

**THE BORDERLINE**

By: Murray Williams

Registered with The Writer's Guild of America

Murray Williams  
[Mhwilliams1@yahoo.com](mailto:Mhwilliams1@yahoo.com)  
WGA Registration #: 1227861

THE BORDERLINE.....	1
STORYTELLER.....	3
BROCK FAMILY.....	6
MAN OF THE CLOTH.....	9
CROCKETT RIDES IN.....	16
RESCUE.....	21
JAILHOUSE.....	25
GOLDEN PONY.....	30
ALAMO AND JUSTICE JOIN FORCES.....	37
ALAMO MEETS FAITH.....	40
ALAMO CONFRONTS MASTERSON.....	43
FAITH MEETS GODSEND.....	49
SAM AND JOHNNY BLACK.....	53
SIEGE BEGINS.....	56
HISTORY OF REVENGE.....	61
MCNALLY FAMILY.....	65
PROPHECY.....	71
COMANCHES.....	75
WARPAINT.....	79
TRACKER.....	83
SHOOTOUT IN THE GHOST TOWN.....	88
FAITH AND ALAMO SAY GOODBYE.....	94
CROSSING THE LINE.....	99
FALL OF THE ALAMO.....	101
FINAL SHOWDOWN.....	107
END OF THE STORY.....	117

T H E B O R D E R L I N E

SMOKE... From out of the smoke emerge two identical revolvers. Their barrels are crossed like an X. They get larger until they consume the entire screen. A gunshot is heard. DARKNESS...

FADE IN.

DAYLIGHT. Moving over mountains until a town appears. There are horses and coaches with a few very early motorcars of the Model T type outside on the streets. There are large oil derricks surrounding the town.

STORYTELLER

**South Texas... 1911**

INT. - SALOON (1911) - DAY

The STORYTELLER is seated at a table by himself. He's going over some paperwork. He's in his forties, with a derby-style hat and a black tie and collar. He's a businessman of some importance.

A COWBOY walks in. He's in his early twenties, dressed in full cowboy gear, hat, chaps, with a pistol by his side. He's sweaty as he's been working outside. He walks up to the bar and addresses the BARTENDER who's Mexican.

COWBOY  
Can I get a beer?

BARTENDER  
*(With a Spanish accent)*  
Coming right up, señor.

The Bartender places the lager beer on the bar in a frosty mug.

COWBOY  
Gracias.

BARTENDER  
De nada.

The Storyteller looks up at the cowboy and smiles.

STORYTELLER  
We don't get a lotta guys in here who look like you anymore.

COWBOY  
Is that right?

STORYTELLER  
Yeah. You're a relic of a by-gone era.

COWBOY  
I think you're the relic, old-timer.

STORYTELLER  
C'mon, I'm not that old.

They both chuckle at the joke.

STORYTELLER  
Where do you work?

COWBOY  
I work on the McNally ranch, bustin' broncs. That sort of thing.

Pause

STORYTELLER  
*(To the bartender)*  
Muchacho, open a tab and whatever the young man wants, get it for him.

BARTENDER  
No problemo.

COWBOY  
You don't have to do that.

STORYTELLER  
No really, it's my pleasure. I've been blessed in my life and I want to give a little back. Besides, seeing someone like you brings back memories.

The Storyteller reaches down to his holster and places a strange looking gun on the table. He unloads the magazine from the butt and starts to clean it.

The Cowboy sees the pistol and comes over to the table and sits down.

COWBOY  
What kinda gun is that?

STORYTELLER  
Oh, this is the new Colt .45 semi-automatic, model 1911.

COWBOY

I've never seen anything like that before.

STORYTELLER  
Yeah, it just came out this year.

COWBOY  
Is it any good?

STORYTELLER  
Well... the army seems to think so.

COWBOY  
Is it fast?

STORYTELLER  
I don't know if it's as fast out of the holster as a six-gun, but it shoots pretty fast.

COWBOY  
Really?

STORYTELLER  
Yep.

Pause

COWBOY  
So what do you do?

STORYTELLER  
I own a few businesses. When we discovered oil in this town it- made me a wealthy man. But, my real passion is storytelling.

COWBOY  
Really?

STORYTELLER  
I'm a part time novelist. I especially like to write about the wide open, wild west. It was a time of high adventure, romance, and freedom.

The Storyteller walks to the window and looks out and sees a few Model-T type motorcars pass by and sees the oil derricks just outside the town.

STORYTELLER  
Things sure have changed around here.

COWBOY

I wouldn't worry about it. I think motorcars are just a passing fad. They'll never catch on. Horses have been around for thousands of years.

STORYTELLER

We'll see.

The Cowboy takes a sip of his beer.

STORYTELLER

Do you like stories?

COWBOY

I guess so. As long as they're short. I'm just taking a break from the heat. I need to get back soon.

STORYTELLER

I understand. I'll keep it brief. I'm working on a new one. It's a tale of justice, revenge... and romance. It goes something like this.

FADE OUT.

BROCK FAMILY

EXT. - BROCK FAMILY RANCH - OUTSIDE - DAY

There is a small house with a few cows in the background behind a fence. There are mountains and a river close by. There is a tall, well-built, clean-shaven man with a straw hat chopping firewood.

He stops chopping and takes off his hat and wipes the sweat from his brow. A beautiful woman with blonde hair comes out of the house with a pitcher of tea. SUSANNAH walks up to ALAMO and pours a glass and hands it to him.

ALAMO

Thanks, babe. You're a lifesaver.

He takes one sip, then tries to steal a kiss.

SUSANNAH

*(Resisting)*

No, you're all sweaty!

ALAMO

Didn't the preacher say for  
better or worse?

SUSANNAH  
Yeah, but not smelly.

They both look back towards the house. At the chicken coop  
there's a little girl who's throwing down corn to the hens.

Alamo puts his arm around his wife as they both watch the  
pretty little girl who also has blonde hair and blue eyes.

ALAMO  
She's so beautiful. She looks  
just like you.

SUSANNAH  
She has her father's eyes.

ALAMO  
No, she's too pretty. She's  
all you.

Pause

SUSANNAH  
*(To Susie)*  
Sweetheart, don't give them  
too much. We're running low  
on feed.

ALAMO  
I'm sorry, but with her  
birthday last week and our  
anniversary coming up, I  
haven't had a chance to get  
into town.

Susannah turns to Alamo and embraces him.

SUSANNAH  
I can't believe I've been  
married to Alamo Brock for ten  
years. Has it been that long?

ALAMO  
To the day... I know our  
anniversary isn't until  
tomorrow, but I want to give  
you something.

He reaches into his pocket and puts a beautiful, golden  
bracelet on her wrist.

SUSANNAH  
Honey, you don't have to do  
that.

She looks at the bracelet more closely.

SUSANNAH

It's beautiful, but it looks expensive. Are you sure we can we afford it?

ALAMO

It's our ten year anniversary. You deserve to be spoiled a little bit.

She looks into his eyes lovingly.

SUSANNAH

You are the most amazing man. I love you.

ALAMO

I love you more.

They kiss and are interrupted by their daughter who runs up to them and hugs them both.

SUSIE

Hi Daddy. Whatchyou guys doin?

ALAMO

Just having some mommy daddy time. What's up gorgeous?

SUSIE

We're out of corn for the chickens.

SUSANNAH

Susie, I told you not to feed them too much.

ALAMO

It's alright. I'm leaving tonight. I'll stop in town tomorrow morning and pick up some more.

SUSANNAH

Tonight?

ALAMO

Yeah. I need to go look at our cattle on the other side of the mountain and make sure they're all there. There's been reports of thieves crossing the border and stealing cattle.

SUSANNAH  
I wish we didn't live so close  
to the border.

ALAMO  
It'll be all right. Trust me.

EXT. - BROCK FAMILY RANCH - SUNSET

There is a beautiful pink and orange sunset. Alamo gets up on his chocolate colored horse. He has his rifle and shotgun with him along with his pistol.

ALAMO  
I'll be back tomorrow  
afternoon.

SUSANNAH  
Al, don't be late, now. It's  
our anniversary, remember?

ALAMO  
I wouldn't miss that for the  
world.

SUSANNAH  
Be careful.

ALAMO  
I'll be alright. Remember, I  
used to be pretty good with  
these back in the day.

Alamo pats his right hand on the pistol at his side, his left on the shotgun. He takes his hat off his head as the horse stands up on its hind legs.

ALAMO  
See ya later, beautiful!

Alamo gallops off into the distance. Susannah waves him goodbye with a tear in her eye. She misses him already.

FADE OUT.

MAN OF THE CLOTH

EXT. - OUTSIDE - SUNSET

Alamo is sitting by a campfire sharpening a stick with his knife. There are cattle behind him with mountains in the background. He's brewing some coffee.

Five men on horseback approach the campsite. Alamo sees them approach and he grabs the butt of his holstered pistol and stands.

ALAMO  
Who's that?

SAM BLACK  
That coffee sure smells good.  
May we come in the camp?

Alamo looks at the man speaking and sees a white father's collar around his neck. Realizing the man is holy, Alamo softens his posture.

ALAMO  
My apologies, Reverend. Of course you may.

EXT. - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT.

The five men are all sitting around the campfire. Their horses are corralled together. Sam Black is in his mid-fifties, with gray around his temples. He's wearing a black hat. There's a younger man there in his mid twenties, along with a large, menacing looking man who has a beard and eye-patch. There are two others as well.

BLACK  
God Bless you, son. We've had a long journey.

ALAMO  
Are you on a pilgrimage?

Black looks at his men and smiles.

BLACK  
You could say that.

ALAMO  
Sorry about earlier. I've heard bandits have been crossing the border and stealing cattle. You can't be too careful around here.

Black takes out a Bible.

BLACK  
The only thing we're stealing are lost souls. Tell me son, do you know God?

ALAMO  
I'm happy to say that I do. I gave my heart to the Lord about ten years ago. I used to be a gambler and gunfighter... I was wounded in a gunfight, when I met my wife. She took care of me and

helped me see the error of my ways. She's the daughter of a preacher, you know. She gave me my life back, and she also gave me her hand in marriage. I owe everything to her.

BLACK  
Gunfighter, eh? What's your name?

Pause

ALAMO  
Alamo Brock.

BLACK  
Hmmm...

Black thinks for a moment then his eyes light up.

BLACK  
Alamo Brock... Are you the Alamo Kid?

ALAMO  
Once upon a time.

BLACK  
Wow... Gentlemen, we're in the presence of greatness. They say that Doc Holliday himself said you were the only man he didn't want to fight.

ALAMO  
Well, I never heard him say that, but I played many a poker game with him. I wouldn't want to fight him either... But- those days are over.

BLACK  
How did you get the name Alamo?

ALAMO  
From my daddy. He fought at the Alamo. He's the only one who survived.

BLACK  
I didn't think anyone survived that siege.

ALAMO

Well, if he hadn't, I  
wouldn't be here today.

BLACK  
Are you sure?

Alamo takes out his knife and stabs the tip into a piece of wood nearby. It's nine inches long, an inch and a half wide with an ivory hilt. It has the initials "J.B." inscribed on the blade.

ALAMO  
Well, this knife belonged to  
Jim Bowie. He gave it to my  
Father before he died.

Alamo puts the knife back in its scabbard.

BLACK  
They said you were dead.

ALAMO  
*(Shakes his head)*  
Nope, just retired. I'm a  
family man now who raises  
cattle. Someday, I'm gonna  
have the biggest ranch in  
Texas. It'll even be bigger  
than the King Ranch.

BLACK  
How many do you have?

ALAMO  
Oh, about three hundred, I  
reckon.

Pause

BILLY MASTERSON  
Excuse me. Nature calls.

MASTERSON gets up and walks over to the horses to go to the bathroom. He sees Alamo's horse with his rifle and shotgun holstered in a saddle nearby on the ground. He glances back at the camp mischievously.

BLACK  
Where is your home, my son?

ALAMO  
On the other side of that  
mountain. Down by the river.

BLACK

Oh yeah. I've seen your wife.  
She's a real beauty. Long  
blonde hair right?

ALAMO  
That's her. The love of my  
life.

BLACK  
You've got a little girl too,  
right?

ALAMO  
Yeah, she's a spitting image  
of her mother.

Masterson returns to the campfire and sits down. Black  
looks at Alamo's pistol.

BLACK  
Is that the new Colt?

ALAMO  
Yeah, I just picked it up a  
few weeks ago. It's real  
fast.

BLACK  
Let me see.

Without thinking Alamo hands the pistol to Black, then pours  
himself some more coffee.

BLACK  
Yep, this is real nice.

Black hands the pistol back to Alamo.

BLACK  
They say you were the fastest  
gun in the entire state of  
Texas, and a pretty good knife  
fighter too. But then you  
dropped off the face of the  
earth. Everyone just assumed  
you were dead.

ALAMO  
Nope, I'm alive and well.  
Sorry to disappoint.

Long Pause

BLACK  
The thing about a gunfighter  
though, if you can get his  
guns away from him, he really  
can't do that much... Can he?

EYE PATCH  
Nope.

MASTERSON  
Sure can't.

Alamo looks down at his pistol and it has been unloaded. He looks up slowly at Black then looks over at Masterson. He sees that Masterson has his rifle and shotgun. Alamo realizes he's in trouble.

BLACK  
*(Menacingly)*  
We're glad we ran into you.  
You see, we haven't had a good  
score of cattle for a while.  
But these are gonna fetch a  
good price when we get 'em to  
market... Yep, we were sure  
glad to see you. And your  
wife? She's gonna be glad to  
see us too.

Eye Patch then kisses his lips toward Alamo, disrespectfully. In a blind rage, Alamo draws his knife and chucks it at Eye Patch who's sitting directly in front of him. Eye Patch draws his pistol, but it's too late. The knife sticks him in the center of his chest and his pistol fires harmlessly as he topples over.

Alamo gives Black a left hook across the jaw, which sends him backward.

Alamo then lunges at Masterson, trying to get one of his guns back. Alamo tries to get his shotgun away from Masterson, but it fires harmlessly during the struggle.

SUDDENLY, someone strikes Alamo in the back of his head with the butt of a rifle. Two men then pick up Alamo by each arm and put him on his knees. Alamo is looking around, dazed from the blow to his head.

Black stands up and wipes some blood from his mouth. He walks over to Alamo who is being hit in the face repeatedly by Masterson. When Masterson sees Black approaching, he draws his pistol and holds it to Alamo's head.

MASTERSON  
Let me put a bullet in his  
head, Sam!

BLACK  
*(Intensely)*  
No. That's too easy. Too  
painless. I want him to  
suffer.

Black kneels down so Alamo can look at him. Alamo's face is bloody from the beating, with one of his eyes swollen shut.

BLACK

My name is Sam Black. Some folks call me Father Black, or the Black Father. But you can call me Sam.

Black grabs Alamo by his hair.

BLACK

A bullet to the head is too quick. I want him to die a slow, excruciating death... Kill his horse and take his food and water. Out here in this sun, he'll be dead in two, three days. We're miles from the nearest town. No one will ever find him. The birds of the air will feast on his flesh.

Black then straightens up, and looks over at his fallen comrade, then back at Alamo.

BLACK

For the crime of murder, for killing our friend, and for the countless others you've killed, I sentence you to death, and I send you to Hell... The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

Black then backhand slaps Alamo very hard across the mouth with the finality of a judge lowering a gavel. The blow is so powerful, it turns Alamo completely around, sending him to the ground, face down.

Black then turns and faces Masterson, while the other two continue kicking Alamo on the ground.

BLACK

Go... and subdue the Earth.

MASTERSON

*(Nodding)*

Yes, Father.

INT. - BROCK HOME - NIGHT

Susannah is putting Susie to bed. Susie is kneeling beside her bed in her pajamas. Susannah is sitting on Susie's bed, watching her. They are both praying.

SUSIE

And now I lay me down to  
sleep...

INSERT CUT: Black and his posse start riding toward the  
ranch while Susie is saying her prayer.

*SUSIE (V.O.)  
...I pray the Lord my soul to  
keep. And if I die before I  
wake, I pray the Lord my soul  
to take.*

INT. - BROCK HOME - DAYBREAK

Susannah is awoken by something. She goes to the front door  
and looks out toward the sunrise. The sun hasn't broken  
yet, but it's coloring the sky pink-red. Over the horizon,  
she sees four horsemen approach.

CROCKETT RIDES IN

**San Antonio, Texas... 1836**

EXT. - THE ALAMO (1836) - DAY

There are two men outside of the fort tending some horses.  
Thirteen men ride up to the fort. The lead rider is wearing  
a coonskin cap.

BROCK SR  
Is that who I think it is?

STABLE BOY  
It sure is.

The young Brock Sr walks up to the lead rider with the  
coonskin cap on.

BROCK SR  
Good mornin', gentlemen.  
Welcome to San Antonio.

Davy CROCKETT gets down from his horse.

CROCKETT  
Thank you, son. Glad to be  
here.

Crockett reaches out his hand in greeting.

CROCKETT  
Hi. David Crockett.

BROCK SR  
Yes, I know. We heard you  
were coming. But I never  
woulda believed it until I saw

you with my own eyes. We're  
sure glad to see you,  
Congressman.

CROCKETT  
Thanks. Call me Davy.

BROCK SR  
Come on inside.

BROCK looks at the other twelve riders still on their  
horses.

BROCK SR  
Alla you. We'll take care of  
your horses. Come inside and  
meet our commanding officers..  
C'mon in.

The riders all dismount and follow young Brock Sr inside the  
fort. There are about thirty men inside sitting down  
cleaning their muskets.

