

HIGH FRONTIER:  
THE BALLAD OF BUDDY BEARDSLEY  
AND THE TUMBLEWEED KID

Written by

Mike Heff

Mike.Heff,Pro@Gmail.com

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Welcome to the WESTERN FRONTIER 1880 - A landscape full of red rocks and sandy dunes. The sun begins to rise, so does the film's WESTERN THEME SONG.

Title: *High Frontier - The Ballad of Buddy Beardsley and the Tumbleweed Kid.*

A lonesome white stagecoach makes its way across the landscape.

The driver is BUDDY BEARDSLEY, a chubby man in a dusty white suit and cowboy hat.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
Why hello there. Pleasure to make  
your acquittance. The name's  
Franklin Jeremiah Beardsley, but  
most folks call me Buddy.

The side of his stagecoach reads: *Dr. Buddy Beardsley,  
Medicine Man, Miracle Elixirs*

BUDDY (V.O.)  
I travel from town to town across  
this great land bringing a variety  
of healing elixirs and liniments to  
the good people of the west.

Buddy's face is weary - he perks up when he sees a sign for  
the next town: *Tumbleweed*

BUDDY (V.O.)  
You could say I do god's work, but  
I must admit, like any man, I do  
have my motivations. If you've got  
the time, I can tell you a tale-

EXT. THE PAST - BEARDSLEY FARMHOUSE - DAY

A pudgy 13 year old boy, YOUNG BUDDY, bursts out of the front door of his family farmhouse. The fields around the house are all BROWN except for one little patch of GREEN.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
Ya see, I grew up on a farm, but my  
folks weren't exactly what you  
would call farmers.

Buddy runs to his garden. He's growing healthy PEACH TREES,  
VEGETABLES, and ROSES.

He attends to the plants, dancing through each step - watering, pruning, fertilizing with stinky manure.

YOUNG BUDDY

(to roses)

Hello my darlings, how are we doing today?

Buddy takes a big whiff and caresses them gently - he grabs a bucket and collects some peaches.

BUDDY (V.O.)

As it turned out, I had a natural green thumb, and not the kind you gotta chop off neither.

A dust cloud appears in the distance - someone is approaching the house on horseback. Buddy immediately high tails it back.

BUDDY (V.O.)

My Daddy on the other hand, didn't think that was much of a thing to be bragging about.

Buddy starts sweeping the porch as his father arrives - his horse kicks dust all over Buddy and the porch.

Buddy continues sweeping covered in dirt.

His father FRANKLIN SR. is a rough looking cowboy, he hops off his horse - takes a big swig off a bottle of whiskey.

YOUNG BUDDY

Hello Papa.

FRANKLIN SR.

Junior, did I see you playing in those fields again?

YOUNG BUDDY

No papa I was just right here sweeping the porch, it looked real nice a second ago-

FRANKLIN SR.

You better not be messing with me boy, I told you all that farming was a waste of time. It's never lead to nothing for this family, understand me? Where's your mama?

YOUNG BUDDY

Inside Papa.

Franklin Sr. chugs the rest of his whiskey and walks inside.

INT. BEARDSLEY FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Beardsley Farmhouse is old, it's been in the family for generations. GAIL, Franklin's Wife, has kept it warm and cozy. A pot of stew is heating under a fire in the hearth. Gail is tending to it when Franklin enters.

GAIL

Franklin? You're home?

FRANKLIN SR.

Drive got in early. Lost 3 of em in the canyon. God damn amateurs they got me working with.

Franklin takes off his boots and chaps - sits down at the kitchen table. Buddy comes inside.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)

Gail, you need to stop letting this boy over here spend all his time prancing around them flower pots, you need to put em to work around here.

YOUNG BUDDY

Farming is work papa, Mr. Bottleman at the general store's paying me 3 cents a pound for my peaches-

Franklin Sr. shoots Buddy a shut up or I'll smack you glare.

FRANKLIN SR.

You think 3 cents is gonna put a roof over your head one day boy? Real men need to make a living and provide, running cattle, that's what it takes to make a real living, real hard work. But your mama's over here treating you like a calf.

Gail puts down a bowl of stew for Franklin.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)

Where's my whiskey?

GAIL

(hesitating)

You came back from the drive earlier than I expected darling.

(MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

I haven't had a chance to go into town yet-

FRANKLIN SR.

Say it simple.

GAIL

There's- there's no more.

FRANKLIN SR.

No more? There was three bottles here when I left. What happened to all them?

GAIL

Darling, you- You took those with you on the drive-

FRANKLIN SR.

Horse shit.

Franklin flings the empty whiskey bottle at the wall.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)

YOU drank it, didn't ya boy?

YOUNG BUDDY

I ain't never had a drink in my damn life!

FRANKLIN SR.

Don't you curse at me you little liar. I'll teach you to disrespect your Daddy. I'll teach you real good.

Franklin storms out the front door.

EXT. BEARDSLEY FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franklin Sr. marches towards Buddy's garden. Buddy's runs up behind him.

YOUNG BUDDY

What are you gonna do pa?

FRANKLIN SR.

I'll show you what I'm gonna do.

Franklin invades Buddy's garden and starts destroying his crops. He shakes the peach tree and stomps on the peaches.

Buddy watches as the peaches explode under his father's foot.

YOUNG BUDDY

No Pa!!!

Franklin kicks over the rose bushes, pulls out the vegetables by the root.

YOUNG BUDDY (CONT'D)

My babies...

FRANKLIN SR.

You gonna learn the hard way today son!

He takes an AXE and chops down Buddy's prized peach tree.

Franklin crouches down and looks Buddy in the eye.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)

Listen here boy, nothing that grows outta the ground is ever gonna make a dime for this family. People want meat and whiskey. Now, I want you to go into town right now and get me a replacement for those bottles you took. Understand?

Buddy wipes away his tears.

YOUNG BUDDY

I understand Pa. I'm going into town, but I ain't never comin back! I never wanna see your face again!!

Buddy runs toward the stables.

FRANKLIN SR.

Boy! You better get your ass back here!

Buddy emerges from the stables on horseback - Gail watches from the porch as her son rides off into the sunset, away from his family.

BUDDY (V.O.)

I wasn't lying. That day was the last time I saw my good old Pa.

INT. BOTTLEMAN GENERAL STORE - DAY

Young Buddy is working in an old timey general store helping the elderly shop owner MR. BOTTLEMAN sell various items to the townspeople.

The store is full of happy patrons buying all sorts of goods. Buddy's dealing with customers with a big smile on his face.

BUDDY (V.O.)

I convinced Mr. Bottleman down at the general store to let me start working for em. Turned out I was a natural at something else beside farming... sales!

Young Buddy sells a whole crate of cigars to a group of surly cowboys. They dump a huge sum of money in his hands and pop one of the cigars in his mouth.

Buddy looks down at the pile of money with wide eyes. He likes this.

Mr. Bottleman gives Buddy a pat on the back and takes his share of the loot, leaving Buddy a rather large portion for himself, but not the whole sum - Buddy doesn't like that.

BUDDY (V.O.)

I worked hard over the years, honed my craft, and soon enough, I had the means to go into business for myself.

Young Buddy puts the cigar back in his mouth.

INT. TAILOR - DAY

Buddy is now older and looks like he did at the introduction, only he's full of vigor. He's being fitted for a white tailored suit, minus the dust.

He holds a cigar in his mouth. The TAILOR wraps a tape measure around Buddy's belly.

BUDDY

Oh, maybe a little more room around the waist there fella, no telling what's for dinner.

EXT. MASONVILLE - DAY

Buddy comes sauntering through the double doors of the Tailor's shop in his fancy new suit. He lights the cigar and puffs on it as he struts down the boardwalk of this classic old west town called Masonville.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
I came up with a plan. Some would  
call it a scheme, let the lord be  
the judge.

He says hello to familiar townsfolk along the way, Buddy is  
very well received by everyone.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
At the end of the day, I came up  
with a way to turn my dreams into  
reality, and ain't that what goin  
west is all about?

He reaches Mr. Bottleman's General Store and walks around  
the back. Parked behind the store is a brand new white  
stagecoach. A street dweller covered in mud GREGORY, is  
painting a sign exquisitely on the side of the stagecoach:  
*Buddy Beardsley, Medicine Man, Miracle Elixirs*

BUDDY  
Gregory my good man, you are doing  
a wonderful job.

GREGORY  
Buddy, there ya are! Looking good.  
I'm almost done here.

Buddy studies the sign.

BUDDY  
I think it's missing something  
don't you?

Mr. Bottleman comes out of the back door of his store  
carrying crates full of bottles filled with colorful liquids.  
He's now even more elderly.

MR. BOTTLEMAN  
Here's the last of it Buddy.

BUDDY  
Mr. Bottleman let me help you!

Buddy rushes to take the load off the old man.

He stacks the crates inside the stagecoach which is loaded  
with more of the same.

MR. BOTTLEMAN  
You think this'll be enough to get  
ya the money you need Buddy?



BUDDY

Should be enough for my needs. If I start running low I'll just charge a premium for what's left, call it an "ultra rare exotic healing potion" or something - and once I sell the whole lot, that'll be all I need to afford some land of my own - start my farm, live out the rest of my days growing peaches, like I've always dreamed of.

GREGORY

I really hope your plan works there Buddy.

MR. BOTTLEMAN

We're gonna miss ya around here. You was a real big help. Nobody could talk up a product like you could.

BUDDY

Let's hope that stays true sir. Thank you for all that you've done for me.

Buddy tries to shake Mr. Bottleman's hand, but he gets a hug instead. Gregory goes for a hug too but Buddy shuts him down - considering he's covered in horse shit.

Mr. Bottleman pats ROD, the horse pulling Buddy's stagecoach.

MR. BOTTLETON

This here is Rod, he's a good horse. Treat him well and he'll take care of ya. Good luck Buddy.

Buddy hops in the driver's seat of the stagecoach.

BUDDY

Before I go, Gregory my good man, can you add one last thing?

EXT. MASONVILLE TRAIL - DAY

Close on "Dr." from the side of Buddy's stagecoach.

Buddy travels down the road in his stagecoach leaving Masonville, his new mobile business up and running. He looks back at the town one last time before setting out on an adventure to find his fortune.

EXT. DUSTY HILL - DAY

Buddy rides into Dusty Hill, a small town right outside of Masonville. The townspeople stare at him as he rides down the main street - He smiles at them.

EXT. DUSTY HILL SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Buddy stops the stagecoach across the street from the saloon - a central area of town. He hops down from the drivers seat looking a bit nervous. Steadily he unlatches panels on the face of the stagecoach - reveling his inventory on display shelves. Rows of shiny elixirs and liniments.

Buddy straightens out the bottles, making sure everything is in just the right place.

BUDDY

Perfect.

Buddy takes a breath - he walks exactly ten paces in front of the stagecoach - clears his throat.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(to passersbys)

My good people! Are you plagued with the unfortunate reality that you live in a time where medicine has simply not caught up with your necessity? Are you tired of not having anything to turn to in times of pain, suffering, and turmoil. Well let me assure you, I have the solutions you seek. My good people of Dusty Hill.

A few people stop and start to listen to Buddy speak. They eye the fancy bottles in the stagecoach. The crowd slowly fills up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, my name is Franklin Jeremiah Beardsley, but you can call me Buddy. I travel from town to town-

Buddy launches into a showy sales pitch - captivating the crowd with stories of exotic travels, foreign medicines, and dazzles them with fancy bottles of colorful liquid. The montage continues under Buddy's voice.

BUDDY (V.O.)

These people ate up any story I fed them. No matter how outrageous, no matter how unbelievable, these people believed my elixirs would fix em up, they wanted to believe it.

Bottles are flying off the shelves. People are handing so much money over to Buddy he can't take it all at once. He can hardly keep up with the onslaught of customers.

BUDDY (V.O.)

I knew my plan was working, I knew I found a way to buy my farm. If business kept up like this I'd be swimming in peaches by fall. I had to keep going.

EXT. DODGE CITY - DAY

We find Buddy now in Dodge City, another midsize western town - Buddy is performing to a big crowd of people at this medicine show, there's even a few townsfolk watching from the roofs. Everyone's captivated.

Buddy has singled out a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN in fine clothes for his sales pitch. He leads her back to the stagecoach.

BUDDY

Now if you will please follow me madam. I wish to show you something... No It's not what you're thinking. Shame on you!

The crowd laughs. Buddy takes a jar off the stagecoach display and hands it to the Woman.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now, this just looks like a plain ole jar of mud right? Wrong madame. This isn't just any jar of mud. This, is a rare Peruvian mud, gathered from underneath ancient Incan ruins above the sacred valley. The location is so remote that it took a team of 5 men 3 weeks to harvest this, only 4 men returned from the journey.

The crowd gasps, they're locked in with Buddy's story.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 He's okay, he just married a  
 Peruvian woman.  
 (to Young Woman)  
 Now, madame, I don't think anyone  
 here would argue that you are a  
 very beautiful young woman-

Buddy rubs his hand against the dirt on the back of his coat -  
 then grabs the Young Woman's hand. He walks her back to  
 center stage.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 But what if I told you that this  
 mud can make even the youngest and  
 most vibrant skin look even more  
 beautiful?

Buddy holds her hand tight into his.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Please hold out your hand.

She holds out her dirty hand.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 You see, such lovely skin, radiant,  
 couldn't possibly get any clearer.  
 Or could it?

Buddy nods toward the jar of mud in her other hand.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 May I?

Buddy opens the jar and sticks her hand inside - she jerks  
 her hand back but he holds it steady. The woman looks  
 horrified.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 That's disgusting!

BUDDY  
 Bear with me my dear.

