

ZORGON the WONDER HORSE

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

An old neighborhood with old trees, the street is empty and quiet. In the back yard there's a light shining through the sliding door.

TOMMY, 5 but going on 6, wearing a long face and a pair of cowboy boots, stands against the glass and looks out into the yard.

Behind him, OLIVER, 10, runs around the room with a play sword in his hands and fights off any would be intruders.

2 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A noisy DINNER PARTY amongst old friends.

Laughter in the air, food on the table. Glasses and silverware clink in between jokes and animated discussions.

Tommy looks around the room for anything interesting.

But all he sees are BORING ADULTS and their boring conversations.

So he decides to explore. He makes his way past the dining table and comes to a dark hallway.

He throws a cautious glance back over his shoulder and turns the corner.

3 INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tommy slowly steps down the hallway. He approaches a door and peaks inside--

4 INT. HOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Flashes of light dance across Tommy's face.

He takes a step into the room and pauses, one hand on the door frame.

It's a PINBALL MACHINE, and all the lights and sounds have Tommy in a trance.

Just as suddenly as it started, the machine goes quiet.

Tommy waits...

From behind him, farther down the hallway, he hears a HORSE NEIGH and the sound of HOOVES.

5 INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tommy steps back into the hallway confused.

Down at the end of the hallway, a TUMBLEWEED suddenly rolls across the floor, out of one room and into the other.

Tommy follows the tumbleweed into the other room.

6 INT. HOUSE OTHER ROOM - NIGHT

In the corner is a VINTAGE WONDER HORSE RIDE, it shines in the dimly lit room.

Tommy walks over to the horse and climbs on, the springs sound old and worn.

He bounces up and down gleefully.

Then notices the COWBOY HAT on the wall and pauses...

He grabs it off the wall and pushes it down on his head slowly--

MATCH CUT:

7 EXT. WILD WEST - DAY

Tommy, as a full grown COWBOY, raises his head up. He's in his early 20's, lean and handsome, and sitting on a real horse in the middle of the open plain.

Overhead, a beautiful blue sky kissed by the yellow sun.

The cowboy digs his spurs in and sends the horse into a gallop.

He bounces up and down in the saddle gleefully.

8 INT. SALOON - DAY

Lethargy hangs in the air, sawdust covers the floor, all types welcome.

A BARTENDER spits in a glass and cleans it with a dirty cloth.

A DRUNK, sleeps on the bar, empty milk boxes scattered around him.

A bored SALOON GIRL leans against the piano and fans herself.

The TROUBLEMAKER GANG plays cards at a table.

These are the same boring adults from the boring dinner party, only each of them is in full western wear.

PLAYER 1  
Got any seven's?

PLAYER 2  
Go fish.

P2 spits into a spittoon with authority.

P1 slaps his hand down on the deck of cards and draws the top card.

The Saloon Girl SIGHS audibly.

P2 takes a pinch of Big League Chew from his pouch on the table.

IN WALKS THE COWBOY

He pauses just inside the saloon doors and scans the room.

The room, in turn, pauses and scans the cowboy back.

P2 is frozen in place with his bottom lip pulled out, mid dip, staring at the cowboy.

The cowboy moves to the bar, his boot spurs ring across the floor.

The card players continue their game.

The Saloon girl primps herself.

AT THE BAR

BARTENDER  
What'll ya have, partner?

COWBOY  
Juice.

BARTENDER  
Hope you can pay.

The bartender leans near the drunk and yells at him.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Unlike this sad sack... worthless  
hump of good for nuthin'-- Wake up!

The drunk stays asleep.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
Shoulda never married you...

The cowboy pulls out a GOLD COIN and slaps it onto the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(to the room)

See that. Someone with some manners.

The bartender pours a shot of juice for the cowboy...

COWBOY

Leave the box.

She sets the juice box on the bar.

The saloon girl walks up to the cowboy in a sultry way and leans against the bar next to him.

SALOON GIRL

Hey there, handsome.

She pulls out a pack of candy cigarettes, takes one out and taps it on the box a couple times.

SALOON GIRL (CONT'D)

Looking for a good time?

Her hand caresses his arm.

He takes a drink, keeps his eyes forward.

COWBOY

Girls have cooties.

She pulls her hand away quickly.

SALOON GIRL

Do not.

He finishes his drink and looks directly at her. It's a look that carves stone.

COWBOY

Do to.

She rolls her eyes and walks away.

SALOON GIRL

Stinky boy.

AT THE CARD TABLE

PLAYER 3

Gimme all your jacks... Jack.

PLAYER 1

Go fish.

Instead of grabbing a card, P3 puts his gun on the table.

PLAYER 3  
You lyin' to me Jack?

PLAYER 1  
That's not my name.

P1 also puts his gun on the table.

PLAYER 1 (CONT'D)  
And I ain't got no jacks.