Colonel James BOWIE is sharpening a knife. Bowie's skin is  
very pale with a cold sweat. When the men come in everyone  
stands. Crockett takes off the coonskin cap. Bowie greets  
him with joy.

BOWIE  
Ha, Ha! Boy, you are a sight  
for sore eyes.

Colonel Bowie sheathes his knife and walks up to Crockett,  
while extending his hand.

BOWIE  
Hi, Colonel James Bowie. I'm  
in charge of the volunteers.

Crockett shakes his hand.

CROCKETT  
Nice to meet you, Colonel.  
I've heard a lot about you.

BOWIE  
Likewise. Most people just  
call me Jim.

Crockett looks down at Bowie's knife.

CROCKETT  
So, is this the famous knife  
I've heard so much about?

BOWIE  
Well... I don't know if I'd  
call it famous.

Crockett motions towards the blade implying that he would like to hold it.

CROCKETT  
May I?

Bowie smiles and takes out his knife and hands it to Crockett. The blade is shiny, about nine inches long, and an inch and a half wide. It has an ivory hilt. The initials J.B. are inscribed on the blade.

CROCKETT  
Very nice. The weight is very well balanced.

BOWIE  
Yep, I designed it that way. It's perfect for slashing or throwing. Would you like to see a demonstration?

CROCKETT  
Demonstration?

BOWIE  
Yes, demonstration.

CROCKETT  
Uh... Sure, I guess so.

Bowie looks around the room until he finds Brock Sr.

BOWIE  
Justin, would you mind?

BROCK SR  
Oh, I... I don't know... No, it's too dangerous.

BOWIE  
C'mon, one last time— for the Congressman. You know I never miss.

EVERYONE  
(*Chanting*)  
Brock, Brock, Brock, Brock.

The chanting gets progressively louder.

BROCK SR  
(*Reluctant*)  
All right.

Brock Sr backs up to a wooden wall, which is made of logs. He puts his hands behind his back.

BOWIE  
Drum roll, please.

Someone takes out some drumsticks and makes a drum roll on a nearby snare drum. Another man puts a cantaloupe on top of Brock Sr's head.

BOWIE  
Blindfold.

CROCKETT  
Blindfold?!

Someone walks over and wraps an ivory colored blindfold around Bowie's head, covering his eyes.

BOWIE  
Knife please.

Crockett hands the blade back to Bowie and he touches the hilt of the knife to his forehead in a circus-type pose.

CROCKETT  
You guys are crazy!

Bowie turns in the direction of Crockett's voice and smiles.

BOWIE  
Welcome to Texas!

Bowie launches the knife and it lands right in the center of the cantaloupe, sticking it to the wall.

EVERYONE  
OOHHH!

Everyone applauds. Crockett is the last one to applaud because he still can't believe what just happened.

After the applauding stops, Bowie bows gracefully, then takes off the blindfold and looks at Crockett, smiling.

BOWIE  
So, whadaya think?

CROCKETT  
Impressive. That's quite a trick.

BOWIE  
No it's not. The fabric of the blindfold is very thin. I can see right through it.

CROCKETT  
Either way. I've never seen anything like that.

Bowie takes out a handkerchief and wipes some sweat from his brow. He looks pale.

CROCKETT  
Colonel, if you don't mind me saying so, you don't look so good. Are you feeling all right?

BOWIE  
Yeah, just getting over a hangover. You know how that goes.

Three other men come in from another room. They're wearing blue army uniforms. The leader is taller and more handsome than the other two with officer insignia on his lapels.

BOWIE  
Congressman Crockett, I'd like you to meet Colonel William Travis. He's in charge of the regulars.

CROCKETT  
*(Shaking hands)*  
Pleasure to meet you Colonel.

TRAVIS  
The pleasure's all mine. I guess Jim showed you his knife throwing trick.

CROCKETT  
*(Smiling)*  
Among other things.

TRAVIS  
It's no big deal. He can see right through the blindfold.  
*(Everyone laughs)* So, what brings you to Texas?

CROCKETT  
Honestly, me and my men are just seeking fortune. We figure when Texas wins its independence from Mexico, the new government will give away a lotta land.

TRAVIS  
Well, whatever your reasons, we're sure glad to have you. We need every man we can get. I've just received word that Santa Anna has crossed the Rio Grande with more than four

thousand men. They're  
marching straight for us.

Both Bowie's and Crockett's eyes get bigger at this  
statement.

TRAVIS  
No... Nothin' to worry about.  
General Sam Houston has  
assured me that he'll be here  
soon with reinforcements.  
He's got a large detachment of  
men further east. We're not  
alone in this fight.

EXT. - THE ALAMO - ROOF - DAY.

Bowie is sitting on top of the outer wall of the fortress  
next to a cannon. He's looking south towards some storm  
clouds, while sharpening his knife. He sees lightning and  
hears thunder in the clouds. Brock Sr comes towards him  
with a coffee pot.

BROCK SR  
Would you like some coffee,  
Colonel?

BOWIE  
Yes, thank you Justin.

Brock Sr pours some coffee into Bowie's cup. He sits down  
next to Bowie on the wall. Bowie takes a sip of coffee and  
continues staring at the storm clouds.

BROCK SR  
What's goin' on?

BOWIE  
Nothing. I sure hope Houston  
gets here in time.

BROCK SR  
Why, what is it?

Bowie looks back at Brock Sr.

BOWIE  
A storm is coming.

Both men look back towards the clouds with a sense of  
foreboding.

FADE OUT.

RESCUE

FADE IN.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY.

Alamo is lying face down on the ground, and wakes up to an ugly sound. He opens one bloodshot eye and sees a buzzard sitting right next to him.

Alamo sits up and looks at the bird with indifference. He looks around and sees other buzzards feasting on the remains of his dead horse and the fallen man, when he thinks of his wife.

ALAMO  
Susannah!

Alamo tries to stand and walks a few paces, but then collapses again from lack of strength.

ALAMO  
Oh Dear God, I don't pray much, but please, help me get back to my family. Don't show me mercy, I don't deserve it, but please show mercy on Susannah and Susie, they're innocent... they're innocent.

Alamo passes out.

Something that sounds like thunder is faintly heard in the distance. The ground begins to shake. A herd of wild mustangs appear over the horizon and run straight for the camp. The buzzards all disperse in fear.

A ray of sunlight breaks through the clouds and shines directly on a beautiful, all-white stallion that's running on the edge of the herd. Something catches his attention and he breaks off from the herd towards Alamo.

The horse looks at the remains of the dead man and the horse, then walks towards Alamo. The horse leans down and nudges Alamo's head. He does it a second time and Alamo moves a little.

ALAMO  
(Groggy)  
No. Go away.

The horse then licks Alamo right across the mouth. Alamo brushes the horse off with his arm.

ALAMO  
Leave me alone. Just let me die.

The horse nudges him again, which makes Alamo sit up.

ALAMO  
You don't give up easy, do ya?

Alamo locates one of his saddle bags and crawls towards it. He opens it and finds some carrots. He takes one out and gives it to the horse.

ALAMO

Now will you leave me alone?  
Let me die in peace.

Alamo collapses on the ground, but the horse nudges him again.

ALAMO

Whadaya want from me horse?  
Either leave me alone, or take  
me home so I can die there.

He feeds the horse some more carrots, then stands next to his flank. He starts petting the horse all over his back.

ALAMO

When I get on, he's gonna try  
throwin' me. Dear God, please  
gimme the strength to hold on.

Alamo slowly puts his right leg over the horse's back, trying not to startle him. When he's completely on, he braces himself for the horse's reaction, but nothing happens. Alamo relaxes.

ALAMO

*(Sighs)*

Well, that was easy.

Forgetting that he still has his spurs on, Alamo lightly kicks the horse with them. Not used to spurs, the horse violently reacts, and starts jumping around with reckless abandon.

ALAMO

Whoa!!

Alamo hangs on with the tenacity of a pit bull, as the horse violently tries to buck him off. After a while, the horse breaks off into a full sprint.

Alamo learns to steer the wild mustang. They get all the way back to his home, and he sees smoke rising from his house. When he sees the carnage, he falls off the horse in despair. His house has been burned down, and the rest of the cattle are gone. He looks around frantically for any sign of his wife and daughter.

ALAMO

Susannah? Susie?

Despair takes him as he finds the bodies of his wife and daughter hanging from a tree. He drops to his knees and

starts sobbing in anguish. He just looks up at them while mumbling incoherently in absolute pain and despair. He eventually passes out from exhaustion.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY.

Two men are riding their horses. JUSTICE is older with gray hair and a black hat riding a beautiful, jet-black horse. Another is in his early twenties riding a golden colored palomino. They see the smoke in the distance.

JUSTICE  
D'ya see that?

STEVE WALKER  
See what?

JUSTICE  
That column of smoke.

WALKER  
It's probably just a brush fire.

JUSTICE  
Maybe. But maybe it isn't.

WALKER  
You wanna go check it out?

JUSTICE  
It's probably nothin', but around here you can't be too careful.

They ride toward the smoke and when they finally arrive at the site, they're shocked by the horror of what they see.

JUSTICE  
I know who did this.

They see the white horse wandering around as they both dismount. They examine the scene and come upon Alamo who's doubled over and unconscious. He's lying directly under his dead wife and daughter.

JUSTICE  
You see that?

WALKER  
What?

Justice kicks an empty bottle of whiskey near Alamo.

JUSTICE  
He's tried to drink himself to death.

Justice kneels down and checks his pulse.

JUSTICE  
But he didn't drink enough  
because he's still alive.

WALKER  
Maybe he knows what happened.

JUSTICE  
We'll see. Let's get him  
back to town.

JAILHOUSE

FADE IN.  
INT. - THE JAILHOUSE - DAY.

Alamo is still unconscious and lying on one of the beds nearby. His wounds have been dressed and he tosses and turns in his sleep a little. Finally, he opens his eyes and sits up.

ALAMO  
Where am I?

JUSTICE  
You're at the jailhouse, back  
in town. Don't try to move.  
You've been hurt pretty bad.

Alamo rubs his head feeling one of the lumps of his earlier beating. He looks around the room trying to get acclimated. Justice and Walker just look at him intently.

ALAMO  
Where's my wife? Is she here?

Justice and Walker look at each other then back at Alamo. Justice shakes his head and looks down. Suddenly, Alamo recalls what happened. The memory fills him with despair.

ALAMO  
Susannah!

Alamo then gets up in a blind rage and lunges toward the door.

ALAMO  
(Yelling)  
I'll kill 'em all! Every  
single one of them! I'll kill  
'em all!

Both Justice and Walker tackle Alamo before he reaches the door. They all fall to the floor.

JUSTICE  
Hold him! Hold him!

WALKER  
I'm trying!

ALAMO  
Lemme... Go!

Still weak, Alamo loses strength and passes out again. When he wakes up again, he finds himself lying on a bed inside a jail cell.

JUSTICE  
Sorry we had to put you in there, but it was for your own safety. And ours... If you promise to be calm I'll let you out.

Alamo sits up again and looks at Justice and Walker.

ALAMO  
Who are you?

JUSTICE  
I'll ask the questions.  
What's your name?

Pause

ALAMO  
My name is Alamo Brock. So who are you?

JUSTICE  
I'm Marshal John Justice.  
This is Steve Walker, my deputy.

Walker nods to Alamo in greeting.

JUSTICE  
So, are you going to tell us what happened?

Alamo looks down toward the floor. He recalls his encounter with Sam Black.

JUSTICE  
Well?

ALAMO  
Who is Sam Black?

Justice and Walker look at each other.

WALKER

I knew it.

Walker turns away from them in frustration and walks away.

ALAMO  
(To Justice)  
So, you know him.

JUSTICE  
Not socially, but we know his  
handiwork. He's done stuff  
like this before.

ALAMO  
Who is he?

Justice gets up out of his chair and pours himself a glass  
of water.

JUSTICE  
Water?

ALAMO  
No thank you. He said people  
call him the Black Father.  
Who *is* he?

Justice sits back down in his chair.

JUSTICE  
He was once an ordained  
minister, went to seminary  
school and everything. He was  
the best preacher around. No  
one could deliver a sermon  
like he could. Real fire and  
brimstone type stuff. Then  
something terrible happened to  
him. Something that set him  
off, and turned him evil.

ALAMO  
What was that?

JUSTICE  
No one knows for sure. But he  
turned to a life of crime. He  
now steals and murders people  
and uses the Bible to justify  
his actions.

ALAMO  
How can that be?

JUSTICE  
He kills everyone he steals  
from. Says keeping them alive  
will be a thorn in his side.

Like when the Israelites took back the Promised Land in the Bible. God commanded them to completely wipe out all the inhabitants. But they didn't. He believes God has commanded him to subdue the Earth and take what is his. He even gives ten percent of what he steals back to the church.

ALAMO  
That's sick.

JUSTICE  
I know... Because of all that, I'm surprised he let you live.

ALAMO  
He didn't mean to. He left me out in the middle of nowhere to die, hoping no one would ever find me.

Pause

JUSTICE  
I'm sorry about your family.

ALAMO  
Thank you, but what do you intend to do about him?

JUSTICE  
It's complicated.

ALAMO  
This man murdered my family. What are you going to do about him Marshal?!

Walker comes back in and speaks to Alamo.

WALKER  
Believe me, there's nothing we want more than to bring him to justice. But he's practically untouchable. He's not only rich, but he's got connections, too. He steals cattle, but he also controls eighty percent of the opium trade on both sides of the border. He's got law enforcement officials and judges on his payroll. We've filed charges against him in

the past, but they've all been dismissed.

ALAMO

*(Sarcastically)*

Well, that's just great. So you're sayin' there's nothin' we can do?

WALKER

Not from a legal perspective.

ALAMO

Well, fortunately for me, I'm not thinkin' about this from a *legal* perspective. I got my own ideas about justice.

JUSTICE

Yeah, and you can keep sittin' in that cell. No one takes the law in their own hands... not in my jurisdiction.

ALAMO

We'll see about that.

Justice walks over to Alamo who's standing now.

JUSTICE

Look, I know you've had a rough time, but please let us handle this.

ALAMO

*(Emotional)*

Rough time? My family is murdered, my life is destroyed, and you say I've had a *rough time*? That's a good one.

JUSTICE

I'm sorry.

Alamo is placated by John's words. He can sense that he's sincere and truly sad for what happened to him.

ALAMO

Forget it. It wasn't your fault.

Walker puts his hat on his head.

WALKER

Well, I'm gonna go make my rounds.

JUSTICE  
Watch your back, kid. The  
guys who did this may still be  
around.

WALKER  
No sweat.

Walker walks out of the jailhouse, mounts his horse and  
rides away.

ALAMO  
Can ya let me outta here now?  
I promise I'll be calm.

Justice opens the door of the cell and lets Alamo out.

JUSTICE  
Oh, I forgot to mention. We  
put your horse in the stables  
for ya.

ALAMO  
Horse? But I don't have a  
horse. He was killed when my  
cattle were stolen.

JUSTICE  
Well, then he came back from  
the dead, cuz a horse keeps  
followin' you around.  
Followed us all the way back  
here and everything. We just  
figured he was yours.

INT. - STABLES - DAY.

Alamo walks into the stables. When he sees the white horse  
he sighs with contentment. He walks over to the stall and  
pets him with appreciation.

ALAMO  
I don't know where you came  
from, but you saved my life.  
Or maybe you just like  
carrots. I don't know... I  
only wish you'd found me  
sooner. I might've been able  
to save them.

Alamo leans his head against the horse's head in sadness.

FADE OUT.

GOLDEN PONY

INT. - SALOON (THE GOLDEN PONY) - NIGHT.

Walker walks through the swinging doors of the saloon, which is already busy with activity. There is a man playing piano, and every poker table is full. There are about five saloon girls inside wearing their unmistakable red corsets, entertaining the men.

Several people nod to Walker. He nods back in acknowledgment. He walks up to the bar. There is a beautiful brown-haired girl tending bar. She has big blue eyes and is in her early twenties. She has a quiet gentleness and a wholesomeness about her. She smiles when she sees Walker.

WALKER

Hey there. How's everything tonight?

FAITH

Oh you know. Same scene, different day.

WILL, who is Faith's father is also behind the bar helping serve customers. He is middle-aged and bald. When he sees Walker he nods to him. Walker nods back, respectfully.

WALKER

How's it goin', Will?

WILL

Pretty good, kid. Makin' a killing, as always.

WALKER

Glad to hear that. Someone has to pay the taxes in this town that pays my salary.

Pause

WALKER

(To Faith)

Any troublemakers in here tonight?

FAITH

Just the usual suspects. Masterson came in about an hour ago with two of his buddies. They've been drinking a lot, but nothing I can't handle.

WALKER

Sweetheart, there's *nothing* you can't handle... Got any coffee back there?

FAITH  
Just brewed a fresh pot.

Faith goes back and takes the pot and pours some in a mug for Walker.

WALKER  
Thanks.

Walker picks up the mug and takes a few more sips of coffee. He looks at Faith again.

WALKER  
I still don't understand why we broke up. I thought we were great together.

FAITH  
Come on. Let's not drag that up again. We've been down that road.

WALKER  
You're right. I think we're much better friends, anyway.

FAITH  
(Smiling)  
Me too.

Faith picks up a glass and starts drying it. Some commotion is heard at one of the poker tables, and the piano player stops playing.

MASTERSON  
I swear if you win one more hand, I'll shoot ya right between the eyes.

Billy Masterson is at a poker table playing against an older man in his forties. The older man is well dressed like a professional POKER PLAYER. Billy is drinking straight from a bottle of whiskey. He's getting hammered.

