

Gunfighters From Mars

by Laurence Newnam

WGAW

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FADE IN:

A POWERPOINT SLIDE ON A SCREEN

Why I didn't read  
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea  
by Jules Verne

FOLLOWED BY

And why you shouldn't either!

A kid's voice.

BENTLEY (O.S.)  
This book didn't make any sense.

INT. GRADE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

We pull back from the screen to find BENTLEY, age 8, with a cowlick and glasses, standing in front of a class with his sneaker untied. The slides project on the screen behind him. The glow of his laptop illuminates his puckered little face.

The teacher, MISS PENDERGAST, 30s, shifts uncomfortably at her desk.

NEXT SLIDE: 1 League = 3 miles

BENTLEY  
This is a story about a submarine that  
went to a depth of sixty thousand miles  
under the ocean. Since the deepest point  
in the ocean is only 6.75 miles...

NEXT SLIDE: Undersea map of the Mariana Trench in the North Pacific Ocean, depth of 6.75 miles.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
...this basic premise is impossible. So I  
didn't read the book.

It's a room full of droopy-eyed FOURTH GRADERS in captivity. They're all totally bored out of their backpacks.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
Instead, I did a feasibility study of  
whether deep sea exploration could ever  
reach the depth postulated by this  
author.

NEXT SLIDE: Sectional view of Earth. Side by side comparisons of 6.75 miles and 60,000 miles.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
The proposed depth of sixty thousand miles would have a pressure of approximately thirty two hundred tons per square inch. At this pressure, even a modern Ohio class nuclear submarine would be instantly crushed.

NEXT SLIDE: A modern Ohio class nuclear submarine.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
Killing everyone on board.

NEXT SLIDE: Dead people.

It is deathly still except for the painful SQUEAK of the teacher's chair.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
So I followed up with additional analysis of the subatomic structure of iron to determine the tensile strength that would be required to withstand this pressure if it were possible.

NEXT SLIDE: Periodic Table of Elements. Promethium-61 is highlighted. Seems like there's some ongoing research here.

BENTLEY (cont'd)  
Oh, that's the wrong slide.

NEXT SLIDE: The subatomic structure of iron.

MISS PENDERGAST  
Thank you, Bentley. Class, do you have any questions?

They don't. Bentley looks down at his feet. He had more slides. They were good.

AMY turns to BECKY and whispers.

AMY  
He's weird.

Becky GIGGLES. A few other kids giggle too. Bentley shrinks.

MISS PENDERGAST  
Bentley, this was very informative, but because you didn't actually read the book, I'm afraid I can't give you a passing grade.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

An SUV zooms down a tree-lined street.

KAREN (O.S.)  
Miss Pendergast is tough isn't she?

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

A harried Mom, KAREN, 30s, drives with Bentley. She's a busy woman, judging by the business suit and briefcase.

KAREN  
But, honey, that was forty percent of  
your grade. You can't just not read the  
book.

BENTLEY  
It was based on flawed research!

KAREN  
If you don't pass this class, you might  
have to go summer school.

Bentley sits with his laptop open, staring out the window.

BENTLEY  
Mister Easley said he'd sponsor me for  
Space Camp this summer.

KAREN  
Sweetheart... if you're in summer school,  
you won't be able to go to Space Camp.

Bentley's jaw tightens. He leans back, quiet.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Listen. When we get home, we'll look on  
the web and find a new book for you.  
Maybe we can find something with  
astronomy in it.

Karen's cell phone RINGS.

KAREN (cont'd)  
We'll do this together. We'll stay up  
late if we have to-  
(flips open phone)  
Hello. Hey. What? Now? Where's Dan?

Bentley pecks his keyboard.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Are you sure? Okay. Okay. No, no, it's  
alright. I'll figure it out. I'll be  
there as soon as I can.

She closes the phone and stares ahead for a second. Then she  
looks over at her son who knows she won't be helping him  
tonight.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Honey, I'm sorry...

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen herds Bentley toward the side porch of a nicely kept  
old Victorian house. The kind with lots of flowers.

KAREN  
You remember what we talked about, okay?

The wind suddenly gusts. Karen glances at the evening sky. A  
storm is brewing. As they climb the porch stairs, the door  
opens. Silver-haired MILDRED CRABBE, 70s, dusts the flour off  
her apron and smiles.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Millie, I can't tell you how much I  
appreciate this. We've barely met each  
other and here I am -

MILLIE  
(looking down at Bentley)  
What are neighbors for, dear?

She waves them inside.

INSIDE THE HOUSE/KITCHEN

Bentley looks around. Giant gleaming 1950s appliances leer  
down from all directions. A pie cools on the table.

KAREN  
Thanks for doing this on such short  
notice. I didn't know who else to call.

TV SOUND from another room filters through. It's a western.

MILLIE  
Moving's always difficult, isn't it? You  
have to start all over making friends.

Bentley scans the environment. Where's your Tricorder when  
you need it?

KAREN

My sister picked the worst time to go into labor. Her husband can't get a flight back until tomorrow.

Bentley picks up an electric mixer and squints at the label.

BENTLEY

This has a very high torque to RPM ratio at only ten amps.

KAREN

He likes science.

Bentley aims it like a ray gun and turns the blades.

BENTLEY

Is it a soldering gun?

MILLIE

It's a mixer, dear. I use it for making cakes. Baxter just loves cakes and cookies. Would you like-

KAREN

(interrupting)

He's allergic to dairy, and he has wheat sensitivities. I've brought snacks.

Karen hands a bag to Millie. Bentley climbs up at the table and opens his laptop.

KAREN (cont'd)

He's also got his inhaler with him. He knows when to use it.

Bentley's on-line now.

BENTLEY

Eight amps is all you need.

MILLIE

I'll remember that.

KAREN

He's also got some homework. He's having trouble with a book report for English class.

Bentley doesn't look up.

BENTLEY

They didn't like my book but I didn't like it either.

MILLIE

I bet they're just jealous of having such a bright classmate.

BENTLEY

They laughed at me.

KAREN

Miss Pendergast said you could try another book.

(to Millie)

We were going to find a new book tonight.

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance. Millie peeks out the window.

MILLIE

I think you better get going, dear.

Karen kisses Bentley on the cheek and goes to the door.

KAREN

Okay. Kiddo, you stay out of their hair and see if you can find a good story.

MILLIE

Oh, I know just the man to help him.

IN THE DEN - MOMENTS LATER

The first thing you notice is the mustache - a great bushy magnificence speckled with mustard from a hot dog being consumed by BAXTER CRABBE. This codger may be in his 80s, but his eyes still sparkle with amusement as he stares at a black and white western on the old TV console.

ON THE WALLS

Pictures of cowboys, framed six-guns, cowboy hats hung on antlers. And there are framed certificates:

*"Baxter Crabbe - Western Storyteller of the Year", and  
"Tall Tales Convention 1992 - First Place", and  
"Campfire Cowboys - Baxter Crabbe, President 1962-1994"*

ON TV

Walter Brennan as Groot Nadine. Lost his false teeth to that Injun in the poker game. The dumbass. Here comes John Wayne to straighten things out.

BACK TO SCENE

Bentley stands transfixed and bewildered, his laptop by his side. This is not a world he knows.

Millie closes a window to the rain. She turns on a lamp.

MILLIE

Baxter, this is Karen's boy, Bentley.

BAXTER CRABBE

Shhhh. I'm watching "Red River"

MILLIE

They just moved in next door. Karen had to go see her sister at the hospital.

BAXTER CRABBE

That's nice. Could I finish my hot dog, now?

MILLIE

Bentley needs a story for school.

Baxter sighs.

BAXTER CRABBE

Pull up a chair, then. Do you like John Wayne, Bennie?

Millie turns the volume down.

MILLIE

I think he needs a book.

Baxter points at the shelves.

BAXTER CRABBE

I recommend "Riders of the Purple Sage".

Millie glares at him. Baxter looks longingly at the TV.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)

I suppose I could take him up to that dusty old attic to show him that Martian gunfighter book.

BENTLEY

I'm allergic to dust.

BAXTER CRABBE

A little dust never hurt anybody.

BENTLEY

In a ten week life span a dust mite will produce approximately twenty two hundred fecal particles.



BAXTER CRABBE

I wonder what sort of fella did all that counting.

INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

The attic hatch is open. Bentley holds the lamp, a little spooked. Baxter pokes through cobwebs with his cane and TAPS an old steamer trunk.

BENTLEY

Domestic mite and cockroach allergen exposure can lead to increased bronchial hyperreactivity among atopic children.

Baxter opens the trunk lid. The lamp illuminates the faded lining on the inside as the old man sorts through the treasures - an old Bible, a sailor's hat, a harmonica.

BAXTER CRABBE

I think we found it. Cover your nose. I'm gonna blow.

Baxter blows a cloud of dust off a big leather-bound book with gilded letters.

ON THE BOOK

A cowboy dandy with a blue sequined suit and a great handle bar mustache. He's shooting a pearl-handled pistol with one hand and twirling a lasso with the other. The title says:

COLONEL TOM TROUBLE'S TRAVELING WILD WEST REVIEW  
Congress of Sharp Shooters and Rough Riders  
Full Dramatic Company!  
Border Perils! Indian Fights!

Other smaller pictures show cowgirls and Indians with captions like "Six Shooter Sal!", "Chief Crazy Cloud" and "Rampaging Red Warriors!"

And in the other corner, a little oval picture of a lizard-skinned cowboy shooting a strange pistol.

The caption says: "Gunfighters From Mars!"

BENTLEY

Who's this?

BAXTER CRABBE

That's Zoltar, the Martian gunslinger.

BENTLEY

He's Martian?

BAXTER CRABBE  
Born and raised.

Bentley SNEEZES!

Baxter pulls out a red kerchief and gives it to Bentley.

BENTLEY  
While disputed evidence suggests that water once covered Mars' surface and may have supported carbon-based life, studies suggest that Martian life would have only been microbial in nature.

Bentley SNEEZES again.

BAXTER CRABBE  
And I suppose you'll say that carbon-based cowboys didn't exist back in the wild west either.

BENTLEY  
Simply put, the basic premise of life on Mars is impossible.

BAXTER CRABBE  
You know what Albert Einstein once said? 'Imagination is more important than knowledge.'

BENTLEY  
What does that mean?

BAXTER CRABBE  
It means a story doesn't have to be full of facts for it to be full of truth.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE A' NOWHERE - DAY

Cotton clouds drift across a Technicolor blue sky. A wagon train rattles through a mountain pass. This is Cinemascope country.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)  
This story begins just after the great War Between the States when a wagon train of brave and adventurous pioneers encountered trouble somewhere west of the Great Divide.

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
Aren't you going to read from the book?

SMASH TO:

INT. ATTICE - CONTINUOUS

Baxter peers over his glasses at the kid.

BAXTER CRABBE  
The book's real good, that's true. But  
after you read a story a few times you  
learn to keep it up here.  
(taps his noggin)  
And this particular story was passed down  
from campfire to campfire over the years.  
And everybody who told it got to breathe  
life into it like it was being told for  
the very first time ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE A' NOWHERE - DAY

Wagonmaster HANK JOHNSON, 50's, drives the lead wagon. Next  
to him sits THE KID, age 8, with a shotgun in his lap. Hank  
reaches under the buckboard and brings up a map. He hands the  
reins to The Kid as he tries to unfold the map.

ON THE MAP: labeled "AWA - American Wagon Association"

HANK JOHNSON  
Hold these a minute, Kid. I think we  
missed a turnoff back there.

The Kid watches as they pass a road sign.

ON THE SIGN

"Middle a Nowhere Rest Stop - 1 mile  
Seenic View

BACK TO SCENE

A pretty gal in a bonnet pokes her head out from the back.  
This is ABBY, late 20s, whose dancehall figure cannot be  
disguised by prairie fashion. She points at the sign.

ABBY  
Pull over here, Kid.

HANK JOHNSON  
You shoulda took care a' business back in  
Dodge City, Abby.

ABBY  
Dodge City was yesterday, Hank.

Hank's finger traces the map route.

ON THE MAP

The top of the map shows "Dodge City".

The bottom of the map shows "Cider City" and then "Mexikin Border".

The large area in-between says "Middle a Nowhere - Warning: Injun Territory".

HANK JOHNSON  
I think we may have trouble comin' up.

ABBY  
Why, Hank, I can guarantee it if you  
don't pull over soon.

Hank lowers the map to reveal an Apache war party gathering on the ridge up ahead.

HANK JOHNSON  
Abby.

ABBY  
What?

Hank points. Trying not to scare The Kid. Abby squints.

ABBY (cont'd)  
Oh, don't worry, Hank. Those Injuns don't  
got war paint. They won't attack us  
unless they're pro-

THWACK! An arrow hits the buckboard between Hank's legs.

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
You said there were Martians in this  
story.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley stares at Baxter. Baxter stares back.

BAXTER CRABBE  
I thought you didn't accept the premise  
that life existed on Mars?

BENTLEY

I don't, but... I thought maybe you forgot something from the book.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARS TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

A few dying embers FIZZLE and CRACK as the remains of some ungodly seven-legged creature drip into the fire.

Fully sated, the Reptilian cowboys, the DRACOS, have gathered around the ceremonial fighting pit. They laugh and spit as they shoot their photon repeaters and hydrogen shotguns in the air. A tough crowd all around.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

Alright then, the real story actually begins on the planet Mars, back in eighteen eighty one, when the galaxy was an untamed and wild place to be.

In the background - tents and a corral full of buffalos that snort putrid plumes in the sulfuric red haze. Metallic saddles straddle fences.

And beyond that, a row of ominous-looking Attack Pods loaded into giant rubber sling shots and aimed towards Earth.

But the center of tonight's action is the fighting pit, where a Drac cautiously circles a muscular INDIAN BRAVE. Both are oiled and wear loin wraps.

At six-foot-two, wiry ZOLTAR is smaller than the other Dracs. You might even say he's good-looking - for a lizard-man.

BAXTER CRABBE

One Reptilian named Zoltar had just come of age and was participating in the Draco test of manhood. If he passed this royal test he would earn the right to one day wear the Sultan's Ring.

Only one Drac sits. Dressed in ceremonial warrior garb, GRELCH is clearly the bigshot. By his side stands an enormous menace holding a gigantic hydrogen shotgun. This is BLARK. Pray you never meet him.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)

Zoltar was the youngest son of the Sultan of Mars, who had just died. Zoltar's half-brother Grelch had staked his claim as the heir to the Sultan's kingdom.

(MORE)

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
And Grelch sorely hated Zoltar because  
Zoltar's mother was an Indian Squaw from  
Nebraska.

BENTLEY(V.O.)  
Nebraska?

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley opens his laptop and types.

BAXTER CRABBE  
Or it might have been a tribe from  
Indiana. I forget exactly.

BENTLEY  
(reading from the screen)  
Nebraska is not on Mars. It was created  
in the Kansas-Nebraska Act of eighteen  
fifty four, and defined by-

BAXTER CRABBE  
(interrupting)  
The Reptilians had periodically raided  
Earth to hunt for women because the  
Sultan liked variety in his harem.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARS TRAINING CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Zoltar and the Brave are still circling. Dozens of CHEERING  
Drac cowboys press against the low wall to root for their  
friend, Zoltar. The wagers are flying.

The Brave slugs Zoltar. Zoltar falls. He reaches out with his  
leg and trips the Brave. They scuffle on the ground. Zoltar  
pulls himself back up, PANTING. The Brave then picks Zoltar  
up and spins around with Zoltar on his shoulders.

ZOLTAR'S POV: Swirling dizzy images of cheering Drac cowboys  
and malicious CACKLES from Grelch and Blark. LIGHTS whiz by  
from the torches around the pit.

The Brave drops Zoltar with a dusty THUD. They're both  
PANTING. Zoltar stands and staggers. The Brave makes one more  
run for a head butt. Zoltar deftly steps aside and the Brave  
hits his head on a post and falls unconscious.

The crowd CHEERS. Zoltar bends over breathless, hands on  
knees. Zoltar offers his hand to the Brave as his Drac  
friends swarm into the pit and rush to congratulate him.

NOTE: ALL LINES SPOKEN IN DRAC, APACHE AND SPANISH ARE BADLY  
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH

ZOLTAR

(in Apache)

It was an honor to kick your butt.

Grelch rises like a Caesar.

GRELCH

(in Drac)

Stop!

Instantly, the Dracs freeze like trained dogs. They turn, eyes lowered, as Grelch struts into the pit, looking hard and fierce at the terrified Dracs.

Grelch reaches out and lifts the chin of one of the Dracs.

GRELCH (cont'd)

What do you think this is, some sort of children's game?

Grelch randomly points to several Dracs.

GRELCH (cont'd)

You. Ten lashes. You. Twenty lashes. You.  
And you. And you. No dessert for the rest  
of your days!

The Dracs gasp at the severity of this last brutal punishment. They slowly inch their way back to the edge of the pit.

ZOLTAR

(in Drac)

Hey, why don't you go easy on them!

The Dracs freeze. Tension hangs thick in the air. They stare as Grelch and Zoltar walk towards each other with hard eyes and clenched fists.

GRELCH

Why don't you make me?

Grelch and Zoltar stand face to face glaring at each other, eyes full of hate. It's not the first time these brothers have gone at it.

