

OUTLAWS

By

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FADE IN

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

ZIMBALIST, 50's, white, blazes a trail on his horse. Gunshots follow close behind him.

BELINDA, 30's, white, leads an eight-man posse of horse-riding bandits that are after Zimbalist. She cracks the horse's reigns as she and her men pursue Zimbalist through the valley.

Zimbalist's horse leaps over an outcropping of rocks. Its hooves thunder across the dirt.

Belinda's horse leaps over the rocks. So do the rest of her posse's horses. Zimbalist looks back at her in disappointment.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Zimbalist jerks his horse into the stream and runs down it. He looks back. Doesn't see Belinda and her men.

Belinda reaches the stream. She pauses for a moment. Catches a glimpse of Zimbalist's horse as it disappears downstream.

BELINDA
After him, fellas!

Belinda kicks her horse into a powerful run. Her and her posse follow Zimbalist downstream.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - DAY

Zimbalist looks back. Catches sight of Belinda and the posse as they catch up to him.

ZIMBALIST
I was so close...!

Zimbalist's right hand runs across his saddlebag. He shakes his head and removes his gun.

BANG! Zimbalist fires blindly behind him.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Belinda sneers at Zimbalist's bad aim.

BELINDA
Never could hit me, could you,
Mister Zimbalist?

HARRISON, 40's, Belinda's right-hand man, opens fire with his gun. Gets off two shots.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - DAY

Zimbalist's gun gets shot out of his hand by Harrison's bullets.

Zimbalist looks back at Belinda and her posse. Harrison waves at him.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The stream empties out here. Zimbalist's horse loses its balance as it enters and plods through the water.

ZIMBALIST
No, no, no...come on, Swifty!

Zimbalist cracks the reins. The horse moves as quickly as it can through the thick water.

Belinda jerks her horse back from the edge of the lake. Her posse does the same.

Harrison lifts his gun and aims it at Zimbalist. Belinda holds up a hand. Shakes her head.

Belinda draws her rifle. Aims it at Zimbalist.

BELINDA
Mister Zimbalist!

Zimbalist stops his horse in the middle of the lake. Turns to face Belinda.

BELINDA
I'm willing to forget all of this
if you'll hand over that saddlebag.

Zimbalist's right hand drops to the saddlebag again.

ZIMBALIST

I'm sorry, Belinda! This bag doesn't belong to thieves and bandits like you!

BELINDA

Sticks and stones, Mister Z, sticks and stones...

ZIMBALIST

I have a right to this bag and its contents, and I refuse to let you take it from me!

BELINDA

That's a damn shame.

Belinda cocks her rifle.

BELINDA

Because if you won't give me the bag, I'll just take it.

Zimbalist turns back. Kicks his horse into a trot. Looks to Belinda, to the lake, and back again.

BELINDA

Where do you think you're going, Mister Zimbalist?

ZIMBALIST

As far away from you as I can get!

Belinda looks down the rifle's sights.

BELINDA

Not on my watch, you're not.

BANG! POSSE MEMBER #7, 20's, white, falls off his horse and into the lake. Belinda and her posse whirl around to see #7 in a dead man's float in the water.

BANG-BANG! POSSE MEMBER #6, 30's, white, and POSSE MEMBER #5, 50's, black, are thrown off their horses.

HARRISON

Look alive, everyone! We've got a sharpshooter on our hands!

The remaining Posse Members draw their guns. Harrison cocks his and kicks his horse into the lake. Belinda still has her rifle aimed at Zimbalist, who is nearing the edge of the lake.

BANG-BANG! More bullets snap through the air from the invisible sharpshooter. Belinda lowers her rifle. Aims it into some dead trees on the left side of the lake. And fires.

BLAM! Belinda's shot makes MONTOYA, 40's, Mexican, roll out from his hiding place. He aims his pistol at Belinda. Fires.

BANG! Belinda ducks as the bullet blows her hat off. She aims her rifle at Montoya, but Harrison stops her.

HARRISON

Boss! Zimbalist is getting away!

Belinda turns her attention back to Zimbalist. He's reached the edge of the lake.

BELINDA

Shit!

As Harrison and the posse open fire on Montoya, Belinda lifts her rifle, cocks it, and looks down the sights at Zimbalist.

Belinda waits until Zimbalist and his horse have completely emerged from the lake. Then she pulls the trigger.

BLAM! Zimbalist rolls off his horse and into the lake, his hands held against his chest.

EXT. CLUSTER OF ROCKS - DAY

Montoya, hiding behind the rocks, looks at Zimbalist's body in shock.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Belinda blows smoke from the end of her rifle. Sneers.

BELINDA

See you on the other side, Mister Z.

EXT. CLUSTER OF ROCKS - DAY

Montoya rises from behind the rocks. He has a clear shot at Belinda. He takes it.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

BANG! Belinda takes a round in the shoulder. She falls off her horse and into the lake.