POKER PLAYER  
I've always found that when I drink, I play worse. Maybe you should take it easy.

MASTERSON  
No, maybe you should take it easy. That's eight hands in a row now. You're obviously cheating.

POKER PLAYER

Yeah, that's what all the losers say. When they win it's fair and square, but when I win, I'm cheating. It's always the same. Have you ever considered the possibility that maybe I'm just better than you?

In anger, Masterson draws his pistol and shoots the Poker Player's hat right off his head. Everyone in the saloon is startled and duck under their tables. Walker walks over to Masterson, who still has his pistol pointed at his opponent.

WALKER  
Alright, Billy. That's enough. Hand it over.

MASTERSON  
Well whadaya know? It's little deputy Stevie Walker, tryin' to be all tough.

WALKER  
I said hand it over. You've had too much to drink.

Masterson looks back at the Poker Player with intensity, then eases off.

MASTERSON  
Law and order, that's me. Here ya go.

Masterson uncocks the hammer and hands the pistol to Walker.

WALKER  
You can have it back when you leave.

MASTERSON  
Whatever.

The Poker Player picks up his money and gets up from the table.

MASTERSON  
Wait! You can't leave yet. I wanna chance to win my money back.

POKER PLAYER  
Sorry pal, you had your chance. But you blew it.

The Poker Player finds his hat, picks it up and leaves the saloon. It has a hole in it from the gunshot. The music starts playing again and everything goes back to normal.

Walker is about to walk away from Masterson but then turns back and leans over to whisper in his ear.

WALKER  
*(Whispering)*  
I know what you did.

MASTERSON  
And what's that?

WALKER  
To the woman and the little girl.

MASTERSON  
*(Sarcastically)*  
Who?

WALKER  
You know who. The family at the edge of the mountains. By the river.

Masterson is perturbed but just takes another swig from his bottle. Walker continues whispering in Masterson's ear.

WALKER  
*(Whispering)*  
Their innocent blood is all over your hands. You reek with the stench of murder. What goes around comes around. Your time is coming.

Walker begins to walk away but Masterson takes one more swig of liquor then throws the bottle to the floor in anger. After the bottle shatters, he stands up and walks over to Walker. Derek and Johnny follow him. The music stops and tension fills the entire saloon.

MASTERSON  
You think just because you have a badge, that you're better than everyone else?

WALKER  
Nope, just you.

The three men slowly converge on Walker. They all walk right up to Walker almost touching him.

MASTERSON  
You think you can just say anything you want to anybody? Who do you think you are?

WALKER

I suggest you back off, right now!

The men don't listen but just stand there.

WALKER

You people want to spend the night in jail? Just keep it up.

Johnny quickly snatches Walker's pistol right out of his holster. Masterson grabs his pistol back too.

MASTERSON

The little tough guy ain't so tough any more, is he?

FAITH

Leave him alone, Billy. You're drunk.

MASTERSON

Shut up!

Pause

MASTERSON

Where's your slave driving master? Too bad he's not here to back you up tonight. You're gonna need it.

WALKER

You can't do anything to me.

At this statement, Masterson backhand slaps Walker very hard, right across the mouth. When Walker looks back his lip is bleeding.

WILL

Take it easy, Billy.

MASTERSON

He started it.

WILL

No, you started it.

MASTERSON

Maybe, but I'm gonna finish it.

Suddenly, Will produces a double barrel shotgun from behind the bar and points it at Masterson.

WILL

Not in my saloon.

MASTERSON

You better watch yourself, old man.

Walker slides out from the vise of danger, and walks slowly to the door. When he gets outside, he takes off running. Johnny and Derek both look at Billy.

MASTERSON

Get him!

The two men take off after Walker. Billy waits and looks at Will for a moment and then follows them. After they're gone, Will lowers the shotgun.

INT. - CHURCH - NIGHT.

Walker runs into the town church seeking refuge. It is an old time structure that is painted white with a pointed roof and steeple. He goes between the pews and gets down low. When he doesn't hear anything for a while, he sighs in relief.

SUDDENLY, a flaming torch crashes in through a window and lights one of the pews on fire. Another torch flies through another window. The fire spreads quickly. Walker stands and covers his mouth, trying not to inhale the smoke. He makes his way to the preacher's podium at the back of the church and sees an exit door.

He runs outside and doesn't see anything at first, but as he turns around a corner, he feels a six-inch blade of cold steel thrust into his gut. He looks up to see Johnny who just looks into his eyes with a gaze that is colder than the steel he just shoved into his midsection.

A little blood starts running out of Walker's mouth who collapses onto the ground below. Johnny is standing over him holding the knife. Blood has run all over his right hand. Masterson runs up.

MASTERSON

(Yelling)

You idiot! You killed him!  
He's a deputy Marshal, you moron! I just wanted to beat him up a little, not kill him!

JOHNNY

I'm sorry.

MASTERSON

Do you realize what you've done?... The marshal is gonna be all over us now. He's gonna hunt us down like dogs-like DOGS! This is something I don't even think your father

can fix... You really screwed  
up, Johnny.

Some fire explodes out from one of the church windows as  
Derek runs up.

MASTERSON  
Quick! Put him back in the  
church.

Masterson and Johnny each grab a leg and they drag the  
lifeless body of Steve Walker back into the church.

DEREK  
Hurry!

The three men then take off running as the inferno consumes  
the entire building. Some townspeople gather around  
including Faith and Will and all watch in horror as their  
church burns to the ground. A few of the women are crying.

The fire casts an eerie glow on the faces of the townspeople  
at night as their spirits seem to go down in flames along  
with the church.

ALAMO AND JUSTICE JOIN FORCES

EXT. - BROCK FAMILY RANCH - DAY

Alamo is back at what is left of his ranch. He's standing  
over the graves of his wife and daughter. After taking a  
moment, he looks around at what was once his life. He gets  
a memory of Susie playing with her gold-colored pony, then  
in anger, he walks into the shell that used to be his house.  
He reaches under his bed's frame and pulls out a flat,  
wooden box that is burned on the outside but still intact.

He opens the hinged lid of the box, and sitting in the red  
velvet interior are two identical, 4 inch barreled,  
stainless steel revolvers with the words, "**The Alamo Kid**"  
engraved on ivory butts. He holds them in both hands and  
then skillfully spins them right into the double-holster  
that he is now wearing. He then straightens up and places a  
wide-brimmed, chocolate-brown cowboy hat on his head.

INT. - THE JAILHOUSE - DAY

Alamo walks into the jailhouse. There are five men standing  
all looking at Justice who is seated behind his desk.

ALAMO  
What's goin' on?

JUSTICE  
Thanks for comin' down guys.

All the men walk out the door, leaving Alamo and Justice alone.

ALAMO  
What happened?

Pause

JUSTICE  
Stevie was killed last night.

ALAMO  
*(Remorseful)*  
What? I'm so sorry.

JUSTICE  
He was like a son to me. I knew his parents before they died. I told 'em I'd look after him.

ALAMO  
Do you know who did it?

JUSTICE  
No one saw anything, but I got my suspicions. I gotta hunch it's the same group who killed your family.

Alamo gets a look of anger in his eyes.

ALAMO  
*(Intensely)*  
We can get 'em Marshal. You and me. ALL OF THEM... I can't do it without you.

JUSTICE  
You can't do it period. I need someone who's gonna be impartial. You're too personally involved.

ALAMO  
And you're not? You just said Steve was like a son to you. You're already personally involved.

JUSTICE  
*(Contemplating)*  
I don't know...

ALAMO  
You need me on this one, Marshal. You know it and I know it.

Justice takes a look at Alamo's new pistol belt around his waist. He leans back in his chair.

JUSTICE  
So?... Are ya any good with those things?

ALAMO  
(Smiling)  
Let's find out.

JUSTICE  
(Intensely)  
Show me.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY

Alamo and Justice are out in the middle of nowhere, with some mountains in the background. Justice has his rifle out.

ALAMO  
They say you're the best rifleman in the state of Texas, which means you're probably the best in the world.

There is a tin can lying about thirty yards in front of them. Alamo draws and fires and hits the ground directly under the can sending it upward. Justice fires his rifle and it hits the can when it's airborne.

JUSTICE  
Impressive.

Alamo fires both pistols this time, sending two more tin cans skyward. Justice fires twice and hits them both easily while airborne.

ALAMO  
You're not too bad yourself.

JUSTICE  
I've devoted my life to bringing criminals to justice. But the most important thing I've learned over the years is that you can't break the law while tryin' ta uphold it. If you do that, you're no better than the criminal sittin' in your cell. I coulda planted evidence on Black's men dozens a times, but I knew it wasn't right.

ALAMO  
Speakin' of which, where d'ya  
think we should start?

JUSTICE  
I've found the best way to get  
to a rich man is to hit him  
where it hurts. In his bank  
account.

ALAMO  
You talkin' about the opium  
trafficking?

JUSTICE  
Absolutely.

ALAMO  
Then let's do it.

ALAMO MEETS FAITH

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - SUNSET

Alamo and Justice walk through the swinging doors of the saloon. There is a man playing the piano, while several saloon girls are entertaining some of the men who are playing poker. There is also a roulette table where a beautiful, Vanna White-looking lady is taking bets and spinning the roulette wheel.

Will and Faith are tending bar. Faith is drying a glass when she sees Justice and Alamo walk in. Faith walks out from behind the bar and over to Justice and hugs him.

FAITH  
I'm so sorry about Stevie. He  
always said you were like a  
father to him.

JUSTICE  
And he was like a son to me.  
So, no one saw anything, huh?

FAITH  
No one. All we saw was the  
confrontation beforehand. No  
one saw the actual murder.

JUSTICE  
Or so they say.

Justice shakes his head.

JUSTICE  
Not enough to go to trial.

FAITH  
You know how it is in this  
town. Anything involving Sam  
Black or his men.

At the mention of Sam Black, Alamo looks directly at Faith.

ALAMO  
What about Sam Black?

JUSTICE  
I'm sorry. Where are my  
manners? Faith, this is Alamo  
Brock. Alamo, this is Faith.

Faith reaches her hand out to Alamo in greeting.

FAITH  
How do you do?

Alamo hesitates and just looks at Faith's hand. Meeting  
someone new is a different experience for him. At the  
hesitation, Faith casts a quick glance at Justice.

Alamo then shakes her hand awkwardly and gives her an  
indifferent nod and half smile. Alamo just looks at her,  
almost staring. In his mind, he's still married and has to  
be careful about associating with a beautiful young girl  
like Faith.

FAITH  
Anyway, like I was saying,  
anything involving Black's men  
makes people in this town  
cower in fear.

ALAMO  
Why is that?

Pause

JUSTICE  
Whenever we've filed charges  
against any of Black's men,  
and have a witness to the  
crime, the witness...

FAITH  
...mysteriously disappears, and  
is never seen again.

JUSTICE  
Case dismissed.

ALAMO  
How convenient.

FAITH

Tell me about it.

ALAMO

So, Black's men can pretty much get away with murder in this town. Is that— what you're sayin'?

FAITH

Basically.

Alamo looks directly at Justice.

ALAMO

*(Sarcastically)*

And is the law enforcement community doin' anything about this problem?

The insult makes Justice give Alamo a dirty look. Unfazed, Alamo looks back at John in defiance.

JUSTICE

Excuse me.

Justice walks toward the roulette wheel, hoping the sight of the beautiful lady behind it will help him take his mind off things. Faith is a little shocked that someone would talk to the Marshal that way.

FAITH

*(To Alamo)*

Would you like a beer?

ALAMO

Sure.

Faith walks back behind the bar and fills a beer mug and sets it in front of Alamo. Alamo takes a sip.

ALAMO

Thank you.

FAITH

You're welcome.

Alamo takes a few more sips, when a pretty, blonde saloon girl in a red corset walks up to Alamo. She's taken aback a little by his good looks.

SALOON GIRL

Hey, good-lookin'. Would you like some company?

Alamo doesn't even make eye contact with her, and brushes her off.

ALAMO

No.

SALOON GIRL  
Sorry, just trying to be  
friendly. Excuse me.

Faith smiles a little bit as she's impressed that Alamo just blew off the prettiest girl in the saloon. There's something dark and mysterious about him that captivates her.

Some time passes and Alamo is still leaning up against the bar in the same place. Faith passes him another beer, and he just picks it up without looking at her and starts drinking.

FAITH  
You don't talk much, do you?

Alamo notices a young Indian standing off in a corner. He's in his early twenties and has long, jet-black hair and is dressed in western, civilian clothes. He's sipping a beer from a frosty mug. He's not talking to anyone.

ALAMO  
Who's that?

FAITH  
No one knows his real name.  
But around here, we just call  
him Tracker. If you ever want  
to find anything or anybody,  
he's your man.

ALAMO  
I'll keep that in mind.

FAITH  
I got the impression before  
that you've heard of Sam  
Black.

Alamo turns and looks directly at Faith. He stares at her intensely.

ALAMO  
We've met.

Faith is a little troubled by Alamo's intense response, and walks away from him to help another customer.

ALAMO CONFRONTS MASTERSON

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - NIGHT.

Business has picked up in the saloon. Alamo is standing at the bar in the same place having a beer when he sees Billy MASTERSON, DEREK, and JOHNNY walk in. He recognizes

Masterson and Derek instantly, as they were two of the five who took his cattle. He doesn't recognize Johnny since he wasn't with them before. Alamo's gaze becomes more intense.

The three men sit down at a poker table, with Masterson sitting in the middle, and Johnny to his right. A SALOON GIRL wearing a red corset sits on Masterson's lap, he starts drinking and having a good time with her.

Alamo goes to the table and takes a seat directly in front of Masterson, but Masterson doesn't recognize him. Alamo is sporting a neatly trimmed beard now along with the wide-brimmed chocolate-brown cowboy hat.

Alamo then notices a golden bracelet on Masterson's wrist. It's the same bracelet that he gave to his wife before she was murdered. Alamo is filled with rage and looks directly at Masterson with an intense stare. Tears of anger begin to form in his eyes. Alamo is about to explode in fury, and he cocks the hammer of one of his pistols in its holster.

MASTERSON

What're you starin' at?

Alamo continues staring with incredible intensity.

MASTERSON

Huh?

ALAMO

*(Backing off)*

Nothing— I'm not feeling well. Excuse me.

MASTERSON

Whatever.

Alamo uncocks the hammer and gets up from the table and walks to the back corner of the bar. Faith is there and she's wiping down the bar with a towel. She walks over to Alamo. He's hunched over the bar breathing heavily. He has a mixture of pain and shock on his face.

FAITH

Are you all right? You look like you've seen a ghost.

ALAMO

Can you get the marshal outta here?

FAITH

Why? What's going on?

Alamo looks directly at Faith with a look that chills her to the bone.

ALAMO

Because something's going to  
happen here that I don't think  
either one of you should see.

Faith looks over at Masterson then back at Alamo.

FAITH  
(Afraid)  
Yeah. Sure.

Faith walks over to Justice who's now standing by the bar  
drinking and entertaining the roulette wheel lady.

FAITH  
Hey handsome. I need to show  
you something outside.

JUSTICE  
Now?

FAITH  
Yes, now.

Faith grabs Justice's arm and starts pulling him outside.

JUSTICE  
What is it?

FAITH  
It's a surprise.

JUSTICE  
Alright. But you owe me a  
beer.

FAITH  
I'll give you two. C'mon.

They walk out. Alamo notices a sledgehammer sitting off in  
a corner. He goes back to the table and sits down in front  
of Masterson.

MASTERSON  
So, are you gonna play or  
what?

ALAMO  
Just deal.

Derek gives Alamo a quizzical look.

DEREK  
Have we met before?

ALAMO  
Maybe.

They play a few hands and Alamo lets Masterson win. Masterson shoves the chips over to himself after he wins the latest hand.

MASTERSON  
You're probably the worst  
poker player I've ever seen.

ALAMO  
Let's keep playing.

MASTERSON  
Whatever you say, Jerkweed!

Pause

ALAMO  
Do you know any stories?

Masterson looks at Alamo quizzically.

MASTERSON  
(Annoyed)  
No, I don't know any stories.  
Do you?

ALAMO  
Yeah, I know one. Tell me if  
you've heard it.

Masterson continues counting his money.

MASTERSON  
(To his buddies)  
Yeah, it's the story of how he  
lost all his money.

The three men laugh.

ALAMO  
One night, not too long ago, a  
rancher was out looking after  
his cattle, when these five  
men ride into his camp. One  
was a man of the cloth.

The three men stop smiling and get a little more serious.

ALAMO  
The Reverend takes out his  
Bible and they start talking.  
Then somehow, they trick him  
and disarm him. He tries to  
fight but there's just too  
many of 'em. They beat him  
up, take all his cattle, and  
leave him for dead.

The look on Masterson's face slowly turns from seriousness into fear. Everyone in the room starts to feel the tension and they back away from the four men. Some go outside.

Derek stands and walks up a staircase about six steps. He takes his shotgun out to try to cover Alamo from a higher position in case anything happens. Johnny also stands and slowly moves toward the door.

ALAMO  
(*Emotional*)

But the real tragic part of the story is that after they kill his horse, they go to his home and they rape and murder his wife and daughter... She was only *eight* years old.

Masterson looks up slowly, and when he finally recognizes Alamo, his bottom lip starts trembling with incredible fear.

ALAMO  
And to top it all off, one of 'em takes his wife's bracelet and wears it right in front of him.

Masterson's trembling hand slowly touches the butt of his pistol, as he knows what's about to happen.

ALAMO  
Yeah, I think you know the story I'm talkin' about.