He pulls out her hand and shows the crowd.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 Wait, let the natural exfoliants in  
 the mud rejuvenate your skin.  
 Really let it soak in there. Now,  
 just add water!

Buddy dunks her hand in a pale of water - He dries it with a soft towel. She looks at her hand feeling refreshed.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now take a look at your hand madam,  
how does your skin feel?

YOUNG WOMAN

Why, it does feel rather soft, it  
looks clearer too. Amazing...

BUDDY

Amazing indeed! This mud will  
revitalize not just your skin, but  
your mind, body and spirit. Imagine  
a whole bath full of this stuff.

The WOMAN in the crowd look at each other - there's a beat  
before all of them rush Buddy - practically throwing their  
money at him.

BUDDY (V.O.)

I was good wasn't I? But I should  
have stopped while I was ahead.

EXT. ROCKY CREEK - DAY

Buddy is in the middle of another SOLD OUT medicine show in  
the town of Rocky Creek when his pitch is interrupted.

BAM! - A gun shot rings out from behind a nearby building.

A man with a BLOODY LEG comes limping out from behind the  
building yelling in pain.

BLOODY MAN

Help! Lord help me I've been shot!  
Help me please. Is there a doctor  
somewhere.

The crowd parts and we see Buddy like a deer in the  
headlights.

The BLOODY MAN comes barreling down the part in the crowd  
toward Buddy - leaving bloody footprints behind him.

BLOODY MAN (CONT'D)

Sir please! Are you a doctor!?

Buddy turns around and looks at the sign on his stagecoach  
that says *Dr. Buddy Beardsley*. He slowly turns back around.

BUDDY

Why yes I am son. How can I help you?

BLOODY MAN

I've been shot god dammit!!!

BUDDY

Well that is quite a predicament.  
Let's see what I can do for you.

Buddy turns around and walks back to the stagecoach. He tensely looks through his inventory for something he can use for a gunshot wound.

The Bleeding Man screams in agony while the crowd watches, eager to see the outcome.

Buddy returns with three bottles of elixir and a syringe. He mixes all three liquids into the one syringe.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Alright, we have a healing agent harvested from Taiwanese beetles, a genuine rattlesnake oil from the outback of Australia, and some Mercury for good measure. This should do the trick...

BLOODY MAN

Are you sure about this?

BUDDY

Nope!

Buddy drives the syringe into the man's bloody mess of a wound. The crowd groans.

The man screams in pain. Buddy stands back with the empty syringe in hand. The man's screams slowly dissipate. He looks confused.

He gets on his feet, takes a couple hops up and down and realizes he's completely healed. He reaches down and digs out the bullet from his wound - The crowd jeers.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Voilà!

The crowd erupts into applause! Everyone rushes Buddy with orders for the miracle bullet serum.

Buddy happily takes their orders.

EXT. ROCKY CREEK SALOON - EVENING

We can hear an argument happening behind the saloon. It's revealed that Buddy and the Bloody Man CLAYTON are going at it.

CLAYTON

Nope, no way Buddy. We had a deal.

BUDDY

I'm done Clayton, I have all the money I need. It's over for me.

CLAYTON

It ain't over for me! This is the best racket I've ever had. I was able to buy a new saddle. A new saddle! I've become accustomed to this lifestyle Buddy you can't do this to me.

BUDDY

I'm telling ya, it's over Clayton. I appreciate all the work you've done for me but we can't continue. I'm riding into Tumbleweed tomorrow and that's where I'm selling my stagecoach and the rest of my inventory, then I'm off to look for some land to start my farm.

Clayton backs off Buddy, he looks disappointed but understanding.

CLAYTON

Wow, so you really did it Buddy. Ever since I known you, you said you was gonna buy yourself a farm. Well I'm glad you did it.

BUDDY

Thanks Clayton, well I haven't done it yet.

CLAYTON

So... You got all that money to buy that farm... over there in that stagecoach?

BUDDY

Well, yes-

Clayton pulls out his pistol and puts it up to Buddy's chin.

CLAYTON  
Can I see it?

EXT. ROCKY CREEK - SUNSET

Buddy stands paralyzed watching Clayton strap up the last sack full of stolen items from his stagecoach onto his horse, including the box with all Buddy's money. Clayton climbs on his horse.

CLAYTON  
Really loved working with you  
partner. Thanks for the parting  
gifts! Yeehaw!

Clayton kicks off down the road, blasting dust all over Buddy's white suit.

EXT. DESERT - PRESENT

Buddy's back where we first met him, making his way across the hot desert, defeated, back to square one. He draws closer to the town of Tumbleweed.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
There I was, not a pot to piss in  
or eat from. My entire savings for  
my farm gone in the blink of an  
eye. But I'll tell ya one thing,  
you ain't gonna steal my grit. I  
wasn't gonna let nothing stop me.

Buddy's stage coach wobbles into town, a large tumbleweed passes behind it.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

The town of Tumbleweed is much larger than the other towns Buddy has visited. The townsfolk are too busy to notice the white stagecoach as it rolls down the main street. Buddy, still dejected from his misfortune, tries to muster up some energy for the day's show.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
I still had a little bit of  
inventory left. I could jack up the  
prices, maybe water down some of  
the product. Figure out something,  
but giving up wasn't in the cards.



EXT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Buddy steadies his horse outside the town's central Saloon like usual. He hops down from the stagecoach and begins opening up shop, arranging the bottles like usual, only this time there's very few of them.

He starts to walk to his spot in front of the stagecoach - a horse rides in blocking his path.

Riding the horse is the sheriff in town, SHERIFF BLEEK.

SHERIFF BLEEK

Hey there stranger, I'm Sheriff  
Bleek, you new in town right?

BUDDY

Yes sir, the name's Franklin Sr.  
Jeremiah Beardsley, but most folks-

SHERIFF BLEEK

I don't care much for a story  
partner, I just came to give ya a  
warning. Looks like you're setting  
up here for a medicine show.

BUDDY

Sheriff, I do believe that I am  
within my rights to operate a  
medicine show in these parts am I  
not?

SHERIFF BLEEK

No no, you're within your rights, I  
just came to warn ya we got a gang  
of fellas that sometime run through  
these parts that can't stand that  
sort of snake oil business. You'd  
be better off opening up someplace  
else.

BUDDY

Well I'm sorry Sheriff but I must  
not succumb to the shackles of  
fear. I have come to help the good  
people of Tumbleweed. I wish to  
inflict no harm, these products are  
genuine, not snake oil. What can I  
do for you to allow me to carry out  
my business?

SHERIFF BLEEK

I never said I was gonna stop ya, I  
just came to warn ya.

BUDDY

Well, I'm sure you wouldn't permit any open forms of crime on your streets Sheriff, so I must not have much to worry about?

SHERIFF BLEEK

You got plenty to worry about in Tumbleweed. Now I did my service. Good day.

The Sheriff rides off leaving Buddy indecisive about his next move. He shrugs it off and begins the show.

BUDDY

(to passersby)

My good people! Are you plagued with the unfortunate reality that you live in a time where medicine has simply not caught up with your necessity? Are you tired of not having anything to turn to in times of pain, suffering, and turmoil. Well let me assure you, I have the solutions you seek. My good people of Tumbleweed.

The townspeople pay no attention to Buddy. They walk right on by as he continues giving his introduction. He tenses up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, my name is Franklin Jeremiah Beardsley, but you can call me Buddy...

Hardly anybody is watching. Usually by this part Buddy has at least 10 people in the crowd, but what he's staring at is one STREET DWELLER and a MOTHER with her CHILD.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Well, you sir...

(to Street Dweller)

We all suffer in one form or another. What misfortune befalls you on this day?

STREET DWELLER

(scratching ass)

Uh... My ass hurts.

BUDDY

Your ass hurts sir. Well I have just what you need for such an ailment.

Buddy trots back to the stagecoach and fetches one of his fancy bottles full of colorful liquid. He shows it to the gentleman.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

This elixir was found deep in the jungles of the Amazon Rainforest. It took a team of 5 men 3 weeks to find the legendary Arvore Tree, known to grown fruit that can heal nearly all ailments known to man. I acquired it from an excellent source in Brazil. With this, all of your discomfort will surely disappear.

The Street Dweller reaches for the bottle. Buddy pulls it back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, but these items are for sale only.

STREET DWELLER

Uh...How much?

BUDDY

Well we have a very limited supply so prices naturally have raised-

Buddy looks this guy up and down - he's naked under mud covered overalls. Buddy gives up on this prospect.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(to the Mother)

You madam! I'm sure nobody here would argue that you are a very beautiful young woman.

She's not flattered. Buddy recognizes this but trudges on.

CUT TO:

Across the street at the Saloon - TWO DRUNKEN COWBOYS walk out of the double doors. They immediately spot Buddy in the middle of his medicine show.

Back to Buddy - he switches out the Elixir for the JAR OF MUD and brings it over to the Mother.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
What if I told you-

The woman sees the mud and walks away - tugging her child's hand to follow.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Wait! I-

The Two Cowboys TEX and HENDERSON approach Buddy hooting and hollering.

TEX  
Woohoo, look what we got here! A  
certified medicine show.

Buddy looks nervous, these guys must be in the gang the Sheriff warned him about.

HENDERSON  
What're you looking at boy, get on  
with it, let's see what cha got in  
that fancy stagecoach.

Buddy starts to sweat. He's never been confronted like this before.

BUDDY  
I'm sorry gentlemen but I'm closing  
up shop for today. You'll have to  
catch the next show.

Buddy hastily walks back to the stagecoach and begins closing the panels.

TEX  
Wait a second... I know who you  
are! Henderson, remember ole  
Sturgis was telling us about some  
medicine man in all white that had  
some miracle bullet healing serum  
or something?

HENDERSON  
Yeah, I member that cockamamy  
story. Hey medicine man, you that  
fella? You got some miracle bullet  
healing syrup?

The passersbys in town hear the commotion between the Cowboys and Buddy. Now people start to gather around. Buddy notices the crowd and his spirts raise.

BUDDY

Uh yes, that is me! I am the doctor who discovered the miracle mixture that can heal any fresh bullet wound. And you gentlemen are in luck, I have the supply for only one more batch.

Buddy digs in the stagecoach and retrieves the three bottles and a syringe - he shows it to the crowd. They ohh and ahh.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Demand has been so high that I'm afraid this mixture is fetching for a very high price. I don't suppose you two gentlemen have been lucky at the poker table recently?

TEX

Well that all depends Doc. Does it work?

BUDDY

Why yes, it's been proven to work in front of witnesses and-

TEX

But how do I know it's gonna work?

BUDDY

Well we don't have the luxury of treating someone with a fresh bullet wound, so you'll just have to take my word-

Tex shoots Henderson in the foot. He screams in pain. Buddy is shocked.

TEX

What are you staring at, get the damn serum ready.

Buddy juggles the bottles rushing to mix them - clumsily spilling some of the contents of each bottle as he pours.

TEX (CONT'D)

Hey don't be wasting none!

Henderson howls in pain while the crowd anxiously watches.

In the crowd a MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN in a green poncho watches with his hat low.

Buddy has the syringe ready but hesitates to inject the wound.

TEX (CONT'D)

Well what're you waiting for?

Buddy shakes his head like "here goes nothing" and injects Henderson's wound. He screams louder than ever.

Sheriff Bleek comes riding up on his horse as Henderson bursts into a stream of curse words.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Tex what the hell is going on here?!

TEX

Nothing Sherrif, just enjoying this here medicine show.

(to Buddy)

How long's it take for this junk to work?

Buddy is lost for words.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Damnit Tex did you shoot Henderson in the foot?

TEX

Well hell Sheriff, Its nothing you need to fret over. We had to partake in a little experiment to validate the legitimacy of this here medicine man's product. Besides, Hendo likes getting shot.

SHERRIF BLEEK

You can't go around shooting fellas Tex, even if you know em. I'm gonna have to take you in.

TEX

You know that ain't a good idea Sherrif, you don't want all us fellas coming into town at once do ya. We have an understanding.

SHERRIF BLEEK

No more understandings, I've put up with enough of your disruptions. I'm gonna make an example out of you.

TEX

Out of me Sherrif? What about this son-of-a-bitch?

(pointing at Buddy)

You let men like this come into your town and sell magic bullet serums that ain't work? Bamboozling people to make a coin. Look at what he did to poor Henderson.

SHERRIF BLEEK

These medicine men ain't my concern Tex, you and your gang are. Give me your gun and start walking.

TEX

Alright sherrif you got me, you want Henderson's gun too?

Tex takes Henderson's pistol from the holster and starts shooting up Buddy's stagecoach. Bullets tear through the wood leaving it riddled in bullet holes - the glass bottles on the display shelves explode - what's left of Buddy's inventory is gone.

TEX (CONT'D)

(handing over guns)

Just thought I'd empty em for ya.

Sherrif Bleek snatches the guns from Tex. He starts walking down the road to the jailhouse at gunpoint.

Tex calls back to Henderson.

TEX (CONT'D)

Tell the boys we gonna have a shindig in town soon. Take care of that foot Hendo.

The crowd around Buddy begins to disperse leaving him alone with his ruined stagecoach. He walks slowly back to inspect the damage.

BUDDY

Oh no... everything's ruined. What the hell am I gonna do now?

He strokes the frayed wood on his stagecoach over his name. The "Dr." has a bullet hole straight through it. He starts to well up-

MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN

Hey compadre.

Buddy turns around to face the Mysterious Young Man from the crowd, they stare at each other for a moment.

The man tosses Buddy a rolled up wad of money - way more than you'd expect someone to donate.

MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

You look like you could use a  
break.

Buddy catches the money, he looks at it confused. The Young Man lights a funny smelling cigarette and walks away.

