

The Fever

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THE FEVER

ACT I

SCENE I

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - AROUND CALIFORNIA VALLEY

The mountains lay still over yonder, as the sky begins to change color.

A small deer drinks quietly by a lake.

Workers start to exit the mines after another hard day at work.

The sun sets slowly over the horizon.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - STREET CORNER - LATE AFTERNOON

SHANE DeVILLE is busy peddling some of his "products", as people crowd around him.

SHANE

(speaks loudly to crowd)
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Today I bring to you, straight from the fountains of France, holy water from Lourdes. Fifty cents a bottle, two for a dollar. All proceeds go to charity. Any takers?

The throng of people crowds around Shane, money in their hands, fervently CLAMORING for bottles of the holy water

SHANE

(calmly speaks to crowd)
Okay, there's plenty for everyone. Single line, please, single line.

Shane is selling the holy water to people on line. A religious SPANISH WOMAN exults after her purchase

SPANISH WOMAN
 (in Spanish; subtitled)
 Oh, my dear God, what precious
 water!

The Spanish woman leaves, as an ELDERLY WOMAN next on line inquires Shane about his "holy water"

ELDERLY WOMAN
 (inquisitive)
 Dear, is this water actually from
 France?

SHANE
 My lovely lady, this water is
 straight from God's green earth
 right to your pretty forehead.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 How wonderful of you to be giving
 all of the money to your local
 church.

SHANE
 Well, they say charity starts at
 home. I'm just trying to do my
 part.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 Well, bless your heart, young man.

Shane smiles warmly at the elderly woman, as he continues to peddle the holy water.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAR CORNER OF TOWN -LATER

Shane is fervently counting the money he has earned

SHANE
 (counts the money; sotto
 voce)
 Charity my ass. The charity of
 Shane DeVille

A POLICE OFFICER soon appears from behind Shane, as Shane quickly notices him.

SHANE

(sheepish)

Oh, hello officer. How are you today?

POLICE OFFICER

I see you made quite a profit with that holy water there.

SHANE

I sure did. And it all goes to charity.

POLICE OFFICER

Not from what I just heard. Do you know that in order to sell goods or services in an open area, you must have authorization from the town? Your proof, please.

SHANE

(carefully checks his pockets)

Well, Officer, before I show you my proof, which I do have don't you feel you should be helping that man whose store is being robbed?

The Police Officer heeds Shane and turns around. Shane hits the Police Officer with the empty crate and flees. The Police Officer hits the ground, but quickly recovers and starts to chase Shane.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey!

SHANE

Frantically runs through town, with the Police Officer hot on his trail. He turns around and sees the Police Officer right behind him. Shane takes a nearby rubbish receptacle and tosses it in the path of the Police Officer. The Police Officer trips on the trash can. Shane quickly heads towards Pop's, a local eatery/general store

INT. POP'S - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN "POP" O'CONNELL, owner of Pop's, is behind the counter cooking, while WALTER DURHAM, TRAVIS McINTYRE, and ROSS DALY are unwinding after a hard day's work. Shane comes BURSTING through the door, as he quickly yells to Pop and the others

SHANE
 (runs swiftly)
 Fellas, a pig's after me! I'm not here!

Shane quickly hides behind a shelf. The Police Officer comes BURSTING through the door

POLICE OFFICER
 (out of breath)
 Excuse me, fellas. Have any of you seen a man, about five eleven, black hair, clean shaven? I thought I saw him come in here.

WALTER
 Sorry, Officer, we're the only ones in here.

POLICE OFFICER
 Pop, have you seen the fella I just mentioned?

POP
 Sorry, Patrick, can't say that I have.

POLICE OFFICER
 Well, if any of you do, make sure to report it to me. See ya tomorrow, Pop. Have a good one, fellas.

The Police Officer departs, as Pop and the guys beckon Shane.

TRAVIS
 The coast is clear, Shane.

Shane emerges from behind the shelves.

SHANE
 Man, that was a close one. I may get chased, fellas, but I never get caught.

POP

You stupid son of a bitch! I should crack your damn head open!

WALTER

Whoa! Take it easy, Pop.

POP

I don't like any funny business goin' on 'round my store. It'll drive away customers.

TRAVIS

You certainly played it close, there, Shane.

ROSS

Why do you have to do that? We coulda been thrown in jail.

SHANE

Will you relax. How are you gonna truly live if you've got no excitement in your life?

WALTER

For a guy who almost got arrested, you're sure in a good mood.

SHANE

(happily shows off his money)

Well, let's just say I made a killing in sales today.

TRAVIS

What was it this time? The candle holders, the honey you stole from Farmer Caine?

SHANE

Nope. Holy water from Lourdes. And boy, was I blessed today! It's on me, boys!

POP

Well, not only can you pay for your friends, you can also pay your tab from last week.

SHANE

What? Are you sure I had one, Pop?

POP

As sure as the day I was born. All of last week, your line was, "Put it on my tab, Pop". And, well, I did.

Pop takes some paper and starts to calculate Shane's bill.

POP

(makes up bill)

Now let me see, your tab, with the one you have here, comes to eight dollars, not including tip.

SHANE

(dumbfounded)

You gotta be kidding me, Pop!

Pop quickly snatches the money out of Shane's hand, as Shane stands flabbergasted.

POP

(hands Shane his change)

And here's your change.

Shane takes the money from Pop. Pop then stares intently at Shane.

SHANE

What now?

TRAVIS

I think he wants a tip, Walt.

SHANE

(rescinded)

Fine.

Shane reluctantly hands one dollar over to Pop. Shane sits despondently on a stool. The guys attempt to console Shane.

WALTER

Thanks for everything, Shane.

SHANE

Unbelievable. A whole day's work, and I'm left with nothin'.

TRAVIS

You think you're the only one feelin' the pinch, Shane? For a full week's pay, we only see twenty dollars after taxes from Godfrey.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (cont'd)
 Only four dollars for a hard day's
 work.

POP
 (sarcastic)
 A full week's pay or a hard day's
 work. Two words that sure don't go
 together with you.

ROSS
 You guys, I've been thinkin' about
 quittin' the mines. I heard you
 can get sick from inhaling the
 fumes.

WALTER
 Then what'll you do for work? Pick
 roses and complain about the
 thorns?

SHANE
 (exasperated)
 I've tried everything. How will we
 ever gain a fortune?

A VOICE suddenly interjects from within the store.

VOICE OF OLD MAN (O.S.)
 Well, there is one way...

The guys, curious after they hear the voice, turn their heads
 and quickly go over to the far end of the store.

SHANE
 (curious)
 Who said that?

The guys go over to the far end of the store and take a
 gander.

GUYS' POV

OLD MAN

Sits unsteadily but nobly at a table near the window.

WALTER
 Who are you?

OLD MAN
 (soft)
 Well, let's just say I have the
 solution to your quandary.

TRAVIS

Yeah, and what is that, old man?

OLD MAN

According to legend, those mountains over yonder are said to be rife with Peabody's fortune. Whoever reaches the fortune that lies in a cavern is said to be the wealthiest man in the entire state of California. That is the legend of Peabody's fortune.

SHANE

(inquisitive)

What?

OLD MAN

(softly narrates the tale)

The legend of Peabody's fortune. Myron Earl Peabody was a fella just like you gents. Young, ambitious, a little wet behind the ears. He worked in the mines for years, trying to save up enough money to travel to the Yukon Territory, which is said to be rife with gold. Eventually he saved up enough money.

WALTER

(curious)

So, did he move?

OLD MAN

(softly continues the story)

No. He heard through one of his friends that there was some barren land up for sale. He purchased that land with his earnings and used the remainder for restoration. Little did he know what a bonanza he had. The entire grounds were rife with gold. He eventually made the grounds open to the public, charging a fee to search the grounds, thus doubling, even tripling, his profits.

ROSS

Talk about having it made.

OLD MAN

(quickly and softly interjects)

(MORE)

OLD MAN (cont'd)

Ah, my young man, as with all triumph, there must come tragedy. Not long after amassing his wealth, he began an utter descent into madness and paranoia.

TRAVIS

(puzzled)

What do you mean?

OLD MAN

Sadly, Peabody's fortune became an obsession. It became the only thing that ever mattered to him. He would eventually alienate himself from all his friends and family, even the outside world. Suspicious that everyone was after his fortune, he hid it in a cavern in those mountains over yonder, and was never seen or heard from again.

WALTER

(skeptical)

I've lived here all of my life and heard every local legend, and not once did I ever hear of this Peabody and his fortune.

OLD MAN

Ah, yes, many have heard the legend, and have made the arduous trek to attain the fortune. But all have failed.

SHANE

How come?

OLD MAN

Because most were physically unable to endure the long and winding odyssey to the mountain, or those who came close succumbed to madness and insanity.

ROSS

(slightly frightened)

Sounds creepy. I think we should go now, guys.

TRAVIS

(testy)

Quit being a sis, Ross. We could be on to something.

SHANE

What would it take for someone to
attain such an elusive fortune?

OLD MAN

(sagacious)

My young men, it will take every
fiber of your physical and mental
capacity to reach that fortune.
And if and when you do, it will be
more than you ever anticipated. Be
wise, be discreet, and most
importantly, preserve your sense of
self from beginning to end.

WALTER

We're sorry, sir, but we really
gotta' get goin'. We appreciate
your time.

OLD MAN

(soft)

The pleasure has been all mine.

The Old Man looks intently out the window by his table, as
the guys depart from Pop's

FADE OUT.

SCENE II

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF POP'S - SUNSET

The guys have exited Pop's and are going to head home. Their
friend, PETE MORRALL, has just arrived, as he dashes toward
them

PETE

(genial)

What's the good word, fellas?

WALTER

Petey, where were you? We told you
to meet us here three hours ago.

PETE

Sorry, Walt. I was kinda busy, if
you know what I mean.

TRAVIS

Who was it this time?

PETE

A sweet brunette from Utah. She said she was visiting her aunt in Santa Clara.

TRAVIS

How'd you get her in the sack?

PETE

Well, to put a long story short, last night I kept ordering straight liquor, and put on the old Morrall charm, and then, nothing but nookie.

WALTER

I guess you gave her a souvenir she'll never forget.

PETE

Well, she'll be able to tell the folks back home that she had the pleasure of being loved by the one and only Pete Morrall.

TRAVIS

(sarcastic)

I don't think she's the only one that's had that distinction, Pete.

PETE

(cavalier)

Hey, just one more brick in the building.

Pete walks over to Shane, who is staring intently at the mountains over yonder.

PETE

Hey, Shane.

SHANE

(continues to stare at the mountains)

How's it going, Pete?

PETE

I had a late night with a dame.

SHANE

(inquisitive)

What color were her eyes?

PETE

Heck would I know.

SHANE

Well, at least I believe you now.
Hey, Pete, what are you doing
tomorrow?

PETE

Just going to work and then to
Pop's. Why do you ask?

SHANE

'Cause tomorrow's gonna be the
first day of the rest of our lives.

PETE

(confounded)
What are you talkin' about?

SHANE

You'll see. Come on.

Shane takes Pete, as he calls to the rest of the guys

SHANE

(beckons the guys)
Fellas, listen up. I want you to
go into work tomorrow and tell them
you're takin' a vacation.

WALTER

(dumbfounded)
What the hell are you talkin'
about?

TRAVIS

You gotta be kiddin' me, Shane. Do
you seriously believe that old
fogey about some guy's fortune that
probably doesn't exist?

SHANE

Call me crazy, but I noticed this
look in his eyes while he told us
the story. Like he wanted us to
find it, like he knew we could find
it.

WALTER

And I don't know who's more full of
shit: you, that old coot, or Mister
Winslow's fertilizer field.

ROSS
Yeah, I didn't like him, guys. He
seemed really creepy.

TRAVIS
(sarcastic)
Butterflies frighten you, Ross.

PETE
Who and what are you talkin' about?

SHANE
Old man Peabody. His fortune is
said to be in those mountains over
yonder. Anyone who reaches it
becomes its rightful owner.

PETE
Sounds pretty neat.

SHANE
Well, at least one of you is
backing me on this.

WALTER
Think about it, Walt. Do you
seriously think we can cover all
that ground, and to top it off,
scale mountains for something that
may not be there?

SHANE
(contradictory)
That's not the point, Walt! Look
at us. What have we ever done
that's so special?

The guys stare soberly at Shane, as he continues

SHANE
(angry)
We're just like every other fuckin'
schmo in this lousy, one-horse, two-
bit town! Every day we break our
backs and don't even get our just
dues. We're barely makin' ends
meet, dropped out of school, some
of us still live with our parents
for Christ's sake!

Travis coyly hangs his head

SHANE

Haven't you guys ever wanted something more from life than what it's given you?

WALTER

Maybe some of us like the hand we've been dealt.

SHANE

(testy)

I really wish you'd quit contradicting me, Walt! Do you realize where we are?

PETE

California.

SHANE

That's right, Petey! Cali-fuckin-fornia! Scads of people leave everything behind to come out here in search of one thing.

ROSS

(curious)

What?

SHANE

(emphatically)

Gold, Ross! Gold, fortune, a better and brighter life.

TRAVIS

What does that have to do with us?

SHANE

We're already here, Trav. No having to go halfway across the country and then have to fend off the natives. Everyday I see them come into town, and every last one 'em is hungry, prepared, and livin' off the fat of our land. They can't even call themselves true Golden Staters.

PETE

(rational)

But Shane, if there's some grand fortune in those mountains, don't you think someone might have gotten it by now?

SHANE

Nah, Pete. We heard the man in Pop's. Many have tried, but all have failed to get that fortune. Shit, if somebody got it, don't you think it would be in the papers by now?

PETE

Good point.

SHANE

Fellas, we not only have the chance to do something no one has ever done before, we have the chance to change our lives, all for the better. We can finally support ourselves, our parents, our children. We can take our fortunes and invest, build up businesses and call the shots of the operations. The possibilities are endless.

TRAVIS

(warily)

But how can we be sure?

SHANE

Fellas, I've never been sure about a lot of things in my life. But if you all follow me on this one, we will go beyond those mountains and past those auburn skies to a place never before seen by the likes of man. And we'll do it together.

WALTER

Can we sleep on it?

SHANE

Fine. But I want an answer by tomorrow.

TRAVIS

Sounds fair.

Travis looks at his watch

TRAVIS

(astounded)

Man, look at the time. I gotta get home for supper.

PETE

Yeah, guys. It's been a long day.
I'll be here tomorrow. On time, I
promise.

WALTER

Perfect. Have a good one, fellas.

All of the guys depart, as Shane remains.

CLOSEUP ON SHANE'S FACE

As he stares out at the horizon

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

INT. CALIFORNIA COAL MINES - DAY

Miners are busily excavating the veins for the day's daily load. Walter is in a far corner of mines, heavily striking away at some of the veins with his pick ax. Walter continues, until he sees his boss, TOM MERRIWEATHER

WALTER

Mister Merriweather.

MISTER MERRIWEATHER

Walter, can I talk to you for a
minute?

WALTER

Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINE - DAY

Walter and Mister Merriweather walk together

WALTER

(concerned)
Is everything alright?

MISTER MERRIWEATHER

Walter, I have some bad news.

WALTER
 (semi-frightened)
 Am I fired? Mister Merriweather, I
 can tell you that I work - -

MISTER MERRIWEATHER
 No, Walter. You're a fine worker.
 I just got a telegram from an
 attorney of your grandmother's.
 Walter, I'm afraid your grandma's
 passed on.

WALTER
 Oh, my God.

MISTER MERRIWEATHER
 I'm sorry for your loss, Walter.
 Take a few days to recover from
 this.

WALTER
 Did they leave a number?

MISTER. MERRIWEATHER
 I'm afraid not. But he left an
 address on where and when to meet
 him. My condolences go out to you
 and your family.

WALTER
 Thank you, sir.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HILLSIDE - DAY

Walter is walking at a slightly-hurried pace, as he looks
 around for the attorney of his grandmother. A VOICE soon
 beckons Walter

VOICE OF MAN (O.S.)
 Mr. Dennis, I've been waiting.

Walter, hearing the voice, quickly turns around to see who it
 is

WALTER'S POV

SHANE

Appears from behind a tree and smiles at Walter

WALTER
(puzzled)
Shane, what are you doing here?
Where's Mr. Barrie?

SHANE
So, I see you got the message.

WALTER
(astounded)
You mean to tell me that was you?

SHANE
Indeed. I was gonna say your mom
died, but I didn't wanna scare the
shit out of ya.

WALTER
(angry)
Shane, you son of a bitch! That's
not funny!

SHANE
(dismissive)
Hey, I needed to get ya down here
somehow. We haven't a minute to
spare.

Walter looks lividly at Shane. Walter then hears something

VOICE OF TRAVIS (O.S)
Don't worry, Walt.

