

Gold Rush

Pilot Episode

"Welcome to San Francsico, Asshole"

by

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TEASER

EXT. HIGH SIERRA MOUNTAINS - DAY (1852 CALIFORNIA)

Heat rises above the mountainous desert terrain. Snow covered hills can be seen in the distance. There's a well-trod patch leading out from a vast yellow canyon.

GORDON GRANT (20's) filthy, ragged, but handsome kid underneath it all, trudges along lugging a huge sack on his back.

A MULE walks alongside him carrying similar sacks of equal size. They appear to be a heavy burden on the animal and Gordon is struggling with heavy load.

CLOSER NOW - we can see that the corners of Gordon's mouth are white with dehydration. He and his Mule appear to be on the verge of death as they struggle up the pass.

He rounds a corner near the top of the pass and stops dead in his tracks, looking up at a dangerous impasse.

RICKY (40's) a frightening cowboy figure dressed in black, stands with his foot up against a rock FLIPPING a gold coin between his fingers with extreme focus.

Ricky looks up and makes menacing eye contact with Gordon. He flips the coin once more, but this time lets it fall to the ground without breaking eye contact with Gordon.

RICKY

Whatchu think drifter?

GORDON raises his eye-brows to the coin in the sand, considering what to say.

Ricky stands as still as a stone, a sadistic smile plastered to his face.

RICKY (CONT'D)

It's the pinch of the game sawney.
What'll it be?

Nothing from Gordon still. Ricky's getting annoyed.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Do you reckon yourself a heads up
man of principle? Or a tail-between-
his-legs man of miniscule gusto?

Nothing from Gordon still. Tension building between the two. Anger mounting from Ricky.

TWO GOONS approach from behind Ricky's right shoulder.

Ricky and the Goons are brandishing SABER SWORDS, and their PISTOLS are primitive 4 shot revolvers. It's definitely not the old west look we're used to, this is still 1852.

Ricky takes his foot off the canyon wall and begins approaching Gordon menacingly with his two goons at his side flanking him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Call the coin correctly, and we'll call it a day between us here. But call the coin false and we'll be taking that animal there to split betwixt us. And you...well, you're another story altogether...

Gordon backs up cautiously as the goons approach him.

GOON 1

Cat got your tongue boy?

GOON 2

(intimidating)

Call the coin desert rat!

GORDON is outgunned and outnumbered, he plays mute. He motions to Ricky, pointing at his mouth with his hand.

GOON 1

I think he's saying heads...

RICKY

My, my, it would appear that we have ourselves a mute gentlemen!

GOON 1

A mute!

Gordon points to his head nodding.

RICKY

Heads I gather?

Gordon nods.

Ricky looks down at the coin in the sand and sees that it is in fact heads...

He smiles faintly at the coin and licks his lips.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Tight scrape we have here, just
might be your lucky day.

GORDON
I was going to say the same thing
about you.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

Ricky looks back from the coin in awe at what he sees.

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

His Goons can't believe their eyes either...

Gordon is emptying out the sacks on the mule's back and they
are full of GOLD NUGGETS.

RICKY
Good heavens...

CLANK! CLANK! CLANK!

RICKY (CONT'D)
Just wait a second now!

Gordon and the mule continue to inch backward toward the edge
of the cliff.

Ricky and his Goons move toward the spectacle, blinded by the
immense fortune the gold represents. The danger of losing it
over the cliff entices them to rush Gordon!

Goon 1 tries to grab the sack of gold from Gordon's hands
when SUDDENLY

Gordon SLAMS Goon 1 in the head with the remaining gold in
his bag like a sock full of quarters.

Ricky and Goon 2 draw their pistols.

Gordon turns Goon 1 around and uses him as a human body
shield.

Ricky FIRES a shot into Goon 1's chest.

Gordon draws Goon 1's pistol and returns fire into Ricky's
head. Ricky goes down, dead.

Gordon aims his pistol at Goon 2.

Goon 2 immediately puts his hands up, scared to death at what
just occurred. His knees shake cowardly.

GOON 2
 Please! Please! Don't shoot me
 mister! I got a little lady back
 home, little kid too.

Gordon lets Goon 1's dead body slide off him down the cliff.

GORDON
 (intense)
 Get down on your knees!

Goon 2 gets down on his knees immediately looking down into the dirt. Gordon picks up the saber sword off the ground.

GOON 2
 You can speak?

GORDON
 Shut your mouth!

Goon 2 can't take his greedy eyes off the gold on the ground.

GOON 2
 I can help you with all this...

GORDON
 Given this pickle you're in, I'd
 wager you could...

GOON 2
 I know people, folks that can trade
 for it.

GORDON
 Take a good look, this is as close
 as you're ever gonna get to that
 gold. You got that?

Goon 2 now eyes his own pistol tucked in his belt.

BOOM! A bullet KICKS UP DUST next to Goon 2!

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Don't.

GOON 2
 (terror)
 Please don't kill me!

He hides his face in his hands.

GORDON

Shut your mouth! Take your pistol out of your belt SLOWLY, and toss it over to me!

Goon 2 does as he asks and tosses his pistol over to Gordon.

Gordon picks up the pistol and tucks it in his belt.

Gordon COCKS the hammer on the primitive pistol back.

GOON 2

Oh god! Please no!

Gordon smiles and retracts the pistol.

GORDON

Tell you what. I don't like killing people I don't need to.

GOON 2

(nervously)

I feel the same way...yes sir! That's a mighty fine way to feel...

GORDON

Especially, imbeciles like yourself.

Gordon looks at all the gold on the ground.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You think you can put all of this gold back in these bags for me?

GOON 2

Yessir, anything you want.

GORDON

If you run, or even look at me the wrong way, I'm going to shoot you in the belly twice. Now that there won't kill you quickly. You'll be laid out here long enough for the vultures to smell the bile leaking out of your insides. And vultures, well, they love the smell of bile.

Goon 2 GULPS, he knows he's serious.

GORDON (CONT'D)

But, if you do as I say, and show me the way to San Francisco, I'll let you live.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)
And I may even let you keep a small
piece of that there gold.

Goon 2's eyes light up.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I thought that little detail might
capture your imagination.

Gordon KICKS Goon 2 in the shoulder lightly.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Now get up!

Goon 2 gets to his feet.

LATER -

Gordon cleans the blood and brains out of Ricky's cowboy hat.
He tries it on. A nice fit minus the hole in the front where
the bullet tore through.

Gordon is now strapped up in Ricky's black boots, and belt
holster. He drinks down water from a camelback and keeps his
pistol on Goon 2 as he finishes loading the last of the gold
sacks onto the Two Pack Mules.

Goon 2 wipes his brow as he finishes his task.

GOON 2
That just about does it...

Gordon finishes drinking the water down with relish. He
wipes his mouth.

GORDON
(nonchalant)
Thanks for your help.

BAM!

Gordon SHOOTS Goon 2 in the foot sending him to the ground.

GOON 2
Ah! You bastard!

BOOM! Gordon shoots him in his other foot. Goon 2 CRIES OUT
in agony.

GOON 2 (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Why would you do that!

Gordon slaps the Mules along and they start to march down the other side of the pass. Gordon follows the Mules without a word of sympathy.

GOON 2 (CONT'D)

Hey wait! What about the gold you promised me!? You stinking liar! That's all you are, a no good, stinking liar!

Gordon stops in his tracks. Goon 2 regrets his insults.

Gordon digs into his pockets and Goon 2 puts his hands over his face, fearing the worst.

Gordon turns around and walks back toward Goon 2.

Goon 2 peaks out when he sees he isn't in danger.

Gordon stretches out his clenched fist in offering and Goon 2 puts his hands out, eagerly awaiting the morsel of gold. But when Gordon opens his hand his other fist hooks hard and PUNCHES Goon 2 in the eye, instantly knocking him out.

GORDON

Much obliged. Here's your payment.

Gordon FLIPS Ricky's gold coin on to Goon 2's unconscious body and walks away with the pack Mules loaded with Gold.

They walk westward toward the Sunset...

Towards San Francisco...

END OF TEASER

ROLL CREDITS

A "Gold Rush" sequence showing the mining, panning, and processing of gold.

Gold Bricks stacking up and shipping out on locomotive trains.

Railroad tracks being built.

Scientists experimenting with odd 19th century concoctions.

Vintage photographs of San Francisco in the 1850's.

Harsh conditions depicting the gold mines.

Chinese workers smoking opium.

Packed old western casinos with cards being played for pieces of raw gold.

Sexy western GIRLS going wild.

Coyotes lurking ominously in the shadows of the city.

A hammer and nail POST up a vintage western flier reading "Gold Rush."

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - NIGHT

A dark cloaked figure walks into frame toward the regal steps of the Rockforte Mansion. It is a stately Victorian residence with an air of intrigue and mystery surrounding the property.

INT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - CLAUDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLAUDIA Rockforte, gorgeous, pale skin, mysterious features, is writing a letter by candle light in her opulent chamber.

