that one day.

Smolinski then hops back onto the wagon.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI (CONT'D)

Let's go!

The wagon jerks forward and our gang topple onto each other again.

PAT

Damn it Berto! Why do you smell like a damn egg-sucking dog??

BERTO

Well you smell like my grandpa's toenail!

PAT

Well yo smell so bad, you could gag a maggot!!

The two men start to fight but its extremely comical with both their hands tied behind their backs.

DAVE

STOP!!

Pat and Berto stop and look at Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look!

Dave points to the ground where we see Berto's hat laying upside down. And coming out of it, is the remainder of the peyote from earlier.

PAT

Is that what I think it is?

DAVE

Yep.

BERTO

My peyote!

PAT

Thought we ate it all?

BERTO

Me too. I guess I put some in my hat.

PAT

Well goddamn lets take it! Go out feeling fine as frog fur!

Pat tries to get to the peyote but Dave stops him.

DAVE

No, wait.

BERTO

WHAT??

DAVE

(with a sly smile)
Something came to me, Berto.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

The Marshalls have set up camp for the night. The fire is full and there are a few pots on a makeshift grill.

We see they have made a small bed for Halona out of blankets and she is sleeping peacefully in an officers tent.

The law men are just finishing up their dinner.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Jacob! You're on cleanup.

JACOB, 22, WHITE, is the youngest of the lawmen. He is EARNEST and NAIVE.

JACOB
But I had cleanup last night!

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
And you will again whenever I say.
Do you not understand what an order
is?!

JACOB
No sir! I mean, yes sir!

Jacob begins clearing the dishes for the men.

Suddenly we hear a HOWL from the 'prisoner transfer' wagon.

Marshall Smolinski and the rest of the men run over to see what's happening.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - NIGHT

Pat and Dave look on in horror as Berto writhes in agony on the floor of the wagon holding his stomach.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
What's going on?!

DAVE
It's his Mexialitus!

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
His what?!

PAT
His Mexialitus you moron! You never
heard of it?

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
What? Yes, of course I have. But
um, tell these guys cause they
don't know.

DAVE
Well it's a terrible disease but it
only affects Mexicans.

JACOB
Oh god. What does it do??

PAT

Well young pup, it makes your intestines fill up with large pockets of puss that break and shoot slimy yellow puss all over the inside of your belly.

JACOB

Is he gonna die?

Berto is HOWLING even louder.

DAVE

He might son.

JACOB

What can we do?

DAVE

Well he has herbs in his shoe. But if he doesn't take it soon the puss will start to shoot out his butt and then all his guts will fall out and he'll die.

JACOB

Good god!

Everyone looks to Marshall Smolinski.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Okay, okay, get him outta there. Let him take his medicine for the Mexa . . . Thing.

Jacob and the lawmen pull Berto out of the wagon and lock Dave and Pat back up.

Jacob pulls off Berto's shoes and finds the bag of peyote.

JACOB

(to Dave)

Is this his medicine?

DAVE

Yes. Now you have to boil it in some water and make him drink it.

JACOB

Okay.

DAVE

Hurry. His guts are surely about to explode.

JACOB

Oh god!

Jacob rushes over to the pots and cleans one out and fills it with water as Berto continues his act.

Berto starts to overdue it a bit. Crying and writhing and it starts getting a little too dramatic.

Dave leans down and whispers to Berto.

DAVE

(whispering)

Tone it down Shakespeare.

Berto shoots him a look but complies, letting out a low whimper.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

The lawmen have Berto perched up by the fire.

Marshall Smolinksi watches carefully from across the fire.

Jacob is pouring Berto's "MEDICINE" into a coffee MUG. He hands it to Berto who keeps shaking as he take a sip.

Suddenly Berto stiffens and his eyes BULGE WIDE-OPEN.

Jacob and the lawmen JUMP BACK. Smolinksi looks on mesmerized by the scene.

Suddenly Berto SPINS around. And with his face now away from the lawmen we see him spit out the "medicine".

He suddenly SPINS back around and nonchalantly looks at lawmen.

BERTO

Awe much better. Thank you.

For some reason, Berto then bows as if finishing a performance.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI

Alright he seems fine. Lock him back up.

Jacob escorts Berto back to the prisoner wagon.

