

ALL IN

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EXT. BOUNTY'S HIDEOUT - DAY

FADE IN:

A gold coin is seen on the ground. Beside it, we see a shovel dig into the ground, lifting dead grass and dried up soil..

A burlap sack is tossed into the fresh hole.

CUT TO:

A man riding on a horse in an open field nearby. He pulls out a wanted poster from under his poncho to read.

One name out of three is marked out with cigar smoke.

CUT TO:

The man with the shovel makes a final strike into the ground, then washes the dirt off his hands in a bucket of water. After drying off, he picks up an old cigar box and walks towards a tree.

The man sits on the rock by the tree and opens the cigar box. In here, we see a deck of cards, a throwing knife, and a folded up wanted poster. He examines each item in the box and unravels the wanted poster.

He stops reading the poster and looks up, noticing the man riding his horse towards his direction.

The man crumples the wanted poster, and heads inside the house.

INT. BOUNTY'S OLD SHACK - DAY

The man looks out the window and puts on his hat, walking away to reveal the hunter riding closer.

The man in the field gets off of his horse and walks towards the house. He stops to see the fresh patch of dirt.

He picks up the coin next to the fresh dirt, then heads for the door.

We see the shack barely lit, the door's outline is the only source of light. The door slowly creaks open, and we see the silhouette of the bounty hunter. He carefully steps inside, and the floor creaks. Just as the hunter stops, the bounty comes from his side and knocks him out with the back of his pistol.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

We hear an old piano trying to play Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven. The HUNTER slowly wakes up with a gash in his head, sitting at a worn table and tied to a chair. The BOUNTY attempts to play the main notes of the song one last time.

BOUNTY

For a minute there, I thought you weren't gonna wake up. What a damn shame.

The bounty gets up from the piano and walks over to where the bounty hunter is sitting. the hunter struggles in the rope as he gets closer

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

Quit Squirming and Listen up, partner. If you try to run away or do ANYTHING funny, I can do a lot worse than just a cut on your head. Understand?

The bounty cuts him loose from the chair.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

Oh, and your gun. Don't even bother drawin' it. There's no use in shooting without anything to shoot with.

He puts a clenched fist high over the table and drops 6 bullets in front of the hunter. The bounty then walks off to grab a jug of moonshine.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

You got balls. I'll give you that. Showin your ugly mug here and all.

He pulls the cork off the jug, and as he reaches for 2 drinking glasses.

The bounty sits across from the hunter with the 2 glasses and jug.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

So tell me... Why did you come here, eh? Maybe this will jog your memory.

The bounty reaches for the wanted poster in his shirt and slides it towards the hunter.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
Go on... Read it.

HUNTER
Wanted... Dead.. Or Alive. The Ante
Brothers Gang... For 18 Stagecoach
Robberies, Illegal Gambling... and
murder. Six Thousand dollars for
each Gang member as follows...
Jasper Matthews...Wallace
Wilkerson... and...

We see the last named marked out from cigar ash.

BOUNTY
What? Can't read? Oh I see. You
took the liberty of crossing him
off your list. Is that it? Come on
now... You know his name. Say it...

HUNTER
Ace High Jones...

BOUNTY
Yeah... That's it...

HUNTER
Look. I didn't want things to end
up the way they did. I had no
choice. It was him, or me.

BOUNTY
You did have a choice. And
you chose wrong, amigo.
You went after the wrong
gang.

The bounty picks up the jug and pours liquor into each of the
empty glasses. He then slides the glass across the table into
the ready hand of the hunter.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
Bottoms up, partner. That right
there is gonna be the last drink
you ever swallow.

HUNTER
Now hold on. I don't want this to
end up like me and your brother
did. Let's be real for a second. My
job is to hunt men like you, Mr.
Matthews. Men who are wanted and on
the run because of the crimes
they've committed.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'm sure that Jones meant a lot to you. Being a gang is practically being family... I've been there... Nothing personal here, but to me, the names I see on a poster... are just names... Don't matter who you are, as long as I get the job done. It's up to you if you wanna get out of here dead or alive...

BOUNTY

You know... Jonesy wasn't the brightest out of the three of us. But there was one thing that he was great at, and that was being an excellent gambler. Poker was the game he always came out on top. For a while, we made a living off of it. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be here. Neither would Wallace... Things got tougher along the way though. Word kept getting around from each town we'd hit that had bars full of players. No one wanted to play the man who always had the lucky hands. Everyone knew who he was, which eventually gave him the name Ace High Jones. But to me, he was more than just a name on the streets, or a poster for that matter. I never did win against him myself whenever we played for fun. What I would give to play one last game with him. So. instead of outright . Let's make this a little more interesting...

The bounty then places the deck of cards onto the table.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

We're gonna play, in honor of my brother.

HUNTER

Well, I hate to break it to you chief, but I didn't bring any chips.

BOUNTY

We're not playing with chips, amigo. we're playing with bullets.
(MORE)

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
(He picks up one of the
scattered bullets on the
table)

HUNTER
Just what are you getting at?