But now here comes Blark. Grelch's wing man. He carries a gun and holster set. The guns are called photo repeaters. They are the weapons of choice on Mars.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Give him his guns.

Blark hands the guns to Zoltar, who straps them on. Grelch leers at his half-brother while twisting the gleaming ring on his finger.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Our father would have been proud. You  
have finally shed your childhood skin.  
But he could never hide the truth about  
your mixed-blood, could he?

Zoltar stands defiant, eyes full of hate.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
You are a half-breed.

ZOLTAR  
And you are a jerk.

The assembled Dracs GASP again, even louder this time.

Grelch chuckles and removes the ring from his hand, taunting Zoltar with it. It GLINTS in the moonlight.

GRELCH  
The scrolls have told us that whoever  
wears the Sultan's Ring commands all of  
Mars. But a half-breed will never wear  
this ring in my lifetime.

The Brave GROANS and struggles to his knees.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Finish him off.

ZOLTAR  
There is no need. I have prevailed.

GRELCH  
You still don't get it do you, Zoltar?

Grelch whips out his own enormous photon repeater.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
We've decided to conquer their planet and  
enslave this race of warriors.

He aims at the Brave's forehead.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
But first we must weed out the weaklings.



He fires. PZZZZZZT! The Brave is vaporized. Nothing but a pair of moccasins remain.

Enraged, Zoltar hauls off and wallops Grelch. Grelch collapses, and the ring falls to the dirt and rolls away.

Grelch grabs Zoltar's leg and pulls him down. They tussle and slug each other. Grelch finds his gun and aims at Zoltar.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Time to die, Brother.

Zoltar throws dirt in Grelch's eye and rolls to the side where he spots the ring! He snatches it, gets up, and runs.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Get him!

The Dracs watch Zoltar escape, too conflicted to move.

GRELCH (cont'd)  
Kill. Him. Now!

The Dracs are still frozen. Blark lifts his hydrogen shotgun and cocks it. CA-CHUNK! He aims at the Dracs.

BLARK  
The next man to refuse a direct order  
will be sucking on hydrogen.

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
The uneven distribution of near-surface  
hydrogen on Mars implies their proximity  
to equatorial latitudes.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Baxter lights his pipe while furrow-browed Bentley puzzles over his computer screen.

BENTLEY  
A pressure gradient of seven millibars  
and the high concentration of carbon  
dioxide would make the use of a hydrogen-  
based weapons system impractical at best.

BAXTER CRABBE  
Didn't your father ever teach you not to  
interrupt?

Bentley is quiet for a moment.

BENTLEY

Mom says my Dad had to go away. It's just us now.

Open mouth, insert foot. This clearly touched a nerve. Baxter sits back, chastened. He studies this strange little kid with his head buried in his laptop.

BAXTER CRABBE

Oh. I see. Well, anyway, you're right about hydrogen shotguns being unreliable.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARS TRAINING CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Zoltar jumps out of the fighting ring and crashes through a row of Drac cowboys. He climbs into the buffalo corral and runs along the fence line taking shots at the Dracs in pursuit.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

...which is why the Martians' main weapon of choice was the photon repeater.

Zoltar crouches behind a water trough to recharge his photon repeater. He pulls open a little crank and turns it furiously - until a RED LIGHT signals charged.

ZING! SPLASH! ZING! Photon bullets splatter across the water.

Zoltar stares at the row of Attack Pods loaded into sling shots. He looks back at the Dracs bearing down on him.

Zoltar jumps up and opens the gate to the corral. He starts WHOOPING and pushing and scaring the buffalos out - right into the path of the Dracs.

As the Dracs try to weave through the on-rushing herd, Zoltar makes a break for it. He dashes to the first Attack Pod.

INT. ATTACK POD - CONTINUOUS

Zoltar climbs in and pulls the hatch closed. This is a big Jules Verne-like iron ball with pairs of leather restraining straps lining the wood trimmed interior.

Zoltar moves next to a porthole and straps in one leg. He opens the porthole and... a shot ZINGS off the hull.

Zoltar recoils and then twists back to aim through the porthole. He rewinds his photon gun again. RED LIGHT blinks ready and then he fires at the sling restraint.

It hits but doesn't release. Here come Grelch and Blark, guns drawn and firing. Zoltar takes a breath and then twists back and shoots again.

OUTSIDE THE POD

Direct hit on the sling restraint. The pod shoots off into the Martian sky... quickly receding out of sight.

Grelch shakes his fist at the disappearing pod.

GRELCH

(in Drac)

You can't hide on Earth, brother. I'm going to find you and enslave you along with all the other humans on that miserable manure pile of a planet.

EXT. BIG ROCK CANYON - DAY

The Indian attack is in progress. The wagons are circled, and the few holdouts are shooting back at the swooping Apaches.

Hank Johnson and Abby are ducking tomahawks and firing rifles at the swarming war party. Lucky for them, a lot of tomahawks are bouncing off the wagons.

ABBY

I hate it when this happens!

HANK JOHNSON

Can't say I didn't warn ya before we set out!

She stops shooting and looks at him.

ABBY

Oh yeh, right, Hank! How'd you put it?  
(mimicking standard warning)  
"In the unlikely event of an Injun attack..."

The Kid grabs a rifle and aims.

ABBY (cont'd)

Put that down! You're too young to be shootin' Injuns.

The Kid responds with a pouty glare. Abby turns to Hank.

ABBY (cont'd)

You notice these Injuns ain't such good warriors?

They watch as tomahawks tumble and CLUNK off the wagons, wildly missing their mark. Arrows fly overhead.

HANK JOHNSON

Good thing for us they can't hit the  
broad side of a barn-

THWACK! An arrow strikes Hank in the leg. He falls. Abby lifts her skirts and runs to him. The arrow juts from his thigh while Hank stares in shock. Abby snaps off the feathered end and thrusts the broken shaft between Hank's teeth.

ABBY

Bite.

He does. The Kid watches in grizzly amazement. Abby grabs the arrow. She looks at Hank...

ABBY (cont'd)

Little prick.

...and yanks the arrow out. Hank's eyes flutter, but he gets up and grabs his rifle.

HANK JOHNSON

Thanks.

A flaming arrow slices into Abby's shoulder.

He looks in horror. Abby blows on the burning feathers and beats on her flaming blouse.

ABBY

I swear this happens every time I get a  
new blouse. Okay, Hank, your turn.

EXT. RATTLESNAKE RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

A big-shouldered Black Cowboy sits on his horse looking down at the attack. This is CHANCE, early 50s, the Buffalo Soldier. He acts casual, with an ever-present toothpick in his mouth, but the lines on his face tell a different story.

Chance pretends to ignore a great ruckus taking place behind him. We hear b.g. FIGHT SOUNDS of slugs, punches and grunts.

SHERIFF LUCK (O.S.)

Umph! Ouch! Damn it!

PIKE DOOLEY (O.S.)

Hold 'em there, Lyle.

SHERIFF LUCK  
UH! OUCH! OW!

Chance rolls his eyes and then nudges his horse and trots back to where SHERIFF JOHN LUCK, late 40s, is scuffling with two young outlaws. They are PIKE DOOLEY, 28, and LYLE DOOLEY, 26, and they have the better of John Luck at this moment.

Lyle struggles to hold Luck from the back, while Pike punches, but now Luck gets his legs up to shove Pike in the belly with his boots. Chance watches, bemused.

CHANCE  
Need some help?

SHERIFF LUCK  
I told you UGH I got it, Chance OUCH!

LYLE DOOLEY  
You ain't arrestin' no Dooleys today,  
Sheriff!

The tall, lanky sheriff glances at Chance. Luck grimaces in pain, but he's too proud to be outdone by these boys.

You would have called Luck a stallion once, but a Civil War lies between him and his better days. His scratched and dented star has lost its sparkle.

SHERIFF LUCK  
(to Chance)  
You help that wagon train. I'll be  
along-

Lyle swings. Luck ducks. Luck swings. The punch connects and drops Lyle in front of a wagon loaded with firewood. The side of the wagon says: "DEPT. OF HOMESTEAD SECURITY".

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)  
(out of breath)  
-shortly.

Chance rolls his eyes and turns to leave.

CHANCE  
There's somethin' funny about those  
Injuns I can't put my finger on. You sure  
you don't need some help?

SHERIFF LUCK  
I got it! Take the Henry.

Chance stops at Luck's horse and pulls a Henry Rifle from his saddle. He yells back at Luck as he rides off.

CHANCE

Don't hurt 'em too bad, now.

Luck manages a weak 'ha ha' look as Pike climbs onto the wagon and jumps onto his back.

Now Pike rides Luck around pulling his hair and pounding his head as Luck tries to shake him off.

Luck gets up one last head of steam and runs backwards, slamming Pike into the side of the wagon. Pike slides off him and crumbles beside Lyle.

The wood tumbles down onto the boys, revealing wooden crates.

Luck leans against the wagon, catching his breath. The boys begin to stir.

SHERIFF LUCK

You boys got some brass on you stealin' from Homestead Security. This your Uncle's idea?

PIKE DOOLEY

You dipshit. Our Uncle Dalton is Homestead Security. He signed the contract yesterday. And you're in deep trouble now, Sheriff.

Luck can't believe this. He looks in the wagon.

Stenciled on the boxes:

TO: EL DIABLO  
FROM: DALTON DOOLEY  
RE: YOUR COSTUME PARTY

Luck pries a lid open. The box is full of tomahawks. He opens another box. It's full of arrows.

SHERIFF LUCK

Plannin' a war party?

PIKE DOOLEY

Maybe.

LYLE DOOLEY

It's gover'ment business, ain't it, Pike?

SHERIFF LUCK

You boys wouldn't be trading these tomahawks for oats now would you? I hear there's a lot of wild oats on the other side of that border.

BENTLEY (V.O.)

Oats?

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley types. Baxter motions for him to chill.

BAXTER CRABBE

Oats were the petroleum of the wild west. They even had oat fillin' stations for their horses. Whoever controlled the oats controlled the west.

BENTLEY

But oats have a water soluble beta-glucan composition...

BAXTER CRABBE

Well, that's what I thought, too. The important thing in this story is that this was the first time that Sheriff Luck knew for sure that the Dooley Gang was making a move on the Mexican oat fields. And usin' Homestead Security as a cover.

BACK TO:

EXT. RATTLESNAKE RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Luck has just finished handcuffing Pike and Lyle.

PIKE DOOLEY

This is official business, Sheriff. Dalton Dooley's gonna have your hide. You better think about where you'd like to be buried.

Luck slaps the other handcuff on Lyle.

LYLE DOOLEY

Hey, Sheriff, I gotta pee first.

SHERIFF LUCK

You should have thought of that earlier.

Luck rubs his aching shoulder. And he thought this was going to be a slow day.

EXT. BIG ROCK CANYON - DAY

The Indian attack is in progress. But their WAR CRIES sound more like Speedy Gonzalez than Big Chief Sitting Bull.

## WAR PARTY

Andale, andale, ariba, ariba, eh-hah!

Chance rides up to join the fight when suddenly a FIREBALL appears in the sky and plummets toward them.

The fireball plows into the center of the wagon circle kicking up dust and chicken feathers. The 'Indians' stop attacking, stunned, before riding off at full speed.

Chance trots into the wagon circle where Abby, The Kid and Hank Johnson stand dumbstruck... staring at the ATTACK POD - half buried in the sand, with steam rising off it.

## HANK JOHNSON

I ain't believin' this.

Chance looks down at The Kid lookin' up at him.

## ABBY

Whaddaya think it is?

## HANK JOHNSON

It mighta come from California. They say they got all kinds a what-not there.

Chance TAPS the pod with his rifle barrel. A TAP comes back. Chance TAPS again. The hatch opens.

## HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)

What in tarnation...?

A reptile hand comes out. It has a ring on it. Hank and Chance lift their rifles. The Kid jumps back in horror.

## ABBY

Sweet Mother of Jesus!

Zoltar sticks his head up. Hank aims the shotgun at Zoltar but Chance swats the shotgun barrel away.

Zoltar collapses back into the pod, unconscious.

## ON THE 'INDIANS'

The war party stops and stares at the smoking pod. As we close in on them we see that they have black handlebar mustaches. PEDRO takes off his feathers and replaces them with a sombrero. PACO tosses his bow and arrow to the ground and lights a cheroot.

JORGE and GONZALEZ squint and spit. Then they all shrug their shoulders and scratch their heads. The sun GLINTS off gold teeth.



## EXT. BUFFALO BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

Two real Apaches stare in bewilderment at the fake Indians below. They are INJUN JOE and CHIEF CRAZY CLOUD. Injun Joe, early 30s, wears a tattered vest and a bowler hat with a single feather. He exhales smoke and passes a pipe to Crazy Cloud, in his 50s.

CRAZY CLOUD  
(in Apache)  
Who are those guys?

INJUN JOE  
(in Apache)  
Looks like a new tribe moving in on our territory.

CRAZY CLOUD  
I think it's seriously time to talk about this immigration problem.

## EXT. CIDER CITY - DAY

The town sign says: "Cider City. Established 1839. Lions Club. Whorin permits required. Speed Limit 4."

## EXT. CIDER CITY - CONTINUOUS

What's left of the wagon train CLATTERS down the main street, accompanied by Chance on horseback.

Hank and Abby drive. The Kid rides in back holding a shotgun on a lumpy blanket with a ringed reptile hand hanging out.

They pass two FELLAS hanging out in front of the "High Performance Wagon Wheels" shop.

FELLA  
You see the buckboards on that thing?

WHITTLIN' FELLA  
Hell yes! I'd put a saddle on her any damn time.

FELLA  
I'm talkin' 'bout the wagon, you moron.

The wagon crosses the town intersection. On one corner is "Ma & Pa Peck's Discount Oats n' Likker". Business is brisk and there are horses and wagons lined up at the trough. The price on the sign puts oats at three cents per bucket. The WIDDER PECK, 80s, shovels oats from a wheelbarrow into the "Regular Oats" trough while she watches the wagon pass.

Across the street at "Dooley Bros Wild Oats" the cost is four cents per bucket and business sucks.

They stop in front of the Sheriff's office. A short leather-faced Black geezer limp-stomps out and glares at them. This is ABNER GROOT, 70s, the ornery-est old sidekick in the west.

ABNER

You can't park there! That's for the Sheriff!

(he spots Chance)

Chance, you shoulda know'd that! There's public parkin' down by the coffinmaker.

Chance dismounts and ties his horse.

CHANCE

We got somethin' here the Sheriff'll wanna see.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Zoltar lies unconscious on a jail cell cot, partially covered by a blanket. Abner, Chance, and Hank Johnson are in the cell with him. The cell door stays open, while Abby paces outside.

ABNER

You say he's from Califormee? Is that what they look like?

HANK JOHNSON

Don't rightly know. He fell out of the sky in a big iron ball.

ABNER

Looks like a rattlesnake man from the travelin' show. And still wearin' diapers!

The door swings open and Sheriff Luck enters. He walks straight to the cell and bends down to see the new prisoner up close. His stiff back twinges a bit and he grimaces.

SHERIFF LUCK

What's all this about a lizard man? I got no time for this.

Abby sidles up behind him.

ABBY

You must be the Sheriff.

Still bent, Luck swivels around to look, his head at eye level to Abby's bosom.

ABBY (cont'd)  
I'm up here, Sheriff.

SHERIFF LUCK  
There's some of you down here, too,  
ma'am.

ABBY  
Well, that comes later.

ABNER  
What in tarnation happened to you? You  
look like you were on the losin' end of a  
knuckle swap.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Gettin' old, Abner. Now who-

ABNER  
Old? You call yourself old? He says the  
war made him old before his time and I  
say - 'Hell, you only been in one war?'  
Why, I remember this one-legged drummer  
boy back in the war a' eighteen-

SHERIFF LUCK  
Abner.

ABNER  
What?

SHERIFF LUCK  
Please shut your trap.

Luck goes back to examining Zoltar.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)  
He dead?

CHANCE  
Not entirely.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Where'd he come from?

HANK JOHNSON  
He fell outta the sky in a great big iron  
ball, Sheriff.

CHANCE  
One other thing, Sheriff.

Chance uses his gun to push the blanket back to reveal  
Zoltar's photon repeaters.

SHERIFF LUCK

Now that raises the stakes a bit.

Luck looks around. He knows somebody's got to do this. He gingerly reaches out to grasp one of the photon guns.

Zoltar's eyes shoot wide open and now he's got his big photon repeater aimed right at John Luck.

MILLIE (O.S.)

What's goin' on up there? Are you two alright?

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Millie sticks her head up through the attic hatch.

BENTLEY

Why would they use a photon gun? Gamma rays would be at least a million times more potent than visible light photons.

Baxter winks at Millie.

BAXTER CRABBE

Are you sure we just can't lock him in the basement with a book?

Millie rolls her eyes and leaves.

BENTLEY

Did Zoltar pull the trigger?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Luck still has his hand on Zoltar's photon repeater. Everybody steps back. Chance lifts his rifle.

SHERIFF LUCK

We can hold these for you at the desk.

Zoltar doesn't flinch.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

Just a thought.  
(to the others)  
He can keep 'em.

Zoltar tries to sit up. They all step back. Woozy Zoltar falls back on the cot.