BERTO

Thank you young man. You saved my life.

Jacob locks Berto back up in the wagon.

When Jacob begins locking the wagon back up, Dave leans in and whispers to him.

DAVE
(whispering)
Hey? Hey!

JACOB
What?

DAVE
Think you can slip me some of that
medicine?

JACOB
Why do you want it? Are you sick
too?

DAVE
No but . . . Well maybe I shouldn't
tell you?

JACOB
What?

DAVE
Well that medicine is pretty
powerful stuff.

JACOB
(quietly)
Yeah? In what way?

DAVE
Well, it makes your
(Dave looks to his crotch)
Yoo-hoo about twice as big.

JACOB
Nuh uh? That true?

DAVE
Promise. Or god's a possum.

JACOB
(looking to Pat)
He for real?

PAT
Oh yeah!
(points to Berto)
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)
You could hang your washing on that
their Mexican.

Berto just looks over to Jacob and smiles big.

JACOB
Oh okay. I'll see what I can do.

Jacob walks back to the fire and looks at the pot with the PEYOTE. He grabs a nearby COFFEE MUG and pours some of the 'medicine' from the pot into it.

He smells it, curiously. Then looks up to see Dave waiting impatiently for him and waving him over. Jacob starts to walk the 'medicine' over when his path is blocked by a man's body.

Jacob looks up to see Marshall Smolinski staring down at him.

Dave, Pat and Berto watch the scene play out in front of them.

They see Jacob talking to Marshall Smolinski and pointing to the gang in the wagon.

Smolinski looks over at our trio suspiciously. He takes the cup from Jacob's hand and inspects the 'medicine'. Smells it.

Dave, Pat and Berto wait with baited breath, hoping.

Finally, with an air of bravado, quickly downs the entire cup. Smolinski then hands the cup back to Jacob and smugly walks over to our gang.

Dave, Pat and Berto all desperately try to hold in their excitement as Smolinski addresses them through the wagon bars.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI
So you low-lives thought you could
get one by me did ya? Not sure why
you thought you'd need that stuff.
You're never gonna lay with another
woman for the rest of your
miserable little lives.
(suddenly shivers)
Oooooo, I think I feel it already.

With a huge smile Smolinski turns back to his men.

MARSHALL SMOLINKSI (CONT'D)
Okay boys, you can each try a bit
but you save the rest for me, ya
hear??

And as all the other lawmen clamor to get their sip of the 'medicine', we see Dave, Pat and Berto as their mischievous smiles grow so big you could hang your wash on 'em.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

What was once a well set-up, orderly campsite, has turned into complete DISARRAY and CHAOS.

The fire has been kicked and spread around. All the tents are tossed about. Clothes and gear litter the once organized campsite.

- One officer is rolling around in a tent, CRYING.
- One officer is completely naked, in a tree, HOWLING.
- One officer is burning his own shoe on what's left of the fire.
- One officer is buried in the ground up to his neck and singing *"Mary had a little lamb."*
- One officer is shirtless, and asking the chicken leg in his hand *"Why do I have nipples?" "Do you have nipples?"*.

Jacob is cowering behind a tree, near the 'prisoner transfer' wagon. His face is covered in dirt and his eyes are wide with fear.

Marshall Smolinski is nowhere to be seen.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - SAME

We see our GANG, SLACK-JAWED, as the scene plays out before them.

Pat looking rather amused, Berto seems a little uneasy, and Dave is utterly shocked, as they all stare at the chaos they've unleashed.

BERTO

Maybe we gave them to much??

DAVE

Can that stuff kill you?

Berto just shrugs, unsure.

PAT

Welp, what do we do now geniuses?
We're still locked up.

DAVE
Alright, lets see if we can kick
these bars off.

The boys position themselves and start kicking at the bars on
the back of the wagon.

After an exhaustive attempt the men collectively give up. The
bars are solid and don't budge an inch.

PAT
So was that the master plan? Now
what? We just rot in here and wait
for the scavengers to get us?
Rather have my neck snapped.

BERTO
I don't want to be eaten by
scavengers either.

DAVE
Nobody's gettin' eaten by nothin'.
Just let me think.

BAM!!

Jacob, WIDE-EYED and FILTY slams into the wagons bars.

