

# The last train to Tombstone

A radio drama in three acts by

Tom Arbino

Tom Arbino  
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ACT ONE.....In and around the Lucky Ace Saloon

ACT TWO.....In and around the Lucky Ace Saloon, sometime later.

ACT THREE.....On the run sometime later

RUNNING TIME: twenty-five without commercials added

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WILL BILL WATSON.....CAST MEMBER  
CHET.....CAST MEMBER  
FRANK.....CAST MEMBER  
ERNIE.....CAST MEMBER  
BARBARA.....CAST MEMBER  
SHERIFF HOLLIS.....CAST MEMBER

THE LAST TRAIN TO TOMBSTONE

ACT ONE

MUSIC: THEME MUSIC

FRANK: (GASPING. PANICKING.) They done made us.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up. (Beat) Nobody made anything.

CHET: Do you reckon we should go through with it?

FRANK: He's right. (SPITS) They done know we're in town to do a hold up.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Keep talk like that under your hat. We're cow hands in between jobs. We're just passing threw.

CHET: Do you reckon we can just get on the last train to Tombstone?

WILD BILL: (FIRM) We'll not only get on the train but we'll meet the rest of gang at Geiger Pass just as planned. When the gang attacks the train they'll never suspect that the three of us are onboard.

FRANK: (SPITS) But we ain't...

WILD BILL: (INTERRUPTING) Let's go inside and have a drink. And try not to spit any of that tabaccy juice on my boots.

FRANK: I ain't got 'em yet. (SPITS)

SOUND: SALOON DOORS OPEN/CLOSE FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF THE

NOISE OF THE SALOON

ERNIE: Y'all lookin' for a game, are ya?

WILD BILL: Sure old timer why not. (Beat) Frank, why don't you get us some whiskey?

FRANK: (SPITS) I'll get a bottle.

SOUND: A CHAIR BEING PULLED OUT

ERNIE: So what's yer game fella?

WILD BILL: (PAUSE) Let's play five card stud.

CHET: I reckon that's Hank Sumner.

WILD BILL: (EXCITED) Where?

CHET: Over there.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED BACK

WILD BILL: (PAUSE) That's looks like him...but wait a minute. The last time I saw him he didn't have a mustache. He couldn't have grown one that fast.

SOUND: CHAIRS BEING PULLED OUT AND GLASSES CLANGING

FRANK: (NERVOUS) I think they're onto...

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up. (Beat) Deal old timer.

ERNIE: I've never seen you fellas 'round here before.

WILD BILL: We're just passing through.

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING. THIS CONTINUES FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN STOPS.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) You're no cowboy. You don't have callus one on your hands. You're Wild Bill Watson.

SOUND: A CHAIR THRUSTING BACK SUDDENLY.

WILD BILL: (NERVOUS) I-I'm not W-Wild Bill Watson. (Beat) My name is Jake, Jake Snow. I swear sheriff.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) That's the biggest load of cow manure that I've ever heard.

WILD BILL: I'm telling you the truth. I swear on the Bible I am.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) You ain't never seen a Bible in your worthless life. You sure as hell better be going on a cattle drive and you better be gettin' there damn fast.

WILD BILL: (SPEAKING FAST AND NERVOUS) We are. We are. We're just laid over here for a few hours.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) You better be, (Beat) and you sure as hell better be Jake Snow or I'll tie your noose myself.

WILD BILL: (GULPS) There's no need for that.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) And just who in the hell are you?

FRANK: (NERVOUS) F-Frank.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) You look like a man who robbed a bank in Dodge City three years back to me.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) N-No sir. I'm a cow hand. A-Always have been.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) You look familiar but I can't quite place you.

CHET: (NERVOUS) I reckon I have that kinda face.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) I better be seeing the three of you driving cattle damn fast.

WILD BILL: Yes sir. You sure will be.

SOUND: SPURS DEPARTING

ERNIE: So are ya fellas here to do a job?

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up and deal old man.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING AND THEN STOPPING

BARBARA: (CLEARS HER THROAT) I have a message for you.

WILD BILL: I don't know nothin' about any message.

BARBARA: (WHISPERS) It's from Rex.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) Holy hell.

BARBARA: Follow me.

TRANSITION: SOUND OF JEW'S HARP

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) So what's so damn important that you had to bring us all the way up here to this stinking bedroom for?

