



EXT. OUTSIDE NEW TOMBSTONE - MORNING

The sun peaks over a mesa as a heard of wild mustangs run wild through the dusty terrain.

Wild and free, the mustangs tear up the earth as their muscles glisten in the sunlight. Suddenly, the horses break right and avoid the rusted out remains of a car. The car has long since been abandoned and the state of it shows that it's been there for decades.

The mustangs turn again and run past the ruins of a once very modern city, now left to be reclaimed by the environment. Office buildings, stores, and gas stations all reduced down to their barely recognisable facades.

Tucked in the shadows of one of the ruined buildings is a less derelict structure. This one is still in use. There is a solar powered LED sign out front that barely works but amazingly still does. It reads "COFFIN FILLERS BOUNTY HUNTING SERVICE".

INT. COFFIN FILLERS - CONTINUOUS

MR. DARREN sits behind his desk. The years have not been kind to him and the stress of it all makes him look a lot older than he actually is.

Reading a file, Mr. Darren removes a pouch from his jacket pocket. He opens the pouch and pulls out some rolling papers and begins to roll himself a cigarette.

The file he's reading shows some disturbing photos. Many of are dead men that are missing their heads. The ones that still have their heads, have nooses around them.

Lighting his cigarette, Mr. Darren sits back in his chair and thinks. He could be thinking about the file he's been reading or what he did wrong with his life to end up where he is.

Whatever Mr. Darren was thinking about gets suddenly interrupted by his receptionist, Darla. The beautifully busty woman doesn't knock but almost blooms into the room. Mr. Darren would be happy to see her if it wasn't for the very annoyed look on her face.

MR. DARREN
(concerned)
What is it, Darla?

DARLA
(annoyed)
He's back.

Mr. Darren stiffens in his chair and instinctively reaches for his six-shooter that is holstered near his desk.



MR. DARREN
Who's back?

DARLA
Him.
(a beat)
Red!

Mr. Darren shakes his head and relaxes. He pushes the gun back into the holster with an annoyed energy. He takes another drag from his cigarette and slowly rises from his chair. The joints of his body not liking his sudden movement.

MR. DARREN
Where's the damn fool now?

Darla just shakes her head annoyed.

EXT. COFFIN FILLERS - CONTINUOUS

A filthy, but handsome face of RED RUSTY smiles.

RED
Now, boys, I'd just like to speak to Mr. Darren. We don't need to go through all this.

Two beefy security guards square up with Red. One of the guards has a busted lip and the other is holding his ear in pain. There is a third security guard laying on his side in the dirt holding his balls and gritting his teeth in pain.

RED (CONT'D)
I don't want no trouble!

BUSTED LIP SECURITY GUARD
Then why did you kick Barry in the balls, Red?

EAR PAIN SECURITY GUARD
Him and his misses are trying to have a kid!

Red softens and looks at the downed security guard with a smile.

RED
Awww. Barry! Congrats, son! Are you hoping for a boy or a girl? You seem like the type that wouldn't care as long as it's healthy.

BARRY
(in pain)
Fuck you, Red!

Red laughs and shakes his head.



RED

Well, that's not going to get you a kid, Barry. I think you need a lesson in biology.

Sick of his quips, the other two security guards rush Red. His smile quickly fades as he becomes deadly serious. He dodges a punch and lands an elbow to the temple of the guard with a busted lip which knocks him out instantly.

The other guard spear tackles Red to the ground. Red shows his expertise in fighting by using the guard's momentum against him and locking him in a guillotine chokehold. The guard tries to fight out of it but quickly succumbs to the hold and passes out.

Mr. Darren kicks open the front door and storms out onto the steps of the building.

MR. DARREN

(angry)

Red! God damn it! Let him go!

Red looks up and smiles at Mr. Darren. He lets the guard go who falls face first into the dirt to continue his nap.

RED

Howdy, Mr. Darren. Good to see you.

Darla comes out of the door as well and glares at Red.