JACOB
HELP ME! HELP MEEEEEE!!

Pat smiles, like a cat about to toy with it's prey.

PAT
Whats wrong bub?

JACOB
I swallowed my tongue!

PAT
Oh I hear that's going around. Your
teeth will fall out next.

JACOB
My teeth??

DAVE
(to Pat)
Stop.
(to Jacob)
You're fine, kid. You couldn't
speak without a tongue.

JACOB
Am I speaking??

DAVE
Yes.

JACOB
English?

PAT
No, aborigine.

JACOB
What??

DAVE
Don't worry about it. You're fine.
But listen, we can help you.

JACOB
You can?

DAVE
Yes. But you have to get us outta
here. Can you do that?

JACOB
But . . . Why are you in there?

DAVE
Not important right now.

Pat butts in.

PAT
'Cause the world is crooked boy!
Crooked as a dog's hind leg!

Dave shoves Pat back.

DAVE
It's all one big misunderstanding,
son. See all your friends out
there?

Jacob looks behind him at the MADNESS.

DAVE (CONT'D)
They've all gotten sick. Their
minds going soft.

JACOB
(terrified)
Oh my god.

DAVE

Now if you get us out of here, we
can help them. And you.

Berto butts in to add his two cents.

BERTO

(in a deep creepy voice)
They done been possessed and they
will eat your soul!

Dave grabs him and gives him a look.

DAVE

(thru gritted teeth)
I got this.
(to Jacob)
Better hurry son. Not much time
left.

Jacob just stands there looking confused and scared.

PAT

THE KEYS!!

Startled, Jacob reaches for the ring of keys at his waist. He
fumbles with them and then holds one up in front of his face.
Mesmerized by it.

JACOB

This is it.

PAT

Good, now get us outta here 'for
them devils get ya!

Jacob looks at Pat with sudden fear in his eyes.

JACOB

NO! You are devil!! Demons from
hell!! We must burn you to ashes!!

Suddenly Jacob turns and flings the key deep into the dark
forest night.

PAT

Welp, I don't think he's gonna help
us.

DAVE

Way to go with the devil talk you
chuckleheads!

BERTO

They are too far gone now. We are gonna buzzard bait for sure.

DAVE

Will you two calm down. It's gonna be fine. Let's try one of the other guys.

The three look to the other lawmen all *TRIPPIN' BALLS!*

PAT

So should we ask the man having a conversation with a chicken leg or the one buried up to his neck singing lullaby's?

BERTO

We are screwed.

DAVE

They'll be full as ticks for hours. We have plenty of time to figure this out. Stop worrying.

JACOB (O.S.)

ARRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Our trio looks up and we see Jacob holding a large branch, the end a TORCH OF FIRE. He starts walking towards the wagon.

PAT

Ohhh I don't like that.

DAVE

Yeah that's not good.

BERTO

What's he doing?

JACOB

We have to burn the demons to ash!

As Jacob walks around the side of the wagon with the torch, our GANG loses sight of him.

DAVE

Okay. We should definitely get outta here now.

PAT

(to Jacob)

Hey son! Listen, no need to burn us alright.

BERTO

Yeah! No demons in here. Just three regular guys. Just like you!

DAVE

Please do NOT light us on fire.

The three men sit and listen. It's eerily quiet except for the man still HOWLING in the tree.

BERTO

(sniffing the air)

Well, I think this is it for us.

PAT

Damn it, I shoulda ate that peyote when I had the chance! Now I'm gonna burn to death sober as a goat!

Smoke starts to fill the wagon as our GANG tries to cover their faces.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - SAME

Jacob stands back as he watches the wagon begin to burn. The fire has started just below the driver's seat. Between the men and the two horses who are still attached to the wagon.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The men are panicking as the smoke billows into their cage. Pat is raging against the bars while Dave tries to kick the walls out and Berto is attempting to blow out the flames as they begin to climb the back wall.

DAVE

Stop that Berto!! Just making it worse!

BERTO

What does it matter?! It can't get any worse!

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - SAME

On the front seat of the wagon we see a shotgun secured in a holster. The fires' flames begin licking at the barrel.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The three men are choking and beginning to succumb to the smoke and hopelessness is setting in.

BOOM!!

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

The shotgun on the front seat explodes, sending flames and wood high into the air.