CHET: I reckon that she didn't make up the name Rex.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up.

BARBARA: Rex said to tell you that he can't meet you at Geiger Pass.

FRANK: (SPITS) There ain't no way she coulda known that without talkin' ta Rex.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up. (Beat) So what is the message?

BARBARA: There is a posse just waitin' to pounce on you when the train gets to Geiger Pass.

WILD BILL: (NERVOUS) How do you know all this?

BARBARA: (GULPS) Rex told me.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Rex was here?

BARBARA: (STUMBLING) A yes. He...

SOUND: SPURS WALK PASSED THE DOOR

BARBARA: (NERVOUS) You better leave.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) There ain't no way outta here. She brought us up here to the second floor. (SPITS)

CHET: There's only one of him. I reckon we could shoot our way outta here.

BARBARA: Sheriff Hollis never acts alone. He makes it look that way but he always has one or two deputies shadowing him.

FRANK: (SPITS) That musta been the man I saw standin' nexta door.

CHET: I reckon that one for a law man.

BARBARA: You better leave now.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Okay. Okay. Let's go downstairs and play some cards with that old man. While we're playin' we can look over the situation.

TRANSITION: SOUND OF JEW'S HARP

SOUND: CLATTER OF SALOON FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF CHAIRS

BEING PULLED AWAY FROM A TABLE.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) We gotta run and run now. (SPITS)

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up and sit at the table. Pretend to be playing poker.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) But that sheriff...

WILD BILL: (INTERRUPTING. SNAPPING.) Shut up. (Beat) There's a fortune in gold on that train and we're not going to walk away from it because you don't have the guts to go through with it.

CHET: I reckon that I can stick it out, (Beat) seein' that I'm gonna be a rich man 'n all.

FRANK: (SPITS) That sheriff...

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING THEM. THE SOUND BUILDS GRADUALLY AND BECOMES A BIT LOUDER.

FRANK: (NERVOUS. STUTTERING.) D-Do ya see 'i-im?

WILD BILL: (WITH A STIFF UPPER LIP) Look straight ahead. Don't even glance at him from the corner of your eye.

SOUND: THE SOUND OF THE SPURS GETS CLOSER AND A LITTLE LOUDER AND THEN STOPS.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) W-Where is he?

CHET: I reckon that he has ta be standing right on top of us but I sure as hell don't see 'im.

WILD BILL: (STRESSED) And you're not going to see him. Keep your eyes focused straight ahead.

FRANK: (SPITS)

CHET: Do you reckon that he's been watchin' us the whole time?

WILD BILL: I reckon.

ERNIE: Ya fellas lookin' for a game, are ya?

SOUND: A CHAIR BEING PULLED OUT

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING. ANXIOUS.) Where is that sheriff?

ERNIE: The last time I saw the fella he was standin' at the bar.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING. ANXIOUS.) And how long ago was this?

ERNIE: Not long. A minute or so. Why ya askin'?

WILD BILL: So he's standing at the bar.

ERNIE: Not any more he ain't.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING. ANXIOUS.) You just said that he was.

ERNIE: (NERVOUS) I said a minute ago he was.

FRANK: (SPITS) Did he leave?

ERNIE: Nope, he's still here.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Where is he?

ERNIE: He's sittin' at the table over yonder. Sittin' there with one-a his deputies. He's just waitin' for somebody.

CHET: I reckon we've had it.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) We gotta be gettin'. (SPITS)

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up. (Beat) I'm thinking.

ERNIE: He done said...

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING.

CHET: I reckon we...

SOUND: SEVERAL CHAIRS BEING THRUST OUT OF PLACE FAST. THERE IS  
THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE. A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

ACT TWO

CHET: (PANICKED) I can't believe he misses you.

WILD BILL: (ANXIOUS) This way. Fast.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING UP STEPS X3 FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A GUNSHOT.

SHERIFF: (INHALES. SHOUTING FROM A DISTANCE.) Wild Bill  
Watson.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BARBARA: In here. Hurry.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLING AND THEN DOOR CLOSES

BARBARA: Get over against the wall fast.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED

WILD BILL: (FIRM) He'll never take me alive.

BARBARA: (WORRIED) There's no need for that. Now just stand over there  
and be quiet.

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING. THEY STOP IN FRONT OF THE DOOR.

SILENCE FOR A BEAT AND THEN THERE IS A SERIES OF 3 SHARP RAPS ON  
THE DOOR.

