

1.1

Wide sweeping shot of a small-holding farm in west Texas, circa 1895 or so. It's late in the working day, and the shadows are getting long. On the porch of the house, a man is mending a broken wagon wheel.

1.2

Medium shot from on the porch, looking out at the low hills beyond the farmstead. The man is sitting off-center in the foreground, hammering at the wheel's spokes with a wooden mallet. He looks about 50 years old, and is wearing dirty working clothes. Barely visible in the distance, a lone stranger approaches.

1.3

The man accidentally catches his fingers with the mallet. The stranger continues his approach unnoticed. It looks like a cloud is rising up from behind where he walks.

MAN

Dang it!

1.3

The man, sucking on his hurt finger, looks up and notices the stranger, who is now within shouting distance. The stranger looks odd – he seems too stocky, and has a ridiculous parody of a cowboy hat on his too-round head. He is very clearly being followed by a cloud of lightly coloured smoke.

MAN

Yer on private land, pardner.

1.4

Medium shot of the stranger, who is now standing in front of the porch. He's a steam-powered robot. His bulbous body is a crudely riveted boiler half-covered by a ratty poncho, and he looks out on the world through a pair of round, goggle-lamp eyes. Smoke wafts out of a port on his back, and little bursts of steam leak out of his joints when he moves. He raises his hand in greeting.

ROBOT

Are you Bullet Taylor?

1.5

Close up of the man, giving a hard, suspicious stare.

MAN

I reckon not. Haven't heard that name 'round here in years.

1.6

The robot has produced a piece of yellowed paper, and is staring at it intently. The man has stood up, and is wiping axle grease from his hands with a rag.

MAN

Might I ask why you're searchin' him out?

1.7

The robot holds the paper out for the man to see, and glares menacingly. Printed on the paper is a mug shot of the man, taken when he was about 15 years younger.

ROBOT

This is you. You are Bullet Taylor. I demand satisfaction.

2.1

The man raises his palms in a defensive gesture, shrugging and grinning sheepishly as he steps off the porch. The robot has not moved.

BULLET

Well, you got me. They used to call me Bullet Taylor. But I ain't a gunfighter no more.

2.2

Bullet stands before the robot, and beckons toward the porch.

BULLET

Why don't we sit a spell and sort this out? I'll fetch us some lemonade an-

ROBOT

No. I must prove that I am the fastest gunfighter. To do that I must defeat you.

2.3

The pair face each other. The robot holds his arms out at his sides like a cartoon gunfighter. Bullet, his hands on his hips, slouches and stares at him, disapprovingly.

ROBOT

This is my programming.

2.4

Medium shot from behind Bullet, with the robot framed top right. Bullet shakes his head hand wipes his brow with his left hand. His right hand is still on his hip.

BULLET

Fine. But let's do this away from the house. I don't want my boy hearin' it.

ROBOT

Agreed.

2.5

Same shot, the robot has turned around, and is walking away from the house. Bullet narrows his eyes.

2.6

Bullet draws a gun from a hidden holster, and shoots the robot square in the back of his head, which explodes with a pop.

2.7

Medium shot of the scene. Bullet stands in front of the porch, looking at the robot's fallen body with annoyance. A young boy has run out of the house.

BOY

Pa? Pa! What was that?

BULLET

Just another goldarned robot, son.

(cont)

Guess we better bury him with the rest.