Walter quickly turns around

WALTER'S POV

TRAVIS, ROSS, AND PETE

Stand near a tree

TRAVIS
I got a notice telling me my house
was on fire.

SHANE
Alright, fellas. We start at six
o'clock sharp tomorrow.

ROSS
Are you sure we should really do
this?

SHANE

I've never been more sure of anything in my life. I've planned out everything. I even have this map of California in my closet. I made an exact route of every step of our journey, from beginning to end. Get all of your stuff ready, 'cause there's no turning back.

WALTER

(inquisitively)

How long do you think this trip'll be? Those mountains seem to be at least two thousand miles.

SHANE

If we stick to the schedule I've arranged, we should be there in no more than a month.

TRAVIS

(flabbergasted)

A month! You've gotta be kidding, Shane.

PETE

I have to agree with Travis here, Shane. We're gonna be out in the middle of nowhere, nothing but the shirts on our backs.

SHANE

Making this all the more challenging and rewarding. When we reach this fortune, it will all be ours and ours alone. We'll split it evenly among the five of us. And the best thing is, we'd have done it together.

WALTER

(uncertain)

This sounds so tempting, but do you really think we can endure this? I mean, we have to make sure we have all the bare essentials. Especially food and shelter.

SHANE

We'll just have to cover as much ground as we can, and when we get tired, we'll bivouac and head out in the morning. We'll just have to rough it.

ROSS

Oh, I've never liked camping. All those bugs, and God knows what. And there has to be a few bears waitin' in the woods.

SHANE

(exasperated)

Christ, Ross. I'm surprised you've never drowned in your own bathtub. All rewards come with a sacrifice, and we've got to make ours.

WALTER

I can't speak for everyone, Shane, but I'm really starting to have my reservations about this.

SHANE

(frustrated)

Okay, Walt, here's what we're gonna do.

Shane walks over to a wide open path which leads back into town.

SHANE

(points to the path;
intensely)

If anyone is not up for this, here's the road that leads into town. Get your stuff and walk back home! I don't know about you, but I'm ready, and I'm not lettin' nothing or no one stand in my way!

Shane looks sternly at the guys, awaiting a response from anyone. The guys remain still

SHANE

(calm)

I knew you guys would see it my way.

Shane walks over to the guys and gives them a hard but tender hug.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IV

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT OF SHANE'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The guys arrive at Shane's house, ready to embark on their journey. Walter approaches the door, and proceeds to KNOCK HARDLY. The door opens, as Walter appears with his things.

SHANE

All set, partner? Everything's goin' exactly on schedule.

WALTER

Do you know when we'll be back?

SHANE

Not in the slightest. Think of this as a paid vacation. 'Cause we're gonna get paid!

Walter grins sardonically, and heads out the door. The rest of the guys greet Walter and start to walk.

TRAVIS

(looks over yonder)

Boy, those mountains sure look a ways from here.

SHANE

Which is why it's important to make a schedule and stick to it.

PETE

Speaking of planning, do we have all of the necessities?

SHANE

(confident)

I'm way ahead of ya, Petey.

(MORE)

SHANE (cont'd)

I bought a month's supply of food,
two canteens full of water, a
kerosene lantern for dark nights,
some throw pillows and blankets my
granny knitted for when we sleep,
and even a deck of playing cards
for when we get bored. Am I
missing anything?

TRAVIS

(sarcastic)

How about the kitchen sink?

WALTER

(happily)

I must say, I'm impressed, Shane.
You really did your homework.

SHANE

We have to be resourceful with
everything we have. That way we'll
have enough to last us the whole
trip.

PETE

I sure am hungry. Why don't we
make a last, fast stop at Pop's?

SHANE

No can do, Petey. If we're gonna
get to the fortune, we can't have
any distractions in our schedule.

PETE

(disappointed)

Shit, if I'd known that, I woulda
had me some tail the night before.

WALTER

Man, I don't think there's anything
you haven't slept with that has two
legs.

The guys continue to walk

EXT. FLATLANDS - LATE AFTERNOON

The guys continue to walk. They have reached a small area
of land. The guys appear tired and want to rest, except for
Shane, who is eager to continue. Shane is strongly moving,
as the rest of the guys lag behind

SHANE

(stern)

I can't believe this. We're barely a quarter of the way there, and already you're spent. You guys still get milk from your mom's tits?

TRAVIS

(impudent)

Not everybody is like you, Shane.

SHANE

(sarcastic)

Well if you were, we'd be a hell of a lot farther.

ROSS

(painfully)

Oh, boy, I think I've got some blisters on my feet. I hope they're not infected.

PETE

I don't know about you guys, but I'm starving. Whadya say you break out some of that food, Shane?

SHANE

(stern)

Not yet, Petey. We'll eat when we reach the Valley.

PETE

(mock-complains)

C'mon Walt. We've been walkin' all day and only had a sip of water.

SHANE

Which, by the way, I'm gonna have to measure. One of you parasites drank a little too much back there.

TRAVIS

(interjects)

I say we have a consensus on the food.

SHANE

(testy)

And as the person who brought the food and water, I strongly suggest you let me make the decisions here!

TRAVIS

(logical)

I thought we were a team, Shane. You said that yourself. So that means we all have a say. Ain't that right, Walt?

WALTER

(calm;logical)

Travis has a point there, Shane. If we're gonna find this fortune together, we have to cooperate with each other and put aside our differences. We'll just have a little to eat, rest up, and be on our way in the morning.

Shane looks lividly but composed at the guys, yet finally concedes.

SHANE

(sternly concedes)

Fine. But we're all gonna have equal portions.

WALTER

Sounds great. C'mon fellas, let's get settled.

The guys set up camp, as they are gathered around, voraciously eating their meal, grabbing at every morsel

SHANE

(stern; with mouth full)

You guys better enjoy this while you can, 'cause it's all your gettin'.

TRAVIS

(with mouth full)

Quit being a wet blanket. I'm trying to enjoy a decent meal here.

PETE

(with mouth full)

I must say, Shane, this hash tastes outstanding.

WALTER

I'm with Petey, Shane. This is just like my mom makes it. When she's not nagging my pop.

SHANE

Well, I just diced some potatoes,
threw in some beef sausage, and
seasoned it with some salt and
pepper.

ROSS

This seems too greasy, guys. I
don't know if we should be eating
this. We have to keep our bodies
healthy for the long haul.

TRAVIS

(testy)

Just when I think you couldn't ruin
anything else for me, you try to
spoil my meal.

ROSS

(sheepish)

I'm just saying - -

TRAVIS

Well shut your mouth!

WALTER

Guys, guys. Try some of these
crackers. They're really
something.

The guys continue to eat

CAMPFIRE

Burns brightly

The guys are gathered around the campfire, as they converse
among one another.

PETE

Boy, I can't even remember the last
time I bivouacked around a
campfire.

ROSS

(fearful)

You guys, I don't feel so good
about this. We're too deep in the
woods and you never know what could
be lurking out there.

WALTER

Relax, Ross. We're only staying here one night.

TRAVIS

(calm; nervous)

Yeah, Ross. I mean, what are the odds that a... Oh my God, it's a big grizzly!

The guys leap up from the campfire, as Ross proceeds to SHRILL in terror

ROSS

(screams)

Oh, sweet Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Where is it?

Ross frantically looks around the woods for the bear

TRAVIS

(laughs uproariously)

Hah, made you look!

WALTER

(upset)

C'mon Trav, that was just plain foolish.

TRAVIS

(laughs)

Yeah. I can't believe fraidy pants fell for it.

ROSS

(upset)

I don't find you amusing in the least, Travis.

TRAVIS

(dismissive)

Ah, quit being such a chicken shit. I knew we should have left you home.

ROSS

You take that back.

TRAVIS

(defiant)

The hell I will!

Both Ross and Travis quickly rise and look aggressively at one another. Walter rapidly intervenes

SHANE

(stern)

Alright, you two, that's enough!

TRAVIS

(confident)

Don't worry, Shane. I'll lick this yellar belly in no time!

SHANE

(angrily)

There ain't gonna be no lickin' anyone. Now cut out this bullshit and start focusing! This is the kind of distraction that'll never help us find Peabody's fortune. Now put out this fire and get to sleep. We got an even larger day tomorrow.

Shane looks gravely at the guys. The guys remain silent, as they start to put water on the campfire

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The guys are fast asleep on the canvas. All except for Shane, who is wide awake with the map in his hand, alertly looking for around the woods for anyone/anything

FADE OUT.

SCENE V

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - EARLY MORNING

The guys awake from their sleep.

PETE

(groggy)

Man, what time is it?

WALTER

(tiredly looks at his watch)

Eight-thirty. Hey, Shane, are we having anything for breakfast?

SHANE

Yeah, I just have to find the food first.

PETE

(curious)

Has anyone seen Travis?

SHANE

(inquisitive)

Say, has any one of you seen the food?

All of the guys shake their heads indicating no, as Shane goes to search for the comestibles

SHANE

(heads off towards the forest)

Be right back, fellas.

Shane heads off towards the forest, as he walks deeper into a heavily treed area. Shane continues to search, when he soon discovers something

SHANE'S POV

TRAVIS

Sleeps serenely on the ground, surrounded by the remnants of the food supplies

BACK TO SCENE

Shane carefully but aggressively approaches Travis

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

The rest of the guys are getting washed and dressed, when they suddenly hear the sounds of YELLING and RUSTLING

TRAVIS AND SHANE

Grapple with each other. Shane grabs Travis and hardily pins him to the ground.

SHANE

(angrily hits Travis)

You no good, two-faced swine!

TRAVIS
(apologetic)
I'm sorry. I didn't have enough
dinner last night and I got real
hungry!

WALTER
(incredulous)
I can't believe you, Travis. Now
what are we gonna eat for the rest
of the trip?

SHANE
(stern)
Well, since Travis ate all of our
food, it's only fair for him to get
us breakfast.

TRAVIS
(confounded)
What are you talkin' about? We're
in the middle of the woods.

SHANE
There's a rill a couple of minutes
from here. Go over there and catch
us a fish for breakfast.

TRAVIS
(frustrated)
Ah, man. Can I at least get some
water before I go?

SHANE
Not a chance. You've already had
enough. There should be some water
for you to drink in the rill. Go
get some there.

TRAVIS
(uncertain)
But how will I know if it's
drinkable?

PETE
Oh, that's easy. My daddy always
told me that if you're ever
uncertain 'bout whether you should
drink water, go by this little
diddy: If it's clear, have no fear,
if it's brown, it'll make ya frown.

TRAVIS
(sarcastic)
I'll keep that in mind.

SHANE
It's gettin' late and we're already
a few minutes behind. Get goin'
Travis!

All of the guys jostle Travis in the direction of the rill

EXT. RILL - DAY

Travis arrives at the rill. He looks along the banks for a fish. Travis then goes deeper into the rill's water. Travis then scoops up some water and starts to drink it voraciously. Travis catches his breath and rapidly notices something.

TRAVIS' POV

SILVER FISH

Swims idly underwater

BACK TO SCENE

Travis intently watches the fish and grabs a large rock nearby. He tentatively approaches the fish, gently aiming the rock in the fish's direction. Travis hurls the rock at the fish, as it makes a RESOUNDING SPLASH

CAMPFIRE

Cooks the fish, which rests in a frying pan

The guys are crowded around the camp fire, getting ready to enjoy the fish

PETE
(hungrily eyes the fish)
Boy, Travis, I must say you caught
a beauty right there.

TRAVIS
Maybe now you'll get off my back,
eh, Shane?

SHANE

(unimpressed)

Don't go pinning a medal on your chest, Trav. You shoulda brought back more than one. We'll be lucky if this feeds all five of us.

WALTER

This should hold us until later. How much further do you think we have, Shane?

Shane pulls out his maps and begins to scan it.

SHANE

(closely reads map)

Judging by where we are, I'd say a little over ten days. Keep in mind, we made a premature stop over here, and I was hoping we'd leave this morning.

PETE

(curious)

What time is it now?

SHANE

(looks at his watch)

A quarter to ten. As soon as we finish eating, we gotta start back on the trail. Our goal should be about four miles.

WALTER

You gotta be kiddin' me.

SHANE

(logical)

The more ground we cover, the sooner we'll arrive at the fortune. Don't think that there's no one else trying to get their grubby mitts on it too.

PETE

Where are we on the map?

Shane decides to show the map to the guys

CLOSEUP ON MAP

As Shane indicates locations with his finger and speaks

VOICE OF SHANE (O.S.)

Well, if these coordinates are correct, we left the Eastern end of Palo Alto and are currently in this portion of the valley. Now all we have left is to go - -

The map suddenly becomes stained with coffee. Travis, trying to look at the map and pour himself a cup, accidentally spills it on the map.

SHANE

(incredulous)

What the hell? Travis, you stupid son of a bitch!

TRAVIS

(sheepish)

I'm sorry. I was trying to pour some coffee and the pot was hot.

SHANE

(frustrated)

Now the whole damn map is ruined! That's the second time today!

WALTER

(worried)

How the hell are we going to know where to go?

SHANE

(sarcastic)

Why don't you ask Travis?

TRAVIS

(slightly agitated)

I said I was sorry, Shane. I'd really like for you to get off my back!

SHANE

Well, you've done enough already. Let's get goin'!

The guys get ready to head out.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VI

EXT. VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

The guys continue on their way as they reach an area near a wide cliff. Some of the guys are starting to grow weary.

WALTER

(drudgingly)

Man, how much longer 'til we rest?
I feel like I'm gonna collapse.

PETE

(exhausted)

Man, what I'd give to have a little
tail right now.

ROSS

Fellas, I think I'm gonna die.

WALTER

(calls out to Shane)

Shane, whadya say we call it a day?

SHANE

(forcefully continues)

Not yet. We still have a third of
a mile to go.

PETE

(tiredly whispers; sotto
voce)

Shane, we're all really spent, and
it's getting a little late and
maybe we should - -

SHANE

(angrily interjects)

What we should do is tough it out a
third of a mile more and leave the
decision makin' to me!

Shane looks lividly at the rest of the guys

SHANE'S POV

GUYS

Look tiredly and soberly at Shane.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane stays silent and poses an inquiry.

SHANE
(inquisitive)
Where the hell is Travis?

PETE
He should be here in a second.
He's been trailing most of the way.

Travis soon catches up to the rest of the gang, as he walks gingerly and holds his stomach

TRAVIS
(exasperated)
There you guys are. I was calling you the whole time to wait up for me.

SHANE
(stern)
This fortune, like us, waits for nobody. By the way, why in the hell are you holdin' your belly?

TRAVIS
(painfully)
My stomach's been achin' me so bad. I think it may have been something I ate.

SHANE
(sarcastic)
Well you certainly put away enough of our food to give yourself one.

WALTER
(suggestive)
Maybe it was the fish we ate for breakfast. Are you allergic to fish?

TRAVIS
Nah, I didn't have that much fish.

PETE
Did you have anything else to eat?

TRAVIS
Not at all. All I had were a few sips of water from where I got the fish.

ROSS
(worried)
Oh my God. You drank some dirty water.

PETE
Didn't you remember that song my father...

TRAVIS
(angrily interjects)
Yes, I do. I thought the water I drank was clean.

WALTER
Hey, Shane, why don't you give Travis some water from your canteen?

SHANE
(stern)
Fine. Here, take a sip.

Shane tosses the canteen over to Travis. Travis catches the canteen and starts to gulp down water. Shane quickly intervenes.

SHANE
(quickly snatches the canteen from Travis)
Okay, that's enough. There's four others here that are just as thirsty! Hold on a sec...

Shane walks tentatively and begins to look around at the surrounding area.

SHANE
(astounded)
No. This can't be.

WALTER
What's the matter, Shane?

SHANE
(calm; angrily)
This just can't be. No, no, no!

PETE
Shane, you're acting as if we've been going the wrong way.

Shane hesitates and looks soberly at Pete, who is quick to comprehend him.

PETE

(flabbergasted)

You've got to be shittin' me. You mean we've been walking the wrong way this whole time?

ROSS

(worried)

Oh, I knew something like this was gonna happen. I'm getting nervous.

WALTER

How did this happen?

SHANE

(explains)

It's the map. I couldn't see the directions 'cause of the coffee stains. Instead of going East on the Pass, we went West. All this way for nothing!

TRAVIS

(calm)

Take it easy, Shane. We'll just walk back.

SHANE

(angrily)

I'll take it easy, you stupid son of a bitch!

Shane quickly goes to attack Travis, as the rest of the guys intervene and restrain him.

WALTER

(restrains Shane)

Shane, Shane. It's not worth it.

SHANE

(threatening)

I swear, when we get to that fortune, I'll see to it you get the least amount. Mark my words!

WALTER

(calm)

Say, guys. Whadya say we take a good breather before we head out again?

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
I don't know about you, fellas, but
I could sure use a good washing.

The rest of the guys look calmly at Walter.