The two men stare at each other intensely.

P2 spits into the spittoon again.

The Saloon Girl walks behind P1 and looks at his cards.

SALOON GIRL  
Then what are those?

She strolls back toward the piano.

PLAYER 3  
Cheater...

PLAYER 2  
Cheater...

A bead of sweat rolls down P1's face.

PLAYER 3  
(growls)  
Pumpkin eater.

P3 and P1 grab their guns off the table and draw on each other,  
their chairs fly backward as they stand.

A LOUD WHISTLE fills the entire saloon.

SALOON GIRL  
Boys.

PLAYER 3  
But he was cheatin'.

PLAYER 1  
Was not.

PLAYER 3  
Was too.

SALOON GIRL  
Oh grow up, it's just a stupid game.

PLAYER 3

A game I was winnin'.

PLAYER 2

Yeah right, you was losin'--

COWBOY

Can't a man have a quiet drink these days.

P3 turns his gun on the cowboy.

PLAYER 3

Why don't you just butt out.

P1 follows suit.

PLAYER 1

Yeah, who do you think you are anyway?  
Coming in here with your stupid...  
face.

PLAYER 3

Yeah, you fart factory.

P2 timidly stays in his seat.

The cowboy turns to face the troublemakers.

COWBOY

Here I was, mindin my own business  
and you had to go ahead and start  
with the name callin'. Now, where I  
come from that's just rude. I won't  
stand for such atrocities of  
character. And I don't take kindly  
to being besmirched.

PLAYER 3

Be what?

PLAYER 2

Be careful, now. You know who that  
is?

PLAYER 3

No... and I don't care.

PLAYER 1

Me neither. He sounds like a reader.

PLAYER 3

Just another taddletale by the looks  
of him.

PLAYER 1

Yeah... You even old enough to be in here, boy?

PLAYER 2

That there's Tommy The Kid.

The bartender nervously drops a glass, it SHATTERS.

The Saloon Girl shoots eyes at the cowboy.

PLAYER 2 (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse my friends. They're not too bright... on account of being dumb and all.

PLAYER 1

Hey...

PLAYER 2

Hay is for horses, now be quiet.

PLAYER 3

Nah, he ain't the Kid. Too short.

PLAYER 1

Yeah, too short. How's about you make like a cow and mooove on outta here?

The room is dumbfounded.

P2 slaps his forehead.

The saloon girl snorts a laugh.

The bartender cartoonishly tugs her collar.

P3 side eyes his friend, changes the subject.

PLAYER 3

Besides...

The cowboy leans back against the bar, relaxed.

PLAYER 3 (CONT'D)

I bet you shoot like a girl.

Dead silence.

PLAYER 2

Oh dear...

The Saloon Girl stares daggers at the troublemakers.



Then she BITES her candy cig in half.

The cowboy grabs his guns in a blur.

BANG! BANG!

P1 and P3's guns go flying out of their hands.

The cowboy looks like he hasn't even moved, he's leaning back against the bar again.

P1 and P3 grab their shooting hands in pain.

SALOON GIRL

You dumb-dumbs better sit back down  
now, ya hear.

And they slowly sit, embarrassment on their faces.

PLAYER 2

Gol Dang, you see how fast he was?

PLAYER 3

Shut up.

PLAYER 2

I told you boys.

PLAYER 1

Shut up.

Over by the piano.

SALOON GIRL

Mooooo.

PLAYER 1 & 2

Shut Up!

The cowboy turns back around.

COWBOY

Barkeep.

The bartender walks over, unsure of what's next.

BARTENDER

Yes, hon?

COWBOY

I'm looking for someone. Reckon he  
came through here.

He holds up a piece of paper.

## INSERT - WANTED POSTER

The poster is a child's drawing of a face. A large oval with smaller circles for eyes, a triangle nose, and a mouth. On the top of the poster, the word "wanted" spelled in sloppy handwriting. On the bottom, "reward - a gazillion dollars". On the left side of the poster, in a different color, is the word "ugly" with an arrow pointing to the face.

9 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The OUTLAW rides into town on his PALE HORSE. He's late 20's, dressed in black, and unbothered by the heat.

10 INT. SALOON - DAY

BARTENDER

I seen him. Real mean fella.

11 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The outlaw continues down main street. A LITTLE BOY to his right sticks his tongue out at him until his SISTER slaps the back of his head and whisks him away.

12 INT. SALOON - DAY

COWBOY

When?

BARTENDER

Earlier today.

13 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The SHERIFF sits atop his horse and flirts with his WIFE. The outlaw crosses their path: The sheriff spooks and hightails it out of town, his wife ducks into the nearest building.

14 INT. SALOON - DAY

BARTENDER

Said he'd be coming back here for you at high noon.

The bartender swats a fly on the bar; it startles the drunk.

15 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The outlaw's boot hits the dirt as he steps down from his horse.