She seals the letter with a GOLDEN WAX SEAL. Her Family's seal, a large M with a signature circle below it.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Claudia is startled by the rapping at her chamber door. She quickly hides the letter and the golden seal.

CLAUDIA

(nervous)

Who is it?

She covers herself in her night-robe.

MEAK VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled whisper)

Claudia, it's Maggie. Your mother calls for you...

Claudia opens the door revealing MAGGIE KILLINGSWORTH, a red head in her late teens with sexy, appealing features, the servant girl of the Rockforte household.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry to bother you miss. I know that you requested privacy this evening...

Claudia is calculating Maggie's request.

CLAUDIA

It is unusual that Angela would call upon me at this late hour...

MAGGIE

She stressed the urgency of such a call, requested you visit her.

Claudia rolls her eyes.

CLAUDIA

Maggie, relay to my mother that if she has to tell me something urgently important, she can come find me and tell me the news herself.

MAGGIE

But Claudia...

Claudia SLAMS the door and locks it!

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(whisper; panicked)

Claudia! I can't go back in there and bring that news to the madame. She'll be furious with me!

Claudia writes a quick note on a piece of scratch paper with a quill pen.

INT. ROCKFORTE HOUSE - LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie looks very upset at her predicament and she doesn't know whether to leave or keep begging Claudia.

MAGGIE

(whisper; through door)

Please! I understand why you feel this way, but think about what she'll say to me when I relay to her your response?

The LETTER, now folded and sealed, slides under the door into the hallway. Maggie looks down at the letter helpless.

CLAUDIA

Deliver my mother this note, I promise she won't blame you...

Maggie SIGHS and takes the note. She walks away down the regal hallway of the mansion.

INT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

The Master Bedroom has an eerie baroque feeling to it. ANGELA ROCKFORTE (40's), a slender and well put together woman with a very Machiavellian air about her, finishes reading the note that Maggie delivered to her.

ANGELA
(furious)
What a little twit.

She crumples up the paper and THROWS it at Maggie. Maggie dodges the projectile and it lands in the burning fireplace.

Angela gets up and SHOVES Maggie to the side forcefully as she crosses towards the door to her chamber.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Next time I ask you to do
something, you do it and you don't
bring me back juvenile notes!

Maggie drops her head down defeated.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry madame...

Angela flings open her doors and slams them shut. Maggie is trembling. She hears the door DEAD BOLD LOCK from the outside and looks up at the doors afraid.

INT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angela KNOCKS on Claudia's door.

ANGELA
Claudia, it's your mother! How
dare you write me such a derisive
letter! Open this door at once!

No response. Angela fingers a key on a key ring she has been holding.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm opening up the door for you my
dear! I do hope you have a good
explanation for your loving mother!

She slides the key in and OPENS UP the door.

INT. CLAUDIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angela steps in cautiously.

ANGELA

Are you hiding in here my dearest one? I just want to talk with you...

She looks under the bed. Nothing still.

She goes stealthily to the closet door.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I would greatly enjoy it if we had better communication between us...

She FLINGS open the closet door. Nothing.

Angela's face convulses into something terrifying.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Where are you! You spoiled little brat!?

INT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Claudia descends down the stairs silently, the screams of her mother echo throughout the great estate.

She goes to the front door and opens it.

CLAUDIA looks confident and attracted at the FIGURE in a dark cloak with his back turned towards us. She takes the letter that she was writing earlier and hands it to this figure.

CLAUDIA

I need to deal with my mother's growing suspicions this evening. But I will meet you tomorrow night at the Chinese Boarding house in the cotton room. Tell your man to bring me what I've asked for and I can offer him whatever his heart desires in return.

The robed figure turns to leave but Claudia stops him.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Repeat those exact words to him. I've been told your memory is accurate down to the finest detail.

The robed figure turns back to Claudia slowly REVEALING -

JONATHAN FRANKLIN (late 20's), a dapper gentleman, supposedly the great grandson of Benjamin Franklin and a famous personality in the small town of San Francisco.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
The beautiful Claudia Rockforte
with hazel eyes, and confidence
that borders on insecurity...

Claudia squints suspiciously at his tone.

JONATHAN FRANKILIN
...asks that my man bring the
contents she is asking for
expressly stated in this letter.
And that in return, she offers him
whatever his heart desires.

Claudia can't help but smile at this figure who she is clearly attracted to. She leans in close to him and whispers in his ear.

CLAUDIA
I know that you're handsome,
gifted, and intelligent, and that
you think you know everything about
someone the moment you meet them...

She looks at him with scary eyes.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
But if you ever call me insecure
again, or speak to me with an
insolent tone, I'll have you
dragged by your neck behind a fleet
of my father's finest horses.

She kiss his ear sexually. Lust stirring inside of her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Just keep that in mind, my cute
little delivery boy...

Claudia shoves him off with a disarming smile.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Bye now...

She shuts the door suddenly in his face. Jonathan shakes his head and turns to walk away.

JONATHAN FRANKILIN
(musing to himself)
Why on earth do I love her so?
(MORE)

JONATHAN FRANKILIN (CONT'D)

(then)

It's probably the house...

INT. ROCKFORTE MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Claudia locks the door with her key. She breathes a sigh of relief. SUDDENLY - her mother is right behind her!

ANGELA (O.S.)

Claudia! How dare you write that snide little letter to me!

Claudia struggles to get out of her mother's clutches.

CLAUDIA

Mother! Your methods are tiresome!
And I am still not in any mood to
speak with you.

Claudia walks away from Angela swiftly but Angela follows.

ANGELA

I don't care what kind of mood
you're in, when your mother tells
you to do something, you do it!

Angela catches up to Claudia and turns her around to face her forcefully.

CLAUDIA

(annoyed)

Mother, what could possibly be so
important that it couldn't wait
till tomorrow morning?

ANGELA

Tomorrow morning?

CLAUDIA

Yes...

ANGELA

And when is the last time I saw you
in the morning dearest daughter?
For the past two months you've been
leaving at dawn, and not arriving
back home until supper time. I
feel like I barely have any time
with you at all anymore.

She brushes some of Claudia's hair out of her face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Like you've been slowly drifting
away from us.

CLAUDIA

I'm not drifting away mother. I've
been busy with worthy pursuits,
furthering our family's interests,
you must trust me.

ANGELA

How can I possibly trust you?

CLAUDIA

You must have faith...

Angela squeezes Claudia tight.

ANGELA

Faith. Funny of you to speak of
such a pious thing as faith.
Especially after all the whispers
I've been hearing about you my
dear.

CLAUDIA

Of course mother. Rumors will
abound. And you should rest
assured that I would never dream of
telling anyone the horrid things
that I know about you...

ANGELA

Let us not digress into these empty
threats and catty letters at
midnight. We should be building
something lasting that will endure
for future generations, not ruining
with these petty exchanges what we
have fought so hard to create.

Claudia nods obediently. An ever present hint of mischief in
her expression.

CLAUDIA

Of course mother. I couldn't agree
more...

Claudia walks back up the stairs in the foyer quickly.
Angela watches her go suspiciously then goes to the window to
see if she can catch a glimpse of Claudia's visitor.

She sees nothing in the foggy San Francisco night.

EXT. THE BARBARY COAST - NIGHT

A THRONG of PEOPLE are congregating and raising hell outside of a Western strip of brothels, casinos, and boarding houses.

This is not your typical crowd of cowboys that you might imagine. The multicultural cross-roads that was "The Barbary Coast" is a diverse hot bed of good times and criminal activity. But the ethnic make-up is mixed.

It's much more like a mixed salad than a melting pot, with separate cliques of Asians wearing their native surcoats, freed Black Slaves prominent and proud wearing suits, Peruvian Miners wearing their brightly colored ponchos, distinguished Europeans smoking from long pipes, and of course, your average American Cowboy and Yankees from New York City in pea coats, all mingling in the same area.

It is a bustling scene and there are three prominent establishments where most of the action seems to be centered. In the middle of the three structures is "THE PARKER HOUSE," where well dressed patrons are greeted by Two Giant Nordic Body Guards who you wouldn't want to fuck with.

On the right is a place that seems more lawless, "ELDORADO." "No Doorman! No Entry Fee!" A sign above the establishment reads, and it is host to all walks of life pouring into and from it's seedy revolving doors.

On the Left is "DENISON'S EXCHANGE," run by a Freed Slave, this is an establishment that attracts fellow Black People, Native Americans, and Mexicans who are not as cordially embraced in "ELDORADO," and not even allowed on the porch of "THE PARKER HOUSE."

Into the frame walks PETER RIVERA (50's) "most interesting man in the world" type style and vibe.

PUSH IN BEHIND HIM AS HE WALKS TOWARD - THE PARKER HOUSE

Peter walks up the stairs of the establishment and is stopped at the door by twp Giant Nordic Body Guards, THE ROENNING TWINS.