EXT. WOODSIDE - EARLY AFTERNOON

SUN

Sets halfway across the horizon

SERIES OF SHOTS

Ross is quietly sleeping on the ground.

Shane is intently studying his map, trying to discern the directions from under the coffee stains.

Walter is quietly playing a game of solitaire on a flat rock.

EXT. LAKE - EARLY DUSK

Pete is calmly washing himself, as he hears some GRUNTING NOISES a few feet from the lake. Pete covers himself, as he tentatively walks toward the area where the NOISE is coming from. Pete looks around

PETE'S POV

TRAVIS

Bent over in the corner of a tree, trying painfully to go to the bathroom, in tears

BACK TO SCENE

Pete gently approaches Travis.

PETE
(jokingly)
Looks like you got a traffic jam on
the old Hershey highway, eh, Trav?

TRAVIS
(painfully)
Fuck you, Pete! Man, I'd sell my
soul to the devil himself just to
take a shit!

PETE
 (kindly)
 Can I get you anything?

TRAVIS
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah. A loaded Luger. What time
 is it?

PETE
 Oh, sorry. I left my watch in my
 pants. If there's anything you
 need, a nice fish, a drink of wa...

Travis looks incredulously at Pete, who looks on in
 embarrassment

PETE
 (sheepish)
 Well, I'm here for you. See you
 back at camp.

Pete departs, as Travis remains in the woods, desperately
 trying to make a bowel movement

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

STARS

Shine brightly in the night sky.

The guys are unusually quiet, as they sit pensively by the
 small campfire. Walter decides to break the ice.

WALTER
 (observant)
 You know, this is probably the
 first time in all my life that I
 haven't eaten dinner.

PETE
 (nostalgic)
 You're not the only one who's
 singing that song, Walt. I was
 just thinking about my mom, and how
 she used to make the most delicious
 apple pie. You could eat it any
 time of day. And if you wanted to,
 you could put some warm syrup on
 top and boy, you're in business.

ROSS
(worried)
You guys, I think I hear something.

PETE
Yeah, the shaking of your own
boots? Will you relax?

ROSS
(nostalgic)
You guys are talking about food.
Well, I remember when I was a kid,
just before my family moved out
here. We lived in Virginia. That
was the first time I ever ate fried
chicken. Man, I never thought I
had so many taste buds.

WALTER
(nostalgic)
I hear ya. My granny used to make
the best buttermilk biscuits. She'd
bake 'em every Thanksgiving or for
Sunday dinner, and when you'd open
them up, steam came out and...
(angrily)
Ah, crap, I'm hungry!

Pete and Ross become silent, as Walter composes himself

WALTER
(apologetic)
I'm sorry, fellas. So, Shane, do
you have a favorite dish?

Shane is sitting pensively, watching the fire smolder, before
finally coming to

SHANE
I'm sorry, fellas, what was that?

WALTER
(dismissive; concerned)
Nevermind. You okay, Shane?

SHANE
Yeah. Just thinking.

PETE
(curious)
About what?

SHANE

(calm)

Well, I'm a little disappointed. Here we are, really going after Peabody's fortune, having everything planned, and here we are, lost, hungry, and up the creek without a paddle. This is just unbelievable.

WALTER

(supportive)

You can't go beatin' yourself up, Shane. Like you said, it's not the destination, it's the journey. We all have to face the fact that there will be problems and tough times along the way, and whether we like it or not, we have to face them.

ROSS

(worried)

Oh, but what if those times never go away?

WALTER

That's where you have it wrong, Ross. Tough times go away, not tough people. We just have to put this behind us, stick together, and brave whatever storms may come our way.

PETE

Walt's right. I mean, we've had our share of rough patches. We'll get a good night's sleep, try to catch some breakfast in the morning, and get back on track tomorrow.

All of the guys nod in agreement, as they get ready to go to sleep

SHANE

(soft)

You know something, fellas? I feel a whole lot better now. If you only knew how badly I want us to find this fortune.

WALTER
 (confident)
 And we will. We just have to stay
 together.

ROSS
 (happily)
 This may sound a little corny, but
 it's moments like these that make
 me proud to call you guys my
 friends.

All of the guys smile admirably, at one another, as a
 GROANING SOUND from the woods suddenly arises

VOICE OF TRAVIS (O.S)
 Oh, oh. My ass!

WALTER
 Is that Travis?

PETE
 (witty)
 It's either Travis, or two bears
 mating.

WALTER
 (concerned)
 Should we go check on him?

PETE
 (makes a smelling motion)
 Don't bother. I went to check on
 him before. Whew!

SHANE
 I'm sure Travis will be fine in the
 morning. My uncle had the same
 thing. He was fine the next day.

PETE
 Let's hit the hay, fellas. We've
 got a big day ahead of us.

The guys start off to sleep

SUN

Rises over the mountains.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

The guys are still asleep, except for Shane, who is the first one up. Shane rises, stretches, and rubs his eyes.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Shane takes a handful of water and splashes it on his face. Shane turns around, and notices something among the trees

SHANE'S POV

TRAVIS

Lays idly among the trees.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane slowly walks over to Travis to wake him up.

SHANE

(beckons Travis)

Okay, Travis. Hope you're feelin' better, 'cause it's time to get up. We've gotta long day ahead of us.

Shane approaches Travis, who remains unresponsive. Shane WHISTLES at Travis

SHANE

(stern; jokingly)

Yoo-hoo, Travis. Time to get up, buddy. We gotta get up, get washed, and be on our way. Speaking of washing up, you can sure use a bath. Whew, you must have had a fun evening last night.

Travis remains lying on the ground, unresponsive.

SHANE

(testy; concerned)

You hard of hearing, Trav? I said come on. Travis. Travis?

Shane looks at Travis uneasily.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

GUYS

Look at Travis' corpse in stunned amazement.

PETE

How long do you think he's been
dead?

SHANE

(inspects the body)
I would say a couple of hours. No
more, no less.

ROSS

(nervous)
Oh, God, I told him not to drink
water from the lake.

WALTER

(despondent)
Oh, Travis. It just ain't fair.
Taken too young, too soon. You
were a helluva guy. Gonna miss
you, buddy.

Walter despondently walks away from the body, as Ross comes
over to bid his friend a final farewell

ROSS

(soft; hysterical)
Travis, I didn't know you all that
well. But all the same, you were
like a brother to me. Just like
Shane, Pete, and Walt. Goodbye,
Travis.

Ross begins to weep uncontrollably, as Walter embraces Ross
and attempts to console him. Pete then approaches the body.

PETE

(sober)
I never thought I'd be doing this
so soon, Trav.
(MORE)

PETE (cont'd)

You were many things: a son, a brother, an everyday worker, a dreamer, but most importantly, you were a friend. Then, now, always. May you rest in peace.

Pete departs, as Shane tentatively approaches the corpse.

SHANE

(soft)

I know we hadn't been on the best of terms during this trip, Trav. I said some things that I wish I could take back. But we live and we learn. If there's one thing I can promise you, it's this: when we reach that fortune, we will personally see to it that you get your fair share. On my word.

Shane turns around and looks soberly at the rest of the guys

SHANE

Whadya say, fellas?

WALTER

That's a damn fine thing, Shane. We'll seek this fortune together, we'll find this fortune together, and we'll share this fortune together.

PETE

(observant)

You guys, I hate to ruin this moment, but what are we gonna do with the body?

WALTER

You got me.

ROSS

(nervous)

Oh, I'm not touching a dead body, fellas.

PETE

Shit, fellas. My grandpa always told me to never touch a corpse except when it's in a casket.

WALTER

We can't just leave Travis out here in the middle of the woods.

(MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
He was our friend, and wouldn't do
that to us. We're gonna handle
this the right way.

PETE
(curious)
Then what do you suggest we do?

WALTER
(looks at Shane)
Got any ideas, Shane?

SHANE
(pensive)
I think I have something.

EXT. RIVER -DAY

The waters are calmly running along the river. Shane is
drudgingly carrying the corpse of Travis, which is wrapped in
canvas.

SHANE
Bunch of sissies. Always scared
and tired. I've gotta do all the
work around here.

Shane places the corpse on the ground, as he takes a quick
breather

SHANE
(slightly out of breath)
Man, I never realized how heavy you
were, Travis. Just kidding, of
course.

Shane hesitates and looks out over the river.

SHANE
(speaks to the corpse)
I don't mean to trouble you, Trav,
but I haven't the slightest clue of
where to put ya. Not to worry.
I'll think of something.

Shane looks at the shrouded corpse and grins sardonically. He
turns and suddenly sees something

SHANE'S POV

SMALL DEER

Aimlessly roves among the forest near the river. The deer stops and begins to graze

BACK TO SCENE

Shane stays calm and tentatively moves his hand toward the ankle part of his pants

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SHANE'S ANKLE

As Shane's hand pulls out a medium-knife. Shane lasciviously eyes the deer, wielding his knife and tentatively approaching the animal

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

FRYING PAN

Cooks among the burning fire wood in the camp fire.

GUYS

Enjoy their meal around a campfire, right before they head out on their journey.

WALTER

(with mouth full)

Boy, oh, boy! This is the best venison I've ever had!

PETE

(delighted)

I'm with Shane. Man, Shane, you sure know how to cook 'em.

ROSS

(worried)

You guys, I don't think we should be eating this. I hear deers carry bugs.

PETE

(dismissive)

Christ, is there ever a time when you don't worry?

WALTER

I guess luck must've been on our side this morning. Who would've thought you'd find a deer at this time of day?

SHANE

I'm so glad you guys are enjoying this meal. It's just that I didn't catch a deer.

WALTER

(confounded)

What are you talking about?

SHANE

(with mouth full)

Well, to answer part of your question, I did happen to encounter a deer when I was interring Travis. It got away from me, though.

PETE

(uncomfortably curious)

If it got away from you, then how did you...

SHANE

(with mouth full)

Well, that's the other thing... Remember when we said Travis would always be a part of us.

The guys nod their heads in pure perplexity, as Shane continues

SHANE

(with mouth full)

Well, let's just say I fulfilled our wish. Whadya think, fellas? Travis will always be with us now. He's our lunch! Ha, ha, ha!

Shane sticks out his tongue, as it shows his masticated food. The rest of the guys are utterly repulsed. Ross runs to a tree and proceeds to vomit. Pete and Walter spit out the food in their mouths on the ground

WALTER

(incredulous)

Are you insane, Shane? How could you eat Travis?!

SHANE

(impudent; nonchalant)
I'm not the only one eating him,
Walt. What's the big deal? You
guys didn't even know the
difference. You thought it was
deer meat.

WALTER

(angrily)
That's not the point. Travis was
our friend and deserved better.

PETE

(nauseated)
You guys, I think I'm gonna join
Ross.

Pete quickly goes over to the tree with Ross

WALTER

(angrily)
I can't believe you. Don't ever
pull something like that again!

Walter gets up and roughly pushes Shane. Shane angrily rises

SHANE

(enraged)
Get your mitts offa me! You guys
should be thanking me. If it
wasn't for Travis, we'd be
starving. We have to survive on
this journey any way we can.

WALTER

(threatening)
Well, you better watch where you're
going with this. You're my friend,
Shane, and I gotta lot of respect
for you. But don't you dare think
I won't tell you when you're outta
line. Ready to go when you are.

Walter departs, leaving Shane by himself. Shane remains
stock still and silent.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VII

FADE IN:

AERIAL VIEW - PLAINS -DAY

The guys are walking drudgingly along the plains. They are visibly fatigued.

PETE

(exasperated)

How much longer 'til we rest? I think I'm gonna pass out.

ROSS

(fatigued)

I've never liked the plains. You never know what could be out here.

WALTER

(suggestive)

Shane, don't you think it's time we settle?

SHANE

(stern; dismissive)

Nonsense. We're just getting back on track. Plus, we're almost a quarter of a mile to reaching our next target area. It'd be foolish to stop now.

WALTER

Speaking for the group, I think we should - -

SHANE

(angrily interjects)

And as the person who planned all of this, I suggest you listen to me and keep walkin'!

WALTER

(brave)

We're all in this together, so everyone is going to have a say. Ross, Pete, stop walking.

Pete and Ross come to a halt, and look curiously at Shane.

WALTER

Fellas, we're gonna have a consensus. Who wants to continue walking?

Pete and Shane raise their hands aloft. Walter looks incredulously at Pete.

WALTER
 (astounded)
 Pete, do you really wanna keep
 going?

PETE
 (stoic)
 Gee, Walter, would it kill us to go
 a little further? We should reach
 a safe spot in due time.

SHANE
 Thank you, Petey. At least some of
 us are willing to make the trip to
 reach the fortune. Let's go.

WALTER
 (aloud)
 Hold your horses, Shane. The vote
 ended in a tie.

SHANE
 (testily)
 Then how do you suggest we settle
 this?

The guys fall silent, as they are all confounded. Ross softly
 interjects

ROSS
 (soft)
 Why don't we have a rock-throwing
 contest?

WALTER
 (refreshed)
 That's it! Ross, that's perfect!

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

The guys are in the middle of the plains. Both Shane and
 Walter are looking for and trying to select a rock. Shane is
 looking through a bunch on the ground, when he comes across a
 black rock.

SHANE
 (looks admiringly at the
 rock)
 Man, you are a beaut. I think I'll
 call you Black Beaut Betty. C'mon,
 we've got a contest to win.

Shane walks over to Ross, who is officiating the contest.

SHANE
(confident)
Alright, Ross. I'm ready when Walt
is.

Walter appears with his rock, ready to compete.

WALTER
(brave)
Well, you better be ready, 'cause
we're gonna settle this once and
for all.

ROSS
Okay, you fellas ready?

Both Shane and Walter look intensely at one another and nod.

ROSS
(yells to Pete)
You ready down there, Pete?

PETE

Stands far from the guys, waiting for the rocks to be thrown.

PETE
(aloud)
Ready

GUYS

Prepare to throw. Ross talks to them.

ROSS
Alright, which one of you wants to
go first?

WALTER
I will.

Walter looks sternly at Shane and prepares to throw his rock. Walter looks down the plains, slowly hesitates, and hardly throws his rock. Walter steps aside, as Ross motions to Shane.

ROSS
You ready, Shane?

Shane nods. He steps up, kisses his rock, and looks down the plains. Shane positions himself, takes a few steps back, takes a few steps forward and hurls his rock with all his might.

ROSS
Let's go and see.

GUYS

Go towards Pete to see the results.

SHANE
(confident)
I think I got you beat, Walt.

WALTER
(defiant)
That's what you think. I threw that rock with all my might. It's a sure thing.

The guys arrive at the far end of the plains, where Pete is waiting for them to tell the results.

WALTER
(curiously)
What do we got, Pete?

PETE
Well, fellas, to be perfectly honest, we have ourselves a photo finish.

WALTER
(confounded)
What are you talkin' about, Pete?

PETE
Well, see for yourself...

Pete steps aside

ROCKS

Lie idly on the barren land. Shane's rock has beaten Walter's by a mere quarter inch. Walter looks at the rocks in utter devastation

WALTER
 (soft; angrily)
 Are you kiddin' me? Are you
 kiddin' me!

SHANE
 (laughs)
 Well, Walt, I hope your feet are
 feelin' fresh. 'Cause we're going
 at least two more miles.

Shane hands Walter his rock, pats him on the shoulder, and
 departs to continue walking. Walter looks at his rock

WALTER
 (angrily tosses his rock)
 Shit!

FADE OUT.

SCENE VIII

FADE IN:

EXT. WIDE OPEN VALLEY - NIGHT

The weather is immensely inclement. TORRENTIAL RAINS are
 POURING, as LIGHTNING and THUNDER start to CLAP.

GUYS

Quickly dash across the plains, trying to avoid getting even
 more wet.

WALTER
 (yells aloud)
 We didn't expect to be caught in
 this kind of weather, Shane.

SHANE
 (yells aloud)
 Well neither did I. We'll just
 have to brave the storm.

PETE
 (yells aloud)
 Swell choice of words.

ROSS
 (yells aloud)
 Let's find a place where we can
 stay a while. I don't wanna catch
 a cold.

WALTER
(yells aloud)
Ross is right, fellas. Do you see a
safe place we can stay 'til the
storm settles?

PETE
(looks and exclaims)
Hey, fellas! I think I see
something!

Pete indicates a small, layered rocky area. The guys
immediately head towards the rocky canopy.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKY CANOPY - NIGHT

The guys have entered the canopy and start to get settled.

WALTER
(slightly out of breath)
Good looking, Pete. Look on the
bright side, fellas. At least we
won't need a shower.

PETE
It's anything but bright out there.

SHANE
Not to worry, Petey. It's probably
blowing over from the mountains.
We should be good to go in the
morning. You guys alright?

WALTER
(sarcastic)
Other than being cold, tired, and
hungry, I'm just dandy.