HANK JOHNSON  
He's gonna need a doc.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Yeh... well our Doc's also our hangin'  
judge and I gotta get back to our  
smugglers.

Luck turns to leave. He removes his hat and nods at Abby.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)  
John Luck.

She offers her hand.

ABBY  
Abby.

SHERIFF LUCK  
So what brings you to Cider City?

ABBY  
I thought I'd like to settle down and  
become a schoolmarm. And if that don't  
work out, I can always try my hand at  
whorin'.

Luck can't read her. He's not really sure if she's serious.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I'm no judge of schoolmarms, but I know a  
thing or two about whorin' if you ever  
need some pointers.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Zoltar sits propped against the wall in his cell. In the next  
cell over, JACK SQUAT, the town drunk, lies passed out,  
clutching a pint of "*Cowboy's Canteen*" whiskey.

Abner sits at the desk.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)  
By the next mornin', them folks got stuff  
sorted out and they left Abner to guard  
Zoltar - not knowin' whether he was a  
good or evil reptilian.

ABNER  
I had a cousin looked like you. You're  
not related to Harold Shiflett are ya?

Zoltar just stares at Abner like a bad hallucination.

ABNER (cont'd)

Although I believe Harold got hisself  
outta diapers a little sooner than you.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

That Zoltar was kinda quiet was on  
account he was adjustin' to the  
atmosphere and gravity here on planet  
Earth. Not to mention he didn't speak  
cowboy lingo.

There's a tiny little KNOCK at the door. Abner limps over and  
opens it.

Two little pigtailed girls, REBECCA and AMY SUE, stand with a  
basket of cookies. They're dressed in little cowgirl suits.

REBECCA

Would you like to buy some cowgirl  
cookies, Mister Groot?

ABNER

I believe I might. Are you settin' up  
shop here in case I need some more?

AMY SUE

Yessir. That'll be one penny.

#### OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

The girls have a little table with a "Cowgirl Cookeys" sign.  
A little Raggedy Ann doll sits propped up beside the sign.

#### BACK TO SCENE

Abner pays them and takes a basket. He closes the door.

ABNER

Umm. Umm. Umm. Baked cornmeal and lima  
beans with a creosote frostin'.

Abner pulls a chair over next to the cell. He offers the  
cookies to Zoltar. No response.

ABNER (cont'd)

The Widder Peck makes these fresh every  
day. She's a regular institution in this  
town... runnin' that oats and likker  
store on the corner, all by herself, for  
more years than I can remember.

Abner pours water into a tin cup and sets it next to Zoltar.

ABNER (cont'd)  
Where'd you say you came from? You ain't  
an illegal alien are ya? Habla Es-panol?  
(suspicious)  
You don't got no Pie-yute in ya, do ya?  
You look like you might got some Pie-yute  
in ya.

Zoltar stands and grips the iron bars, looking.

ABNER (cont'd)  
This wouldn't be a good time for a feller  
to go lookin' for trouble in this town.  
We already got our hands full with Dalton  
Dooley.

Abner points to a poster on the wall.

ABNER (cont'd)  
And now we got Injun trouble brewin'.

The poster says: "THE DEPARTMENT OF HOMESTEAD SECURITY -  
INJUN THREAT LEVEL - FAIR-TA-MIDDLIN".

ABNER (cont'd)  
They used to be peaceful, but now for  
some reason those savages have started  
attackin' the wagon trains.

INT. DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Luck and the Dooley brothers stand before DOC, 60s, a  
distinguished-looking drunk in a judicial robe.

DOC  
I can't say there's enough evidence here  
ta convict these boys. There ain't no law  
against trading arrows for oats.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Using government business as a cover?  
Now, Doc, you know that can't be legal.

PIKE DOOLEY  
Both a you slickers gonna be suckin'  
chickentit when Dalton finds out where we  
are.

Doc pours a shot and slugs it down.

DOC  
(softly, to Luck)  
I might be drunk, but I'm not crazy.  
Those are Dooleys.

Doc reaches for the bottle again, but Luck stops him.

SHERIFF LUCK

Let me lock these boys up for a day or two. Until I figure out what's goin' on.

EXT. CIDER CITY - DAY

Luck guides the Dooley Brothers out of Doc's office. He nudges them along as they pass the coffinmaker's shop. The Kid stands watching as they go by.

CYRUS, THE COFFINMAKER, is a tall, thin, gaunt-faced man staring through his window. Cyrus steps to the doorway.

CYRUS

Two coffins?

Luck shakes no. Disgusted.

LYLE DOOLEY

You'll be needin' twenty coffins once Dalton gets wind a' this.

The Dooley Boys CACKLE as Luck nudges them past the barbershop.

IN THE BARBERSHOP

RED THE BARBER, 40s, has a fine handlebar mustache. He's shavin' CLEM as they both watch through the window.

CLEM

The Sheriff's gotta be crazy... rilin' up the Dooleys like this when there's an Injun uprisin'.

RED THE BARBER

Trouble's brewin', Clem. I can smell it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Abner has liberated Jack Squat's pint of "*Cowboy's Canteen*" and is sitting on the cot passing it back and forth with Zoltar.

ABNER

Firewater.

ZOLTAR

Firewater.

Abner points at Jack Squat and wiggles the pint.



ABNER  
Shhhhhhh. That there's Jack Squat. We're  
savin' him from himself.

Abner holds his palm up, Indian-style.

ABNER (cont'd)  
How.

ZOLTAR  
How.

The doors burst open and the two Dooleys come stumbling in,  
followed by Luck. The Dooleys freeze when they see Zoltar.

ABNER  
Party a' two checkin' into the Gray Bar  
Hotel? Y'all boys don't mind a lizard man  
for a cell mate, do ya?

INT. SALOON - DAY

Abby sits at the bar. Sheriff Luck enters and scans the place  
for trouble. He sits next to Abby and lays his Henry Rifle on  
the bar.

CHESTER THE BARTENDER wipes the bar with a rag.

CHESTER  
I just wiped there.

SHERIFF LUCK  
You sayin' my gun's dirty, Chester?  
(to Abby)  
You clean up nice.

ABBY  
I just ordered.

SHERIFF LUCK  
(to Chester)  
I'll have what the lady's havin'.

CHESTER  
The lady... Hmmm...

Chester squints and dramatically scans the room for a lady.

ABBY  
You gotta whole town fulla smartasses,  
Sheriff.

SHERIFF LUCK  
National Smartass Convention. Third  
weekend in October. We'd like to have  
you.

She can't tell if he's joking.

ABBY  
How's that back of yours?

SHERIFF LUCK  
I'm a little stiff. How's that gash?

ABBY  
It'll be just fine, long as I keep it  
covered.

CHESTER  
You two need a room or what?

The Kid enters and stands looking up at Luck.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I bet you'd like a Sasparilla.

Luck nods to Chester to get the drink.

ABBY  
His parents were tortured by Injuns while  
he was made to watch. Scarred him for  
life. He ain't spoke a single word since  
that day.

SHERIFF LUCK  
That's terrible. Scalped?

ABBY  
Worse. Tickled.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Tickled?

ABBY  
To death. Why do you think they wear all  
those feathers? Apparently his folks put  
up a good fight but it was all over when  
the chief joined in.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I'm sorry to hear that. Are you kin?

ABBY  
I am now, I reckon.

SHERIFF LUCK

Can't say as I ever heard about Injun ticklin'.

ABBY

I guess you've just been too busy organizin' smartass conventions.

Just then, a RACKET at one of the tables in the next room.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

A COWPOKE jumps up and throws his cards down. He's staring at an oily and malevolent-looking middle-aged man in a black hat and thirty-dollar suit. That man is DALTON DOOLEY. Do not take out a mortgage with this man.

ARTIMUS JONES, the gambler, watches coolly. He slides his hand down to the Derringer in his boot.

The piano player stops. Everybody turns to watch. They all know what Dooley's capable of.

COWPOKE

You're awfully lucky today, Mister.

DALTON DOOLEY

Why, thank you. But you know what? I'm not sure I like that tone you've adopted.

Tense moment. Dooley's gaze is steady. The cowpoke's gun-hand hovers at his side. Someone's gonna break.

Luck reaches for his rifle.

SHERIFF LUCK

(whispers to Abby)

Dalton Dooley.

ABBY

And I should care because...?

SHERIFF LUCK

He owns everything in this town. Real estate. Government contracts. And now he's moving into oats and firewood. He's even tryin' to drive the poor Widder Peck out of business so he's got the oat monopoly.

Scattered around the room, Dooley's boys stand - SWEET PEA SALAZAR, BLACKJACK BILL. MULEFACE, SIXFINGER SMITH, BASS DOOLEY, CHOLO and SCRATCH WILCOX. Scratch is Dooley's nasty one-eyed head honcho.

Artimus examines his cuticles.

ARTIMUS

Think twice there, Rounder.

Dooley slowly stands. Everyone in the room who's not in the Dooley Gang dives to the floor.

DALTON DOOLEY

Anybody here have any problems with my ethics?

The crowd is silent. Heads and eyes are lowered.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

Now's your chance. Any grievances or allegations you'd like to air?

COWPOKE

(clears frog from throat)

I jus' said you was lucky is all. I didn't mean nuthin', Mister.

The tension breaks. People stand up and brush themselves off. Dalton sits and rakes in his winnings. The Cowpoke slinks out. The MUSIC starts back up.

SHERIFF LUCK

That's Scratch Wilcox over there... the one-eyed fella. Stay clear of him.

Snarky Chester slides two colorful mixed-drinks with umbrellas and fruit slices in front of Luck and Abby.

CHESTER

Here ya' go Sheriff. That'll be two bits for the east coast drinks and a nickel for the Sasparilla.

The saloon doors swing open to reveal TOM TROUBLE, a magnificent young gunfighter, looking splendid in a starched new robin's egg blue sequined outfit. At 27, Tom is all shiny teeth and tanned cockiness with mischievous sparkles in his deep blue eyes. He chews gum.

Tom proceeds to the bar, sixshooters and spurs CLINKING.

SHERIFF LUCK

You might've at least put on some decent clothes there, Tom.

Tom gives Abby the once over - twice.

TOM TROUBLE

Did we get a new shipment of whores I didn't know about?

SHERIFF LUCK

You just missed all the fun, Tom.

TOM TROUBLE

We can make some more if need be.

He turns to The Kid.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

And who might you be li'l fella?

The Kid's in awe.

ABBY

He's the quiet type.

SHERIFF LUCK

Abby, this is Tom Trouble. He talks faster'n he shoots.

ABBY

Hell, I know a lot a fellas like you, Tom. They usually shoot real quick.

Tom twirls his guns and fake-blasts for The Kid. He winks.

SHERIFF LUCK

Tom Trouble's aimin' to be in the entertainment business someday. He's hoping to start a wild west review.

TOM TROUBLE

Why, I'll do it too. There's money in what they call reality programmin'.

Abby studies Tom.

ABBY

Don't give up the cattle drives just yet.

Suddenly, Abner BURSTS through the doors.

ABNER

Sheriff, you better come. You better come now! We got some trouble in the jailhouse!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luck and Abner enter. Pike and Lyle Dooley are yelling and BANGING tin mugs against the bars. Jack Squat hasn't moved. Zoltar watches from his cell.

PIKE DOOLEY

Git us outta here, Sheriff! That lizard man is the devil!

LYLE DOOLEY

It ain't human, Sheriff!

Zoltar stands and walks over to take a closer look at the boys. This sends the Dooley brothers crashing into the wall to back away.

LYLE DOOLEY (cont'd)

(to Zoltar)

You're an abomination a' nature!

SHERIFF LUCK

Put a lid on it fellas. You ain't goin' nowhere.

PIKE DOOLEY

You better git our uncle, Sheriff. Before he gits you.

Pike Dooley presses against the bars and motions.

PIKE DOOLEY (cont'd)

C'mere Abner... I gotta ask you somethin' so he-

(indicating Zoltar)

-can't hear. It's awful serious.

SHERIFF LUCK

Abner, don't-

Too late. Before Luck can stop him, Abner goes too close. In one swift motion, Pike turns Abner around and puts a Derringer in his back.

PIKE DOOLEY

You gonna listen to us now, Captain?

He jabs the gun into Abner's back.

SHERIFF LUCK

Now boys, don't be stupid.

PIKE DOOLEY  
Shut up Sheriff, we're callin' the shots  
now.  
(to Lyle)  
Get his keys.

Lyle gets the keys and unlocks the cell door.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Now Lyle, give me that gun.

LYLE DOOLEY  
I'll give ya the bullets.

Still holding Abner, the Dooley Boys slide over to the door.  
Pike opens it to peek out.

PIKE DOOLEY  
I got a better idea. C'mon, Lyle.

Pike shoves Abner aside, opens the door, dashes out. A little  
girl SCREAMS.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Each Dooley has a little screeching cowgirl under their arm.  
Pike has Rebecca, Lyle has Amy Sue.

Luck and Abner trail helplessly as Pike and Lyle make their  
way to a waiting black stagecoach. Sweet Pea Salazar and  
Blackjack Bill are in the driver's seat.

The stagecoach door opens.

SHERIFF LUCK  
C'mon, boys, let the girls go.

AMY SUE/ REBECCA  
Waaah! Waaah!

Tom, The Kid and Abby step out of the saloon to watch.

Tom reaches for his gun, but Blackjack Bill levels his rifle,  
and stops him cold. This is between Luck and the boys.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I'm asking you fellows nice.

PIKE DOOLEY  
Go on, Lyle. He ain't gonna do nuthin.

Lyle hands Amy Sue to Pike and climbs in the stagecoach.

Luck sights his rifle, taking aim at Pike's head. Pike's got one girl under his arm and one by the hand.

LUCK'S POV - Looking down a slightly shaky gunsight at Pike's head.

ABNER

Take the shot, Sheriff.

PIKE DOOLEY

How's your eyesight, Sheriff? You wouldn't want to miss this shot.

Luck isn't so sure.

TOM TROUBLE

Take the shot, Sheriff. You still got it.

ABBY

You can do it. Take the shot.

SHERIFF LUCK

Come on, Pike. You let them go and you can take me instead.

LYLE DOOLEY

We like little girls, don't we, Pike?

ABNER/TOM TROUBLE/ABBY

Take the shot, Sheriff. Take the shot!

A bead of sweat meanders down Luck's forehead.

Pike starts to shove the girls into the stagecoach.

PIKE DOOLEY

I knew you couldn't-

PZZZZZZZZT!

Zoltar stands outside the jail, smoke curling up from a photon repeater.

A pair of smoking boots stands beside the stagecoach. The girls run to Abby. Lyle jumps down to return fire.

BLAM! Luck fires and wings him. Lyle stumbles and raises his gun to shoot and PZZZZZZT! Zoltar finishes him off. A second pair of smoking boots.

Blackjack FIRES but misses Tom, who shoots back as the stage rides off.



Zoltar stands, calmly re-charging his photon repeaters.

ABNER  
He shoots good for a pie-yute.

LIGHTNING FLASHES! THUNDER CRACKS. It goes dark.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The power just went out. The thunderstorm RATTLES outside.

BENTLEY  
What happened?

BAXTER CRABBE  
The power went out. I thought you knew everything?

SOUNDS OF FUMBLING in the dark.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
Can't see a darn thing.

Baxter STRIKES A MATCH and lights a kerosene lamp. Bentley looks surprised and hunkers over his computer.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
Never saw a kerosene lamp before?

BENTLEY  
(reading)  
Kerosene hydrocarbons include chloroform, carbon tetrachloride and methylene.

BAXTER CRABBE  
I bet you think you can find everything in that little box, son. It may have a brain and a lot of facts, but you know what it's missing?

Bentley just looks blank. He can't think of anything wrong with his laptop. It's got a fast processor and great memory. Baxter leans over and gently pokes him in the chest.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
It doesn't have a heart. But you do.

There's only the SOUND OF THE RAIN on the roof.

BENTLEY  
You keep talking about the cowboys instead of the Martian invasion.

BAXTER CRABBE

Oh, it was comin'. It wasn't exactly a full scale planetary invasion. But the Reptilians had formed a hardscrabble posse that was comin' to Earth to track down Zoltar. Grelch wanted to make sure the throne was his alone.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MARS TRAINING CAMP - DAY

A line of Attack Pods sits ominously in the pre-dawn mist, as boron fires flicker in the b.g. The planet Earth hangs on the horizon, within striking range.

Grelch and Blark ride together, inspecting preparations. They come upon a Drac GANG FOREMAN whipping a WHIMPERING INDIAN SLAVE.

POD FOREMAN

(in Drac)

Work faster, human!

Grelch and Blark stop to watch.

GRELCH

(in Drac)

It's all in the wrist.

Hearing this, the Gang Foreman whips even faster and more furiously. The human crumbles to the ground.

GRELCH (cont'd)

No, your wrist! Oh, I'll show you.

Grelch dismounts and walks to the Foreman, who sheepishly hands over the whip. The Indian cowers.

GRELCH (cont'd)

Like this.

Whereupon, Grelch mercilessly whips the Gang Foreman until he lies WHIMPERING on the ground beside the Indian.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

You might say he wasn't the most popular Sultan they ever had.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Sheriff Luck stands over two freshly dug graves, holding a bible. Chance and Tom each lower a pair of boots into their final resting places.

