

FAT HILL

Written by

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EXT. OLD WEST MINING TOWN STREET - NIGHT

April 1st eighteen seventy one. In the new Death Valley silver mining boomtown of Cerro Gordo, a man NED REDDY dressed in dark pants and shirt with a silver vest and a black Stetson crowning his thick mutton chops, Cradles and pets a black cat outside a rowdy saloon.

NED
Kitty, kitty.

Ned gives the purring cat a little kiss on it's flicking ear and gently sets the cat down in a wagon rut that's hard baked into the rocky street.

NED (CONT'D)
Stay free pussy.

An old hound dog comes barking up the street bound for the now zig zagging cat.

As the dog runs by, Ned kicks it in the side, ribs cracking against his black shiny toed boot.

NED (CONT'D)
That's my pussy!

The dog yelps loudly leaving a small scattering of shit behind, as runs with its tail behind its legs into the unpainted wood warped post office.

Ned turns, heading towards the hellion sounds brawling out of the saloon doors.

Boom, Boom!

Ned pivots back squinting down the street.

A ragged denimed miner comes scampering up to then past Ned.

MINER
It's bad down at Lola's cribs. You should--

The disheveled miner scurries straight into the saloon, doors swinging and creaking behind him.

NED
Whiskey won't help you run coward!

Ned shakes his head and strolls in a leisurely manner down the dusty rock-ribbed street. His rough hand pushes his revolver further into his Mexican loop holster squeaking the leather.

NED (CONT'D)
 (yelling to no one in
 general)
 I just re-loaded this gun this
 morning. I don't want to have to do
 it again!

EXT. LOLA'S CRIBS - NIGHT

Ned rambles up on a group of dust stained miners outside of
 Lola's cribs, a row of leaning weathered cabins at the end of
 town.

NED
 Clear the road citizens.

The mumbling grimy miners stumble into themselves backing up.

RANDOM MINER 1
 I think Lola shot him.

NED
 She doesn't miss. Why are you
 bothering me? Just buying him.

RANDOM MINER 2
 Saw her eyes, like mornin' coals.

NED
 Saw who?

Chili a lean sweaty miner, one pupil bigger than the other,
 no shirt, ragged jeans with one suspender comes stumbling out
 of a crib, his two boots on the wrong feet.

LOLA, the towns grand Madame, runner up attractive for her
 age, dressed in a long red prairie dress, stomps out in a
 furry right behind him.

She jacks a double barreled shotgun up and jabs at the back
 of his greasy haired head.

LOLA
 Stop right there you desert rat.

Chili sees the crowd then Ned and freezes in his tracks.

CHILI
 I Ain't Movin'.

LOLA

You should see what this dog did to her Ned, I'm going to blow his head clean up the tails pile.

NED

Now Lola calm down, you know how you get.

LOLA

There's no calming me down on this.

Lola recoils the shotgun barrel off the back of the Chili's head, pushing him forward as he gasps for a last breath.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Ask this mutt what did Ned. Just ask this rat.

RANDOM MINER 2

She won't be ready for another turn for a week.

Ned digs his hands tightly into his hips.

NED

Alright calm. Lets start with the pleasantries. What's your name son?

The Chili juts his jaw out and huffs some sweat off his oily forehead then spits some tobacco juice near one of Ned's shiny boots.

NED (CONT'D)

I can't believe I have to repeat myself. I was nice. Lola you think I was nice?

LOLA

Maybe you weren't loud enough?

NED

Think I was loud enough? How about everyone else? Did you all here me ask this boy what his name was?

The group of miners shifts silently. Some prostitutes mingle out of the shacks.

NED (CONT'D)

Well maybe not.

LOLA
Could be hard of hearing. Maybe
he's a blaster?

NED
I guess we should find out. I'd
hate to be rude.

BOOM!!!

Lola fires the shotgun slightly the Chili's head.

The miner slaps his ears hard crouching forward down and
away.

NED (CONT'D)
Well I think he can hear.

LOLA
(laughing)
Well maybe not as much now.

NED
Son, I'm just trying to be nice.
What's your damn name?

Lola stabs the gun into the back of Chili's head.

CHILI
Chili.

NED
(laughing)
Did you say Chili boy?

LOLA
I heard Chili.

NED
Chili?

CHILI
You know like Beans n Shit.

NED
Oh, so you're Beans n Shit.

LOLA
That's what I heard.

NED

I like Beans n Shit. It's a different kind of name you don't hear everyday. Got some colorful character to it.

CHILI

It's not Beans n Shit.

Chili nervously rocks and spits more tobacco juice near Ned's boot.

Ned suddenly reaches behind his back and a long blade Bowie knife comes whipping around and fly's down solid into one of Chili's wrong footed boot, staking him to the ground.

CHILI (CONT'D)

GODDAMN AUUUUHHHH!!

NED

Son it's Sunday.