PETE
I'm with Walt, Shane. If I don't
eat something soon, one of you will
be joining Travis on the menu.

ROSS
(frightened)
You guys, this place is giving me
the creeps.

PETE

(sarcastic)

You'd feel the creeps in a warm, cozy bed. Man, that sounds great right about now. Hey, anybody have the time?

Shane takes a watch from his pocket, and places it in the moonlight

SHANE

(pulls his watch back in)

Boy, it's only nine-thirty.

WALTER

(sarcastic)

Only nine-thirty, he says.

SHANE

(testily)

What's stuck up your ass?

WALTER

(exasperated)

I can't believe you. Here we are, in the middle of nowhere, no food, no lodging, barely any clothes, and nothing to do. I really think we should head back home.

SHANE

(intense)

Typical puss, Walt. We've nearly accomplished our goal, and just when we're getting close, you wanna fold like my mama on laundry day.

WALTER

(calm)

I just think that it's really not worth it to for us to go through this kind of trip, in these kind of conditions, all for some fortune that probably isn't real. We're probably not even close.

SHANE

(intense)

That's where you're wrong, Walt. I looked at our map, and we've made two days worth of mileage in exactly one day.

PETE
 (impressed)
 No foolin'.

SHANE
 No foolin', Pete. Barring any complications, we should reach the mountains in two days, the most.

Pete and Ross CHEER, as Walter stays silent

WALTER
 (calm)
 I have to admit. I'm impressed. But that still doesn't change the fact that we're stranded and bored.

SHANE
 I told you I brought some playing cards.

WALTER
 (testy)
 Man, I'm tired of playing cards.

SHANE
 (suggestive; sheepish)
 Well, I do have something else we can do, but, nevermind.

WALTER
 (curious)
 No, what? What is it that you want to show us?

SHANE
 (dismissive)
 Forget I even mentioned it. Just put it to bed.

WALTER
 (defiant)
 No. I want to know what you have that's so interesting.

SHANE
 (calm)
 I'd love to show you guys, but I don't think any of you can handle it.

PETE

(curious; angrily)

Handle what? We've been through treacherous terrain, eaten human flesh, and made it through the dry plains with only a little water and the clothes on our backs. So tell me what we're not man enough to handle!

SHANE

(resigned)

Fair enough. Alright, here it is...

Shane goes to his bag and pulls out something and shows it to the guys. The guys take a gander

GUYS' POV

OUIJA BOARD

Shows dimly in the light of the lantern.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane looks at the guys, a wry smile on his face.

SHANE

(sinister)

Whadya think, fellas? My granny gave it to me when I was ten. I completely forgot I had it. I found it when I was looking for my lantern.

PETE

(curious)

What the hell is it?

SHANE

It's an ow-ja board. It's supposed to have some magic powers or something.

ROSS

(slightly frightened)

I don't like the sound of that, fellas. The only powers I believe in are those of the Good Lord.

SHANE

Well, you're gonna have to put your Sunday school lessons aside for one night. It's time we test this baby out.

PETE

(uncertain)

Maybe Ross is right, Shane. I mean, we shouldn't be foolin' with magic. That's better off with gypsies and shit.

SHANE

(sets up the Ouija board)

Relax, Pete. It's not like we do this all the time. Maybe we'll find out what the future holds in store for us. C'mon, fellas.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY CANOPY - NIGHT

GUYS

Sit Indian-style around the lantern and Ouija board.

SHANE

So fellas, where do we start?

WALTER

(befuddled)

What do you mean?

SHANE

Well, this is mainly used to talk to those from the great beyond.

WALTER

(incredulous)

You're shittin' me.

SHANE

(impudent)

Do I stutter, Walt? You make the board active, ask your question to the dead person of choice, hold this piece down on the board here, and wait for a response when it moves.

PETE
 (confounded)
 Sounds kinda hard.

SHANE
 Believe me, it isn't. The only
 problem we're facing is, who are we
 gonna speak to?

The guys, completely puzzled, fall silent, as they start to
 come up with suggestions

WALTER
 (sentimental)
 Well, I sure miss my granny a whole
 lot. It'd be real neat to see how
 she's doin'.

PETE
 (waxes nostalgic)
 I've always wondered what my late
 uncle Cecil's been up to. He
 passed on a few years back, and he
 was the funniest and finest guy
 you'd ever want to meet.

ROSS
 (uncertain)
 I don't know, fellas. I heard when
 you wake the dead, their spirits
 come back to haunt. I really don't
 think we should be doin' this.

SHANE
 Alright. It's really sweet of you
 guys to think of family members,
 but I was thinking along the lines
 of somebody more notable.

PETE
 Like George Washington.

ROSS
 Or Abe Lincoln.

WALTER
 How about that guy who invented the
 telephone?

SHANE

Those are some pretty major names,
but I was thinking of somebody a
little more interesting, a little
less famous, a little more
mysterious...

The Guys look at Shane in pure bewilderment

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON SHANE'S FACE

SHANE

(sinisterly)
Peabody.

The Guys stared terrified at Shane. Walter rises from his seat.

WALTER

(makes the sign of the
cross with his fingers)
Whoa, that is sick. We're not
gonna do this. No way, no how.

SHANE

(nonchalant)
Would you lighten up. I bet
Peabody would be honoured to hear
from the guys pursuing his fortune.
We can ask him about the fortune,
like where it's hidden, how much
it's worth. Maybe he'll even tell
us how to use his fortune to make
even more money.

The Guys look frightened at Shane

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - OUIJA BOARD

As the guys' hands are placed atop it

SHANE

Okay, fellas. Whadya say we get
started? Who wants to hold the
piece with me?

All of the guys are unresponsive, and remain tightly seated

SHANE

(wry)
Not all at once, now.

ROSS

(with caution)
I told you, Shane. I don't believe
in magic.

SHANE

(witty)
I wish I knew some magic, then I
could make your scaredy ass
disappear.

Ross derisively sticks his tongue out at Shane

SHANE

How about it, Pete?

PETE

I usually never have a problem with
anything you do, Walt. Yet I must
say this one's going a bit far.

SHANE

Another yellar belly. Walt, can I
ask you?

Walter looks worried at Shane. Walter hesitates with his
answer, then replies.

WALTER

(resigned)
I guess one time couldn't hurt.

SHANE

Thank you, Walt.
(looks admonishingly at
Pete and Ross)
At least we know the men from the
boys in this group.

Shane and Walter each lean towards the Ouija board and put
their hands on the piece.

SHANE AND WALT'S HANDS

Sit firmly on the board.

Shane closes his eyes and begins to summon the supposed spirit of Peabody.

SHANE

(aloud)

Oh, great spirit of Myron Peabody,
we summon your rested spirit in
hopes that you will answer our
questions and give us insight into
your fortune and how we can obtain
it.

WALTER

(sotto voce)

I don't feel anything, Shane.

SHANE

We have to be patient. Maybe if we
ask him a question. Mr. Peabody,
sir, it is with the greatest of
earnesty that we four ask you: Are
we approaching the location of your
hidden fortune?

The guys watch the Ouija board, as no activity has occurred.

WALTER

(skeptical)

I knew it. C'mon, Shane, let's - -

Before Walter can finish, he feels a slight movement from underneath his hands

WALTER

(amazed)

Whoa!

SHANE AND WALT'S HANDS

As the piece underneath them starts to move.

WALTER

That's not funny, Shane. Stop
moving the piece!

SHANE

I'm not moving the piece, Walt.

WALTER
 (watches the Ouija board)
 Look fellas, it's moving on the
 letters.

CUT TO:

OUIJA PIECE

Moves to a letter on the Ouija board. The piece first moves toward the letter "Y", then to "E", and finally to "S"

WALTER
 (aloud)
 It spelled out "Yes", fellas. You
 gotta see this, Shane.

SHANE
 (with his eyes still
 closed; aloud)
 It's okay, Walt. I'm listening to
 everything. Mr. Peabody, sir, we
 ask you kindly whether you think we
 will find your great fortune.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON PIECE

Starts to move again to one letter at a time.

SHANE
 (aloud)
 What do we have, Walt?

WALTER
 (carefully reads the
 board)
 It's coming to a stop at "R". It
 spelled out "Never".

SHANE
 (aloud; daring)
 Trying to raise the stakes, huh,
 Peabody? Well, how's this? When
 we find your fortune, and I assure
 you we will, what do you suggest we
 do with it?

WALTER
 (watches the piece)
 It's moving.

SHANE
 (curious; his eyes still
 closed)
 What's it saying? Tell me now,
 Walt!

WALTER
 Hold on. It's still spelling it
 out. It spelled out "Never" again.

ROSS AND PETE

Look on in pure terror.

PETE
 (frightened)
 You guys, I don't think this guy
 wants us touchin' his fortune!

ROSS
 (nervous)
 Why couldn't we talk to Abe
 Lincoln?

WALTER
 Shane, I think it's time we leave
 Peabody alone.

SHANE
 (defiant)
 Don't you dare take your hands off
 that board! Mr. Peabody, I have to
 know, is there a chance we'll ever
 truly know - -

Before Shane can finish, the WIND starts to WHISTLE, as a
 huge BOLT of LIGHTNING CRASHES right in front of the guys
 stirring all of them.

PETE
 (startled)
 Whoa!

ROSS
 (hysterical)
 You guys, I'm gettin' really
 scared!

WALTER
 (aloud)
 Shane, let's go. This is going too
 far!

SHANE

(aloud; defiant)

Not yet. I feel something, I see something!

WALTER

(aloud)

Shane, it's not worth it. Let's get some sleep.

SHANE

Walt, no, I'm having a vision!

WALTER

(aloud)

Well, consider it done!

Walter pulls Shane off the Ouija board, ending the spirit session! Shane lividly confronts Walter

SHANE

What the hell's a matter with you?! I was just starting to make a connection.

WALTER

(stern)

It was getting too scary, Shane.

SHANE

(enlightened)

Oh, come on! I could feel it, fellas. Some kind of spirit. The spirit of something, I don't know what. All these pictures, flashing right before my eyes, all at once. I think it was trying to tell me something.

WALTER

(stern)

Yes it did, Shane. And what it's sayin' is that Peabody don't want nobody going after his fortune, especially not us. I saw the Ow-ja board, Shane, and it spelled out "Never". Not just once, but twice! Maybe it's not meant to be.

SHANE

(intense)

That's where you're wrong, Walt.

(MORE)

SHANE (cont'd)

What you're forgettin' is the first answer to my first question was "Yes". We're closer to this fortune than we ever thought.

ROSS

(soft)

I don't mean to sound coward, Shane, but I really think we should head back home. I'm feelin' really scared.

SHANE

(testy)

When aren't you scared, Ross? You're the only guy I know who could drown in a rain puddle! Fellas, we've come too far for too long not to reach this fortune. We're not quittin', no way, no how!

Shane notices Ross, who is looking indignantly at him

SHANE

(nasty)

What the hell's your problem?

ROSS

(intense)

Shane, you know your my friend. But I have to tell you that you've been pushin' us a little too much, and I must say that I don't care for it.

SHANE

(daring)

So what are you gonna do about it?

ROSS

(intense)

Something I should have done earlier...

Ross takes huge rock from nearby and goes to assail Shane. Ross and Shane are tussling on the ground, as Pete and Walter attempt to intervene

ROSS AND SHANE

Continue tussling and GRUNTING. Ross is able to knock Shane into a corner. Shane is flat on his back, as Ross comes SCREAMING and CHARGING, with the big rock in his hand

CLOSEUP - SHANE

As he looks frighteningly at Ross. Shane quickly lifts his leg and kicks Ross. Ross falls down, as Shane quickly rises, takes a knife from under his pant leg and proceeds to stab Ross continually.

PETE AND WALTER

Look on in horror.

Walter quickly interrupts, pulling Shane off of Ross

WALTER
(angrily pushes Shane to
the ground)
What's wrong with you?!

Walter turns to Pete, who is checking on Ross. Pete looks gravely at Walter, moving his head in a "No" gesture. Ross is now dead

WALTER
(yells lividly)
How could you do that, Shane?

SHANE
(quivering)
You saw him, Walt. He was coming right at me, and he had that look in his eyes. You would've done the same. I had to defend myself.

WALTER
(yells)
He was just a little upset at you, Shane! Ross wouldn't hurt a fly!

Walter looks despondently at Ross' lifeless corpse, and decides to take initiative

WALTER
(soft; demanding)
Give me the knife, Shane.

SHANE
 (incredulous)
 Shane, you know I wouldn't - -

WALTER
 (angrily interjects)
 I said give me the knife, Shane!

SHANE
 (looks sympathetically at
 Pete)
 Petey, you know I wouldn't kill
 nobody on purpose.

PETE
 (sheepish)
 Maybe Walt's right, Shane. It'd be
 a whole lot safer if none of us
 were armed.

Shane looks disappointingly at Pete, and turns back to Walter, who is sternly waiting for the weapon. Shane forcefully hands Walter the knife. Walter looks momentarily at the weapon, and indignantly tosses it into the night sky

WALTER
 (sober)
 Now we're even. Ain't nothing
 going down.

PETE
 (curious)
 What are we gonna do with Ross?

WALTER
 (uncertain; intense)
 I don't know. But one thing's for
 sure.

WALTER
 (turns and looks intensely
 at Shane)
 He sure as hell won't be our
 dinner! We gotta long day
 tomorrow. Let's get some sleep.

WALTER
 (looks sternly at Shane)
 If some of us can.

Pete and Walter get ready for bed, as Shane stands speechless and visibly abashed.

EXT. ROCKY CANOPY - NIGHT

All of the guys are sleeping, except for Shane, who is tossing and turning. Shane is soon taken by a VOICE from out of nowhere.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
Shane, Shane.

Shane rises from his sleep.

SHANE
(frantically looks around)
Who's there? Where are you?

Shane gets up and ambles around the rocky environs, trying to find where the VOICE is coming from. The VOICE continues.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
I'm anywhere you want me to be,
Shane. In the sky, on the ground,
over the mountains, even right over
your shoulder...

Shane, startled by the thought, quickly looks over his shoulder and quivers.

SHANE
What do you want?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
Nothing. Just wanna talk. I see
you fellas have an interest in my
fortune, eh?

SHANE
Yeah, what's it to ya?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
Well, to tell you the truth, I
really like ya, kid. You got the
brains and the mettle, not to
mention the killer instinct.
You're certainly not like your
friends.

SHANE
Sorry, I don't follow.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
 Come on, think about it. Who was
 the one who thought of this trip,
 organized everything, and has made
 sure all is going to plan?

SHANE
 (hesitant)
 Me.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
 That's right, buddy. It was and
 always has been, you. Look at
 these guys sleeping.

Shane looks over at the guys.

SHANE'S POV

PETE AND WALTER

Lie sound asleep on the rocky ground.

BACK TO SCENE

The VOICE continues, as Shane listens.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
 They don't want my fortune, at
 least not as much as you do.
 They're just in it for the green.
 Seeing them as I have, I'll bet
 they'll squander it on some stupid
 shit. That guy Pete'll blow it on
 some cheap piece of ass. The one
 that really worries me is that
 Walter fella.

SHANE
 Walt's been my best friend. We've
 known each other since we were
 kids.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)
 But do you really know him? I saw
 how he's been speakin' to you, and
 I think it's disgusting. Who's he
 to be calling all the shots, while
 you plan and keep everything in
 order?

SHANE

Nah. Walter's being a little stubborn, just like me. I guess that's why we've been friends for so long.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

Don't give me that malarkey I look at him and deep down I see a yellar bellied coward. He's scared of you, and he knows it. You're so well-planned that he's intimidated. How dare he undermine you? He's gotta know his place.

SHANE

I guess you're right.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

I know I'm right. I worked my tail off to get where I was and to have what I had. All everybody did was either stand in my way, or try to take it from me.

SHANE

Then why did you leave your fortune behind?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

That's where I had it wrong. I thought that money could give me anything I wanted or could answer any questions I had. Instead, it gave me more worries, concerns, and fears than I ever could have imagined.

SHANE

Then how did you know who to trust?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

I trusted nobody. Then one day I decided that was it. I took a lump sum of my money to live on, and decided to leave the rest behind, and I never looked back. I just couldn't handle it.

SHANE

What makes you think I can handle it?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

I've been watching you, kid. When you heard the story of me and my fortune, you were already planning on what you would do with the fortune when you found it. Not a lot of people have that kind of thinking. You're one of a kind.

SHANE

Thanks. Listen, it's been great talking to you, but I really gotta get some sleep for tomorrow.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

Hey, no problem.

SHANE

Hey, I got one more thing I have to ask you.

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

Sure.

SHANE

Was that really you back there when we used the Ow-ja board?

VOICE OF MAN (V.O.)

No. That was George Washington. He's a hell of a guy, and a good joker. By the way, you are closer to the fortune than you think.