RED (CONT'D)

(tips his hat)

Oh hey, Darla. Aren't you just a pretty picture.

Darla is not impressed with him and gives him the finger. Red smiles and shakes his head.

RED (CONT'D)

Always playing hard to get.

Barry starts to get to his feet as Red walks towards Mr. Darren. He goes to grab Red.

MR. DARREN

That's ok, Barry. Let him in.

Red turns to Barry and looks him in the eyes.

RED

See? I told you he'd be happy to see me.

BARRY

I'm still going to kick your ass, Red.



RED

Now, why would you say something like that?

Red doesn't hesitate and kicks Barry in the balls again. Barry screams in pain and falls to the ground.

Laughing to himself, Red walks up to Mr. Darren, who is not impressed. Mr. Darren doesn't take his eyes off Barry. Red looks back and Barry is throwing up from the pain.

MR. DARREN

You KNOW he's trying to have a kid with his missus.

RED

I was just mixing up the batter.

Red tips his hat at Darla as he walks inside.

DARLA

Can't you just shoot him?

Mr. Darren laughs and spits on the ground.

MR. DARREN

Don't think I haven't thought of it, love. But I made a promise to his pappy to look after the son of a bitch.

DARLA

What's a promise to a dead man when it brings us nothing but a living hell?

Mr. Darren nods. He points to Barry.

MR. DARREN

See if you can rustle up some ice for Barry. I don't want to face his wife if he can't assist her in producing a kid.

Darla sighs.

DARLA

He'd be lucky to get it up again after that kick.

Darla leaves Mr. Darren on the steps. He nods at what she said. He kicks the step and walks back inside very annoyed.

INT. COFFIN FILLERS - CONTINUOUS

Red has made himself at home with his feet up on Mr. Darren's desk.



When Mr. Darren walks into the office, he grunts with displeasure at Red. He walks over and roughly slaps Red's feet off his desk.

Mr. Darren plops down in his chair and stares at Red. They share an uncomfortable silence as neither man wants to break.

This is obviously a game that they have played many times.

To annoy Mr. Darren, Red starts to clear his nose and throat with a disgusting sound. Mr. Darren can't take much of this disgusting noise and slams his hand on his desk.

MR. DARREN

Why are you here god damnit?! The last I heard you were hold up in some whore house working as a bar hand.

RED

I was, but that scene got old real quick.

MR. DARREN

Most men dream of retiring to something like that.

RED

I ain't ready to retire yet.

Silence once again fills the air. Mr. Darren knows why Red is here but he doesn't want to have this discussion again. He was sworn to protect the boy, it didn't mean he had to like him.

RED (CONT'D)

I want to be a bounty..

Mr. Darren once again slams his hands on the desk.

MR. DARREN

No god damnit! We've had this talk time and time again! I ain't putting you on as no god damn bounty hunter!

A beat.

RED

...hunter.

MR. DARREN

(angry)

Boy, I swear you were put on this earth by the god damn devil himself just to annoy me.



RED

Well, I don't know about that. I think I give Darla a bit more hell than you.

(leaning back and yelling out the door.)

Ain't that right, darlin'?

DARLA (O.S.)

Go fuck yourself, Red.

Red laughs and looks back at Mr. Darren.

RED

The mouth on her. I can't believe you allow that sort of talk with a person in your employ.

MR. DARREN

We hunt people, Red. A little vulgarity is allowed.

RED

So, who's my first bounty?

Mr. Darren's face turns red as his blood boils in rage and frustration. He tries to speak a few times but nothing comes out because of his flustered state. He looks to his holstered gun and for a minute, he almost considers taking Red out and ending his own misery. He finally thinks better of it.

MR. DARREN

When I swore to your pappy...

RED

(rolling his eyes)

Oh here we go.

MR. DARREN

No, god damnit, you'll listen. Your pappy knew that someone was coming for him. Him and I were friends since we were knee high to grasshopper so I didn't ask questions. He asked me to look after you and when the old fool got himself and your momma killed, I did just that.