HARRISON
Belinda!

BELINDA
Get him! Shoot that son of a
bitch!

Montoya ducks behind the rocks as Harrison pulls Belinda out of the water.

HARRISON
You're hurt pretty bad, boss lady.

BELINDA
Tell me something I don't know!

HARRISON
That's it. We're pulling out of
here.

BELINDA
Not without the bag!

HARRISON
Forget the bag, boss! We can
always get it later!

Harrison pulls Belinda onto his horse. Cracks the reins. Waves the rest of the Posse Members out of the lake and back up the stream.

EXT. CLUSTER OF ROCKS - DAY

Montoya listens as Belinda's posse pulls out. He ventures a glance over the rocks. Watches the last Posse Member travel upstream.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Montoya stands. Hurries along the side of the lake to Zimbalist's body and horse.

EXT. LAKE EDGE - DAY

Montoya kneels by Zimbalist, who is just barely alive.

MONTOYA
Are you all right, mister?

ZIMBALIST
What's it look like, sonny? I'm
shot.

MONTOYA
Good point.

ZIMBALIST
Thank you...for what you did...

MONTOYA
Please don't thank me, Mister
Zimbalist.

Zimbalist's eyes widen. Montoya stands. Cocks his gun.

MONTOYA
I know what's in that saddlebag.

ZIMBALIST
No...!

MONTOYA
And that's the only reason I bailed
you out back there.

ZIMBALIST
No, son...listen...!

MONTOYA
I'm sorry, were you talking?

BANG! Montoya kills Zimbalist. Zimbalist's horse reels
back on its hind legs.

MONTOYA
I thought dead men didn't tell
tales.

Montoya holsters his gun. Crosses himself. Walks to the
horse. Pulls the saddle bag off. Opens it.

INSERT

The bag is stuffed with several thousand dollars in cash.

BACK TO SCENE

Montoya's eyes go wide. He closes the bag. Throws it back on Zimbalist's horse.

MONTOYA

Looks like today's my lucky day.

Montoya climbs onto Zimbalist's horse. Takes the reins. Looks out across the desert plains.

MONTOYA

We need to put some distance
between me and those bandits. All
right, my trusty steed?

Montoya's horse nods.

MONTOYA

Then let's go!

Montoya kicks the horse into a run. They blaze a trail across the desert together.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Harrison tends to Belinda's shoulder wound. They sit on the ground against some rocks. The other Posse Members reload their guns and tend to their horses.

BELINDA

I don't need tender loving care,
Harrison.

HARRISON

I didn't say you did, boss lady.

Harrison puts a pair of tweezers inside Belinda's wound. She stifles a scream.

HARRISON

What you need is this bullet pulled
out of you.

Harrison plucks the slug out of Belinda's shoulder. Belinda yelps a little, drawing attention from her posse.

BELINDA

What are you guys looking at?!

The Posse Members go back to work. Harrison cleans the wound with a bloody rag.

HARRISON
You're lucky, boss. This could
haave been a lot worse.

BELINDA
It also could have been a lot
better.

HARRISON
You think Zimbalist hired that
bandido to protect him?

BELINDA
Sounds like a fair guess.

HARRISON
The guy could shoot, I'll give him
that.

BELINDA
Is that praise I hear?

HARRISON
Admiration.

BELINDA
Why don't you save both for when
we've got that bag?

Harrison snaps off a salute.

HARRISON
Will do, boss.

Harrison grabs a needle and thread.

HARRISON
All that's left is for me to stitch
you up.

BELINDA
Don't bother. Just wrap it.

HARRISON
Belinda, it's an open wound!

BELINDA
And we're wasting time!

Harrison holds his hands up.

HARRISON

It's your life you're playing with,
boss. I will not be held
responsible if you drop dead.

Harrison stands. Goes to his horse's saddle bag for more supplies.

Belinda stands. Snakes back into her shirt. Touches the hole in the shirt's right shoulder.

BELINDA

I'll pay you back for this,
bandido. Just you wait.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Montoya's horse trots through the canyon. It comes to a stop and makes an unpleasant noise.

MONTOYA

What is it, my trusty steed?

Montoya dismounts. Pulls his gun. Steps in front of his horse. Scans the canyon.

MONTOYA

Huh. There's nothing here.

Montoya turns to his horse.

MONTOYA

Are you sure you're not seeing
things, my trusty--

A stagecoach emerges from the horizon and thunders its way toward Montoya. Montoya cocks his gun and gets down on one knee as he aims his gun at the stagecoach.

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

DAVIDA, 40's, Mexican, pushes the horses as fast as they can go. She looks behind her. Looks again. Nobody chases after her.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Montoya holds his ground as the stagecoach approaches.