Abner, Zoltar, Hank Johnson, The Kid and Abby watch. Zoltar is now dressed in a full buckskin suit, with a matching cowboy hat. From a distance he looks pretty human... a pretty ugly human.

Luck reads from the Good Book.

SHERIFF LUCK

Yea and though I walk through the valley  
of death I shall fear no evil and so on  
and so forth.

He clamps the Bible shut.

HANK JOHNSON

Amen.

SHERIFF LUCK

(re: Zoltar)

Well, I suppose it's a good thing that  
our new friend here had a steady shootin'  
hand.

TOM TROUBLE

He just had a better angle is all.

ABNER

I swear, Sheriff. Why ya got ta read over  
this trail trash?

SHERIFF LUCK

I figure any Christian deserves words. It  
only seems proper.

ABBY

Speakin' a proper, don't you think we  
should do something about our new  
gunfighter here?

They all look at Zoltar.

ZOLTAR

How.

ABBY

Now you gotta find some new words, big  
fella. Let's start with introductions. My  
name's Abby. What's yours?

She points at him and raises her eyebrows. Who-are-you?

ZOLTAR

Zoltar.

ABBY  
Zol-bar?

ZOLTAR  
Zoltar.

Zoltar gazes at Abby's breasts.

ZOLTAR (cont'd)  
Abby?

Abby points to her eyes.

ABBY  
I'm up here, Zoltar.

Abby adjusts Zoltar's hat. Then she wraps a red bandanna around his face like a bandit. Between the buckskin hat and the bandanna you can't see much of Zoltar's face.

ZOLTAR  
(muffled)  
Zoltar?

SHERIFF LUCK  
You better wear that for a while until  
people get used to you.

A low RUMBLE becomes the SOUND OF HORSES as the big black stagecoach approaches in a cloud of dust. The stagecoach stops in front of the grave. Sweet Pea Salazar and Blackjack Bill are the drivers up top. Everyone stiffens.

ABNER  
Here comes the mayor of Asinine City.

Dooley steps out of the stage coach and surveys the scene. Scratch Wilcox follows after him.

Dooley turns to Zoltar.

DALTON DOOLEY  
You're the man that shot Pike and Lyle,  
ain't you?

Scratch spits tobacco.

SCRATCH WILCOX  
He looks like a lowdown sidewinder if ya  
ask me.

DALTON DOOLEY  
(to Zoltar)  
What's your name, boy?

Dooley walks over to Zoltar and squints right in his eyes.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)  
I want to know the name of the man that  
thinks he can lay out two Dooleys in  
broad daylight and live to brag about it.

Dooley's hand hovers near his gun. His eyes are laser beams.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Snake Eye.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Snake Eye?

SHERIFF LUCK  
He's the best shot in the territory,  
Dooley. Came down from Dakota. He's a  
gunslinger and I wouldn't mess with him  
if I were you.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Take that mask off Snake Eye. I like to  
see a man before I kill him.

ABBY  
He can't.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Why not?

ABBY  
He's allergic to dust.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Allergic to dust! Then what the hell's he  
doin' in the wild west?!

SHERIFF LUCK  
Well, you just ride on, Dalton Dooley,  
and let us worry about that.

Dooley turns. He looks back over his shoulder.

DALTON DOOLEY  
I'll see you around. Snake Eye.

Dooley and Scratch walk very slowly back to the stagecoach.

ABNER

Well now none a' you ever told me that he  
was from Dakota... or that his name was  
Snake Eye or nuthin'!

(he goes off in a snit)

Nobody ever tells me nuthin'!

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

A smoky saloon filled with Townfolk. PIANO MUSIC plays.  
Zoltar plays poker with Tom Trouble, Artimus Jones, and Injun  
Joe.

Trouble's got the hot hand, but DANCEHALL GAL SADIE and  
SQUIRREL TOOTH SAL are hanging all over Zoltar.

TOM TROUBLE

Damn, Zoltar... take that durn mask off  
and let me see your eyes. I need ta' see  
a man ta' pick him clean.

DANCEHALL GAL SADIE

I think it's sexy. C'mon and dance a  
fandango with me, honey.

Tom lays down one card.

TOM TROUBLE

Artimus, I believe I'll take that extra  
ace you got up your sleeve.

Artimus deals one.

ARTIMUS

Tom, you know my card slickerin' days are  
over.

TOM TROUBLE

Once a chicken-killin'-dog, always a  
chicken-killin'-dog.

ARTIMUS

Would you like some cards, Snake Eye?

ZOLTAR

How.

ARTIMUS

Why, you just put down your bad cards and  
I'll replace 'em with better ones.

After Zoltar, Injun Joe waves off new cards with a smug expression.

INJUN JOE  
(mumbling to himself in Apache)  
I can always bluff these suckers.

ZOLTAR  
(in Apache)  
They're almost as dumb as they look.

Injun Joe's jaw drops.

INJUN JOE  
You speak my tongue?

ZOLTAR  
Either that or you speak mine.

INJUN JOE  
You must know my tribe. We Apache are simple people, but very proud. We're also excellent card players.

ZOLTAR  
I've got to tell you some really bad news that's coming your way.

INJUN JOE  
More white people are coming west?

ZOLTAR  
Sort of like that. But worse. You're not going to like it at all.

INJUN JOE  
Then save it for later. Let's take these palefaces for a ride. I got two pair, ten high, working on a full boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER... AT THE SAME TABLE

Injun Joe and Zoltar sit smugly behind towers of poker chips. Abby escorts the feeble Widder Peck up to the table. She carries a shotgun.

The Widder leans down and looks at Tom's hand.

WIDDER PECK  
What's wrong there, Fancy Pants, lost your touch?

TOM TROUBLE

No, Ma'am, we just gave the stranger here  
a courtesy head start is all.

ABBY

Zoltar, this is the Widder Peck.

ZOLTAR

How.

INJUN JOE

He says hello.

ABBY

The Widder Peck wanted to thank you for  
savin' those little cowgirls.

Injun Joe translates for Zoltar.

Zoltar smiles and waves "it's nothing". Abby looks at Injun  
Joe. Then she turns to Tom.

ABBY (cont'd)

And you wonder why they're winning.

Now Abby speaks to both Injun Joe and Zoltar.

ABBY (cont'd)

She wants to know where she can get one  
of your guns.

WIDDER PECK

I'm goin' to need some firepower to hold  
off the Dooley Boys. They're tryin' ta  
put me out a' business.

Zoltar replies to Injun Joe.

INJUN JOE

He says you have to go to Mars to get a  
gun like his.

TOM TROUBLE

Mars?

ABBY

Where's Mars?

TOM TROUBLE

Must be in Dakota.

(to Injun Joe)

Ask him if it's North or South Dakota.

Injun Joe whispers in Zoltar's ear. Zoltar points up.



TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)  
North Dakota. Just like I thought.

GUNSHOTS! Outside. There's a low RUMBLE and HOLLERIN' and WHISTLIN' as the SOUND OF HORSES grows louder, like an approaching earthquake.

INT./EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Trouble and Zoltar run out onto the porch. Abby, Widder Peck and Injun Joe follow.

Luck and Chance come running out of the Sheriff's office. Abner run-limps right behind them.

The entire DOOLEY GANG is riding through town, SHOOTING into the air and terrorizing Main Street.

Luck guides Abby to safety, shielding her with his body.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Get down!

DOWN THE STREET

The Dooley Boys spook all the horses away from the Widder Peck's place. Muleface and Cholo dismount and walk over to the oats trough and overturn it, spilling all the oats.

WIDDER PECK  
Them's my oats!

Muleface and Cholo bust up the trough and the hitching posts and pile them together. They chop down the sign and throw that on the pile.

Luck and Chance are now out in the street shooting at the Dooleys. Tom Trouble draws and shoots, POPPING off rounds with both guns.

Muleface lights a match and then KAPOW! Chance picks him off. Muleface drops the match and a FIRE erupts.

Luck and Trouble shoot as the Dooleys keep coming up the street. Abner runs up to Abby.

ABNER  
It's the Dooley Boys!

ABBY  
Ya think?

Nobody notices that the Widder Peck has walked out into the middle of the street. She's aiming her shotgun at the on-rushing herd of Dooleys.

ABBY (cont'd)  
Miss Peck!

WIDDER PECK  
Damn you Dooleys!

Luck sees Bass Dooley riding straight at the Widder Peck. Luck aims and shoots. KER-POW!

Bass turns in SLO-MO. His eyes grow wide. The bullet just misses him, shaving off his mustache as it passes and continues in SLO-MO...

...straight towards Chance, who was on the other side of the street. Chance dives to the ground and

... the bullet SLAMS into the little cute Raggedy Ann doll at the cowgirl cookie stand. The doll's head explodes.

Bass turns and grins at Luck.

Luck stares, stunned. Bass Dooley's horse is about to flatten the Widder when, suddenly...

Zoltar dashes across the street, sweeping up the Widder Peck and putting her under one arm as he rushes her off the street... into Abner's arms.

Luck watches as Zoltar saves the Widder, still shocked he almost shot Chance.

ABNER  
Git down, Widder, these boys are takin'  
the last train ta Shootout City!

Now Zoltar's back in the middle of the street facing the on-rushing Dooleys head on. He gets off one shot as Sixfinger Smith passes by.

PZZZZZZT! Sixfinger Smith vaporized.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Zoltar!

Zoltar turns to see the stagecoach is bearing down on him. He has no escape.

Zoltar drops to the ground. The team of horses run on either side of him as the stagecoach runs over him, a THUNDEROUS explosion of dirt and hooves and churning axles.

Sweet Pea and Blackjack are driving the team hard.

SWEET PEA SALAZAR  
Yee-hah! I think we killed us a snake!

But Zoltar grabs the rear bumper of the stagecoach as it passes over.

He gets dragged for several blocks before he pulls himself up and climbs up the back of the stagecoach. Dooley's bullets come slicing through the back and roof as Zoltar climbs.

Blackjack Bill sees Zoltar. He climbs on the roof of the stage and approaches Zoltar from behind. Then Zoltar turns and sees Blackjack Bill, elbows out, ready to draw on him.

BLACKJACK BILL  
My turn.

And in an instant, Zoltar draws and BLASTS Bill, leaving two empty boots on the stagecoach roof.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Trouble, Luck and Chance are still shooting as the last of the Dooleys ride by. Luck looks dazed and uncertain.

Now Dalton leans out the window and yells at Sweet Pea.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Stop!

SWEET PEA SALAZAR  
Whoa!

The stagecoach screeches to a halt. Zoltar is thrown off the roof, bounces off a horse and lands in the street. Dooley looks down at him.

DALTON DOOLEY  
You got some hard bark on you, Mister.  
I'll give you that much. But I own this town, and I'm going to hang your snakeskin head over top my fireplace.

Dooley nods at Sweet Pea, who snaps the reins.

SWEET PEA SALAZAR  
Git on!

The stagecoach drives away, while Zoltar brushes himself off.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chance barges in as Sheriff Luck packs his saddle bag. Abby follows behind him. Mouth-gumming Abner paces back and forth.

CHANCE

What's this I hear about you leavin'?

ABNER

Cuttin' and runnin'! That's what I call it. Says he'd rather grow rutabagas than fight crime.

CHANCE

You can't wait a few days 'til this all blows over?

SHERIFF LUCK

The Widder Peck would have got killed out there if it was up to me.

CHANCE

It was like any other gunfight, and you know it.

SHERIFF LUCK

I almost shot you.

CHANCE

I saw you take out three of four Dooley Boys who were ridin' full bore.

SHERIFF LUCK

You're better off with Zoltar. At least he can take the shot when the time comes.

ABNER

Talk some sense into him, Chance!

Luck pulls a Bowie knife out of the desk drawer and puts it in the saddle bag.

ABBY

Are you really goin' off to be a farmer?

SHERIFF LUCK

Someone's gotta grow rutabagas.

ABBY

That's debatable.

SHERIFF LUCK

We all gotta move on sometime.

ABBY

Seems like these boys look up to you,  
don't ya think?

SHERIFF LUCK

Yeah, well, maybe it's time they move on  
too.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SALOON - A LITTLE LATER

Sheriff Luck and Tom Trouble are leaning against the porch.  
MUSIC spills out from the saloon. Luck looks in the window to  
see Zoltar doing a dirty-dance fandango with Squirrel Tooth  
Sal. The crowd eggs them on with CLAPPING.

BACK TO SCENE

Tom joins Luck at the window. They watch Zoltar.

TOM TROUBLE

Abner thinks he's a Pie-yute. Says he  
drinks like a Pie-yute.

SHERIFF LUCK

He don't shoot like a Pie-yute.

Tom offers Luck some tobacco and papers. Luck awkwardly pours  
tobacco into a paper, while Tom rolls with one hand.

TOM TROUBLE

I never knew you to run from a fight.  
'Specially not when women and children  
are involved.

SHERIFF LUCK

At some point every man becomes a  
liability, Tom.

TOM TROUBLE

Now where do they say that, Sheriff? In  
Dodge City? Or maybe Abilene? Or maybe  
gay Paree?

Tom pops a perfectly rolled cigarette into his mouth and  
swipes a match against the post.

SHERIFF LUCK

(incredulous)

Let me see that.

Luck takes the cigarette from Tom's mouth and examines it.  
It's perfect. Luck shakes his head.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

I think you got a steadier hand and more firepower with Zoltar. It's his time in the sun.

TOM TROUBLE

You stuck with us through thick and thin. You think we'll be sayin' that about Zoltar ten years from now?

SHERIFF LUCK

At least with Zoltar you might still be alive ten years from now.

Luck is still fumbling with his own cigarette. He's spilling tobacco all over. The paper rips. Finally he throws it down in disgust.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

I can't even roll a smoke, Tom. You don't want me in a quick draw with Dalton Dooley.

Tom rolls another one-handed cigarette and passes it to Luck.

TOM TROUBLE

Rollin' smokes don't get respect or save lives. And it takes more than a quick draw to hold a town like this together.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

They're all gathered to say goodbye to John Luck. Abby, Abner, Trouble, Chance, The Kid, Injun Joe and Zoltar.

ABNER

Well, I guess he cares more about rutabagas than he does protectin' a ragtag bunch of homesteaders and wartime compadres.

Luck nods at Zoltar.

SHERIFF LUCK

You want protection? There he stands.

ABBY

Advice only flows downhill with you, don't it, Sheriff?

Zoltar points at the sky. Injun Joe translates.

INJUN JOE

He keeps saying that there's more trouble coming our way, but I think he's being dramatic.

ABNER

You got that right. There ain't nuthin' more can go wrong in this town.

Luck climbs up into the saddle. They all give him a big-eyed sad look.

SHERIFF LUCK

It's not like you won't see me again.  
I'll be comin' to the Farmers' Market.

ABBY

And we'll all be rushin' ta buy our rutabagas from you, John Luck.

Abner SNUFFLES into his bandanna.

SHERIFF LUCK

You alright there, Abner?

Abner turns his head and waves them away.

ABNER

Don't expect us ta be sendin' no pity posse after ya.

Luck turns to The Kid.

SHERIFF LUCK

You take care of Miss Abby, now, Kid. She might be your schoolmarm one day.

Chance climbs onto his horse, toothpick in his mouth. Luck pulls his eyes away from Abby and looks at Chance.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

I suppose you got something to say, too?

They turn their horses.

CHANCE

I'm just goin' out to buy more bullets.

INT. TOWN CHURCH - DAY

A minister with great mutton chops leads the Townfolk in singing. This is THE PARSON.

TOWNFOLK  
 (singing)  
 "Glory glory halleluja. Glory glory  
 halleluja. His truth keeps -"

The doors burst open and Clem runs in.

CLEM  
 Here they come!

EXT. TOWN CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Trouble, Abner, Abby and Zoltar approach the church. The TOWNFOLK are pouring out the front door to greet them.

Picnic tables are piled with food. A big pot hangs over a fire.

ABNER  
 Hold onto your wallets. Them's Baptists.

Just then the two men unroll a banner between two trees. It says "WELCOME SNAKE EYE - Church Social and Corn Boil".

The womenfolk shuck corn and toss the ears into the pot.

A man covered in animal pelts and wearing a skunkskin cap tries to ward off YELPING dogs who jump, sniff and SNARL at his outfit. His name is TRAPPER STEVE.

TOM TROUBLE  
 Well lookee there, even ole Trapper Steve  
 came inta town.

Doc and The Parson greet the group. The Parson holds the reins for Zoltar as he climbs down.

THE PARSON  
 You must be Snake Eye.

ABBY  
 How'd ya guess, Reverend?

THE PARSON  
 I'm Parson Ezekial Brown, pastor of this  
 flock of law abidin'and charitable  
 Christian souls.

ZOLTAR  
 How.

THE PARSON  
 It ain't easy, I can tell you that.



DOC  
And you're the infamous Snake Eye.

ZOLTAR  
Snake Eye.

Doc pins a Sheriff's badge on Zoltar.

DOC  
Well then, Snake Eye, on behalf of the  
town council, we'd like to appoint you as  
the new sheriff of Cider City.

Zoltar is taken aback. FIDDLE AND BANJO MUSIC begins to play.  
The women begin serving great heaping plates of corn on the  
cob, which the men devour with great relish.

TOM TROUBLE  
They never did no such thing for Sheriff  
John Luck.

Abner stares at the corn feast.