The mention of Red's parents immediately drained any sass from Red's demeanour. All Red felt now was rage.

RED

I know what happened, you old son of a bitch, but watch what you say about my father.



Mr. Darren, realising that he might have crossed the line, raises his hands.

MR. DARREN

Calm down, boy. I'm just trying to make a point. I can't put you on as no bounty hunter because that would violate the promise I made.

Red bites his bottom lip in rage and sits back in his chair.

MR. DARREN (CONT'D)

Besides, I have more men than I know what to do with and I could...

DARLA (O.C.)

(shocked)

OH NO!

Mr. Darren and Red look towards the door as Darla runs in.

MR. DARREN

What is it?

DARLA

They're dead.

MR. DARREN

Who?

DARLA

Travis, John, and Kent.

MR. DARREN

Fuck me! All three?

DARLA

I just got the e-gram.

Mr. Darren slams his fist into the desk and curses under his breath.

MR. DARREN

I'll make sure that son of a bitch swings for this! Better yet, I'll make sure he gets an ounce of lead between his fucking eyes!

Red looks back and forth.

RED

Who's the hombre that could take out three of your men?

MR. DARREN

This ain't time for games, son.



RED (CONT'D)
What's this?

MR. DARREN
(to Darla)
Honey, could you do up some
official paperwork for the pecker
head here, please?

Darla nods and leaves.

RED
(holding up the device)
What is this? And don't think I
didn't hear the "pecker head" part.

MR. DARREN
That is a Bounty Industries
Logistic Liaison or BILL. It's a
GPS, communication device, and it's
connected to our database here.
It'll train you in the ways of our
industry and give you all the
information you need.

RED
Fancy.

MR. DARREN
Put it on.

Red places it on his wrist and grimaces as it pinches closed
on his wrist.

RED
Why does it hurt?

BILL
Because I inserted a probe into
your bloodstream so I can monitor
your vitals.

RED
Oh shit. It talks.

BILL
I sure do, pecker head.

RED
(To Mr. Darren)
It just called me "pecker head".

BILL
That is what our database has you
listed as...
(a beat)
Pecker head.



Red looks at Mr. Darren who laughs.

MR. DARREN
Darla thought it was funny.

RED
Can you change it?

MR. DARREN
Yes. But I don't think I will.

RED
Asshole.

BILL
You watch your lip, pecker head, or
I'll give you directions off a
cliff. I'll survive...will you?

RED
(Looking at Mr. Darren)
What the hell?

BILL
You'll treat the boss with respect,
pecker head.

RED
(to Mr. Darren)
It's like having you on my wrist.

MR. DARREN
Think about that when you want to
jerk off next.

BILL
There'll be none of that! And don't
think about getting with no ladies
either. I'll tell them you need the
watch because you're always early,
if you catch my drift.

Red starts to wonder what he's gotten himself into as Mr.
Darren gets up from his chair.

MR. DARREN
Ok, Red. Sorry. Mr. Pecker Wood.
You're on the books now. But you
ain't no bounty hunter yet. You
will need to take BILL here out and
do exactly what he says. He'll get
you up to speed and then we'll give
you your first bounty.

RED
I'm ready now.



BILL

BOY! You're ready when I say you are.

RED

Shut up, watch!

BILL

Watch? You good for nothing little shit!

RED

Jesus. Is there a way to turn the personality off?

MR. DARREN

(laughing)

Yes. Now, on you go.

RED

God damnit.

BILL

Language.

RED

(sarcastic)

This is the start of a beautiful friendship.

Mr. Darren laughs and shakes his head, he slaps Red on the back a bit harder than he should.

MR. DARREN

I'll get Darla to wire 600 Cayuse-Coin to your account. She'll also give you a hunter's case. It'll have some fun shit in it.

RED

Hot damn.

Red tips his hat to Mr. Darren and turns to leave. Mr. Darren puts his big hand on Red's shoulder and turns him around roughly.