SVEN and ERIK won't budge or let Peter anywhere near the door. He's not all that impressed, but they could still tear his arms off.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

(annoyed)

Gentlemen. I have some business to attend to with your employer inside this fine establishment. So, if you please...

Sven and Erik block Peter from entering again.

SVEN

(deadpan)

You're late. Rockforte instructed us to make you wait out here in the exact proportion of time he has spent waiting inside for you...

Peter rolls his eyes.

PETER RIVERA

Sven, how long have I known you?

SVEN

Not long enough...

PETER RIVERA

I was doing the man a favor, he does realize this?

SVEN

Favors don't cost money, that's what makes them favors.

PETER RIVERA

In San Francisco, everything costs money. You'd be hard pressed to find any man worth his salt who still performed favors pro bono.

ERIK

We're from Sweden, we don't speak Spanish Rivera.

PETER RIVERA

I presume you don't speak Latin either? Cogito ergo sum?

They have no idea what he's talking about.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Tell you what -

Peter looks around for a temporary solution. He makes eye contact with a Beautiful Girl, DAISY who smiles back at him.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

I'm going to wait over here. You let me know when Archie is ready to see me. How's that?

Peter turns around and approaches Daisy in true cavalier fashion. The Roenning Brothers look at each other and shrug, they almost crack a smile. He is charming.

Peter takes a flamboyant bow in front of Daisy and her small BEVY of HOOKERS.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Peter Rivera.

Daisy extends her hand to him and he kisses it kindly.

DAISY SPRINGFIELD

Daisy Springfield, it appears your tardiness to this affair may carry some unexpected benefits...

Peter nods and smiles at this cute introduction.

PETER RIVERA

It would certainly appear so.

DAISY SPRINGFIELD

So what was the favor you were carrying out so selflessly for Archibald that made you run behind the clock?

PETER RIVERA

Archibald, my you are very formal with your pimp, are you not.

DAISY SPRINGFIELD

Pardon you!

LOUD VOICE

(shouting)

Archibald Rockforte is ready to see a Mister Peter Rivera...

Peter turns around and puts his hand up.

PETER RIVERA

And Peter Rivera is able and ready to see old Archie Rockforte!

Peter tips his hat and turns around and heads inside of "THE PARKER HOUSE." Erik follows him inside escorting him.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - MAIN PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Peter is lead by Erik through a fairly classy and low-key buzz of GAMBLING and PROSTITUTION in the main parlor.

They take him upstairs.

INT. PARKER HOUSE - PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

Peter is led into a dimly lit room with rich mahogany colors.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE (50's), an evil air and a frightening scowl plastered across his face, stands looking at an OLD MAP on a table.

Erik leaves the two men alone.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
Have you considered what a
magnificent tool a clock really is.

PETER RIVERA
I was attending to affairs
advantageous to us both.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
(not really listening)
A clock can tell us when to rise
from bed, when to eat lunch, when
to board a ship, or attend a
concert. But a clock can also
break. The human condition I'm
afraid...

PETER RIVERA
Are we here to talk about clocks?

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
No, we're here to talk about the
human condition! And how a broken
clock attributes to a lack of trust
in a business partner.

PETER RIVERA
You have some place else to be?

Archibald looks up from his map and makes eye contact with Peter for the very first time. A competitive rivalry brews strong between these two.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
Clocks, mister Rivera, are the
things that will run this country
in the next coming decades. Clocks
that control steam engines, steam
engines that control ships and
eventually locomotives, all
dependent on the errorless movement
of trustworthy clocks.

PETER RIVERA

You employed my services in the interest of locating a gentleman, not a clock.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

And I am to assume you were successful in your mission.

PETER RIVERA

He lives up to his subtle reputation.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

And did he seem enticed by our offer?

PETER RIVERA

He seemed enticed by the distractions of drink, women, and wager, that tend to distract men of his...standing.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

Were you able to arrange a meeting to discuss our business proposition?

PETER RIVERA

A meeting, may be too formal a phrase for the arrangement I procured.

Archibald Rockforte raises his right eyebrow.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

If we secure this business with the scion of the great commodore Vanderbilt, there will be no door that cannot open to us here.

PETER RIVERA

It isn't only the son...

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

He has a wife with him?

PETER RIVERA

A trusted confidante. In the service of the commodore if I had to guess. He will be more difficult to sway.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

(warming up)

Peter. There is not a man in San Francisco that you and I cannot sway.

PETER RIVERA

The boy is addled with opium and drink, his confidante monitors his actions and controls his purse.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

Set the hour hand free, and the second hand shall be able to tick and tock as he chooses.

PETER RIVERA

They will send another, and they will find the men who benefitted from Freddy's ability to tick and tock as he chooses...

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

And I'll have those men killed too!

Archibald SLAMS his fist on the map.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE (CONT'D)

This is my town! If an eastern pretty boy wants to stroll in here and invest his father's hard earned money into a business controlled by you and I - I'd say that's what San Francisco's all about.

PETER RIVERA

There's a smarter way of doing things.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

Enlighten me Peter.

PETER RIVERA

The commodore despises Chinamen.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

And he also sees straight through bullshit.

PETER RIVERA

It's not bullshit if we are able to create the illusion of the Chinese benefit and cut a side deal with the young heir.

DRUNK

At least in this dirty little town we can't be attacked by belligerent Injions...

Mark looks at him a bit confused.

MARK

There's an awful lot of hostility towards men like yourself I imagine in the Native's territory?

Drunk chuckles like "you don't know the half of it."

DRUNK

Let me a take a wild guess. You didn't hike across this great continent in a wagon, in the open, through hostile territory did you?

MARK

(matter of fact)
No I did not...

DRUNK

I can tell. You're one of those dandy New York types. Family arrived in America on a boat and as soon they landed and you were old enough to get out of that cesspool they call a city, you heard about the gold rush in California. So you hopped the first ship out here to claim your portion of the riches. Got out here, come to find, it's a whole lot harder to mine gold and even more precarious to hold onto any actual gold you do find than your city slicker mind ever thought possible...

Mark takes everything in for moment. We can tell by the fire in his eyes that he is insulted by the story.

MARK

That's a very entertaining story,
but alas, I have grown weary of
your palaver.

Drunk raises his glass to Mark sarcastically.

DRUNK

I try my best to entertain...

Mark motions over to Whitney on Piano.

MARK

Give us something that will take
his breath away will you Mr.
Jefferson?

Whitney stops playing his current song and nods. He begins to
play a rousing PIANO RIFF, this is the security signal.

Drunk looks over at the instrument and it's master, while THE
ROENNING TWINS, Sven and Erik, move in behind him with small
bats drawn and fingers on their pistols.

DRUNK

Play us a gimlick my skilled nigger
man!

WHAP! THUD!

Drunk's stomach is BEATEN in with the two batons and he is
completely WINDED by the impact!

MARK

(to Drunk)

I oblige you stopping by and
chatting with me today, Drunk...

Mark pats the Drunk's chest instantly stealing his watch and
wallet with a magician's precision. Drunk is too stunned to
take full notice of the larsonry.

MARK (CONT'D)

(to Roenning twins)

I entrust you gentlemen will make
sure this one is dealt with
courteously?

The Roennings pick Drunk up by his arms as he comes-to and
realizes that he has been robbed.

DRUNK

(catching his breath)

You son-of-a-bitch!

WHAM! Mark knocks him out with a hard right to the eye!

The Roenning Twins drag him out of the bar. BAR PATRONS look at Mark, mostly unimpressed. He just smiles and counts the money from the Drunk's wallet that he stole. Not much though.

A POKER TABLE IN THE BACK -

ARTHUR "ARCHIBALD" ROCKFORTE, a rich and frightening individual, Angela's husband and Claudia's Father, is watching the commotion and Mark count the money. SHERIFF PETERSON, an out of shape yes-man for Rockforte, is also watching the commotion as their poker game continues without interruption.

SHERIFF PETERSON

Quite an honorable young man you
hired to work behind that bar
there...

Rockforte smiles.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE

He's a loathsome little thief, but
what he lacks in morality, he makes
up for in loyalty...

Mark puts half of the money he stole into a locked safe behind the bar.

SHERIFF PETERSON

Honor among thieves. Now that is
rare...

EXT. THE PARKER HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! Drunk's face falls HARD into a pile of horse shit followed by the rest of his limp body.

The Roenning Twins dust their hands off and head back into the saloon. Erik stands by guarding the door to the saloon.

TWO BOOTS - walk into frame and a cloaked figure brandishing a sword walks into the saloon tipping his hat as he enters the establishment. Erik Roenning looks at this figure suspiciously as he enters.

INT. THE PARKER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mark has moved his attention towards two WHORES drinking at the front end of the bar. The cloaked figure sits down in the back corner of the bar. We now see that it is Gordon.

He's still wearing the Dark Cowboy's hat, and still looks filthy and ragged from the desert.

