

THE LAST OUTLAW

Written by

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INT. COUNTRY BAR - DUSK

The STRIKE of a match, then --

A MAN'S INHALE over the delicate, ashy sound of TOBACCO BURNING.

After a hit of the cigarette, the Man WALKS away at a relaxed pace.

His FOOTSTEPS clunk on a wooden floorboard, every other stride CRUNCHING glass shards.

After a few more steps, his SPURS JANGLE to a stop.

Muffled HELICOPTER ROTORS hover above.

He unlatches a METAL BOLT, then slowly pushes open some SQUEAKY SHUDDERS. Letting the sounds of the outside world flood in.

The Helicopters are now joined by reinforcements: Distant POLICE SIRENS, near with each passing second. Probably the only cars on the highway for miles.

Drowned out under the commotion, is a LIGHT SUMMER BREEZE & the BUZZING of CICADAS.

The Man takes a few seconds to breathe it in, trying to focus on the nature. It grows louder, louder, then snaps away in an instant, as --

TIRES SKID over the gravel on the dirt road outside. The doors of police vehicles BUST OPEN, echoing out the BARKING ORDERS of various OFFICERS.

Snapping back in to reality, the Man SLAMS the shudders shut. He walks away from the window, more quickly this time.

A couple seconds later, he HALTS.

A FEW COINS are dropped down into a metal slot, clinking a JUKEBOX to life...

It plays "Lucky Man" by Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

The man picks something up...cocks it. A GUN.

He cracks open the chamber, dropping the SHELLS OUT to the floor. Testing the trigger, he squeezes it a couple times, only to hear it CLICK. He lets out a gentle exhale...then --

Voices right outside, the DOOR to the bar KICKS OPEN, sound cutting as a GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.