MR. DARREN

Don't make me regret this, Red.

Red shrugs off Mr. Darren's hand.

RED

The only regret you'll have is wondering why you didn't do it sooner.

(a beat)

And maybe that hair cut.



Red smiles and walks off.

Mr. Darren looks at his gun and then the door.

MR. DARREN

One bullet. No one would miss him.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE NEW TOMBSTONE - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful, but older looking horse, is tied to a post drinking from a trough.

Red runs up with a black case under his arm.

RED

Wilbur! You'll never guess what happened?

The horse picks its head up from the trough. Water dripping off its long face. There is a cybernetic collar around the horse's neck.

Wilbur looks at him, neighs, and some LEDs light up on the side of the collar.

WILBUR

You found a bevy of horse hotties that want to get down with this experienced stud? And that box is full of condoms?

Red is taken back by his response.

RED

No, man.

(shakes it off)

Mr. Darren finally made me a hunter!

Wilbur nods and takes another drink of water. He looks at Red.

WILBUR

Have to admit though, if I was right, that would have been kinda cool.

RED

For you. Not like I'd want to watch you bang some horse chicks.

WILBUR

(laughs)

Why would you watch?



RED
(stammering)
I..I...

WILBUR
You're freaky, man.
(a beat)
Why did Mr. Darren finally give you
a shot?

RED
(puffing out his chest)
Because he knows that I'm over
qualified to do the work. He
practically begged me to do it.

WILBUR
(suspicious)
Really?

Red nods.

BILL
What a bunch of horse shit! The
boss let you play hunter because
three of his hunters got killed and
he needed another body.

A beat.

WILBUR
Is that true?

A beat.

RED
Yes. But I'm still on the team.

BILL
Until you probably end up shooting
yourself on accident.

WILBUR
We need to talk about that watch,
Red. I'm the only one that gets to
mock you.

BILL
Get used to it, glue factory. The
only way I'm coming off is if you
cut off dingle-berries hand here.

WILBUR
Lucky I don't have thumbs.

RED
(offended)
You didn't even hesitate.



Wilbur goes back to drinking water. Red looks at the watch.

RED (CONT'D)

Right. So, you have some wisdom you want to share with me?

BILL

Trying to share wisdom with you would be like spitting on a house fire.

A beat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Fucking pointless.

RED

Yeah, I got what you were saying.

BILL

Oh, because the look on your face suggested otherwise.

RED

You can see me?

BILL

Of course. Combine that with the picture of you I have on file and I conclude you are a no good mouth breather.

Red shakes his head and looks at Wilbur.

RED

It might be worth losing the hand.

Wilbur laughs and it blows bubbles in the water. He lifts his head.

WILBUR

Ah. You made the water go up my nose, dick!

BILL

I may not be able to teach you much, but maybe, just maybe, I can keep you alive for your first bounty.

RED

A good start.

BILL

Alright. Let's start with how bounties work.



RED
I already know this.

BILL
If you are going to interrupt me with your stupid, this is going to take forever. Can you just let me do my damn job?

Wilbur neighs and looks at Red.

WILBUR
I like him.

Red mouths "fuck you" to Wilbur and looks back at BILL.

RED
Fine. Get on with it.

BILL
Our network is linked with the national crime database in New DC. Crimes are recorded and bounties placed on criminals. Mr. Darren claims bounties and puts them out to the team. You can claim one bounty at a time and must complete it before you can claim another. Once confirmation of a bounty is made either by delivery of a living bounty to the law or proof of dead bounty by blood sample you will get the bounty in Cayuse-Coin in your account, minus a finders fee collected by Mr. Darren.

BILL is silent. Red waits for him to continue. Nothing happens.

RED
Is that it? Can we go get our first bounty?

BILL
That's a negative, pecker head. You need to complete four qualifying tasks before we can continue. I need to test your fitness, your riding, your shooting and your tracking. Which would you like to fail at first?

RED
(sarcastic)
Your confidence in me is astounding.