Mark finally abandons conversing with the two Prostitutes and comes to serve Gordon a drink.

MARK

You're looking a little ragged,
drifter...

GORDON

(understated)
Feeling ragged, Bar Keep...

Mark smiles at this return.

MARK

How's about I see a little of your
change before I oblige you with
seasoning...

Some SEXY WHORES strut by, tempting Gordon with winks and blown kisses. They GIGGLE.

GORDON

My change?

MARK

Hard currency compadre. I need to
have something in my hands before I
put you well over the bay...

Gordon smiles, he's not fazed by much at this point.

GORDON

I got something you might be
interested in. I found this
beautiful rock out in the skirts...

MARK

A rock huh?

Gordon unravels a cloth that reveals a few raw GOLD NUGGETS, the size of popcorn kernels. Mark looks at them greedily.

MARK (CONT'D)

Wow, those are some beautiful rocks
you found indeed...

Mark tries to get close to the gold but Gordon wraps it back up and tucks it away as quickly as he revealed it. Mark looks over at the Sven Roenning, who keeps a close eye on the exchange.

Gordon fingers his pistol. Mark takes notice and backs off.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll give you a whole bottle of whiskey and those two beautiful young ladies sitting right down thar for them ugly little rocks....

Gordon looks over at the Whores. They giggle and motion to him seductively to join them. Mark smiles like he's won.

MARK (CONT'D)

A fair trade between strangers. We can talk about your travels while we drink and fuck into the small hours of the morning...

Gordon is not impressed with his offer.

GORDON

Tell you what, I need some things. Besides just a drink and a quick fuck. Items, specifically a well caparisoned horse. And information, specifically about these rocks I acquired in the mountains.

Mark is listening...

MARK

A horse I can help you out with, but as far as those rocks, you'll have to be a little more specific. This is San Francisco after all...

Gordon nods and looks over his shoulder at the menacing Sven Roenning who has inched his way closer. Gordon turns back to Mark, realizing he may need to make a quick exit.

GORDON

(leveling)

Look, I just arrived from New York City and I'm looking for much, much more of these here rocks, and anyone who deals with them.

He taps the pouch of gold. Mark looks over and makes eye contact with Archibald Rockforte who seems to be interested in the exchange.

MARK

How original. An Easterner trying to make a fortune off the gold rush.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Let me level with you drifter,
you're about ten years too late...

Gordon nods expecting something rude like this.

GORDON

Well then our business here is
done.

Gordon gets up to leave.

MARK

(interrupting)

But...I can help you out with a
horse if you'll follow me right
this way...

Mark motions for LACY SEVILLE (30's), a high class Courtesan
who doubles as a bartender to fill in for him. She walks
over behind the bar.

GORDON

I need a well caparisoned horse,
not some jackass shetland pony.

Lacy saunters up.

LACY SEVILLE

(to Mark)

Yes my love?

MARK

Can you take care of our customers
while me and this gentlemen go
outside to discuss matters?

LACY SEVILLE

Should I call the Roennings?

She looks nervous over to Sven as if their about to fight.
Mark smiles, shit-eating, and waves her off.

MARK

No need. This is a friendly
chat...

Mark puts his hand on Gordon's shoulder in a friendly way.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Gordon and Mark walk towards the back door.

THE POKER TABLE - Archibald Rockforte is watching Gordon and Mark with a focussed eye as they leave to go out back.

POKE DEALER
Bet's to you Archibald...

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
I'm out...

He folds his cards down.

EXT. BACK OF SALOON - NIGHT

Mark and Gordon approach a row of HORSES. Fine steeds all of them.

MARK
You can pick out whichever one you want.

GORDON
These horses all belong to you?

MARK
To me? Hell no, they belong to Archibald Rockforte, he owns the bar and half of this town as it stands right now...

Gordon's ears perk up.

GORDON
Archibald? Did he make his fortune from the gold?

Gordon inspects a few horses.

MARK
Some, but the real money comes from a whole host of things too complicated for a drifter like you.

Gordon notices a rifle tucked into a handsome grey colored STALLION.

GORDON
This horse looks to be fitting.

MARK
Fine with me. Just give me those Gold pieces and we'll call it even.

Gordon mounts the horse and tosses the pouch to Mark.

GORDON

He go boy!

Gordon kicks the horse and it GALLOPS off.

MARK

Hey wait!

Mark is panicked that he was cheated and unravels the cloth to find -

The gold nuggets are there! Mark smiles at the sight and BREATHEs a sigh of relief. He tucks it away and looks around to see if anyone is watching him.

He PUNCHES himself in the nose all of the sudden!

He shakes it off as blood begins to flow out of his nostril. He PUNCHES the wood siding of the bar hard enough that his hand bleeds too.

He takes his own head and SLAMS it against the side of the building. Then he PUNCHES himself in the lip twice causing it to BLEED also.

He's looking pretty banged up, and he stumbles back inside.

THE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Mark walks into the crowded saloon looking beat to shit.

LACY SEVILLE sees Mark from behind the bar.

LACY

Jesus Mark! What happened to your face?

Mark stumbles in and the bar grows quietly concerned for the battered boy.

MARK

(shouting in pain)
That drifter just robbed me and stole somebody's horse!

The whole saloon goes silent as patrons look from person to person.

SOON - they ERUPT and they're all on their feet heading out the back door in a LOUD angry mob to inspect the theft.

The only people that don't get up from their table to see the commotion are Archibald Rockforte and Sheriff Peterson.

They each take a skim of their opponents pots of poker chips and cheers their drinks.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
(to Peterson)
Isn't your horse out back Sheriff?

SHERIFF PETERSON
(drunk & arrogant)
Yes she is. But anyone stupid enough to steal a horse with a Sheriff's nap sack won't be around long enough to enjoy his spoils...

Lacy wets a rag and approaches Mark to tend to his wounds.

LACY
(teeming with vengeance)
I knew that bastard was up to something the moment he walked into the saloon...

Lacy holds him tenderly and bumps into the gold nugget in his chest, noticing it. She looks over at Whitney Jefferson who sees all and knows all.

WHITNEY JEFFERSON
Sure did put a lickin' on you Mark.

Mark smiles at Whitney and Lacy with his back turned to Archibald and Sheriff Peterson.

MARK
Yeah well, he hit like a bitch...

THE Roenning TWINS - Rush back in the room from outside.

SVEN ROENNING
Sheriff Peterson! The retch stole your horse!

PETERSON -

A red flame of embarrassment and anger rushes over his face.

SHERIFF PETERSON
I'll kill that coward!

Sheriff Peterson gets up drunk and angry.

ARCHIBALD ROCKFORTE
You can borrow one of mine out front. The two black Mares...

Sheriff Peterson straps up his gun and sword.

SHERIFF PETERSON
Roennings! You coming with?

The Roenning twins nod stoically.

SHERIFF PETERSON (CONT'D)
Well then saddle up! If we lose him
to the hills we may never find that
thieving son-of-a-bitch again!

The Sheriff and the Roenning Twins march out the door on a mission for blood.

GORDON - RIDING FAST ON A HORSE - THE OPEN PLAIN - NIGHT

LATER - WESTERN RANCH HOME - NIGHT

GORDON - SADDLES up a BLACK STALLION and ties the GREY STALLION that was given him to a horse post.

He's not an idiot, and he knows that it's very possible Mark could have screwed him, so he gets rid of the evidence and GALLOPS off into the moon-lit hills.

LATER -

Peterson and the Roenning twins ride up on menacing beasts. They scan the surrounding perimeter for any ambush that may await them. They dismount their horses and stay vigilant.

Peterson strokes the mane on the bareback Grey Stallion still scanning the perimeter for any trap.

SUDDENLY -

The door of the Western Ranch Home FLIES OPEN and a RANCHER stands ready to deliver hell's justice from the business end of his shot gun.

RANCHER
Just what in the hell do you
cowards think you're doing!?

BANG! BOOM! POP!

A volley of gun fire RIPS OPEN the innocent rancher's chest from the barrels of the Roennings and Peterson. His weapon BLASTS off from his nerves clenching up as he falls to the floor dead.

SHERIFF PETERSON
 Official Sheriff's business
 Rancher!

He CACKLES maniacally and rears his horse up on two legs.

SHERIFF PETERSON (CONT'D)
 Roenning's, we got what we came
 for, now ride!

The Rancher's Wife, KRISTINE (30's), rushes out and WEEPS for her dead husband as the villainous lawmen RIDE OFF into the night with all of the rancher's horses in tow.

Kristine looks incredibly wronged as she SCREAMS up at THE MOON.

THE MOON - TILT DOWN

EXT. PENDERGRAST PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Jonathan Frankklin walks toward a disheveled western store front with a sign that says "Pendergrast Pharmaceuticals." He checks all of his surroundings before entering the store.

INT. PENDERGRAST PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

A furiously confused laboratory with test tubes and make-shift Bunsen burners of all types varieties working overtime.