ABNER  
But they're all cobsuckers now, ain't  
they?

EXT. BIG SKY COUNTRY - DAY

Two horsemen cross a meadow of wildflowers. It's a glorious  
day with great billowing white clouds and a deep blue sky.  
Cattle graze as the riders approach.

It's Tom Trouble and Zoltar. They stop on a hillside  
overlooking magnificent scenery.

TOM TROUBLE  
We call this Big Sky Country but it stops  
down there at the river. The other side  
of that is Mexico.

Tom points down below at a river off in the distance.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)  
Used to be the river was all the border  
we needed. Now we got Banditos crossin'  
over and causin' trouble.

ZOLTAR  
How.

TOM TROUBLE  
Robbin' people, mostly. Excessive  
spitting. Playing loud music.

He points again. There's a fence being built. WORKERS are HAMMERING and sawing.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)  
That there fence is the answer to our  
alien problems. You got aliens in North  
Dakota?

They take off down the hill.

EXT. BIG SKY MEADOW - MOMENTS LATER

Trouble and Zoltar trot beside the newly constructed white picket fence.

TOM TROUBLE  
Dalton Dooley got the contract with  
Homestead Security.

They ride to the newest end, where a CHINESE FOREMAN and CHINESE CARPENTER are hard at work.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)  
He brought in Chinamen for cheap labor.  
The irony is not lost on us.

The two workers are building a gate and a guardhouse. The workers are testing the latch and lock.

Next to the gate is a sign that says:

CIDER CITY SECURITY FENCE  
NO MEXIKINS ALOUD

EXT. DOOLEY RANCH - DAY

The entrance gate has an archway. A 'grinning skull in a cowboy hat' wooden sign swings in the breeze above the entrance.

Impressive house, too. Smoke wafts from the chimney.

INT. DOOLEY RANCH/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dalton Dooley paces in front of a big fireplace. The walls are filled with drawings of real estate projects.

What's left of the Dooley gang are assembled for a meeting. Dooley circles behind them. He picks up a fireplace poker.

DALTON DOOLEY  
I have to say, I'm very disappointed in  
that Indian attack. How hard could it be  
to scalp a few settlers?

He TAP TAP TAPS the poker in his hand like a riding crop.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

We need these Apache attacks to draw in the troops. The Banditos did not meet our agreed-upon performance goals. This is disturbing to me.

SCRATCH WILCOX

(under his breath)

I never understood this stupid plan.

Scratch squirts into a spittoon.

DALTON DOOLEY

What's that, Scratch?

SCRATCH WILCOX

I said I still don't understand why you're trying to get the army here. I thought we hated the army.

DALTON DOOLEY

I realize these are some sophisticated concepts for those of you who been home schooled on the prairie.

(he leans into Scratch)

BECAUSE WE MAKE MONEY, YOU DUMB ASS!

(stops to breathe)

I'll try to simplify it. What do Indian massacres bring? All of you.

ALL OF THEM

Troops.

DALTON DOOLEY

And what do troops ride? Don't look at your neighbor!

ALL OF THEM

Horses.

Dooley SLAMS the poker on the table.

DALTON DOOLEY

And what do horses eat? What do the horses eat, no matter how high the cost?

He SLAMS the poker again.

MOST OF THE GANG

Oats.

DUDE

Hay.

DALTON DOOLEY

Who said 'hay'?

They all squirm nervously.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

I asked you what horses eat and someone said 'hay'.

DUDE

Well, they do. Horses eat oats and...

Dooley whips out his gun and SHOOTs the Dude before he can finish his thought.

DALTON DOOLEY

Not in this story they don't.

He has their attention.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

So, it looks like we got all the contracts wrapped up don't it? First we build the fence for Homestead Security and now we supply the oats to the Cavalry to chase the Indians off their land so we can start building subdivisions. And once we get the Indians boxed in, we can start talking seriously about casinos.

He taps his poker against renderings of future developments like "Prairie Towne Crossing" and "The Villas at Cider Creek". The poker stops on a blank square labeled 'Casinos'.

EXT. ALL DAY DISCOUNT CORRAL - DAY

Zoltar and Tom Trouble crouch behind a bush. They signal 'go' and make a dash into the open. They both drop, roll and open fire on the Dooley Gang. No wait, those aren't Dooleys, they're straw men on wooden horses. A SHOT rings out and a Dooley head explodes! Then, BLAM PZZZT BLAM PZZZT- the whole gang is taken down in a precision show of marksmanship.

We pull back to see Tom Trouble and Zoltar standing in front of a motley crowd. Tom and Zoltar bump forearms and blow smoke from their gun barrels.

There's a sign behind them that says:

"Tom Trouble's Homestead Defense and Shootin Seminar"

TOM TROUBLE

Now, don't try this at home.

The Kid and Squirrel Tooth Sal are out in the street wearing sign boards that announce "Shootin Seminar - Free Wieners".

All the Townfolk in the crowd are eating hot dogs.

Tom uses a little megaphone.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

(into megaphone)

Now that was your basic "Masterson drop n' roll" performed with a Reid's Knuckleduster thirty-eight with a mother-of-pearl grip.

(holds up the gun)

You keep this baby well lubricated and she'll treat ya right just like with Squirrel Tooth Sal over there.

Sal doesn't smile. Tom is dyin' here.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

(into megaphone)

And Snake Eye here, is using...

Tom hands the megaphone to Injun Joe.

INJUN JOE

A pho-ton repeater.

Zoltar demonstrates the gun.

INJUN JOE (cont'd)

There are three settings. Vaporize, pulverize and tenderize.

Zoltar clarifies to Injun Joe.

INJUN JOE (cont'd)

He doesn't recommend tenderize because it generally just pisses 'em off.

Zoltar demonstrates the little winding recharge handle.

INJUN JOE (cont'd)

If you're set on vaporize, you have to recharge after each shot.

A hand goes up.

TOM TROUBLE

Yes, Clem.

(remembering the megaphone)

Yes, Clem.

CLEM

Seems like y'all got things covered. I think I speak for all of us in sayin' much obliged.

Clem rises to leave. The rest of the Townfolk stand up to go with him.

REST OF THE CROWD

You bet. Great work. Thanks a lot. See ya later.

TOM TROUBLE

Now hold on there. We can't fight off the Dooley Gang, Apache raiders and the Banditos without more manpower.

Abby looks at Abner.

ABNER

Those cobsuckers ain't gonna lift a finger to protect themselves.

A hand goes up.

TOM TROUBLE

Yes, Steve.

TRAPPER STEVE

Where'd you get these wieners?

ABBY

I've been askin' myself that every day since I arrived.

EXT. RATTLESNAKE RIDGE - DAY

Luck rides alone. He stops for a swig from his canteen.

There's a RUSTLE. Quicker than lightning, Luck's pulled his gun and turns to shoot.

It's Chance. On his horse.

SHERIFF LUCK

I thought you went bullet shopping.

Chance points at the river. There's an encampment down below.

CHANCE  
Look what I found.

EXT. DOWN BY THE RIVER - DAY

El Diablo's tent, guarded by Jorge and Gonzalez.

EL DIABLO emerges. He turns to the side and urinates with his back to us.

Gonzalez steps up.

GONZALEZ  
(in Spanish)  
El Diablo, your ten o'clock is early.

And suddenly, Dalton Dooley is right there. Jorge rushes up beside him. El Diablo is still pissing - very LOUDLY.

DALTON DOOLEY  
El Diablo. What a pleasure.

Now El Diablo unleashes a sustained FART.

JORGE  
(in Spanish)  
El Diablo. I asked him to-

El Diablo waves him away. He's still pissing, believe it or not. Jorge and Gonzalez back away from the growing puddle.

EL DIABLO  
(in English)  
Well, if it isn't my old friend, Dalton Dooley. I had you down for ten o'clock.

El Diablo zips, turns, and offers his hand to Dooley. Dooley waves it off, a little disgusted.

El Diablo grins and SNAPS his fingers at Gonzalez.

EL DIABLO (cont'd)  
Gonzalez. Bring us huevos, tequila and two leetle seesters.

DALTON DOOLEY  
No no no, I'm in a hurry. I wanted to give you this in person.

Dooley hands over a giant key. It has a tag on it.

ON THE TAG: "CIDER CITY SECURITY FENCE - BACK GATE"

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)  
I thought maybe your boys could stage a  
little Indian massacre in the town.  
Something horrific, but don't scalp  
anyone who rides a horse, okay?

El Diablo LAUGHS.

EL DIABLO  
And when do we get to massacre the  
Indians themselves? When do we get to  
take their land from them?

DALTON DOOLEY  
You remember the deal. You scare the  
town, the town calls the troops, the  
troops chase the Indians, you get the  
land. I make money on all of it.

EL DIABLO  
We also get the especial herbs the  
Indians are growing. That is the deal.

DALTON DOOLEY  
You like the peace pipe, you can smoke  
all you want.

EL DIABLO  
No no, it is another herb. Just a leetle  
plant. You would not be interested.

Dooley is suspicious.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Your interests are my interests.

EL DIABLO  
It's a cultural thing. Especial herbs for  
our cooking. That is all.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Okay, then, you get the herbs, amigo. So  
what else do you need? You need more  
tomahawks? Seems like you couldn't get  
the job done on that last attack.

EL DIABLO  
No one could have anticipated the arrival  
of a flying lizard man from the sky.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Don't worry. There won't be any more of  
that happening.



EXT. CIDER CITY - DAY

Zoltar and Tom Trouble ride through town. Ma and Pa Peck's "Discount Oats n' Likker" is boarded up, with a charred and busted oat trough out front. It's a sad sight.

Across the street, Scratch Wilcox changes the prices on the price board next to "Dooley Brothers Oats".

TOM TROUBLE

Why, that Dalton Dooley's raisin' the price a' oats again. That's a two cent a bucket raise in the last week. Gettin' so a fella won't be able to ride a horse around here.

Scratch spots them. He packs his cheek with tobacco.

SCRATCH WILCOX

Hey Ssssnake Eye!

Cyrus rocks on the porch in front of his shop.

Tom senses trouble. He jumps down, spurs CLINKING.

TOM TROUBLE

Why don't you talk to me?

SCRATCH WILCOX

Cuz I ain't.

Scratch spits tobacco. Only this time he arcs it out a little further into the street, closer to Zoltar and Tom. Then he packs more tobacco in his cheek.

SCRATCH WILCOX (cont'd)

I'm talkin' to Snake Eye. How'd you git that name anyway? Is a Snake Eye the same thing as a peckerwood?

Further down the street, Abner sweeps the porch. Red the Barber comes out of his shop. Abner talks to Red as he sweeps dirt right onto Jack Squat, who is passed out on the street.

ABNER

That Zoltar ought ta' be careful not ta mess with him. That man's had an extra heppin' a' crazy beans.

Scratch spits tobacco again. It lands really close to Zoltar.

SCRATCH WILCOX

Hey purty boy! I'm talkin' to you! You like goin' on trailrides with Tom Trouble? He is a purty boy. Ya'll share the same tent I bet.

TOM TROUBLE

Don't pay him no mind, Zoltar.

Injun Joe comes out to watch.

SCRATCH WILCOX

They say you got a quick draw there, Lizard Boy. I'd like ta see for myself. Why don't you draw on me right here?

Zoltar squares around to face Scratch. His hands hover over his photon repeaters.

ABNER

I think those boys're fixin to have a high velocity handshake!

Scratch tries a few fake draws. Zoltar doesn't fall for it.

SCRATCH WILCOX

(chicken sounds)

Braaaaack! Brrrrack!

Scratch finally goes for it, but Zoltar is faster.

PZZZZZZT!

BLASTS Scratch Wilcox into oblivion. Nothing but smoking boots and a pack of "Big Mouth" chewing tobacco remain.

Cyrus, Abner, Injun Joe, Red the Barber, and Tom gather round the crater left by the photon blast, while boards and splinters sprinkle down on them. They look at Zoltar.

ZOLTAR

Cobsucker.

INT. CIDER CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

This is where all the big decisions are made. The councilmen are all lined up behind walnut desks - Doc, Red the Barber, Cyrus, Clem, Trapper Steve and Smilin' Bob.

Zoltar, Tom Trouble, Abby and The Kid sit in the audience. Doc pours a drink, slugs it down.

DOC

Does anyone have any problem with the fact that our new sheriff just shot a Dooley Boy in broad daylight on a city street?

CYRUS

He had it comin' to him.

DOC

You're not worried about some kind of repercussion here?

TRAPPER STEVE

What's a re-por-cussin'?

DOC

Payback.

CLEM

It appears like Sheriff Snake Eye's got the ability to prevail in just about any dispute, these days, doncha think?

DOC

So y'all stand by the new sheriff... in case the U.S. Marshall ever inquires?

COUNCILMEN

Yeah. I guess. Suppose so. Alright with me. Uh huh.

DOC

Okay. Fine. In the event of a massive shootout with loss of life, let the record show that I abstained.

He BANGS the gavel. They all look at him like 'you asshole', but before they can object...

DOC (cont'd)

Next order a' business is the rising price of oats. It looks like Dooley's put the Widder Peck outta business once and for all.

RED THE BARBER

She ain't the only one. The cost of oats is affectin' all our businesses.

SMILIN' BOB  
Ain't nobody buyin' new mules til this  
settles down.

CYRUS  
My business is gangbusters.

CLEM  
Wish there was a way we could send a  
message to Dooley to back down.

DOC  
I have a motion to deliver a message to  
Dalton Dooley. Do I have a second.

CLEM  
I...

DOC  
Seconded. All in favor. The resolution is  
passed. Do we have a volunteer messenger?

This is all happening too fast. The councilmen didn't even  
hear the vote. They start shifting in their seats, looking  
down or sideways at each other.

RED THE BARBER  
How 'bout Cyrus, since's he's so all-  
fired gleeful about all the dead bodies  
Dooley's been sendin' his way.

CLEM  
Cyrus?

Doc BANGS his gavel and pours another drink.

DOC  
Thank you, Cyrus. Motion to adjourn?  
Hearing no objections, this meeting is  
adjourned.

He BANGS his gavel once again. The councilmen file out,  
shaking Cyrus' hand as they leave.

RED THE BARBER	CLEM
Much obliged, Cy.	Nice knowin' ya.

CYRUS  
Now wait a dang second.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Doc, Clem, Red the Barber, Trapper Steve and Hank Johnson are  
trying to coax Cyrus onto a waiting horse. The Kid watches.

CYRUS

Gol Dang it, fellas, I'm too old to be ridin' out like this.

CLEM

Main Street runs right to the Dooley Ranch. You'll be back in no time.

Cyrus spots poor old Jack Squat passed out next to the water trough.

CYRUS

Suppose I don't come back? Who's gonna make all them coffins I 'spect you'll be needin'?

RED THE BARBER

All we've been buryin' lately is boots.

CYRUS

What about ole Jack Squat, here?

RED THE BARBER

He ain't dead, Cyrus.

Cyrus goes over and shakes Jack.

CYRUS

That's not what I mean. Hey now Jack. It's me, Cyrus.

DOC

Now, Cyrus, Jack Squat can't make that trip.

CYRUS

You just said it was a straight shot. We'll just strap him ta the saddle.  
(shakes Jack)  
Jack, can you hear me, man?

Jack stirs.

JACK SQUAT

I didn't touch her, I swear...

SMASH TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits on the horse with a big paper pinned to his shirt.

The Widder Peck approaches.

CYRUS

That's right, Jack, you'll be our ambassador. You tell Dalton Dooley we want some respect.

WIDDER PECK

You sendin' messages to Dalton Dooley?

CLEM

Well, the city council-

WIDDER PECK

I got a message for him. Tell him he can kiss my ass!

CYRUS

Got that, Jack? Oh-kay, let's roll.

They SHOO the horse and watch him plod out of town with Jack Squat on his back. Heading towards the Dooley Ranch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

Clem and Red the Barber are playing checkers in front of the barbershop. Doc, Hank, Cyrus, and Trapper Steve watch. They hear HORSE'S HOOVES.

TRAPPER STEVE

Someone's comin'.

Steve's right. A horse and rider come galloping down the street. It's a wide-eyed Jack Squat hanging on for life.

CLEM

It's Jack Squat!

Now it sounds like a STAMPEDE OF HORSES coming.

CYRUS

Dooleys!

The boys run for cover just as a gang of Dooleys ride into town SHOOTING and HOLLERING.

RED THE BARBER

Get the Sheriff!

CYRUS

The Sheriff left!

RED THE BARBER

Get the new Sheriff!

PANDEMONIUM. The Dooley Boys ride in circles SHOOTING out every storefront window until...

Dalton's stagecoach rides into the center of town and stops. A megaphone emerges.

DALTON DOOLEY

Good morning. How're y'all doin' today?

Tom Trouble runs outon to the saloon balcony, hitching his pants up. Squirrel Tooth Sal follows.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

Got your letter! Thanks for that. Now... it might be me... but I can't reconcile this offer to negotiate with the way you keep killin' my boys.

Zoltar steps out onto the hotel balcony, buttoning up his buckskins. Dancehall Gal Sadie peeks out behind him.

Abner and The Kid step out of the Sheriff's office.

Cholo FIRES a shot at Zoltar. It CLANGS off a lamp next to him. Zoltar ducks back into the hotel.