16 INT. SALOON - DAY

COWBOY

That so. What time is it now?

The Bartender pulls her sleeve up to reveal her naked wrist.

BARTENDER

Why, it's two hairs past a freckle.

17 EXT. ROAD - DAY

A PREACHER stands outside his church.

He runs inside and slams the door shut when he sees the outlaw.

OUTLAW

Tommy!

18 INT. SALOON - DAY

OUTLAW (O.S.)

Come on out!

The cowboy pours another shot of juice.

COWBOY

(to himself)

Always bossin' me around.

And slams it down.

OUTLAW (O.S.)

Unless your yella-bellied!

COWBOY

I ain't gonna take it no more.

The cowboy flips another gold coin on the bar, then walks toward the saloon doors.

SALOON GIRL

Tommy wait...

He pauses and looks back at the Saloon girl.

COWBOY

That's my name...

Then tips his hat.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Don't wear it out.

The saloon girl swoons and fans away the sudden heatwave.

The bartender rolls her eyes.

19 EXT. SALOON - DAY

The outlaw stands in the middle of the road. He's eating an apple with a large knife.

OUTLAW

I been looking for you, Tommy.

COWBOY

Yeah? Well try lookin' harder.

The cowboy walks down the saloon steps, and stops at his horse to pet its face.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

I been right here the whole time...  
(taunting)  
Oliver.

The name flusters the outlaw.

OUTLAW

It's Ollie. That's enough. Let's go.

COWBOY

(to horse)  
Don't worry, I'll be back.

The cowboy walks into the center of the road, directly across from the outlaw.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

You can't make me.

The outlaw moves his duster aside, revealing his holster.

OUTLAW

Wanna bet?

COWBOY

I'm the quickest draw in these here parts.  
(nods to saloon)  
Just ask them.

The troublemakers are all bunched together, staring out the saloon window. They jump a little when the Outlaw looks their way.

OUTLAW

Those yahoos? Dumber than a bunch of rocks they are.

The outlaw tosses his apple and his knife. The knife sticks into the dirt straight up.

OUTLAW (CONT'D)  
Suit yourself.

He flashes a sinister smile.

OUTLAW (CONT'D)  
On the count of three then?

COWBOY  
Yeah, but on *my* count.

OUTLAW  
Fine.

COWBOY  
Fine.

The bartender and saloon girl watch from another window. Their both eating the gold coins the cowboy paid with, halfway unwrapped to reveal chocolate.

The cowboy and outlaw square off, the cowboy blows on his fingers. The church bell rings out.

COWBOY (CONT'D)  
One.

The outlaw's fingers twitch above his holster.

In the window P2 chews his gum anxiously.

COWBOY (CONT'D)  
Two.

The outlaw squints his eyes.

The cowboy squints his eyes in return.

P2 blows a bubble.

COWBOY (CONT'D)  
Two and a half.

P2'S bubble POPS, it sounds like a GUNSHOT!

The outlaw stands with his arm outstretched, gun pointed directly at the cowboy, smoke escaping the barrel.

The cowboy grabs his stomach, stumbles, then over-dramatically falls to the ground dead.

The outlaw spins his gun flamboyantly, holsters it, and walks over to the fallen cowboy.

The cowboy sits upright suddenly.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Not fair!

Now that he's officially been killed, and acted dead in accordance with playground law, he throws a tantrum: heels and hands slap the ground.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Not fair! Not fair!

OUTLAW

When are you gonna learn?

COWBOY

You cheated!

OUTLAW

I always win, because I'm your big brother.

The cowboy throws a handful of dirt at the outlaws legs.

COWBOY

(pouting)

Worst big brother in the world.

OUTLAW

Hey now...

The outlaw kneels down eye level with the cowboy.

OUTLAW (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad said it's time to go home. Besides, someone's gotta help me eat all the ice cream in our freezer.

The cowboy perks up.

COWBOY

We got ice cream?

OUTLAW

They've been hiding it behind the fish sticks.

The outlaw reaches his hand out.

OUTLAW (CONT'D)

Come on, cowboy.

The cowboy reaches his hand out.

The outlaw pulls the cowboy up off the ground.

MATCH CUT:

20 INT. HOUSE OTHER ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver pulls Tommy up off the ground.

The two brothers walk toward the door.

But Tommy stops when he remembers the hat and runs back to hang it on the wall.

Oliver waits for his little brother by the door.

Tommy runs back to his older brother.

TOMMY

What kind of ice cream?

Oliver puts his arm over Tommy's shoulder.

OLIVER

Your favorite.

TOMMY

Mint Chocolate Chip?

The two brothers walk underneath a LARGE PAINTING of a WESTERN SUNSET and out the door, leaving the room empty, except for Zorgon the Wonder Horse.

WHIP-CRACK AND SMASH TO BLACK.