

QUICKDRAW  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. ANIMAS VALLEY (NEW MEXICO) - DESERT TRAIL - DAY

Shadows dress the lizard dry earth. Two men ride astride each other. Their faces are barely recognisable as darkness falls.

Both men are dressed in black. DILLON LITTLE ROCK (30s) has shoulder length hair and a youthful visage. The other man is the hardbitten and leathery faced Mexican, BUHO (30s), aka JOSE AGUASCALIENTES.

EXT. QUICKDRAW (NEW MEXICO) - NIGHT

The town of Quickdraw is situated at a crossroads, where the borderlines of New Mexico, Arizona, Chihuahua and Sonora all intersect. It's a small lawless town in no man's land. Out of sight and untouchable.

There are no signs of life but the glow emanating from the bar.

The entrance to the town is marked by a piece of timber nailed to a tree, with 'Quickdraw' painted on it.

EXT. QUICKDRAW - BAR - NIGHT

The doors swing open. LINTON SLIGHTHAND tumbles out. Four men stride out in pursuit. Slighthand crashes in the dust. He hauls himself to his feet. He's in his 50s, neatly dressed in suit. He has a substantial beard.

The four men stand ominously before him.

Slighthand bends down and picks his hat up. He dusts it down and puts it on.

SLIGHTHAND

I have no reason to cheat you. I swear. I'm passing through. Here seemed as good a place as any to take in a good night's sleep and a good whisky.

HAYDEN CROCKER, the tallest of the four men, steps forward. His facial features are as sharp as a knife and his expression cold.

HAYDEN

This place is a shit hole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLT YOUNG, the youngest of the group, reinforces his stand. Broad shouldered and sleepy eyed.

COLT  
Probably the only place you've come  
across.

BAKER RUSSELL, a weasel, completes the reasoning.

BAKER  
And you see it as a place that no  
one knows or cares about so you can  
just up and cheat.

SLIGHTHAND  
(stoically)  
I never cheated in my life.

Hayden steps forward. Slighthand watches him. Their gaze is fixed. Hayden kicks Slighthand in the groin. Slighthand drops to the floor.

Hayden crouches down, fixing his gaze on Slighthand.

HAYDEN  
You're going to get on your horse  
and you're going to ride out of  
here right now, in the dark,  
hurting, crying, I don't really  
care too much.

He removes Slighthand's stetson. He looks at it. He takes his on off and throws it to the street. He fits Slighthand's onto his own head.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
You come back here and I'll put a  
hole in your head big enough so as  
I can admire the moon through it.  
OK.

Hayden stands. Slighthand looks up at him.

SLIGHTHAND  
Do you not have a sheriff?

The sheriff, CLAYTON DALHART, steps out of the shadows. He's around the same age as Slighthand.

DALHART  
Sheriff Clayton Dalhart.

Slighthand looks him up and down, before smirking.

DALHART (CONT'D)  
Something funny with that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLIGHTHAND

No.

DALHART

Now I don't condone these actions right here, but then I don't condone cheating and I saw you cheating.

Slighthand stands.

SLIGHTHAND

Well you must have seen somebody else.

DALHART

Not unless somebody else looks like you.

SLIGHTHAND

That's not impossible.

DALHART

God only makes one of each of us and I saw you. So in my mind this here misunderstanding is between you and these here fellows. That's just my opinion in light of fairness and justice.

SLIGHTHAND

Fairness and justice?

Hayden lunges forward and slams his boot down on Slighthand's knee. Slighthand's leg gives way. He slumps to the floor in pain.

Hayden looks at Dalhart and the other men.

HAYDEN

He went for his gun.

The others remain expressionless.

DALHART

Put him on his horse and send him on his way.

Dalhart walks back into the bar.

The men move to pick Slighthand up.

EXT. ANIMAS VALLEY (NEW MEXICO) - DESERT TRAIL - NIGHT

Two silhouetted horses graze just off the trail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A fire burns, flames licking the air. Two figures sit opposite each other.

EXT. CAMP ONE - NIGHT

A coffee pot hangs above the fire. Buho and Dillon sip from their battered mugs.

BUHO

Do you ever wonder what would happen if we had to work against each other?

DILLON

(chuckles)

No. No such thought crosses my mind.

Raising his index finger to highlight a point.

DILLON (CONT'D)

I do wonder about the taste of coffee though. How it might be in some other country. I wonder what I'd be doing if I was born some place else.

BUHO

You wouldn't be you. You wouldn't ever know of here and be wondering why you wondered what you did wonder in another land.

Buho pours himself another mug. He offers to pour some for Dillon. Dillon hands him his mug.

BUHO (CONT'D)

As for coffee the best I ever tasted was in Columbia.

He hands Dillon his mug back and hangs the pot back over the fire.

BUHO (CONT'D)

I have had good coffee here too. But the best was in Columbia. Get me some sacks of those beans and people would pay to drink in my house.

DILLON

So you going back to Columbia some day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUHO

Maybe. Maybe not. Right now someday  
is a long way away.

Dillon shrugs.