DR. PENDERGRAST, a curious fellow, think "Doc Brown" from *Back to the Future*, but with shorter hair and a thin moustache. He collects a concentrate from a dripping tube into a vile that is nearly full. He twists a knob letting out a STEAM SOUND that stops the drip. He closes up the vile with a cork and takes it very carefully over to a case that holds a dozen more viles of the exact same kind.

Jonathan Franklin stands next to the case. Jonathan's presence STARTLES PENDERGRAST.

DR. PENDERGRAST
 Good heavens!

Jonathan is amused by the good doctor.

JONATHAN FRANKILIN
 I have a prescription request for
 you Doctor.

DR. PENDERGRAST
 It's awfully late! You scared the
 dickens out of me Franklin.

JONATHAN FRANKILIN

This one comes with a personal
letter from the affected young
lady...

Jonathan takes Claudia's letter out of his jacket pocket and
SMELLS it sensuously.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

And...I must say, this one is quite
personal.

Doctor Pendergrast SNATCHES the letter from Franklin.

DR. PENDERGRAST

Grow up! How you come into contact
with the dregs of this city...I do
not care to hear about...

Pendergrast turns the letter over revealing the seal he knows
all too well.

He looks up at Jonathan; one eye is impressed, the other
afraid.

DR. PENDERGRAST (CONT'D)

How you come into contact with the
fine patrons of this great city I
will have to study...

He opens the note taking great care not to disrupt the seal
too violently. He reads the note, and Claudia's VOICE can be
heard as if magically lulling him into her spell.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE (V.O.)

My dear doctor, it has taken great
strength for me to finally work up
the courage to write you this
letter. If the Rockforte seal
should be broken, please have the
courtesy to kill immediately the
messenger...

Pendergrast looks up at Jonathan who is smelling the vile
that Pendergrast has just put into the case.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE (V.O.)

No matter how charming he may seem.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

(clueless)
What?

DR. PENDERGRAST
That's nitroglycerin.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
That means nothing to me...

DR. PENDERGRAST
If you drop that vile on the ground
this entire building will explode,
according to my long time colleague
Ascanio Sobrero, and assuming I
synthesized it correctly.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
Oh. Well then...

Jonathan quickly and carefully puts the vile cork back on and sets it down gently in the case.

Pendergrast goes back to reading the note.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE (V.O.)
I require an ancient concoction,
never-the-less difficult to
procure, which I have been told
offers the most comprehensive cure
for insomnia. It's ingredients are
somewhat mundane, however the
proper proportion and concentration
of each is what eludes most novice
alchemists.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
She's a loquacious one this...

DR. PENDERGRAST
Shh....

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE (V.O.)
Consult a Grecian urn to listen
further. And kill whoever tries to
read this note but you...

Dr. Pendergrast looks down at the note as if it has cast a spell on him. Below the body of the letter is a P.S. with GREEK WORDS. He studies these words carefully and they illuminate off of the page in their elegant script font.

Below the P.S. is signed CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE.

Pendergrast looks up just as Jonathan is about to light a western cigar.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
What's it say?

Pendergrast lunges forward and snatches the matches from Jonathan's hands.

DR. PENDERGRAST
Are you insane!

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
What?

DR. PENDERGRAST
First of all there is no smoking allowed in this laboratory! And especially not after I just told you that there are three pounds of liquid nitroglycerin sitting two feet from you!

Pendergrast closes the case very carefully and locks it.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
You need to relax Doc. So what did the rich girl want from you?

Pendergrast folds up the note secretively and puts it in his lab coat.

DR. PENDERGRAST
Just some simple head ache medicine,

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
Is that right. Mind if I see the note?

DR. PENDERGRAST
The note was addressed to me.

Jonathan throws his hands up playfully.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
Oh, I didn't realize it was so personal between you two.

DR. PENDERGRAST
You're an immature child...

Dr. Pendergrast brings the case of nitroglycerin and puts it into a safe.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

The lady requests that you and I meet her at the Cotton Room in the Chinease Boarding house tomorrow evening.

Pendergrast locks the safe tight and pockets the key. He walks past Jonathan and writes on a clipboard.

DR. PENDERGRAST

I will allow you to go as my voice, as Moses did for Aaron, but I will not be caught dead in an establishment such as that.

Jonathan rolls his eyes.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Without you there is no deal Doc. And this is Claudia Rockforte we're talking about...

DR. PENDERGRAST

I know the name...

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

But if you saw the face...you might understand my desperation here...

DR. PENDERGRAST

It's out of the question...

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

She said if you came, she would give you "whatever your heart desires..." those were her words.

Dr. Pendergrast stops writing on his clipboard and looks suddenly intrigued.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

You salty dog, I knew you weren't fully robot...

DR. PENDERGRAST

There are things this heart desires which that heart could never comprehend. With the backing of the Rockfortes I could finally have a suitable facility, a staff of dedicated professionals instead of the hack grandson of one of our country's great minds...

Pendergrast hands Franklin the note pad and goes to his book shelf and begins thumbing through books looking for just the right one.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Great-grandson. And Ben Franklin was just as interested in the fairer sex as I. It's a family tradition.

Pendergrast finally finds his book, it is a collection of writing by Archimedes "Stomachion & The Sand Reckoner" in the original Greek language and letters except for the title translation. Pendergrast sets the book down and starts comparing the words in the letter to the words in a chapter of the book.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Why are you so odd though? Isn't it a little late for Greek Poetry?

Pendergrast is unaffected.

DR. PENDERGRAST

Please get to work, if you wish to stop by my place of worship, you must pay your penance to the gods of science, lest that brilliant brain of yours spoil!

Jonathan nods accepting and liking this.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Brilliant brain...now we're talking sensibly...

Jonathan goes about recording different particulars on the note pad while Pendergrast searches furiously through Archimedes. He finds something he is looking for and begins scribbling on a pad of his own with intense focus.

EXT. HILLS ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING

It's a foggy morning. Gordon has a small smoldering fire over which he is cooking some bacon on top of a steel coffee pot. The horse from the night before is tied to a small Valley Oak Tree also shrouded in fog.

All is very quiet and seems serene. Gordon grabs one of the bacon strips off the pot with a small blade and bites into it. His face is still filthy and unshaven, and he catches a dirty and distorted reflection of his appearance in the knife blade. The distortion and grime make for an ugly picture of one's self.

He looks disappointed by his appearance, and then catches the reflection of a figure no more than twenty feet from him coming out of the fog.

He turns round with his pistol ready to start shooting.

MEEK FEMALE VOICE

Don't, please!

Gordon squints at the foggy female figure.

GORDON

Come closer! I can barely see you!

She approaches and we can see barely that this is Kristine, the wife of the Rancher who was brutally murdered at the hands of Sheriff Peterson.

KRISTINE

I mean you no harm, I was just gathering wood.

Gordon is a little bit confused.

GORDON

Wood? We have to be five miles away from any town or settlement that I know of.

Gordon can now clearly see KRISTINE, and we finally see that she is a full woman, gorgeous, with curves that would wreck a wagon train.

KRISTINE

Oh, well I'm not from any town or settlement necessarily. You might say I'm something of a drifter...

Gordon lowers his guard a little bit at hearing these words and seeing Kristine's benign face.

GORDON

Yeah, you might say that about me too. Where are you coming from?

KRISTINE

Beyond the mountains, over the plains, Indian territory is where I was raised...

Gordon sits back down and tends to his fire.

He keeps his gun on her throughout.

GORDON

Well, if you'd like some coffee and
bacon, I've just made a batch...

Kristine looks over at the HORSE tied to the Valey Oak tree.
One of her horses that was stolen, she looks back at Gordon.

KRISTINE

(almost crying)

Oh. Why that would be lovely.
Thank you for the hospitality.

Gordon may be tending to the fire, but he's got one eye
firmly fixed on Kristine as she crosses over towards him.

Gordon waves his gun!

GORDON

That's far enough.

Kristine stops in her tracks and looks over at the horses
again.

KRISTINE

Fine steed you have there...

Gordon looks over at the horse and then at Kristine
suspiciously.

GORDON

Which tribe?

Kristine looks at him quizically.

KRISTINE

I beg your pardon?

GORDON

You said you were raised beyond the
mountains by Indians. Which tribe?

Kristine collects herself.

KRISTINE

The Pawnee. They killed the men in
my wagon train after they were
dealt with unfairly by them.

Gordon nods as he pours Kristine a cup of coffee.

GORDON

(cold)

Yeah, the Pawnee don't historically
take well to that.

KRISTINE

(sad)

No they don't.

Gordon hands her the cup of coffee.

GORDON

Now take this and sit over there...

Gordon keeps his gun on Kristine as she takes the cup of coffee and carefully sits where he asked her to. Gordon takes a long hard pull off his own cup of coffee and looks at Kristine in her tortured eyes.

KRISTINE

(frightening)

They rounded up all the women and children left behind after the brief battle. Everyone trembling and fearing execution, or worse...