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

Dauida spots Montoya as she nears the middle of the canyon.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

BANG! Montoya fires a warning shot at the stagecoach.

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

Dauida jerks the reigns back. The horses reel back on their hind legs as they come to a stop near Montoya.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Dauida and Montoya look at each other for the first time.

DAVIDA
What'd you shoot at me for?

MONTOYA
Where you off to in such a hurry?

DAVIDA
You first.

MONTOYA
No, you first.

DAVIDA
I asked you first, bandido.

Montoya removes his hat. Holds it to his heart.

MONTOYA
My apologies, ma'am. It was merely
a warning shot.

DAVIDA
And what were you merely warning me
of?

MONTOYA
Uh-uh. Now it's your turn.

Dauida huffs. Looks around.

DAVIDA
If you must know, I was attacked.

MONTOYA
Really?

DAVIDA
Yes, really!

MONTOYA
Go on.

DAVIDA
I used to work in a brothel.

MONTOYA
Oh. My compliments, ma'am.

DAVIDA
Don't try and flatter me. It won't
get you laid.

Montoya clears his throat.

MONTOYA
You were saying you were attacked?

DAVIDA
Yes.

MONTOYA
By whom?

DAVIDA
By this evil, wretched, vile
creature!

MONTOYA
A creature?

DAVIDA
Yes!

MONTOYA
Did this creature have a name?

DAVIDA
He wasn't exactly handing out
business cards, if that's what you
mean.

MONTOYA
Did he have a name, ma'am?

DAVIDA
(WHISPERED)
I overheard someone call him
Shooter McClaine.

MONTOYA
Shooter McClaine is nothing but a
myth.

DAVIDA
And that doesn't scare you?

MONTOYA
Ma'am, I haven't met anyone whose
gun I couldn't handle.

DAVIDA
And by your looks, I'm sure you've
handled plenty.

MONTOYA
I'll take that as a compliment.

DAVIDA
It was an insult.

MONTOYA
I'll still take it as a compliment.

Dauida groans in frustration.

DAVIDA
Lord, why are all the cowboys in
these parts so damn stupid?

Montoya uncocks his gun. Holsters it.

MONTOYA
Isn't that the pot calling the
kettle black?

DAVIDA
Excuse me?

Montoya counts off points on his fingers.

MONTOYA
You come barreling through this
canyon like a bat out of hell, you
give me some one-line story about
(MORE)

MONTOYA (cont'd)
working at a brothel, and then a
two-line story about being attacked
by some big shot myth called
Shooter McClaine. In other
words...

Montoya puts his hat back on.

MONTOYA
How dumb do you think I am?

Montoya whirls around. Draws his gun. Fires.

BANG! Montoya wastes BLACK HAT #1, 30's, white, who loses
his black hat as he falls to the dirt by Montoya's horse.

Montoya runs back to his horse. Two gunshots land in front
of him. Makes Montoya think twice.

This section of the canyon belongs to the BLACK HAT GANG,
ten members strong, each of them wearing a black hat and
aiming their guns at Montoya from the edges of the canyon
above.

BLACK HAT #2, 40's, white, looks down at Montoya and shakes
his head.

BLACK HAT #2
Put the gun down, bandido. Five
shots won't get you very far.

MONTOYA
Is this your scam, hombre? Use the
lady and the stagecoach to lure
innocent travelers like myself into
this trap so you can rob them
blind?

BLACK HAT #2
If that's what you want to believe,
then by all means, believe it.

MONTOYA
I think I will.

Montoya aims his gun at Davida.

MONTOYA
And I think the lady will be coming
with me.

BLACK HAT #2

You think she means that much to us?

MONTOYA

You make her risk her neck like this every time someone comes through this canyon? Yeah, she means that much to you.

BLACK HAT #2

We just want the bag, bandido! If you hand it over, we'll let you go! No questions asked!

Montoya laughs.

MONTOYA

Aye, aye, aye! Is that all you people think about? Money?

BLACK HAT #2

It makes the world go round, bandido!

MONTOYA

And it makes fat pigs like you even fatter!

Montoya turns his gun on Black Hat #2. Fires.

BANG! Black Hat #2 takes a bullet in the heart. Falls into the canyon and lands with a thump.

The Black Hats open fire on Montoya and Davida. Montoya takes cover behind the stagecoach. Davida leaps onto the ground and covers her head.

BANG-BANG! Montoya takes out BLACK HAT #3, 20's, white, and BLACK HAT #4, 30's, white. Bullets rain down on Montoya and Davida from all sides.

BLAM! BLACK HAT #5, 30's, black, falls into the canyon. Montoya looks around. Can't find the source of the shot.

BLAM-BLAM! BLACK HAT #6, 40's, white, and BLACK HAT #7, 30's, bandido, fall into the canyon. Montoya still can't find the source of this new shooter.