Buddy watches him make his way down the street - He follows.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Buddy follows the Mysterious Young Man in the green pancho down the street, narrowly evading detection a few times. He sees the Young Man approach a group of drunk cowboys. He offers them some of his cigarette - they throw it on the ground and laugh at him.

Buddy stops an OLD WOMAN passing by.

BUDDY

Excuse me ma'am, do you happen to  
know who that fella over there is?  
(points)

OLD WOMAN

Everyone knows that rascal. That's  
the Tumbleweed Kid. He's always  
trying to scam someone or steal  
something. He's trouble, you stay  
away from him.

BUDDY (V.O.)

The Tumbleweed Kid huh? This fella  
did sound like trouble, but maybe  
just the kind of trouble I needed  
right now.

Buddy sees THE TUMBLEWEED KID mount his horse - he runs back and mounts Rod to follow him some more.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED TRAIN STATION - DAY

On the outskirts of town near the Train Station, Buddy follows The Tumbleweed Kid on horseback. The Kid turns and rides down a trail adjacent to the tracks, Buddy follows.



EXT. RAILROAD - DAY

The Tumbleweed Kid rides up to a stretch of unfinished railroad a few miles outside of town. A group of 15 Mexican and Chinese workers are hammering spikes and laying down rails - sweating their ass off in the sun.

One wiry Chinese fella is laying dynamite next to the mountainside where a tunnel is being bored out.

When the Workers see The Kid approach they all get excited like the ice cream man just pulled up. Everyone goes over to greet him and see what he's brought.

Buddy brings Rod to a stop behind a rock a ways away to watch. The Tumbleweed Kid greets the FOREMAN overseeing the operation.

FOREMAN

Just the man I wanted to see. You  
have what I'm looking for?

The Kid opens his saddle bag and hands over a hefty burlap sack to the Forman. He shakes The Kid's hand and gives him a huge stack of cash.

Buddy strains his eyes - he see's the cash.

The Foreman distributes whatever is in the sack to all the railroad workers. They retire to sit on rocks and start rolling cigarettes. The Tumbleweed Kid bids farewell to the group and mounts his horse once again.

Buddy quickly mounts Rod and follows The Kid deeper into the desert.

EXT. CANYON PASS - DAY

Buddy rides his horse through a narrow canyon pass, barley able to keep up with The Tumbleweed Kid up ahead. The walls of the canyon are high on both sides.

Buddy turns each corner only catching a glimpse of The Kid's chosen direction.

Buddy comes around a corner and doesn't see The Kid at all. He spurs Rod faster to catch up - but The Tumbleweed Kid is nowhere to be found. Buddy continues to ride down the canyon until he sees The Kid's horse tied to a tree.

Buddy approaches the horse carefully - he hops off Rod and searches for any trace of him. The Tumbleweed Kid drops down from the tree and lands on Buddy's back.

He wrestles Buddy to the ground - pins Buddy's arms down,  
puts a tomahawk to his throat.

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

Why are you following me?

BUDDY

I ain't following you fella, I was  
just traveling in the same  
direction is all-

The Kid scoffs and gets off Buddy - pressing his knee into  
his chest until he grunts.

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

Who are you?

BUDDY

(standing up)

The name's Franklin Jeremiah  
Beardsley, but most folks call me  
Buddy. And you are my good man?

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

You don't need to know my name.

BUDDY

Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but  
aren't you The Tumbleweed Kid I've  
heard so much about?

The Kid round house kicks Buddy in the stomach - launching  
him into the tree - He slumps down onto his butt.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(choking)

Good things, I've heard such good  
things about-

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

I don't like that name. Now tell me  
why you are following me.

BUDDY

I wanted to know where ya got all  
that money from is all.

(coughing)

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

Isn't what I gave you enough?

BUDDY

I wish it was my good man. But I've been through hell and back and I'm desperate. I was just relieved of my life's saving by a no good dirty business partner. Now I ain't sure what direction to go, then you come along and toss me what looks like a months worth of earnings like it's nothing, so I figured this kid must know how to make a living in Tumbleweed. So I followed ya. No harm in that?

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

What did you see?

BUDDY

I saw you having a lot of success doing business with those railroad workers. I'm compelled to know what's in that sack of yours?

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

None of your business.

BUDDY

Look partner, I'm at my wits end. All I want is to find a way to get back on my feet again.

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

I can't help you compadre. Good luck.

The Kid knocks out Buddy with the butt of his tomahawk. Buddy dozes off.

Fade to black.

EXT. CANYON PASS - LATER

Buddy wakes up still slumped under the tree in the canyon. He's in a daze from the blow to his head. He looks over and sees Rod waiting for him to wake up.

BUDDY (V.O.)

It seemed as though this was the end of my journey. Nothing left to do but lick my wounds and head back to Masonville with my tail between my legs.

Buddy stands up and takes in his surrounds. The sun is getting low, The Tumbleweed Kid is long gone.

Buddy reaches up to feel his head and finds something tucked behind his ear. The Tumbleweed Kid left him a rolled cigarette. Buddy takes it and examines it closely - it's filled with green tobacco. He notices a box of matches on the ground next to where he woke up.

He picks it up - there's a note underneath that reads: *If you want to know what was in the sack, see for yourself.*

Buddy looks at the note curiously.

BUDDY (V.O.)  
But little did I know, my journey  
was just about to begin.

He causally dismisses the note - lights the cigarette.

BUDDY  
That fella was the most violent and  
generous person I've ever met.

Buddy takes a big puff off the cigarette and climbs on top of Rod. They trot down the canyon pass.

EXT. CANYON PASS - HORSEBACK - CONTINUOUS

Buddy puffs away on the cigarette The Tumbleweed Kid left him while Rod navigates the scenic canyon pass. The rock formations are towering over them.

Things are starting to look weird from Buddy's point of view. Close on Buddy's red and droopy eyes. The rocks start to get wavy, Buddy blinks, trying to shake off the hallucination.

He stares hard at his surroundings. Every color is more vibrant. The flowers seem like they're moving along with the rhythm of the horses trot. The rhythm of the trot introduces the film's WESTERN THEME SONG again.

Buddy rides along grooving to the music. Like the conductor of an orchestra, Buddy starts conducting everything they pass as if he's controlling reality - Lizards eating bugs, birds catching lizards, circle of life stuff.

Buddy feels his body all over. He starts giggling.

BUDDY  
What is happening to me? Rod are  
you feeling this?

Rod walks under a tree with low hanging branches, Buddy looks up and sees hanging snakes instead - He screams and spurs Rod.

Rod TAKES OFF like a canon, running down the canyon pass at FULL SPEED. Buddy clings to his back, screaming for dear life.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
STOP ROD! STOP!!!

Buddy slips and hangs off the side of the horse - he narrowly misses being decapitated by a tree.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
AHHHHH!!!

Buddy lets out a wet fart, probably too wet.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Lord help me.

EXT. MEADOW - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Rod runs out of the canyon pass into a large open meadow with beautiful orange and purple flowers all over the ground. Rod slows down. Buddy is mesmerized by the scenery, he hops off the horse and walks toward the horizon.

We see silhouettes of Buddy and Rod - They look like little paper figures on top of a sunset painting. Buddy feels a high like he's never felt before, where was this euphoria coming from?

Buddy feels the half smoked cigarette - this is no ordinary cigarette. This is a joint full of marijuana, but Buddy doesn't know what that is yet. He takes note of the joint's distinct smell.

Buddy walks through the meadow and finds a nice rock to sit on, he pops the half joint in his mouth, lights it up.

He smokes the rest of the joint looking out at the sun get lower and lower.

Rod's head appears near Buddy's shoulder. Buddy playfully holds the joint up to the horses mouth.

Rod purses his lips and takes a hit off the joint - blows out smoke. Buddy laughs and keeps smoking.

The sun goes down. Fade to black.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

Buddy wakes with a start from a deep sleep. It's night in the meadow. The vibe has totally changed, he's sober and frightened. Rod is nudging him.

BUDDY  
(whispering)  
What is it Rod?

Buddy sees a flame in the distance. He jumps up and hides behind the rock. He motions for Rod to hide too.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Rod, hide.

The torch is being held by a solitary man.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

Buddy leaves Rod behind and goes to get a closer look.

EXT. CANYON PASS - CONTINUOUS

Buddy sneaks up closer to man with the torch and sees that it's The Tumbleweed Kid! Buddy's surprised, he keeps following him.

The Kid makes his way through treacherous wilderness, his path lit by the torch. Buddy follows from behind best he can.

The Kid reaches a gap in the canyon and jumps across. Moments later Buddy must do the same, he clips the edge barley making it.

They go further into the wilderness, the Kid stops suddenly - so does Buddy. All is quiet - The Kid extinguishes his torch in the mud.

Buddy looks left and right, he lost him - Buddy stumbles through the darkness aimlessly. The Tumbleweed Kid has disappeared once again.

Buddy see's a hill he can climb to get a better view - on the way up he smells something familiar. He walks through a wall of brush and stumbles into a huge open field full of CANNABIS PLANTS.

## EXT. CANNABIS FIELD - NIGHT

Buddy looks out at this huge field of weed - he inhales deeply through his nose. He walks through the field in awe. The buds are huge and ready for harvest. He admires the flowers, the experience brings him back to caressing the roses, except these flowers stick to his hand.

He breaks off a BIG BUD and stuffs it in his COAT POCKET.

At the other end of the field Buddy can see a camp fire. He hides behind the stocks to get a closer look. A group of three NATIVE AMERICAN MEN from the Mota tribe are passing a pipe around - they're laughing, joking with each other, having a great time.

Buddy watches them covertly, he hears a noise behind him.

The Tumbleweed Kid is watching him from the back of the field. They make eye contact. The Kid is holding a sack full of BUDS from the field.

The Kid smiles, raises his gun in the air, and FIRES.

The Native Men react! They JUMP UP and race into the field. Buddy runs for it!

He runs as fast as he can, weaving through the stocks. The Native Men are closely pursuing. He can see them running parallel with him through the plants.

They speak to each other in a language Buddy can't understand, two of them break away. Buddy keeps running until he squeezes through the brush patch he came in from.

## EXT. CANYON PASS - CONTINUOUS

Buddy makes it out of the fields and into the wilderness. He's breathing heavy - not sure what direction to go. He hears a noise.

The two Native Men that broke away CHARGE at Buddy from opposite directions, yelling WAR CRIES.

Buddy tries to run for it but TRIPS over a root. The two Native Men run straight into each other over Buddy. Buddy stands up and takes off running.

He comes to the GAP in the canyon. The last Native Man comes running up behind him. They stare at each other in a classic old west stand off. The Native Man dares Buddy to do it, he wants to see this exhausted overweight guy try to make the jump.

Well, Buddy JUMPS. He falls into the gap.

The Native Man runs up and looks down to see Buddy landed on his horse Rod's back.

BUDDY

Rod!?

The horse takes off running into the night, solidifying Buddy's escape.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED - MORNING

Buddy and Rod ride into town looking a mess. They haven't slept all night and they're famished, but very broke. Buddy practically falls off Rod in front of the town Bakery. He scoops a few handfuls of water from the horse trove into his mouth.

People look at him disgusted. Buddy trudges into the bakery.

INT. TUMBLEWEED BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Buddy walks up to the counter of the town Bakery - The owner is a man named CURTIS, he and his 12 year old daughter ANNE run the place. Curtis is feeding the fire of the furnace while Anne runs the register.

BUDDY

Excuse me, young miss, would you be so kind as to fetch me a loaf of bread?

ANNE

You paying street dweller?

BUDDY

Street Dweller? I can assure you miss that I am an admirable man, a doctor in fact, and a businessman, not a street dweller. I have simply fell upon misfortune and am in need of the charity of a kind soul. If it is in your heart, I request just one morsel of bread to give me the energy to make back my fortune, and I will return in due course with reimbursement-



ANNE

Nah nah enough street dweller. I don't wanna hear no more of this pity parade.

BUDDY

Miss please, I speak nothing but truth.

ANNE

I know begging when I hear it, even if it's through fancy teeth. Now I'll admit, your probably the fattest street dweller I've ever seen.

The grizzled shop owner Curtis stops what he's doing and approaches them.

CURTIS

Just give the man a loaf Anne.

ANNE

No Daddy, no way no how, you come in this store you pay. I'm a hard line business woman Mr. Street dweller.

BUDDY

The name's actually Franklin Sr. Jeremiah Beardsley but most folks call me-

ANNE

You see Mr. Street Dweller, my Daddy and my Grandpa opened this here bakery and couldn't make a dime if they had a forge and ingot. Grandpa worked himself to death and ain't got nothing to show for it. You know why Mr. Street Dweller?

Buddy tries to interject - She holds up a finger.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Because of giving away the product. You never give away product. You gotta get your share no matter what. Even a Street Dweller like yourself could understand that.

BUDDY

I do actually, but please miss, I spent all night in the dessert, I haven't eaten a decent meal in days. Couldn't I perhaps, trade you for some food?

ANNE

No, we don't do any bartering here either-

Buddy reaches into his pocket. He slowly pulls out the CANNABIS BUD.

Curtis looks at the bud.

BUDDY

Might I interest you in something-

CURTIS

Hey, what're you going around bringing that stuff into our store for!

BUDDY

Sir please remain clam. This is simply a flower from a plant I'm studying for its medicinal properties, I did say I was a doctor remember? You've seen this plant before sir?

CURTIS

Yeah I've seen it before. It's no good. There's a shady fella in town that tries to sell that stuff to folks. Doesn't sit right with, I heard one whiff of that flower can turn the stiffest lawman into a giggling simpleton.