Gordon is drawn in by her intensity.

KRISTINE (CONT'D)

But then an amazing thing happened. The Pawnee leaders took us right in, the women in the tribe taught us how to clean and use every part of a buffalo and of an elk. The men of the tribe taught the small boys to hunt, and to desire war with those who bore their own white skin color.

Gordon is taken by the story, but still checks his perimeters. He offers Kristine some bacon, which she eats.

KRISTINE (CONT'D)

Thank you for your kindness...

Gordon motions for her to continue her story.

KRISTINE (CONT'D)

Some years passed, and again a group of white traders came, promising land and riches for the Pawnee Leaders, and again the tribe was betrayed, only this time more severely. Sold into slavery and made to walk down the trail of tears all the way to Florida from their home in the Nebraska plains.

Gordon nods his head.

GORDON

Touching story. But that doesn't explain how you ended up here bearing such curves.

Kristine's eyes are watering with tears.

KRISTINE

I've had to become quite persuasive in the use of my body to have made it this far. And I offer those services to you now for your hospitality and kind demeanor.

Gordon looks confused. Kristine stands and reaches behind her back and grabs a small knife that was holding her clothes on. Her entire wardrobe falls to the floor leaving her stark naked with a small blade hidden behind her back!

Gordon enjoys the sight of her body, as any man would, but is not falling for it.

GORDON

Mamm! Please put your clothes back on!

Kristine approaches Gordon sensuously.

KRISTINE

What? You don't like what you see?

GORDON

It's not that, but please stop!

She LUNGES FORWARD revealing the knife in her left hand! Her first slash misses Gordon's throat by inches and she falls into him causing him to tumble out of his seat!

They roll around on the ground, her FIGHTING, SCRATCHING, BITING, and bringing every manner of assault possible down against Gordon. Finally he is able to pin her down which is quite a sexy and precarious position for her to be in.

Gordon smiles at the rough encounter that wasn't all that difficult for him to diffuse.

KRISTINE

(screaming bloody murder)
You pig!

SHE SPITS in his face.

KRISTINE (CONT'D)
Somebody help! Please! I'm being
raped!

WHAM! Gordon head BUTTS her right between the eyes leaving
her unconscious.

GORDON
(nonchalant)
Women really are crazy...

He gets up off of her and catches his breath, looking down at
her naked body curiously he cocks his head to the side. She
has a BRAND MARKING on her upper arm. The brand they gave
the Indians destined for the Trail of Tears.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Interesting...

He drags her naked unconscious body over towards the Valley
Oak and the tied up horse. He covers her body with her
clothes and ties her to the tree.

INT. PETER'S PARLOR - DAY

A grand room with shiny marble floors, a plethora of PERIOD
SUITS and other clothing accessories and jewelry is displayed
behind the cashier's counter. MORGAN CLIFF, a rugged man
with a shotgun stands guard behind the counter 5 steps away
from the dainty cashier, MELVIN. There is a sealed wooden
tank, the size of a small cooler, which holds an acidic
compound that tests gold's purity, and an ANVEL attached to
the counter for the same reason to see if it pounds into a
sheet as gold should, or crumples like fool's gold. A set of
elegant stairs leads up to a private drinking room
quarantined off and guarded by an ARMED MAN and a simple
horse rope.

Some MEN are having their faces shaved and their hair cut on
the bottom floor, while others are BARGAINING for goods with
the cashier.

Peter Rivera, a stately, broad shouldered man of Spanish
decent "the most interesting man in the world," is being
fitted for a new suit by attentive Chinese tailors.

Sitting next to Peter, having his leather shoes buffed by an
attractive Asian woman, is ELDER JAKUB, a wealthy Mormon with
his 6 WIVES sitting duteously behind him. The wives ignore
the worldly distractions around them and look straight ahead
stoically.

PETER RIVERA

(to his tailors)

I need it tighter in the ankles.
These pants aren't going to be
wearing boots and spurs...

He smiles with confidence into the mirror and adjusts the color of his shirt. He notices the sullen look of the Mormon Wives in the mirror behind him. He then sees that one of them is actually smiling. She winks at him, and he immediately looks away smiling.

ELDER JAKUB

I do appreciate your hospitality
Mister Rivera. However, I do
believe that the morals of a city
founded on speculation do not sit
well with the Elders in the Great
Salt Lake, and to open up avenues
of trade will likely take more than
the persuasion these lips can
deliver.

PETER RIVERA

I understand your position, and
while I'm sure you can assure the
other Elders and Saints in the
great Salt Lake that the gentleman
you are in business with is a
Christian of the most chaste and
devout variety...

He glances in the mirror at the seductive wife again. She is giggling with her friend and they both smile at Peter. He is quite amused but plays it cool.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

You will need a little more
incentive... Am I correct in that
assumption?

The Asian woman attending to Elder Jakub's boots buffs a little bit higher into his thigh region. He likes it, and shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

ELDER JAKUB

Just what kind of incentive did you
have in mind?

Peter's tailors have made their final markings, and he slides the Baste jacket off for the Cutters to trim the suit down.

PETER RIVERA

The city on the Great Salt Lake is struggling are they not?

ELDER JAKUB

They have come upon hard times...

PETER RIVERA

And what, would you say is leading concern among the Elders there.

Elder Jakub looks down at his Asian attendee and she smiles cutely up at him.

ELDER JAKUB

Well, I would say population for one...

PETER RIVERA

Yes, one can imagine it would be, hard...to lure people to the desolate region. Females in particular...

Peter SLAPS Elder Jakub on the back and STARTLES him.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

Am I right?

Elder Jakub is a bit nervous at Peter's warm, loose, Latin way of expressing himself.

ELDER JAKUB

Certainly...

Gordon walks into the parlor looking as dirty and disheveled as he always has. Gordon walks in slowly and notices that everyone in this classier establishment is staring at him in awe. Peter continues his conversation with Elder Jakub without noticing the entrance.

PETER RIVERA

In five hundred days since the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, in the middle of nowhere California. This city has grown from a tiny fur trading mission, to a town of twenty five thousand.

Gordon sits down at one of the barber's chairs and he motions over for one of the BARBERS to attend to him.

Each BARBER, dressed in matching uniforms shake their heads at the prospect of shaving and cleaning this filthy looking wretch, but one, LUIS (40's) steps up to the task.

Peter continues his diatribe behind this action.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

By this logic, ten years from now the small town that was Yerba Buena, will become the spectacular city of San Francisco, with a population rivaling that of Paris, London, and New York...

ELDER JAKUB

It seems possible given the number of ships making port daily.

PETER RIVERA

Possible? It is divine providence Elder.

Luis hones his razor on a leather strop masterfully preparing for the shave.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

Now by my calculations, that's far too many people for one city to support. But where else will all of these immigrants go? Los Angeles to the South presents few realistic opportunities. And how did all of this population growth ever begin in San Francisco in the first place?

Elder Jakub shrugs.

ELDER JAKUB

Gold, people are hungry for the gold in the mountains...

Luis lathers up Gordon's face with shaving cream, holding his nose with one hand to avoid Gordon's preposterous scent. Gordon is listening to Peter and Elder Jakub as they speak.

PETER RIVERA

Yes, but how many of those people pouring off these boats every day have ever actually seen a piece of California gold? With their own eyes mind you...

Gordon smiles as his shave begins.

ELDER JAKUB
I imagine very few.

PETER RIVERA
But yet they come? Why? Because
of newspapers, because of posters,
because of advertisements,
hallelujah!

Peter shakes Elder Jakub's chair continuing to make him uncomfortable.

ELDER JAKUB
Please stop this Mister Rivera...

Peter backs off a little.

PETER RIVERA
I beg your pardon, but the
opportunity excites me.

Peter catches a scent of Gordon from 15 feet away.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
My God! What is that smell?

Peter turns around and makes eye contact with Luis, his face says it all as Luis is pinching his nose.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
Make sure that man pays you double
and give him a complimentary bath
on the house for the sake of
humanity...

LUIS
Certainly Mister Rivera.

Gordon finds this insulting but is in no position to argue with a straight razor perilously close to his jugular vein.

Peter regains his focus and composure and goes right back into where he left off.

PETER RIVERA
Now, you and your clan control the
largest stretch of forest close to
this emerging metropolis. To you
it is a wild retreat where you can
practice your religion freely.
(with a hint of a threat)
And without fear of persecution or
prosecution from the law...

Peter looks at the Elder's Six Wives to remind Elder Jakub of a not so subtle truth.

Elder Jakub's face tightens up a little bit.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

But to me, that forest is the essential ingredient to begin building the first substantial newspaper on the West Coast.

ELDER JAKUB

But Mister Rivera...

PETER RIVERA

And I will not only pay you handsomely for it, but I will personally guarantee that I will print advertisements for your great new city on the Salt Lake for absolutely no cost to you or the other elders.

ELDER JAKUB

What sort of advertisements?