WILBUR

For what it's worth, Red. I think you'll only fail at like half of them.

Red looks at Wilbur with mock offence.

RED

The next time the hill mutants want to make you their bride...I'm going to let them.

Red walks off. Wilbur shakes his mane.

WILBUR

(worried)

Red? You're not really going to do that, are you? It's not funny, man! Those people are sick!

Red ignores him and keeps walking.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Red? Don't be a dick.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - RED'S TEST - START

Red is doing push-ups in the dirt, sweat is pouring off his brow. Each time he goes down his breath pushes a cloud of dirt into his face.

BILL

Ok, another fifty as a warm up and then we'll get into the hard stuff.

RED

(out of breath)

Great.

Red does some more.

Next, Red is sprinting across the sand.

BILL

SHOOTER! DOWN!

Red drops quickly to the ground.

BILL (CONT'D)

Clear! Up!

Red does a burpee and runs again.

Suddenly, Red is on Wilbur and they are at a full gallop weaving in and out of the trees.



Red is whipping Wilbur with his reigns to make him speed up. Wilbur stops suddenly and throws Red off.

RED
What the hell?

WILBUR
No! No whipping! I don't like it!

RED
Fine! I won't whip you.

WILBUR
I'm going down to the creek. I've had enough of this bullshit.

Wilbur trots off.

RED
Wilbur?

WILBUR
NO!

RED
Wilbur. Come on, man. Come back.

WILBUR
Go to hell.

Red sighs.

A rusty can sits on a post. A shot rings out and the can flies off the post. Red lowers his gun and smiles.

BILL
Not bad. The life expectancy of a hunter is 2.8 years. A shot like that, combined with your other skills, you might make it...
(a beat)
Three weeks.

RED
You're so far up my ass, I'd bet you were a colonoscopy camera in your former life.

Red is now crawling through a bush looking for something. He squints looking into the distance and then looks to the ground.

RED (CONT'D)
Tracks.

BILL
Good. What do they tell you?



RED

Older gent. A heavy ride and while they tried to double back to cover their tracks as well as give the illusion that there is more than one. They are just up around that boulder.

BILL

I'm actually impressed.

RED

I wouldn't be. I can see Wilbur's ass behind the rock. It was pretty easy.

BILL

God damn it, Wilbur.

WILBUR

Don't blame me for the junk in my trunk! The phillies love it!

Red shakes his head and laughs.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Red is eating some food from a military style MRE. Wilbur is chewing on some tufts of dead grass.

BILL

The processing of your assessments is complete.

Red almost chokes on his food and sits up.

RED

And?

BILL

Well, against my better judgment. You passed.

The black box Mr. Darren gave him lights up and opens.

RED

It's like Christmas.

BILL

There's standard issue equipment here. You have shock spurs.



Red pulls some spurs from the box and holds them up. He flicks the spur and an electrical spark shoots out.

RED

Ooohoo! I bet that packs a punch.

WILBUR

Wear those while riding me and I'll finish off whatever braincells you have left.

RED

(putting them down)

Duly noted.

Red pulls out some handcuffs.

BILL

Paralysing handcuffs. You slap them on someone and it knocks out their nervous system, makes them dead weight.

Red looks like he's about to put them on.

BILL (CONT'D)

Are you seriously thinking of trying them? I can't unlock them and glue boy has no hands. Think about it.

Red puts them back down.

BILL (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mr. Darren has really lowered the bar with you.

Red pulls out some sealed patches.

BILL (CONT'D)

Adrenaline patches. If you need an edge or, more likely for you, get poisoned, these will give you a boost so you can get help. There are also some cauterizing patches for when you get stabbed or shot. I have no doubt that'll happen.

RED

Where's the respect?

BILL

Respect is earned, pecker head!

Red shakes the box.



BILL (CONT'D)
There are also some GPS trackers
and your digital ID badge.
Congrats. You're a hunter.

RED
(nodding)
Hells yeah!

BILL
God help us all.