He looks longingly at the loafs of bread behind Anne and Curtis, then back at the bud.

BUDDY

No my friend, you have the wrong idea entirely. This plant... is miraculous.

There's a twinkle in Buddy's eyes. He's feeling new energy over this potential new product in his hands. His enthusiasm ignites, he's got a big smile on his face.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I have only just begun to study this mysterious plant my friends. I've been searching for it for the greater part of my life and finally found it right under my nose. My findings so far have been extraordinary, mind blowing, the medicinal applications are like nothing I've ever seen.

ANNE

What's this miracle plant called Street Dweller?

BUDDY

It's called...

Buddy looks around, he looks out the window and sees a cowboy pulling up his pants as he exits an outhouse.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Cann-a-piss plant.

ANNE

Cannabis?

BUDDY

Yes Cannabis. The cannabis flowers have truly miraculous healing properties. When the flowers are burned and the smoke is inhaled into the lungs, it creates a euphoric experience akin to a spiritual encounter with god almighty. I know how it sounds friends but beauty and love seem to permeate from your being while under the effects of this plant, creating lasting uplifting effects to mood and vitality. But the true depths of its powers are still unknown. That's why I'm studying it. My friends, I am a medicine man, but also a business man, and it is my responsibility to make sure my products are tried and tested. I wouldn't make false promises, I can tell you from personal experience, this flower is going to heal the world.

Cutis and Anne look at each other for a beat. Anne turns to Buddy.

ANNE  
Get out Street Dweller.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED - CONTINUOUS

Buddy walks leaves the bakery defeated - but not for long.

Curtis walks outside and hands Buddy a loaf of bread.

CURTIS  
Don't tell Anne.

BUDDY  
Thank you sir-

Buddy reaches for the loaf, Curtis pulls it back.

CURTIS  
All that stuff you said about that  
plant, is that really true? You  
really felt all that?

BUDDY  
My good man, believe me when I say  
this plant will change your life.

CURTIS  
Well I didn't want to be a bad  
influence in there...

Buddy smiles and breaks off a piece of the bud for Curtis.  
They trade the bread for the bud.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Don't give nothing away for free  
right?

Curtis pats Buddy on the back. He walks back inside.

Across the street we see The Tumbleweed Kid watching the  
exchange.

Content with himself, Buddy takes a bite of bread as he walks  
down the street.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

Buddy sits at the bar - back to the bartender, looking out at  
all the partons of Tumbleweed's saloon. The place is packed  
with gamblers, drinkers, prostitutes, and a piano player  
playing a ragtime tune in the corner. The room is loud with  
conversation.

Buddy waves at the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER  
What'll you have?

BUDDY  
Water please.

The bartender looks at him funny but goes to fetch it.

Buddy pulls out the Cannabis bud - he looks around the room and sizes up any potential customers.

He clocks a table full of MEAN LOOKING GAMBLERS. One guy gets caught cheating with cards up his sleeve. The player across from him stabs the table with his knife threatening his life.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
So angry, good candidates.

Buddy scans again and sees the PIANO PLAYER playing a tune with no gusto.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Looks like he could use a pick me up.

Buddy looks around once more and sees a group of DRUNK PROSTITUTES spilling drinks.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
I'm sue a suitable replacement for whiskey would be appreciated.

Buddy makes his choice - The joyless musician. He stands up and drinks his glass of water before going to make a sales pitch - but before he can. GUNSHOTS

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Outside the bar someone has fired a gun into the air. Buddy can hear yelling and hollering and the clamor of a group of men dismounting horses - the sound of many footsteps reach the front door.

A gang of TEN DRUNK COWBOYS walk into the Saloon. Everybody is silent and looking at them.

The lead gang member CHARLIE addresses the room.

CHARLIE  
Well, well, well. Hello Tumbleweed,  
ain't you happy to see us?

Buddy sits back down. The gang infiltrates the bar - snatching all the bottles of alcohol, they distribute the bottles amongst themselves.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Now don't everybody stop what you were doing on account of us. Go on about your business, we just came for a drink.

The gang starts drinking like it's water.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
After all, why would they call us the drunk gang if we ain't drunk. Now lets drink!!!

Everybody chugs at the same time.

Time cut.

The bar is in full swing, held hostage by the drunk gang.

The piano player sweats, trying to play as well as he can while a drunk gang member holds a gun to his head.

DRUNK GANG MEMBER 1  
Play that there piano boy! Faster, faster!

He FIRES a shot right next to his ear.

Three gang members lift one of the smaller PROSTITUTES off her feet, they toss her into the arms of three men waiting to catch her - they collapse into the poker table - breaking it apart.

Drunk gang members freely fire their guns and drink whiskey - taking shots while firing shots. They won't let anyone in the bar leave. Buddy is frozen in the corner trying to find a way out of this mess.

One of the gang members STURGIS, notices Buddy.

STURGIS  
Hey... hey you. You look familiar.

BUDDY  
Me? No, I'm not familiar.

STURGIS  
No I know who you are. Hey Henderson!

Buddy goes pale. Henderson, the cowboy who got shot in the foot earlier, comes limping over to Sturgis. His face curls into an evil smile when he sees Buddy.

HENDERSON

Oh my, you know who this is  
Sturgis?

STURGIS

This is that medicine man I was  
telling ya about. I remember that  
white suit. Lookin a little brown  
these days.

HENDERSON

What're you doing back in these  
parts medicine man? I thought we  
ran you out of town?

BUDDY

I was just passing through-

HENDERSON

You know it's your fault Tex is  
locked up. They got him in there  
for three weeks cause of what you  
did.

STURGIS

I bet Charlie would love to meet  
the fella who got Tex locked up,  
you reckon?

HENDERSON

I reckon.

Buddy shakes his head no. They grab him by the shoulders and drag him away.

Time cut.

Buddy is sitting on a bar stool in the middle of the saloon. Everyone, including gang members and captive patrons, stand in a circle around Buddy. The main gang member Charlie walks up to Buddy.

CHARLIE

So this is the famous medicine man  
with the magic bullet serum I've  
been hearing about. What's your  
name partner?

BUDDY

Uh, the- The name's Franklin  
Jeremiah Beardsley... but most  
folks call me uh Buddy.

CHARLIE

Buddy huh? Why do they call you  
buddy? Is it because we're buddies?

BUDDY

Well, we could be sir.

CHARLIE

Well, if you're my buddy, can you  
explain to me why my brother Tex in  
the jailhouse down the road?

BUDDY

I'm pretty sure it's cause he shot  
Henderson in the foot.

Charlie takes out his pistol and leans on Buddy's shoulder.

CHARLIE

I don't know if you've heard, but  
our gang ain't very kind to  
medicine men like you. Going around  
peddling nonsense to good people  
just looking for some hope. You my  
friend are a shameful person. You  
probably ain't even a doctor.

BUDDY

Well, sir, I can assure you the  
only products I make claims about  
are those I have personal  
experience-

CHARLIE

Enough of your salesmen bullshit.  
We're gonna make an example out of  
you medicine man. Show you why this  
town belongs to the drunk gang.

BUDDY

Please sir, just wait. What if I  
told you that I have just come  
across a brand new product that can  
change your life and the life of  
everyone on god's green earth.

CHARLIE

I said enough of your-



Buddy pulls out the cannabis bud. Charlie eyes the product curiously, he can smell its aroma.

While everyone is mesmerized by the scene, The Tumbleweed Kid sneaks into the saloon undetected.

BUDDY

Please let me explain, you won't regret it.

Buddy pauses - Charlie nods to continue.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

This my friend is the bud of the cannabis flower. A mysterious plant I've been studying recently for its medical properties. I've discovered something amazing. If you crush this material and roll it into a cigarette, the smoke from this joining of fire and flower has the power to change the biochemistry of the brain, giving you a truly euphoric experience, much cleaner than alcohol, much more potent, and with no discomfort the following day.

The drunk gang members share a glance.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

But not only that, this plant also has the power to cure inner turmoil, to alleviate the sufferings of anxiety, and aggression. When you feel the effects of this plant my friends you will want to make love, not war.

CHARLIE

You're telling me this here flower is gonna keep me from whooping your ass?

BUDDY

Care to see for yourself?

Charlie smiles, he snaps his fingers. Two gang members bring Buddy cigarette paper and a box of matches. Buddy starts rolling a JOINT.

The Tumbleweed Kid watches the drunk gang closely - he can't believe they're falling for Buddy's pitch.

Buddy finishes rolling the JOINT and lights it up. He inhales deeply and passes it to Charlie. Charlie takes the joint - He takes a puff.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Inhale deeply and hold the smoke in  
your lungs as long as you can. So  
the medicine can take effect.

Charlie laughs, he tries it. The whole saloon silently watches them. Charlie holds the burning joint in his hand and stares at it while he holds in the smoke, he exhales a big cloud - the saloon gasps.

Charlie looks at Buddy with a stern face. Buddy is taken off guard. Then Charlie starts laughing. He puts his hand on Buddy's shoulder and sits him down on the bar stool behind him. He sits next to Buddy and starts coughing uncontrollably.

CHARLIE  
Well I'll be damned. That really  
packs a punch.

BUDDY  
Take another one partner, the dose  
is two hits.

Charlie smiles and takes another hit - Buddy takes the joint from him and takes a hit himself.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
(holding in the smoke)  
So what do ya think?

CHARLIE  
I think you might be onto something  
here medicine man.

They laugh. Charlie offers the joint to the drunk gang.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Cranberry, come try some of this.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - EVENING

The drunk gang and all the bar patrons spill out of the saloon into the streets of Tumbleweed - everyone's laughing and getting along with each other. Buddy and Charlie are last to exit. Charlie is high as a kite, his eyes are red and low. He has his arm around Buddy.

They have a word in front of the double doors.

CHARLIE

Partner, this product you got is really something. You got any more? I can pay handsomely.

BUDDY

No, not right now. But I will soon.

CHARLIE

The quicker the better, us boys'll take whatever you got, I'll take the rest of that there bud too. How much?

BUDDY

Uh, 10 cents?

CHARLIE

Done.

Charlie flips a coin to Buddy - he looks at it much like he did when he made his first sale at Mr. Bottleman's store. He knows he has something good on his hands.

Sherrif Bleek comes riding up to Buddy on his horse.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Mr. Beardsley. I don't know what in tarnation you did in there... but whatever it was, keep it up medicine man.

Buddy gloats - The Sheriff rides off.

THE TUMBLEWEED KID(O.S.)

Very impressive.

Buddy spins around and sees The Tumbleweed Kid.

BUDDY

You!

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

You have a talent for making people trust you compadre.

BUDDY

Call it a knack for keeping myself alive.

THE TUMBLEWEED KID

My name is Sancho Rivera.

Sancho extends his hand - Buddy waits a beat, he shakes it.

BUDDY

Now you want to tell me your name?

SANCHO

Come with me.

Sancho walks around the back of the Saloon, Buddy follows.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sancho leads Buddy into a dark corner behind the Saloon - he makes sure there are no prying eyes watching.

SANCHO

I saw what you did in there.

BUDDY

You did, did ya?

SANCHO

The Drunk Gang is notorious in Tumbleweed, not many can persuade them of anything. That was no easy feat.

BUDDY

Well I was born with many talents, sales is one of them.

SANCHO

What I saw in there made me realize something Mr. Beardsley, I believe we CAN help each other.

BUDDY

Now wait one second there partner. You tired to get me killed last night.

SANCHO

Because I didn't trust you, until now. What I saw in there was an opportunity, for the both of us. If you're willing to partner with me, I may be able to help you buy that farm you spoke of.

BUDDY

Why should I team up with you? I don't exactly trust you after what you did.

SANCHO

You don't need to trust me compadre  
because you need me.

Buddy looks at him curiously.

SANCHO (CONT'D)

Did you think you were going to be  
able to sneak back into that field  
by yourself? The Mota tribe knows  
you have been there, they will be  
guarding the field now. You need  
someone who knows the lay of the  
land, someone who knows the ways of  
the tribe, someone like me.

BUDDY

And what's in it for you?

SANCHO

I'd like you to gain this town's  
trust, show them the power of the  
plant medicine, and when you have  
enough money to buy that farm you  
spoke of, you transfer their trust  
over to me. I will continue the  
business after you're gone.

Buddy thinks about the proposition. He smiles.

BUDDY

You have yourself a deal Mr.  
Rivera.

They shake hands.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Well what a turn of events. I think  
you'll be mighty pleased by the  
spoils of our partnership-

Sancho stops Buddy, he listens to the wind. He takes out his  
tomahawk.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now hell Sancho, what's that for? I  
thought we was gonna be business  
partners.

Sancho sweeps Buddy's feet and throws him onto this back.  
Just as he does - an arrow flies into the wall right where  
Buddy's head was. Sancho picks up Buddy and flees.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Sancho and Buddy run for their lives down the street, an ASSASSIN is in pursuit. Sancho yanks Buddy behind cover. He scans the rooftops looking for the attacker. There's no one.

Buddy covers his head - afraid for his life.

BUDDY

What was that!? Who's following us!?

SANCHO

Shut up and move!

EXT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sancho and Buddy crouch down behind some wooden crates next to the Jailhouse. There's a TINY WINDOW with BARS on the floor - Tex looks through.

TEX

Hey! Hey it's you! You son of a bitch, you're still alive? I thought the boys came riding into town today?

BUDDY

Oh hello Tex. I think your companions may have left you high and dry. Sorry pal, they must have been drunk.

Sancho pulls Buddy down to keep him low.

SANCHO

Shut up both of you!

A look comes over Sancho's face. He looks up.

