

SINS OF THE FATHER

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WINDSOR CITY - DAY - 1858

People walk. Horses pull wagons up and down the streets. Men come and go from the local saloon.

All seems normal until...

A RUCKUS breaks out inside the bank, accompanied by YELLING and a woman's SCREAM. Six horses are tied to a hitching post outside the building.

INT. BANK - DAY - SAME

Six men wearing bandannas over their lower faces hold several tellers and customers at gunpoint. The terrified victims cower facedown on the floor, except for BANK TELLER. His hands quiver as he works behind his station to fill a bag with money from the drawers.

Bank Teller finishes and holds out the bag to LEVI HARPER (30s), leader type, knows what he wants and how to get it. Levi snatches the bag and waves his gun at the vault in the back.

LEVI

Now the vault.

BANK TELLER

I don't know the combination.

Levi reaches across the counter and pistol whips the man. Bank Teller drops like a sack of potatoes. Blood trickles from his nose.

Levi races around to Bank Teller and yanks him up. Shoves him against the vault.

LEVI

Open that vault now!

Bank Teller fumbles at the combination lock, his hand shaking as he selects numbers. The first try fails. Levi nudges him in the back with his revolver.

LEVI

Hurry.

Bank Teller tries again, concentrating harder.

A CLICK as the vault door swings open. Levi tosses the bag of loot he holds to CLINT REYNOLDS (25), a good heart beneath a troubled exterior.

LEVI
Take it on out.

Clint gives him a nod, then exits.

Levi looks over to one of his other men, GARRETT HOLBROOK (30), tall, athletic, incredible gunslinger.

LEVI
Give me a hand.

Garrett rushes to him. Levi shoves Bank Teller over to his remaining men.

Garrett and Levi fill empty bags with cash, as much as they will hold. They pass off several bags to one of the men. He leaves the bank with them.

Numerous bags later, Levi and Garrett divide the take among their selves and the remaining men, JOE and KEITH. Levi whacks Bank Teller in the head, sends him crashing to the floor. He lies still, blood trickling from a head wound.

The thieves head to the doorway. Levi points his gun at the terrified onlookers as he backs out.

EXT. BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

One of the horses is gone. So is Clint. The first man sent outside with bags of loot lies unconscious on the ground, no sign of the bags.

Levi takes a frantic look up and down the street. Clint is nowhere to be seen.

LEVI
Son-of-a-bitch.

The remaining men load their sacks into the saddlebags, untie their horses, and mount them. They ride full-speed down the street.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY - LATER

In a frenzied hurry, Clint hitches his horse to a small wagon. MARYANN (19), seven months pregnant, waits near him.

A few carpetbags are already in the wagon.

Clint finishes with the horse. He helps Maryann up to the bench seat and joins her. A flick of the reins and the horse takes off trotting down the street.

EXT. WINDSOR CITY - OUTSKIRTS - DAY - LATER

Near the base of a ridge.

Levi, Garrett, and the remaining men, no longer wearing bandannas around their faces, guide their horses to a pond. They allow them to drink.

LEVI

Clint's a dead man. If any of you see him, find out where my money is, then put a bullet in his head. You hear me?

Joe and Keith nod.

KEITH

Right, Boss.

Levi looks to Garrett, who is a little slower to agree.

GARRETT

Right.

A GUNSHOT resonates through the area. Keith falls from his horse, lying still on the ground with a bullet wound to the back.

Levi and Garrett look up to the ridge.

A SHERIFF and his posse (four men) sit on horseback, guns and rifles raised. They fire more SHOTS in succession.

Levi, Garrett, and Joe give their horses jabs with their spurs. The horses run away from the gunfire. The riders fire occasional SHOTS back at the posse.

Two members of the posse fall from their horses, thanks to Garrett's superior marksmanship. The others chase after the fleeing thieves.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY - LATER

Levi, Garrett, and Joe race along a trail on their swift horses. The gunfire has ceased.

INT. SHACK - DAY - LATER

Barely standing. An old table and benches. A wood-burning stove without a pipe. A ratty old cot.

Seated at the table, Levi counts their take from the bank. Across from him, Joe watches with a big smile.

Garrett stands at the window opening, staring outside. Something troubles him.

JOE

How much is it, Boss?

LEVI

\$1,536. Goddamn. That outta keep us livin` in style until the next big job.

The news fails to affect Garrett much. If anything, it makes him sadder.

Levi notices his demeanor.

LEVI

What's wrong with you, Garrett?
I'll give ya` a fair cut.

Garrett glances back.

GARRETT

I guess I'm just tired, that's all.

Levi returns the loot to the bags.

LEVI

Well, I got the cure for that.

He goes to Garrett with the bags.

LEVI

Let's go on over to Gulver City and have us a night on the town. What do you say?

A little reluctant, Garrett nods.

Levi exits with the bags. Joe follows.

Garrett sighs. He trails after the men.

EXT. OAK VALLEY - DAY

The streets are busy with citizens carrying out their daily routines. Horse-drawn wagons pass back and forth. An old gallows stands to the side. A weathered noose sways in a gentle breeze.

SUPER: 19 YEARS LATER

A wagon pulled by two horses stops outside of the bank. Clint climbs down from the seat. He's 45 now and shows his age, but there's a comforting calmness about him that he lacked before.

ELIZABETH "LIZZIE" REYNOLDS (19), pretty in a natural way but lacking real femininity, wearing a skirt that comes mid-high on her boots and looks less feminine than a normal dress, jumps down from the opposite side. A ruby hangs from a chain around her neck.

She marvels at the town.

CLINT

Wait right here while I go get us
some cash.

LIZZIE

Okay, Pa.

Clint enters the bank.

Lizzie goes to the horses, takes turns petting each nose.

LIZZIE

I'll get you some nice, juicy apples
when we get back. How does that
sound?

One of the horses bobs his head in delight, as if he understands Lizzie.

Clint returns with cash in his hand.