

WHO STOLE THE HEAD OF BOBBI DUPREE

A spaghetti Western by way of *Django: Unchained* and *Smokin' Aces* - loud, legendary, and lethal. Oh... and one severed head, and everyone wants it.

Bobbi DuPree is dead.

His head - missing.

Some say he stole millions in Confederate gold and carved the only map to it into his wooden eye. Now, that head is the most dangerous object in the West. And every bastard with a gun, a grudge, or a dream is chasing it.

Two men take the lead:

Sly, a quiet, haunted Black bounty hunter with a code and a past.

Rimes, a white gambler with Southern charm, debts, and a knack for survival.

They hate each other. They need each other.

And they strike a desperate pact to find DuPree's head before the others do.

But "the others" are a nightmare gallery of killers:

The Widow, a poisoner with unfinished family business.

The Bernal Twins, silent artists of death.

The Preacher, who hears God in the scream before the kill.

The Pinkertons, idiots who shoot first and forget to ask questions.

Ruff Schroeder, who just wants to watch the world burn.

Sterling Ashcroft III, the gentleman monster pulling every string behind the curtain.

As the head passes from hand to hand like cursed gold, the truth begins to rise:

It's not just about treasure.

It's about what you leave behind.

And how far you'll go to be remembered.

This isn't just a Western. It's a ghost story with guns.

It's about Black and white. North and South. Legacy and lies.

It's about how the stories we tell ourselves—about gold, about heroes, about history—can save us. Or bury us.

Who Stole the Head of Bobbi DuPree is brutal, strange, and laced with grim beauty. It's a film about men chasing a head... and risking everything while losing their own.