

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A lone farm house / barn in a rural area. The technology around the house suggests the people who live here are wealthy and well off.

A taxi pulls up in front of the house. A younger version of Ford, 21, walks out of the taxi. He's wearing military attire and waves to the taxi driver.

He walks up to the front door and knocks. The light from inside turns on, a lock is undone. The inside door is open slightly but the screen door is still locked.

Ford's FATHER, white beard, plaid red shirt, 50's, leans out.

FORD

It's me, Pa. I got out early for-

FATHER

They called me.

FORD

Oh, so you know then.

Beat.

FATHER

What're you thinkin', how could you do something so stupid?

FORD

Pa, those people didn't ask to be a part of the war. I was just doing what I thought was right.

FATHER

Do you know that four of the boys in your squad didn't make it out because you felt it was necessary to go save some damn jippies.

FORD

What about all that talk you used to tell me about helpin' those that can't help for themselves? What about those stories we used to watch of cowboys saving people?

FATHER

They're just stories, boy. That's fiction. We don't live in that world.

Beat.

FORD

Well I was hoping to-

FATHER

You did somethin' real irresponsible and reckless. Your mother and I don't know what to do with you.

FORD

What're you telling me?

FATHER

You need to figure things out on your own. I can't do this anymore.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Ford opens his eyes inside the dirty and ugly giant elevator shaft as it goes up to his apartment.

The white lights flash across his face as it goes.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ford walks into his apartment and looks around. Patrick is nowhere to be seen.

FORD

Patrick? Patrick, where are you?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ford opens the door to his bedroom, Patrick is laying in Ford's bed. Beer and food scattered all over the place.

The TV is on, "The Searchers" is put on. A pile of old western DVD movies sits on the counter, they have collected dust. Patrick is drunk.

PATRICK

Hey, there he is! Here!

Patrick tosses him a beer, Ford catches it.

FORD

I see you've made yourself comfortable.

Ford sits himself at the edge of the bed.

PATRICK

Who still has DVDs, Ford? Why do you still have DVDs? And more importantly, why are all of them these shitty westerns?

FORD

John Wayne is a treasure and I will have none of that blasphemy in my apartment!

Patrick waves his hand at him. Ford picks up the DVD.

FORD (CONT'D)

My dad and I used to watch them together. He said his dad showed them to him and I guess I've just kept the tradition.

Patrick chugs down his beer.

PATRICK

How could anyone like these assholes, they think they're all that. I want to see them do what we did back in '35.

FORD

Hey, these movies inspired me to join in the first place. These men were smart, cool, one step ahead of every one else.

Ford stares off into the screen. Patrick notices.

PATRICK

So what? Did you get us any work with your guy?

Ford comes back to reality.

FORD

Uh no, I don't think there's going to be work any time soon. You heard of Cane Security?

PATRICK

Cane? Cane's coming here. I've got to go, I can't be here. I have to leave town.

Patrick shuffles to get off the bed. Ford stops him.

FORD

Woah, woah, woah. Slow down there.

PATRICK

Cane kills everything and anyone that doesn't further their agenda. I don't know if you've noticed Ford but I'm not much help to anyone like this. I've been trying to run and hide but it's not very easy run when -

Patrick drops his head and cries. The two lean together for a hug.

FORD

We matter, Patrick. We've done our part and saved these people from threats they couldn't even understand. He doesn't scare me.

PATRICK

What're we going to do?

Ford looks at the cowboy on the TV.

FORD

I reckon we fight back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

Ford and Patrick clash beers together.

Ford puts on a red dress shirt and tucks it into his pants.

Ford takes off the bandages on his cyber eye and puts on a black eye patch.

He puts on a black cowboy hat.

The two of them are across from each other, a moment passes. They both draw guns. Patrick's gun actually fires and hits the roof barely passing Ford. Patrick shrugs.

Patrick hands him a cigarette. Ford waves his hand in front of him.

FORD  
Oh no, I don't smoke.

PATRICK  
What? How're you gonna be a cowboy  
if you don't smoke a cigarette?

FORD  
I've got really bad lungs.

PATRICK  
You're an alcoholic.

FORD  
What's your point?

Awkward beat.

PATRICK  
Well that's just about everything.

FORD  
I need a horse.

PATRICK  
Ford, you know just as well as I do  
that they went extinct years ago.

FORD  
I'll get my horse.

An explosion is heard from outside the apartment. Ford runs to the door then stops.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Wait. I need one more thing!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A Homeless OLDER MAN (60's) and YOUNG GIRL (12) are cornered into a dark alley by CANE'S NINJA GOON. One of them has smoke coming from it's hands.

NINJA 1  
You do not benefit the human race  
and with resources becoming scarce,  
Cane industries regrets to inform  
you that you will be destroyed.  
Thank You.

OLDER MAN

Wait, please stop!

The Older Man and Young Girl hold each other tight and close their eyes.

The Cyborg Ninja points it's hand at them as it changes shape in a blue futuristic gun.

It charges it up. They squeeze each other tighter.

BANG.

The two open their eyes and look to the ninja. It's hand has been pulled back by a glowing blue lasso. The ninja shot at the wall next to them.

The Ninja turns it's head to Ford, holding this blue lasso in one hand and a old school pistol in the other.

Ford's head tilted low enough to where you can't make out his face. He tilts his head up, eyepatch and all.

FORD

Don't suppose you'd be interested  
in making this easy?

The older man and young girl look at Ford. The girl turns her head.

The Ninja grips the lasso tightly with the other hand.

FORD (CONT'D)

Figured as much.

The Ninja pulls as hard as it can on the lasso. Ford goes flying forward. The Ninja kicks Ford right in the stomach.

Ford gets his footing and as the Ninja tries to punch him, Ford catches his fist.

Ford shots it in the stomach. A giant hole in it's stomach. The nanotechnology repairs the hole almost instantly.

The Ninja is angry.

FORD (CONT'D)

Looks like we're going to have  
ourselves a hoedown.