Chili starts to bend down, reaching for the knife.

NED (CONT'D)

Stand up Beans n Shit. I still wanna have time to practice my tuba tonight, so I wanna get this over with.

LOLA

I hear your getting better.

NED

Well thank you Miss Lola, ten thousand hours.

Chili, sweating profusely, stares down at his foot and tries to move it.

NED (CONT'D)

Alright Beans n Shit, Oh wait is today your birthday?

CHILI

Hell no.

NED

Well that answer might have saved your life boy.

CHILI

How you figure?

NED

I just always think it's so funny when you see those tombstone's where they were born and died on the same day. Makes me laugh every time.

CHILI

Fucking hilarious.

NED

See he gets it Lola.

LOLA

Oh he's gonna get it.

NED

So Beans n Shit, tell me what you did.

CHILI

I just got a little drunk and rowdy that's all.

NED

Well Lola, drunk and rowdy seems pretty harmless. Just blowin' off some steam. These miners work hard all day, need to play a little hard at night.

LOLA

He beat up one of my girls, bad, real bad.

Ned shakes his head as Chili pulls on his grounded boot and stares mean ahead at Ned.

NED

Beans n Shit that's not good.

CHILI

She stabbed me with a stiletto, she did.

NED

Well folks just don't go around getting stabbed for no reason now do they?

CHILI

She's just a whore.

NED
They're ladies, but I'll give you
that one.

CHILI
Thanks.

NED
Well which whore did you beat on
Beans n Shit?

CHILI
I don't know.

NED
Which ONE?

CHILI
I don't KNOW!

NED
She have a name Beans n Shit?

CHILI
Just one of them, all the same to
me, all the same to you right.

LOLA
Feather Legs!

Ned puts his right hand on his pistol gripping it white
Knuckle tight.

NED
Oh Beans n Shit that's not good at
all.

FEATHER LEGS a beautiful very young girl with severe bed head
in a torn pink dress comes crashing out of one of the cribs,
bright red blood still dripping from her nose, her right eye
puffed purple and swollen shut.

Two other sportin' women chase out grabbing after her.

Feather Legs suddenly reaches out wildly swinging a bottle of
champagne over her head.

NED (CONT'D)
Whoa! Lets not waste the expensive
stuff. That vintage is not a good
pairing with Bean n Shit.

FEATHER LEGS

I'm gonna kill you, you son of a bitch!

The other soiled doves yank her back just as she lets the bottle fly barely missing Chili's turned and ducking head.

A scruffy miner fetches up the bottle off the craggy ground and heads up the street with a few buddies.

LOLA

I'm still charging you for that!

FEATHER LEGS

(spitting blood)

Let me kill him! I'll kill him now!

Feather Legs struggles and pulls to break free from her cabinmates, blood flinging from her nose.

Lola aims down the shotgun at Chili's head again.

LOLA

I'll do it just for the champagne.

NED

Now Beans n Shit why did you do this? You seem like such a nice young upstanding man. I'm sure your Momma didn't take you to Sunday school to learn to behave in such an uncivilized manner?

FEATHER LEGS

He hit me over and over Neddy, over and fucking over.

CHILI

Shit. Neddy...

NED

Shit is right boy. Why I mean you could have walloped on Horned Toad or Buzzard Eyes here, maybe even broke your hand on them and no worries at all.

CHILI

I didn't know! She's a whore.

RANDOM MINER 3

I mean I held her down but I just thought he was gonna stick it in her--

Ned quick draws his revolver.

BANG!

The bullet violently hits the miner in the shoulder knocking him back to the ground kicking up the dust.

The miner grabs his shoulder as his hand fills with blood.

Auhh Goddamn! What did you do that--

NED
(real mean)
Stick it?! Stick it where?!

RANDOM MINER 3
(writhing in pain)
In the ass, the ass Ok. I was
holding her down 'cause he was
gonna stick it in her ass.

NED
So, you were gonna go next?

RANDOM MINER 3
No way, that's nasty, I just like
to watch.

NED
You like to watch? Well isn't that
great everyone, he likes to watch.

RANDOM MINER 3
I didn't know he was gonna beat her
honest.

NED
Well honesty is the best policy now
isn't it.

LOLA
That true Ned, I hear that it is.

Feather Legs struggles to break free spitting more blood.

FEATHER LEGS
(still fighting to break
free)
Let me kill him, let me kill him
mean and good!

NED
Oh Chili what are we gonna do with
you.

CHILI

Just let me go, I'll leave town.
Never hear from me again Sir.

NED

Well we need miners so that
wouldn't be right just chasing you
off. That would be bad for the
economy of Cerro Gordo now wouldn't
it. I own most everything, so the
economy is kid of import to me.

LOLA

Just one shot Ned, One shot and
you're playing Betsy.