SHANE

We are? How close?
(waits a moment)
Hey, hey...

Shane awaits for a response, but is left without one. He walks back to his sleeping spot and looks warily but intently at Pete and Walter, as they sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II**SCENE X**

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY CANOPY - EARLY MORNING

The guys are rising from their slumber. Pete and Walter are fresh, while Shane is still sluggish from last night.

WALTER
You okay, Shane? Look's like you had a rough night.

SHANE
If you only knew.

WALTER
What's that supposed to mean?

SHANE
Nevermind.

EXT. ROCKY TORR - DAY

The guys are walking along a rocky torr, about to continue their journey.

SHANE
(reads the map)
From what I can make of the map, I think we should reach the mountains in no time. We just have to.. holy shit!

Shane quickly races down the rocky torr, as Pete and Walter try to follow. Shane finally arrives at an edge of the rocky torr and is looking downward. Pete and Walter curiously approach Shane.

WALTER
Sweet Lord, Shane. What's gotten into you?

SHANE
(stares down the rocky ledge)
I see it, fellas. I can't believe it, but I see it.

PETE

See what?

SHANE

Silver. A whole shit load of it right in the middle of this mountainside.

WALTER

So?

SHANE

So, do you know what raw silver goes for? Not as much as gold, but it's still nothing to sneeze at.

PETE

It's gettin' almost towards noon, Shane. Don't ya think we should be headed off?

SHANE

(rummages through his knapsack)

Well, we're gonna have a slight change of plans.

WALTER

You don't mean to tell us that we're going to get that silver?

SHANE

As sure as you've got hair on your ass.

WALTER

It's impossible. Do you realize the elevation downward? We could fall to our death!

SHANE

Making it all the more worthwhile. We can use it down the road.

PETE

(looks down the rocky ledge)

Man, that's gotta be at least a thousand feet. How do you expect to get down there?

SHANE

(wields a rope)

With this tight sucker. I brought it with me in case of an emergency. And this is just the one. C'mon, help me with it.

EXT. ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Pete and Walter are hardly tying the rope onto Shane's waist, as Shane prepares to descend the ledge.

PETE

(hardly ties the rope to
Shane's waist)

Do you really think this'll work?

SHANE

(confident)

We can't lose. All you and Walt have to do is hold this rope the tightest you can, while I get all the silver I can. When I give you the signal, you pull me up. Got it?

WALTER

Do you think this rope will hold?

SHANE

I don't see why not. My uncle used to haul furniture with it. Don't worry. Just hold tight to the rope and leave everything to me.

The guys approach the rocky ledge, as Shane is about to descend.

PETE

You ready, Shane?

SHANE

Well, we ain't getting any richer standin' here.

Shane gently steps toward the rocky ledge and looks down, as Pete and Walter stand readily behind him. Shane then tentatively takes a step forward, as his other foot follows. Walter has now descended.

EXT. SIDE OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Shane has reached the location of the silver and begins to CHIP away at it with a small PICK AXE. Shane quickly places it in small burlap sack

EXT. TOP OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

PETE AND WALTER

Hold tightly to the rope.

PETE

How do you think he's doin' down there?

WALTER

With Shane, anything's possible.

SIDE OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Shane remains diligently picking away at the silver deposits.

ROPE FIBERS

Slowly begin to come apart.

EXT. TOP OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Both Pete and Walter still tightly hold onto the rope.

WALTER

(intuitive)

Hey, Pete, I'm feeling a little funny about this rope.

PETE

What do you mean?

WALTER

It's feelin' a little light.

PETE

Feels fine to me.

WALTER

I think we better pull Shane up.

PETE
You sure that's a good idea?

WALTER
Lemme ask you, Pete. How do your
hands feel?

PETE
On second thought, let's pull him
up.

Pete and Walter begin to strongly tow the rope toward them,
thus bringing Shane upward.

EXT. SIDE OF ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

Shane is still busily and attentively depositing the raw
silver, when he starts to feel the tug upward.

SHANE
Hey!!

Shane is pulled upward, as he now frantically engages in a
tug-of-war with Pete and Walter.

SHANE
(yells upward)
What are you guys doin'? There's
more sliver to be had!

WALTER
(yells back)
Pete and I don't like the feel of
this rope, so we're pullin' ya up!

SHANE
Like hell you are!

Shane pulls mightily on the rope.

PETE AND WALTER

Get pulled forward with the momentum and start to go towards
the edge of the cliff.

PETE
Whoa! I didn't think he'd put up
such a fight!

WALTER

Well, we ain't going down without one either.

Pete and Walter respond with an even stronger pull.

SHANE

(yells vehemently)
Just wait a minute, fellas! I see a whole big vein to get to!

PETE AND WALTER

Pull with all their might.

WALTER

Well, it's time to call it a day!

Shane is now pulled up, as Pete and Walter prove too much.

SHANE

(yells upward)
Hey, hey! There's still so much to get! Guys, guys!

Pete and Walter start to pull up Shane.

ROPE FIBERS

SNAP entirely.

Shane, already near the top, is about to plummet, when he abruptly grabs onto a rocky ledge with one hand, while the burlap sack with the silver rests in his other hand.

WALTER

(yells nervously)
Hold on tight, Shane!

SHANE

Guys, I'm fine. Pete, get this bag from me!

Pete tentatively reaches over to try and get the sack from Shane.

PETE

(tries to reach the sack)
I can't get to it, Shane!

SHANE
 (yells upward)
 Just reach a little further and
 grab it!

Walter soon takes grip of Shane's hand, and attempts to pull him up.

WALTER
 (holds tightly to Shane's
 hand)
 I'm gonna pull ya up, Shane! Just
 don't move.

On the other side, Pete has just reached the sack of silver and quickly pulls it in. Meanwhile, Walter is struggling to pull Shane up. Pete quickly comes to the rescue.

WALTER
 Pete, just grab onto his other arm
 and pull him up.

Pete obliges, as they both pull Shane up. Pete and Walter go aside to catch their breath, as Shane heads right to the sack of silver.

SHANE
 (carefully counts the
 silver)
 Boy, oh, boy! We gotta heckuva load
 right here. Come see this, fellas.
 I can't believe you pulled me up.
 I was just getting started.

WALTER
 (out of breath;
 incredulous)
 Are you for real?

SHANE
 What's eatin' you?

WALTER
 What's eatin' me? You could've
 fell to your death back there!

SHANE
 Well, I didn't, and now we're
 reapin' the rewards.

Pete and Walter stare curiously at Shane, as he divvys up the silver.

SHANE

(divides the silver)
Come and see this, Pete. We're all gonna get a share. You guys don't know how valuable this is.

WALTER

At least some us know the value of things.

SHANE

(testy)
Is there something wrong, Walt? If there is, I'd appreciate you tellin' me. 'Cause you're getting on my last nerve.

WALTER

Oh, am I? You can stare down a deadly fall down a mountain, but you can't face the spoken truth. Show's what kinda man you are.

SHANE

(lividly confronts Walter)
What in the hell you mean by that? What I just did required more manhood than anything you'll ever see. And I did it for all of us. Don't you forget that!

Shane shoves Walter hardly to the ground. Shane lividly rises and goes to attack to Walter, but Pete rapidly intervenes.

PETE

(restrains Shane)
C'mon fellas. It ain't worth it. Let's just continue on before it gets any later.

WALTER

(composes himself)
You know, you're absolutely right, Petey. Then again, you've always had your head on straight.
(looking intensely at Shane)
Unlike some of us.

SHANE

(calm)
I'm gonna let that one go.
(MORE)

SHANE (cont'd)
C'mon, let's get goin'. You can
come along too, Walt.

Shane gives Walter a stern glance, as he and Pete start to walk. Walter remains briefly behind, composes himself, and follows the guys.

EXT. CALIFORNIA VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

SUN

Burns brightly over the horizon.

GUYS

Drudgingly continue their journey along the flat, barren land. Shane, a bit weary but still strong, continues to walk, as he holds tightly to the sack of silver. Shane is vigilantly watching the surroundings for anything/anyone.

Pete and Walter walk tiredly behind Shane. Walter intensely eyes Shane.

PETE
(warily)
Hey, Shane, you have any water?
I'm getting thirsty.

SHANE
(tosses canteen to Pete)
Yeah, here ya go.

Pete catches the canteen and begins to voraciously gulp water.

SHANE
(quickly snatches the
canteen from Pete's lips)
That's enough. We gotta conserve
all the water we can.

Shane takes out his map, gives it a quick glance, and gives the others an update.

SHANE
Looking at the map, we are exactly
fifty miles from reaching the
mountains toward the West.

PETE
 (exasperated)
 Fifty miles? Oh, Shane, I don't
 think I can take another step.

Pete begins to weep, as Shane goes to console him.

SHANE
 (compassionate)
 It's okay, Petey. Everything's
 gonna be fine. We just have to
 stay focused and together. How
 about we all take a rest?

Shane looks up and sees Walter, who gives Shane a stern but
 blank glare.

EXT. SIDE OF VALLEY - SUNDOWN

The guys are taking a well-deserved respite from their trek.
 Pete is taking a nap, while Shane is busy eying and weighing
 the silver.

Walter is trying to trim his thick beard with a pair of rust-
 covered scissors. Walter gingerly cuts the hairs from his
 face, as he slightly winces at each snip. Shane happily
 approaches Walter.

SHANE
 Can you believe the silver we got?
 I just rationed it out in my head.
 We'll have a pretty good fortune
 when we cash it in.

Walter ignores Shane, and continues to trim his beard.

SHANE
 Did you hear me? I said we could -
 -

WALTER
 (angrily interjects)
 I heard ya, loud and clear, Shane!
 And I couldn't give a fig how much
 silver we got!

SHANE
 (suspicious)
 Oh, I see what you're up to.
 You're just holding out for the
 real prize.

WALTER

I could care less about Peabody's riches too. This whole trip to find this fortune has been one hardship after another. I'm starting to feel like Pete.

SHANE

Well, you know Petey. He's been feeling a little tired and - -

WALTER

(angrily interjects)

No, Shane. We both know Pete. He never cries, not even at his granny's funeral. This is starting to get to him. Now I don't know about you, but I for one am growin' weary of this journey. How do you know the riches haven't already been found?

SHANE

(suspicious)

I see what you're doing. I see what you're doing and it makes me sick. You want me to quit this journey and go back home so you and Petey can have the fortune all to yourselves. I'm onto you, Walt. I'm onto to you but good.

WALTER

Just when I think you're head couldn't get any smaller, you go and prove me wrong. Let me say this to you, as best I can: if we ever reach that fortune, you can take my share and stick it where the sun don't shine!

Walter walks away from Shane. Shane remains standing, with a humbled but solid countenance.

EXT. WIDE VALLEY - NIGHT

The guys are still on their journey. Shane holds the flickering lantern in the crisp, evening air, while Pete and Walter follow.

SHANE
How's the silver, Pete?

PETE
(sarcastically)
For the tenth time already, fine.

SHANE
I know you guys feel a little
scared walking at night, but the
more ground we cover.
(looks and exclaims)
Hey, you guys, what's that?

Shane looks over yonder, as Pete and Walter cease walking and gaze along with Shane.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IX

FADE IN:

GUYS' POV

SMALL, ABANDONED TOWN

Lies calmly in the middle of the valley.

BACK TO SCENE

The guys gaze astounded at the small town and begin to tentatively approach the town.

PETE
What do you think it is?

SHANE
Looks like a ghost town.

PETE
Do you think we should go and see?

WALTER
Nah. Looks pretty desolate from here. It'd just be a waste of time.

SHANE

I beg to differ. Maybe we'll find
some food, maybe even some money.
Let's go.

The guys start to walk over to the small town.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

The guys slowly amble through the town, gazing attentively at
all of the barren buildings.

SHANE

(looks around town)
Gosh, this looks like a one-horse
town.

PETE

Looks like the horse left town a
way long time ago.

WALTER

I don't see anything or anyone at
all. We better head back before...
Hey, do you hear that?

Pete and Shane listen along with Walter. The guys hear PIANO
MUSIC coming from somewhere.

GUYS

Head over to where the MUSIC is PLAYING. The guys continue
to run when they abruptly come to a halt.

PETE

(points and exclaims)
There it is!

Shane and Walter look.

GUYS' POV

SALOON

Rests in the middle of the town.

BACK TO SCENE

The guys look at the saloon in utter disbelief.

PETE
 (flabbergasted)
 Somebody pinch me, I think I'm
 dreamin'.

The guys continue to stare, as Pete feels a pinch on his
 backside.

PETE
 (painfully)
 Shit! I was only foolin'!

The guys walk up to the bar and up to the swinging doors.
 Everything seems calm, when all of a sudden, a MAN comes
 FLYING through the swinging doors. The guys get out of the
 way just in time, as the man HITS the ground with a
 RESOUNDING THUD.

The man lies listlessly on the ground.

SWINGING DOORS

FLY open, as HAROLD "BUB" KIERNAN, owner of the saloon,
 angrily appears and castigates the man he has just thrown
 out.

BUB
 (livid)
 Come back when you have some more
 cash, not to mention a little more
 class!

Bub immediately meets the guys, and decides to give them a
 "warm welcome".

BUB
 (angrily)
 What the hell are you starin' at?
 Well, are you just gonna stand
 there or do I charge ya with
 loitering?

Bub angrily re-enters the saloon. The guys hesitate for a
 moment and decide to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT

The guys are standing in the bar, as they look around in sheer
 amazement.

GUYS' POV

INSIDE OF SALOON

The tables are filled with thirsty patrons, BANTERING amongst one another, smoking, playing cards, etc. Bub is behind the bar, busily serving drinks as the patrons YELL out their orders. On the far end of the saloon, a burlesque show is underway, as the women dance provocatively as the crowd ROARS in approval.

BACK TO SCENE

The guys continue to look around.

PETE

Boys, I think we've died and gone
to heaven.

SHANE

(whispers)
Let's not get too cozy, fellas.
We've still got to complete our
journey. Just act natural and try
to blend in.

The guys look around for a table. They find one in the middle of the bar. The guys take their seats.

WALTER

(rests comfortably in his
seat)
This seems like a real swell joint.
I can get used to this.

A provocatively-dressed WAITRESS arrives at the guys' table, ready to take their orders.

WAITRESS

Good evening, fellas. May I take
your orders?

SHANE

Sure. I'll have a glass of gin,
please.

WALTER

I'll have the same. Make mine a
double, please.

PETE

I'll have a shot of whiskey,
slightly diluted, and your name and
measurements.

The waitress, offended, takes a half-filled glass from her tray and angrily throws it in Pete's face, and walks away. Pete embarrassingly wipes his face with his shirt.

SHANE

(angrily; sotto voce)
What in the hell's a matter with
you? We're trying to blend in
here!

PETE

Sorry, Walt. It's been a long time
since I've seen a woman.

WALTER

(admonishingly)
Well, try to stay tied to your
leash. We won't be stayin' long,
so enjoy it while you can.

PETE

Easy for you to say.

SHANE

(takes the bag of silver)
I'm gonna take some of my share and
try to talk to the owner, try to
get the lowdown. Be right back.

Shane departs, as Pete and Walter remain at the table. They start a conversation.

WALTER

(looks around the saloon)
Can you believe the size of this
place? I bet this guy's got a hell
of a cleanup on his hands, huh,
Pete? Pete?

Walter looks over to see an inattentive Pete staring intently at something.

PETE'S POV

STAGE

Has Burlesque girls are dancing up a storm, to THUNDERING
APPLAUSE, as well as HOOTS and HOLLARS.

BACK TO SCENE

Walter decides to get Pete's attention.

WALTER
(punches Pete in the arm)
Hello? Anybody home?

PETE
(painfully rubs his
shoulder)
Ow! What was that for?

WALTER
For having you mind in puntang
land!

PETE
Take it easy. You know how long I
haven't had contact with a woman?

WALTER
Apparently not long enough. Try to
tame yourself. We can't bring any
attention to ourselves.

The waitress returns with the guys' drinks. She places them down, gives Pete a dismissive glare, and departs. Pete looks contritely at the waitress, then suddenly feels something.

PETE
(intuitive)
Hey, what the...

Pete immediately looks down.

PETE'S POV

LARGE GOLD SPITTOON

Stuck on Pete's left foot.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete looks disdainfully at his foot, while Walter goes to see what's the matter.

WALTER
What's your deal?

PETE
 (shows his foot to Walter)
 I got this spittoon stuck on my
 foot! Help me get it off!

WALTER
 (frustrated)
 Ah, buns, Pete! You can't even sit
 still without somethin' happenin'!
 Come over here!

Pete hobbles over to Walter, who tries to position Pete's
 foot.

WALTER
 Okay. Now just sit still, and on
 the count of three, I'm gonna start
 pullin'. One, two...