Masterson tries to draw, but Alamo shoots first, hitting Masterson in the gut. He falls out of his chair, dropping his gun. Alamo then quickly tips the table over and ducks behind it.

Derek fires his shotgun, but it hits the table. Alamo quickly shoots Derek twice in the chest and as he falls, he crashes the railing of the stairs down with him. Alamo then points his pistol at Johnny, but he's already out the door before Alamo can sight in. Alamo holsters his pistols.

Masterson is trying to crawl out of the saloon on the floor. He's leaving a blood trail from the bullet in his gut. Alamo grabs the sledgehammer in the corner and walks up to Masterson. Masterson turns over and pleads.

MASTERSON  
(*Fearing for his life*)  
N-No-wait! It wasn't me- it was Black- he told me to do it- HE TOLD ME TO DO IT!...

ALAMO

The Lord giveth... and the Lord  
taketh away.

Alamo bashes Masterson's head in with the sledgehammer with extreme vengeance. Everyone within earshot winces at the sound of Billy's skull being crushed. It only takes one blow.

A little blood hits Alamo's cheek. He wipes the blood from his face, and then reaches down and removes the bracelet from Masterson's wrist, and puts it around his own. He clutches the bracelet with his other hand, and with sadness, remembers his beautiful wife.

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - ALAMO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alamo approaches his room, which is upstairs at the Golden Pony, and as he unlocks the door to retire for the night, Faith approaches from behind.

FAITH

I heard what happened...  
I'm sorry about your wife and  
daughter. I didn't know.

Alamo stops what he's doing and pauses.

FAITH

If there's anything I can do  
to make you feel better, let  
me know. I'm here for you,  
okay?

Alamo turns and slowly walks toward Faith.

ALAMO

*(Tenderly)*

Actually, there is something  
you can do for me.

Alamo reaches out and touches Faith's hand.

FAITH

Yeah?

Faith leans toward Alamo hoping with every ounce of her being that he'll kiss her. She wants nothing more than for Alamo to take her in his arms so she can comfort him, but he speaks instead.

ALAMO

You can get me a bottle of  
bourbon.

Alamo puts a silver dollar in Faith's hand. She breaks eye contact and lowers her head in disappointment. She nods in acknowledgment, realizing that she's still just a bartender

to him. Alamo walks back to his room as Faith just stands there.

FAITH  
Alamo?

Alamo stops.

FAITH  
Don't let your past destroy  
the rest of your life.

He turns around to look at her.

ALAMO  
(*Sadly*)  
It already has.

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - ALAMO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alamo is sitting in a chair and has a bottle of bourbon with a white label on it that simply says, "BEAM." He's shirtless and he downs another glass as he's tormented by memories of his beautiful wife. He misses her terribly. Alamo drops his glass and it shatters on the floor.

FADE OUT.

FAITH MEETS GODSEND

EXT. - ALAMO'S RANCH - DAY - (NIGHTMARE).

The sky is surreal. Alamo is back at his old ranch and everything is intact, the way it was before. Susie is standing alone watching him approach her. He walks up to her and puts his left palm on her cheek.

ALAMO  
You know I'll always be there  
for you, sweetheart.

SUSIE  
I know Daddy.

He then sees Black approaching his daughter the same way he had. But Alamo isn't there. Her daughter just stands there stoically watching the evil approach. When Black gets up close to her, he suddenly gets a burst of anger and backhand slaps her across the mouth violently, the same way he did to Alamo during their encounter. Susie lets out a horrifying cry and falls backward.

SUDDENLY, Alamo sits up in his bed and points his pistol at the door. He's just awoken from his latest nightmare in a cold sweat. He's breathing heavily. He has no shirt on, and he's incredibly buffed and ripped. He looks outside and

it's daytime. He puts his feet over the side of the bed and looks down at the floor.

ALAMO  
(*Sadly*)  
I've failed you, my precious  
Susie. It's all my fault. I  
wasn't there for you.

INT. - THE STABLES - DAY.

Faith walks into the stables to tend her horse. When she sees Alamo's horse for the first time she's taken aback by his beauty. The horse has a surreal glow about him.

FAITH  
Wow! Where did you come from?  
You're so beautiful.

She walks over to his stall and starts petting him.

ALAMO  
I think he likes you.

Faith looks back and sees Alamo standing in the doorway with a smile on his face.

FAITH  
Does he belong to you?

ALAMO  
I guess so. He hasn't run  
away yet.

FAITH  
I knew it.

ALAMO  
Give him one of these.

Alamo hands her a carrot. Faith holds out the carrot to the horse and he eats it thankfully. After the horse finishes eating, Faith just pets him some more.

FAITH  
There's something different  
about this horse. I- can't  
put a finger on it, but  
there's something magical,  
almost... spiritual about him.  
Like an angel or something.  
Does that make any sense?

ALAMO  
I know whatcha mean. He may  
very well be an angel. He  
saved my life.

FAITH

Where did you find him?

ALAMO

After Black's men beat me within an inch of my life and left me to die, this horse broke off from a herd of wild mustangs, and came and... rescued me.

FAITH

*(Astonished)*

That's amazing! I've never heard of anything like that before. What's his name?

Alamo pauses for a moment and thinks. He's never even thought of a name for the horse. Suddenly, his eyes light up and he speaks.

ALAMO

Godsend.

FAITH

That's beautiful.

Faith and Alamo both look into each other's eyes briefly. When they both realize they've been staring at each other for too long, they come to their senses and look back at Godsend.

ALAMO

My daughter loved horses... I wish you coulda met her. She was the prettiest little girl you've ever seen. She had the face of an angel. With big, beautiful blue eyes.

Alamo looks into Faith's eyes again.

ALAMO

Kinda like yours.

Faith smiles back at Alamo, enjoying the compliment.

ALAMO

*(Sadly)*

It's too bad things had to turn out this way.

Alamo looks downward and sadness takes him again. Faith puts her hand on his arm to comfort him.

FAITH

There wasn't anything you  
could've done.

ALAMO

Yes there was. Had I gotten  
there sooner, I woulda buried  
Black and his men! Not my  
beautiful daughter... I failed  
her.

FAITH

You can't blame yourself. It  
wasn't your fault. The guilt  
lies with Black and his men  
alone. God will bring them to  
justice.

ALAMO

I don't know if I believe in  
God anymore.

FAITH

Why not?

ALAMO

*(Emotional)*

Because if there really is a  
God, then how could he allow  
something like this to happen?  
And worse, how could he allow  
me to live afterward?...  
Maybe he's punishing me for my  
sins.

FAITH

You can't blame God either.  
He didn't do this. I don't  
know why things like this  
happen. But I do know that  
God can take the most terrible  
tragedy and turn it around for  
good.

ALAMO

*(Upset)*

What possible good can come  
from the deaths of my wife and  
daughter?

FAITH

I don't know, Alamo. I can't  
answer that. But there's a  
book in the Bible, the one  
before Psalms. If you read  
it, you may find some answers.

Pause

ALAMO

I wish Black woulda just put a bullet in my head. He almost did, but he said that a bullet was too quick, too painless, that he wanted me to suffer... Well, he got his wish.

FAITH

When my mother died, I was devastated. But my father said that time would heal my pain. And he was right. And time will heal yours too.

ALAMO

I wish I had your strength.

FAITH

But you do. You're one of the strongest men I've ever met. You just don't see it right now.

Alamo turns away from her and looks at Godsend.

FAITH

Everything will work itself out, and I know you'll set things right.

FADE OUT.

SAM AND JOHNNY BLACK

**Somewhere in Mexico... Just across the border**

EXT. - SAM BLACK'S COMPOUND - COURTYARD - DAY

There is a fiesta going on with a mariachi band playing and people are dancing and having a good time. There is a large sign that reads, **"Happy Birthday Sam"**.

There is a Mexican Army Colonel also in attendance. When he makes eye contact with Black he raises his glass.

COLONEL VILLAREAL

Reverend?

Black raises his glass in response.

BLACK

Colonel? Thanks for coming.

VILLAREAL

De nada. Too bad none of the judges made it.

BLACK  
It's okay. They all sent  
gifts.

VILLAREAL  
I guess they have their  
reputations to consider.

BLACK  
And you don't?

VILLAREAL  
I'm a soldier. I don't care  
what anyone thinks.

BLACK  
(*Raises his Glass*)  
Salut!

Johnny Black walks in. He's hatless and disheveled and breathing heavily. Black sees Johnny and motions to some of his men to take him inside. Five men escort Johnny inside. Black kisses the latina woman sitting next to him on her cheek and excuses himself.

INT. - SAM BLACK'S COMPOUND - STUDY - DAY.

Black walks into his study and sees Johnny who looks completely dejected. Sam then sits behind his desk and opens a Bible.

BLACK  
What happened, son?

Johnny flops down in a nearby chair.

JOHNNY  
Billy and Derek are dead.

BLACK  
What?!

Black slams his Bible shut and quickly gets up out of his chair.

BLACK  
Who did this?

JOHNNY  
We were at the Golden Pony playing cards like we always do. Then we started playing with this intense looking guy. Billy wins a few hands, and then he tells Billy a story of how his wife and child were killed. Then he draws and

takes out Billy and Derek within seconds, even though Derek had the drop on him. I've never seen anyone so fast. He was like lightning.. I've never been more terrified in my entire life than I was at that moment.

BLACK

What else can you tell me about this guy?

JOHNNY

There was something about his eyes. He had these- piercing eyes, the kind that when he looked at you, you felt like he was looking into the very depths of your soul... Just the way he looked at ya made you afraid.

Long Pause

BLACK

I met a man like that once. But it's impossible. The man I'm thinking of is dead. There's no way he can be alive.

JOHNNY

Do you know him?

Black walks toward a nearby window and looks out.

BLACK

*(Fearfully)*

I pray to God it's not the man I'm thinking of. Because if it is, we're all in danger.

Black turns around and looks at all his men.

BLACK

Every single one of us.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY.

There is a covered wagon with some china-men inside. They disperse when a flaming torch is thrown inside. There is opium inside that is set on fire. It explodes. Outside, Alamo and Justice have their weapons drawn. The china-men run away in terror. After the men run off, Alamo holsters his weapon and turns his horse to face another rider who is with them. It's Tracker.

ALAMO

You can't tell anyone you're helping us. Not even your best friend. For your own safety.

Tracker just smiles in response.

TRACKER

I'll take my chances. Good day.

Tracker tips his hat and then turns his horse away from them and rides away.

FADE OUT.

SIEGE BEGINS

INT. - THE ALAMO (1836) - DAY

Colonel Travis is addressing his men.

TRAVIS

Colonel Bowie has relieved himself of his command, as he is too ill to continue his duties. At his request, I'm assuming command of the volunteers in addition to the regulars at this post.

Pause

VOLUNTEER 1

Well that's all fine and good Colonel, but there's an army of five thousand men sitting outside waiting for us. What are we gonna do?

There is some murmuring and also agreeing of the men at this statement.

TRAVIS

*(Raises his hand)*

General Sam Houston has assured me himself that he'll be here with reinforcements.

VOLUNTEER 2

When will that be?

There's some louder murmuring as the men are getting restless.

TRAVIS  
I'm awaiting a dispatch from  
him about that very thing. It  
should be arriving any moment.

INT. - THE ALAMO - BOWIE'S ROOM - DAY.

Colonel Bowie is lying on a bed shaking uncontrollably.  
He's sweating and there are dark circles under his eyes.  
Brock Sr walks up to him and kneels beside him. He has a  
cup of hot tea.

BROCK SR  
So, how are we feeling today,  
Colonel?

BOWIE  
*(Facetiously)*  
Oh, I just feel like I'm  
dying. But other than that, I  
feel fine.

Brock Sr chuckles and then Bowie sits up a little and takes  
a sip of the tea.

BROCK SR  
I'm just wondering what Travis  
is going to do about all these  
Mexicans sitting outside.

INT. - THE ALAMO - DAY.

A courier runs in and hands Colonel Travis a dispatch. The  
courier is a young man under twenty years of age. He could  
be mistaken for a teenager he looks so young.

COURIER  
Dispatch, sir. From General  
Sam Houston.

Travis opens the dispatch and starts to read frantically.

Brock Sr and Crockett enter the room from another doorway.  
They're wondering what all the commotion is about. As he's  
reading, Travis gets a look of despair on his face. He lets  
his hands drop and the paper falls to the floor.

VOLUNTEER 1  
What is it?

Travis looks up slowly with a dejected look and makes eye  
contact with him.

TRAVIS  
He's not coming.

Everyone in the room just stands there flabbergasted. They  
all look at Travis in shock. You can hear a pin drop.

Travis and Crockett then make eye contact with one another. Crockett lifts up his head with a look of courage and nods at Travis. Travis nods back to him with eyes like steel. They both know what they have to do.

TRAVIS

Men, if this fortress falls, then Santa Anna's hordes will go all over Texas, pillaging and plundering at will. All our farms and ranches will be burned, and our loved ones put to the sword. We can't let that happen. The more we resist, the more Santa Anna will become obsessed with taking this fortress. His casualties will be so great, and his army so severely weakened, that he'll have to limp back to Mexico City with his tail between his legs... We're not giving up this fortress, men. Not without a fight. If Santa Anna wants this fortress... let him come take it.

At this statement, all the men suddenly straighten up with a look of courage in their eyes.

Colonel Travis then walks into the middle of his group of men and raises his right fist.

TRAVIS

Victory or Death!

In unison, all the men raise their hands and whatever's in them, muskets, knives, etc.

EVERYONE

*(Shouting)*

Victory or Death! Victory or Death!

EXT. - THE ALAMO - ROOF - DAY

Travis is looking down at the massive encampment of men below. His men are moving cannons into place on top of the fortress, as well as other munitions. The courier appears again.

COURIER

Colonel Travis, Santa Anna has dispatched a messenger to discuss terms of our surrender.

At these words all the men within earshot all stop what they're doing and look at Travis and the COURIER in shock.

TRAVIS

By all means, send him up.

A Mexican officer in full dress then appears, walking up the stairs. He stops in front of Travis and opens a parchment scroll.

MESSENGER

His Highness, Santa Anna the Great, ruler of Mexico, offers these terms of surrender to you and your men. Lay down your arms and leave this fortress immediately and your lives will be spared... Or stay and every single one of you will be slaughtered along with your families. For we know the names of everyone present here, and after we destroy you, we will go to your homes and finish off those you love. This is punishment for high treason that you are committing against General Santa Anna, by resisting his will.

The MESSENGER closes the scroll.

MESSENGER

That is the general's terms. What say you?

Colonel Travis just looks back at him with eyes like steel.

TRAVIS

Go back to your general and tell him that we will fight to the death, to the very last man. We will show no mercy on anyone who enters this fortress against our will, and we will take no prisoners. For we would rather die fighting for freedom than to live under tyranny.

The MESSENGER just looks back at Travis with a look of disgust on his face.

MESSENGER

Arrogance! I shall enjoy watching you die!

The MESSENGER turns around and starts to walk back to the stairs, when suddenly Travis gets a look of anger on his face and walks up behind the MESSENGER and grabs the back of his coat and starts pushing him toward the wall.

MESSENGER  
Hey... What the?

Travis then throws the MESSENGER over the wall to his death. His screams are heard until he hits the ground below.

TRAVIS  
You first!

The soldiers below are shocked when they see the MESSENGER falling.

Suddenly Brock Sr appears behind Travis who's still looking down at the fallen MESSENGER.

BROCK SR  
Colonel?

Travis turns around and sees Brock Sr.

BROCK SR  
I know I'm supposed to be with  
the volunteers, but I wanted  
to come and fight with you.

The look of seriousness on Travis's face turns to a smile.

TRAVIS  
Glad to hear that. Man the  
cannon, Brock. And welcome.

BROCK SR  
Yes sir.

Travis then turns back around and looks at the massive encampment of soldiers below. He raises both arms in the air gloriously.

TRAVIS  
*(Gloriously)*  
Santa Anna, I defy you, and  
everything you stand for.  
Today, you will feel the sting  
of freedom, when you try to  
take it away from those who  
love it.

Pause

TRAVIS

This— is how freedom answers  
despotism... This is how Texans  
answer tyrants.

Travis looks back at Brock Sr who's behind a howitzer  
cannon.

TRAVIS  
Brock, send them our answer.

BROCK SR  
With pleasure.

Brock Sr lights the fuse, and a cannon-shot is fired onto  
the soldiers below. The battle is underway.

FADE OUT.

HISTORY OF REVENGE

EXT. - WILDERNESS - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT.

Alamo is reading a book. Justice is brewing coffee.

JUSTICE  
Whatcha readin'?

ALAMO  
Oh, just something Faith told  
me about.

JUSTICE  
And what's that?

ALAMO  
Do you know which book is  
before Psalms?

Justice looks closer and is surprised to find Alamo reading  
The Bible.

JUSTICE  
*(Shaking his head)*  
No.

ALAMO  
It's the book of Job...  
Job had everything taken from  
him, all his possessions, his  
children, everything. Yet he  
remained faithful, in spite of  
everything that happened to  
him.

Justice looks at Alamo intently.

ALAMO

It was so bad that Job's wife even told him to curse God and die, to end his misery. But he still remained faithful... After it was all over, God blessed Job tremendously and he lived happily ever after.

JUSTICE

Maybe Faith is trying to tell you something.

ALAMO

Which is?

JUSTICE

That maybe this isn't the end, but the beginning.

ALAMO

Beginning of what?

JUSTICE

I don't know. After this is over, maybe you'll live happily ever after.