Above them on the roof - a Native American bounty hunter SAGEWA comes flying down on Sancho like a hawk diving on its prey. She lands on Sancho's back, they wrestle and fight. Buddy scrambles away.

TEX

Oho! Looks like you got more problems than I thought medicine man!

Sagewa steals Sancho's tomahawk from his waistband and knocks him out with it. She turns to Buddy. Buddy SCREAMS like a child.

## EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Buddy runs down the street - he turns a corner - the tomahawk lands in a wall next to his head. Buddy runs as fast as he can, he looks back and doesn't see Sagewa, he takes a moment to catch his breath - he loosens his belt.

BUDDY

I'm gonna die, oh god-

Buddy looks up and sees Sagewa jumping from roof to roof above him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

The woman is relentless.

He runs again, huffing and puffing. Up ahead Rod is tied to the fence.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Rod!!!

Rod hears Buddy's cry and jumps into action. The horse detaches himself from the fence with an elegant shake of the head, and runs toward Buddy. Buddy jumps on Rod's back - so does Sagewa. She spurs Rod - they take off!

Buddy and Sagewa fight for the reins as the speed down ride the main street in Tumbleweed.

Buddy starts falling off Rod - he grabs Sagewa around her waist. She can't rip him off until she slows the horse down to a trot.

Buddy jumps off! He runs into the Bath House.

## INT. TUMBLEWEED BATH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Buddy barges through the bathhouse doors, the YOUNG BOY running the front desk is startled. Buddy runs up the stairs to the wash rooms.

BUDDY

Sorry, I'll pay after. I'm just really dirty!

Buddy runs down a hall full of doors, each leading to rooms with bathtubs. He opens the first door - Inside is a huge hairy man in a bubble bath - Buddy shuts the door and moves to the second door - Inside is a woman in the bath looking seductive. Buddy smiles.

CUT TO:

Sagewa slips through the window on the second floor of the bathhouse. She goes to the first door and sees the hairy man in the tub, she motions apologetically and moves to the second door. She sees the woman in the tub, she waits for a beat. A big bubble pops in the water of the tub, Sagewa runs over and throws punches into the water.

There's no one else in the tub but the woman. She's highly offended and curses Sagewa as she leaves the room.

BATHTUB WOMAN

What a woman can't fart!?

Sagewa stands in the hall way confounded. She leaves through the window she came. Back in the first room we see Buddy emerge from under the water in the tub with the hairy man. He exits the tub in his soaking wet clothes and shakes the mans hand before he exits.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED BATH HOUSE - NIGHT

Buddy emerges from the bathhouse dripping wet and scared. He sees Rod.

BUDDY

Rod, Rod over here.

The horse trots over.

SANCHO (O.S.)

Hey!

Buddy turns around, he sees Sancho hiding in the shadows holding his head in pain. Buddy runs over.

BUDDY

Oh hell, you okay partner?

SANCHO

We need to leave town.

BUDDY

Who the hell was that?

SANCHO

If we don't leave now you can ask her yourself. Let's go.

Sancho hops on Rod and helps Buddy pull his soaking wet self up on the horses back.



## EXT. DESERT CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Buddy and Sancho sit on top of a hill around a camp fire in the desert outside town. The stars shine bright overhead. Sancho tends to a pot of stew. He sticks a match in the fire under the pot and lights up a joint with it. He hands the joint to Buddy after taking a few puffs.

Buddy takes a hit.

BUDDY

That wasn't the first time you've tangled with that she devil is it?

SANCHO

No. We have, tangled many times before, as siblings do.

BUDDY

Siblings?

SANCHO

Not by birth, I was taken in by the Mota tribe as a child. My mother was killed in the streets of Tumbleweed by a stray bullet when I was a child...

## EXT. TUMBLEWEED - THE PAST - DAY

Sancho has a flashback to his youth at the time when his mother was killed. He's a scrawny 9 year old boy, desperately searching the streets of Tumbleweed for someone to help him.

Everybody is ignoring the boy choosing to keep drinking and shooting their guns in the air.

SANCHO (V.O.)

Some drunk bastard was firing off his pistol, I spent three days wandering the streets and nobody would help me.

## EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

Young Sancho is running through the canyon chasing after a rabbit - he's starving - he can't get a hold of the creature, it gets away, he collapses.

SANCHO (V.O.)  
I was starving, lost out in the  
desert, and then, she found me.

An older native woman SAGEWANA appears in front of Sancho, her presence carries a brilliant white light. She's his savior.

Sancho looks up from the ground and as if her energy gives him new life.

EXT. MOTA VILLAGE - DAY

The Mota tribe has a large settlement full of many dwellings. Sagewana is introducing Young Sancho to the members of the tribe. Everyone gathers around to meet the newly adopted member of the tribe.

SANCHO (V.O.)  
The tribe took me in, they adopted  
me. They taught me many things,  
they are a proud people who govern  
with strength, but also compassion.

An older male from the tribe is teaching Sancho how to throw the tomahawk. Sancho lets his axe fly, but before it reaches the target - it's knocked out of the sky by another tomahawk.

Young Sagewa is standing next to him. She glares at Sancho.

SANCHO (V.O.)  
Sagewa is one of the most fearsome  
warriors in the tribe.

We see the tribe tending to the large field of cannabis. We watch every step of its cultivation, planting, harvest, smoking.

SANCHO (V.O.)  
The tribe is built upon a tradition  
passed down by the ancestors. The  
sacred plant is part of the  
initiation every member of the  
tribe goes through. It has been  
passed down for generations and it  
is very secret. None of the other  
tribes know about it.

EXT. DESERT CAMPSITE - THE PRESENT

We rejoin Buddy and Sancho around the fire. The joint is almost done, Buddy takes his last hit and passes it to Sancho.

BUDDY

So The Mota Tribe, that's who your stealing the plants from?

SANCHO

I'm not stealing, they have more than enough, I'm entitled to it, once you go through initiation you can smoke the plant freely.

BUDDY

What's the initiation?

SANCHO

Every member of the tribe must smoke the sacred plant and go on a vision quest when they reach the age of 13.

BUDDY

What's a vision quest?

SANCHO

A test of your inner and outer strength, a journey through the night in the desert with nothing but a knife and the moon lighting your path. After I finished mine, I never returned to the tribe. I saw things that made me want to find my own way in this world.

Buddy switches the tone of the moment with the cheery delivery of his own sob story.

BUDDY

Well ain't that funny partner, I left home at the ripe old age of 13 too. I had a rather tragic upbringing myself if I do say so, see I've been in love with farming since I could pee standing up. Used to plant little apple seeds after I got done eating as a yougin, but my daddy didn't like me growing nothing but older and closer to death.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

He never took a liking to my wants and desires, especially my aspirations to become a farmer. He even went as far as to stomp my peaches if ya can believe it.

SANCHO

Sounds, uncomfortable.

BUDDY

Damn right. So I said adios amigo and left home for good. Been trying to earn a living and make a life for myself ever since, so I relate to you my friend, can I call ya a friend?

Sancho porus stew and serves himself and Buddy.

SANCHO

How about a Buddy?

Buddy laughs. They dig in.

BUDDY

So partner, I think we should examine the details of our arrangement. Here's how I see it, I act as the salesman, you are my supplier and my security. You guarantee my safety, and I will show you the methods of my success and pass on the torch to you after I obtain the funds for my farm.

Sancho nods, he takes a bite of stew.

SANCHO

That works. What about profit, how are we dividing it?

BUDDY

Right down the middle. No use in taking more than I need my good man, and it will give us time to build the towns trust in your presence. But what of your little sibling rivalry?

SANCHO

Don't worry about her, nothing I can't handle.

BUDDY

Sancho, this is going to be a great partnership ole boy. But before we get started, I will need a small investment to get us started.

SANCHO

Investment? For what?

Buddy takes a bite of stew.

BUDDY

The cost of business.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED TAILOR - DAY

Buddy walks through the doors of the town tailor in a brand new GREEN SUIT. He walks down the street looking spiffy. He tips his fine leather ten gallon hat at the townspeople.

Sancho walks up next to Buddy in a new black leather outfit himself, looking uncomfortable.

SANCHO

Don't you think this is a little conspicuous compadre?

BUDDY

Conspicuous is the name of the game. We need to be seen to attract customers.

SANCHO

This town does not always take so kindly to change amigo. We might want to take it slow.

BUDDY

We are Tumbleweed.

SANCHO

What did you call me?

BUDDY

You're the Tumbleweed Kid, everybody already knows you by that name, might as well take ownership. If we're going to make this town trust you were going to have to control the narrative partner, we're going to find success in no time at all, you'll see-

Sheriff Bleek rides up interrupting them.

SHERRIF BLEEK  
(tipping hat)  
Dr. Beardsley.

BUDDY  
Please Sherrif, call me Buddy.

SHERRIF BLEEK  
Alright Buddy, I need to talk to  
you for a moment.

The Sheriff jumps down from his horse.

SHERRIF BLEEK (CONT'D)  
I need to know what in the name of  
gods green soil did you do to make  
that damn drunk gang settle down  
yesterday.

BUDDY  
Sheriff, you have to understand a  
man before you can change his mind.  
These gang members are nothing more  
than hard working cattle men who  
are looking for respite at the end  
of a hard days work. Spirits have  
been the only solution to their  
predicament up until now. You asked  
me Sherrif, how did I settle those  
boys down?

SHERRIF BLEEK  
Yes, yes, get to the point partner.

BUDDY  
Well Sherrif, alcohol is known to  
make men aggressive, nauseous, and  
downright sloppy. So as a  
practitioner of good health and a  
salesman, I simply provided a  
better solution to their need for  
respite.

SHERRIF BLEEK  
What kind of solution?

BUDDY  
This one Sherrif.

Buddy opens his coat and shows Sherrif Bleek his weed products: Glass jars with clean packaging and hand painted labels. Some of the labels read things like grape and blueberry.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

These here flower buds can be ground up and rolled into cigarettes. The smoke has an effect on the body and mind that's blissful and relaxing, it makes a man forget all about all his worries. There are no negative side effects, except an affinity for a fine pastry or savory stew afterwards. A much more preferable option than alcohol I would argue.

SHERRIF BLEEK

You're telling me this little flower here can settle down a gang of 10 drunks?

BUDDY

Yes sir. Would you care to see for yourself?

Buddy removes a joint from his pocket and hands it to the Sherrif. The Sherrif puts it in his mouth - Buddy lights it with a match.

Sherrif Bleek smokes the joint curiously - a few puffs and he coughs.

SHERRIF BLEEK

(choking)

Wow. Not bad.

BUDDY

What do you say sherrif, would you like a jar?

SHERRIF BLEEK

Well If it does what you say It does, give me the whole lot.

BUDDY

Excellent, I'd be honored my good man.

Buddy gathers up all the jars and exchanges them with the Sherrif for a wad of cash.

SHERRIF BLEEK

This should be enough, much obliged  
Dr. Beardsley, or eh Buddy.

BUDDY

My pleasure Sherrif.

He tips his hat and rides off. Sancho is humbled.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

What did I tell you, no time!

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

Buddy and Sancho share a drink at the bar. They cheers to a successful first sale.

BUDDY

To good fortune and a new  
partnership!

CLINK. They both drink. Buddy spins around in his bar chair and surveys the patrons.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Look at this my good man, a whole  
new world of possibilities. Every  
man and woman a possible new  
customer. I'm buzzing to keep  
pitching, when can we make the trip  
out to get more?

SANCHO

No can do. I can only take so much  
of the sacred crop each week.

BUDDY

Says who?

SANCHO

If the tribe notices that too much  
is missing they will send more than  
Sagewa to deal with it. And we  
don't want that.

BUDDY

Alright, I understand the danger.  
Regardless, we are on our way  
Sancho. The good life is around the  
corner for us, I can feel it!

We begin A MONTAGE SEQUENCE of Buddy and Sancho's business success with an upbeat western tune moving the events along.



## EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Buddy rides Rod up to a property for sale. It's a humble farmhouse with plenty of fertile soil surrounding it. The perfect place for Buddy to settle down once he has achieved his goal.

He smiles big and wide.

## EXT. CANNABIS FIELD - NIGHT

Buddy and Sancho sneak into the Mota Tribe's field of scared crops. They keep hidden behind the plants - observing the tribe - oblivious to their presence.

They cut BIG BUDS off the plants and stuff them into burlap bags.

Buddy tries to slyly over stuff his bag but Sancho CUTS HIM OFF.

## EXT. MEADOW - SUNRISE

Sancho and Buddy ride away from their WEED HEIST with a beautiful sunrise behind them.

## EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

Buddy is performing a medicine show for a group of young cowboys on the street. He lights up a joint and hands it to one of them. The cowboy takes it and smells it - he recoils from the strong odor. Buddy urges him to smoke it with some clever words.

The cowboy takes a hit and coughs, nods his head, and laughs. He likes it!

Sancho watches the show closely from Buddy's side. He also keeps an eye on the streets to identify potential threats.

Sancho pulls Buddy away from the crowd as he sells his last jar. Sagewa appears, looking for Buddy, Sancho has whisked him away just in time.

## INT. TUMBLEWEED BAKERY - DAY

Buddy comes sauntering into the Bakery. Anne stares at him contemptuously from the register - she points to the back of the shop.

## INT. BAKERY OVENS - CONTINUOUS

Buddy greets Curtis as he pulls some chocolate pastries out of the oven. Buddy pulls out Curtis' weed order, they exchange money happily. Curtis tosses Buddy one of the chocolate pastries. Buddy takes a bite - he scratches his chin curiously. He has an idea.

## EXT. CANNABIS FIELD - NIGHT

Sancho and Buddy are back in the field gathering the next weeks crop. Slipping in and out with even more ease, totally unnoticed.

## INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - NIGHT

Buddy and Sancho are partying the night away with the whole Saloon. They throw money around, betting big in poker, smoking joints with everyone, surrounded by beautiful women in corsets. Everyone is having a ball.

They laugh and dance on the tables to ragtime melodies played by the now CHIPPER piano player. He pounds away on the keys with a joint in his mouth - Buddy sells more weed to everyone in the Saloon, racking up more and more money.

The community rallies around Buddy and Sancho, they're becoming heros.

## INT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - DAY

Sherrif Bleek is smoking a joint and playing guitar, taunting Tex in his cell, he offers him the joint. Tex has a mean mug on his face, Sherrif Bleek laughs.

## INT. TUMBLEWEED BAKERY - DAY

Curtis and Buddy are grinding weed buds into a vat of melted chocolate. Curtis pulls out A fresh batch of brownies from the oven. He and Buddy take a bite - they spit it out - Buddy starts pouring a bag of sugar into the melted chocolate.

## EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

Buddy is doing a medicine show for a group of people, showing them fancy jars full of weed.

They keep selling more and more product to everyone from old men, to mothers, to priests, to a one legged street dweller on his last dime - Buddy gives him a discount.

All the while, Sancho keeps guard watching over Buddy.

A particularly UNRULY COWBOY gives Buddy a hard time about the price of his product, he pushes Buddy - Sancho roughs him up.

TIME CUT - the three of them happily smoke a joint together, the Cowboy has a BLACK EYE.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED BAKERY - DAY

Curtis hands out free samples of his WEED BROWNIES to passers by. Anne leans against the wall looking disapprovingly at her father. Doves of customers start to enter the bakery looking for the brownies, Anne shakes her head - but accepts the business.

TIME CUT - Curtis counts half the money he's made from the brownies and hands it over to Buddy, they shake hands.

EXT. CANNABIS FIELD - NIGHT

Sancho and Buddy do their normal routine in the field, but this time, Buddy stuffs extra buds into his coat pockets without Sancho noticing.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

Buddy and Sancho walk down the streets of Tumbleweed being greeted by everyone they pass. The town loves them. Buddy notices how everyone is much more friendly than when he first came into town, there isn't the same despair that has plagued the streets prior to weed being introduced to the townsfolk.

A group of THREE YOUNG WOMAN pass by Sancho and blush, they laugh into their hands and run across the street. Sancho notices. Buddy nudges Sancho smiling, demonstrating that the town is beginning to trust him.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - NIGHT

Buddy and Sancho party hardy at the bar with the Young Woman from before. They smoke and sing and dance until finally the montage ends.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

Sancho and Buddy stumble out into the street high as the moon. Buddy's got his arm around Sancho like they're best pals.

They laugh and fall onto the ground together. Some of the money from Buddy's pocket falls out and flies into the wind.

BUDDY

Oh hell!

Sancho rushes to grab it.

SANCHO

Help me get it!

BUDDY

No no, don't worry, don't worry.  
We'll just make more.

Buddy keeps laying on the floor - Sancho continues to gather it despite Buddy's response.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

My oh my, I told you we'd make one  
hell of a team. But I didn't think  
we'd be this good, did you partner?

Sancho sobers up.

SANCHO

So, have we made enough to buy your  
farm yet? We should be pretty  
close, no?

Buddy stands up.

BUDDY

Sancho, I've realized something.  
What we have here is a very rare  
thing, revolutionary. If I do say  
so. We can't stop now. This product  
can make us into the richest men in  
the west. Do you understand what  
I'm saying? Do you really  
understand what's happening here?  
This is history in the making. You  
and me are going to be put in the  
history books for this.

SANCHO

I thought you said you just wanted to buy a farm and settle down - that you didn't like all this snake oil business.

BUDDY

Sancho, Sancho, Sancho. THIS is not snake oil. This is the real deal. This can help people. Just look at this town. People were at each others throats. Drunk, stupid, ready to kill over a poker game. Cannabis helped them. WE helped them.

Sancho thinks about it.

SANCHO

What is your horse doing?

Buddy turns around and sees Rod wandering in the street.

BUDDY

Rod! What the hell are you doing you crazy horse, how did you get untied.

Buddy walks toward Rod. Rod starts bucking, going nuts.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Whoa! Calm down Rod.

SANCHO

Wait! Buddy come back here!

Buddy puts his hand on Rod's back - Sagewa flips onto Rod's back, she was hanging off the side of the horse to conceal herself. She knocks out Buddy with the butt of her tomahawk. She pulls Buddy's limp body onto the back of the horse and takes off.

Sancho jumps onto a random horse tied up across the street - an arrow lands in a pillar close to his head. He looks up and sees another Mota warrior on the rooftop aiming his bow at Sancho.

The warrior looks at Sancho and shakes his head no, telling Sancho not to follow Buddy.

INT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - MORNING

The morning sun peaks through the bars on the windows of the Jailhouse. The sunlight wakes Tex from his slumber in the cell.

Sherrif Bleek wakes up as well, he's leaning back in a rocking chair next to the cell.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Is it morning already? That was the best sleep of my life.

Tex is annoyed with the Sheriff's new vice - But he tries to think of a way to use the situation to his advantage.

TEX

Say Sherrif. Isn't today Monday?

SHERRIF BLEEK

Monday? Well um, I really couldn't tell ya partner.

TEX

It is Sherrif, look.

Tex has scratched tally marks into the wall indicating how long he's been locked up. He added a few extra days ahead.

TEX (CONT'D)

Today is Monday the 13th of November. You know what happens on Monday the 13th of November?

SHERRIF BLEEK

What's that?

TEX

Today's the day you're supposed to set me free.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Is that right? Oh well okay, you're free to go then Tex.

Sherrif Bleek grabs the keys from the hook and unlocks the cell. Tex stands up happily and walks out the front door. He steals the Sheriff's gun as he leaves.

TEX

Thanks Sherrif, I enjoyed my stay. Be seeing you around soon.

SHERRIF BLEEK  
Alright there Tex, come back soon.

Sherrif Bleek goes back to sleep in his chair.

EXT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - DAY

In the Canyon outside of Tumbleweed, the Drunk Gang has set up camp. There is about 30 men with large tents, all set in a circle around a much larger tent in the middle. There is a fire pit in front of that tent - this is where the drunk gang's leader stays.

Tex comes riding into camp - he ties up his gorse at the stable and sees Sturgis at the fire pit roasting a squirrel.

TEX  
Hey Sturgis, is the boss around?

STURGIS  
Yep. Just came riding in this morning. Hey, we met your medicine man. The fella ain't too bad after all. Gave us some of this funny weed you can smoke. Makes you feel real nice.

TEX  
God damnit Sturgis, If I see you smoking that stuff around here I'm gonna have your hide. We're called the drunk gang damnit.

Tex walks past a huge STOCKPILE OF ALCOHOL in wooden crates that the Drunk Gang has stolen.

He opens the curtain to the leaders tent slowly - THE BOSS is only seen from behind. He holds a fine glass of whiskey.

THE BOSS  
What is it Tex?

TEX  
Boss, we got a big problem.

INT. TIPI - MORNING

Buddy wakes up with a start. He looks around at his surroundings - he's in a large Tipi, there's an opening at the top where sunlight comes in, leaving a beam of light in the middle of the tent.

He's hands and feet are bound with rope - he feels a big welt on his forehead. Winces.

Outside he can hear voices in the native Mota language, it sounds like they're arguing with each other.

One of the Mota warriors comes into the Tipi and drags Buddy out by his feet.

BUDDY

No, no please!

EXT. MOTA VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Buddy is surrounded by the entire Mota tribe - THE CHIEF stands before him. He's a wise old man in full headdress. Mota WARRIORS stand on each side of him studying Buddy.

The Chief motions for a young women in the tribe to approach Buddy.

She speaks.

NATIVE GIRL

Are you who steals crops?

BUDDY

Please, please. I assure you, I'm a good person. I am a noble man, a medicine man, I meant no harm. Your crops-

One of the Warriors throws a tomahawk right into the ground in front of Buddy. He silences.

NATIVE GIRL

How long you steal crops?

BUDDY

Once or twice-

Another tomahawk hits the ground even closer to Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

A lot! We stole a lot!

The Native Girl reports her findings to the Chief. THE ELDERS discuss amongst themselves.

Buddy's on trial.

The Elders say something to the Girl - She addresses Buddy.



NATIVE GIRL  
Who else steals crops?

Buddy looks conflicted. He doesn't want to give them Sancho's name. One of the Warriors sees Buddy's hesitation and takes over.

He picks up a tomahawk from the ground and puts it to Buddy's throat.

BUDDY  
Sancho, Sancho Rivera!

Everyone in the tribe looks at Sagewa standing off to the side - SHAME written on her face.

The Elders once again go into discussion. They address the Girl once more - she turns to Buddy.

NATIVE GIRL  
It is time.

Buddy's face says huh? Two Warriors drag him off screen.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

It's a bright and beautiful day on the streets of Tumbleweed. Cannabis has changed this once cutthroat town into a peaceful utopia. People greet each other kindly, strangers settle disputes calmly - everyone is smoking weed openly and getting along.

A tumble weed passes by frame - in the distance a STAMPEDE of horses ridden by DRUNKEN COWBOYS comes over the horizon. The cowboys steer their horses erratically, weaving back and fourth like drunk drivers with horses.

The leader of the Drunk Gang rides front and center. He's dressed in ALL BLACK with a BANDANNA over his face.

The Townsfolk watch nervously as the Drunk Gang parades into town, 30 strong. They fire their guns in the air and drink from the bottle as they ride.

Some Gang Members jump off horses and start harassing the townsfolk. They knock joints right out of their hands.

DRUNK GANG MEMBER  
Get that grass out of here!

Curtis and Anne watch from the porch of their Bakery, they look at each other, Anne is scared.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sherrif Bleek comes stumbling out of the Jailhouse, he sees the Drunk Gang and almost loses his hat. Tex rides by and taunts the Sherrif.

TEX  
(tipping hat)  
Howdy Sherrif. We're having a party.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The Drunk Gang wreaks havoc in the Saloon. They steal all the bottles from the back of the bar and start distributing them to everyone in the gang. They break things indiscriminately, scaring all the high patrons.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Horrificed Townsfolk watch the gang reign terror up and down the streets. Tex and Henderson - with his foot in an oversized bandage - walk up to Curtis and Anne.

TEX  
Hey, ya'll seen a medicine man around here? Portly, wearing white or maybe green, ring any bells?

ANNE  
Who's asking?

Tex leans in real close.

TEX  
The Drunk Gang is asking little missy. Now if you see our old friend Buddy. Tell em we're coming for em. Got it?

Curtis puts his hand on Anne's shoulder.

CURTIS  
We ain't seen this medicine man you speak of, we really wish we could be more help to ya'll. I hope ya find who you're looking for.

Tex scoffs at Curtis' politeness.

TEX

This town just ain't been the same  
since that fella came rolling in. I  
remember it being a lot more fun  
before I got locked up.

HENDERSON

Darn tooting!

TEX

Speaking of being nice-  
(to Anne)  
Miss friendly, why don't you go  
fetch me a tart from your bakery.  
Hurry up now.

Anne goes inside and returns with two weed brownies, Curtis  
smiles.

ANNE

These chocolate squares okay?

TEX

Give em here let's have a taste.

The two cowboys take a bite of their brownies.

HENDERSON

Well I'll be.

TEX

Goodness gracious, that is tasty  
indeed. What's in there that gives  
it that kick?

CURTIS

Oh just this and that.

TEX

Go load up the oven with more of  
those partner. I'll be back with  
some fellas later to pick em up. I  
assume it'll be out of the kindness  
of your heart-

Tex puts his hand on his pistol.

CURTIS

Of coarse, partner.

Tex and Henderson rejoin the pillaging of Tumbleweed. Curtis  
turns to Anne.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Have you seen Buddy?

ANNE  
Not since yesterday.

CURTIS  
We need to warn him.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

Buddy falls into frame, hitting the ground hard. The two Mota Warriors drop him off in the middle of the desert. The sun is setting, the sky is painted with magical hues of red and yellow.

The Cheif is sitting on a horse with the Native Girl behind him. The Warriors cut Buddy's ties - they toss a knife at his feet. Buddy picks it up.

One of the Warriors pulls out a ceremonial WOODEN BOX. Inside is a GIANT JOINT. Buddy gazes at the joint. A Warrior hands it to Buddy.

The Warrior speaks in English.

MOTA WARRIOR  
Smoke.

The Warrior holds out his torch - Buddy puts the joint in his mouth. Buddy takes a big hit. He blows out a ton of smoke and goes into a coughing fit.

MOTA WARRIOR (CONT'D)  
Keep smoking.

Buddy realizes he has to smoke the whole thing.

The Native girl is helped down off the horse by the other Warrior. She listens to instructions from the Cheif then approaches Buddy.

NATIVE GIRL  
This is your vision quest. You must  
find your way back to the village  
by sunrise, then you have-

The Native Girl forgets what comes next. She runs back to the Chief, he tells her what to say. The Warriors urge Buddy to keep smoking.

NATIVE GIRL (CONT'D)

Then you have... rights to use  
sacred plant.

Buddy's eyes pop open. The right to use the sacred plant?  
Buddy's hopeful again.

NATIVE GIRL (CONT'D)

Sagewa has seen the town change,  
people less anger, people more  
love. May the ancestors guide you.

The Native Girl walks back to the horse, The Warriors help  
her back up. They mount their horses and ride back to the  
Mota Village - leaving Buddy all alone in the middle of  
nowhere with nothing but a knife.