Tom Trouble jumps to a rooftop. Zoltar pops out of a nearby window. They both draw their guns.

DALTON DOOLEY (cont'd)

I thought I'd deliver my response in person. I'm going to raise the price of oats five cents a day until you bring me a corpse named Snake Eye.

Sweet Pea jerks the reins and the stagecoach heads down the street. The other Dooley Boys SHOOT off a few rounds and follow. They ride past Widder Peck's and toss a torch at her liquor store, just to finish off the job.

ABNER

I don't believe I know a corpse named Snake Eye.

Zoltar senses a mood change. They all start eyein' him. He backs slowly away from the crowd.

ABNER (cont'd)

(gets it finally)

What? Dalton Dooley 'spects us to hang Zoltar ta keep the price a' oats down?

(MORE)

ABNER (cont'd)  
I never heard a' such a thing! What kind  
of savages does he think we are?

SMASH TO:

EXT. CIDER CITY - DAY

Zoltar stares off into the distant sky as Clem lowers a noose  
over his head. He can't bring himself to look down at the  
angry mob below. All the Townfolk are there.

CLEM  
Mighty sorry about this, Snake Eye.

Zoltar gives him a withering glare.

Abner, Abby, Tom Trouble and The Kid are in the audience.  
Chance comes riding up.

CHANCE  
What's all this commotion?

TOM TROUBLE  
They're fixin' ta hang Zoltar. We gotta  
stop 'em.

The crowd shushes them. Chance and Tom Trouble slip away.

The Parson rises to address the crowd.

THE PARSON  
I'd like ta read a passage from the Good  
Book. Leviticus 14:13 tells us 'and he  
shall slay the lamb in the place....'

Abby dabs her eyes with the hem of her prairie dress while  
she watches Tom Trouble and Chance maneuvering to the side.

ABBY  
I didn't know the bible gave lynchin'  
lessons.

ABNER  
Why it sure does. That book is just fulla  
blood lettin' an' mayhem and particular  
instructions on how to do all of it.

Up on the gallows, the Parson is wrapping up.

THE PARSON  
... and let this be a lesson to all  
fornicators, cowboy dandys and Democrats.  
(MORE)



THE PARSON (cont'd)  
The community of decent church-goin' folk  
will cast out any wayward souls that  
threaten our moral lifestyle. Amen.

Down on the ground, The Kid looks weepy. He kicks dust.

ABBY  
Don't worry, Kid.

The noose is tightened. Doc steps back. Abby squeezes The Kid's hand.

The doors drop and so does Zoltar.

BENTLEY (O.S.)  
They killed Zoltar?!

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley is incredulous.

BAXTER CRABBE  
Where'd you get that idea?

BENTLEY  
You said they hung him!

BAXTER CRABBE  
They did hang him.

BENTLEY  
After all he did for them, how could  
they?

BAXTER CRABBE  
Maybe we should stop here.

BENTLEY  
No, don't stop!

BAXTER CRABBE  
Well, if you say so...

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDER THE GALLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Zoltar drops through the gallows floor into Chance's arms.  
Chance holds him by the waist and lifts him up.

CHANCE  
We got you, partner.

Wide-eyed Zoltar shoots them a "I can't believe you actually let them hang me" stare while Tom cuts the rope.

UP ABOVE

A badly thrown tomahawk CLUNKS off the gallows post followed quickly by a second one.

ABNER

Injuns!

ABBY

Better stop 'em before they get warmed up!

Now arrows come raining down on them. WAR CRIES fill the air as they swoop down on the town.

PANDEMONIUM. Everybody runs for cover.

The 'Indians' ride through town shooting arrows and throwing tomahawks. Trouble and Chance shoot back. They hand Zoltar his rig. Still in shock, he straps it on.

ABNER

Now if that don't take all! I ain't never seen Injuns ride inta town. That jus' ain't allowed!

Abner's right. Something's fishy here. A lot of the tomahawks land with a CLUNK and some of the arrows are falling backwards.

The 'Indians' all have handlebar mustaches and gold teeth and their war cries sound suspiciously like "Aye aye aye".

Chester the Bartender steps out to see what the commotion's about. A tomahawk bounces off the post next to him.

Trouble and Chance are holding their ground, but the Indians are thick.

Now Injun Joe rides in from another direction. Everyone jumps out of his way as he deftly sweeps Zoltar onto his horse. He lets out a lusty WAR CRY and hightails it out of there.

EXT. APACHE CAMPGROUND - DAY

The Apaches stare as Injun Joe and Zoltar ride into the center of the Indian camp. Zoltar sees that his Attack Pod is now being used as a hot tub. Crazy Cloud is soaking with FOXY SQUAW and SEXY SQUAW.

Zoltar jumps down and looks... amused, impressed, uncertain.  
Crazy Cloud exhales smoke from his pipe.

CRAZY CLOUD

(in Apache)

Welcome warrior from sky. We know you  
come from the planet of the snake people.

ZOLTAR

How.

CRAZY CLOUD

Don't ask me. We just know these things.

ZOLTAR

(in Apache)

No, I didn't mean "how" in the  
interrogative sense. I was greeting you  
in the local vernacular.

CRAZY CLOUD

Where do you get these hot tubs? They're  
fantastic!

ZOLTAR

Oh, there's more where they came from.

DISSOLVE TO:

APACHE CAMPGROUND - DAY

Now Zoltar and Injun Joe are soaking with Crazy Cloud and the  
two squaws.

INJUN JOE

(in Apache)

We know much about your people. They came  
from the sky many moons ago to trade for  
our special herb.

CRAZY CLOUD

(in Apache)

You know all about that, of course.

ZOLTAR

(in Apache)

I have no idea what you're talking about.

INJUN JOE

Natural male enhancement. We discovered  
that our land grows a very special herb.  
We call it Stiff Root.

CRAZY CLOUD

We've been a peace loving tribe ever since.

ZOLTAR

How can you say that when you attack white people?

INJUN JOE

That's not us. We don't know what tribe that is.

SHA-NAY, a voluptuous young squaw sashays over and begins kneading Zoltar's shoulders.

ZOLTAR

You know, we really need to talk about your relationship with the snake people.

Zoltar leans into the rub. His eyes roll back in his head. Sha-nay climbs into the tub next to him.

ZOLTAR (cont'd)

But first tell me more about this Stiff Root.

EXT. CIDER CITY/CENTER A' TOWN - DAY

Chance and Tom Trouble saddle their horses. They have to step around the smoking rubble of the 'Indian' attack.

Abby and Abner step out of the Sheriff's office and rush over to them. The Kid follows.

ABBY

Are we gonna go rescue Zoltar?

ABNER

We'll be needin' his guns more than ever.

Tom throws a fancy saddle on his white horse.

TOM TROUBLE

You got that Big Fifty Sharps rifle?

Chance nods as he tightens his saddle. Tom looks at Abby.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

What do you mean 'we'?

ABNER

How come ya only got two horses? I guess I'm gonna be in the Chuck Wagon as usual.

CHANCE

Won't have no Chuck Wagon, Abner. It's just the two of us goin' after 'em.

ABBY

Oh, no, boys. You ain't leavin' me out of this.

ABNER

You tell 'em they need a Chuck Wagon, too. You could be out there for days.

TOM TROUBLE

Now, it's just the two of us goin' and that's final.

EXT. RATTLESNAKE RIDGE - DAY

The search party heads down a narrow trail. They are Trouble, Chance and Abby. Abner plods along behind them on a pathetic old mule with pots and pans CLANKING against the saddle.

Chance motions them to stop.

CHANCE

Shhh.

SOUNDS - off to the side. A CHK CHK of rifle being cocked.

Two Banditos step out into the road, their guns pointed. They are Pedro and Paco, two of El Diablo's meanest hombres.

PEDRO

Steek it up, Meesters. We must kill you and keep this woman to pleasure our boss El Diablo.

Tom and Chance both draw. The Banditos go to shoot.

KER-POW! KER-POW! The guns fly out of Pedro and Paco's hands.

John Luck rides out of the trees. Pedro and Paco hightail it down the road.

ABBY

We had it under control, Sheriff.

TOM TROUBLE

How'd you know we were up here?

SHERIFF LUCK

(looks at Abner)

Are you kidding?

TOM TROUBLE  
You hear about Zoltar?

SHERIFF LUCK  
Yeah, I did, Tom. Let's go get him back.

Luck snaps his reins and starts moving down the trail. The others follow.

ABNER  
Does that mean you're sheriff agin,  
Sheriff?

ABBY  
Oh, he is, just don't make him say it out  
loud.

Luck slows up until Abby catches up with him.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Do you think you can keep up with us? We  
got some hard ridin' up ahead.

ABBY  
Well, if I can't you can just shoot me.  
How's that, Sheriff?

SHERIFF LUCK  
That would be fine with me although you  
might not like it much.

DISSOLVE TO:

FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL

They stop at a fork in the trail. The trail to the left is  
clean. The trail to the right is covered with horse manure.  
Trouble points right.

TOM TROUBLE  
That way.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Where'd you learn your fine tracking  
skills, Tom?

They all head down the horse manure trail.

TOM TROUBLE  
You ever had horse manure and rutabaga  
casserole, Abner? I rode with a feller  
once...

(MORE)

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)  
we got lost in a Montanner snowstorm for  
two weeks and all we had to eat was horse  
manure and rutabagas.

CHANCE  
That explains a lot.

ABBY  
Don't it just.

TOM TROUBLE  
Now this fella didn't know how flammable  
horse manure was 'til I showed him how to  
start a campfire with it and-

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
Horse manure is flammable?

SMASH TO:

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley's face is scrunched up.

BENTLEY  
Horse manure would not be remotely  
combustible without undergoing a process  
of biomethanation.

BAXTER CRABBE  
It's funny you would say that, because  
Abby had that very same question.

BACK TO:

FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Abby scrunches her face.

ABBY  
You're sayin' that horse manure'll catch  
fire?

CHANCE  
I've seen it catch fire just comin' out  
of a horse on a hot day.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I always found that Chance knows a lot  
about horse manure.

TOM TROUBLE  
You stick with us, Abby, we'll teach you  
all kinds of cowboy secrets.

ABNER

Y'all jus' go ahead and joke around, now.  
Be glad you ain't gettin' Injun-tortured  
like poor Zoltar.

EXT. APACHE CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Torches burn as Zoltar and Sha-Nay play volleyball against Injun Joe and Foxy Squaw. Crazy Cloud tokes on the Peace Pipe and watches. Sexy Squaw plays flute.

Injun Joe scores a point. They all laugh.

Zoltar holds the ball while Injun Joe hits on the pipe.  
Zoltar turns to Crazy Cloud.

ZOLTAR

I need to tell you something important.  
It can't wait any longer.

CRAZY CLOUD

(mock serious)

Sock it to me, Zoltar.

ZOLTAR

My brother on Mars is coming to enslave  
all of you. He's bringing his Drac  
warriors to take you back to Mars where  
your life will be a living hell.

SMOKE blasts out of Injun Joe's mouth.

INJUN JOE

Wow. I didn't need to hear that. I was  
really mellow until you said that.

CRAZY CLOUD

But we are earth people. We are stewards  
of the land.

ZOLTAR

Of course you are.

CRAZY CLOUD

We eat organic food and work out. We  
practice safe sex. We don't play loud  
music and yes we like to toke up now and  
then. So why would they pick on us?

ZOLTAR

Because my brother, the Sultan, is a bad  
guy! Just like Dalton Dooley and El  
Diablo. The universe is full of these  
jerks who want to own everything.

(MORE)



ZOLTAR (cont'd)  
And they're making life hard on the rest  
of us!

CRAZY CLOUD  
We're finding that out.

ZOLTAR  
These Martians want to enslave you. The  
Mexicans want your herbs. And the white  
people want your land. You guys better  
wake up and smell the sagebrush.

CRAZY CLOUD  
So what are we supposed to do?

Zoltar spikes the volleyball in frustration.

ZOLTAR  
I think you guys need to give your stiff  
roots a rest and join with your fellow  
Earthlings in fighting the Martians. If  
you don't do this you're going to lose  
your planet!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

A line of Martian Attack Pods moving steadily towards Earth.

INT. ATTACK POD

Grelch stands at the window looking out. Earth looms large  
through the window. Blark dangles a live rat over his mouth.

BLARK  
(in Drac)  
Are we there, yet?

GRELCH  
(in Drac)  
Earth approaches. Prepare for the  
slaughter.

BLARK  
I am always prepared for slaughter.  
First, I will start with small children.

GRELCH  
First, you will start with Zoltar.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Luck, Trouble, Abby, Chance and Abner eat by the fire.

CHANCE

Damn, Abner, why'd ya have to bring along  
wax beans?

Chance scrapes his plate into the fire.

ABNER

You got a problem with that?

Luck pulls out his bed roll and lies down. He pulls his hat  
down over his face.

SHERIFF LUCK

Y'all both can shut up any time now.

Tom Trouble steps behind a tree and takes his pants and shirt  
off. He's left wearing his one-piece red long johns. He folds  
his shirt.

ABBY

I thought cowboys always slept with their  
boots on.

TOM TROUBLE

Well, maybe that's what all cowboys do,  
but I'm not all cowboys.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

The first rays of dawn. Abner SNORES.

A MOURNING DOVE. From the bushes.

A HOOT OWL. Over there. Then a RUSTLE.

A WHIPPOORWILL. The other side. SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT.

Moccasins appear. Then another set of feet. Then another.

EXT. CIDER CITY/EDGE A' TOWN - DAY

Clem, Smilin' Bob, and Cyrus are converting the gallows into  
a lookout tower. It's a rickety contraption but they're  
getting it up in a hurry.

Next to the tower is a new sign that says:

Threat of Injun Attack - Purty Hi!

Clem holds a board while Cyrus saws.

CLEM

Hurry up, Cyrus. Now we ain't got no  
sheriff and I got a sick feelin' that bad  
times are comin'.

CYRUS

You talkin' 'bout Injuns, Banditos or  
Dooleys?

CLEM

All three, Cyrus. That's about everything  
bad that could happen to us, ain't it?

DRACO TELESCOPE POV - CONTINUOUS

An overhead view of the Indian camp - like a 19th century  
sepia satellite image. It pulls back to a wider overhead  
image of Cider City - growing larger as it gets closer and  
closer.

INT. ATTACK POD - CONTINUOUS

Grelch snatches the telescope from Blark and stares as cigar  
smoke curls up around him. He goes to the other porthole.

GRELCH

(in Drac)

Prepare for landing.

BLARK

(in Drac)

There's not much to do, really. Don't we  
just sort of slam into the planet?

EXT. APACHE CAMPGROUND - MORNING

The tribe cooks breakfast as the raiding party returns. Injun  
Joe and the Braves ride in leading Luck, Chance, Abby,  
Trouble and Abner.

They spot Zoltar and Sha-nay practicing yoga.

SHERIFF LUCK

Injun-torture, huh?

ABNER

Well, look at that, would ya?

They all stare at Zoltar, never having seen yoga before.

ABNER (cont'd)

Why, I believe he's consortin' with them  
red devils.

Zoltar finally spots his friends. Awkward moment for him. He  
smiles and waves weakly.

SHA-NAY  
(in Apache)  
Who're those guys?

ZOLTAR  
(sheepish)  
Oh, just some people I know.

Injun Joe rides over to Zoltar.

ZOLTAR (cont'd)  
Did you really have to capture the  
palefaces?

INJUN JOE  
(in Apache)  
Crazy Cloud says they talk too much. They  
were disturbing all the wildlife.

ZOLTAR  
You need to team up with these guys to  
fight the Martians. Don't you remember my  
big speech?

INJUN JOE  
You've got a lot of negativity. Did  
anyone ever tell you that?

EXT. CIDER CITY/LOOKOUT TOWER - NIGHT

The Kid stands on top of the newly-finished tower looking  
through a mounted telescope. Hank Johnson climbs up.

HANK JOHNSON  
Hey Kid.

The Kid doesn't even look at Hank.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
Wagon train's leavin' tomorrow.

The Kid is quiet on this.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
Whatcha lookin' at, there?

Hank takes over on the telescope. He swings it up to look at  
the moon.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
I guess you're worried about Miss Abby.

The Kid hangs his head even lower.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
If she makes it back alive... and that's  
a big if... she's stayin' here to be a  
whore and a schoolmarm.

He swings the telescope around. Still looking up, though.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
I never saw so many shooting stars at one  
time. Must be a meteor shower.

The Kid takes over the telescope and looks.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
'Course you ain't never been with no  
whore.

It is, in fact, quite surprising how many shooting stars  
there are. The sky is full of streaking balls of light  
landing just over the ridge line.

HANK JOHNSON (cont'd)  
Heck, you probably ain't never been with  
no schoolmarm, neither.

EXT. APACHE CAMPGROUND - DAY

Zoltar and Injun Joe stand holding horses. Luck, Abby, Tom,  
Chance and Abner have gathered around.

SHERIFF LUCK  
You mean we're free to leave?

Crazy Cloud appears and speaks. Injun Joe translates.

INJUN JOE  
We have an offer to make. Perhaps we can  
help you fight the Dooley Gang and the  
Banditos. In exchange, you could help us  
fight off the Martian invaders that will  
be arriving shortly in big iron balls.

TOM TROUBLE  
Do you promise to stop pumping us full of  
arrows every time you see us?