ALAMO

I was happy once. But Sam Black ended all that. Now I'll never rest until I take my vengeance.

Justice pours some coffee for himself.

JUSTICE

Do you know how the modern justice system came into being?

ALAMO

No.

JUSTICE

In ancient societies, when someone was wronged, revenge was usually taken in response. But the problem was that the retribution usually turned out to be a lot worse than the offense. Vengeance was taken in response to vengeance, and so on. This created blood feuds and vendettas that lasted for generations. Entire populations were killing each other off. That's when early governments

enacted what they call "**lex talionis**" which is Latin for "Law of Retaliation." Whereby, the government would allow the offended party to take revenge as long as it was fair. The Israelites practiced this. We see it in the Old Testament, where it states, "An eye for an eye."

Alamo turns some pages in his Bible.

ALAMO

*(Reading with Passion)*

"But if any harm follows, then you shall give life for life, eye for eye."

Alamo closes his Bible.

JUSTICE

You found that pretty quick. I take it you've read that before.

ALAMO

I've done my homework too. So what's your point with all this?

JUSTICE

That revenge is nothing more than an endless spiral of death and destruction. No good ever comes from it.

ALAMO

I never said I wanted to do any good.

JUSTICE

Then what are you trying to accomplish?

ALAMO

Justice.

JUSTICE

Vengeance isn't justice.

ALAMO

I'll be the judge of that.

The two men look into each other's eyes with an intense stare.

SUDDENLY, a horse is heard galloping towards the camp. Alamo and Justice both draw pistols at the rider. It's Tracker. They holster their weapons.

ALAMO  
Sorry, old habit. The last  
guy who rode into my camp  
wasn't so friendly.

TRACKER  
I know.

Tracker dismounts and sits down by the fire.

TRACKER  
Black has just dispatched some  
men across the border.  
They're heading for the  
McNally ranch. If you leave  
by daybreak you should get  
there in time.

Long Pause

ALAMO  
(To Tracker)  
Why are you helping us?  
You're takin' an awful risk.

TRACKER  
It's a long story.

JUSTICE  
We seem to have plenty of  
time.

Pause.

TRACKER  
I guess it all started when my  
brother died. After his  
death, I just couldn't deal  
with it, and left the tribe  
out of despair.

ALAMO  
You're Comanche?

TRACKER  
(Nodding)  
My father is Warpaint, the  
great chief of the Comanches.

JUSTICE  
Why do they call him Warpaint?

TRACKER

Because he always wears  
warpaint.

ALAMO  
(*Laughing*)  
That makes sense.

JUSTICE  
How did your brother die?

TRACKER  
He was at a trading post,  
trading some hides when Sam  
Black shot him... They used to  
call my brother "Runs like the  
Wind" because he could run so  
fast. No one in our tribe was  
faster than he was. They say  
he once kept up with a herd of  
horses for a mile.

Pause.

JUSTICE  
We're sorry for your loss.

Tracker looks up from the fire and directly at Alamo and  
Justice.

TRACKER  
I've waited a long time for  
anyone who had the courage to  
stand up to the Black Father.  
When I came across the two of  
you, I knew you were the ones.  
I had to help you.

FADE OUT.

MCNALLY FAMILY

EXT. - MCNALLY RANCH - DAY

Five men have captured a family. Three of the men have  
dismounted to tie up the family of four. The two on horses  
are Mexican soldiers. They tie up the mother and father and  
put them on their knees.

Thief 1 is about to tie up the daughter but takes another  
look at her. She's a pretty girl with brown hair and big  
brown eyes and olive skin. Thief 1 was one of the thieves  
from the party that took Alamo's cattle.

THIEF 1  
Wait. I'm not done with this  
one yet.

He drops his gunbelt.

THIEF 1  
I'm gonna have a little fun  
with her.

The man grabs the girl's arm.

MOTHER  
*(Screaming)*  
No!! She's only fifteen.  
Please don't!

THIEF 2  
Shut up!

Thief 2 yanks on the mother's hair to silence her. The mother shrieks in horror.

THIEF 1  
*(To the Girl)*  
You should thank me. This is  
going to be the last pleasure  
you get in your life.

He pulls her to the ground and starts ripping her clothes. The girl starts screaming.

THIEF 2  
Kill 'em all starting with the  
boy.

RANCHER  
*(Lunges toward his Son)*  
No!!

Thief 2 pistol whips the rancher with his revolver, putting him to the ground.

Thief 3 takes out his pistol and points it at the small boy of about ten years who is on his knees. His hands are bound behind his back. The boy is crying.

THIEF 3  
You're a sissy little boy, you  
know that? You cry just like  
a girl. You are worthless.

Thief 3 cocks the hammer about to shoot the boy execution style...

VOICE  
Good morning, gentlemen. Hope  
I'm not interrupting anything.

All the men stop what they're doing and turn to see Alamo who's suddenly in their midst sitting on his horse.

THIEF 1  
Who are you?

ALAMO  
Oh, I'm just a buyer.

THIEF 1  
Buyer of what?

ALAMO  
Cattle, of course. I came to see if there's any cattle for sale around here.

THIEF 1  
Mister, you really shouldn't butt into other people's business.

ALAMO  
Rancher, you wanna sell your cattle?

The rancher gets back on his knees.

RANCHER  
*(Surprised)*  
Sure.

ALAMO  
Hmm, let's see... I'll give you twelve dollars a head for all of 'em.

RANCHER  
Are you crazy? That's an absolute rip off!

ALAMO  
*(Smiling)*  
Well, do you think someone's gonna come along and make you better offer today?

The rancher looks around at his family all at gunpoint.

RANCHER  
I'll take it. On one condition.

ALAMO  
What's that?

RANCHER  
We go with the cattle. All of us.

ALAMO

Deal.

Alamo looks around at the men with a smirk on his face.

ALAMO  
There... Now it is my  
business... Sorry fellas, looks  
like you've been outbid.

SUDDENLY, a shot rings out in the distance. One of the riders falls off his horse. Justice is firing his rifle in prone position from behind a bush where no one can see him.

Alamo draws and guns down Thief 3, who's next to the little boy. He fires again and drops Thief 2 who's standing by the parents. Another rifle shot rings out and the second rider drops from his horse. The only man left is Thief 1 who's still on the ground next to the girl putting his shirt back on. He's unarmed since he dropped his gunbelt earlier to molest her.

Alamo dismounts and walks toward Thief 1. He backs up in fear as Alamo approaches. Alamo walks up to him and cocks the hammer of his revolver and points it at him.

ALAMO  
(Intensely)  
Where is he?

THIEF 1  
I don't know what you're  
talking about.

ALAMO  
You know exactly who I'm  
talkin' about.

Justice walks up, leading his horse by the reins.

THIEF 1  
If I tell you where he is,  
he'll kill me.

ALAMO  
Well, I'm gonna kill you if  
you don't, so you're in a  
little bit of a quandary here.

THIEF 1  
If you promise not to kill me,  
I'll tell you where he is.

Alamo sighs and contemplates the request.

ALAMO  
Okay... If you tell me where he  
is right now, I won't kill  
you.

THIEF 1

He's heading south, along the Comanche trail, back across the border. So, you're not going to kill me, right? You promised.

Alamo suddenly recognizes Thief 1, which makes him walk right up to him and put the barrel of his gun in his mouth. Alamo cocks the hammer with extreme prejudice. Thief 1 closes his eyes, waiting for his death.

ALAMO

I promised that I wouldn't kill you, and I'm a man of my word.

Alamo uncocks the hammer of his pistol and then tosses it to the young Girl. She looks surprisingly at Alamo then at her parents, as if asking permission. The mother nods back at her with eyes like steel.

Alamo winks at Thief 1, who just looks at the girl in horror. Alamo turns away from them and walks toward the boy who's still kneeling. While walking, he hears the sound of his pistol going off. The shot echoes through the valley.

Alamo walks up to the boy and cuts his bonds. Justice walks over to the parents and starts to untie them. The boy stands up, still crying from the ordeal. Alamo leans over, putting one hand on the boy's shoulder.

ALAMO

Hey buddy, you all right? Everything's gonna be fine. No one's gonna hurt ya now.

Alamo wipes a tear from the boy's cheek with his thumb.

ALAMO

And it's okay to cry, you're not a sissy... You're a good lad. Someday, you're gonna grow up strong, just like your father.

BOY

But I want to be like you.

ALAMO

No you don't. You don't wanna be like me. Your father is a much better man than me. You should wanna be like him.

The boy hugs Alamo around the waist and starts to cry again. Alamo just stands there and puts his hands on the boy's head.

Everyone is touched by the moment, even Justice who stops what he's doing to look at them. The mother then runs over and embraces the boy in her arms. Alamo walks over to Godsend and gets in the saddle.

RANCHER

So what do I do with the cattle?

ALAMO

Get 'em to the stockyards. The owner's name is Simpson. Tell him I sent you. He'll buy 'em from ya.

RANCHER

And you are?

Alamo looks at Justice.

ALAMO

Alamo Brock.

RANCHER

Alamo Brock... Are you the Alamo Kid?

ALAMO

Used to be.

RANCHER

I thought you were dead.

ALAMO

Not yet.

The Mother stops hugging her son and looks at Alamo. She grabs a lock of her own hair and holds it, playfully.

MOTHER

*(Flirtatiously)*

So, is there a Mrs. Alamo Brock?

RANCHER

*(Sarcastically)*

Um, there's a Mister McNally.

The Mother is embarrassed and Justice chuckles.

ALAMO

Actually, she was taken from me. By men just like this.

MOTHER  
I'm sorry.

Alamo nods to her in acknowledgment. Justice gets back on his horse.

ALAMO  
*(To the Girl)*  
So, can I have my gun back?

The Girl walks over and hands the pistol back to him.

ALAMO  
So how does it feel?

GIRL  
I like the weight.

ALAMO  
Me too.

The Girl smiles back at him.

JUSTICE  
I know the route he's taking.  
If we cut through some Indian  
country we can intercept him  
before he crosses the border.

ALAMO  
Then let's go.

RANCHER  
Mister Brock, thank you.

ALAMO  
No, thank you.

Alamo and Justice ride off into the distance. The family all wave at them, in wonder.

FADE OUT.

PROPHECY

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - DAY.

Will is sweeping the floor and all the chairs are upside down on the tables. Faith is behind the bar washing glasses and tidying up. Tracker comes in.

FAITH  
Tracker, what brings you in  
here this time of day?

TRACKER

Oh, just wanted to drop by and see how you're holding up. Ya got any water back there?

FAITH

Sure, one second.

Faith fills a glass mug with water and hands it to Tracker.

TRACKER

Thanks.

Tracker takes a sip of water, then looks away, thinking about something.

FAITH

You look troubled. Is everything all right?

TRACKER

I guess I'm just troubled about the times we live in.

FAITH

I know what you mean.

TRACKER

No you don't.

Tracker takes another sip of water.

TRACKER

You've no doubt heard of the two mystery riders who are hunting for Sam Black and messing up his operations, right?

FAITH

Sure, everyone has.

TRACKER

Well, there's a Comanche legend that one day two horsemen will come, the White Rider and the Law Man. That's what the Comanches are calling the mystery riders. And they will bring judgment upon the workers of iniquity, and cleanse those who have corrupted the earth... And the moon will turn to blood.

Tracker looks at Faith more seriously.

TRACKER

Faith, have you made your  
peace with God?

FAITH  
You're scaring me. What's  
your point?

Pause

TRACKER  
The Comanches also believe  
that when the two horsemen  
arrive, that the end of the  
world is near.

FAITH  
What horsemen?

TRACKER  
The horsemen— of the  
apocalypse.

FAITH  
I don't believe in Indian  
legends.

TRACKER  
Do you believe the Bible?

Surprised, Faith turns back around.

FAITH  
Of course I do.

TRACKER  
Then read Revelation chapter  
six, verses five and eight,  
and you'll understand what  
I'm talking about.

Tracker takes one more sip and puts the mug back down on the  
bar and leaves.

TRACKER  
Good day.

INT. - WILL AND FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Faith is sitting in a chair looking out the window. There  
is a storm raging outside with thunder and lightning.

WILL  
You seem preoccupied. Is  
somethin' on your mind?

FAITH

Oh, just something Tracker  
said today.

WILL  
What did he say?

FAITH  
It's silly, but he spoke of an  
old Comanche legend and of the  
horsemen of the apocalypse,  
and the Bible.  
*(Some thunder clashes)*

WILL  
The Bible?

FAITH  
Yeah, isn't that crazy?

WILL  
What about it?

FAITH  
Something in Revelation. Can  
you hand it to me?

WILL  
What?

FAITH  
The Bible.

WILL  
Right. Here ya go.

Will hands Faith the Bible.

FAITH  
He said that the White Rider  
and the Lawman are the  
horsemen of the apocalypse.  
Isn't that silly?

WILL  
Maybe.

FAITH  
Here it is. Revelation,  
chapter six, verse five. "And  
when he had opened the third  
seal, I heard the third beast  
say, Come and see. And I  
beheld, and lo, a black  
horse...  
*(More Thunder)*  
...and he that sat on him had  
a pair of balances in his  
hand."

Faith pauses and thinks for a moment.

FAITH  
Daddy, what does a pair of  
balances mean?

Will pauses and thinks for a moment.

WILL  
It's a symbol.

FAITH  
Symbol for what?

WILL  
From ancient times, a pair of  
balances, or scales, has  
always been the symbol for  
justice.

FAITH  
Justice.  
(*More thunder*)

She reads the next verse more slowly, almost fearfully.

FAITH  
Verse eight. "And I looked  
and behold, a pale horse, and  
his name that sat on him was  
Death..  
(*More Thunder*)  
...and Hell followed with him."

Faith looks at Will who's looking back at her in shock.

FADE OUT.

COMANCHES

EXT. - WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Alamo and Justice are riding their horses, when Alamo notices a dead horse close to a tree. There is lightning and thunder nearby but no rain has fallen yet.

ALAMO  
Wait.

Alamo dismounts. When he gets closer to the carcass he sees an arrow stuck in the flank. (*Lightning Flashes*) Justice follows him. Alamo pulls the arrow out and examines the tip. A cold shiver runs down his spine when he realizes the territory they're in.

ALAMO

Comanches.  
(*Thunder Clashes*)

Alamo looks around and scans the area.

JUSTICE  
We should never have come this way.

ALAMO  
No, we shouldn't have. But it's too late to turn back now. We'll be detected. All we can do now is ride through the night as quietly as we can and hope we can slip through under cover of darkness.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - NIGHT.

Alamo and Justice are riding through the night as quietly as they can. Suddenly, Alamo stops. He hears some water flowing.

ALAMO  
Shhh... D'ya hear that?... There's some water nearby. Let's water our horses, it may be the last water we see for a while.

EXT. - RIVER - NIGHT.

Alamo and Justice have dismounted and are down at the brook. Their horses are drinking. The two men are filling their canteens.

Some lightning flashes and Alamo looks up at the sky.

ALAMO  
I asked my wife to marry me on a night like this. She was scared and I told her that I'd always be with her. That's when I proposed... When we first met, I wanted her so bad- so bad that it hurt. It felt like... knives cutting at my insides.

JUSTICE  
I know the feeling. Believe it or not, I was in love once. A long time ago.

Long Pause

JUSTICE

Did ya notice anything about  
that posse back there?

ALAMO  
What about 'em?

JUSTICE  
Two of the riders were Mexican  
military.

ALAMO  
So?

JUSTICE  
So, it confirms what I've  
suspected for a long time.

ALAMO  
Which is?

JUSTICE  
That Sam Black is also  
protected by the Mexican Army.

ALAMO  
So what?

JUSTICE  
So, we're in way over our  
heads, that's what. He's too  
well guarded. There's no way  
we can get to him. We'll  
never get close enough.

Alamo turns away from Justice and walks over to the brook.  
He tosses a small twig into it and watches it float away.

ALAMO  
If John Wilkes Booth taught us  
anything, it's that anybody  
can be gotten to. Especially  
if you're willing to trade  
your life for the person  
you're trying to get.

JUSTICE  
So you're saying that you want  
to take on the entire Mexican  
Army, just to get to Sam  
Black?

ALAMO  
Not the *entire* army.

JUSTICE  
I want Black just as bad as  
you, but what you're talkin'  
about is suicide. You may

want to kill yourself, but I don't.

Alamo turns around and faces Justice.

ALAMO

We'll get him. Even if we have to kill all the goons around him first, we'll get to him. Don't worry.

JUSTICE

I wish I had your confidence.

SUDDENLY, a twig is heard breaking not too far away from them. Both men hear it and stop talking. Then a birdcall is heard. Another different sounding call is heard in response. Both men look at each other with dread in their eyes.

ALAMO

They're all around us. We're surrounded. What do we do?

JUSTICE

Walk slowly back to our horses and get our rifles and ammo. We can't let 'em take us alive. We fight to the death.

Alamo nods and they both walk back to their horses, which are still drinking. Alamo slowly unholsters his rifle from the saddle.

A scary looking Comanche appears from behind a tree and walks up slowly behind Alamo. He has a club weapon in his hand. (*Lightning flashes*) Alamo sees him out of the corner of his eye and he hits the attacker square in the face with the butt of his rifle.

ALAMO

(*Yelling*)

Comanches!!

SUDDENLY, a swarm of about ten Comanches come out from behind their trees and charge Alamo and Justice. They let out a horrifying war cry as the rain starts to fall.

Justice draws his pistol and drops two attackers before they converge on him. Alamo raises his rifle and drops two more. But there are too many of them and they tackle both Justice and Alamo backward into the brook. There's splashing all around as the Comanches hit the heroes with their club-type weapons.