Gordon is listening intently to this man.

PETER RIVERA

One week we'll claim Gold struck in the mountains nearby the settlement, the next week we'll publish first hand accounts of the handsome, strong, and wealthy race of men that inhabit the region, and who long for beautiful wives with a taste for the finer things in life.

ELDER JAKUB

But is that honest?

PETER RIVERA

No writer can ever be truly honest, such would undermine the very nature of his craft. And within a decade at most you will be credited with having populated that great holy city with enough people to maintain its prosperity until the end of time...

Peter makes a grandiose hand gesture that turns the whole room silent for a moment. The sort of preaching you would expect from a zealous prophet proclaiming manifest destiny.

Elder Jakub lets the grand idea sink in for a long moment.

ELDER JAKUB

Yes, it would be a blessing if only
a tenth of the people who arrive on
these shores sought a new life in
Utah...

Peter is through with his pitch.

PETER RIVERA

Indeed, well I've presented my
offer succinctly, I leave it to you
to formulate an answer.

Peter consults with Melvin the cashier, pointing to Gordon
and whispering something in his ear, Melvin then nods to
Morgan Cliff with the shotgun to pay a close watch on Gordon.
Luis takes the opportunity to break the silence.

LUIS

How long have you been on the
trail?

GORDON

(terse)
Over a year.

LUIS

You arrived with many compatriots
to San Francisco? Sick of them all
I suppose...

GORDON

Nope, just me...

Luis finds that strange but continues to shave.

Meanwhile the OLDEST WIFE whispers something in Elder Jakub's
ear and consults with him.

There is a lot of WHISPERING going on in this parlor. Luis
struggles to continue the conversation.

LUIS

I see. Odd for a man to tumble
into town completely alone from the
wilderness...

GORDON

(abrupt)
Do me a favor. Focus on the razor.

Luis nods, a little bothered by the disrespect.

LUIS

Certainly.

Peter walks back over from the cashier.

PETER RIVERA

So, have you had a moment to consider my offer?

Elder Jakub shoves his Oldest Wife out of his ear to appear as though he is thinking for himself.

ELDER JAKUB

Well, certainly the minute you allowed me to consult with my wives cannot be deemed sufficient time to weigh an offer of such magnitude. And certainly not without first consulting the Elder council in the Great Salt Lake City to hear their words and opinions on the matter.

Peter drops a velvet bag onto the table where Elder Jakub and his wives sit. It makes the distinct CLANK of gold coins.

PETER RIVERA

(serious and aggressive)

I don't like waiting around for councils, bureaucracies, or any organization religious or otherwise to make a decision. A year in this town is ten years in any other.

ELDER JAKUB

This I understand, but our religious edicts require...

PETER RIVERA

(cutting him off)

That's one thousand dollars in Spanish Coin. That's thanks to you and your lovely wives for making the trip. You are all welcome guests in my hotel next door, and I leave you the evening to think it over more thoroughly. But come morning if you are not able to make the right decision that will better the future of your religious sect for generations to come, that will be the last gold given, and the last good words spoken about the Great Salt Lake City.

Peter smiles, having made his point abundantly clear.

The Oldest Wife scowls at Elder Jakub for not being able to hold his ground. But Elder Jakub just smiles and grabs the bag of gold.

ELDER JAKUB
 We'll come to a decision my
 morning. A good rest in a real bed
 will do us all some good...

He nods, and with that he gets up and walks towards the door to the parlor with his Wives in tow.

PETER RIVERA
 (shouting after them
 cheerily)
 Fantastic! I look forward to your
 answer in the morning...

He grabs a BUTLER close to him.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Make sure they are shown to the
 royal suite. Bring in the extra
 bedding as needed. Take out all of
 the alcohol from the room, these
 are sober folk and they need a
 sober environment to count that
 gold!

Butler nods dutifully.

BUTLER
 Of course sir...

Peter SLAPS him on the back playfully and goes straight back to the business of his bustling parlor.

PETER RIVERA
 Now, you my friend...

Peter turns towards Gordon and Luis. Gordon's face is completely cleaned and shaved, and he looks about a thousand times better. For the first time we can actually see that Gordon is quite handsome.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 My goodness what an improvement!
 You see we only employ the best.

Luis nods at the compliment.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 (to Luis)
 May I?

LUIS
 Be my guest sir...

Luis waves him on. Peter grabs the razor off the counter and sharpens it on the strop while pinching his nose.

PETER RIVERA
 Now, when I smell a kid like you enter my parlor, I normally wouldn't let him sneeze, let alone get a full shave at my expense.

Peter tosses Gordon a hand mirror and continues sharpening the razor.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 (threatening)
 Take a look at yourself kid. You almost look like you can afford to come into an establishment like this.

Gordon holds the mirror like a weapon in his right hand.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 Up, now see the way you're looking at me right now makes me think you can't afford to pay double for that there shave as a courtesy to the rest of the folks in here for having to put up with your smell...

Gordon takes a leather pouch out of his pocket slowly.

He SHAKES it a little bit and it rattles with the nuggets inside. Gordon smiles, challenging Peter and holding his ground under pressure.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
 What do you have in your pouch there? Tiddlywinks?

GORDON
 (cool as a clam)
 I'm going to need some provisions, and a new suit.

A golf ball sized GOLD NUGGET falls to the floor. Everyone in the entire parlor's eyes are on the unfolding situation.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I'd like to buy a fine pocket
watch.

Another GOLD NUGGET falls to the floor. Everyone can't help but smile at the sight including Peter.

GORDON (CONT'D)
And I'd like to know where I can
purchase some real estate.

Gordon puts the leather pouch back in his pocket slowly and Peter drops the razor down with abandonment.

PETER RIVERA
Well I'll be damned.

Peter kneels down and picks up the gold pieces. He inspects them carefully and then hands them off to Luis.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
Hammer these out for me.

LUIS
Of course...

Luis takes the gold and walks over to the cashier's counter where an anvil sits attached to the counter for just this exercise of hammering out native gold to test it's purity.

PETER RIVERA
Assuming that is what I think it
is, and that you may be the genuine
article, I'd like to offer you the
services of our most luxurious
baths and finest tailors to get you
outfitted properly. And for that
smell, you will have to be
properly doused with at least a
half gallon of french Cologne.

Peter smiles.

GORDON
Sounds good.

Melvin POUNDS DOWN on the native gold against the anvil. It is flattened easily with few crumbs of rock resulting.

PETER RIVERA
How we looking Melvin?

Melvin looks up in awe and nods his approval.

MELVIN

It is pure gold by my estimation...

Peter smiles at Gordon.

PETER RIVERA

Very nice to meet you stranger.

Peter extends his hand to Gordon and Gordon shakes it.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)

Peter Rivera.

GORDON

Gordon.

They shake hands and Peter pulls Gordon up from his seat.

PETER RIVERA

My men will show you to the bathing house...

Gordon is escorted by two gentlemen towards the back of the establishment.

SERIES OF SHOTS - A LIVELY WESTERN TUNE IN THE BACKGROUND

1. Gordon having all of his clothes stripped off by GORGEOUS WOMEN in Maid's outfits. He struggles to maintain control of the leather pouch of gold at all times.

2. A TUB OF WATER is HEAVED AGAINST HIM despite his protests! He is soaking wet and protected only the leather pouch from the water assault.

3. Relaxed now, his back is being scrubbed by one female attendant, another cuts his hair, while his disgusting toe nails and dirty hand nails are being buffed and cleaned by two dedicated women. He clutches the pouch still.

4. Gordon's hair appears shorter and cleaned up. Four Maids SPRITZ him with old fashioned PERFUME ATOMIZERS. He COUGHS from the insane amount of cologne applied to his body.

5. He has a high-class gentleman's shirt of the period on, but still no pants. His attendants bring him multiple suit choices of the era as he buttons his cuff links and admires his evolving look.

6. He finally opts for a simple rugged black suit that serves just as well in a ball room as it does on the streets and outlying hills of San Francisco.

7. He selects a pocket watch from the display case and straps it up to his vest.

8. His slick fitting black pants slide comfortably into some NEW BOOTS. Gordon stands up and an attendant holds a full body mirror for him to gauge his look.

END SERIES OF SHOTS -

Gordon looks at himself in the mirror with a quizzical expression.

GORDON

It's strange, to not see a reflection of myself for so many years. To imagine I looked a certain way because of the way people looked at me...

He waves off the mirror.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You can take that away, thank you.

He straps up his sword and pistols. Peter Rivera approaches.

PETER RIVERA

You look like a new man! How does it feel?

Gordon buckles his belt.

GORDON

It feels good.

Gordon turns toward the door to walk away but Peter wants something more from him...

PETER RIVERA

You mentioned real estate? What sort of properties interest you Gordon?

Gordon doesn't break his strut or turn around.