Buddy looks out at the sunset - the stars begin to reveal  
themselves. The weed is starting to take effect. It's way  
stronger than the weed he is used to.

A wolf cries out in the distance - darkness engulfs Buddy and  
his surroundings. His vision quest begins.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - NIGHT

The Drunk Gang continues to engage in debauchery all  
throughout town. Woman are being chased through the street by  
drunken cowboys, fights are breaking out, folks are getting  
thrown through windows. Sancho observes the chaos from a dark  
corner.

INT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - LATER

Sheriff Bleek is cowering underneath his table. He tries to  
light a tiny roach with a match - He burns his eyebrow on the  
flame. Someone knocks on the door loudly.

SHERRIF BLEEK

We're closed!

SANCHO (O.S.)

Sherrif, let me in. I am an  
associate of Buddy Beardsley.

SHERRIF BLEEK

I can't do anything for you fellas,  
you brought this on yourself.

SANCHO

I need your help Sherrif, Buddy's  
in trouble.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Sorry partner there's nothing I can do.

SANCHO

Sherrif, You have seen what Buddy has done for this town. Open the door.

The Sherrif reflects, he begrudgingly gets up and opens the door for Sancho.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Hurry get inside!

The sherrif locks the door behind Sancho - he peeks out the window.

SHERRIF BLEEK (CONT'D)

What happened, did the Drunk Gang nab him?

SANCHO

They were too late. He was taken this morning by a warrior from the Mota Tribe.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Mota tribe. I know those bastards, you wanna avoid tangling with them at all costs. Where did they take him?

SANCHO

I'm not sure, If he's still alive then he's somewhere in their village.

SHERRIF BLEEK

That there settlement opposite the river? I know where that is.

SANCHO

We need to rescue him. Buddy is the only chance this town has against the drunk gang.

More knocking at the door.

TEX (O.S.)

Sherrif? Anyone in there?

SHERRIF BLEEK

No one's in here!

Sancho pushes the Sherrif towards a small window in the back of the Jailhouse.

Louder bangs at the door - Sancho forces open the window, the Sheriff squeezes through - The door is kicked open by a BIG BURLY COWBOY. Tex walks in behind him.

TEX  
Well, well, well.

Sherrif Bleek escapes. Sancho is left alone facing the Drunk Gang.

TEX (CONT'D)  
Ain't you that fella I've seen  
running around with our favorite  
medicine man?

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Buddy walks aimlessly through the darkness clutching his knife by his side. A half moon hangs in the sky, the stars are glowing bright.

Buddy marches forward looking up at the sky, he marvels at its majesty. A shooting star flies by.

BUDDY  
Wow...

He trips over a rock and busts his knee.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Shit! Ahhh!

He bushes himself off and keeps his eyes forward.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Vision quest? How the hell is this  
a vision quest? I can't even see.

A twig cracks behind him. He yelps.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Holy hot hell!

Buddy starts running from who knows what. He climbs over some rocks and hides.

Buddy holds his knife close to his chest and takes a deep breath. He pokes his head out over the rock.

A SKINNY COYOTE is standing there, looking at Buddy. They stare at each other for a while - then the coyote sniffs around and runs away.

Buddy's eyes are starting to adjust to the darkness now. The landscape is more clear, he sees the coyote in the distance, for a second it looks like it TURNS INTO A MAN as it disappears into the distance.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Sancho is tied to a chair in the center of a large Barn surrounded by the Drunk Gang. Tex is interrogating him. All of the familiar Drunk Gang members are in attendance.

Tex paces back and fourth in front of Sancho.

TEX

So this is the famous Tumbleweed kid? That's what they call you ain't it? We know a lot about you boy. You've been helping that rascal Buddy Beardsley from the very beginning.

Sancho stares straight ahead not budging.

TEX (CONT'D)

We need to speak to Buddy pronto. You know where he is?

Sancho keeps staring, not filching.

TEX (CONT'D)

Okay then, you know I'm glad you decided to play the strong silent type, me and the fellas really look forward to this type of stuff-

Tex whistles.

TEX (CONT'D)

Dale, your assistance please.

The Giant Cowboy from earlier walks through the crowd. Sancho can't help but GULP.

Dale lifts Sancho's chair by the legs and holds him upside down - He dunks him into a dirty horse trough. Tex gets down close to Sancho's face when he emerges from the water.

TEX (CONT'D)

Where is Buddy-



Tex starts GIGGLING, there's a big clump of horse shit on Sancho's face. Tex can't get the words out.

TEX (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Sorry, hold on, woo... I'm  
feeling... woo. Dale put him down  
real quick.

Dale flips Sancho's chair right side up. The clump of shit slides down his face. Henderson laughs in the background.

TEX (CONT'D)  
I'm feeling... hungrier than hell.

HENDERSON  
Me too!

TEX  
Anyone else want to go get some  
food after this? Ride through?  
Anyone?

HENDERSON  
Let's go get some more of them  
chocolate squares from that baker!

Everyone clocks Tex and Henderson's unusual behavior.

TEX  
Look here Tumbleweed. We gotta wrap  
this thing up so we can go eat, are  
you gonna tell us where Buddy is or  
not?

SANCHO  
Uh, no.

TEX  
Shoot, you hear that fellas, he's  
not gonna tell us. Guess we gotta  
go with plan B.

A Gang Member pulls Sherrif Bleek out from behind the barn door.

SHERRIF BLEEK  
I'm sorry partner.

Sancho stares at Bleek with disappointment.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Buddy cowers behind the rocks where we last left him. He's staying silent, keenly aware of his surroundings, listening for movement. He falls asleep. His snores awaken him.

BUDDY

Shit. Stay awake, stay awake.

A lizard scurries by Buddy's feet, he watches it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I need to find my way back.

Buddy stands up and starts to walk.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where you going boy?

Buddy spins around to see who's talking. There's no one.

BUDDY

Who said that?

Nothing.

Buddy walks backwards, continuing in the same direction.

VOICE (O.S.)

I told you you'd be nothing. Look at you.

BUDDY

Who is that!?

Buddy desperately runs toward the voice's. Reaching out, trying to grab at the air.

VOICE (O.S.)

Thought you could make something of yourself. But you fail. Over and over.

BUDDY

Show yourself demon!

VOICE (O.S.)

You wanna know why?

Buddy goes into a full sprint through the darkness. He trips on another rock - hits the floor.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Cause nothing that grows out the  
ground will ever make a dime for  
this family.

Buddy slowly looks up - A figure is standing before him, it's  
his father Franklin Sr.

FRANKLIN SR.  
The Beardsley's ain't farmers no  
more, your Great Grand Daddy lost  
everything when the drought came.  
You are a fool if you think you'll  
ever survive or care for a family  
one day by trusting in the seasons?  
Men have to control their own  
destiny.

Buddy stands meekly before his father.

BUDDY  
I- I am making money papa, a lot  
too. What you said I could never  
do.

FRANKLIN SR.  
And how you doin that? Lying to  
people, the Drunk Gang is right,  
you are a thief. What have you made  
of yourself. Nothing but a two  
timing crook.

BUDDY  
That's wrong, I care about people,  
I'm helping the people of  
Tumbleweed-

Franklin Sr. closes in on Buddy, shrinking him down to child  
size.

BUDDY'S FATHER  
Horse shit! You don't give a hoot  
about anybody but yourself, admit  
it, all you care about is making  
money, buying your little farm, and  
proving me wrong. That's it, ain't  
that right? That's why you keep  
filling your pockets when Sancho's  
not looking huh? Selfish, always  
been selfish.

Buddy feels the SHAME of his past actions, he feels the hopelessness of people trying to find relief from their pain, and being duped out of their money. He takes a deep breath. He musters up the courage to stand up to his father.

BUDDY

You're right papa. I was lying to people. I thought it was permissible because I would stop once I got what I wanted, but it was poisoning me. Thankfully, by the grace of god, I found something that I believe in more than my vendetta against you. Something that helps me say, I forgive you.

BUDDY'S FATHER

What did you say to me boy?

BUDDY

I said I forgive you.

Buddy hears a coyote behind him, he turns - when he looks back, his father is GONE.

Buddy looks around in disbelief. He laughs to himself.

There's something that catches his eye in the distance. A fire?

Buddy squints - there's a huge brush fire in the distance. Buddy runs toward the glow. He realizes it's coming from the Mota village!

BUDDY (CONT'D)

OH NO!

He runs as fast as he can to the village.

EXT. CANNABIS FIELD - NIGHT

Fire and chaos. Bodies running left and right through the crops. Mota warriors fighting off Drunk Gang members on horseback.

Buddy comes to the edge of the field, he keeps out of sight. He peers through the plants and sees Sancho tied up on the back on a Drunk Gang members horse.

The Drunk Gang is being pushed back by the Tribe, forcing them to flee, but the damage has been done, the field is in flames.

Buddy runs through the field to salvage any buds he can find - he stuffs them into his pockets. He's confronted by a Drunk Gang Member.

DRUNK GANG MEMBER 2

Well look who it is. I found em  
boys!!!

Buddy rips a burning weed plant from the ground and runs at the gang member - using it as a torch. He swings it back and fourth pushing them back.

Buddy throws the bush at him and runs for it.

Tex spots Buddy from on top of his horse.

TEX

There he is!! GET HIM!!

Buddy is confronted by Dale, the big cowboy. He towers over him. Dale grabs Buddy by the shoulder - he can't move a muscle. Sagewa comes from out of nowhere and jumps onto Dale's back - he lets go of Buddy.

Sagewa and Dale square off, she yells a BATTLE CRY and runs up his chest - does a takedown - Dale falls on his head and knocks himself out, but he lands on Sagewa and she can't escape. Buddy throws her a rope from horseback. He found Rod!

BUDDY

Grab the rope!

Sagewa grabs it and Buddy pulls her free - just as more Gang Members arrive. Sagewa holds the rope and starts skiing on the dirt - pulling herself closer to the horse. With incredible acrobatic skills, she jumps on Rod's back behind Buddy. The two of them ride off into the desert away from the burning field.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - SUNRISE

The early morning sun floods the streets of Tumbleweed, it's quiet, everyone is recovering from the attack on their town the night before by the Drunk Gang. People are boarding up broken windows and sweeping up trash in front of their shops. We see Curtis and Anne helping the townsfolk clean up.

Sagewa and Buddy arrive riding Rod. They both are beat up and exhausted. They hop off the horse and tie him up.

BUDDY

Thank you for saving me.

SAGEWA

I should say the same.

BUDDY

No, before the fire. The little girl in your tribe said you stuck your neck out for me. She said you told them the town was changing for the better because of me. Thank you, if it weren't for you I think they woulda made me into a Tipi.

SAGEWA

I'm just keeping you alive until you can make things right with our tribe. It's your fault the Drunk Gang destroyed our crops, they have left our village alone for years until you got a hold of Sancho. Do you think I didn't know he was taking the crops? I let him take it because I knew it could help more than just our people, I knew it could be the answer to the peace we seek with the white man, but you came along and your greed pushed it too far and you woke the sleeping giant. This is your fault, so you need to make it right.

BUDDY

I will somehow, I swear. Did you see they had Sancho? We need to find where they are keeping him and stage a rescue mission.

SAGEWA

Sancho got himself into this mess. I have enough to worry about with the scared crop now turned to ash.

BUDDY

Please, I need your help. When I first arrived in Tumbleweed, Sancho saved me. I am obliged to return the favor, but I can't do it alone.

Anne and Curtis run down the street toward Buddy.

ANNE

Buddy, Buddy!

Buddy and Sagewa turn toward them.

ANNE (CONT'D)

They took the Tumbleweed Kid! The Drunk Gang nabbed him. And they're looking for you too!

BUDDY

We know. We need to save him, and we need your help.

CURTIS

Whatever you need Buddy.

INT. TUMBLEWEED JAILHOUSE - LATER

Sheriff Bleek is DRUNK off his ass slumped in his chair, on his table are EMPTY WHISKY BOTTLES. He's CRYING, all beat up with a BLACK EYE from the Drunk Gangs interrogation.

SHERRIF BLEEK

I'm sorry Buddy...

(crying/drinking)

I told em, I told em where you were. It's all my fault.

Buddy, Sagewa, Curtis, and Anne stand in the jailhouse disappointed in Sheriffs Bleek's relapse into alcohol.

BUDDY

Sherrif, I can see you've had yourself a mighty pity party here, but this is a dire situation for everyone in this town, and this town is your responsibility. We need to keep our wits about us. I'm going to need all the information you have on the potential whereabouts of the Drunk Gang's hideout.

SHERRIF BLEEK

Do you have any more of that weed partner? I could really use something to level me out here.

BUDDY

Pull yourself together man! We need to plan a successful rescue here, now sober up and get on your feet. We're going to need more help.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

In another MONTAGE SEQUENCE coupled with UPBEAT WESTERN MUSIC, Buddy and his team of 5 assemble more townsfolk to rescue Sancho.

First, they lay out a plan in the Saloon. Buddy unravels a large map on the table.

BUDDY

Alright Sherrif, any idea where the hideout could be?

SHERRIF BLEEK

Yes, I have information that it could be in one of two place-  
(pointing to map)

I had some peddlers say they saw a big camp out past Bear River, or last year I heard they were at Canyon Pass-

He moves his finger across the map to another area.

SHERRIF BLEEK (CONT'D)

They move between two spots. I'm not sure.

SAGEWA

Well I can tell you they are not at Bear River right now, it's feeding season, the bears are everywhere. No camp would last long without a bear raid.

BUDDY

Well that narrows down the search then.

CURTIS

What's your plan Buddy?

BUDDY

Same as it's always been, don't fix something if it ain't broken. I'm going to have to show myself at the camp, take accountability for what I've done, and talk my way out of it.

