

Int. Saloon. Day

Sherriff Tucker and Gretta are standing at the bar. Behind the bar is Abe. Tucker has just emptied a pouch of diamonds into his hand and all three are staring at each other.

From behind Sherrif Tucker, the sound of a bar stool being kicked over, and a gun being unhooked

BOB APPLEBY

Turn around nice and slow Sherriff. I'll be taking back those diamonds now if you don't mind.

Tucker turns around to see Bob, gun in hand.

BOB

Hand them over.

Tucker puts the diamonds back in the pouch

Gretta

Bob Appleby! You were supposed to be and buried...

Tucker moves to step in between Bob and Gretta.

Tucker

Just keep back Gretta.

He looks at the gun pointing at him and tosses the bag of diamonds over to Bob.

Bob

That's right darlin, I **was** supposed to be dead and buried, But look at me now! Now, tell me how did a pretty little thing like you happen to end up with my very own stash of rocks? I'm guessing there is quite a tale to tell there. Enlighten me. I got all the time in the world, and that's a story I need to hear.

He throws his head back and laughs. Just then a gun shot rings out and his hat is knocked off his head. Bob's face turns to a look of shock and then anger.

From behind the bar, Abe is holding a shot gun with smoke trailing out of the muzzle. He looks shaken and sweaty. He tries to re-load the gun, but a second shot is fired, from off-screen, and this time, this bullet hits Abe in the middle of the forehead. He falls to the ground, dead.

Tucker's face registers shock. Gretta screams. Tucker spins back around and sees that Bob has obviously just shot Abe.

Before he can do anything, Bob leans over and grabs Gretta away from Tucker. With the gun now against her head, Bob backs up towards the door, about to leave.

Bob

Keep back! Keep back!

He fires a warning shot.

Tucker watches helplessly as Bob makes his way to the door, with Gretta.