BUHO (CONT'D)

If I'd have wanted to go back there  
someday soon I wouldn't be sitting  
here with you. Maybe I wouldn't  
have left there in the first place.

DILLON

(grins smugly)

You had a woman. It's always a  
woman.

Buho drops his head and looks into his mug. He swills the  
coffee around. He stares at the black whirlpool. His gaze is  
taken further and further in.

BUHO

Not just a woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORDILLERA CENTRAL (COLUMBIA) - CAMP - NIGHT

CAPTION: SEVERAL YEARS AGO

Fading embers glow in the moonlight. Nearby Buho lies on a  
blanket. An enchantingly beautiful woman, ISABEL ROSA (20s),  
straddles him. They make love passionately.

EXT. CORDILLERA CENTRAL (COLUMBIA) - RIVER - DAY

Buho and his beautiful woman walk arm in arm along the  
water's edge. They stop. Buho attempts to coax her to jump  
in. She playfully resists.

He takes his boots off and drops in. He flicks water at her.  
She steps down and wades in. He paddles over to her and hugs  
her. They both fall backwards and submerging for an instant.  
They resurface.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. CAMP ONE - NIGHT

DILLON

I get the picture. But if it was so  
great, why leave?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUHO  
I didn't leave.

BACK TO:

EXT. HOUSE (COLUMBIA) - DAY

In the grounds of an old house a gang of murderers hang the battered, naked body of Buho's beautiful woman from a tree. Her dying eyes scan the horizon.

They mount their horses and ride off.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. CAMP ONE - NIGHT

BUHO  
She was dead by the time I got back.

DILLON  
What did you do then?

BUHO  
I died. I died with her and became the person who you see. I took my own revenge then began to take revenge for other people. My only solace arose out of taking revenge for others, in killing.

Beat.

BUHO (CONT'D)  
All I my memories are everyone else's nightmares. Those men who murdered my sweet Isabel Rosa, took my life too. They stole my dreams and burnt my soul.

Dillon looks up at night sky, so sprent with stars.

DILLON  
So when you said what would happen if we had to work against each other, you'd kill me without any hesitation?

BUHO  
I'd kill myself without hesitation. To kill you would be as straight forward as drinking coffee.

He raises his mug to Dillon and then sips his coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLON

Right.

BUHO

(smiling)

Would you not kill me?

DILLON

I guess, if I had to, well, yeah.  
Maybe. If there was no choice.

BUHO

I like you, Dillon Littlerock.

EXT. ANIMAS VALLEY (NEW MEXICO) - DESERT TRAIL - NIGHT

The full moon lights up the sky. All is peaceful.

EXT. CAMP ONE - NIGHT

Dillon and Buho lie asleep.

The fire is but a mound of glowing embers.

Colt and Baker walk out of the shadows, one on either side of the camp.

Dalhart appears with Hayden and IRVING PENN, a bespectacled character, at his side.

All bar Dalhart have rifles at the ready. They take aim. Two on Buho. Two on Dillon.

Dalhart walks over to the fire. He pours himself a coffee from the pot.

DALHART

(sipping the coffee)

This is good coffee. A bit tepid  
but good.

Buho sits up in a flash. He reflexively points his pistol at Dalhart, oblivious to the rifles aimed at him.

Dillon doesn't stir.

DALHART (CONT'D)

I don't think that's a very good  
idea. Do you?

Buho glances at the rifles, whilst continuing to point his pistol at Dalhart.

BUHO

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DALHART  
Lots of things.

BUHO  
We're just passing through.

Dalhart crouches. He stares into Buho's eyes.

DALHART  
Everyone just passes through.  
Funny how that's always the case,  
don't you think?

Beat. Locking eyes with Buho.

DALHART (CONT'D)  
Put the gun down.

Buho hesitates, looking around once more at Dalhart's men,  
before placing his gun on the ground.

Dalhart sips the coffee again.

DALHART (CONT'D)  
This really is great coffee.

Colt kicks Dillon. No response. He kicks him again. Dillon  
slowly wakes up. He rubs the sleep from his eyes.

DILLON  
The sun's not even up.

Buho turns to Dillon.

BUHO  
Fat lot of good you are.

Dillon peers around lazily. The men with guns pointed at him  
and Buho gradually fix into his focus.

DILLON  
Shit.

Dalhart empties the remainder of his coffee on the ashes. He  
stands.

DALHART  
Shit about covers it. You two are  
under arrest.

To his men.

DALHART (CONT'D)  
Stand them up.

The men stand Buho and Dillon up and bind their hands in  
front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLON

Under arrest for what?

DALHART

Robbing the bank in Quickdraw.

DILLON

Never been to no god damn  
Quickdraw. What is it, some circus  
town?

Dalhart punches Dillon in the mouth. Dillon drops to the dirt.

DALHART

You could call it that.

Dillon hauls himself back up to his feet.

BUHO

Search our stuff. We don't rob  
banks, and we sure as hell haven't  
been to some place named Quickdraw.

DALHART

That being the case just look as it  
as an experience then.

To his men.

DALHART (CONT'D)

Mount up.

The five of them mount their horses. Buho and Dillon are made to walk. Irving leads them with a rope.