GORDON

I'm looking for something substantial. Something safe. I'm going to seek out other bids and offers. But I will be back tomorrow at the same time. Hopefully you can provide me with a business plan of some kind, and I will consider it.

And with that, Gordon walks out the door and shuts it behind him.

Everyone who was paying attention at the Parlor looks around to one another in approval.

PETER RIVERA
I like that kid...

Melvin finishes weighing all the gold Gordon just traded for his attire.

MELVIN
Shit yes you like him. He just over-paid us double for everything he bought! This is half a pound of pure gold!

PETER RIVERA
That is quite a tip he left you ladies...and I won't ask how you earned it...

The girls GIGGLE. Peter is still looking off in the direction that Gordon exited from.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Gordon Gold. Does that sound catchy enough to you people?

He turns around toward everyone.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
I need a list of the best properties in town...and the owners by tomorrow at...

He consults his pocket watch.

PETER RIVERA (CONT'D)
Two thirty in the afternoon...

INT. PENDERGRAST PHARMACEUTICALS - DUSK

Jonathan Franklin is fast asleep on a chair. Next to him, Dr. Pendergrast is calculating vigorously with all manner of MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS of the day.

He makes some final markings on his paper and stops for a moment, holding it out and taking it in for a few long seconds.

DR. PENDERGRAST
I've solved it! At least I believe
I've solved it.

Dr. Pendergrast realizes he is playing to a deaf room when he notices Jonathan sleeping.

DR. PENDERGRAST (CONT'D)
Tarnation!

He throws one of the numerous crumpled up pieces of paper beside him at Jonathan, waking him up.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
(startled to wake)
Hey, what!?

DR. PENDERGRAST
The solution that the lady desires is an ancient tonic that when imbibed produces a temporary immunity to the ultra-violet rays of the sun that can tend to exhaust some unfortunate souls.

Jonathan rolls his eyes, having no clue what he means.

DR. PENDERGRAST (CONT'D)
She gets exhausted by the sun easily and can't seem to sleep without it, as it would appear.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
Without the sun? Isn't that a little counter-intuitive.

DR. PENDERGRAST
You'd think so, but it appears not in some rare cases. And Archimedes knew this to be a common trait among some of the more wealthy Athenians during his day. And this tonic seems to be something that he developed, but in unknown measurements. But the way he speaks about the people who require this kind of treatment. It is as if they were gods, as if it was an affliction that only affected the rich and powerful.

He shakes his head.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Fantastic, so have you thought of what it is your heart desires yet? Cause it's almost time for me to head out to meet the lady.

Dr. Pendergrast shakes his head still puzzled by his findings. He gains his composure.

DR. PENDERGRAST

A real lab. Of the highest caliber.

Jonathan Franklin nods his head.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

(total schmooze)

The great city of San Francisco is going to need a research facility. She'd be wise to invest in one headed up by a masterful and brilliant scientist such as yourself.

Dr. Pendergrast nods approvingly.

DR. PENDERGRAST

This is why I send you to speak on my behalf, and not crunch math equations.

Jonathan stands up from his seat smiling confidently.

DR. PENDERGRAST (CONT'D)

Take this letter to her. But do not open it to read.

Pendergrast holds out a letter with a make-shift SEAL that looks horrible. Jonathan rolls his eyes.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Why is everything so damn formal with you people?

He grabs at the letter, but pendergrast holds onto it tightly and looks Jonathan in the eye.

DR. PENDERGRAST

(dead pan)

It is important that her and I gain a certain level of trust between seals.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
 (sincere)
 Okay, I got it.

Dr. Pendergrast lets his grip of the letter go slowly, never losing eye contact with Franklin.

DR. PENDERGRAST
 Thank you.

Jonathan turns with the letter and walks out.

DR. PENDERGRAST (CONT'D)
 Work your magic Johnny!

Jonathan Franklin STRUTS out of Pendergrast Pharmaceutical.

AND INTO - MATCHING FRAME - STRUTTING

INT. COTTON ROOM - NIGHT

A different set of FOLKS inhabit this nighttime world. The atmosphere is entirely rich burgundy, light red with shades of gold and filled in with black curtains.

It is an entirely baroque setting, and PATRONS partake in all manner of indulgences in the various private rooms. This establishment is at once ahead of its time, while retaining the feel of the old upper crust European world.

Jonathan walks confidently toward Claudia Rockforte and a gaggle of her friends, both male and female enjoying a drink in a private room.

She spots him from across the room. She has some red wine on her lips that she licks off seductively as Jonathan approaches.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE
 Where's my man?

Jonathan hands her the letter.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN
 He prefers to remain anonymous for the time being, but feels confident he can help you out with whatever you need.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE
 (sarcastic)
 Oh now isn't that reassuring?

She opens the letter with her teeth and begins to read it. Jonathan looks around nervously. Suddenly this place doesn't feel like any other saloon he's been to. People are being dragged off to anonymous rooms. Couples are drinking blood from people's lifeless arms. It's a real horror show, but Jonathan acts like he's been there before and plays it cool.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

(slight nervousness)

Great, so do you want our help or what?

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE

Why should I trust you? Based on this piece of paper?

Jonathan nods his head, understanding her.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Look, you know where we live. If you'd like to see something extraordinary, you should come by to our shop tomorrow evening, and I'll show you something that might sway your opinion.

Claudia smiles with that sexy, evil smile that only she can.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE

I'll have to think about it.

Jonathan nods.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE (CONT'D)

In the mean time you should relax a little. Join us for a moment...

Franklin looks around at all the craziness that appears to be fun. He gives in.

JONATHAN FRANKLIN

Yeah? Why not? One drink will do the body good.

Claudia raises her glass to that.

CLAUDIA ROCKFORTE

That's the spirit.

Jonathan sits down and is immediately engulfed by all of the insanity taking place around him. He loses control and melts right into it, enjoying the sensation.

FADE OUT:

EXT. HILLS ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Gordon is sitting by the same Valley Oak tree heating up something over the smoldering fire. He scoops some the concoction into a bowl and sticks a spoon in the bowl.

He walks away from the fire and over towards the tree where his horse his tied up. He pulls back a tarp leaning against the tree and reveals

KRISTINE - bound to the tree and gagged with a handkerchief. She looks terrified.

Gordon slumps down next to her resting his back against the tree. She watches him take a bite of the steaming food.

Gordon wipes his mouth.

GORDON
Mmm. Now that is good.

He looks over at Kristine with a serious look on his face.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I want to share this with you, I want you to get the nourishment you need, but I can't have you screaming, you understand me?

She nods helplessly, pleading for some of the food.

GORDON (CONT'D)
If you do speak, I want you to do so very quietly. And the only thing I'm curious to learn about you is why you tried to murder me after I gave you some coffee.

Kristine nods, desperately wanting the food and water.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Okay, but the moment you scream is the moment I stop caring about what happens to you.

She nods again, this time calmly.

Gordon is satisfied and he peels down her handkerchief from her mouth. She only gasps for air but doesn't scream. Gordon offers her a spoon of his food. She devours it with relish.

KRISTINE
(meek whisper)
Water please...

Gordon pours some water into her mouth and she relishes it.

GORDON
Good. Now why did you try to kill me?

KRISTINE
(catching her breath)
You stole my husband's horse, got him killed. I thought I owed him the dignity to track down his killer and deal him justice as severely as he was dealt it.

Gordon reflects on what Kristine has just said to him and takes it in.

He feeds her some more of his stew.

GORDON
Well, I can't say I blame ya. And for what it's worth, I witnessed my entire family murdered not but one month ago today.

She looks up at him, for the first time feeling sympathy instead of burning hatred.

KRISTINE
It doesn't excuse what you've done.

Gordon takes the bowl of food away from her, she starts to break down crying, but silently...

GORDON
I didn't kill your husband! But I did steal your horse, and for that I am sorry.

Kristine forces herself to stop crying and she looks into Gordon's eyes. Suddenly her expression turns to a sad smile.

KRISTINE
You smell like a goddamn beauty parlor...

Gordon smells himself.

GORDON

Yeah I...I went and got a little
cleaned up in town today...

KRISTINE

Look at you. All clean cut and
smelling like woman's music box.

GORDON

Alright, that's enough...

Kristine LAUGHS at Gordon and he replaces her handkerchief
gag before much of a loud sound can seep out.

Immediately she flails after he puts the gag back on. She
starts MUMBLING as loud as she can!

GORDON (CONT'D)

You need to sleep it off
sweetheart...

Gordon replaces the burlap covering on Kristine despite her
panic stricken face and LOUD MURMURS OF DESPERATION.

Gordon crosses over toward his fire place. We follow him up
to the edge of the hill.

BELOW HIM -

SAN FRANCISCO - (1849)

A small but well lit up city with hundreds of ships anchored
in it's bay, unloading 2000 new passengers a night to the
California soil. Each and every day the city growing and
expanding towards manifest destiny.

Gordon stares out at the sceptical taking it all in.

This is his new home. He'd better get used to it...

FADE OUT.