BOUNTY
Simple. We make our bets with each
hand using our own bullets. After
the game is over, we go out back
and settle this like men... a
standoff. The obvious loser is the
one who busts out, which means that
the loser has nothing to shoot
with. You getting it now?

HUNTER
Fine. I'll play.

The bounty shifts six bullets towards the hunter, and they
both line them up. The bounty sets his gun aside, and
shuffles the cards.

BOUNTY
Now, if I see anything out of line
and you try to use the bullets
against me, even a weird twitch of
the eye, my gun is still loaded...

The bounty shuffles the cards some more and deals 2 cards to
the hunter. They both check he then puts three cards down on
the middle of the table creating the flop.

The hunter flips back his poncho and reaches into his vest.
The bounty slowly moves his hand closer to the revolver on
the table. The hunter then takes out a roll of tobacco,
lights it, and proceeds to smoke. The bounty then moves his
hands back to his cards.

HUNTER
I fold.
(He tosses the cards face
down onto the table)

The bounty grits his teeth and collects all the cards. He
passes the deck to the hunter to shuffle. The hunter then
shuffles the cards and deals. They both check.

BOUNTY
Call. Two bullets.

HUNTER
I fold.

BOUNTY
HEY! QUIT FOOLIN AROUND AND PLAY
THE GOT DAMN GAME YOU SONOVUH
BITCH! FOLD ONE MORE TIME LIKE THAT
AND SO HELP ME GOD!

(He screams, slams the
table, throws a drinking
glass which shatters, and
points the revolver close
to the hunter's head)

HUNTER
Settle down Matthews. It's just a
game.

The bounty calms and sits back down, resuming the game. He
shuffles the cards and deals.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Alright. I call. One bullet.

The bounty puts down one bullet as well, and creates the
flop. They both check. The bounty puts down the turn.

BOUNTY
Call. Two bullets.

The hunter puts down 2 more bullets. the bounty puts down the
last card, making the river. the hunter checks.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
One. Bullet.

The hunter takes time to think. and he folds. The bounty then
collects the six bullets from the middle with a total of
nine, leaving the hunter with three left.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
That's more like it.

The hunter puffs away at his roll of tobacco and shuffles the
cards once more. He deals 2 cards and they both check. He
creates the flop, and the bounty makes the first deal.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
Call. One.

The hunter finishes a sip of moonshine and places down
another bullet, leaving him with two left. The hunter then
deals the turn. both the hunter and bounty checks. The last
card is placed in the middle, finishing off the river.

HUNTER
All-in.

The hunter pushes his last two bullets into the pile. The bounty grins, confident in winning, and matches the bullets that were placed down. They reveal their cards... The hunter wins this round.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
That's more like it.

BOUNTY
Hmm. We'll see how much longer
you'll last.

The bounty deals the cards one last time. He is guaranteed to win this round for one reason only. He has one trick up his sleeve. They both check and the flop is made. an ace and a king are in the hole.

HUNTER
Call. One bullet.

BOUNTY
I'll raise. Three bullets.

The hunter gives a long look of distrust and places down two more bullets. the bounty puts down the turn. another king. They both check. The final card is dealt. finishing off the river. an ace. the hunter checks. The bounty uses that trick up his sleeve and swaps out one card in his hand, now holding a pair of aces.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
I'm all-in. Let's finish this.

The bounty pushes the rest of his bullets into the pile. The hunter knows he is at a loss. even with a pair of kings. He knows the bounty is cheating. However, the bounty is not the only one who has a trick up their sleeve.

HUNTER
Once and for all.

The hunter pushes the rest of his bullets in the pile. He reveals his pair of kings and the bounty places his cards down. A pair of aces

BOUNTY
That settles that then. Think my
brother would have been proud. No
matter who he played with, after
every man he'd bust out, he always
end the game with a handshake.

The bounty extends his hand. The hunter hesitates, then proceeds to shake the bounty's hand.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what. Just to make it fair. I'll give you one bullet, and one bullet only. You better make it count. you're gonna need it.

The bounty then picks up one bullet from his pile and flicks it towards the hunter. The hunter jolts his arm up and catches the bullet with a tight grip. The bounty then picks up his gun and aims it towards the hunter.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

Right, then. Get off your ass and on your feet.

The hunter has one last puff to his tobacco and puts it out in the liquor, stalling every second he can.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)

I SAID MOVE IT COWBOY!

The bounty flips the table on its side, and picks the hunter up from the chair and tosses him to the ground. The hunter notices the knife and swipes it without being seen, and stashes it on the side of his boot. The hunter gets up and brushes off. The gun is now pressed against his back, and proceeds outside of the house.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - SUNSET

The bounty kicks the hunter one last time to walk out into the field. The hunter walks alone through the tall grass, and stops at a reasonable distance.

BOUNTY

This is for you Jonesy...
(He says to himself)

The bounty holsters his revolver. Multiple shots between the two portray the intensity of the scene. wide shots show the distance between them, as well as close up shots of their weapons and faces.

After long stares of studying each other's movement. The stand quickly comes to an end.