SHERIFF: (INHALES. VFX: FILTER) Wild Bill. I know you're in there.  
Why don't you make things easier on yourself and come on out of  
there?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BARBARA: (SMILING. FRIENDLY.) Are you looking for me or one of my gals?

SHERIFF: (INHALES) I'm looking for Wild Bill now step aside woman.

BARBARA: There's nobody here but me.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) I'll be the judge of that. Now step aside.

BARBARA: Now you're not callin' me a liar, are you?

WILD BILL: (WHISPERING) Quick. Out the window.

FRANK: We can't climb all da way down. There's no drain pipe or nothin'.

WILD BILL: There's a ledge. We can make it to the next room. It's the only chance that we've got. Now come on.

SOUND: A FOOTSTEP THEN THE SOUND OF GLASS RATTLING. THERE IS A CREAKING SOUND AND THE SOUND OF A BREEZE GOING BY AND THE SOUND OF HORSE HOFFS IN THE DISTANCE (CONTINUOUS).

FRANK: (PANICKED) We ain't gonna make it this time.

WILD BILL: Shut up. (Beat) Keep going. And whatever you do don't look down. Keep your eyes focused straight ahead.

CHET: I reckon that sheriff is gonna bust in that room any minute now.

SOUND: BIRD CHIRPING AS IT FLIES BY.

WILD BILL: We're almost there. (GRUNTS)

SOUND: WOOD BREAKING

FRANK: (DESPERATE) Help me.

CHET: I got yer belt.

WILD BILL: (EXCITED) Swing your foot up and put it on my side of the board.

FRANK: (STAMMERING) I-It's j-just g-gonna break.

WILD BILL: I'm standing on it.

CHET: (PANICKED) He's slidin' down. I don't reckon that I can hold onto him much longer.

WILD BILL: (FIRM) Swing your damn foot up here now.

FRANK: (STRAINING) I'm tryin'.

SOUND: BOOT BANGING AGAINST A WALL

CHET: Just a little more effort I reckon.

SOUND: BOOT HEEL STRIKING A BOARD HARD. THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE

SOUND OF A BOARD CREAKING.

WILD BILL: Just slide up to me. I'm at the window now. Just give me a minute.

SOUND: GLASS BEING BROKEN AND THEN A WINDOW BEING SHOVED UP.

FOOTSTEP ON WOOD. THERE IS NO LONGER THE SOUND OF HORSE HOFFS

IN THE DISTANCE. (BEAT) SOUND OF A GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED

BACK.

WILD BILL: Stay behind me and draw your guns.

FRANK: (BREATHING HEAVILY. SPITS.) Can we git out the door?

WILD BILL: We'll shoot our way out if we have to.

SOUND: (SFX FILTER) DOOR IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR BEING THRUST

OPEN.

SHERIFF: (INHALES. VFX: FILTER) Where is he?

BARBARA: (VFX: FILTER) I told you he's not here.

SHERIFF: (INHALES. VFX: FILTER) Damn it he was here. I heard the son of a gun.

FRANK: We have to git out of here right now (SPITS)

WILD BILL: Keep your voice down. I think she's going to get rid of him for us.

SOUND: SILENCE FOR A BEAT AND THEN THERE IS THE SOUND OF SPURS APPROACHING THE DOOR. THE SOUND COMES RIGHT UP TO THE DOOR AND THEN STOPS. SILENCE FOR A BEAT AND THEN THERE ARE TWO KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

WILD BILL: (PANICKED) Hurry. We have to go out the window again.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) I ain't walkin' on that ledge again. That wood is all rotted to hell. (SPITS)

CHET: You reckon we should shoot it out?

WILD BILL: I don't reckon anything. We're trapped in here. Our only chance is to go out that window.

SOUND: TWO KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

FRANK: (NERVOUS) I say we shoot 'im through the door.

WILD BILL: That's not a bad...

BARBARA: (VFX: FILTER) It's me, Barbara.

WILD BILL: (PAUSE) Is he with you?

BARBARA: (VFX: Filter) No, he left. You have to get out of there right now.

FRANK: It's a trick.

WILD BILL: She helped us before.

CHET: I reckon we have to.

FRANK: (SPITS) I don't like it et all.

SOUND: TWO KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

BARBARA: (VFX: FILTER) Is everybody okay in there?

