The Dark Haired Stranger

Denis English Ph.D.
Senior Editor

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(.....Continued from Volume 19 Issue 3)

There was something, something—well different about the Dark Haired Stranger. He calmly walks into Buddy's Saloon in Tucson, shoots Jessie James dead and instead of a-fearin' the James's Gang, kills Jessie's brother in the face of the rest of them. This dude from Out West, I mean Way Out West, was the Lonesome Dove. Yet there he was, a huntin' me down, but he offs Jessie, Matt, and goes to Boot Hill to gun down Jim Prokell, fastest draw in the East.

But he just wasn't fast enough.

Yeah, there was something about the Stranger that was, well, not understandable.

Incomprehensible. Puzzling. Insolvable. Complex. Unordinary ....

Fearless yet kind; driven but calm.

Fast—yet not as fast as Scott Goodyear on the Back Stretch.

Determined—yet not as determined as I am to finish this soon.

Driven—not driven like, "Driven from the airport home, but like driven to get his man".

Confident—not confident like "I'm confident I can finish Chapter 4 fairly soon so I can respond to 5 zillion e-mails", but confident like "I'm confident that I will probably miss the plane to Pittsburgh tonight and really piss off Ange".

[Screen Play: Lights—on dim, indirect;

Set Camera 1 cattycorner from desk.

Roll camera 1 only...

Board—"Set 1. Take 1"; slam stern]

Director—"Action!!!!".

(Door to Modern office opens swiftly, but not overly).

(Impeccably -dressed older man enters).

(Older man starts to talk; writer facing other direction toward desk; acts like he doesn't notice.

(Act is obviously faked).

(Older man speaks first showing authority).

"Dr. English?"

(Typist turns and calmly lights a Camel; disturbed look. Confident response; not intimidated).

"Who wants to know?"

(Older man now stares at typist's eyes).

[Director... Emphasize importance of fixed, darted stare!]

(Older man, unmistakable authority...Responds; Deliberation shows).

"Stan Kats. Stan Kats of SKG!!! Dream Works".

(Lit cigarette falls from stunned typist's lips; gets out 2 words, fear now apparent-voice trembles...slow).

"Holly S..".

(Executive starts what appears to be the beginning of a friendly conversation....).

"Denis, it's ok if I call you Denis, isn't it?"

(Typist rises from his chair, ever so slowly).

"No need to stand up, you little s..".

"That would be Doctor little s., Mr. Katz"

(Executive continues, beginning calmly).

"Just call me Stan, Denis".

"Denis we're following every move you make on that overhead monitor"....

(Executive points to camera above desk. Eyes never change gaze at typist. Slowly lowers pointed finger—points at typist).

And we would really like to know...."

(Executive's voice begins to increase—becomes stern and deliberate).

"If you're writing the story for the Film—"The Dark Haired Stranger", that we gave you a million dollar advance...

(voice now direct. Loud)

"TO WRITE"

(Executive pauses, irritated look; never blinks. Continues).

"Or if you are writing the damn Screen Play before the story is written, that we already contracted to Sam Sheppard to write and who by the way, Dr. English...

IS STARRING IN THE FREAKING MOVIE".

(Executive turns and exits, not fast...not slow, disgusted).

(Typist tries to answer. Exec slams office door hard exit).

(Typist washes 2 valiums down with glass of Crown Royal...)

(turns to typewriter to continues storyline...sweat beads appear on forehead.)

(Cell phone rings. Typist answers).

"This is Dr. English."

(unknown caller replies....)

"Dr. English??? What kind of doctor are you?"

(Typist now smiles, lights another Camel")

"The Best kind. In fact, I'm the best there is!"

(Typist quickly slams phone down, forgetting it was a cell phone, now in a thousand pieces).

"Oh well, s..happens", typist remarks for the fourth time today.

[Cut; Take; director... congratulate actors—"great, good, you guys are the best...", all the regular kudos (easy scene but make it appear defining; call for an hour break. Have typist continue story line)....

(End)