Walter pulls with all his might, but the spittoon remains on
 Pete's foot

WALTER
 (pulls on spittoon)
 Man, this is going to be harder
 than I thought. Just hold on a
 sec.

INT. SALOON - BAR - NIGHT

Bar patrons are enjoying their drinks, while Bub remains
 behind the stick, casually drying glasses. Shane calmly
 approaches an empty stool, sits down, and breaks the ice with
 Bub.

SHANE
 Busy night, eh?

BUB
 (dries glasses)
 Ah, I've had my share.

Bub continues drying, as Shane continues.

SHANE
 Say, how have you managed to stay
 open for so long?

BUB
Lots of planning, hard work, and
determination. Having the girls
here doesn't hurt, either.

SHANE
I was just wondering, do you - -

BUB
(angrily interjects)
What's with all the questions? You
writin' a book or somethin'?
Either you order a drink or go back
where you came from!

SHANE
Fair enough. One shot of whiskey,
please.

BUB
That's more like it.

Bub prepares Shane's drink, while Shane continues the
conversation.

SHANE
A businessman first. I respect
that a lot.

BUB
(hands Shane his drink)
That's what's made me the only
place left standing in this God-
forsaken town. Everybody I knew
either got lazy, squandered their
earnings, or went after that kook
Peabody's fortune. A bunch of
hooley, if you ask me.

Shane hesitates, looking sheepishly. However, he composes
himself and continues.

SHANE
Well, I was just wonderin' if you
happened to sell any goods? You
know, like food, soap, that kind of
deal.

BUB
What's it to ya?

SHANE
(shows Bub the silver)
This is what's to me.

Bub smiles sardonically at Shane.

INT. SALOON - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Bub and Shane are rummaging through supplies. Shane is trying to find the necessities for he and the guys, while Bub searches the shelves.

SHANE
(looks through the shelves)
I was wondering if you had any bread?

BUB
(scours the shelves)
Sorry. I get it delivered here every morning.
(shows Shane a tin)
You want one of these?

SHANE
Sure. You got anything else?

BUB
I just got some tins of sardines...

SHANE
(intervenes)
Whoa. Anything but fish.

BUB
Okay. As far as the water, there's a pump out back. Take as much as you need.

SHANE
(counting the items)
Okay. So we have six food tins, four vegetable tins, two bars of soap, two dry towels, and a pint of lamp kerosene.
(hands Bub some silver)
This should cover it.

BUB
It's not enough.

SHANE
(incredulous)
Excuse me?

BUB
You heard me. It's not enough.
Throw in three more pieces and
we'll call it even.

SHANE
I can't believe you. I thought we
were friends.

BUB
Well, we ain't! Either you give me
three more pieces or all this goes
back on the shelf.

SHANE
Bub, you don't know how much my
friends and I need this stuff.
We're - -

BUB
(angrily intervenes)
And you don't know how much I need
this money to stay open! The one
thing that makes owning this joint
hard is meeting stiff's like you.
You're always looking for a free
drink, free eats, free anything!
Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got
a saloon to run!

Before he exits, Bub has one more thing to tell Shane.

BUB
(stern)
By the way, I do a daily inventory
of everything. Just you try and
steal something.

Bub exits from the back room, as Shane remains behind, shaken
yet composed.

INT SALOON - TABLE - NIGHT

Pete and Walter are still trying to get the spittoon off of
Pete's foot.

WALTER
 (exasperated)
 Okay. Let's try this one more
 time. Just stand still while I try
 and pull it off.

PETE
 Okay.

Pete positions himself, as Walter tries once again to pull
 the spittoon

WALTER
 (strenuously pulls on the
 spittoon)
 Alright, all I need is just a good
 puuuuulllll and...

Walter pulls with all his might, as the spittoon finally POPS
 off of Pete's foot, out of Walter's hands, and flies randomly
 into the air. Walter checks on Pete.

WALTER
 (concerned)
 Are you okay?

PETE
 (sadly lifts up his left
 boot)
 Yeah. I wish I could say the same
 for my boot, though.

WALTER
 Why don't you find the washroom and
 go get cleaned up? I'll order us
 another round of drinks.

Pete nods appreciatively, as he hobbles his way towards the
 washroom, as Walter gives him a pat on the back. Walter
 turns around and is met by someone.

CLYDE "MAD DOG" MCCLAIN AND HIS GANG

Look sternly at Walter

WALTER
 Can I help you?

MAD DOG
 (angrily holds up the
 spittoon)
 Is this yours?

WALTER
Yeah. What's it to ya?

MAD DOG
It'S messin' up the card game we
got goin'!

WALTER
I'm sorry.

MAD DOG
I don't appreciate your lip!

WALTER
I wasn't givin' you any!

MAD DOG
(turns to his gang)
Looks like we got ourselves a live
one here, fellas!

One of Mad Dog's cronies, TODD, decides to chime in.

TODD
Do you know who you're talkin' to?
This is Clyde "Mad Dog" McClain,
the baddest hombre to roam these
lands --

MAD DOG
(angrily intervenes)
I can fight my own battles, Todd!

Todd sheepishly steps aside, as Mad Dog continues with
Walter.

WALTER
I said I'm sorry. How about I buy
you and your boys a round of
drinks?

MAD DOG
(cocky)
You can take those drinks and shove
'em you-know-where! I have enough
loot to buy everybody in this place
a drink.

EVERYONE in the saloon APPLAUD with delight.

EVERYONE
(loudly)
Yay!

MAD DOG
 (sheepishly)
 Not that I would, though.

EVERYONE
 (disappointed)
 Aw!

Pete arrives back from the washroom and curiously approaches Walter

PETE
 (suspicious)
 I'm back, Walt. Is everything okay?

MAD DOG
 This must be the dip shit that got his foot stuck.

PETE
 Hey, who you callin' a dip shit?

MAD DOG
 I was lookin' at you, weren't I?

WALTER
 (motions to Pete)
 C'mon, Pete. Let's just find Shane and be on our way.

Pete and Walter start to walk towards the doors, but not before Mad Dog offers one more parting shot.

VOICE OF MAD DOG (O.S.)
 I knew it. Typical chicken shit Okie!

Walter quickly stops in his tracks and slowly turns around.

WALTER
 (soft; intense)
 What did you call me?

MAD DOG
 (daringly repeats)
 You heard me. I said you're a chicken shit Okie, and I didn't stutter.

WALTER
 (intense)
 You know something.
 (MORE)

WALTER (cont'd)
 I'd club you right about now.
 Lucky for you, I'm not in a
 fightin' mood tonight. I'd say
 more of a gamblin' mood.

MAD DOG
 What in the hell are you gettin'
 at?

WALTER
 I'm sayin' instead of settling this
 with our dukes, I have a much more
 challenging and painless way.
 Cards.

MAD DOG
 Cards?

WALTER
 That's right, cards.
 (shows Mad Dog the silver)
 I have here in my hands, roughly
 twenty pounds of raw silver,
 excavated straight from the
 mountains of California. It's all
 I have on me. I'll bet you all my
 silver against whatever you and
 your boys got in your pockets.

Walter walks over to the table where Mad Dog and his gang
 were playing cards, and picks up a few cards from the table.

WALTER
 (fiddles with the cards)
 The game's straight poker, best
 outta three. You and me. Your
 house, your rules. You call the
 suits and wild cards. Winner takes
 all. Whadya say?

TODD
 (sheepish)
 Can we have some time to think it
 over?

Mad Dog angrily grabs Todd, and subtly castigates him.

WALTER
 Of course. I'll be waitin' at your
 table.

Walter takes a seat at the card table, as Pete talks to him.

PETE

Are you insane, Walt?

WALTER

No just a little tired, that's all.

PETE

Shane told us to look after the silver 'til he got back.

WALTER

Well, Shane ain't here, so it's his loss. Or maybe our gain. Besides, half of it's ours, anyway.

PETE

(holds out his hand)

Then I want my half, right now.

WALTER

(arranges and shuffles the cards)

Psst. You think I was born yesterday? You'll wind up spendin' it on cheap booze and dirty snatch. Consider this an investment. Hopefully a wise one at that.

PETE

Walt, I...

SHANE

(angrily hands Pete a drink)

Enough, Pete. Here's a drink. Go sit down and enjoy!

Pete despondently walks away, as Mad Dog and his boys arrive at the table.

MAD DOG

The fellas and I have thought it over and we accept. But before we play, I'm gonna have 'em check ya to make sure you ain't got nothin' in your pockets. Like an extra ace and shit.

Mad Dog's boys frisk Shane thoroughly. They nod their heads in "No" signs, indicating Shane is clean.

TODD

Nothin', Mad Dog.

WALTER

You don't have to worry 'bout me
cheatin'. I play with all my cards
on the table. No pun intended.

INT. SALOON - EMPTY TABLE

Pete is sitting all alone. He is slowly playing with his
drink, shaking the glass while watching the liquid inside the
glass. Pete is soon met by somebody

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Why the long face, handsome?

Pete, hearing the voice, looks up.

PETE'S POV

WAITRESS

Looks kindly at Pete.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete looks dumbfounded at the waitress, who earlier threw a
drink in his face.

WAITRESS

I guess you're not as chatty as I
thought.

PETE

(contrite)

Listen, I just wanna apologize to
you for the way I acted before.

WAITRESS

(witty)

Believe me, you weren't the first,
and you sure as hell won't be the
last.

Pete grins slightly.

WAITRESS

(extends her hand)

By the way, my name's Clara.

PETE
 (shakes her hand)
 Pete. Clara, can I ask you something?

CLARA
 Sure.

PETE
 Clara, how long has it been since you've seen a man?

CLARA
 My goodness, I can't even remember. I've had this job since I was sixteen.

PETE
 Can I tell you something, Clara? It's been a long time since I've seen a lady. And I would just like to say you are a helluva sight for sore eyes.

Clara grins coyly.

CLARA
 Say, I just finished a dance with the girls on stage. I get off in ten minutes. How 'bout we go have a drink? My treat.

PETE
 Oh, I couldn't. No lady treats when she's with me.

CLARA
 (motions to Pete)
 On second thought, I have something else in mind. C'mon.

Clara starts to amble around the saloon, with Pete eagerly following her.

PETE
 (curious)
 Where we goin'?

CLARA
 (coquettish)
 Follow me and you'll find out.

Clara and Pete make a quick and unnoticeable the staircase, as everyone is preoccupied with the card games.

INT. SALOON - TOP OF STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Clara and Pete reach the top of the stairs, and start to amble down the hallway.

CLARA
(sotto voce)
There's a spare room up here. I found out about it two weeks ago. We'll slip in for a little while. Whadya say?

PETE
(sotto voce)
I'd say I like the way you think.

CLARA
(sotto voce)
Wait here. I'm gonna check the room to make sure it's empty.

Clara slowly opens the door to the spare room and looks around.

CLARA
(motions to Pete; sotto voce)
It's clear. We can go in.

Clara and Pete enter the spare room, as Pete locks the door behind him.

INT. SALOON - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Clara gently plops down onto the bed in the room, staring amorously at Pete.

CLARA
(coquettish)
So, stud, wanna see how durable this bed is?

Pete stands speechless, as he slowly meanders over to the bed and sidles up to Clara.

PETE

(nostalgic)

You know my granny's name was Clara. Sweetest woman to ever grace this earth. She passed away three years ago. Tuberculosis. I'm sure you'll do her name justice.

CLARA

(soft)

I've been working here for a while now. I've seen a good share of low-lives. They've leered at me, whistled at me, even pinched my bottom. I feel like a damn slab of beef at a meat market. I don't get that feeling when I'm with you.

PETE

(gently places his hand on Clara's shoulder)

And I don't ever want you to feel that way.

Clara and Pete stare amorously at one another.

CLARA

(sensual)

Lie down.

PETE

I beg your pardon?

CLARA

(pushes Pete to the bed)

Lie down. So you say you haven't seen a woman? Well, now I'm gonna make it worth the wait.

Pete looks excitedly at Clara, as she rises from the bed and meanders over to a corner of the room. Pete relaxes on the bed, as he looks around the room

PETE'S POV

BACK OF CLARA

Starts to take off her top.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete lies comfortably with a smug grin on his face.

CLARA

Clad only in her bra and panties, starts to perform a dance for Pete.

PETE

(beaming and chuckling)

Man, this was worth the wait.

Clara stops dancing and moves towards the bed. She climbs on the bed and gets on top of Pete, as she starts to feel his body.

CLARA AND PETE

Stare intimately into each other's eyes.

CLARA

(sensually whispers)

Now, I want you to lie completely still, close your eyes, keep them shut, and leave the rest to me.

Clara climbs off of Pete.

CLOSEUP - PETE'S PANTS

As Clara's hands unbutton them, revealing Pete's underwear. Clara goes to work.

CLOSEUP - PETE'S FACE

As he keeps his eyes closed.

PETE'S LEFT ARM

Starts to gyrate. It then begins to jerk uncomfortably, as it starts to raise in the air

PETE'S FEET

Begin to wiggle tightly

PETE'S LEFT ARM

Slowly drops to the floor and dangles idly.

CLARA

Stops to look at Pete.

CLARA'S POV

CLOSEUP ON PETE'S FACE

Remains still. His eyes are dilated, as a piece of rope is tied around his neck. Pete is dead. The piece of rope comes off his neck.

A figure suddenly emerges from underneath. The person rises and turns around. It is Shane.

SHANE

(looks at the piece of rope)

I knew this would come in handy.

CLARA

Is he dead?

SHANE

(walks over to bed)

We'll soon see.

Shane carefully inspects Pete's body.

SHANE

(feels Pete's pulse)

Yeah, he's a goner alright.

(looks fondly at the corpse)

Pete, my boy, you were quite a fella. Never could resist the ladies, though. At least you went out the way you always wanted.

Shane takes the rope, squeezes it into Pete's lifeless hands, and makes a knot around the bed post. Shane then turns to Clara.

SHANE

(pinches her cheek)

Ya did great, kid!

Shane pulls out some money from his pocket. Clara reaches to grab it.

SHANE
 (pulls back the money)
 Uh, uh. You're not finished yet.
 You know what's next.

Clara nods, and heads over to the bedroom door, and pauses to look at Shane.

CLARA
 You ready?

SHANE
 Hold on.
 (takes a piece of cloth
 and hands it to Clara)
 Here, take this. In case the
 police dust for prints.

Shane then goes over to the door, as he gives Clara the signal. Clara quickly unlocks the bedroom door, as Shane gives a quick glance down the corridor. Seeing no one, Shane hands Clara some silver and heads down the corridor.

SHANE
 (soft)
 Now!

Clara proceeds to SHRIEK in terror.

INT. SALOON - MAIN HALL - CARD TABLE - NIGHT

Everyone in the saloon watches in anticipation as the third and final card game between Mad Dog and Walter is about to begin. They are both tied at one game. Clara's SCREAMING soon interrupts.

CLARA (O.S.)
 (shrieks)
 Somebody, please come quick! I
 found a dead body!

Everyone in the saloon hears the cry for help, and suddenly depart to ascend the staircase. Walter, intuiting suspicion, follows everyone upstairs.

INT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Walter has just arrived upstairs, as he squeezes his way through the RAUCOUS crowd. Bub comes bursting through the throng, as he tries to calm the crowd.

BUB
 (yells sternly)
 Alright, alright! Settle down now.
 This is my saloon and we're gonna
 do things my way.
 (pushes away some people)
 All right, everyone clear the way,
 now!

Bub enters the bedroom, where the body is residing.

BUB
 (looks astounded at the
 corpse)
 Good Sweet Lord!
 (quickly turns to Clara)
 Clara, what the hell happened in
 here?

CLARA
 (hysterical)
 I just came inside to change into
 my civies, and I found him lyin'
 there! Oh God, it was horrible.

BUB
 (sympathetically hugs
 Clara)
 It's alright, honey. He's in a
 better place, now. There's another
 spare room all the way down and to
 your right. Stay there and I'll be
 with you in few.

Clara, still "shaken", nods agreeably and slowly departs out the door and into the hallway. Bub slowly ambles through the room and carefully inspects Pete's lifeless body.

BUB
 (regretfully shakes his
 head)
 Poor fella. You looked like you
 had a good life ahead of ya. I'm
 sorry to see it end so soon.

Bub takes on long, final look at Pete's corpse, and quickly notices some bar patrons standing in the doorway. He is none too pleased.

BUB
 (irate)
 What's your problem? Have some respect, you rubbernecks. Get the hell downstairs! I mean it!

The alarmed patrons flee, as Walter quickly enters the room.

WALTER
 I'm sorry, but is everything alright?

BUB
 I'm afraid not.
 (shows the body to Walter)
 Do you know him?

WALTER
 Yes.
 (slowly goes over to body)
 Oh, God, Pete! This can't be true.

BUB
 It's okay. Just take it easy. I have to ask you: why do you think he'd kill himself?

WALTER
 No. Pete would never do such a thing. There must be something we're not seeing here.

