

The Duel

By

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EXT. FIELD, DAY.

Two cowboys, JESSE and WYATT, prepare for a shootout. The SHERIFF stands between them.

SHERIFF  
Alright boys. You know the score.  
May God have mercy on your souls.

He backs up and begins counting down.

SHERIFF  
Three...

JESSE  
Say yer prayers, Wyatt.

SHERIFF  
Two...

WYATT  
I'm gonna make ya pay fer what ya  
did.

SHERIFF  
DRAW!

Jesse draws and shoots Wyatt in the shoulder. Jesse looks triumphant but is interrupted by Wyatt, still standing.

WYATT  
Hold up now.

Jesse looks surprised and annoyed that Wyatt hasn't died.

WYATT  
He didn't say "one."

JESSE  
What?

WYATT  
He just went "Three,two,draw!" He  
didn't say the one! It threw off my  
whole concentration!

Jesse can't believe what he's hearing.

JESSE  
Tough titties. I shot ya.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Nah, man. Let's go again. Two out of three. Two out of three.

JESSE

Two out of three? Yer bleeding out!

WYATT

What are ya, lily-livered?

He starts stretching his arms like he's just pulled a muscle. Jesse stares for a minute, then shakes it off.

JESSE

Fine.

They reposition themselves and Sheriff begins the countdown.

SHERIFF

Three... two...

WYATT

I'm gonna make you pay for what ya-

SHERIFF

Draw!

Jesse shoots Wyatt a second time.

WYATT

Ow! Son of a bitch! C'mon, man! I thought we agreed you were gonna say "one!"

JESSE

He said it the same way he did last time, you ass!

WYATT

Which is wrong! He's supposed to say one!

He thinks for a second.

WYATT

Where's the rulebook?

JESSE

Are you kidding me?

WYATT

I wanna see a GODDAMN rulebook!

Cut to:

(CONTINUED)

Several minutes later. Wyatt, suffering from extreme blood loss, flips through some sheets of rules similar to what comes in a board game, labeled "Official Cowboy Rules."

WYATT

Look, see, it says right here.  
"Official shall count down from three to one and said countdown being complete shall proceed to commence the duel with the word 'Draw.'" Whatdya say to that ya cowardly sack of weasel turds?

JESSE

Wyatt, you're holding a blank piece of paper.

WYATT

QUESTION STILL STANDS! Are ya gonna face me or not!

Jesse makes an "It's On" face.

Cut to:

A series of jump-cuts. A gunshot is heard each time as Jesse continues to shoot Wyatt and Wyatt makes excuses.

SHERIFF

Draw!

WYATT

The sun was in my eyes!

SHERIFF

Draw!

WYATT

Whoops! Dropped my gun!

SHERIFF

Draw!

WYATT

My fingers were crossed! That one doesn't count!

SHERIFF

Draw!

This time, Jesse's bullet flies over Wyatt's shoulder, to Wyatt's surprise and glee.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Hey! That one actually missed me-

Jesse fires again, knocking Wyatt to the ground and killing him. Jesse walks over to him with a mix of pride and regret.

JESSE

Wow, I can't believe I actually did it. Happy trails, you sorry sonofa-

Wyatt opens his eyes, jumps up and runs away.

WYATT

If anyone asks, I won this!

As he runs into the sunset, stereotypical western music begins to play as text appears on the screen:

"Wyatt 'Lady Hands' McCreedy managed to survive the wounds he sustained in the shootout now universally recognized as 'The Stupidest Moment in the Wild West.' He would be killed later that day trying to win a fist fight with what he thought to be President Chester A. Arthur but was actually just two coyotes fighting over an old boot."