The bounty makes the first move. As he un-holsters his revolver and shoots at the hunter, the hunter has already ducked, leaving the bounty's shot to blow his hat clean off. The hunter quickly grabs the throwing knife from his boot and launches it at the bounty.

The knife flies straight into the shooting hand of the bounty, causing him to go on his knees and scream from the pain.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
AGH! W-What in the ever-loving
christ?
(getting to his knees,
shaking)

The hunter picks up his hat triumphantly and puts it back onto the top of his head. He walks to the breeze of the flowing field towards the injured bounty to finish the job.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
You- AGH... Have no idea what you
got yourself into boy. Don't you
realize who I am? Who the Ante
Brothers are!?
(taking the knife out of
his hand and bleeding)

HUNTER
You ain't nothin but a name on a
poster, partner.

The hunter un-holsters his revolver and aims the gun directly at the bounty's head.

BOUNTY
Heh...You and your morals... This
code you live by. You don't know
how it feels to live on the other
side...

HUNTER
You don't know shit.

BOUNTY
I know enough.... YOU KILLED
JONESY! HE WAS MY FAMILY! AND YOU
TOOK HIM AWAY FROM US- AGH... YOU
DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ANYBODY BUT
YOURSELF! AS LONG AS THERE'S A
PRICE TAG, YOU'RE THERE TO CLAIM
THE PRIZE. WELL LET ME TELL YOU
SOMETHIN... WE ARE MORE THAN JUST A
NAME!
Nnng... just you wait you sack of
shit. Once Wallace hears bout this,
he ain't gonna treat you as nice as
I did.

HUNTER
I'll take my chances.
(Pulls back the hammer of
the revolver)

The Bounty closes his eyes and starts to get emotional, for these will be his final moments. After much anticipated build up, the bounty accepts his fate.

BOUNTY
COME ON THEN! DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO
AND PULL THE FUCKIN' TRIGGER YOU
SONNOVA BITCH!
(closing his eyes and
shakes.)

The hunter pulls the trigger, and instead of a loud bang, the only thing that is heard throughout the field is shifting grass and blowing wind.

The bounty opens his eyes and is in bewilderment.

BOUNTY (CONT'D)
... huh?

HUNTER
It's like you said, Matthews,
there's no use in shouting without
anything to shoot with.

The hunter pulls out the one bullet he was given by the bounty from under his poncho, never to have been loaded in the revolver in the first place.

BOUNTY
But why? Why go through all this
trouble?

HUNTER
I never wanted to kill you. Hell, I
NEED you alive. You're gonna help
me find Wilkerson. I reckon that
you know where he is.

BOUNTY
And what makes you think I'll help
you?

HUNTER
Still got one bullet left. Could
just end it right here. Or better
yet, turn you in alive and let the
Marshal decide what's best. Then go
after Wilkerson myself...

BOUNTY

You'd never find him...

HUNTER

I have my ways... How do you think I found you?

(Pulls out the gold coin
from earlier)

You three are notorious for leaving a trail behind. I'm sure if I found a couple more of these lying around, I'd sure be able to find him in no time

BOUNTY

W-Wait... What if I made a deal with you?

HUNTER

I'm listening...

BOUNTY

The gold... The stagecoaches, The gambling, all of the places we've robbed... We have thousands worth of gold! Enough to retire! You're no hero-

HUNTER

Watch it...

BOUNTY

You're not in it for justice. You just want the money. Like you said right? All this is just a job... The money is sitting with Wallace as we speak. If I take you there, I give you Jonesy's portion, and you leave us be... It's more than any poster can offer...

HUNTER

And what makes you think that I can trust you?

BOUNTY

I'm a man of my word. That's all I could say. You didn't want this to end up like, Jonesy, right? We can make things right between us...

The hunter holsters his gun.

HUNTER

What do you say we dig the rest of
that gold up and fix that hand of
yours. It's gonna be a long ride.

The hunter extends his arm to the bounty. The bounty thinks
for a moment, having no way out, he thinks what the hell.

BOUNTY

So... We have a deal then?

The bounty extends his hand for a handshake.

HUNTER

I'm All-in...

The bounty reaches and grabs for the hunter's arm against the
sunset with them as a silhouette.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

EXT. WALLACE WILKERSON'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

CUT TO:

A fire burning high and hot as we hear an ominous melody
coming from a nearby guitar.

We see WALLACE strumming away on his guitar sitting at a fire
pit.

We pull back slowly away from the fire pit to reveal several
dead bodies scattered across the ground.

One of the bodies croaks of agony, gasps for air, and starts
singing along to the melody of the guitar.

Wallace stops playing the guitar, sets it aside, and walks
over to the dying body as he continues to sing.

He drags the body towards the fire pit.

DYING MAN

Please... Keep playing. I liked it.
Reminds me... of better times. A
time where none of this mattered...
A time-

Without hesitation, Wallace pulls out his revolver and shoots
the man dead. Blood splatters up covering his face.

The fire creates shifting shadows across his face, while illuminating the dark blood of the dying man scattered over his beard.

He sits back down and picks up his guitar, and once again plays for the fire.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.