

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. HENRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

A modest space with a table, butcher block, wood-burning stove, some cabinets and utensils.

Henry has Curry tied to a chair. Wyatt watches from nearby.

Henry kneels next to Curry.

Curry looks at him like he's seen a ghost.

CURRY

Who the hell are you?

HENRY

That's about the least important point of discussion between us right now.

Curry tries weakly to break free.

CURRY

Listen to me, you have no idea what you're getting yourself into.

HENRY

Funny, I was about to tell you the same thing.

Henry reaches over to the butcher block and picks up a LARGE KNIFE.

Curry's eyes widen.

CURRY

What the hell?  
(studies Henry)  
You ain't one of them--

HENRY

I'm the man who's gonna dig that bullet out of you.

Henry runs the blade of the knife through the flame of a gas lantern.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And maybe get some answers in the process. I like what I hear, I might be inclined to give you something to ease the pain.

Henry nods to a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY on the table.

Henry then sticks the knife into Curry's wound.

Curry screams.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let's start with you telling me who  
you are.

Curry writhes in agony.

CURRY

I'm law... I'm a lawman, dammit!!

WYATT

He ain't no lawman, Pa, he was  
fixin' to kill me.

Henry lets Curry catch his breath.

HENRY

Ready for some whiskey?

CURRY

(breathing heavy)  
I told you, I'm law.

Henry isn't buying it. He readies the knife.

WYATT

Ask him about the money!

This gets Henry's attention.

HENRY

(to Wyatt)  
How do you know about the money?

Wyatt realizes he's close to being busted.

WYATT

(thinking fast)  
He asked me about it.

Henry's not completely sure Wyatt is being straight with him,  
but he turns his attention back to Curry.

HENRY

What's a shot lawman doing on his  
own with a satchel full of cash?

Curry's had enough of the interrogation. He tries to move,  
but Henry's got him bound tight.

Seeing Curry's reluctance, Henry digs the knife in deeper.

CURRY  
Get me a damn doctor!  
(screams)  
You're gonna kill me!

HENRY  
You ain't goin' nowhere until I get  
the answers I want.

Curry glares at him through swollen eyes.

CURRY  
You listen to me. We ain't got time  
for games. All hell's about to  
break loose and if you have a brain  
in your head, you'll let me go,  
grab whatever matters to you and  
get yourself and your boy outta  
harm's way.

Henry digs the knife in deeper. Curry moans.

HENRY  
And how exactly am I supposed to  
know you ain't the harm?

Curry is almost in tears.

CURRY  
Mister, what do I got to say to  
convince you--

Curry lets loose another scream as Henry angles the knife and  
then carefully withdraws it, bringing a LEAD SLUG out with  
it.

Henry takes the bullet in his fingers and inspects it.

HENRY  
Least we know you won't die until I  
find out what I want to know.

Curry's too overcome with pain to answer.

Henry regards him with a flicker of sympathy, then reaches  
for the bottle, pours a shot.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
I guess you earned this.

He holds the glass to Curry's mouth, and Curry drinks it  
down.

Henry puts the bandage back on Curry's wound when--

From out front comes the sound of APPROACHING HORSES.

Before Henry can stop him, Wyatt jumps to his feet, races to see.