Both Alamo and Justice then receive blows to their heads, knocking them unconscious.

The Indians then drag the unconscious men out of the water, and back behind the trees and out of sight.

FADE OUT.

WARPAINT

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY.

Alamo and Justice both open their eyes. Everything is blurry at first, but they soon come to their senses and realize they are hanging upside down from a tree by their ankles. Their hands are also bound.

COMANCHE 1

*(In Comanche)*

They're waking up. Cut them down.

Another Comanche walks up and cuts the ropes that are holding the two men to the tree branch. The men fall and each get a mouthful of dirt.

COMANCHE 1

*(In Comanche)*

Chief wants to see them.

Both men are dragged away by their feet and brought in front of a large teepee, larger than the others in the area. They are picked up and placed on their knees.

Out of the teepee emerges the chief. He's handsome, tall and looks menacing. He's a figure that commands respect and he's wearing war paint. He looks at the kneeling men with the five braves standing behind them.

WARPAINT

*(In Comanche)*

Are these intruders ready to beg for their lives?

ALAMO

*(In Comanche)*

We will not beg.

All the Indians sigh and are astonished that Alamo can speak their language. Warpaint turns around and looks at him.

WARPAINT

*(In English)*

How- do you know our tongue?

ALAMO

*(In English)*

How do you know ours?

The men converse in English.

WARPAINT

Unlike the white man who cares  
nothing for our ways, we know  
the ways of our enemy.

ALAMO

Fair enough.

WARPAINT

Before you die, I want you to  
tell me what you are seeking  
in our country.

ALAMO

We are seeking vengeance upon  
an evil man. He was heading  
back to Mexico, and we tried  
to pass through your country  
to intercept him, great chief.

WARPAINT

Who is this man?

Alamo looks at Justice then back at Warpaint.

ALAMO

Sam Black.

WARPAINT

I know him not.

ALAMO

Yes you do. For he killed  
your son, "Runs Like the  
Wind."

In anger, Warpaint turns around and points at Alamo.

WARPAINT

How dare you mention the name  
of my son!

One of the braves puts a knife to Alamo's throat. Alamo  
just calmly raises his chin, welcoming the killer stroke.  
The brave looks back at Warpaint.

WARPAINT

*(Raises his Hand)*  
Wait.

Warpaint walks up to Alamo.

WARPAINT

Why are you so eager to taste  
death?

JUSTICE

Because he has nothing to live  
for.

WARPAINT

*(Points at Justice)*

If his tongue moves again,  
remove it!

Another brave angrily grabs the hair on top of Justice's head and pulls it upward, and then puts the blade of his knife across the forehead about to scalp him. Warpaint looks back at Alamo.

WARPAINT

What does this mean?

ALAMO

He murdered my family, Great Chief. The same way he murdered Runs like the Wind, senselessly, and without remorse. I seek to avenge myself upon him, and nothing is going to stop me. Even if you kill me now, great chief, I will come back, back from the pit of Hell if I have to, and take my vengeance.

The brave holding the knife to Justice's forehead is holding it so tightly that it's drawing a little blood.

ALAMO

You deserve to kill us now, great Warpaint, but I ask that my death be deferred. For after Sam Black is dead, I will take my own life.

Warpaint recoils a little, shocked at the intensity of his words, and surprised that Alamo knows his name.

ALAMO

I have a special bullet in my gunbelt that I'm saving for the occasion. It's solid gold, with a silver jacket. After my vengeance is taken, I will end my own life with that bullet. For I have nothing else to live for, now that my family is gone.

Warpaint nudges his chin in the direction of Alamo's gunbelt, and the brave holding the knife to Alamo goes to check it out. He finds the bullet and examines it.

COMANCHE 1

(*In Comanche*)  
He speaks the truth.

WARPAINT  
(*In Comanche*)  
Bring it to me.

The brave brings the bullet to Warpaint and he examines it. He looks at Alamo then at Justice.

WARPAINT  
Which of you rides the black horse?

JUSTICE  
I do.

WARPAINT  
(*Looks at Alamo*)  
Then you ride the pale horse?

ALAMO  
Yes.

WARPAINT  
Then you are- the White Rider and the Law Man?

All the braves standing near the two men suddenly back away from them in astonishment. Alamo and Justice both look at each other.

ALAMO  
My name is Alamo Brock. This is Marshal John Justice.

WARPAINT  
(*To Justice*)  
You are Marshal of United States?

JUSTICE  
That's right. I'm a United States Marshal.

WARPAINT  
You are speaking the truth?

JUSTICE  
Yes, I have a badge in my pocket.

Warpaint nudges his chin, and a brave checks his pockets until he finds the badge. He shows it to Warpaint. He pauses for a moment and thinks.

WARPAINT  
(*In Comanche*)

Release them.

All the Comanches in the group give a collected sigh that Warpaint has spared their lives. The braves cut the bonds of the two men, then yank them upwards making them stand on their feet. Warpaint hands the bullet back to Alamo. He then goes inside his teepee and comes out holding a tomahawk axe. He hands it to Alamo.

WARPAINT

*(Sadly)*

This belonged to him, my beloved son. May you use it when you take your vengeance.

ALAMO

*(Nods in Reverence)*

I am honored.

WARPAINT

Now go. May the gods be with you in your quest.

Warpaint goes back inside, and all the Comanches standing around them disperse, leaving Alamo and Justice alone like they weren't even there. Alamo and Justice just look at each other in disbelief. There is a red line across Justice's forehead from the knife that almost scalped him.

FADE OUT.

TRACKER

EXT. - SAM BLACK'S COMPOUND - DAY.

Tracker rides up on his horse. When he realizes he's found Sam Black's compound he smiles.

TRACKER

Jackpot!

Tracker dismounts and walks up to a window and hears some men talking inside.

SUDDENLY, a man walks around a corner and sees Tracker listening.

HENCHMAN 1

Well, well, what have we here?

Tracker turns to run away but there are two more men right behind him and they both grab Tracker.

INT. - SAM BLACK'S COMPOUND - DAY.

Tracker is sitting in a chair, surrounded by Black's men, with his hands bound behind his back. Black's men are

hitting him in the face. Tracker's face is bloody from the beating.

Johnny Black waives the men off and puts a chair in front of Tracker and sits in it. He nonchalantly points a revolver right in his face.

JOHNNY  
I've only got one question for you Tracker.

TRACKER  
Shoot- I mean- what's your question?

Everyone in the room chuckles at Tracker's joke.

JOHNNY  
I like you Tracker. You're a funny guy. And I admire your sense of humor considering your situation. But I can assure you, if you don't tell us who they are, you'll wish you'd never been born.

TRACKER  
Who's that?

JOHNNY  
The White Rider and the Law Man.

TRACKER  
Never heard of 'em.

In anger, Johnny gets up, grabs some hair at the back of Tracker's head and yanks it backward. He sticks the barrel of his revolver directly in his mouth, but Sam Black stops him.

BLACK  
Wait. This is going nowhere.

Black walks up to Tracker. Johnny backs off.

BLACK  
We're not using the right incentive.

Black pauses and thinks for a moment, and then gets an idea.

BLACK  
Pour some oil on him.

Two of Black's men take some lamps and empty the oil on Tracker's head and shoulders. Black reaches into his pockets and finds a box of matches.

TRACKER  
(Afraid)

Wait- I'll tell you  
everything!

BLACK

That's right, I know you will.

Black strikes the match and he moves toward Tracker.  
Tracker begins shrieking in horror as he's about to be  
burned alive. He screams louder as Black gets closer.

TRACKER

No... I'll tell you everything!  
AHH! AHH! AAAHHHH!

Black is about to touch the flame to Tracker's body. But  
when the shrieking is at its loudest, he blows out the  
match. Tracker quiets down and just looks at the smoking  
match, breathing heavily.

BLACK

There, that's better. Now,  
first you're going to tell me  
who they are, and then you're  
going to tell me where they  
are.

INT. - THE GOLDEN PONY - DAY

Alamo and Justice are having a beer. Will is sweeping the  
floor, preparing for the night's business. There is some  
commotion outside. Alamo and Justice both look at each  
other wondering what's going on, when Faith suddenly runs  
inside. Alamo puts his beer down. Faith runs up to him.

FAITH

They got Tracker!

Faith and Alamo hug each other. They come out of the  
embrace and Faith looks at Alamo with concern.

FAITH

Is he going to be all right?

ALAMO

I don't know. But he  
would've told 'em who we are.

FAITH

What do you mean? Who are  
you?

ALAMO

It doesn't matter.

FAITH

I know Tracker. He wouldn't do that. He wouldn't betray someone's confidence.

ALAMO

It's not like he's gonna have a choice.

Faith looks down in sorrow and Alamo looks at Justice.

ALAMO

One thing is certain. We better get ready, Marshal... They're comin' for us.

INT. - MEXICAN MILITARY CAMP - TENT - DAY

Sam and Johnny Black and their posse ride into the camp. There are twenty of them in total. They dismount and walk into the large tent of Colonel Villareal. Villareal is being shaved by a barber and a shoe shine boy is shining his shoes, while he reads a newspaper.

As Black walks up to Villareal the barber and shine boy stop what they're doing. Villareal grabs a towel and wipes off some shaving cream from his face.

VILLAREAL

Como estas, Reverend.

BLACK

Buenos Dias, Colonel.

VILLAREAL

So, to what do I owe the pleasure?

Pause

BLACK

We know who the two riders are.

VILLAREAL

Okay, so who are they?

BLACK

One is Marshal John Justice, and the other is a man by the name of Alamo Brock.

VILLAREAL

So, are you going to send your posse to take them out?

Black pauses for a moment then laughs facetiously.

BLACK  
Nope. You are.

Villareal is startled by this statement and straightens up.

VILLAREAL  
Excuse me?

BLACK  
You heard me.

VILLAREAL  
I don't think so.

BLACK  
I pay you a lot of money  
Colonel. It's time I got my  
money's worth.

Villareal looks at the shine boy.

VILLAREAL  
You may continue.

Villareal starts to read the newspaper, and the shine boy starts buffing the Colonel's shoes again. Black then walks up to Villareal and slaps the paper away from him in anger. He draws and points his pistol directly at Villareal's face. The shine boy slinks away from the confrontation.

BLACK  
Let me put it to you this way,  
Colonel. If you don't take  
care of this problem by  
tonight, you won't get another  
dime from me. Comprene?

Long pause

VILLAREAL  
Okay. So, what do you want?

BLACK  
Brock stays at a saloon called  
the Golden Pony. He goes up  
to his room every night with a  
fresh bottle of bourbon in his  
hand. The marshal stays at  
the jailhouse. I want you to  
find them both and kill them.

VILLAREAL  
And then what?

BLACK  
After you've inspected their  
bodies and identified them, I  
want you to come tell me

yourself that they're dead.  
We'll be camped out by the old  
Spanish mission, just across  
the border. You do know  
you're in Texas, right?

VILLAREAL  
Anything else?

BLACK  
Yes, and I want you to kill  
the white horse. Nothing is  
going to save him this time.

VILLAREAL  
Is that it?

BLACK  
Yeah. And I suggest you send  
everyone you've got. These  
two aren't gonna go quietly.  
They're that good.

Villareal and all the soldiers within earshot break out in  
laughter.

VILLAREAL  
*(Laughing)*  
Are you suggesting that I send  
my entire detachment after two  
men? What are they, some kind  
of Herculean gods?

Black looks at Johnny who just nods with fear in his eyes.

BLACK  
I don't know what they are.  
All I know is that they're  
extremely dangerous. You've  
been warned.

Long Pause

BLACK  
Vaya con Dios, Colonel.  
You're going to need God on  
this one.

Black and his men walk out of the tent.

FADE OUT.

SHOOTOUT IN THE GHOST TOWN

INT. - THE JAILHOUSE - DAY

The door opens and two Mexican soldiers point their rifles inside. They don't see anything so they walk in slowly. There is no one inside. The jailhouse is eerily quiet as a detachment of ten Mexican soldiers start to clear the jail. Some have a look of fear on their faces. They've heard of the prowess of the men they are trying to find. As they walk past the empty cells one by one, an eerie wind howls through the jailhouse.

When they finish clearing the jailhouse and realize it's secure, they lower their weapons and walk back to the front office. As Colonel Villareal walks in, the men come to attention.

SOLDIER 1

The jail appears to be  
deserted, senior.

Villareal walks behind the desk and looks at the nameplate that reads "MARSHAL JOHN JUSTICE." He takes a seat in the chair behind the desk.

VILLAREAL

They must be at the Golden  
Pony. Find them and kill  
them. Don't come back until  
they're both dead. Don't  
take any chances. Show them  
no mercy. And don't forget to  
kill the white horse.  
Vamanos.

The soldiers all run out of the jailhouse and down the street. The entire street is deserted. Not a single soul is visible. A few tumbleweeds are rolling down the street. The town resembles a ghost town. It is overcast outside.

As the soldiers explode through the swinging doors of the Golden Pony all they see is Faith behind the bar. She is wiping it down with a towel. The soldiers are surprised that the only person they've seen in the entire town so far is Faith. The floor of the saloon is also clear. Not a single chair or table is in sight. All the men are waving their rifles around the bar. Soldier 1 walks up to Faith and points a shotgun at her face. She raises her hands.

SOLDIER 1

Where is everybody?

FAITH

I don't know.

SOLDIER 1

(Yelling)

Don't lie to me!

FAITH

I'm not lying.

Soldier 1 looks around the saloon. He's seems disoriented by the bizarre situation. He turns back to Faith.

SOLDIER 1  
Donde esta' Alamo Brock?

FAITH  
I don't know.

SOLDIER 1  
Donde esta?!

FAITH  
Okay- okay. He's up in room  
7. Please don't hurt him.

Soldier 1 nudges his chin in the direction of the room and four soldiers start to walk up the stairs slowly. Soldier 1 looks back at Faith.

SOLDIER 1  
If you're lying to me, I'm  
going to splatter your pretty  
little face all over that  
wall!

Faith just looks back at him in terror. Then Soldier 1 looks at two other men.

SOLDIER 1  
You two, go kill the white  
horse.

FAITH  
No. Not Godsend!

SOLDIER 1  
Shut up!

The two soldiers walk out of the saloon.

Four soldiers walk up the stairs and approach room 7 carefully. The room is on the second level of the pub and can be seen from the floor below. Two of the four walk over to the other side of the door and point their revolvers at the door from behind the wall.

One soldier turns the doorknob and the door opens slowly. An eerie creaking is heard as the door opens. The room is dark inside. A soldier moves into the doorway, when SUDDENLY, a booby trap is triggered and a sledgehammer swings down and hits the soldier in the middle of his chest and he crashes through the railing and hits the floor below.

Another soldier walks into the doorway, and a shotgun blast sends the second man crashing down to the first floor.

Alamo is behind a mattress in the room with a shotgun. He's using the mattress and a nightstand for cover.

Down below, all of a sudden, Justice and Will pop up on either side of Faith as she ducks down. Justice has his rifle and Will his shotgun, as they both open fire on the four soldiers in front of them. They pick them off one by one.

The two remaining soldiers upstairs tear down the stairs firing at Justice and Will, but Alamo appears out of the room with his two revolvers in each hand and opens fire at them from behind. He drops both of them as they fall down the stairs on each other.

When the firing stops, Faith jumps up from behind the bar and yells.

FAITH  
Godsend!

She runs out of the saloon toward the stables. Alamo runs down the stairs, chasing her, fearing for her safety.

ALAMO  
Faith! Don't!

Alamo runs after her out of the saloon.

INT. - STABLE - DAY

The two soldiers walk inside. They walk slowly past each stall trying to find Godsend. The first one finally finds him in the middle stall and motions quietly to his buddy behind him.

He sneaks into the stall but Godsend doesn't see him. The man is facing Godsend's hindquarters as he cocks the hammer of his pistol. Godsend hears the click and sees the soldier out of the corner of his eye and kicks him square in the chest with one of his hind legs. The force of the kick sends the soldier flying backwards, crashing him right through the outer wall. He flies about ten feet after he goes through the wall.

The other soldier walks into the doorway of the stall holding his rifle, when suddenly Godsend runs right at him and knocks him over. One rifle shot goes off as Godsend hits him. The man screams as Godsend tramples him. Godsend then crashes through the wall and runs outside. Faith runs toward the stables and sees the first soldier crash through the wall. She is shocked by the distance he carries after he goes through the wall. She then hears the rifle shot.

FAITH  
Godsend!

She then sees Godsend run out through the man sized hole his kick created. The hole isn't big enough for the horse, and as he runs through it he crashes through some of the remaining wall, making a bigger hole. The wall scratches some of Godsend's hide, drawing blood. He's jumping around and neighing from all the commotion.

Faith walks slowly up to Godsend trying to calm him down from the ordeal.

FAITH

*(Softly)*

It's all right. It's me.  
I'm not going to hurt you.  
It's okay.

Godsend lets Faith approach and she starts petting him on his nose.

ALAMO

I think he definitely likes  
you.

Faith turns around and sees Alamo approaching. When he sees there's no danger, he holsters his pistols. Alamo starts petting Godsend on the side of his neck. Faith looks at the first soldier lying on the ground.

FAITH

I didn't know Mexicans could  
fly.

Alamo and Faith both chuckle heartily at the joke.

ALAMO

I tell ya, anything is  
possible with this horse.

Justice and Will approach holding their guns.

ALAMO

How many of 'em were there?

JUSTICE

Oh, about ten, I reckon.

ALAMO

Only ten?

JUSTICE

Surprised?