INJUN JOE  
Do you promise to stop pumping us full of  
bullets every time you see us?

SHERIFF LUCK  
Sounds reasonable to me.

ABNER

I can't believe ya'll are consortin' with  
the Injuns like this. It goes against  
nature.

Sha-nay and Sexy Squaw approach with baskets.

INJUN JOE

We'd like to give you these gift baskets.  
They have scented candles and special  
herbs for natural male enhancement.

Abby raises her eyebrow.

SHERIFF LUCK

We'll talk later.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

Abby, Trouble, Chance, Zoltar and Abner are winding their way  
back home. Zoltar just looks more and more confident by the  
day. Luck has ridden ahead to scout.

ABNER

I think it's an Injun trick.

No answer.

ABNER (cont'd)

Probably sent a war party out after us.

No answer.

ABNER (cont'd)

Probably gotta big heppin' a' Tomahawk  
Surprise for us to swaller come  
suppertime.

CHANCE

Abner.

ABNER

What?

TOM TROUBLE

Shut your damn trap.

Luck comes riding back to meet them. He looks concerned.

ABBY

What is it?

SHERIFF LUCK  
Banditos. Up ahead.

LOOKING GLASS POV - DAY

El Diablo's tent, guarded by Jorge and Gonzalez. Pedro and Paco ride up and dismount. El Diablo emerges drunkenly with a Señorita on each arm.

EXT. EL DIABLO'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Pedro points up in the direction of Luck and the gang.

PEDRO  
(in Spanish)  
Generalissimo. The gringos have a raiding party up on the ridge.

El Diablo angrily pushes the señoritas off him.

EL DIABLO  
(in Spanish)  
You think this bothers me! Who do you think I am?

He pulls his pistol and SHOOTs in the air.

PEDRO  
Why, you are El Diablo the favorite nephew of the devil!

PACO  
You are a very mean and unkind individual.

PEDRO  
There are no subtitles strong enough to adequately describe how rotten you are.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

Luck squats and draws in the dirt with a stick while the others look on. Luck draws a few squiggly lines and points with the stick.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Now, we're up here.

ABNER  
Where?

Luck points again. He taps the line with the stick.

SHERIFF LUCK

Here.

ABNER

Don't see it.

SHERIFF LUCK

Pretend you do.

He draws more squiggly lines.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

And El Diablo's down here.

ABBY

So let's not go there.

ABNER

I say El Diablo needs a hot lead enema!  
And we're just the fellers ta give it to  
him.

Luck gives up. He mounts his horse.

SHERIFF LUCK

I think we'll just try to avoid a  
confrontation if at all possible.

EXT. RATTLESNAKE RIDGE - DAY

Crazy Cloud and the Indians look down on the Banditos. They notice the handlebar mustaches. They also can't help but notice the bows, arrows, tomahawks and headdresses sticking out of their saddlebags.

INJUN JOE

(in Apache)

I think I know who's been attacking the  
white people.

SMASH TO:

EXT. DIRT VALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Zoltar, Luck, Trouble, Chance and Abby are being chased by Banditos. Behind them, the Banditos are being chased by Indians.

SHERIFF LUCK

(yelling at Chance)

You ever have one of those days?



Chance grins. Then he looks back. Abner's lagging behind on his mule. The Banditos are closing in on him. They all look.

ABBY  
I'll git 'em.

Luck doesn't have time to argue. He yells at the others.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Okay. Cover her!

Trouble, Luck, and Zoltar do some fancy shooting as Abby rides back to Abner.

ABBY  
Get on!

Abner struggles to climb onto Abby's horse. The Banditos are closing and the bullets are flying. Abby grabs his arm and takes off with Abner barely hanging on.

WAR CRIES fill the air as the Indians follow right behind the Banditos. The chase is on.

ABBY (cont'd)  
Wouldn't want you gettin' one a' those  
hot lead enemas, there, Abner!

Abby catches up with the others, already at a full gallop. They're heading towards a fork in the road. Luck pulls up and points at a gap in the rocks, obscured by brush.

SHERIFF LUCK  
This way!

Luck parts the brush and leads them down a hidden path.

The Banditos arrive at the fork. They pause and go right.

The Indians follow soon after. They take the left fork.

EXT. CIDER CITY/EDGE A' TOWN - DAY

Trapper Steve watches from the lookout tower. He spots Luck and company coming at full gallop.

TRAPPER STEVE  
Riders!

The Townfolk watch as the rescue party returns - galloping down Main Street at breakneck speed. They pull up at the saloon and jump off their horses.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I'll get more men.

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
Stop. Stop.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley is incredulous.

BENTLEY  
Did it really happen like this? I  
dunno... that just seems funny that these  
Martians and Indians and Banditos would  
all be...

BAXTER CRABBE  
Arriving at the same time. And ridin'  
hard. Headin' towards the climax of the  
story.

Bentley leans down to his laptop.

BENTLEY  
I need to verify the chronology.

Baxter stops him.

BAXTER CRABBE  
Son, it's not in there.

Baxter taps his head with his pipe stem.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
It's in here.

Then he taps Bentley's head.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)  
And now it's in there, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRY GULCH BYPASS - DAY

An Attack Pod comes SCREAMING out of the sky and slams into a hillside. It tumbles down the hill.

Another pod slams in the ground. It bounces and skips along the hard dusty ground. A third pod slams into a giant cactus.

More pods are coming by the minute. Most of them plow into the ground, leaving a smoking crater as the dazed Dracs pull themselves out and flop on the ground, exhausted.

Except for the TWO UNLUCKY DRACS who have to climb out through the cactus.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

Now, the Martian posse had landed in the north.

Grelch emerges from a pod and lights a cheroot as he unfolds a map.

BAXTER CRABBE (V.O.)

They were fixin' to move on the town straight away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

The place is packed. The Widder Peck plays cards with Artimus, Hank Johnson and The Kid. Luck and Chance burst through the doors. Abby, Tom, Zoltar and Abner follow.

TOM TROUBLE

Cheese n' Pizza! It's ten a.m.! Look at this place!

Luck looks at Zoltar.

SHERIFF LUCK

They're real enthused that we're back safe and sound, aren't they?

ABBY

Great short cut, by the way.

FLASH TO:

EXT. DIRT VALLEY - DAY

The Indians have lost the Banditos. They're scratching their heads. Attack Pods streak across the sky above them.

CRAZY CLOUD

(in Apache)

Oh, crap.

The Indians take off at full speed again.

BACK TO:

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Tom wipes his bullets with his bandanna while Luck talks.

SHERIFF LUCK  
We gotta do something fast.

CHANCE  
You always clean your bullets, Tom?

TOM TROUBLE  
Makes 'em go faster.

ABNER  
I could ride down to Fort Samuel L.  
Jackson and get some reinforcements.

The doors burst open. Trapper Steve dashes in, arms flailing and hyperventilating. He looks wide-eyed at Luck and Zoltar. The Kid wanders over to see what's happening.

TRAPPER STEVE  
Sheriff. Sheriff. There's great big  
lizard men fallin' from the sky in iron  
balls. They're massin' on the north side!

Zoltar winds his gun to be sure it's charged. Luck turns to Abner and puts his hands on his shoulder.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Alright, Abner. You head off to Fort Sam  
Jackson and get us some help. But you  
better go now.

Abner puffs up. Tears fill his eyes. He gums his mouth.

ABNER  
I'll be back.

Abner cocks his arms and limp-stomps out the door.

CHESTER  
Run like the wind, Abner!

Luck turns to the main room.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Listen up. We got trouble comin'. We got  
no time to waste if we want to save this  
town. Gather everybody in the town and  
meet me at the church in ten minutes.

INT. TOWN CHURCH - A SHORT TIME LATER

Luck, Zoltar, Tom Trouble, Chance and Abby pace in front. All the Townfolk are in the pews.

Luck goes to the pulpit.

SHERIFF LUCK

I suppose everybody's here who wants to be here. Now we got some bad fellas headin' this way. The Banditos are comin' from the south - they got through the fence somehow. And giant reptile gunfighters from the north.

Luck looks at Zoltar.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

Your kin?

Zoltar nods.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

From Mars? Like Mars, North Dakota or Mars the planet?

Zoltar points up. Luck nods.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

By the time the town clock strikes noon we'll-

Trapper Steve has his hand up.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

Yes, Steve.

TRAPPER STEVE

That clock is ten minutes fast.

Luck sighs.

SHERIFF LUCK

By the time the clock strikes noon, we'll be makin' our stand. I wanna know who stands with me. If you can't stomach a fight, leave now. We'll hold no harsh feelings.

Without hesitation, all of the men jump up and stream for the exits.

THE KID  
(yelling after them)  
Y'all are a bunch of wusses!

Jaws drop. The men stop and turn to look. Everyone's shocked. The Kid slides off the organ bench and glares at the crowd.

THE KID (cont'd)  
Ya always gotta have Zoltar and the  
Sheriff and Tom and Chance do all your  
fightin' for ya.

He's just getting started.

THE KID (cont'd)  
When I came in on the wagon train and we  
were attacked by Injuns, Mister Hank  
would circle the wagons and everybody  
took care of everybody.

Some of the men sit back down.

THE KID (cont'd)  
Well, I ain't got no ma or pa and that  
was the first time I knew what it was  
like to have somebody else tryin' ta help  
me. And even Zoltar here, being ugly an'  
all, he's done a lot ta help y'all. And  
now y'all are gonna run off again and let  
these fellas do your fightin' for ya.  
Well I think ya'll oughta circle the  
wagons for once rather than runnin' off  
like a damn bunch a' scairt chickens!

They're all stunned. The Widder Peck slowly rises and walks to the front and puts her arm around The Kid.

WIDDER PECK  
This little feller's got some big ole  
balls on 'em, don't he?

Abby beams.

TRAPPER STEVE  
I ain't no scairt chicken.

CLEM  
I ain't either.

WHITTLIN' FELLA  
I was just goin' to the bathroom.

One by one, the Townfolk return to their seats.

SHERIFF LUCK  
 Alright then.

Abby still can't believe it. She stares at The Kid in amazement. The Kid looks sheepish.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)  
 Abby. I want you to get all the laundry you can find in this town. And see if you can find a stray alley cat somewhere. Tom, since you know so much about burning horse manure, I need you to be in charge of that. Hank, I need you-

TOM TROUBLE  
 (interrupting)  
 I just got my suit cleaned.

SHERIFF LUCK  
 Hank, get some of your wagons up here real quick. Chance, can you get a case of dynamite from down at the depot?

TOM TROUBLE  
 How 'bout I get the dynamite and Chance gets the horse manure?

Luck looks at Tom. Then he turns to the crowd again.

SHERIFF LUCK  
 Listen fellas, I ain't much for tellin' people what to do. But I think The Kid here speaks for all of us. If we can pull off this plan by workin' together for once, then I think we just might be able to save this town.

They all rise up in a great CHEER!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TROUBLE'S A' COMIN' MONTAGE

- A line of Banditos crosses the river heading for town.
- The Martian posse pauses on the ridge looking down on Cider City.
- The Dooley Boys ride abreast, heading straight into town, with the ominous black stagecoach at the rear.
- The Indians have stopped to smoke up before heading into town.

THE PREPARIN' FOR TROUBLE MONTAGE

- Abby scurries down the sidewalk with a wicker laundry basket. She's joined by Squirrel Tooth Sal and Dancehall Gal Sadie.
- Hank Johnson, Red the Barber and Clem drive Conestoga Wagons up Main Street.
- Chance and the Fellas haul boxes marked "Dynamite" from the Depot.
- Sheriff's Office: Luck takes shotguns out of the rack and boxes of shells from the cupboard. The Kid enters. Luck looks at The Kid and smiles. He hands him a shotgun.
- Trapper Steve corners a cat with a burlap sack. The cat HISSES.
- Tom Trouble pauses with a pitchfork of horse manure and sighs. Jack Squat offers him a sip of "Cowboy's Canteen".

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CIDER CITY/EDGE A' TOWN - DAY

There are clothes lines full of clothes strung across Main Street. You can hardly see anything.

John Luck walks through the intersection, weaving through the petticoats and long johns.

ABBY (O.S.)

I bet you wish you were tendin' rutabagas  
right about now.

Luck turns. He lifts a bedsheet up. Abby stands all gussied up with a new dress and hair style.

SHERIFF LUCK

You look nice.

ABBY

I wanted to look real pretty for my  
funeral.

Luck joins her and leans on the railing.

SHERIFF LUCK

We do live from one day to the next,  
don't we?



ABBY

That's why you gotta git things when  
they're there ta be got, John T. Luck.

The CLINK CLINK CLINK of spurs announces Tom Trouble. Chance  
is with him.

TOM TROUBLE

How come you get to wear clean clothes  
for the climax?

ABBY

Why, is that what I'll be havin', Tom?

CHANCE

Where's Zoltar?

SHERIFF LUCK

I thought he was with you.

ON THE LOOKOUT TOWER

Trapper Steve frantically flaps his arms.

TRAPPER STEVE

(yelling)  
Trouble's comin'.

Tom Trouble squints up at Steve

TOM TROUBLE

I'm already here!

TRAPPER STEVE

I don't mean you!

TOM TROUBLE

Well, you just said...!

TRAPPER STEVE

It was a figure of speech!

TOM TROUBLE

Now's not the time for purty talk, Steve!

EXT. CIDER CITY/NORTH SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The Reptilian posse enters the town. Riding like Roman  
Legionnaires, with Grelch and Blark at the lead.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CIDER CITY/SOUTH SIDE - CONTINUOUS

El Diablo's gang rides into town, El Diablo at the lead. They don't look a bit like Roman Legionnaires.

EXT. DOWN BY THE CRICK - CONTINUOUS

Abby lifts her skirt and walks down the path. Zoltar sits winding his guns.

ABBY

I guess you got a bad case of inner  
conflict... what with your kin flyin' in  
from outta town ta kill us an' all.

Zoltar rises and looks at Abby. His heart and eyes are clear.

ZOLTAR

(in Drac)  
Shootin' contest. Let's roll.

Zoltar twirls his photon repeaters.

EXT. CIDER CITY/CENTER A' TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The Drac Posse has stopped cold - facing a pair of clotheslines strung across the street. They can't see a thing but petticoats and bed sheets.

Grelch dismounts, photon repeater drawn. He walks slowly to the center of the intersection. He gingerly lifts a sheet...

...and finds himself staring at a grinning El Diablo with a pistol aimed his way.

El Diablo is equally surprised to find a giant reptilian gunfighter. Their hearts skip a beat. They both scowl.

And then the street EXPLODES WITH GUNFIRE! Lead and photon bullets rip through the laundry. Shredded bed clothes fly everywhere.

One Drac falls from his horse. Two Banditos are vaporized!

Grelch tackles El Diablo. They tussle and SNARL.

Blark charges through the laundry into the heart of the Banditos and blasts them with his hydrogen shotgun.

ON A BALCONY

Luck WHISTLES and Smilin' Bob cuts the clothesline.

## ON ANOTHER BALCONY

W.T. Spudlacker slices the line with a Bowie knife.

## DOWN ON THE STREET

The clothes tumble and flutter down on the melee.

The Dracs and Banditos are getting tangled up in laundry and clothesline as they shoot, impale, and eviscerate each other.

## ON A BALCONY

Tom Trouble stands beside Luck. They watch the action below.

## TOM TROUBLE

I think we can take these boys, Sheriff.  
Especially since we got the element of  
surprise in our favor.

A hydrogen shotgun BLAST blows a giant hole in the wall  
beside them.

Now Tom and Luck exchange concerned glances. They look down.  
Blark has spotted them.

## SHERIFF LUCK

These fellas came a long way for this  
showdown. Let's not disappoint them.

Luck and Tom nod at each other and then leap the railings,  
jumping down to the awnings below. Then they jump to the  
street.

Now the wagons roll forward. Hank Johnson and Chance are  
driving.

## IN THE BACK OF THE WAGONS

Clem takes a bucket of horse manure and lights it on fire.  
The Parson lifts the canvas and Clem tosses it on the street.

Smilin' Bob and Fella do the same thing from the other wagon.

## FELLA

Whoo eee! Look at them gunslingin'  
reptiles! They're prepared for everything  
'cept clean laundry and flamin' horse  
manure!

## ON THE STREET

Even more of a melee, with plumes of rancid black smoke rising, burning laundry and Dracs and Banditos slipping in the horse manure.

Tom Trouble runs low to the ground, dives, tumbles, rolls and comes up shooting. Luck follows behind - a little less flashy.

Grelch walks to the center of the intersection and bellows.

GRELCH

Zol-tar!

A slight waft separates the fog of manure smoke.

ZOLTAR

(in Drac)

I'm right here.

Zoltar and Grelch both point their photon repeaters at each other's heads. Stand off.

CH-CHNK! Off to the side, Blark raises his hydrogen shotgun.

TOM TROUBLE

Zoltar watch out!

Zoltar turns. A gush of water cascades onto Blark's hydrogen shotgun and causes it to short out. There's a HISSS as STEAM rises. Up above, the Townfolk have formed a fire brigade.

Grelch FIRES! But Zoltar is gone.

Then THWACK! An arrow impales Blark in the chest. Blark drops the shotgun and falls to the ground.

Trapper Steve jumps up on the wagon seat and yells.