Bub and Walter stare curiously at one another

INT. SALOON - MAIN HALL - CARD TABLE - NIGHT

While everyone is upstairs, Todd remains downstairs. Todd looks around for anyone, and seeing no one, heads over to the card table. Todd turns over both men's cards. Todd first looks at Mad Dog's cards.

TODD'S POV

MAD DOG'S HAND

Reveals a Royal Flush.

BACK TO SCENE

Todd puts the cards face down on the table and goes over to see Walter's card. Todd quickly pulls them off the table and gives a quick glance.

TODD'S POV

WALTER'S HAND

Reveal a Full House.

BACK TO SCENE

Todd looks worried at Walter's hand, and quickly does the old switch-a-roo on both men's cards. Todd quickly heads upstairs.

INT. SALOON - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Bub and Walter are still conversing.

BUB

So you don't recall your friend being sad or upset about something the last time you were with him.

WALTER

I really don't know. I was busy with the card games. I told him to go have a drink 'til I got back, and that was the last I saw of him.

BUB

Well, I'm gonna get the sheriff over here. He'll take care of everything.

Shane arrives at the bedroom, as he discovers Walter and Bub.

SHANE

(surprised)
Oh, Walt, there you are. I've been lookin' all over for ya. Why's everybody up here?

WALTER

(shows the body to Shane)
This.

SHANE

(looks hysterically at the
body)
Oh, God, Pete. How'd this happen?

WALTER

It looks like a suicide, but Bub
and I are thinkin' otherwise. Pete
would never kill himself.

SHANE

I know he wouldn't. We'll get the
bastard who did this, on Pete's
honour.

(sheepish)

Walt, please forgive me for askin'
this, but can I please see the
silver.

WALTER

Sure.

Walter hands the bag of silver to Shane.

SHANE

(gives Bub some pieces of
silver)

I almost forgot, Bub. Here's the
rest of the silver you wanted.

BUB

(calm)

You know what? Don't worry about
it. I'll take what you gave me.
Take a couple of extra tins if you
need 'em.

SHANE

We appreciate it, Bub.

BUB

Don't mention it.

(turns to Walter)

Say, you sure you'll be able to
play Mad Dog?

WALTER

(looks at body and back at
Bub)

Now, I can. C'mon, let's go.

All the men head downstairs.

INT. SALOON - MAIN HALL - CARD TABLE - NIGHT

Walter has just returned from downstairs, as an eager Mad Dog is already seated, ready to play, as everyone in the bar crowds the table.

MAD DOG

Well, it's 'bout time! For a minute I thought you'd chicken out. Were you afraid I'd take ya for all ya got?

WALTER

Let's just get this over with. To tell you the truth, I don't care whether I win or lose. I'll just be happy to never see your ugly-looking mug again.

MAD DOG

I'm charmed. C'mon, whadya got?

WALTER

(stern)

No. We're gonna deal again.

MAD DOG

What did you say?

WALTER

You heard me. We're gonna deal again. How do I know you didn't have one your guys come down here and mess with our hands? I ain't gonna play unless we shuffle and deal again. Ain't nothin' gonna change my mind.

MAD DOG

(rises and aims his gun at Walter)

Maybe this will.

BUB

(aloud)

Hey! Put it away, Clyde! I've already got one dead body in here. I'm runnin' a saloon, not a morgue.

MAD DOG

Out of respect for you and your
saloon, I'll make a rare exception,
Bub. Get dealin' Danny.

DANNY, dealer of the cards, takes the cards, shuffles them thoroughly, and starts to deal to both Mad Dog and Walter.

MAD DOG

It's moments like this that make me
glad to be out West. I'll try not
to embarrass you once I take all
your silver.

Walter remains stoic and unresponsive, as both men pick up their cards.

CLOSEUP ON WALTER'S FACE

Carefully looking at his hand.

CLOSEUP ON MAD DOG'S FACE

As he looks intensely at Walter, then at his hand.

MAD DOG

Are you gonna make your move?

WALTER

No thanks. I'd rather weigh my
options.

Walter still holds on to his cards and continues to check them.

MAD DOG

(throws down three of his
cards)

Give me three, Danny.

Danny takes Mad Dog's cards and deals him three new cards. Mad Dog quickly scoops them up and looks intently at his new hand.

WALTER

(throws down four of his
cards)

I'll take four please, Danny.

Danny takes Walter's cards and deals him four new cards. Walter scoops them up and carefully inspects them.

MAD DOG
 (derogatory)
 Please?

WALTER
 What's wrong with a little chivalry
 in the face of competition? We're
 all human beings at the end of the
 day. At least, some of us are.

MAD DOG
 Why don't you shut your trap?
 Whatever you think I am, one
 thing's for sure. I'll be a hell
 of a lot richer after this one.

CLOSEUP - MAD DOG'S POKER FACE

CLOSEUP - WALTER'S POKER FACE

MAD DOG
 I can just see that silver shinin'
 in our hands. Like taking candy
 from a baby. You ready?

WALTER
 As ready as I'll ever be.

Mad Dog calmly gives his hand a final look.

MAD DOG
 (confidently shows his
 hand)
 A straight. Read it and weep,
 bucko!

Walter sits calmly in his chair, stoically looks at Mad Dog
 and prepares to show his hand.

CUT TO:

WALTER'S CARDS

Reveal a straight flush, which beats Mad Dog's hand.

WALTER (O.S)
 Straight flush beats your straight.

CLOSEUP ON WALTER'S FACE

As a small smirk fissures from underneath his lips.

MAD DOG
 (angrily rises from his
 chair)
 Sonuva bitch! I can't believe I
 lost!

Shane quickly approaches the table, and grab's Walter's arm,
 as the two prepare to leave the saloon. They are quickly
 halted by Mad Dog and his crew.

MAD DOG
 (points his gun at Shane
 and Walter)
 Not so fast. Nobody, and I mean
 nobody, humiliates Clyde "Mad Dog"
 McClain and gets away with it.
 We've already had one dead body in
 here tonight. Maybe three'll make
 it a crowd.

Bub tries to intervene.

BUB
 Clyde, don't go doin' something
 rash now. The fella won the game
 fair and square.

MAD DOG
 You ain't convincin' me this time,
 Bub. You two picked the wrong
 night to mess with me and my guys.
 Hope you fellas enjoyed your
 sarsaparilla, 'cause it looks like
 it'll be your last.

Mad Dog readies his gun for fire, as he still points it at
 Shane and Walter. Walter starts to speak.

WALTER
 (calm; stern)
 Hold on. Let Shane go. You can do
 with me what you will. Shane had
 nothin' to do with this.

Shane looks incredulously at Walter, as Mad Dog's crew ready
 their guns for fire.

SHANE
 (incredulous)
 What? I can't believe you.

WALTER
 No, Shane. I ran into this lug...

An angered Mad Dog CLICKS his GUN, as Walter changes his words.

WATLER

I mean, I ran into these guys, I challenged them to play poker, and I've gotten us into this. I'll take the bullets.

SHANE

No. We've been together this whole time. I ain't movin' nowhere.

MAD DOG

(testy)

That's it! I've had enough of this bullshit! I'm gonna kill you both.

(turns to his crew)

Get ready, fellas.

WALTER

(stoic)

Fine, kill us both. But before you do, I just want all of you to turn around and meet both of our mothers. Have the decency to look them in the eyes before you kill both of their sons.

Mad Dog and his crew turn around to look. Walter quickly takes a nearby table and throws it at Mad Dog, knocking both him and his crew over. Shane and Walter quickly make a break for it.

WALTER

(runs; beckons Shane)

C'mon Shane!

Shane catches up with Walt, as they both run quickly towards the swinging doors.

MAD DOG

Recovers, grabs his gun and FIRES a SHOT.

The GUN SHOT narrowly misses hitting Shane and Walter.

FADE OUT.

SCENE X

EXT. FRONT STEPS OF SALOON - NIGHT

Shane and Walter come BURSTING through the swinging doors, with Mad Dog and his crew hot on their trails. They quickly retreat to the left side of the bar.

WALTER
(whispers and motions to
Shane)
Quick, over here, Shane!

Shane follows Walter, as they both quickly hide behind a horse trough. Mad Dog's VOICE starts to ECHO through the evening air.

MAD DOG (O.S.)
(aloud)
Do you see 'em, fellas? Clem and I'll check around the North and South, Jesse, you check the East end, and Todd, you check the West end. Oh, man, what I'm gonna do to these guys!

EXT. SIDE OF BAR - HORSE TROUGH - NIGHT

Shane and Walter wait anxiously behind the horse trough, as they wait for Mad Dog or one of his boys.

WALTER
(nervous; sotto voce)
What side are we on?

SHANE
(sotto voce)
I don't know. Just stay down and don't make a sound.

Shane and Walter lie still and silent, as Todd with gun in hand, looms over them, carefully checking the premises. Seeing, nothing, Todd slowly departs to rejoin Mad Dog and the crew. Shane and Walter remain behind the horse trough, carefully watching Todd depart.

SHANE
(keen; sotto voce)
We'll just wait 'til they head off. That way we can continue on our way. Hold on.

Shane and Walter attentively listen as Mad Dog SPEAKS to his gang.

MAD DOG (O.S.)

(aloud)

Did anybody find 'em? They
couldn't have gone far. Let's get
goin' boys!

Shane and Walter quickly but carefully poke their heads out to see.

SHANE AND WALTER'S POV

MAD DOG AND HIS CREW

Ride off into the night on their horses, SCREAMING and FIRING their GUNS into the air.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane and Walter watch them head off into the horizon. Shane quickly takes initiative.

SHANE

(hands the canteens to
Walter)

Here. Take these to the water pump
and fill 'em up. We'll need all we
can get. I'm goin' back inside to
get some directions. Be ready when
I come out.

WALTER

What about Pete?

SHANE

I don't think he's in a position to
help us now, Walt.

Shane heads back to the saloon, as Walter starts to pump some water into the canteens.

EXT. WIDE OPEN VALLEY - NIGHT

Shane and Walter continue on their journey. They are both LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY, as they reflect and re-enact the events of the night.

WALTER
 (laughs hysterically)
 Did you see that fur face and his
 crew back there?

SHANE
 (laughs loudly)
 Ha ha ha! Remember when he was
 threatenin' us?

WALTER
 (impersonates Mad Dog)
 Ain't nobody humiliates Mad Dog and
 gets away with it!

SHANE
 (nods and laughs)
 Ha, ha, ha! And when you got him
 with the table. They all fell down
 like dominoes!

Shane and Walter fall over each other, they are laughing so hard.

WALTER
 (sober)
 But seriously, Walt. How close are
 we to reachin' this fortune?

SHANE
 (sober)
 Walt, my boy, according to the map,
 we'll reach the mountains tomorrow
 morning.

WALTER
 (in disbelief)
 You're shittin' me, right?

Shane nods his head in a "No" sign, and slowly grins at Walter.

WALTER
 (yells exultantly at the
 sky)
 Oh, baby! Ya hear that, Peabody?
 Ready or not, here we come!

Walter starts to leap buoyantly in the air, while Shane watches in shock/amusement. Shane and Walter disappear into the night.

EXT. WIDE VALLEY - EARLY MORNING

The valley is lying still, as TORRENTIAL RAINS continue to POUR incessantly.

INT. ROCKY OVERHANG - EARLY MORNING

FRYING PAN

SIZZLES on the open fire, cooking breakfast.

Shane and Walter are staying enjoying breakfast, while waiting for the skies to clear.

WALTER
(with mouth full)
Hey, Shane, got any more to eat?

SHANE
(works the frying pan)
Sure. Where's your dish?

Walter holds out his dish, as Shane scoops some more food onto his plate.

WALTER
(admiringly watches the food)
Whoo dogie! Man, Shane, you're probably the only guy I know who'll never need a wife.

SHANE
(sarcastic)
It wouldn't hurt.

Walter is beaming, as he looks at Shane, who is pensively watching the rain continue to fall. Walter decides to intervene.

WALTER
So, do ya think this rain'll let up?

SHANE
(watches the rain fall)
I'm sure it'll stop. The rains are comin' in from up North. They should pass soon.

Shane continues to watch the rain fall, as a concerned Shane chimes in.

WALTER
You okay, Shane?

SHANE
(still watching the rain
fall)
I'm fine. Just thinkin'.

WALTER
'Bout what?

SHANE
You know, this and that. It's just
so hard to believe.

WALTER
What is?

SHANE
(slowly turns towards
Walter)
Just...everything. We're actually
here, going after this fortune, and
in a few hours, it'll all be ours.
I always hoped to be a part of or
to do somethin' special in my life.
And now it's gonna happen.

WALTER
What do ya think you'll do with you
share of the fortune?

SHANE
Don't know. But I promise you that
Travis, Ross, and Pete are all
gonna get their fare share. A
man's word is his bond.

WALTER
That's mighty fine of ya, Shane.
Do you think we'll keep in touch
when we're rich?

SHANE
(emphatic)
Of course we will! We were friends
before we were rich, and we'll be
friends after we're rich. Then.
Now. Always.

WALTER

Amazin'. You're just about to attain a fortune that'll set you up for life. Yet you still hold your values dear.

SHANE

This fortune may change the way I live, but it'll never change me.

WALTER

Amen to that.

SHANE

You know I've always wondered what it would be like to have a family. A wife, a couple of kids, a house, you know what I mean. Maybe for once in my life I'll finally have some order. And I'll be good to my kids; I'll be the father I never had. I'll love 'em, but I won't spoil 'em. Raise 'em hard, but raise 'em right. Just like my mama did with me.

WALTER

I'm sure you'll do well. You do well in everything you do. Whether it's legal or not.

Walter jokingly looks at Shane, who counters with a small grin.

SHANE

I hear ya. No more sellin' bogus holy water, no more connin' good, hard-working folk, no more worryin' where my next meal is comin' from...

Shane hesitates, as Walter attentively listens. Shane then continues.

SHANE

But most importantly, no more wondering "What if?". I finally set a goal for myself in life, and I'm really gonna achieve it.

WALTER

And it couldn't have gone to anyone better.

SHANE

Ditto. Say, we ain't gettin' any
richer sittin' here talkin'.
Whadya say we go get it?

WALTER

(eagerly)
'Bout time!

Shane and Walter finish up their breakfast and start to
prepare to head off.

EXT. OPEN VALLEY - DAY

Shane and Walter are hiking across very rough terrain. They
are both showing obvious signs of pain and fatigue. Walter
finally succumbs.

WALTER

(exasperated)
That's it. I can't take any more.

SHANE

(strong)
Don't think about the pain, Walt.
We've got just two more miles to
go.

WALTER

Two more miles! Shane, I think you
better go on without me.

SHANE

(strong)
Not a chance. We'll be there in no
time, Walt. Just think about
something real nice. That'll help
keep your mind off the walk and the
pain.

WALTER

Like what?

SHANE

Like a nice, cold lime rickey at
Pop's. Or your mom's homemade
flapjacks, with butter and syrup on
top. Watchin' the sun set from
afar. And what about pussy!

WATLER
(exclaims; with his eyes
closed)
You're speakin' my language, Shane!

SHANE
That's great. Just keep your eyes
closed, your brain busy, and your
feet movin'.

Shane and Walter continue walking.

EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

SUN

Sets over the horizon.

SHANE AND WALTER

Finally arriving at the mountain, as they look at each other
and engage in a firm embrace. They both look up at the
mountain.

SHANE AND WALTER'S POV

HUGE MOUNTAIN

Lies still and looms large

BACK TO SCENE

Shane and Walter look in awe at the mountain.

WALTER
(looks skeptically at the
mountain)
There's no way in hell we'll be
able to get up there. Impossible.

SHANE
(carefully analyzes the
mountain)
Yes we can. From this angle I can
see if we place our feet properly
enough - -

WALTER

(angrily interjects)

I don't care about angles, placin'
which foot where, whatever. We are
not climbin' that mountain!

SHANE

Then I guess we better head back
home miserable failures and bid the
riches farewell. All because
you're not man enough to scale a
mountain.

WALTER

(enraged)

Don't you dare question my manhood.
Don't you dare!

SHANE

Well, I never thought I'd have to.
Until now. Here we are, comin' all
this way, braving all the elements
and danger, we've made it to the
final stage, and now you wanna back
out!

WALTER

You listen here - -

SHANE

(angrily interjects)

No, you listen here! We each
promised each other when this
started that we would all make
sacrifices in order to attain this
fortune.

(beat)

Sadly, we're the only two who've
made it this far. This fortune
doesn't just have to be earned, it
has to be honoured!

Walter looks silently at Shane, as he continues.

SHANE

That's right, honour. Honouring
the memory of Peabody, honouring
the ones before us who tried but
failed to get the fortune,
honouring this land, our families,
our friends, but most importantly,
honouring the promise we made to
each other.