Montoya comes around to the other side of the stagecoach. BANG! Takes out BLACK HAT #8, 20's, white. Montoya rolls across the dirt to avoid getting shot. BANG! Wastes BLACK HAT #9, 50's, white.

BLAM! BLACK HAT #10, 30's, white, soars into the canyon and crashes into the stagecoach. Montoya dives for cover. Splinters and dust rain down on poor Davida.

Montoya looks around. No more gunshots. He stands, scans both directions, and holds his hat to his heart.

MONTOYA

Whew. That was too close.

SHOOTER (O.S.)

You can say that again.

Montoya spins around. Aims his gun at SHOOTER MCCLAINE, 50's, white, who aims his gun at Montoya.

SHOOTER

Settle down there, son. How are you going to shoot me with an empty gun?

Montoya pulls the trigger. CLICK.

SHOOTER

Throw it on the ground, son.

Montoya does so.

SHOOTER

Davida! You all right?

Davida stands in a huff. Her dress is covered in sand, splinters, and wood dust. There's also one big splinter caught in her hair.

DAVIDA

Do I look all right to you?!

Davida storms over to Shooter.

DAVIDA

That was the lowest, dirtiest, most rotten thing any cowboy has ever done to me!

SHOOTER

I doubt that.

Davida slaps Shooter.

DAVIDA

You're a louse, Shooter McClaine!

Davida storms off toward Montoya's horse. Shooter scratches his head with the barrel of his gun.

MONTOYA

Let me get this straight. You're Shooter McClaine?

SHOOTER

That's right, son.

MONTOYA

I thought Shooter McClaine was just a myth.

SHOOTER

Do I look mythical to you?

MONTOYA

No.

SHOOTER

Good.

MONTOYA

Especially when you're pointing that gun at me.

SHOOTER

Point taken.

Shooter uncocks his gun. Lowers it.

MONTOYA

So you coerced Davida into turning traitor on The Black Hat Gang?

SHOOTER

That's right.

MONTOYA

And what did you need to kill them for?

SHOOTER

So I could keep you alive.

MONTOYA

And what do you need me for?

Davida returns with Montoya's saddle bag. She holds some of the money in her left hand.

DAVIDA
There's an awful lot of money in
here, Shooter.

SHOOTER
I'm aware of that, doll.

MONTOYA
Hey...!

DAVIDA
And we're just going to take it
all?

SHOOTER
That's right, doll.

MONTOYA
Hey!!

Shooter cocks his gun. Aims it at Montoya.

SHOOTER
Bet you wish I was mythical now,
huh?

Montoya holds his hands up. Disgusted.

SHOOTER
Put the bag with my horse, doll.

DAVIDA
Will do.

Davida waves bye to Montoya.

DAVIDA
Be seeing you, bandido.

MONTOYA
Be seeing you, ma'am.

Davida walks up the canyon path. Shooter waits until she's
gone.

SHOOTER
I heard a rumor there's a bandit
woman and her posse looking for
that bag.

MONTOYA
I heard a rumor there's an asshole
and his hooker looking for that
bag.

BLAM! Shooter blasts the space at Montoya's feet.

SHOOTER

Next time, it's your toes.

Montoya clears his throat.

SHOOTER

Does this rumor have any truth to it?

MONTOYA

Which one? The one about the bandit woman, or the one about the asshole and his--

BLAM! Shooter blasts Montoya's hat off.

SHOOTER

Don't tempt me, son.

MONTOYA

Yeah, there's some truth to it. Why do you ask?

SHOOTER

Because when they catch up to you, I want you to tell them Shooter McClaine said hello.

Shooter keeps his gun trained on Montoya as he backs away. Montoya takes a step forward. Then another step. Montoya picks up his gun as Shooter runs up the canyon path.

Montoya opens his gun. Slams his hand against the chamber. Empties the spent cartridges on the ground.

MONTOYA

Shit.

Montoya holsters his gun. Picks up his hat. Runs to his horse. Mounts it.

MONTOYA

Come on, my trusty steed! We have to catch that asshole!

Montoya kicks his horse into a run. The horse thunders through the canyon and toward the exit.

EXT. CANYON EXIT - DAY

Montoya exits the canyon and searches the plains. There's no sign of Shooter or Davida.

Montoya slows his horse down to a trot, then a full stop. He dismounts and walks over to some prints in the dirt.

INSERT

The prints are hoof prints left by Shooter's horse.

BACK TO SCENE

Montoya mounts his horse again. Cracks the reigns. Follows the path of Shooter's horse.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Belinda and her posse return to the scene of the crime. Belinda's horse enters the lake, followed by Harrison's.

HARRISON

Boss, look over there.

Belinda looks to the edge of the lake. Sees Zimbalist's body. Notices that his horse and the bag are gone.

BELINDA

That damn bandido!