NED

Now you see Beans n Shit, first
thing is that Feather Legs here
takes in a dollar a turn. Now
Horned Toad and Buzzard Eyes, no
offense ladies, but they take in a
quarter a turn. So the economics of
what you've done here... How much
do you make? Ten dollars a week?
You're gonna have to stick around
town a long time to work that off.

LOLA

I'd say a hundred dollars worth
Ned. She's gotta heal, Plus the
bottle.

NED

And you see, did she smell nice?

CHILI

Uh...

NED

Of course she did. "Cause I bought
her that perfume.

CHILI

It was nice, yes. Sorry.

NED

You're not helping yourself here.

Chili struggles again to pull his foot free as blood bubbles
out from around the knife blade in his boot.

CHILI

I'm so sorry.

NED

And my other problem is, you see that bit of baby fat just above her stocking on her thighs? Well that's prime beef there. I'll bet if you cut that open the marbling is just perfect. I get first bite. I come here first thing in the morning and I don't like my steak all bruised up and tough to chew.

CHILI

I didn't know I swear.

NED

And you seam squirrels fuck her in the pussy, I get that. The economy has to keep on rollin'. But, no pun intended, ONLY I FUCK HER IN THE ASS! I don't wanna put mine where yours has been. That ass is mine you understand?!!

Feather Legs kicks into the air as Horn Toad and Buzzard hold her up.

FEATHER LEGS

I never let that shit put it in. I grabbed it hard and twisted.

NED

That's my girl. So you understand Beans? 'Cause--

CHILI

Yes Mr. Ned Sir.

NED

Feather legs how old are you.

FEATHER LEGS

I'm fifteen. Old enough kill him.

LOLA

Just one shot Ned. Please this time.

RANDOM MINER 4

Lets hang him!

RANDOM MINER 5

We ain't had one in a while.

LOLA

You fools cut down all the damn trees for the smelter.

NED

We'll get to all of that, but I want Beans n Shit here to fully understand what he's done.

CHILI

I sure understand now, for sure.

NED

Well I don't think you do. See she's fifteen. And she has plenty of good years of whorin' left in her. Now I paid for all the ads in the papers out east promising domestic work, working for rich families in San Francisco. Of course when the gussied up girls got here they didn't know there would be a few years of whorin' first. Tragic I know, but if you go beating her up into ugly, those prime whorin' years are cut and I can't even sell her off to a family in Frisco to dust the credenza with her face smashed in permanently. I promised her a good life of domestic work and now you're gonna go make a liar out of me with what you've done.

CHILI

I'm so sorry, I see that now, Please.

LOLA

Well I'm sure Feather Legs here said "please don't" when you were beating on her.

Feather legs breaks free and goes to swinging hard on Chili and spitting blood in his face.

Horn Toad yanks her back.

FEATHER LEGS

Let me kill him Neddy. Please let me kill him.

CHILI

Just let me go. It just got out of hand. Hell the penalty for beating woman is the same for beating a dog around here.

NED

Lola you got some laudanum that Feather Legs can sip on.

LOLA

I got some.

CHILI

Just let me go, I'm beggin'. Please Sir.

NED

Stop whining I'm gonna let you go.

FEATHER LEGS

Neddy!

RANDOM MINER 3

Fuck, let him go? You shot me.

NED

Well you have a resemblance to the scum who shot off my brothers arm.

RANDOM MINER 3

Resemblance? No resemblance.

NED

And I gotta tell you that we did have a Doc here but he only lasted a day because of all the shooting. So their ain't nobody that can help you with that wound. Your bleeding out, can't be fixed.

BANG!!

Ned fast draws his pistol and shoots the miner right between the eyes.

The miner falls back staring at the stars.

Feather legs struggles again to get away.

FEATHER LEGS

You just can't let him go! Fucking look at me.

Lola aims the shotgun right up against Chili's ear.

LOLA
Come on Ned just one shot.

BANG! BANG!!

Ned quickdraws again shooting Chili in the groin twice.

Chili doubles over grabbing his privates in severe pain.

CHILI
Fuckin whore!

CRACK!

Chili's leg breaks at the ankle as he falls backwards with a thud.

LOLA
(laughing)
Or two shots, your call.

Ned pulls up his knife, wipes it on the groaning Chili's back and sheaths it away.

FEATHER LEGS
Oh that's gotta hurt you fucking dog.

NED
Well there you go, no more beans, you're just Shit from now on.

Horn Toad lets Feather Legs go and she stomps up to Chili kicking him hard in the butt.

FEATHER LEGS
(screaming)
This in your ass you piece of shit!

NED
Not quite ready with the manners for domestic work.

LOLA
I'll keep working on her.

NED
So will I. Well you all have a good night. Sip on that laudanum Feather Legs. I'll see you in the morning. I'm gonna go reload my damn gun.

LOLA

I shouldn't listen for you tuba?

NED

That's right. I'm working on
Dvořák's Symphony number five.
We'll have to have a concert.

THE END