Buho stumbles as they move off.

DILLON

We have horses back there, why  
can't we sit on them?

DALHART

Your legs do work, don't they?

DILLON

Yeah.

DALHART

Be thankful for that. You keep  
questioning me and you'll find  
yourself wishing you could have  
walked.

EXT. QUICKDRAW - BANK - DAY

The doors burst open. Two masked men come charging out. They're dressed in black and have pistols at the ready. One of them carries a sack of money. They mount their horses and gallop out of the town.

The town's folk watch proceedings.

Dalhart rushes out of his office and takes a shot at the two robbers as they race away.

Dalhart, Hayden, and Colt immediately mount up and take pursuit.

EXT. QUICKDRAW - DAWN

Dalhart and his men ride into town. Buho and Dillon stumble in on foot.

They pass the sign marking the entrance to town. A CRAZY DRIFTER prowls around the tree, pistol in hand. He's in deep thoughts, staring at the ground. He shoots at the dust. Buho and Dillon watch him. He looks up at them, before crouching down and picking up a headless lizard. He grins and bites into it. Dillon and Buho exchange glances.

DILLON  
(to Buho)  
Quaint little place.

BUHO  
Yeah. Might want to think about  
starting a family.

They come to a halt outside Dalhart's office. The riders dismount.

Buho and Dillon study the buildings. They see the bank.

DILLON  
(to Irving)  
That the bank then I take it.

IRVING  
Shut up.

DILLON  
(to Buho)  
We could be here a long time. Just  
typical.

Irving and Colt lead Buho and Dillon into the office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PRISON CELL - DAWN

The cell is through a door at the back of the office.

Buho and Dillon are led to the cell with their hands untied. They are thrown in.

Irving and Colt walk out and back to the office.

Buho sits himself on the floor. Dillon paces back and forth.

BUHO

This your first time?

DILLON

No. Do you have to ask these questions. Have I been in prison? What would happen if? We're here, that's it. Kind of throws our plans off some.

BUHO

At least we're in Quickdraw.

DILLON

Yeah great, early for once in my life.

BUHO

What about Slighthand?

DILLON

What about Slighthand? He was meeting us at dawn at the camp. We're not at the camp. We're here. We haven't met him. We don't know who we're supposed to kill. We don't have our money. We're in a god damn prison cell.

Buho stands up and wanders around. He goes on tiptoes to peer out of the small barred window.

BUHO

He'll find our camp. He'll find us. Don't worry. Let's just think about getting out of here.

DILLON

You reckon? And how do you propose we do that?

He shakes his head.

DILLON (CONT'D)

I should have listened to my father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUHO

What?

DILLON

He used to say that it was a good idea to always keep a stick of dynamite on you, down your pants, for emergencies.

BUHO

What? Why's that? Incase he needed to blow a crusty whore off his face?

DILLON

Funny, you're very funny. He was a bank robber, ironically. He said that you never know when an opportunity is going to arise and that it was good to always be prepared. Added to that it got him out of a place like this on one or two occasions. I figured being a gunman that that kind of predicament didn't really apply to me. And it can't be too much of an attractive thing for the ladies.

BUHO

(chuckling)

Jesus Christ. You're father must have been a man with balls.

He holds his hand out to prevent any interruption from Dillon.

BUHO (CONT'D)

I say that sincerely, really. Although it wouldn't surprise me one bit if he didn't have any balls at all. You pretty lucky to be here at all actually.

DILLON

Laugh all you like.

BUHO

No, no, I'm not being critical. Jesus, my father only ever gave me three pieces of advice. Always treat a lady well, believe in God, and never trust a white man.

DILLON

You've held him to that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUHO

Pretty much. The only lady I ever had, I treated well. Every time I shoot someone, I say a little prayer in my head. And, I've never trusted a white man.

DILLON

(frowning)

I trust you.

BUHO

I don't trust you.

DILLON

You said you like me?

BUHO

Like and trust are two different things. I do like you. I don't trust you. I think I know you. I know when you might do one thing and when you might do something else. I trust myself to know that about you so that I can then do whatever I need to do.

DILLON

Thanks.

He shouts to their captures.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey you out there. Would it be too much trouble to get a drink of water in here?

No answer.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Anybody there? Come on you bunch of brainless, powder puff, skinny excuses for law-men.

Hayden and Colt come through. They each carry a cup of water.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Hi.

Hayden steps forward and punches Dillon in the face with the cup of water. Dillon drops to the floor. The water goes all over the place. Hayden then hurls the cup at him.

Colt hands a cup to Buho. Buho takes it.

The men leave.

Buho moves over to Dillon and gives him some of his water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dillon has a bloody nose to add to his thick lip.

BUHO

(grinning)

See, I knew you'd get yourself  
bleeding in no time.

DILLON

(holding his nose)

Well aren't you the clever one.

EXT. CAMP ONE - MORNING

Slighthand rides up to Buho and Dillon's camp. He dismounts and walks over to the fire. He touches the coffeepot to test if it's warm. He notices their horses still tied up.

He sits himself down on a rock to wait.