Belinda kicks her horse into a trot through the water. Harrison and the Posse Members follow her.

EXT. LAKE EDGE - DAY

Belinda brings her horse to a stop. Dismounts. Kneels by Zimbalist's body.

INSERT

The two gunshot wounds in Zimbalist's chest--one from Belinda, and one from Montoya.

BACK TO SCENE

Belinda stands. Puts her hands on her hips.

HARRISON
What's the word, boss?

BELINDA
Looks like the bandido wasn't there
to protect Mister Z after all...

Belinda mounts her horse.

BELINDA
He's a two-bit opportunist!

HARRISON
Just like us, eh?

Belinda glares at Harrison. Harrison grins.

BELINDA
Which way do you think he took?

HARRISON
The nearest town is
Ironstone. It'd take him about two
days to get there.

BELINDA
And he already has half a day on us
because you were busy playing
nurse.

Harrison rolls his eyes.

BELINDA
Which way is Ironstone?

HARRISON
North.

BELINDA
Then that's where we're headed!

Belinda cracks the reins on her horse.

BELINDA
Come on, fellas!

Belinda's horse takes off running. Harrison and the Posse
Members follow close behind.

EXT. CLUSTER OF ROCKS - DAY

REGINALD, 30's, black, rises from behind the rocks. He's overheard everything.

EXT. HILL - DAY

Reginald slides down the side. Mounts his horse. Kicks it into high gear.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Reginald rides across the desert at a quick pace. Comes up to a mountain range.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Reginald directs his horse up the mountain path.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Reginald's horse slows to a trot as it travels into the mountains.

EXT. MILITIA CAMP - DAY

Reginald comes upon a camp populated by a black militia. He pulls his horse to a stop. Dismounts. Rushes toward a tent in the center of the camp.

GILBERT, 20's, black, Reginald's mentally challenged brother, comes up next to Reginald. He holds a dead rabbit by the ears and a double-barreled shotgun.

GILBERT

Reggie, I got a rabbit!

REGINALD

I can see that, Gilbert.

GILBERT

Reggie, I got a rabbit!

REGINALD

I heard you, Gilbert.

GILBERT
Reggie, I got a--

Reginald stops. Grabs Gilbert by the shoulders.

REGINALD
Not now, Gilbert!

Gilbert looks down at his feet. Ashamed.

REGINALD
This is important, all right?

Gilbert nods. He's very child-like.

Reginald musses Gilbert's hair.

REGINALD
That's more like it.

Reginald hurries inside the tent. Gilbert, hurt by Reginald's words, watches him go.

INT. TENT - DAY

BROOKSIDE, 50's, black, stands over a table with JOSHUA, 40's, black, and MATTHEW, 40's, black. A map of the territory is spread across the table.

Reginald enters and eases in behind Matthew.

BROOKSIDE
I do believe we have a visitor,
gentlemen.

Joshua and Matthew turn around to face Reginald.

BROOKSIDE
What news do you bring, Reginald?

REGINALD
Belinda and her bandits just
crossed the lake. They're headed
north to Ironstone.

Brookside frowns. Points to the map.

BROOKSIDE
Show me.

Reginald steps forward. Points to the lake.

REGINALD

They crossed here and stopped long enough to examine Zimbalist's dead body.

Reginald points northward.

REGINALD

Their path will take them right into Napoleon's Canyon.

BROOKSIDE

Napoleon's Canyon. Also known as the Black Hat Gang's territory.

Brookside pats Reginald on the back.

BROOKSIDE

Reginald, you've brought us valuable information, as always.

REGINALD

Thank you, Mister Brookside.

BROOKSIDE

Don't thank me yet, son.

Brookside walks past Reginald and to the other side of the table.

BROOKSIDE

What I need from you now is to travel to Napoleon's Canyon and wait for us there.

REGINALD

What about the Black Hat Gang?

Brookside cocks an eyebrow up.

BROOKSIDE

Once Belinda's through with them, I have a feeling they won't be a problem.

Brookside points a finger at Joshua.

BROOKSIDE

Joshua!

JOSHUA

Sir!

BROOKSIDE

Render a sidearm unto Mister Cole,
so that he may protect himself.

JOSHUA

Sir!

Joshua exits the tent.

BROOKSIDE

You ever handle a gun before,
Reginald?

REGINALD

I know how they work.

BROOKSIDE

But have you handled one before,
son?

REGINALD

Yes, Mister Brookside.

Joshua returns with a gun belt and a gun. Holds them out to
Reginald.

BROOKSIDE

Then this gun shall be yours for as
long as you shall live.

Reginald buckles the gun belt. Removes the gun. Spins it
with a flourish. Holsters it.

REGINALD

Thank you, Mister Brookside.

BROOKSIDE

Don't mention it, son.

Brookside approaches Reginald. Puts his hands on Reginald's
shoulders.