ANNE

Are you nuts? You're going to try to up sell your way out of dying? You're crazier than I thought.



BUDDY

It's worked for me thus far, and I  
still have one secret weapon left.

Buddy pulls out ONE FAT JOINT.

Sagewa puts her head down.

SAGEWA

You really think you can convince  
30 drunk men to listen with one  
joint and your words?

BUDDY

No. We'll need more than that,  
we'll need numbers.

EXT. RAILROAD - LATER

BOOM!

The side of the mountain explodes. Sancho's old railroad crew  
he used to sell weed to is hard at work. Buddy is talking to  
the Forman, they shake hands. He introduces Buddy to a  
Chinese man LU handling the TNT.

BUDDY (V.O.)

The drunk gang is using Sancho to  
lure me to them, so we'll do  
exactly what they want, we will  
play on their drunkenness and walk  
straight into the fire.

EXT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - DAY

Buddy and Sagewa are outside the camp doing recon - they map  
out the layout of the tents, they observe gang members  
getting wasted at 10 in the morning and fighting each other.  
Sancho is locked up in a prisoner wagon near the large center  
tent. Buddy and Sagewa pass binoculars back and fourth - they  
clock the large stockpile of alcohol.

BUDDY (V.O.)

Were going to use a diversion to  
get the upper hand. They think THEY  
have the upper hand, the numbers,  
but we hit them with a surprise  
attack. We will make realize the  
error of their ways and they will  
never again treat this town like  
their personal garbage heap.

(MORE)

BUDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's about time the people took  
their power back.

Buddy watches the drunk gang leader leave his tent briefly, his face is covered, Buddy lowers the binoculars and stares at him with his naked eye.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

Buddy's team is growing in numbers - there's about 20 people inside the Saloon now. The Railroad workers have joined the team as well as a few familiar townsfolk. Buddy has a chalk board where he has written out a plan. He has drawn the layout of the Drunk Gang's hideout, and small "X"s all around it.

BUDDY  
Lu, how long can you make a fuse?

LU  
As long as you need.

BUDDY  
200 feet?

LU  
Sure. Just tell me what you want me  
to blow up.

EXT. TUMBLEWEED STREETS - DAY

Buddy and his team are going door to door in Tumbleweed to invite people to hear Buddy talk at the Saloon. They encourage them to come and talk about how Buddy has helped the town become a better place to live.

INT. TUMBLEWEED SALOON - LATER

The Saloon is now packed full of townspeople hearing Buddy speak. Everyone's listening closely.

BUDDY  
My good people, my name is Franklin  
Jeremiah Beardsley, but most- hell  
all of you folks call me Buddy. I  
know I am a newcomer to your town,  
I know I sure stirred up a lot of  
commotion, and I want to take this  
moment to apologize to you  
Tumbleweed.  
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I came to this town with nothing but a dream, a dream to become a farmer and live out the rest of my days growing the best peaches you'll ever taste. But, I'll be honest, my greed got in the way. I became consumed with more when I had all that I needed. And now I see where greed gets me. I should have been here when the Drunk Gang arrived and let them take me so I may have spare this town, but I can't change events that have transpired. But I think I can make it right. I have a plan that could get the Drunk Gang off this town's back for good. But I'm going to need each and every person in this room's help. Can I count on you?

Slowly, people start to stand. First Curtis, then Sagewa, then Sherrif Bleek and Anne, then the rest of the room.

Buddy smiles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's get to work!

CUT TO:

Buddy stands in front of a little model of the Drunk Gang's hideout. He's using a joint to represent himself, shot glasses to represent the Drunk Gang, silverware to represent the townspeople - Sancho is a tiny tumbleweed. There's a full whiskey glass near the middle of the camp and a bundle of matches near it.

Buddy moves the silverware around the camp surrounding it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Sagewa takes her team to the left flank and Bleek to the right. When I give the signal, Lu sets it off. I should only need a few minutes to get to the inner circle.

Buddy pushes the joint through to the center.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Is everyone ready to take this town back!?

Everyone cheers!

The MONTAGE SEQUENCE ends.

EXT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The camp is quiet, all the Drunk Gang members are subdued from all the day drinking earlier. Sancho is snoozing in the jail wagon. The fire is raging, a RACCOON CARCASS is spinning on the rotisserie, Henderson turns the wheel.

HENDERSON

Hey, you want some of this  
Tumbleweed?

Sancho wakes, he wants to play it cool but he is very hungry.

SANCHO

You're not going to give me  
anything, why bother?

HENDERSON

Geez Tumbleweed we ain't monsters,  
most of the boys like that weed you  
fellas sell. They just don't got  
the guts to say it.

SANCHO

Do you?

HENDERSON

No sir. I'm a coward.

TEX

Hendo, that meat ready yet?

HENDERSON

Almost there.

The stick breaks and the raccoon falls into the dirt.

TEX

God damnit Henderson. You spin that  
damn thing too hard, I told ya!

Tex and Henderson argue amongst themselves - Sancho's eye catches movement over near the boxes of alcohol. He makes eye contact with Lu. Sancho smiles. Lu puts his finger to his lips and runs a fuse into one of the wooden boxes.

TEX (CONT'D)

Aye, you want some of this meat  
Tumbleweed? It's the part that fell  
in the dirt but I wiped most of it  
off.

Sancho realizes the attention has been brought to him.

SANCHO  
Um, yes, thank you.

He takes the meat through the bars and continues to look over at the boxes.

A Gang Member RIDING on horseback comes BARRELING through the camp with urgent news.

RIDER  
HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!

Tex runs up to the messenger.

TEX  
What you talking about?

RIDER  
He's here. Buddy is here.

Tex smiles wide.

EXT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Buddy sits on his horse at the entrance to the Drunk Gang's hideout - he's alone. The whole Drunk Gang comes to greet him. Tex at the front.

TEX  
We knew you would show up to try to parlay for your little friend.

BUDDY  
Well I suppose you have grown to know me well then Tex. Shame we can't call it a friendship, but the night is young.

TEX  
Enough of your mouth. Grab him boys.

The drunk gang descends on Buddy and pulls him off his horse, they drag him into the camp.

INT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Drunk Gang walk Buddy to the center of camp near the fire. Buddy sees Sancho looking through the bars of his jail wagon ahead - he smiles at him. Tex paces back and fourth.

TEX

Buddy, Buddy, Buddy. You know what kind of headache you've caused us partner? The town of Tumbleweed used to be a nice little getaway for us until you came along. But we took care of that problem didn't we boys.

The crowd cheers.

TEX (CONT'D)

We had one hell of a bonfire.

(Gets close)

You think you can come and change peoples minds with a bunch of fancy words huh? You think you're so smart?

BUDDY

Well Tex, I don't claim to be anything more than a man. A man that just wants to help people, which is why I'm here. That man over there, Sancho Rivera, the Tumbleweed Kid. He has done nothing to deserve such treatment. If you must take umbrage with someone, take it with me. Let the boy go and I'll take his place.

TEX

Well that sounds like a good deal to me partner... but it ain't up to me.

The curtain of the big tent opens. Everyone's eyes turn to the leader of the Drunk Gang. He has a bandana covering his face. He walks through the crowd - straight up to Buddy.

FRANKLIN SR.

Hello boy.

The Drunk Gang leader removes his bandana, It's Buddy's father. Buddy looks up - he's shocked. His father has been the leader of the Drunk Gang this whole time.

BUDDY

Papa?

Tex and everyone look at each other stunned, is that really his dad?

FRANKLIN SR.

You are the fella stirring up all that trouble in Tumbleweed? Wow, I thought you were dead, but this... this is worse. Look at the mess you made for everyone.

BUDDY

Just trying to make a living papa.

FRANKLIN SR.

Making a living huh? That's what you're doing?

BUDDY

Yes sir, you told me nothing that grows out of the ground will ever make a dime for our family remember? Well I found out for myself that you don't know everything, I'm about to buy myself a farm and settle down when this is all said and done.

FRANKLIN SR.

Now wait just a second, I don't care if you are my son, we're not letting you and The Tumbleweed Kid just walk out of here.

BUDDY

Well, I'm prepared to parlay.

FRANKLIN SR.

What do you have in mind?

BUDDY

You, and the entire Drunk Gang stay out of Tumbleweed for good, or-

Buddy pulls out the BIG JOINT.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

You smoke this with me.

FRANKLIN SR.

You kidding me? That's your offer?  
(beat)

He's serious. Well there ain't no reason I see to stay out of Tumbleweed, and I sure ain't touching, or smoking that thing. So It seems were at an impasse.

BUDDY

Are you sure Pa? I'm offering you a chance here, smoke this with me and let's talk, it doesn't have to be this way.

FRANKLIN SR.

It doesn't have to be this way he says. You mean the way where you and The Kid are both locked up in that there prison wagon?

BUDDY

I'll take it you've made your choice.

FRANKLIN SR.

Boys, grab him.

Buddy WHISTLES as loud as he can.

CUT TO:

Lu is hiding behind a gang member's tent - he pushes the plunger down on a TNT box.

We follow a lit fuse burning all the way into a WOODEN CRATE of ALCOHOL in the STOCK PILE. The giant stack of crates EXPLODES!

FIRE and GLASS reign down everywhere.

In the chaos Buddy runs free. He runs over to Sancho.

SANCHO

You came for me amigo.

BUDDY

You looked like you could use a break.

The Drunk Gang frantically tries to put out the fires that have spread to their tents.

Tex and Henderson spot Buddy trying to break the lock on the prison wagon, they run to stop him, but Sagewa blocks their path, they gulp.

Buddy breaks the lock off the wagon with a big rock and frees Sancho. Sagewa fights off Tex and Henderson in the background, she steps on Henderson's bad foot. Tex swings at her, she ducks under.



TEX

You damn savage!

Sagewa PUNCHES Tex square in the face, breaking his nose.  
Sancho hops down from the prison wagon.

BUDDY

Let's go!

Buddy and Sancho run through the chaos - dodging tackles.  
They make it to perimeter of the hideout. Almost home free.

EXT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Buddy and Sancho reach the last row of tents on the edge of  
the hideout, they have almost escaped, until they hear-

FRANKLIN SR. (O.S.)

You want her to die!?

Buddy and Sancho turn around - Franklin Sr. Has Sagewa at  
knife point. Sagewa yawns.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)

You think you can come in here and  
destroy all my whiskey boy!? You  
get your ass back here now, or Sack-  
a-ga-weeda gets it.

BUDDY

Papa, put the knife down, nobody  
needs to get hurt.

FRANKLIN SR.

Spare me Franklin, somebody always  
gets hurt.

BUDDY

The name's Buddy. And you're gonna  
let her go and leave the people of  
Tumbleweed alone once and for all  
you hear me, Franklin?

FRANKLIN SR.

How dare you talk to me like that  
boy.

BUDDY

I'm a man now Pa, and a man takes  
care of his family.

Buddy whistles again.

Suddenly there is a HUGE MOB of townsfolk surrounding the Drunk Gang Hideout. People are everywhere, a wall of bodies, we see groups being lead by Curtis, Anne, and Sherrif Bleek.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
We won't rest until your gang  
leaves Tumbleweed for good.

FRANKLIN SR.  
What if I say no?

Buddy points up to the hills, the Mota Tribe is surrounding them as well, all training their bows at the Drunk Gang.

FRANKLIN SR. (CONT'D)  
What happened to nobody needs to  
get hurt?

Buddy pulls out the BIG JOINT.

BUDDY  
It doesn't have to be this way Pa.  
Smoke this joint with me and let's  
talk about this.

FRANKLIN SR.  
Ain't nothing that grow out of the  
ground gonna change my mind.

Buddy gets a little closer.

BUDDY  
Let her go Pa.

Buddy moves the knife away from her throat. Sagewa stiff arms Franklin and walks over to Sancho. We get the impression she could have escaped at any time.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's go to your tent.

Buddy puts his arm around his dad and walks him back to his tent.

INT. DRUNK GANG HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The entire Drunk Gang, all the townsfolk of Tumbleweed, and our familiar cast of characters - sit outside the BIG TENT in the middle of the hideout waiting for Buddy and Franklin to finish their smoking session.

Thick smoke pours out of the tent, we hear some chatter coming from inside, mostly coughing, then laughter, then sobbing, we're not sure from who.

Finally Buddy and Franklin emerge from the tent. Franklin is high, his eyes are red and droopy, but it also looks like from crying.

FRANKLIN SR.

Fellas... pack up everything. We're heading west.

Everyone's surprised, It worked, the miracle drug worked it's magic again. The townspeople cheer! The Drunk Gang shrug and go to work packing up camp. Tex holds his broken nose and kicks dirt.

Buddy turns to his father.

BUDDY

Before you head out, let's make a trip home to see mama.

Franklin smiles.

EXT. NEW BEARDSLEY FARM HOUSE - 1 YEAR LATER

Our films WESTERN THEME SONG returns to end the story. We descend on Buddy's new FARM HOUSE he has purchased on the outskirts of Tumbleweed.

Title: *1 Year Later*

Buddy is tending to his own weed farm, he has settled down, he finally got his dream farm house.

Sancho is there too, helping Buddy with farm work. He is pruning buds next to a plot of small PEACH TREES.

Sagewa rides up on horseback bringing items to trade with Buddy. Buddy trades vegetables, and peaches for more seeds of the sacred plant. They exchange a smile, Buddy invites her up to the porch. They sit on the porch and light up a JOINT - Sancho plays a song on the guitar, it accompanies the theme song. Buddy looks out on the fields of his dream farm, he takes a big hit from the joint and blows out a cloud of smoke the spells the words "The End". Credits roll.