Walter stays silent, as Shane continues.

SHANE

Let me tell you somethin' about
dishonor. You can live with it,
but you can never live it down.
Ready whenever you are.

Shane walks away from Walter and prepares to scale the
mountain. Walter is left speechless.

EXT. BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - MAGIC HOUR

Shane and Walter prepare to scale the mountain. Shane gives
Walter a brief explanation of what they are about to do.

SHANE

(explanatory)

Alright, here's how it goes. I'm
gonna climb up in front of you.
You watch every step I take and how
I place my feet. You do the same
thing until we reach the top. Any
questions?

WALTER

One. Do you know you're the
craziest sonuva bitch alive?

SHANE

Well, after we scale this mountain,
I'll be the wealthiest one too.
Let's go.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

SHANE AND WALTER

Steadily and drudgingly scale up the mountain.

Shane is strongly pulling himself up each rocky inch. Shane
decides to check on Walter

SHANE

(yells down to Walter)

How you holdin' up, Walt?

WALTER
 (yells up to Shane)
 I'm fine for now. How much longer
 do we have to go?

SHANE
 (aloud; analyzes the
 mountain)
 Can't tell from this angle. I do
 know we're makin' good time. We
 should be up there soon. Just
 remember what I told you: just
 follow every step I make and don't
 look down.

WALTER
 (aloud; curiously)
 Just how far up are we?

Walter, his curiosity getting the best of him, decides to
 look down

WALTER'S POV

DOWNWARD SHOT ON BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN

BACK TO SCENE

Walter, startled by the sight, loses his grip and starts to
 dangle loosely from the mountain side.

WALTER
 (loudly beckons Shane)
 Shane, Shane! Help me, please!

Shane quickly turns around and sees Walter.

SHANE
 (aloud)
 Walt! What the hell happened?

WALTER
 I looked down.

SHANE
 (frustrated; composed)
 Ah, buns, Walt. Alright. First
 things first, look at me, Walt, and
 do exactly as I say. Whatever you
 do, don't panic and don't look
 down. I'm gonna pull a part of
 your rope over to me.

Walter nods, as Shane continues.

SHANE

As soon as you get near the side of the mountain, grab onto it and hold on real tight. You got me?

Walter nods. Shane starts to pull strongly but slowly on the rope.

WALTER

(apprehensive)
I don't think I'm gonna make it, Shane.

SHANE

(continues to pull)
Just hold on tight and don't look down. You're gettin' closer.

Walter is nearing the mountainside, as he slowly teeters from side to side. Walter tries to compose himself, as Shane calls from above.

SHANE (O.S.)

(aloud)
Walt, you're at the side. Just try and balance yourself and slowly move forward.

WALTER

(yells up to Shane)
Alright!

Walter heeds Shane's advice and tries to maneuver his way toward the mountainside. Walter slips a little, as he balances himself and slowly positions himself. He then makes his move and quickly goes toward the mountain side. Walter rapidly grabs onto his piton, and breathes a heavy sigh of relief, as he looks exhausted at Shane.

SHANE

(looks down at Walter)
Hey, it ain't easy gettin' to the top.

EXT. SIDE OF MOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Shane and Walter are now nearing the pinnacle of the mountain, as they ascend in quiet anticipation. Shane is focused but feeling the excitement.

SHANE
 (exultantly yells down at
 Walter)
 How do ya like our chances now,
 Walt? Yaahoooooooo!

WALTER
 (joyfully)
 I think they're pretty goo - -

Before Walter can finish, he loses his footing and again begins to fall off the track.

SHANE
 (looks on in dismay)
 Ah, not again, Walt! Hold on, I'm
 comin'!

Shane slowly lowers himself down and goes to aid Walter.

AERIAL SHOT ON WALTER

Nervously hangs by one hand from a rocky protuberance. Shane slowly descends towards Walter, as he calmly directs Walter.

SHANE
 (calmly looks down at
 Walter)
 Just hold on tight, Walt. I want
 you to keep your eyes on my hand,
 and then quickly grab onto it so I
 can pull you up? Okay?

Walter nods in agreement as he hesitates.

SHANE
 (extends his hand)
 Okay, Walt, you can grab on. Grab
 onto my hand.

CLOSEUP ON WALTER'S FRIGHTENED FACE

SHANE
 (yelling)
 C'mon, Walt! Grab hold!

SHANE'S HAND

As the ROCKY PROTUBERANCE CRUMBLES from underneath his hand. Walter is about to plummet, when he quickly grabs hold of Shane's hand.

SHANE AND WALTER'S HANDS

Clench tightly to one another.

SUN

Sets over the horizon.

EXT. TOP OF MOUNTAIN - SUNSET

Shane and Walter have finally reached the pinnacle of the mountain. Shane gets over the top first, with Walter immediately behind him. Both Shane and Walter standing atop the summit. Walter tries hard to catch his breath. Once he recovers, he turns toward Shane.

WALTER

(relieved)

Man, I thought we were gone - -

Before Walter can finish, he is immediately HIT directly in the face. Walter quickly falls to the ground. Briefly shaken, Walter goes to get up and is met with a startling sight.

WALTER'S POV

SHANE

Stands, holding a gun, and aiming it at Walter.

BACK TO SCENE

Walter looks on in astonishment/fear.

WALTER

(nervously befuddled)

What are you doing, Shane?

SHANE

(gravely points the gun)

What I should've done all along.

WALTER

Where did you get the gun?

SHANE

I stole it from one of Mad Dog's boys. It fell out of his holster when he hit the floor. Surprised you didn't pick up on it.

WALTER

(composed)

Before you shoot me, Shane, I just have to know. Why?

SHANE

(stern)

Because this is the only way it has to be, Walt. I didn't tell any of you guys this, but Peabody's ghost spoke to me the night we fooled with the ow-ja board. He told me that if anyone deserved to find his fortune, it was me and only me. He also said to be extra careful of you. Now I can see what he meant.

Walter looks angrily and jumps up to attack Shane

SHANE

(admonishingly points the gun)

Uh, uh, uh. One more step and you're vulture food.

Walter slowly recoils.

WALTER

(intense)

That's where you're wrong, Shane. Peabody ain't dead. He's alive and well, and standin' right in front of me. Ever since we started this journey, I've seen you go from a close, trusted friend, to a ruthless, back-stabbing phony who'll do anything to anyone. And just to get your grubby mitts on some stinkin' fortune. You talked about loyalty and honour, yet you don't even know the meaning of the words.

SHANE

(with a slight smirk)

So, Walt, do you wanna tell me how you really feel? Oh, and by the way, if you think I'm givin' Travis, Ross, or Pete a fair share, you might as well keep dreamin'.

(beat)

(MORE)

SHANE (cont'd)

I didn't think Travis would kick the bucket so early, so I decided to knock off everybody else. Ross, and yes, Pete too. And now it's only you and me. I'm sorry it had to come to this.

WALTER

So am I. All the fortune in the world couldn't be worth more than all the experiences we shared with one another. You'll be rich, Shane, but never in the way you should be.

SHANE

I hope you don't take this the wrong way, Walt. We'll always be best friends, but this is the way it's gotta be. Destiny. Maybe not for you, but certainly for me. Any last words?

WALTER

Yes, as a matter of fact. Go ahead and get that fortune. But just remember the cost you paid to get it. 'Cause like Peabody, you're gonna realize you got more than you ever bargained for.

SHANE

Well, whatever it is, I'll certainly be rich enough to handle it. Is that all?

WALTER

No. Go ahead and enjoy your fortune. 'Cause you're gonna rot in hell!

SHANE

I'll worry about that later. As for now, I've got a fortune to get to.

Shane FIRES his GUN, killing Walter. Shane hesitates for a moment, firmly gazing at Walter's body. Shane then takes the corpse and proceeds to toss it over the edge of the mountain. Shane watches the body plummet, and then goes to enter the nearby cave.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE XI

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DUSK

Shane is inside the cave, as he starts to look for the fortune. Shane sees an unlit torch on the left side of the cavern. Shane takes the torch, takes a match from his pocket, strikes it on the side of his shoe and lights the torch. Shane begins to walk tentatively through the cavern with the lighted torch. Shane attentively looks around the surroundings of the cavern.

SHANE'S POV

CAVERN WALL

Glowing in the torch's warm light. It reveals famous quotes, many of them in different languages.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane continues to go through the cavern. Shane notices something from the side of his eye.

SHANE'S POV

HUGE BATTERING RAM

Heading right towards Shane.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane quickly hits the ground, narrowly evading the battering ram, as it CRASHES into the cavern wall. Shane remains on the cavern floor, his head curled up in his arms and covered with debris. He slowly rises and quickly pulls out his gun, pointing it randomly and acutely looking around the cavern.

INT. DEEP END OF CAVERN - DUSK

Shane continues to tour the cavern in search of Peabody's fortune.

SHANE'S FOOT

Steps along the floors of the cavern.

All of a sudden, Shane pauses, as the GROUND beneath him begins to TREMBLE. A huge chasm starts to develop, as Shane starts to run for his life.

Shane misses, as he hangs for life from a rocky cliff.

SHANE

Holds tightly to the rocky cliff. Shane slowly begins to pull himself up, as he makes it. Shane stops to compose himself, as he looks in sheer fright at the rocky chasm.

INT. CAVERN WALLS - DUSK

Shane is slowly following the turns of the cavern, when he suddenly hears a RUFFLING NOISE. Shane quickly turns around, pointing his gun in the same direction.

Shane goes around another bend and discovers a most astounding sight.

SHANE'S POV

PEABODY'S FORTUNE

Brightly glistens in the dim bowels of the cavern. Gold nuggets and pieces, stacks of money, stocks and bonds, and a slew of other riches lay idly on the cavern floor.

SHANE

Looks in pure amazement at the fortune.

He tentatively approaches the riches and starts to gently touch some of the gold and other fortune.

SHANE

(shuffles the gold coins;
soft; emphatic)

They're real... they're real. And
they're all mine!

Shane looks around at the rest of the fortune.

SHANE
 (greedily counts the
 stacks of money)
 Boy, oh, boy. Look at all this
 cabbage. There's gotta be at least
 ten grand alone here.

Shane takes a few stacks and begins to greedily stuff them
 into his shirt and pants pockets. Shane goes over to some
 stocks and bonds.

SHANE
 (reads the stock papers)
 Oh, sweet Jesus. These'll be worth
 thousands in a few years. What's
 this?

SHANE
 (curiously reads one of
 the stock papers)
 Coca.. Cola.

SHANE
 (shrugs and crumples the
 paper)
 It'll never go anywhere.

Shane continues to look around, when he comes to the most
 marvelous of sights.

SHANE'S POV

HUGE GOLD NUGGET

Brightly luminesces in a cold, dark corner of the cavern.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane, his eyes even wider, quickly goes over to the gold
 nugget. He stands in front of the gold nugget, staring in
 awe and completely speechless.

SHANE
 (soft; excited)
 Hello, partner. You're the biggest
 fuckin' piece of gold I've ever
 seen. And you're mine, all mine.
 This is gonna be the start of a
 beautiful friendship.

Shane slowly begins to lift the gold nugget, as a large
 WHIRRING NOISE develops. Shane, curious as to its
 whereabouts, frantically looks around before looking upward.

MYSTERY POV FROM CEILING

BACK TO SCENE

Shane SCREAMS loudly, as TREMENDOUS BOOM follows.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE XII

FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON SHANE'S EYE

SHANE'S BODY

Lays lifeless underneath a bed of metal spikes. Shane is dead. A dry, sarcastic LAUGH can soon be heard in the bowels of the cave.

VOICE OF LAUGHTER (O.S.)
Heh, heh, heh!

INT. FAR CORNER OF CAVERN

OLD MAN FROM POP'S

Stands in the far corner of the cavern, continuing to laugh heartily.

OLD MAN
(admonishing; soft)
You simple-minded fool. There is no such person named Peabody. This fortune is mine, and I have told my story to countless others. Many have tried but all have failed to claim my fortune. Alas, you have joined that notorious pantheon.
(beat)

I have been quite impressed with you relentlessness and resourcefulness throughout your journey here. For that you may hold your head high. However, your blind avarice and ruthless betrayal of your friends have made you a most unworthy benefactor of my vast fortune.

The Old Man begins to tug on a rope in front of him, which controls the metal spikes.

SHANE'S BODY

Gets lifted off the ground by the metal spikes. The metal spikes travel with Shane's body, as it arrives at a deep pit, which contains the decaying bodies and skeletons of those who failed to bring home the fortune. Shane's corpse falls right into the pit with a RESOUNDING THUD.

The Old Man approaches the pit and imparts wise words to Shane.

OLD MAN

(soft; sagacious)

My young man, you have learned a lesson, yet you have learned it unwisely. It is with sincerest hope that you, and many of your kind, will learn from the error of your ways and excessive greed to see that the world, its surroundings, and the people who live in it, provide a man with all the riches that he could ever hope for.

The Old Man looks at Shane's body and notices his hand.

CUT TO:

SHANE'S HAND

Tightly clenches a dollar bill.

The Old Man takes the dollar bill from Shane's hand and looks interestingly at it.

OLD MAN

(softly; wisely)

For you see, it is only when we have lived our lives to their utmost capacity, learned from our experiences, and knew the true feeling of love in our hearts that we can truly deem ourselves rich. I bid you a fond, but sorrowful, farewell.

The Old Man crumples up the dollar bill, throws it on the cavern floor and starts to slowly walk away. As he is walking the Old Man's body disappears into thin air.

CRUMPLED DOLLAR BILL

As it lies idly on the cavern floor.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XIII

FADE IN:

INT. POP'S - EARLY MORNING

Pop is busy behind the counter, getting breakfast ready for yet another day, as FOUR YOUNG MEN walk through the front door and proceed to sit down.

POP
(genial)
Good morning, fellas. The name's
Pop. What can I do for ya?

YOUNG MAN
Howdy, Pop. My name's Nathan Camp.
(introduces his friends to
Pop)
Pop, I'd like for you to meet my
pals Lenny, Hal and Clint.

Lenny, Hal, and Clint all introduce themselves to Pop.

POP
(warmly shakes each of
their hands)
The pleasure's mine, gentlemen. If
there's anything I can do for ya,
don't be bashful.

NATHAN
(coy)
Well, if it ain't too much, we were
wondering if we could each have a
plate of your delicious hot cakes.

POP
(heads to the grill)
Four orders of hot cakes, comin'
right up!

NATHAN

Excuse me, Pop. Would you happen to have any talc powder?

POP

(points to the location)
Over to the right, third aisle.

NATHAN

Thanks.

Nathan heads over to get the powder, as his friends start a conversation with Pop. Lenny breaks the ice.

LENNY

(looks around the store)
Boy, you must be in business for quite some time now.

POP

(talks while making hot cakes)
Well, ain't nothin' like work to put some hair on your chest. And some money in your pocket.

CLINT

I hear ya. We all migrated here from Indiana. We're hoping to find a better life, not to mention a little something that glitters.

POP

(sarcastic)
You and just about everyone here.

Nathan returns, a can of talc in hand, and enters into the conversation.

NATHAN

So Pop, we hear this area is teemin' with gold. You ever go out and search for any?

POP

(dismissive)
Nah. I've been runnin' this place for almost forty years now. It's given me meals on my table, a roof over my head, and a great sense of accomplishment. I wouldn't want it any other way.

LENNY

If there's anything I plan on accomplishing, findin' gold is the least of 'em. I hear California's got the best lookin' women on earth.

CLINT

Man, you'll look at anything with a skirt and two legs. We also hear that there's a bonanza to be found about three miles from here.

HAL

I don't know. I hear the mines can be really scary.

Clint admonishingly shakes his head at Hal, as Pop places the young men's breakfast in front of them. A VOICE suddenly intervenes.

VOICE OF OLD MAN (O.S.)

If it's a bonanza you're looking for, I know of one that puts all others to shame.

NATHAN

Who said that?

The young men, hearing the VOICE, curiously head over to see where the VOICE is coming from. The young men come to a halt, as they see.

GUYS' POV

OLD MAN

Sits unsteadily but nobly at his usual spot near the store window.

BACK TO SCENE

The young men, intrigued by the Old Man's proclamation, tentatively introduce themselves.

NATHAN

(coily extends his hand)
Hello, sir. My name's Nathan Camp.
(introduces his friends)
These are my buddies Lenny, Clint,
and Hal.

Lenny, Clint, and Hal all politely wave, as Nathan continues.

NATHAN
(inquisitive)
We overheard you say something
about a bonanza.

OLD MAN
(soft)
Well, my young men, if it's a
fortune you are after, have I got a
story for you...

The Old Man slowly his head to look out the store window.

WIDE ANGLE ON SUNNY HORIZON

SEGUE TO:

TRAVIS, ROSS, PETE, WALTER, AND SHANE

As they happily walked the first steps of their journey.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