SOUND: DOORKNOB TURNING AND BOLT SLIDING OUT. THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED AND THEN THE DOOR OPENING.

BARBARA: (SNAPPING) Don't point that thing at me.

WILD BILL: Sorry.

BARBARA: You have to leave now. Come on, I'll take you out the back.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS X 4

BARBARA: This is the back way to the storage room behind the bar.

WILD BILL: Is there a back door?

BARBARA: There is but it's locked and I don't have the key.

WILD BILL: We can...

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING THEM.

WILD BILL: That sheriff has got to go.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED

BARBARA: (RAISING HER VOICE) Put that thing away.

WILD BILL: I've had enough of that tin star.

BARBARA: You don't have to kill him. Just get out of here.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Where are you taking us?

BARBARA: Behind the bar.

SOUND: BARTENDER CLANGING GLASSES AND MOVING ABOUT

FRANK: (NERVOUS) Where's he at? I don't see 'im anywhere.

BARBARA: Just keep going.

WILD BILL: Stop.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) What is it?

WILD BILL: Look.

CHET: I reckoned that we weren't just gonna walk on outta here.

WILD BILL: You led us into a trap.

BARBARA: I didn't know he was standing there. I swear it.

FRANK: (SPITS. DEFEATED.) The back door is locked 'n there's a deputy standin' in the front door.

BARBARA: (FRANTIC) S-Sit at a table and play some cards. Blend in with the other fellas.

CHET: I reckon we don't have much of a choice.

FRANK: (SPITS) Nope.

WILD BILL: All right. Let's play some cards.

SOUND: SALOON CLATTER FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF SEVERAL CHAIRS BEING PULLED OUT.

FRANK: I'm beginnin' ta think this job is a bad idea.

CHET: I reckon he's right.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Well nobody asked you.

FRANK: (SPITS) There's a posse at Geiger Pass. (SPITS) We can't tell for sure where the restada gang is.

WILD BILL: The odds are still in our favor.

FRANK: So where is the restada gang? (SPITS)

WILD BILL: They have to be holed up somewhere. They'll attack the train from somewhere else close-by. They'll attack the train for sure and when they do we have to be on it.

FRANK: I'm not so sure 'bout that. (SPITS) If they don't attack we'll be trapped on that train.

CHET: We can't stay here. I reckon we can ride the train out if the gang doesn't attack.

FRANK: I say we split up. (SPITS) They're lookin' for three gunslingers.

WILD BILL: Just relax. There's no need for that.

CHET: I reckon there's no needa run away, as long we can keep that sheriff away.

FRANK: (SPITS) That's what I'm tryin' ta tell ya. (SPITS) He's lurking 'round here somewhere.

SOUND: CHAIR BEING PULLED AWAY FROM A TABLE.

WILD BILL: (FIRM. ANNOYED.) What the hell do you want?

ERNIE: I have somethin' ta tell...

WILD BILL: (FIRM) We don't have time for a card game.

ERNIE: That's no what I came da tell ya. (PAUSE. SWALLOWS.) They caught da resta gang.

WILD BILL: (BEWILDERED) That can't be?

FRANK: I'm a ridin'

WILD BILL: (FIRM) You're not going anywhere. Now just sit down.

ERNIE: Didn't you know that Barbara and the sheriff used to date?

CHET: I reckoned that she was leadin' us around by our noses.

FRANK: It's time ta ride.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) You're not going anywhere. Now keep your fanny in that chair.

ERNIE: He's right. That's just what they've been a doin', leadin' y'all 'round by your noses.

CHET: I reckoned that she brought us up ta that room ta keep us away from somethin'.

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING THE TABLE.

WILD BILL: (WHISPERING) He won't take me alive.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED.

FRANK: (NERVOUS) Just keep that thin' under da table.

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING AND GETTING CLOSE TO THE TABLE.

FRANK: I say it's time ta ride.

WILD BILL: (FIRM. SPEAKING THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH.) Shut up. I'm thinking.

CHET: I reckon that ya better be thinking 'bout usin' that forty-five.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up.

SOUND: SPURS GETTING CLOSER. PAUSE. SOUND OF BUMPING UNDER THE  
TABEL. SFX: THE PITCH OF THE SPURS SHIFTS AS THEY GO BY THE TABLE.

ERNIE: Yep, he's bird doggin' ya.