BROOKSIDE

Now go out there and make your
daddy proud.

Reginald's bottom lip quivers. He gets it under control.

REGINALD

Sir!

Reginald exits the tent. Joshua turns to Brookside.

JOSHUA

You're sending him on a suicide mission, Mister Brookside.

BROOKSIDE

Whether I am or not is none of your concern, Joshua. All that matters is acquiring Mister Zimbalist's bag and putting it to our use.

JOSHUA

I still say it's suicide.

BROOKSIDE

And I don't like what you're accusing me of.

MATTHEW

He's saying the kid's gonna get shot to death and we're gonna be out another scout!

BROOKSIDE

Relax, gentlemen. I served with Reginald's father during the war. He always watched my back, and I intend to watch his son's.

MATTHEW

Did his daddy teach him how to count to six?

BROOKSIDE

Why do you ask, Matthew?

MATTHEW

'Cause if he didn't, we're also gonna be out one gun.

Joshua glances at Matthew, then at Brookside. Brookside closes his eyes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Reginald's horse trots back the way he came.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Reginald's horse exits the range. Explodes with speed.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Reginald cracks the horse's reins. His horse thunders on across the desert.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

MACK BAKER, 40's, white, puts his horse into a trot as he comes around to the entrance of the range. Baker looks left, then right, then left again. Then he kicks his horse into a run, following Reginald's path.

EXT. LAND BRIDGE - DAY

Montoya's horse comes to a stop at the edge of the narrow bridge. Montoya dismounts. Takes a few steps across it. Nods.

Montoya mounts his horse. Takes the reins.

MONTTOYA

Forward, my trusty steed!

Montoya's horse nods. Walks slowly across the bridge. It's only wide enough for one horse.

Montoya looks around. There's no sign of Shooter or Davida anywhere.

Sand, pebbles, and dirt fall off the bridge. They land several feet below in a rocky pit. Montoya looks down at the pit. Looks away.

Montoya and his horse are half-way across the bridge. Montoya hears a crackling sound from behind him. He turns around and looks at the end of the bridge.

Five sticks of dynamite are jammed into the sand at the end of the bridge. Their fuses are really short.

MONTTOYA

Move it, my trusty steed!

Montoya cracks the reins. His horse picks up the pace.

Montoya glances back at the dynamite. It's about to blow.

Montoya cracks the reigns again. His horse quickens its pace.

BOOM! The dynamite blows the end of the land bridge to rocky bits. It disintegrates at a rapid rate.

Montoya's horse loses its footing. It almost goes off the edge. Montoya jerks it upright and kicks it into high gear.

The bridge continues to disintegrate. Montoya races to avoid it.

Montoya has almost reached the other side. That's when he sees five more sticks of dynamite jammed into the other end of the bridge.

Montoya's horse speeds up, going as fast as it can.

The new dynamite is about to blow.

Montoya's horse leaps off the bridge.

BOOM! The new dynamite explodes, sending Montoya and his horse through the air. The land bridge is totally destroyed.

EXT. SAND PIT - DAY

Montoya lays unconscious inside of it. His horse lays on its side on the ground. Black smoke fills the air.

Montoya starts to sink into the pit.

NAMELESS ANDY, 30's, white, stands at the edge of the pit. He holds a gun in one hand and a bag of dynamite in the other.

ANDY

Now that, my Mexican friend, is how
you blow shit up!

Montoya is calf-deep in the pit.

ANDY

What a shame...I think you've
landed in a pile of quicksand.

Montoya is still unconscious.

ANDY

Well, as they say in Rome, do as
the Romans do...

Andy walks over to Montoya's horse. Helps it up on its feet. Gives it a once-over.

ANDY
You don't look to be in too bad of
shape, my friend.

Montoya is thigh-deep in the pit.

ANDY
And since your compatriot isn't
going to be around to claim you as
his--

Andy hops on top of Montoya's horse.

ANDY (CONT'D.)
--I now declare you as mine.

Andy throws his bag of dynamite onto the horse's back. Holsters his gun. Kicks the horse into a trot.

ANDY
And away we go!

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DAY

Andy's horse makes its way across the plains. Andy takes a look back at Montoya.

EXT. SAND PIT - DAY

Montoya is waist-deep in the pit.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DAY

Andy wags a finger in Montoya's direction.

ANDY
Tsk-tsk-tsk, my Mexican friend. You
should know better than to mess
with Nameless Andy, the craziest
damn gun in the west!

Andy laughs. Kicks his horse into a swifter trot.

EXT. SAND PIT - DAY

Montoya is now chest-deep in the pit. He's still unconscious.

The shadow of Shooter's horse falls across the pit. Shooter and Davida dismount. Stand at the edge of the pit.

DAVIDA
It's the bandido!

SHOOTER
Get my lasso, doll, and fast!