RED
Alright, Bill. Quit your bitching
and give me my first bounty.

BILL's screen lights up.

BILL
Let's find you an easy one.

Red looks excitedly at Wilbur who rolls his eyes and
continues to eat.

BILL (CONT'D)
Ok. Here's one. A kangaroo hustler
named Drake Phoenix. Apart from
roos, he's wanted for multiple
rapes and the murders of six
people. Wait. Sorry. Six families.

RED
That's a bad ass name! For a
complete piece of garbage.

BILL
Says here that he was an accountant
before he started stealing roos. He
stands at five feet three inches
and weighs 138 pounds.

RED
A fucking murderous dweeb? How hard
can it be?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHED - DAWN

A man screams as the side of the shed explodes and Red is
flung through the air and lands with a thud on the ground.

Red has had the wind knocked out of him and tries to get to
his feet. He spits blood and wipes the rest off his busted
lip.



RED
(gasping)
Five foot three? 138 pounds?

Red looks up as a giant hulk of a man breaks down the rest of the wall and comes out. The man has cybernetic legs and arms and a strange disc protruding from his forehead.

BILL
Well, that's what the file says. It looks like he's had some cybernetic enhancements.

RED
(sarcastic)
You think?

Red pulls his old gun and takes aim.

BILL
You're supposed to take him alive!

RED
Fuck that!

He pulls the trigger but the gun explodes weakly and falls apart.

RED (CONT'D)
God damn it! That was my father's gun.

BILL
Did he inherit it from his great-great-great grandfather.

RED
(shrugs)
Probably.

Two big cybernetic hands grab Red and pick him up.

RED (CONT'D)
(gasping)
Drake! Don't make me hurt you!

Drake laughs and throws Red through the air. Red screams as he flies before slamming into a tree and slumping to the ground. He rolls over and gasps.

RED (CONT'D)
OW!

BILL
Quit your bitching and get this done! He's worth 40 Cayuse-coins.



RED
(gasping)
Only 40? For fuck's sake.

Red pulls one of the adrenaline patches from his jacket and slaps it on the side of his neck. His pupils dilate and he shakes with a new energy.

He lets out a growl and picks up a small but thick tree branch. Drake growls as well and runs at him. Red jumps to his feet and runs at Drake.

Drake takes a swing at Red but Red slides under Drake's legs. He swiftly turns and swings with the branch and shatter's Drake's knee. Drake howls.

Red jumps up and swings the branch down across Drake's head. Drake is woozy. Red smashes Drake in the chest which causes him to scream again.

Red slams the pointy end of the branch into Drake's mouth. Red steps behind Drake and kicks him in the back as hard as he can. Drake stumbles and falls face first into the tree. The force makes the disc protruding from his head get stuck in the tree, but also gruesomely forces the branch to burst out the back of his head.

Drake gurgles his final breath and he dies. The disc stuck in the tree means he's dangling from it.

Red catches his breath.

RED (CONT'D)
Take that fucker.

BILL
So much for taking him alive.

RED
Is he worth anything dead?

BILL
Taking into account your need for a new gun, the use of an adrenaline patch, and the destruction of this shed. You're job balance is...Negative six Cayuse. Congratulations. You LOST money on your first job.

RED
Fuck.

Wilbur trots over to Red.

WILBUR
Killing him with the branch was kinda cool.



Suddenly with a wet ripping sound, the weight of Drake's body causes the disk to rip is head in two. His body falls to the ground while the top half bounces on the disk.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Ok. Times like these I wish horses could throw up. Let's ride into town and get you a new gun.

Red shakes his head still hopped up on adrenaline.

RED

I'm going to run. I need to work this off.

Red runs off. Wilbur shakes his head.

WILBUR

Well, how long is that going to take?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE NEW TOMBSTONE - LATER

Wilbur walks up to a ditch. Red is in it fast asleep. It looks like he fell down there while running.

WILBUR

That didn't take long.

BILL

Adrenaline comedown is rough. Help us out, would ya?