FRANK: I say it's time ta ride. (SPITS)

WILD BILL: He's trying to rattle us.

FRANK: Well it's workin'

WILD BILL: (EXCITED) Are you sure they caught the rest of the gang?

ERNIE: As sure as da sun that rises in da east.

WILD BILL: Damn it.

ERNIE: That's why she brough y'all upstairs n' gave ya da grand tour of da stock room. She didn't want ya ta see yer friends hangin' in da town square.

FRANK: (SPITS) That's it. It's time ta git.

CHET: I reckon he's right. We can't take da train by ourselves, just da the three of us.

WILD BILL: I don't believe it. It's a trick. The sheriff put you up to this.

FRANK: I don't care who's tellin' the lie or who's tellin' the truth. (SPITS)  
It's time ta ride.

WILD BILL: (FIRM. EXCITED.) He's lying. He's lying I tell ya.

ERNIE: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Do da names Rex Robinson, Tab  
Hobson, and Six Gun Sullivan mean anythin' to ya?

FRANK: Son of a...

CHET: (INTERRUPTING) They got da resta gang. There's no point in  
hangin' 'round this stinkin' saloon.

FRANK: We have da ride now 'n ride hard.

WILD BILL: We don't know that we can ride. (Beat) Old timer, mozzy around  
outside and see if we can ride out of here.

SOUND: SPURS APPROACHING. THE SOUND MOVES IN FAST AND THEN  
STOPS.

SHERIFF: (INHALES) Wild Bill Watson. I have a warrant for your arrest.  
Now come quietly and maybe I won't have to kick your teeth  
down your throat. Or then again maybe I will just for fun.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER BEING COCKED.

WILD BILL: No tin star is going to take me alive.

SOUND: GUNSHOT

ACT THREE

ERNIE: I can't believe that ya killed da sheriff. There's gonna be hell ta pay fer that, don't ya know?

FRANK: We keep gittin' deeper and deeper into it. (SPITS) I can fell da the heat of hell on my back.

CHET: I reckon we ride now.

ERNIE: I reckon ya better. 'N ya better be doin' it fast.

WILD BILL: Let's ride.

SOUND: SALOON FRONT DOORS SWINGING OPEN. THE SOUND THRUSTS AT THE LISTENER. SOUND OF HORSES WHINING AND BIRD CHIRPING.

FRANK: I still can't believe that ya killed the sheriff. (SPITS) We're gonna have da biggest posse in da the history is da state after us.

CHET: And Cavalry too I reckon.

WILD BILL: Let's ride. (Beat) Come on Betsy.

SOUND: WHIP THAT IS FOLLOWED BY A HORSE WHINING AND THEN HORSE HOFFS.

TRANSITION: SOUND OF JEW'S HARP

CHET: (GASPING) Wild Bill. Look, up there in those cliffs.

SOUND: SEVERAL GUNSHOTS RING OUT.

WILD BILL: (SPEAKING THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Whoa. Whoa  
Betsy.

SOUND: HORSE WHINY.

FRANK: They're shootin' at us. (SPITS) Da whole town must be after us.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Shut up.

CHET: What do ya reckon we do? We're pinned down here.

WILD BILL: We have to get up in the cliffs on this side and find a high spot to hide behind.

FRANK: There's a pretty good sized rock right up yonder (SPITS)

SOUND: SEVERAL GUNSHOTS RING OUT

WILD BILL: Okay, let's make a break for it.

SOUND: SADDLE UNDER GOING STRESS X 3 AND THEN THE HORSES WHINING.

WILD BILL: Let's use the horses for cover.

SOUND: HAND SLAPPING FLESH FOLLOWED BY A HORSE WHINING AND THEN HORSE HOFFS.

FRANK: We have ta climb fast.

SOUND: SEVERAL GUNSHOTS FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF SEVERAL BULLETS RICOCHETING

FRANK: (ANGRY. SHOUTING.) That one almost got me.

CHET: I reckon I wet myself.

WILD BILL: Keep climbing. We have to make it over the top if we want to have any chance of staying alive.

CHET: That's must be another fifty r sixty feet.

WILD BILL: I don't care if its a hundred feet just keep moving toward the top.

SOUND: TWO GUNSHOTS. BEAT THREE GUNSHOTS.

FRANK: (IN PAIN) Ah I'm hit.

WILD BILL: How bad is it?