Davida hurries to Shooter's horse. Montoya is now armpit-deep in the pit.

Davida returns with the lasso. Shooter throws it around Montoya's left wrist. Tightens it.

SHOOTER
Now pull!

Davida and Shooter pull with all of their might. At first, nothing happens. But slowly, ever so slowly, Montoya is pulled from the pit, and soon he's back on solid ground.

Davida collapses on the ground, exhausted and out of breath. Shooter sits on his rump and catches his breath.

SHOOTER
Hey, bandido!

Montoya doesn't move. Shooter looks concerned. He crawls over to Montoya. Turns him over.

DAVIDA
Do you think he's dead?

SHOOTER
I don't know.

Montoya coughs. Coughs again. Rolls onto his stomach. Lets out a groan.

MONTROYA
What the hell...?

Montoya's vision clears. He sees Davida and Shooter standing over him.

MONTOYA
What are you doing here, asshole?

SHOOTER
Hey, I just saved your worthless
ass. The least you could do is show
me some respect.

MONTOYA
Must be my lucky day.

Shooter grins. Davida huffs.

MONTOYA
What happened...?

Shooter looks at what's left of the land bridge.

SHOOTER
Looks like somebody blew up the
land bridge.

Montoya sits up. Rubs his head.

MONTOYA
Dynamite?

SHOOTER
From the looks of things, I'd say
yes.

MONTOYA
Lovely.

Montoya stands up. Looks himself over.

MONTOYA
Why am I covered in sand?

Shooter points to the sand pit. Montoya looks at
it. Removes his hat. Fans himself.

MONTOYA
Let me guess. You rescued me from
the pit?

SHOOTER
That's right.

MONTOYA
And now you want something in
return.

SHOOTER
That's right.

MONTOYA
Name it.

SHOOTER
A thank you would be a good start.

MONTOYA
Thanks...I guess.

Shooter frowns. Montoya puts his hat back on.

SHOOTER
That's not what I was hoping for,
but it'll do for now.

Shooter walks back to his horse. Davida is already on its back.

MONTOYA
Wait a minute. Where's my horse?

SHOOTER
I bet some thief took it.

MONTOYA
A thief? How does a thief steal a
horse?

SHOOTER
Gee, let's see...he blows up a
bridge, sends you into a coma,
throws you in a pit of quicksand,
and leaves you there to die while
he takes your horse.

Montoya glares at Shooter.

SHOOTER
That sound about right to you?

MONTOYA
Yeah. Sounds dandy.

SHOOTER
I'd give you a lift, but we only
have room for two.

MONTOYA
Forget it. You've done plenty.

SHOOTER

After all, it is a nice day for a walk, don't you think?

MONTOYA

Up yours, McClaine.

Shooter laughs. Tips his hat to Montoya. Kicks his horse into a trot across the plains.

Montoya brushes some of the sand off. Reaches for his gun. Gets an idea.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DAY

Shooter and Davida trot on. BANG! A gunshot makes them freeze.

Shooter turns his horse around. Faces Montoya, who aims his gun at them.

SHOOTER

You must be kidding, bandido.

MONTOYA

No joke, hombre. Get off the horse.

DAVIDA

Shooter...?

SHOOTER

You heard the man, doll.

Shooter and Davida dismount. Come around to the front of the horse. Montoya approaches them.

MONTOYA

Take off that gun belt, Shooter.

Shooter hesitates. Montoya cocks the hammer on his gun. Shooter removes his gun belt and tosses it at Montoya's feet.

MONTOYA

Davida, get me that saddlebag.

Davida hesitates. Looks at Shooter. Shooter nods to her. Davida grabs the saddlebag. Tosses it at Montoya's feet.

Montoya puts the saddlebag on his shoulder. Takes Shooter's gun belt. Throws it into the sand pit.

SHOOTER
Why you lousy--!

Montoya lifts his gun at Shooter. Shooter freezes.

MONTOYA
Now I'd like you to take your pants
off, McClaine.

SHOOTER
There is no way in hell I'm--

BANG! Montoya shoots the space in front of Shooter's feet.

MONTOYA
Next time, it's your toes.

Shooter unbuckles his belt. Drops his pants. Tosses them
to Montoya, who throws them in the sand pit.

SHOOTER
This is harassment, bandido!

Montoya frowns.

MONTOYA
You saved my life, McClaine, so I'm
going to spare yours and
Davida's. That way, our slate is
clean.

BANG! Montoya blasts Shooter's horse in the leg. The horse
goes down with a whine.

SHOOTER
Hey! What the hell do you think
you're doing?

MONTOYA
Making sure you can't follow me.

Montoya walks past Shooter and Davida. Continues across the
plains.

MONTOYA
After all, it is a nice day for a
walk, don't you think?

Davida huffs. Shooter takes off his hat. Runs a hand
through his hair.