TRAPPER STEVE

Injuns!

CHANCE

Thanks, Steve. We can see that.

The Indians come swooping and WHOOPING from the east side of town. They drive the Dracs into retreat.

## MEANWHILE, ON THE WEST SIDE

The Dooley Boys are just now riding into town. The stagecoach stops and Dooley peaks out from the curtain.

DALTON DOOLEY  
What's going on?

SWEET PEA SALAZAR  
Some kind of fracas, boss.

They don't see The Kid and Abby sneaking up on the stagecoach from behind. The Kid carries a burlap sack and climbs up on the rear wheel and TAPS on the window.

Dooley opens the window and The Kid throws the sack in.

There's a loud REEEOORRRGHH! from the stagecoach. The door opens and Dalton Dooley jumps out followed by a frantic CAT.

Next, Abby hands a slingshot to The Kid. He loads a pebble and whacks one of the stagecoach horses. The horse team bolts with the stagecoach, leaving Dalton Dooley on his knees in the road.

CIDER CITY/CENTER A' TOWN

Meanwhile, Chance places a case of dynamite in a wagon and climbs up into the buck seat. He drives the wagon towards the intersection at full speed.

When the speed is up, Chance climbs onto one of the horses and unhitches the team. He tosses a match into the wagon causing the canvas to FLAME UP. Chance and the horses veer off as the flaming wagon rolls ahead...

...into the path of the runaway stagecoach. The wagon broadsides the stagecoach and EXPLODES, raining wood and splinters and sparks down on everybody. The stagecoach horses break free and run.

It's quiet, suddenly. Just splinters and ashes wafting down.

Luck, Trouble and Chance fan out to flush out the remaining bad guys. They come across Jorge and Gonzalez going at it with Injun Joe and Crazy Cloud. They're pushing each other back and forth like school kids.

Injun Joe shoves Jorge. Jorge shoves Injun Joe back.

KA BLAM! Chance shoots his Henry Rifle in the air.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Cut it out, boys! We got a Martian war party to deal with.

INJUN JOE  
They're trying to take our land!

JORGE

We just want your especial herbs!

Crazy Cloud dusts himself off. Injun Joe translates

CRAZY CLOUD

(in Apache)

Is that all you wanted? How much do you need? You got a pipe?

GONZALEZ

(sheepish)

No, the other especial herb.

TOM TROUBLE

Hey, guys, we're bein' invaded by Martians here. Do you think this could wait? How about a little focus?

Tom gets up close to Injun Joe and Jorge. He punches them in the shoulders and shakes them like a football coach.

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

Come on now. Who're we gonna fight?

INJUN JOE

Martians!

JORGE

Martians!

TOM TROUBLE (cont'd)

Who are we gonna kill?

JORGE

Martians!

INJUN JOE

Martians!

CHK! CHK! Chance cocks his rifle.

CHANCE

Well, what are we waitin' for, boys?

MEANWHILE

Zoltar walks to the middle of the intersection and looks in all four directions. Smoke rises in the b.g.

GRELCH

Zoltar.

Zoltar turns, hand on gun. His brother walks out on the west side and faces him.

ZOLTAR

Grelch.

DALTON DOOLEY

Snake Eye.

Zoltar turns, ready to draw. It's Dalton Dooley facing him down from the east side.

ZOLTAR

Dooley.

The double showdown proceeds. Both adversaries stare at Zoltar, gun hands twitching. Zoltar is in the middle.

Abby and The Kid come upon the showdown.

THE KID

Zoltar!

That breaks the tension and both Grelch and Dooley draw and fire. BLAM! PZZZZT! Zoltar drops to the ground. Grelch's shot wings Dooley. Dooley's shot grazes Grelch.

Grelch has a second photon repeater. He dives and blasts Zoltar, but misses. Zoltar fires but misses the running Grelch.

BLARK

Zoltar.

Zoltar turns to face the barrel of Blark's hydrogen shotgun.

BLARK (cont'd)

(in Drac)

Time to-

A tomahawk slams into Blark's chest. His eyes roll over. Zoltar looks back. Injun Joe pumps his fist.

Suddenly, a photon bullet EXPLODES within inches of Zoltar. Zoltar rolls and aims at Grelch.

CLICK! Zoltar pulls the other gun. CLICK. They both need to be recharged.

Grelch sees his chance. He rises invincible with repeaters drawn as Zoltar ducks and rolls behind a trough. Grelch FIRES. Zoltar rolls. Grelch FIRES! Zoltar rolls.

THE KID

Zoltar!

The Kid throws a shotgun. Zoltar catches it and

KA-BLOOM!. Zoltar empties the shotgun into Grelch. Grelch drops. His eyes grow wide. He raises his hand.

GRELCH  
(in Drac)  
The ring.

BENTLEY (V.O.)  
Not in this life, butthole!

SMASH TO:

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bentley is actually smiling.

BAXTER CRABBE  
Why, that's exactly what Zoltar said. I think you might be gettin' a feel for story tellin'.

Embarrassed Bentley buries his head in his laptop again.

BENTLEY  
Shotgun patterns are effective up to a range of fifty five yards in low humidity.

DISSOLVE TO:

CIDER CITY - THE FIGHT CONTINUES

Zoltar rises and stands over his brother. The light fades from Grelch's evil eyes. Then a shadow falls across his face.

DALTON  
This is my town, Snake Eye.

Zoltar turns to see Dalton Dooley casting the shadow. Dooley lifts his gun.

ABBY  
Zoltar! Watch-

Sheriff John Luck suddenly comes diving through the air like a flying freight train. He flattens Dooley, knocking him back a good ten yards. The gun flies out of Dooley's hand.

Luck straddles Dooley with his gun pointed right between Dooley's beady eyes.



SHERIFF LUCK

I had about all of you I can take,  
Dooley.

DALTON DOOLEY

You got me this time, Sheriff. Go ahead  
and take the shot.

It's not like Luck doesn't consider it. He stares at Dooley  
for a few long seconds. Zoltar walks up beside Luck.

SHERIFF LUCK

I'm placing you under arrest. That's good  
enough for me.

EL DIABLO

I'll take the shot, Meester Sheriff.

Now Luck turns and sees El Diablo lifting his shotgun.

EL DIABLO (cont'd)

You are some tough hombres. Too bad you -

WHIP WHIP WHIP WHOOSH. A lasso wraps up El Diablo. Chance  
reels him in. Tom Trouble sees two Dracs approaching. He  
raises his gun to shoot - but Zoltar stops him.

The Dracs embrace Zoltar. Bear hugs and back-slapping all  
around. A lot of brow-wiping and pointing at Grelch.

Luck, Trouble and Chance are amazed. The Dracs all look  
relieved. They babble in Drac as Injun Joe walks up. Zoltar  
explains in Apache and Injun Joe translates.

INJUN JOE

They said they are glad their leader is  
dead and do you have a restroom they  
could use?

THE KID (O.S.)

(yelling)

Abner's comin'!

Everyone looks up. The Kid has climbed the lookout tower.

Then a BUGLE call in the distance. Dudududududu DU DOO DOO DO  
DO dooo.

KAREN (O.S.)

Bentley?

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Karen sticks her head up through the hatch.

KAREN

Honey? Everything's fine. You have a new cousin. We gotta get you to bed now.

BENTLEY

But the story's not over yet!

BAXTER CRABBE

You can finish it yourself... as your book report.

Bentley is quiet.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)

What's wrong, son?

BENTLEY

I can't tell that story at school. It's your story.

BAXTER CRABBE

Sure you can. I'm givin' it to you. You can keep it right in-

Baxter tousles Bentley's hair.

BAXTER CRABBE (cont'd)

...there. You can mix it around as much as you want. It's your campfire story now. Just remember the secret ingredient.

Baxter taps his heart. Bentley nods and walks to his mother. He glances back at Baxter as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT VALLEY - DAY

It's Abner riding in the buckseat of a blue stage coach! The driver is a UNION SOLDIER.

There's an official seal on the side of the stage. It says:  
Department of Homestead Security

Abner waves his hat.

ABNER

It looks like we're arriving just in the nick of time!

The stagecoach comes rattling into town and stops. The door opens and TWO MEN IN SUITS peer out nervously.

ABNER (cont'd)  
You're gonna be alright now, by Lordy. I brought the men from Homestead Security!

SHERIFF LUCK  
Why, that's great, Abner. And what a fine job they've done to this point!

The men step out of the stage. The shorter of the two dusts off his suit and straightens his tie. He turns to Luck.

WALTER PRAPP  
Walter Prapp. And this is Ralston  
Goodnight. We're from the Government and we're here to help.

SHERIFF LUCK  
I can see that.

Abner looks around. Indians and Banditos and Townfolk stand dusting themselves off. It's funny, but now all of a sudden The Kid is wearing wire rim glasses.

ABNER  
It looks like the ammunition exchange has concluded.

WALTER PRAPP  
Where's our local contractor?

SHERIFF LUCK  
He's right over there, fellows.

Luck points. Both Dooley and El Diablo are tied back to back with gags in their mouths.

DALTON DOOLEY  
Mmmmmmp!

EL DIABLO  
Mmmmmmp!

SHERIFF LUCK  
We had a little help from a gunfighter from Mars. Did you know that surface conditions on the planet were actually conducive to humanoid life forms?

ABBY

And that these Martian fellows are able to successfully calculate the Mars to Earth trajectory of deep space launch vehicles?

But by now, the Government Men have discovered Zoltar because he's staring right at them with a little smirk on his face.

ZOLTAR

Whuppin' contest.

The Government Men are astonished. They're turning in circles, trying to comprehend what has transpired. They look for something familiar.

The grinning Banditos and Indians are celebrating with the backslapping Townfolk.

RALSTON GOODNIGHT

How did you get these all of these aliens to surrender?

SHERIFF LUCK

It was sort of a group effort.

TOM TROUBLE

No need to be shy about it. You know what we just accomplished here today in little ole Cider City?

RALSTON GOODNIGHT

What would that be?

BENTLEY (V.O.)

We just saved the whole damn planet!

SMASH TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The class ERUPTS INTO CHEERS.

MISS PENDERGAST

Bentley, please watch your language.

Bentley catches Amy batting her eyes at him as he opens his laptop.

A NEW SLIDE: Engineering blueprint of a Martian Attack Pod. Details include a toilet, space-cooled Sasparilla storage bin, and a dust filtration system.

BENTLEY

This is a cross-section of the attack pod that the government agents took back in the stagecoach. It's kept in a top secret basement room in the Smith-solian Museum next to the Roswell aliens.

MISS PENDERGAST

Well that's quite a story, Bentley. I'm not sure what to say. Class, are there any questions for Bentley?

It seems like every hand shoots up. STEVEN waves wildly.

MISS PENDERGAST (cont'd)

Oh! Er... Steven.

STEVEN

What's natural male enhancement?

An inquisitive silence descends as the class looks to Bentley for the answer. Just as Bentley begins to open his mouth...

MISS PENDERGAST

Well, my goodness, it looks like we're out of time today, class. Let's all thank Bentley for his excellent report.

The class breaks into APPLAUSE. One by one they stand up until he's got a full blown ovation. Bentley accepts it all with a triumphant little smirk.

And now Steven's hand goes up one more time.

STEVEN

Did Zoltar ever go back to Mars?

Bentley blinks. He glances at Miss Pendergast.

BENTLEY

Well...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARS RANCH - DAY

Zoltar steps to the line and surveys the court, ball in hand. He adjusts his sweatband, and rears back to serve, when...

SHA-NAY (O.S.)

Zol-tar!

Zoltar grins sheepishly at his Drac teammates. Duty calls.

Two teams of Dracs are in the old ceremonial fighting pit - now converted to a volleyball court.

ZOLTAR  
(in Drac)  
Sorry, fellas.

He tosses the ball to a teammate and heads home with a wave.

He passes a group of friends roasting hot dogs next to a row of Attack Pod hot tubs full of super-relaxed Dracs smoking cigars. They all wave.

Zoltar comes up to the main house - a nice place with smoke wafting from the chimney. A pregnant Sha-Nay waits for him on the porch, staring at the sky.

EXT./INT. MARS RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zoltar climbs the steps and gives Sha-Nay a kiss.

SHA-NAY  
(in Drac)  
The weather is clearing. I think there's  
a launch window for the next six hours.

Zoltar puts his arm around his wife and pats her belly. The Sultan's ring GLINTS in the setting sun.

ZOLTAR  
Then let's get this show on the road.

They turn and walk into the house.

Zoltar goes to a contraption on a table. It's like a hand cranked telegraph machine with spiralling antennas.

The sign on the machine says:  
Earth-to-Mars Telegraph  
Patent Pending

Zoltar sits at the keypad. Sha-Nay starts turning the crank.

We zoom in to Zoltar's hands tapping out the Morse code. Then we're INTO THE MACHINE, as synapses spark and pulse up through the antenna. The glowing plasma of dots and dashes shoots out into space, through the asteroid belt, past the moon, down through the Earth's atmosphere, and then down, down, down until we reach...

EXT. CIDER CITY - CONTINUOUS

A town celebration is in progress. A MARIACHI BAND plays while all the Townfolk mingle and backslap.

There's a corn boil over here. A taco stand over there. There's Indian food and even a "Martian Dessert Shack". And yes, those are Dracs in cowboy hats serving up Horse Manure Pie to Clem and Cyrus.

There's also pony rides and games like the "Tomahawk Toss" and pinata busting, where long lines wait to be ripped off by Injun Joe, Paco, and Gonzalez.

Abner strolls arm in arm with the Widder Peck.

ABNER

Did I ever tell you about the time that we encountered a one-legged-

WIDDER PECK

Abner, shut your trap.

And across the street, where Widder Peck's corner store once stood, there's a new "Last Chance Oats and Likker.

Here comes Chance now, walking out of the oats store toward the town square where the center of attention is a shiny new Conestoga Wagon.

The wagon has an advertising banner on the side that says:  
Tom Trouble's Wild West Shootin Exhibishun  
featurin Fo-ton Repeaters from Mars

Tom Trouble walks around from behind the wagon, all clean and dazzling. But now he sports a magnificent handlebar mustache.

TOM TROUBLE

You sure you don't want to join my show,  
Chance? You're the best roper around.

CHANCE

I got my hands full here, Tom.

And here come Luck and Abby walking arm in arm. They meet up with Tom Trouble and Chance and now we see...

A Martian Attack Pod loaded into a sling and ready for launch. A little wooden step leads up to the entry hatch. "Pioneer One" is painted on the pod.

Above that is a banner: "First Earth to Mars X-change Mission"

Abby looks at Luck.

ABBY

Let's go see if he's ready.

Abby steers Luck to a small building next door. There's a sign painted in kid-printing hanging next to the door.

It says: "SCIENCE FASILITY - KEEP OUT!"

Abby TAPS LIGHTLY and opens the door. She and Luck enter.

INT. SCIENCE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

It's a lab full of test tubes and microscopes. A photon repeater lies partially disassembled on a table.

A Martian attack pod is submerged in a water tank. The sign says: "High Pressure Undersea Pod." The gauge shows the "tensile strength" arrow fluctuating in the red zone.

In another corner a sign hangs over an "Earth-to-Mars Telegraph" machine. The telegraph is CLICKING away.

Oblivious, the furrow-browed Kid works at a table wearing a lab coat. He pours a smoking liquid into a beaker.

Luck puts his hand on his shoulder. The Kid looks up.

SHERIFF LUCK

You've got a message coming in.

The Kid sets the beaker down and scurries over to the telegraph. He listens intently as he scribbles on a pad.

Abby looks at Luck and beams.

ABBY

Who knew he was so smart?

The Kid picks up a leather space helmet with built-in goggles and puts it on. The goggles steam up immediately.

THE KID

We've got a launch window verification.

OUTSIDE ON THE STREET

Luck, Abby and The Kid emerge from the building like they're leading an astronaut to an Apollo launch.

TRAPPER STEVE

Here he comes!



The music stops and the people break into APPLAUSE as they lead The Kid down a gauntlet of Townfolk and then up the steps to the pod. Tom and Luck help The Kid climb in.

ABBY

Now you be careful.

THE KID

There's a ninety-four percent probability  
that I'll return safely.

Abner suddenly appears, limp-stomping across the street.

ABNER

You never think about the senior  
citizens, now do you? We brought  
somethin' for the trip.

Abner hands The Kid a big iron pot with a calico cover.

ABNER (cont'd)

I made a big mess a' beans.

SHERIFF LUCK

I'll bet you did, Abner.

And then Luck steps up and hands The Kid his Henry Rifle.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

Thought you might want this just in case.  
No matter what the probability.

The Kid nods.

SHERIFF LUCK (cont'd)

Ready, son?

The Kid checks all the dials and gauges.

THE KID

All systems are go.

The Kid gives thumbs up. Chance shakes his hand and closes the hatch. He TAPS on the hatch twice. Then the crowd stands back as Luck slices the rope with his Bowie knife.

WHOOOSH. The pod shoots off into the Technicolor blue sky.

They all watch the pod leaving the atmosphere.

ABNER

That little feller's got some big ole  
balls on him.

Luck puts his arm around Abby and smiles.

SHERIFF LUCK  
Ain't that the truth.

The MARIACHI MUSIC begins again as the pod recedes into the stratosphere, going, going, gone.

FADE OUT