FRANK: (IN PAIN) I took a slug in da chest. (SPITS) Get me a doc fast.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Get down there and help him.

CHET: I can't. I reckon I'll git my head shot off the minute I set foot near  
'im.

WILD BILL: (SHOUTING) Go help him now.

CHET: I can't...

SOUND: THERE IS THE SOUND OF GRUNTS AND PUNCHES. THERE IS THE  
SOUND OF A ROCK SLIDING AGAINST ANOTHER ROCK AND THE SOUND OF  
A ROCK ROLLING DOWN A ROCKY CLIFF AND THEN CRASHING.

CHET: (PANICKED) They're coming up behind us.

WILD BILL: I see him.

SOUND: GUNSHOT AND THEN A RICOCET.

ERNIE: (GASPING) Please don't kill me. It's me, Ernie. Don't y'all  
recognize me?

WILD BILL: (SPIT OUT RAPIDLY) What are you doing here? Are you  
working for that sheriff?

ERNIE: Not me. I'm up here prospectin' when all hell broke loose.

WILD BILL: Prospecting? You mean to tell me that there's gold in these  
cliffs?

ERNIE: Not in 'em but under 'em.

FRANK: (IN PAIN) Surrender. Wave a white flag 'n git me ta a doc.

CHET: I'm comin'.

WILD BILL: Do you mean to tell me that an old timer like you is digging holes in this rock?

ERNIE: There ain't any need ta. There's an old gold mine right under our feet.

WILD BILL: Does it lead out, I mean out of here?

ERNIE: She sure does. She comes out way over yonder but it's a long way ta walk.

WILD BILL: (SNAPPING) Take me there. Take me there now.

SOUND: SEVERAL GUNSHOTS RING OUT AND THEN THERE IS THE SOUND OF A RICOCHET.

CHET: (PUFFING) Wild Bill. (Beat) I think Frank has had it.

WILD BILL: Come on. We're getting out of here.

CHET: (PUFFING) What about Frank?

WILD BILL: What about him?

CHET: I reckon that he's bleedin' ta death.

WILD BILL: What do you want me to do, carry him on my back through some old mine?

SOUND: TWO GUNSHOTS FAST

CHET: We can't just leave 'im there ta bleed ta death.



ERNIE: Yep, it was 'im. He always hated his older brother Rex 'n I guess he hated da fella enough ta have 'im killed.

WILD BILL: Come to think of it he would turn us all in for that easy reward money.

CHET: I reckon he's long gone from these parts.

WILD BILL: If he...

SOUND: RUMBLING AND THE SOUND OF ROCKS TUMBLING DOWN

ERNIE: (EXCITED) Cave in. Cave in. (Beat) Cover yer heads.

SOUND: CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT AND THEN TAPERS OFF TO JUST THE SOUND OF A FEW ROCKS ROLLING DOWN.

WILD BILL: (EXCITED) The path is blocked. You never said anything about this.

ERNIE: I said it was an old mine and that's justa what she is, an old mine.

CHET: I reckon that we have ta go back 'n face da music.

ERNIE: We can git passed. I've seen 'em worse than this.

CHET: I don't wanna die down here.

ERNIE: Neither do I.

WILD BILL: Everybody just shut up and start digging.

TRANSITION: SOUND OF JEW'S HARP

ERNIE: This shaft here'll bring us out but we have ta crawl on our bellies.

WILD BILL: So let's git out of here.

CHET: I reckon I can make it.

ERNIE: If an old man like me can make it then y'all sure can.

SOUND: SEVERAL GRUNTS AND THEN THE SOUND OF BIRDS CHIRPING.

VFX: REVERB—ENDS

WILD BILL: I'll be damned we're on the other side of the cliff.

CHET: (BREATHING IN A BREATH OF FRESH AIR) I reckon we can outrun 'em from here.

WILD BILL: (EXCITED) Do you have a horse?

ERNIE: All I gots an old pack mule.

CHET: I reckon that'll be good enough.

WILD BILL: How far is the earnest farm?

ERNIE: There's a ranch 'bout seven miles thataway.

CHET: I reckon that I can make that.

ERNIE: I'm sure that two fellas like y'all can steal some horses there.

CHET: I never reckoned that I would git outta this one.

WILD BILL: They don't call me Wild Bill for nothing. Yea ha let's ride.

SOUND: TWO GUNSHOTS

THE END