ALAMO

I woulda sent more.

JUSTICE

Yeah, me too.

The two men smile at each other.

INT. - THE JAILHOUSE - DAY.

Colonel Villareal is still sitting behind the desk. He takes out a big cigar and puts it in his mouth. He then takes a nearby oil lamp and lights it. He then props his feet up on the desk, enjoying the cigar.

Two Mexican soldiers walk in with their hats covering their faces.

VILLAREAL  
Que paso? So how did it go?

The two men take off their hats and it's Alamo and Justice dressed in the soldiers' clothes. They both draw their pistols in unison and point them at the Colonel.

ALAMO  
Not good.

JUSTICE  
Colonel Villareal. I might've known it was you.

Villareal looks at them but then slowly starts clapping his hands with an evil laugh.

VILLAREAL  
(*Applauding*)  
Ha Ha Ha. Well done. Well done. I send ten of my best soldiers to kill you, and you kill them instead. Bravo. You two should be working for me.

Alamo and Justice just stand there stoically.

ALAMO  
You've done his bidding for too long, Colonel. Your reckoning is long overdue. It's time to settle up.

VILLAREAL  
Settle? We have nothing to settle.

ALAMO  
Where is he?

Long Pause

VILLAREAL  
He's camped by the old Spanish mission, just across the

border. Tell him I said  
hello.

Villareal takes a few more puffs from his cigar.

VILLAREAL

I'm a Colonel in the Mexican  
Army. If you kill me, you'll  
start a war.

Alamo and Justice pause for a moment to contemplate the  
Colonel's last statement. Alamo holsters his pistol.

ALAMO

You know, he's right. We  
wouldn't want to start a war,  
would we Marshal?

Justice holsters his pistol.

JUSTICE

You're absolutely right Alamo.  
We wouldn't want to do  
anything that could damage  
relations between our two  
countries. We need to be  
diplomatic.

VILLAREAL

A very wise choice.

Alamo and Justice both turn away from Villareal toward the  
door. When the Colonel sees his opening he draws his  
pistol, but Justice sees this and shoots first. The shot  
hits Villareal right in the heart as he falls out of the  
chair. Justice just stands there with smoke coming from the  
barrel of his pistol.

JUSTICE

No one puts their feet up on  
my desk.

ALAMO

Now that's my kinda diplomacy.

FADE OUT.

FAITH AND ALAMO SAY GOODBYE

INT. - GOLDEN PONY - DAY

Will is behind the bar, tidying up, and Alamo has just come  
down the stairs from his room. He puts a bag on the floor  
in front of the bar. He's just checked out.

ALAMO

I'm sorry for all the damage I caused in here, Will.

WILL  
No worries. We can afford repairs around here.

ALAMO  
Thanks for letting me stay here. I never paid you for the room, but here's all the money I have left. I won't be needin' it after tonight.

Alamo reaches into his pocket and pulls out some silver and gold coins as well as some paper money.

WILL  
Alamo, this one's on me.

ALAMO  
Thanks, Will. Thanks for everything.

The two men shake hands and smile at each other. They have become good friends.

WILL  
Good luck.

ALAMO  
Thanks, I'm gonna need it.

Alamo picks up his bag and walks out the swinging doors.

EXT. - THE STABLES - SUNSET

Justice is saddling his horse, while Faith is tending to Godsend's wound as he's tied to a hitching post. The sunset is a beautiful, pink-orange color.

Faith turns and faces Justice. She has some of Godsend's blood on her dress.

FAITH  
*(To Justice)*  
So this is it? It's ending tonight?

JUSTICE  
Tonight's the night. All business with the Black Father will be settled once and for all. Don't worry. Everything'll be fine.

FAITH

How can you say that? You two  
may die.

JUSTICE  
If that's our destiny, then so  
be it. I can accept that.

FAITH  
*(Eyes Watering)*  
But I don't want you to die.  
I care about you both.

Justice turns and faces Faith.

JUSTICE  
Whatever happens, it was meant  
to be. Don't worry about us.  
Worrying never does any good.  
Especially not about an old  
man whose time has come.

Faith walks up to Justice and hugs him. There are tears  
flowing down her cheeks as she puts her head on his chest.

FAITH  
*(Emotional)*  
But I love him. I love him!

JUSTICE  
I know. I know you do. It's  
okay, sweetheart.

FAITH  
I couldn't bear the thought of  
anything happening to him.

JUSTICE  
I know.

Pause

FAITH  
I want him so much. So much  
that it hurts. It feels like-  
like...

JUSTICE  
...Like knives, cuttin' at your  
insides.

Faith makes eye contact with Justice.

FAITH  
*(Nodding)*  
Yeah.

JUSTICE

I once felt the way you do. A long time ago.

Pause

FAITH

But why does it have to be this way? Can't you stop him?

JUSTICE

He's already chosen his path. Long before tonight. The man has a death wish.

FAITH

But can't you talk him out of it?

JUSTICE

Believe me, I've tried.

Alamo walks up holding a saddle. He puts the saddle on Godsend and starts to tighten the belts. Faith lets go of Justice and walks up to Alamo.

FAITH

So this is it? You're going to die tonight?

Alamo pauses briefly, then turns around directly facing Faith.

ALAMO

*(Nodding)*  
Yes.

FAITH

*(Crying)*  
But why? Why does it have to end like this?

ALAMO

His men may gun me down tonight. But not before I get him first. And I will get him. Tonight, I go to fulfill my destiny.

FAITH

What destiny?

ALAMO

The destiny you helped me to find.

FAITH

*(Upset)*  
What?!

ALAMO

I once asked you what good could come from the death of my family. And you said that God can take the worst tragedy and turn it around for good. I know what that is now. He's using my sorrow and despair to remove an evil man from the face of the earth forever. So that he'll never harm anyone ever again.

Alamo turns toward his horse to get in the saddle, but Faith grabs his arm and hugs him instead.

FAITH

*(Sobbing)*

Don't go. Please don't go.

Alamo gently removes himself from her embrace, and puts his left palm on her cheek. He wipes a tear away with his thumb.

ALAMO

Faith, sweet Faith. I'm so glad I've had the privilege to know you. You're the most wonderful person I've ever met.

Pause

ALAMO

Of all the evil that there is in this world, you've shown me that there's still some good out there. And you're it. You made me believe in miracles again. And I thank you for that.

FAITH

But you still have a choice... You can let it go.

ALAMO

I'm sorry, but I can't.

Alamo turns away from her and finally gets in the saddle. Justice does the same. When Faith sees them both together for the first time, mounted on their horses, she takes a step backward and almost faints in shock.

FAITH

*(In Shock)*

You're the White Rider... And  
you're the Law Man.

Pause

ALAMO  
Goodbye, Faith.

Alamo and Justice both turn away and ride off into the  
fading sunset. Faith drops to her knees and weeps bitterly.

FADE OUT.

CROSSING THE LINE

EXT. - OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Alamo and Justice are riding towards the border.

ALAMO  
You said that in ancient  
times, victims were allowed by  
law to take vengeance on  
another if the punishment was  
fair. So, according to that,  
if the retribution is not  
excessive, then revenge can  
also be justice. Right?

Justice gives Alamo a strange look.

JUSTICE  
Maybe.

Pause

ALAMO  
We've been traveling south for  
a while now. We may be in  
Mexico already and not know  
it.

JUSTICE  
Yeah, sometimes you don't even  
know where the line is.

ALAMO  
I know, sometimes you think  
you're in Mexico but you're  
still just in Texas.

JUSTICE  
That's not the line I'm  
talkin' about.

Alamo gives Justice a quizzical look.

JUSTICE  
I'm talkin' about the line  
between vengeance and justice.

ALAMO  
Yeah.

They finally come upon the Rio Grande. The riders stop their horses and look down at the tracks that feed up to the river.

JUSTICE  
They crossed here. Judging by these tracks, I'd say there's about twenty of 'em.

ALAMO  
You know, Marshal. After you cross that river, that badge ain't worth a dime.

JUSTICE  
I know.

Justice then takes off his badge and tosses it aside. It hits the dirt in front of the river.

JUSTICE  
It ends tonight.

The two men smile at each other, then cross the river.

EXT. - THE SPANISH MISSION - NIGHT.

The riders slowly approach the mission. Alamo and Justice can see the campfire. They stop their horses.

ALAMO  
There they are.

Alamo dismounts and takes the saddle and bridle off Godsend. He stands in front of Godsend and waves his hand at him.

ALAMO  
Go. You're free.

Godsend just stands there.

ALAMO  
Go on. Get outta here!

Godsend doesn't respond. Alamo then walks to the rear and slaps Godsend on his hindquarters. Godsend gallops away.

Justice dismounts from his horse and takes his saddle off.

ALAMO

You don't have to do this,  
John.

JUSTICE

You're right, I don't. But I'm an old man, Alamo. I've lived a full life. I've always wanted to go out in a blaze of glory, and this is my chance. I lived my life in the pursuit of justice, and I want to die just as I lived—dispensing it. I have no regrets.

Pause

ALAMO

John, thanks for everything. I never thanked you for saving my life.

JUSTICE

No, thank you, Alamo.

ALAMO

Let's finish it.

Justice nods and they both take their final, fateful walk toward the campfire gathering.

FADE OUT.

FALL OF THE ALAMO

INT. - THE ALAMO (1836) - DAY

Travis is inside the compound on the lower level in front of the main outside door. His men are all around him. The door is tall, wide and made from wood. There is pounding from the outside. They are waiting for the Mexicans to break through.

TRAVIS

This is it men. This is where we make our stand as free men.

Pause

TRAVIS

A long time ago, in ancient Greece, a few hundred Spartans held off an army of over a million Persians. Today, the odds are in our favor. There's only five thousand of our enemy!

All the men laugh at this statement.

TRAVIS  
Today, you will taste the  
sweetness of fighting for  
freedom. Unlike our enemy,  
who fights under tyranny, WE  
ARE FREE!! VICTORY OR DEATH!!

All the men shout in unison at Travis' statement.

EVERYONE  
Victory or Death!

Travis draws his sword. It makes a beautiful sound as it's unsheathed, and a ray of sunlight peaks through the wall and reflects off the shiny blade. Travis looks almost god-like as the sun reflects off the blade. The men all look on him in wonder.

SUDDENLY, two cannon balls come crashing through the large wooden door. The first wave of enemy soldiers run in, but the Texans have their muskets ready, which are pointed at the intruders.

TRAVIS  
FIRE!!

The muskets all fire and take down the outside layer of soldiers. Then Travis raises his sword and looks back at his men.

TRAVIS  
For freedom!

Travis charges the Mexicans. All his men do the same, yelling in unison. The Texans handle the first wave easily.

There is a lull in the battle and then Travis looks out the door and sees every enemy soldier pointing their muskets at him. He runs outside and lets out a battle cry as he charges them. All his men follow him. The Mexicans fire their muskets and the Texans fall.

INT. - THE ALAMO - BOWIE'S ROOM - DAY.

There are two men guarding Bowie. Brock Sr comes in and kneels beside Bowie.

BROCK SR  
Colonel! The fortress has  
been breached. We gotta hide  
you.

Bowie reaches out and grasps Brock Sr's hand.

BOWIE

It's too late for me, now.  
I'm not going to make it. And  
I'm not going to hide. Let  
'em come!

Brock Sr leans closer.

BOWIE

I've thought of a way to get  
outta here. During the  
battle, I would lie with some  
dead soldiers and pretend to  
be dead. Then I would wait  
and find a dead Mexican.  
There's gonna be a lot of  
'em. I'd dress in his  
clothes and blend in with them  
and escape when the time was  
right.

Brock Sr looks back at him intently.

BOWIE

But I'm too sick now, and too  
well known. They'd find me...  
I want you to do it. You  
speak Spanish, they'll never  
know.

BROCK SR

No. I can't! I want to stay  
here and die with you.

BOWIE

Justin, there's nothing  
cowardly about escaping.  
Remember the old proverb, "*He  
who fights and runs away,  
lives to fight another day.*"

BROCK SR

I can't. I won't!

BOWIE

Someone has to tell the world  
what happened here. And I  
want it to be you. That's my  
final order as your commanding  
officer. Now go.

Brock Sr looks at Bowie one last time, then runs out.

INT. - THE ALAMO - COURTYARD - DAY.

Crockett and his men are fighting hand to hand. Brock Sr  
sees Crockett fighting from a distance and runs towards him.

BROCK SR

(Yelling)  
Congressman!

Brock Sr runs toward Crockett who's fighting with a Mexican infantryman. Brock Sr fights his way toward Crockett then stabs the soldier in the back with his bayonet, who drops to the ground. Brock Sr then stands back to back with Crockett. They're both breathing heavily.

CROCKETT  
Looks like they're throwing  
everything at us but their  
sombros.

BROCK SR  
Yeah, looks that way.

Pause

CROCKETT  
It's been nice knowing you,  
Brock.

BROCK SR  
You too, sir.

CROCKETT  
I wish we could've hung out  
some more. And please call me  
Davy.

A group of enemy soldiers suddenly attack Crockett and Brock Sr. They both fight valiantly, but are eventually taken down.

FADE OUT.

DARKNESS...

FADE IN.

Brock Sr comes to. He's groggy as he looks around and sees fallen soldiers lying all around him. There are ten fallen Mexicans for every downed Texan. He rubs his head and feels the lump from the blow that knocked him unconscious. He also has a large gash on his right side. There is a lull in the fighting, as the enemy soldiers have moved to another section of the fort.

Brock Sr stands and then grabs a dead Mexican soldier and drags him behind a large fountain where no one can see them. He starts taking off his clothes.

INT. - THE ALAMO - COURTYARD - DAY.

Brock Sr has dressed himself in the dead Mexican's uniform. He comes across Crockett's body and he kneels down to look closer. The coonskin hat is gone. Suddenly, Crockett comes to. He's groggy and has blood running down the left side of

his mouth. He looks at Brock Sr kneeling beside him. He grasps his hand.

CROCKETT

I'm glad it's you. You're the one. Go, and tell the world what happened here today. Tell them that free men fought and died, against overwhelming odds, and almost won. Tell them that tyranny cannot stand against freedom.

A tear runs down Brock Sr's cheek.

CROCKETT

I know now what Travis meant when he said, "Living in freedom is sweet, but dying to defend it is even sweeter." I've never tasted anything so sweet.

Crockett's hand goes limp as he dies in Brock Sr's arms. He lowers his head and weeps.

Brock Sr then straightens up and grabs a Mexican musket, he runs toward a gathering of Mexican soldiers, who are breaking through another doorway. There are no more Texans alive at this point. The soldiers break through the door, and it's Bowie's room. The two men guarding him fire their muskets, but are taken down by returning gunfire.

Bowie is still under a blanket, shaking uncontrollably, when suddenly he sits up, and with the last bit of strength he has, flings his knife at an enemy soldier, which sticks him in the middle of his chest. Two more soldiers fire their muskets at Bowie, who finally falls in battle.

BROCK SR

No!!

The soldiers look back at Brock Sr.

BROCK SR

*(In Spanish)*

I mean, I wish it was me who finished off that traitor.

The soldiers turn back around and Brock Sr sighs in relief.

One soldier kneels down to his comrade with the knife in his chest. He yanks the knife out and throws it in a corner. He then picks up his fallen comrade and places him with the other dead.

Brock Sr sees the man toss the knife. He walks over to the corner slowly, and picks up the knife and examines it

carefully. It's nine inches long with an ivory hilt and the initials "J.B." inscribed on the blade. He continues looking at the knife in wonder.

INT. - SAM HOUSTON'S CAMP - TENT - DAY

Sam Houston is inside his tent with several other soldiers who are guarding him. Houston pulls out a book from a bookshelf behind him. He's wearing reading glasses.

Several more Texan soldiers suddenly walk in from the outside. TEXAN 1 removes his cover and addresses Houston.

TEXAN 1  
General Houston.

HOUSTON  
Yes, what is it?

Pause

TEXAN 1  
*(Astonished)*  
Sir, there's someone here that  
I think you should see.

HOUSTON  
Who is it?

SUDDENLY, Brock Sr emerges from behind some soldiers. He's still wearing a Mexican Army uniform. He takes off his cover.

BROCK SR  
My name is Justin Brock. And  
I'm the sole survivor of the  
battle of the Alamo.

Houston turns around and looks at Brock Sr, who takes out a knife and places it on a table in front of him. The blade is nine inches long, an inch and a half wide, with an ivory hilt. Houston takes off his glasses as he recognizes the knife instantly, and looks at Brock Sr in wonder.

BROCK SR  
I've infiltrated the enemy's  
camp, and I have vital  
information about Santa Anna's  
army.

HOUSTON  
Please, sit down.

The two men sit at the table, facing each other, with the knife laying on the table between them.

FADE OUT.

FINAL SHOWDOWN

EXT. - THE MISSION - NIGHT

Black and his nineteen men are sitting around a campfire. The night air is chilly and the men are rubbing their hands together in front of the fire trying to stay warm. They're laughing and telling jokes. An eerie fog has moved in.

BLACK

I wonder where the Colonel is.  
He should be back by now.

SUDDENLY, Alamo and Justice step out of the dark. Alamo has his hands on his pistol, and Justice is holding his rifle. Justice is standing close to a large tree and Alamo is standing by the ruins of an old wall, which used to be part of the mission.

JUSTICE

He's not coming back.

STARTLED, all the men stand up and face the intruders. All the men are wearing long coats, with high collars and wide-brimmed hats. You can see their hot breath against the cold night. They all have fear in their eyes.

