



SHOOT ME

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FADE IN:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - SMALL MEXICAN TOWN

Surrounded by dust, desert and cacti for as far as the eye can see, a small town dominates the view.

Within it, a tavern, a jail, and the centre of focus:

THE LOCAL BANK, signed as "EL BANCO LOCAL".

SUPER: 1917, Somewhere near the Mexican-American Border.

INT. MEXICAN BANK - "EL BANCO LOCAL"

The bank is to be as expected, TWO TELLERS, ONE GUARD, a DOOR to the BACK, and a few overheating CUSTOMERS in the queue.

The two tellers seem uncomfortable, they share a look, then glance beyond their customers to a MAN swaying in the queue.

This is "JUAN-PAOLO". SPHERICAL, SHORT and BALDING, He has a wonderfully glorious MOUSTACHE.

He undulates from side to side, occasionally hiccupping.

The GUARD sizes him up, unsure as to intervene, he's not doing anything wrong... yet.

Juan-Paolo takes out a PAPER BAGGED BOTTLE from beneath his jacket. Realising the vessel is empty, he despairs.

He leaves the queue and shuffles over to a bench opposite the DOOR to the BACK and begins to lay down.

Opposite him there is another bench, and upon it sits:

"JAMES", he is YOUNGER and more PRETTY, he has a wonderfully glorious PONYTAIL. He hugs a BRIEFCASE and wears a SUIT.

MEXICAN BANK GUARD

Hey, you can't lay down there.

JUAN-PAOLO begins to quietly hum, then a bit louder.

The tellers shorten their queue by one customer each, who both hurriedly leave, past the now quietly singing man.

MEXICAN BANK GUARD (CONT'D)

You old coot, I'm talking to you.

There is now only one customer left, another MAN.

This is "ESTEBAN", he is TALL and TATTOOED, he has wonderfully glorious MUSCLES.

The unoccupied teller unlocks the door and comes through. Distracted by the now loudly singing man, he talks to James.

MEXICAN BANK TELLER
Yes sir, a large deposit was it?

JAMES
Something like that.

MEXICAN BANK GUARD
Come on, time to go Drinky, don't make me get The Sheriff.

MEXICAN BANK TELLER
Mind if we see what you've got, before we take you to the safe?

JAMES
Not at all.

With that he pops open the briefcase.

All that is inside is a REVOLVER. James picks it up and points it at the dumbfounded teller, at the same time he BLOCKS the open DOOR to the BACK with his foot.

Simultaneously, Esteban KNOCKS OUT the GUARD with a COSH.

Juan-Paolo, suddenly recovered from his stupor, brings out his own GUN and takes over guarding duties from James.

Juan-Paolo now looks like the shrewdest one of the bunch.

JUAN-PAOLO
Get in there, go!

James rushes in to the back, sticking up teller number two.

JAMES
Hands up against the bars!

He does as he is told. Juan-Paolo motions the other teller inside, while Esteban guards the front door.

JUAN-PAOLO
Open the safe, or I'll blow your brains out.

The teller fumbles nervously with an assortment of keys on his chain and begins to open the safe.

JÁMES
Faster, faster!

JUAN-PAOLO
Stay calm.

The teller opens it as quick as he can, Juan-Paolo motions him to put his hands on the bars next to his colleague.

Weaving the guard's handcuffs through the kiosk's bars, Esteban traps the two tellers.

MEXICAN BANK TELLER
You must be mad! This money belongs
to Pancho Villa!

On the name PANCHO VILLA being mentioned, all three brothers STOP what they're doing, SPIT and mutter an OBSCENITY.

JUAN-PAOLO
Pancho Villa?! That baboon?

Jámes slides all the cash, coins and jewellery and whatever else into the briefcase. Juan-Paolo begins to gag the men.

JÁMES
Got it, lets go!

Before he finishes gagging him-

MEXICAN BANK TELLER
How can you do this? Rob your own
countrymen?

JUAN-PAOLO
Oh we don't just rob Mexicans, as a
matter of fact, now, we head NORTH.

FADE TO BLACK AND WHITE:

EXT. THE DESERT - NEAR THE BORDER

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

The titles are in the style of SILENT ERA WESTERN MOVIES. Complete with **staccato frame rate**, grainy film stock, *black and white*, and of course, TITLE CARDS.

The Mexicans celebrate and ride their horses away from the town through the desert, shooting their guns in jubilation.

They ride towards a horizon of ridges with a dry RIVERBED dominating the centre, then they come across A HOUSE.

Esteban stops the others and points exaggeratedly in the classic silent film style, as something has caught his eye.

A handmade painted SIGN in the home-owner's land. It states:

"NO MEXCANS!"

Juan-Paolo and James mime their deep shock and offence.

Esteban doesn't take kindly to it either, jumping from his horse, he rips it from the earth and breaks it over his knee.

A BLONDE MAN now comes running wildly out of the house, brandishing a shotgun and shaking his fist.

It's too late however, as Esteban is back on his horse.

The three men laugh theatrically and ride off, leaving the blonde home-owner beside himself with anger.

Juan-Paolo leads the charge, he stops at the crest of a ridge and silently gesticulates-

TITLE CARD
TO AMERICA!

END MAIN TITLES.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - SMALL AMERICAN TOWN

RETURN TO NORMAL CINEMA STYLE:

The same similar buildings as before dot the arid landscape, but this time they have their signs in ENGLISH.

The sound of walking HOOVES can be heard.

Centre focus is this time a TAVERN, signed as "THE PARLOR".

Beyond it stands a grand STAGECOACH, with connected HORSES.

The hooves get louder, as their source comes into view.

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS:

A MAN'S BOOTS, in the stirrups.

His GLOVED HANDS, holding the reins.

His six shot REVOLVER in its holster.

His HAT, lowered, so that can be seen is his CIGAR.

END CLOSE UPS.

Seeing him from BEHIND, the man jumps from his horse and ties it up, he wanders up to the door of the Parlor.

INT. PARLOR

LOOKING OUT. His hat and cigar appear over the shutter doors.

Without yet looking up, he wrestles the cigar from his mouth, SPITS, and puts his hand on the door as if to come in.

The sounds from inside however, perturb him enough to stop.

He tantalisingly slowly raises his hat. Finally his FACE can be seen. Contorted in a snarl, this stoic hero is "THE MAN".

The snarl doesn't stay for long though, whatever sounds and sights from beyond transmogrify his face into one of surprise, and perhaps even wonderment.

LOOKING IN. It is realised that it is in actuality a FILM SET. Some ACTORS off to one side, practice their motions. Some PAINTERS busy themselves with their vocation and so on.

The Man's gaze however is laser focused towards a stage. Stood upon it is a WOMAN, she is BLONDE and BEAUTIFUL.

She wears NOTHING, except for the AMERICAN FLAG.

Quite risqué for 1917 you may think, however the flag drapes over her entirety, covering her from NECK to ANKLE.

The stars and stripes cling to her figure provocatively.

She is posing, smiling for a CAMERA, being operated with intense enthusiasm by a middle-aged DIRECTOR called "MACK".

She holds a TITLE CARD for the purpose of stating:

BUY YOUR WAR BONDS NOW!

MACK

That's it, just one more, and...
SMILE! Smile... FOR AMERICA!

She does her best for Old Glory.

MACK (CONT'D)

Perfect! ...And we're done!

The smile fades in an instant, her obligation fulfilled.