

STEAMPUNK WESTERN SCRIPT

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INT. BANK - DAY

A hail of bullets rain down on the wooden structure.

A man and a women sit behind a knocked over table.

The man is called CHUCK and he has a mechanical arm that's bronze and the mechanisms looks like clockwork. The man himself has that classic rugged good-looking style about him like the guys in the old westerns had.

He reloads his two revolvers, Charm & Wit.

The woman is fully able and may have the looks of a western damsel but she ain't acting like one. She sweaty and looks pissed at the barrage of lead flying at them.

This is ALEX IRONS and she's reloading her trusty shotgun.

The bullets are supposed to be hitting them.

As they knock their guns back into place, now fully loaded, they look forward, tired, nervous and in the deep end.

ALEX

Well shit.

CHUCK

It's not that bad, Alex.

Bullets start to skiff the edges of their table.

ALEX

The bullets say other wise, Chuck!

CHUCK

Being negative won't get us anywhere.

ALEX

Well, being positive must have got us here!

CHUCK

Listen! It's not over. All we gotta do is wait for a lull in their firin'. That'll give us both time to reposition. You can go upstairs while I cover you.

ALEX

Get the high ground on 'em and a wide spread.

CHUCK
Exactly. They'll be have to focus
on both of us and they'll be
flanked on the vertical.

A bullet flies between them through the table.

Over the fring a voice can be faintly heard outside.

SHERIFF
Chuck and Alex Irons! You ain't
surviving this one. Time to pay the
price!

ALEX
You sure you'll be able to handle
'em down here on your own?

Chuck raises his two revolvers.

CHUCK
All I need is my Charm & Wit.

Chuck gives her a small smile which she returns.

ALEX
Ain't that for sure.

The two get ready to go, being careful as bullets are barely
missing them and the table now falling apart, full of holes.

CHUCK
Okay, on my call.

Another bullet pierces the table and flies past Alex's face.

ALEX
Better hurry up on that call!

CHUCK
Just a second.

The bullets get closer and closer to hitting them.

ALEX
Chuck!

CHUCK
Wait!

The hail continues when all of a sudden it stops.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
NOW!

Alex bolts for the stairs as Chuck starts to make his way to beside the door, while taking aim and firing.

Anyone who tries to stand Chuck takes a shot at. He grazes a few of the men and gets in one or two fatal shots.

Alex makes her way upstairs with only a few shots following her and makes it to the a window up top.

She cocks and aims her shotgun at the aloof officers down below. This thing is bulky and looks pretty used but when its aimed at you, then you know that your fucked beyond belief.

BOOM!

Three officers crash to the ground, their blood splattered on the men beside them who just might have shit themselves.

INT./EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

The SHERIFF looks up to at her and realizes that the situation has taken a turn for the worst.

SHERIFF

Everyone! Fall back! Fall-

A bullet from Chuck's revolver goes straight through the Sheriffs head. All the men freeze for a second as their leader falls to the ground dead.

Most of the officers run while Alex and Chuck gun them down but some stay and fight.

One of the officers that stay to fight takes cover and take out a brass ball, with tint unconnected valves that go around it, with a small knob on top of one valve that he twist.

Twisting it makes the valves below turn vertically and on by one each valve clicks into place.

OFFICER

Take this you bitch!

He throws it to the window and Alex ducks.

She turns to look at what was thrown at her as the valves continue to click together about half way done.

When she sees it her eyes go wide with fear, frozen in place.

She runs for the stairs, passing the object but just then the last small valve clicks into place completing the circle.

Alex is just at the stairs.

We hear the faint sound of steam shooting through the valves.

IT BLOWS UP CREATING A BIG EXPLOSION! It tears half the wooden building into rubble. Alex is caught and goes flying.

HARD CUT TO BLACK

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

We come out of the black to blurry vision as Alex is being dragged away from the half destroyed bank and dead bodies.

CHUCK

Come on Alex. There is no way in hell I'm letting you die out here.

Alex's vision starts to clear.

ALEX

(raspy and struggling)
What happened?

CHUCK

One of those bastards had one of them grenade things.
(to himself)
That shit is black market. Good and lawful folk my ass.

ALEX

My legs feel weird.

CHUCK

Don't worry about that right now. Just focus on staying awake.

ALEX

Why do they feel wet?

CHUCK

It's nothing Alex.

She looks down to her legs and we see now that they are completely mutilated. They are bloody and burnt.

ALEX

MY LEGS! My fucking legs! Oh God!

She begins to cry in pain and shock.

CHUCK
Alex, you gotta stay calm!

ALEX
Oh my God! I'm bleeding out Chuck!
I'm dying!

Chuck moves to in front of Alex, holding her arms.

CHUCK
Alex, look at you. Look at me Alex.

She's still panicking but looks at Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You need to breathe. Deep breaths.
Come on, breathe with me. In.

The two take a deep breath in, Alex struggling little.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Out.

They breathe out, with Alex's being more coughing.

They continue until she has calmed down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Are you better now?

Alex nods.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Good. You're not dying and you're
not bleeding out. This may be dark
but the one good thing about that
explosion is that it cauterized
most of the wounds. We have all the
money we need now Alex. We can fix
this and just live our lives
together.

ALEX
Are you sure?

CHUCK
I know so. I ain't gonna let you
die. I love you too damn much.

Chuck drags her to their horse and carriage with a bronze,
mechanical man that they named BILLIE in the riders seat.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chuck places Alex in there with her back leaning on the wall and her legs up on the seat.

CHUCK

Okay, you stay here while I bring
back all the money.

He starts to leave.

ALEX

Chuck!

He turns back round a bit worried about her.

CHUCK

Yeah?

ALEX

I love you too.

A genuine warm smile replaces his worried look.

CHUCK

Who doesn't.

He leaves the carriage and makes his way back to the bank.

Alex lies her head back on the wall, relieved that the two of them are safe and are more or less (definitely less in her case) in one piece.

ALEX

(whispers)

It's all okay. It's fine. We're
together.