BLACK

You two are pretty brave to show up here like this. Either brave or stupid... But, I'm a fair man, and I'm gonna cut you a break. If you turn around right now and go back where you came from, I'll let you live. Otherwise, there's twenty of us and only two of you. You don't have a chance in hell of getting outta here alive.

Alamo and Justice just stand there, oblivious to Black's last statement, staring back at him.

BLACK

I tell you what, I'll even make it worth your while.

Black picks up two small bags of gold coins.

BLACK

Here... There's \$500 worth of gold each. Take it with you.

He tosses the two bags at Alamo and Justice. One bag hits Alamo in the chest while the other hits Justice. Oblivious

to the gold, the two men don't even flinch when the bags bounce off their chests at the same time.

ALAMO

That's not gonna be enough.

BLACK

Okay, how much then? There's much more where that came from. Enough so the two of you never have to work another day in your lives.

ALAMO

*(Intensely)*

I don't think you understand. We're not here for your money... We're here for your blood. It's time for justice.

JUSTICE

Frontier justice.

SUDDENLY, a horse is heard galloping towards them. No one can see where it's coming from because the light of the fire only shows what is close by. A white horse finally comes into view and it shocks Black's men as they all recoil a little. It's Godsend. Godsend stands on his hind legs and lets out a glorious neigh.

ALAMO

*(In Wonder)*

Godsend!

One of the men draws and points his pistol at Godsend. Alamo draws and guns the man down. Justice also fires his rifle putting down another man. Both Alamo and Justice take cover. Alamo takes cover behind the wall, and Justice steps behind the tree. The gunfight is under way.

Alamo and Justice keep firing at the men. They drop five men each who are just standing out in the open. Men are firing back, but only hit the tree and the wall. The men try to move to get a better angle on Alamo and Justice. But the heroes adjust their body angles and take down four more men each. Realizing they have no cover, Sam and Johnny Black both run behind the walls of the mission.

Alamo sees Black running back and he takes a shot at him, but misses. The two follow Black and Johnny into the mission.

INT. - THE MISSION - NIGHT.

Justice is walking slowly through the mission, when SUDDENLY shots are fired at him. He takes cover.

JOHNNY

I'm glad it's you, Justice.  
I've always wanted to kill a  
U.S. Marshal. Just like I  
killed your deputy. You wanna  
know how he died? He died  
squealing like a girl. Or was  
it a stuck pig?

In anger, Justice then fires his rifle several times in Johnny's direction. Johnny fires back. Johnny goes empty. He reloads and Justice hears the cylinder being turned and reloaded.

Justice runs and changes positions. Johnny fires twice at the running Justice who takes cover. Johnny fires four more times, with Justice returning fire. Then the firing stops. Justice looks in Johnny's direction, but he's gone.

Justice begins walking slowly in Johnny's direction, when he hears a revolver's hammer cock behind him.

JOHNNY

I got you now.. Say your  
prayers, old man.

Justice turns around to face him and he tosses his empty rifle aside. He grabs his shotgun, which is slung around his shoulder. He walks directly up to Johnny, standing three feet away.

JUSTICE

Go ahead. Do it.

Johnny squeezes the trigger and it clicks. He looks at Justice in horror.

JUSTICE

I guess your daddy didn't  
teach you how to count. You  
fired your six shots.

Justice fires his short barrel shotgun at Johnny at point blank range. The blast sends Johnny flying backwards about five feet.

INT. - THE MISSION - NIGHT.

Black sees Alamo briefly through a hole in the wall and opens fire. Alamo takes cover. Black sees him around the corner of the wall and fires two more shots and goes empty. Black tosses his pistol aside and runs out of the mission at full speed. Alamo follows him, and points his gun at the fleeing Black, but holsters it instead.

Alamo takes out the tomahawk axe, and flings it at Black. It sticks Black in the back of his left thigh. He cries in pain as he falls.

BLACK  
(Screaming)  
AHH! My leg!

Alamo comes upon Black who is trying to crawl away. The tomahawk is sticking in his leg and his hat is gone. The fog has cleared, revealing a full moon with bright, brilliant stars. The moon is a half-orange, half-white color.

Justice walks up, still scanning the area when he realizes Black is the only one left. He lowers his shotgun.

ALAMO  
Turn around. I want you to look into the eyes of the man who's going to kill you.

BLACK  
No, wait! I deserve a fair trial.

ALAMO  
Did my wife and daughter get a fair trial? I don't think so.

BLACK  
(Fearful)  
It wasn't me- I told Billy not to hurt 'em-but he didn't listen- It wasn't my fault- I swear to GOD!... Please... Marshal... I have no gun.

Justice pauses for a moment and thinks.

JUSTICE  
He's right.

ALAMO  
What?

JUSTICE  
He's unarmed. We have to take him in now.

ALAMO  
No. We can't!

JUSTICE  
We can't just kill him in cold blood. It's not right.

Alamo cocks his pistol and points it at Black's face.

ALAMO  
I don't care!

JUSTICE

Alamo, listen to me. With your testimony, I guarantee we'll get a conviction. Within a month, he'll be swinging from a gallows.

ALAMO

Conviction?! He's got every judge in Texas and Mexico in his pocket. He's too dangerous to be left alive!

JUSTICE

I know which judges are on his payroll. We'll get a change of venue. We'll move the trial out of state if we have to.

ALAMO

*(Upset)*

He'll pay off the jury! You know he'll find some way to get out of it! His lawyers will find a loophole and he'll be released!

JUSTICE

I promise you I won't let that happen.

(Pause)

ALAMO

You're right. It's not going to happen.

Alamo points his pistol back at Black.

ALAMO

Because it's ending right here.

JUSTICE

Don't do this. This isn't justice. This is just cold-blooded revenge.

ALAMO

Justice? What is justice? And what is vengeance? Huh?... Revenge is nothing more than justice by an individual. And your type of justice is simply revenge by the state. What difference does it make if he hangs or

gets a bullet in his head?  
The end result is the same.  
I'm just saving the taxpayers  
some money. Open your eyes,  
John. It's the same thing!

JUSTICE

No it's not. The ends don't  
justify the means. This is  
murder.

ALAMO

Then so be it.

JUSTICE

Don't do this, Alamo. We have  
to take him in.

ALAMO

No we don't. I won't let  
you.

The two men begin walking around in a circle, facing each  
other in a Mexican standoff. They put their hands on their  
pistols, sizing each other up.

JUSTICE

Don't make me kill you, Alamo.

ALAMO

You know you can't beat me,  
Marshal.

JUSTICE

Don't think I won't try.

ALAMO

Oh, I know you'll try.  
You're just that stupid.

They stop moving and just look into each other's eyes,  
wondering who will make the first move.

ALAMO

You've lived your whole life  
in the pursuit of justice.  
Ask yourself, "Is this man  
really worth dying for?"

Justice begins recalling all their previous firefights,  
remembering how fast Alamo was. Realizing that he can't  
beat Alamo, he takes his hand off his pistol, and backs off.  
He walks away into the dark.

The light of the moon starts to weaken. Alamo glances up,  
and sees a shadow move over and completely cover the moon.  
After a moment of darkness, the moon lights up into a

brilliant crimson-red color. It is a total LUNAR ECLIPSE. Alamo looks on in wonder.

INSERT CUT:

The Comanches are also looking up at the sky.

WARPAINT

*(In Comanche)*

And the moon will turn to  
blood.

INSERT CUT:

Faith is standing outside and she looks up at the moon.

FAITH

*(In Wonder)*

And the moon... will turn to  
blood.

Alamo looks at Black, who's still on the ground. He checks one of his pistols, making sure it's loaded. He points it at Black, while looking at him with a gaze that could kill itself. From the ground, Black can see the blood moon and Alamo's face simultaneously. It's an eerie combination.

ALAMO

*(Intensely)*

For the crime of murder, for  
killing my family, and for the  
countless others you've  
killed. I sentence you to  
death. And I send you to  
Hell.

BLACK

*(Yelling)*

Marshal, don't let him kill  
me!

Justice hears Black's pleading, but he continues walking slowly away from them, out of sight.

ALAMO

The Lord giveth... and the Lord  
taketh away.

BLACK

No... MARSHAL!!

Justice closes his eyes as he knows there's nothing he can do.

The single shot echoes loudly in the night. The sound seems to linger a little as it's heard in the wilderness and up in the mountains. Finally, the sound is gone.

Alamo holsters his weapon and walks toward Black's body. He sees something on his belt that he didn't notice before.

It's a large knife. He takes it out and examines it. It has an ivory hilt with the initials "J.B." inscribed on the blade. He looks at it in wonder and smiles. He's recovered his father's knife he'd thought was lost forever. He puts it in his belt, and begins walking in the direction where he last saw Justice. The eclipse ends.

SUDDENLY, out of nowhere, as the moonlight changes back to normal, Justice steps out of the dark with his rifle pointed directly at Alamo's face.

JUSTICE

Drop your weapons and throw up your hands. You're under arrest.

ALAMO

For what?

JUSTICE

For the murder of Sam Black.

ALAMO

You've got to be kidding!

JUSTICE

*(Cocking his rifle)*

Do I look like I'm kidding?

ALAMO

You're not taking me in.

JUSTICE

*(Angry)*

No?

ALAMO

No, you're not. Not alive anyway. You're going to have to kill me.

JUSTICE

Don't think I won't.

Alamo loosens and drops his gunbelt, then walks closer to Justice and touches his forehead to the barrel of the rifle.

ALAMO

I've got nothing to live for now. Do it.

Alamo closes his eyes and raises his arms, palms facing up. He's welcoming the killer shot that will end his tormented life.

Justice tightens up and presses the rifle harder into Alamo's head, and squeezes the trigger tighter. But

suddenly, he softens up and lowers his rifle. He smiles at Alamo.

JUSTICE

Come on. Let's go home.  
It's over.

Justice turns away. Alamo reaches down and refastens his gunbelt around his waist and pauses. Realizing that Alamo isn't following him, Justice looks back.

Alamo looks directly into John's eyes and opens the cylinder of one of his pistols, and lets the remaining bullets fall out onto the ground. He takes the gold and silver bullet and puts it into the cylinder. Alamo shakes his head at John with a look of sadness on his face. John's eyes widen as he realizes what's about to happen.

JUSTICE

No, don't do it!

ALAMO

I'm sorry, John.

Alamo then raises his chin and points his gun under it at his throat. Justice leaps towards Alamo and hits the gun at the same moment it goes off.

JUSTICE

NO!!

After the shot is fired, the two shaken men are on the ground and try to regain their senses.

ALAMO

Why did you do that? Just let  
me die.

John tries to move but realizes something doesn't feel right. He touches his hand to his stomach and sees blood on it. He's been hit.

JUSTICE

Alamo.

Justice falls onto his back. Alamo's eyes widen when he realizes John's been hit.

ALAMO

John!! Oh, dear God!

Alamo starts working on the wound frantically. Justice can see the moon behind Alamo, it's now half-orange, half-white.

ALAMO

It's okay. You'll be all  
right. I'm gonna get you  
outta here.

Alamo rips the clothing away from John's abdomen. The wound is bad.

ALAMO

John, listen to me. You're going to be okay. Stay with me!

JUSTICE

Don't worry about me. I'm going somewhere better now.

ALAMO

Don't talk like that. You're gonna be fine. You have to be!

JUSTICE

It's okay. I dedicated my life to the pursuit of justice. I can now say that I died seeing justice done.

ALAMO

*(Fighting back tears)*  
No. You can't die!

JUSTICE

*(Breathing heavily)*

I'm an old man. I've lived a full life. This is how I wanted to go. I didn't want to die slowly in a hospice somewhere, waiting for death. I wanted to go out in a blaze of glory.

Alamo continues working on the wound.

JUSTICE

Alamo, no matter what you might think, you're a good man. A lot better than what you think you are. You've got a lot to live for.

ALAMO

*(Sadly)*

Don't try to talk.

JUSTICE

That girl back there loves you. And I know you care about her too. Go back to her and run away with her. Start over again. Live a full life,

like I did... That's my dying wish.

Alamo takes his coat off and rolls it up and puts it behind John's head like a pillow.

JUSTICE

I've never had a lot of friends in my life. But, I want you to know that I'm proud to call you my friend. Not just that. You're my best friend. I'd go to Hell and back with you.

ALAMO

Me too.

Pause.

JUSTICE

I'm thirsty.

Alamo gets his canteen out and gives John some water.

JUSTICE

We did a good thing here. Tonight, justice was done. I can die happy knowing that. It wasn't vengeance. It was justice... And I'm happy to give my life to save yours. My friend.

John grabs Alamo's hand and holds it tightly.

ALAMO

*(Emotional)*

My best friend.

JUSTICE

I'm cold. I'm so cold.

Marshal John Jay Justice dies as his hand goes limp. Alamo's puts his head on John's chest and weeps.

FADE OUT.

END OF THE STORY

INT. - THE SALOON (1911) - NIGHT

The Storyteller is sitting in front of the Cowboy. The entire saloon is packed with people listening intently to the story. Everyone is captivated by the Storyteller's trance. A few of the women are crying and wiping their eyes with handkerchiefs. A beautiful BLONDE lady in her mid

thirties is sitting next to the Cowboy. She's wiping her eyes.

BLONDE  
(Weeping)

That's so sad. It can't end like that.

STORYTELLER

I'm sorry, but not every story has a happy ending.

Pause

STORYTELLER  
(To the Cowboy)

I thought you had to get back to the ranch.

COWBOY

It's okay. I took the rest of the day off.

STORYTELLER

Whatever you say. Hey, I know what'll cheer everyone up. Bartender, drinks are on the house!

Everyone cheers. The Cowboy gives the Storyteller a quizzical look.

STORYTELLER

It's okay. I own this place.

COWBOY

So I figured. So, what happened to the knife?

At this question everyone in the room listens intently again to the Storyteller's answer.

Calmly, the Storyteller reaches down to his belt and pulls out the large knife with the ivory hilt, with "J.B." inscribed on the blade. He lays it on the table with a smile on his face. Everyone sighs in astonishment.

COWBOY  
(Shocked)  
How?

STORYTELLER

Alamo was— my father.

Everyone sighs with astonishment again and then the entire room breaks out in applause. The Storyteller just nods to everyone in gratitude.

STORYTELLER

*(Nodding)*

Thank you. Thank you.

The applause dies and everyone disperses around the saloon talking to each other. The piano player begins playing. Only the Cowboy and the Blonde are still seated at the table in front of the Storyteller.

STORYTELLER

Thanks for coming. Have a good time tonight. *(Gets up to leave)*

BLONDE

Wait! If Alamo was your father, then he must have remarried after his first wife. *(She smiles as she makes the connection)* Who was your mother?

The Storyteller sits back down and looks at the Cowboy and the Blonde like he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He's blushing.

STORYTELLER

Okay, you got me. I guess I did leave something out.

BLONDE

*(Eyes Watering)*

He went back to her didn't he?

STORYTELLER

Didn't I tell you that the wild west was also a time of romance? Here's how the tale ends.

The Cowboy glances over at the bar. He notices an old, wooden sign above the Bartender on the wall behind him. He can't read it at first glance because the paint has faded.

The Cowboy squints a little harder until he makes out the lettering of the sign. It says, "THE GOLDEN PONY." He glances back at the Storyteller, who winks at him with a smile and a twinkle in his eye.

FADE OUT.

EXT. - WILDERNESS - DAY

Alamo is standing over the grave of Marshal John Jay Justice, whom he just buried. Godsend is saddled and bridled nearby. He takes his hat off and takes one more moment to himself.

Then he puts his hat back on and leads Godsend away by the reins. There is a wooden cross at the head of the grave with a sign that reads...

**"Marshal John Jay Justice. A man who lived and died in the pursuit of true justice."**

EXT. - FAITH'S HOUSE - DAY

Faith is hanging some laundry on a clothesline, when suddenly Godsend is there and he walks up to her and breathes on her. He's bare with no saddle or bridle.

FAITH  
Godsend?

She pets him a little then starts looking around frantically. She sees a figure nearby standing on a hill under a tree holding a saddle. It's Alamo, and he waves to her.

She starts walking over to him then starts running. She's winded when she arrives. Alamo drops the saddle. Faith is weeping in joy as she walks up to him. She puts her hand on his cheek, hoping that this isn't a dream, that the man she loves is really alive. Alamo has a surreal look about him.

FAITH  
*(Eyes Watering)*  
Am I dreaming? Is it really you?

ALAMO  
I still think my horse likes you better than me.

Faith laughs at Alamo's joke.

ALAMO  
Ever been to Colorado? They say the entire state is actually a mile up in the sky, and the skyline is all snow-capped mountain peaks. It takes your breath away.

FAITH  
What about it?

Alamo takes the golden bracelet off his wrist and puts it around hers.

ALAMO  
I once gave this to the woman I loved.

He looks directly in her eyes.

ALAMO  
And I give it again to the one  
that I love.

FAITH  
I love you too.

ALAMO  
I know.

Faith puts her arms around Alamo's neck and they kiss. They embrace each other tightly for a moment. Faith is holding him so tightly, as if never wanting to let go. A beautiful ray of sunlight then breaks through the clouds and shines directly on Alamo and Faith.

ALAMO  
How does six months sound?

FAITH  
Six months?

ALAMO  
I figure I'd hang around for  
about six months, and then get  
married. I reckon it will take  
us that long to get to know  
each other.

At this statement, Faith is overjoyed and she leaps into Alamo's arms and showers his face all over with kisses.

ALAMO  
I thought we could go to  
Colorado for our honeymoon.

FAITH  
Only if you bring Godsend.

ALAMO  
Deal.

THE END.  
CREDITS.