The horses, startled by the explosion, take off in a jolt.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The three men SLAM into the back of the wagon, hard.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

We follow the wagon, still on fire, as it tears off down the dusty trail, being led by the two frightened horses, recklessly.

Jacob steps into the dirt road as he watches the burning wagon tear down the road, bewildered.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The three men are bouncing around like rag dolls as the burning wagon flies down the bumpy, mountain trail.

EXT. DUSTY MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

The wagon, burning bright in the dark night, bounces high over each bump, and looks as if it may topple over as it careens around each turn.

Up ahead we can see the dusty trail leads straight towards a SHARP TURN, beyond which is a STEEP CLIFF that falls several stories down to a RAGING RIVER below.

The LEFT FRONT WHEEL, now on fire, hits a rock, breaks from the wagon, and ROLLS OFF into the woods.

The left-side of the wagon hits the ground HARD, and is now being dragged by the ever more frightened horses.

We see the nails, holding the wagon hitch equipment in place, begin to loosen and the wooden singletrees beginning to break.

As the wagon enters the sharp turn, the wagon BREAKS FREE from the hitch equipment and horses, and now steer-less, heads straight for the cliff.

The wagon flips over and begins to BREAK APART as it hurls towards the cliff.

SMASHING into one last rock, the wagon's ROOF BREAKS APART before toppling over the side of the mountain, spiraling towards the raging river below, ON FIRE, the men still inside.

INT. SHERIFFS WAGON - CONTINUOUS

The gang SLAMS into the floor of the wagon as it falls ROOF FIRST towards the water below. Through the now MISSING ROOF, they can all clearly see the impact that lays before them.

SPLASH!!

The FIERY WAGON SMASHES into the water and instantly BREAKS APART.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - CONTINUOUS

THE RUSHING WATER quickly moves the broken wagon wreckage downstream. Much of it STILL ON FIRE.

At first no sign of OUR GANG.

Then . . .

All three men pop up out of the water, alive but rushing fast down river.

EXT. FOREST CREEK - DAY

A beautiful, clear river runs through the lush and mountainous forest floor. Not a sound in the air but a soft breeze and a few distant birds. God took his time with this place. It's like a scene out of a movie. Yes, we are back to the beginning.

The YOUNG INDIAN GIRL is excitedly skipping in circles around the FATHER FIGURE from the first scene.

YOUNG INDIAN GIRL/HALONA
 (in native Blackfoot)
 Tió! I saw her again! In the
 stream!

The FATHER FIGURE remains off camera just enough to conceal his identity. But throughout the scene we get little glimpses of him.

FATHER FIGURE (O.S.)
 (in native Blackfoot)
 And what did she look like this
 time Halona?

HALONA
 (in native Blackfoot)
 Exactly as before! So beautiful and
 happy.

FATHER FIGURE
 (in native Blackfoot)
 And she was.

Halona stops and stares up at the FATHER FIGURE. Halona easily switches the conversation to English.

HALONA
 Who is she Tió? Is she me?

FATHER FIGURE
 In a way my love. She is a part of
 you. And she always will be. And
 she loves you very much. And she
 will always protect you.

HALONA
 Like an angel?

FATHER FIGURE
 Yes dear, like an angel. And one
 day I will tell you all about her.
 And how brave and tough she is.

HALONA
 Like my father?

FATHER FIGURE
 Yes. Very much like your father.
 Now come, they surely have supper
 ready by now. And maybe after your
 other Tió's and I can share more of
 their stories with you.

HALONA
Oh yay!!! I can't wait!!

Halona starts to rush off.

HALONA (CONT'D)
Hurry Tió! I'll race you!

We now reveal the FATHER FIGURE to be PAT. Pat laughs as he jokingly pretends to join in the race even though they both know his body is well passed it's running days.

FATHER FIGURE/PAT
You run on ahead Halona. And tell
the Tió's not to eat all my supper.

HALONA
Okay!!

As Halona runs off we see the Blackfoot tribe's village just up the hill.

And standing on the crest, silhouetted by the setting sun, two more FATHER FIGURES.

PAT stands a moment as he takes in the beautiful scene. Halona running through the gorgeous scenery towards the two other men who saved her life. And became his best friends.

THE END

(CONT'D)