SHOOTER
Go get my pants, doll.

Davida gives Shooter a look.

SHOOTER
Go get them!

Davida huffs again. Trudges off toward the sand pit. Shooter punches his fist into his hat. Frustrated.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Belinda and her posse travel slowly across the path.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald lays on his stomach and watches Belinda and her posse enter the battle zone.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Belinda holds up a hand. Her posse stops. She looks around at the dead bodies of the Black Hat Gang, the ruined stagecoach, and the discarded guns.

HARRISON
You think the bandido did all this?

BELINDA
No. He had help.

Belinda dismounts. So does Harrison. They examine the wounds on the dead bodies.

HARRISON
The majority of these guys were
shot from behind.

That registers something with Belinda. She looks to her right and spots a lone cartridge on the ground by the stage coach.

Belinda walks over to the cartridge. Picks it up.

INSERT

The cartridge has the letters S.M. carved on it.

BACK TO SCENE

Belinda pockets it. Harrison joins her.

HARRISON
Something wrong?

BELINDA
Yeah.

Belinda turns to Harrison.

BELINDA
My daddy was here.

Belinda walks back to her horse. Harrison runs a hand over his face. Follows Belinda.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald keeps a close eye on Belinda and her posse as they mount their horses and continue on their way.

Reginald scoots back from the edge. Stirs up some sand. The sand falls into the canyon.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Reginald's sand falls past Harrison's face. Lands on his horse. Harrison stops his horse. Looks around.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald lays still. He's scared stiff.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Harrison looks up at the edges of the canyon. Belinda notices Harrison's behavior. Stops her horse.

BELINDA
What're you looking at?

Harrison holds a finger to his lips. Draws his gun. Pulls his horse back down the canyon.

Belinda draws her rifle. Cocks it. Scans the canyon edges.

The Posse Members draw their guns and split up across the canyon.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald is terrified. He puts his hands on his head and waits it out.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Belinda scans the canyon walls. Harrison keeps an eye out for trouble. The Posse Members are itching to shoot something.

Baker enters from the south end of the canyon. Belinda and her posse jerk around. Aim their guns at Baker. Baker trains his rifle on Belinda.

BELINDA

Who the hell are you supposed to be?

BAKER

Mack Baker, agent of Her Majesty's Secret Service.

HARRISON

Her Majesty?

BAKER

If you were the least bit educated, you'd understand.

Harrison gives Baker a look of mock offense.

BELINDA

He's saying he's a Brit.

BAKER

Very astute of you, young lady.

Baker cocks his rifle.

BAKER

Now if you will kindly hand over the bag that you stole from Mister Zimbalist, I'll be on my way.

HARRISON

It's six against one, Baker!

BAKER

Only six? I'll take those odds.

BELINDA

You must have quite a set of balls on you, Mister Baker, to think we'll just roll over and give you that money.

BAKER

The money is useless to you.

BELINDA

Says who?

BAKER

Says I. Did you bother to look at it?

Belinda and Harrison exchange glances.

BELINDA

Not particularly.

BAKER

If you did, you'd see that it's British pounds. They're worthless to you and your men.

Belinda stands her ground. So does Baker.

HARRISON

Damn it, boss, he's right.

BELINDA

I beg your pardon?

HARRISON

There's no place that will take British money around here!

BELINDA

Shut up, Harrison!

HARRISON

Boss, why won't you listen to reason? Just this one time?

Belinda stares down the sights of her rifle. It's aimed at Baker's head.

Baker stares down the sights of his rifle. It's aimed at Belinda's head.

Belinda's finger tickles the trigger.

Baker's finger tickles the trigger.

Belinda blinks once. Twice. Clears her vision.

Baker pinches his eyes shut. Opens them.

HARRISON (O.S.)

Belinda!

Belinda's finger inches toward the trigger...

But not before she pulls it away.

BELINDA

All right, damn it! All right!

Belinda lowers her rifle. Rests it on her shoulder.

BAKER

I'm glad one of you has excellent reasoning skills.

HARRISON

Kiss my ass, Baker.

BAKER

I doubt that would be pleasant for either of us, Harrison.

Baker lowers his rifle.

BAKER

Now. The bag.

BELINDA

We don't have it.

BAKER

Then I'm just wasting my time!

Baker holsters his rifle. Turns his horse around.

BELINDA

Wait a minute!

Baker stops. Looks back at Belinda.

BELINDA

We know who has the bag.

BAKER

I'm listening.

BELINDA
It's a bandido.

BAKER
A bandido?

HARRISON
A Mexican.

BELINDA
He drove us off when we tried to
take the bag from Zimbalist. Then
he shot Mister Z and took the bag
of money with him.

BAKER
And where is this thief now?

HARRISON
On his way to Ironstone.

BAKER
Then that's my destination!

Baker cracks the reigns on his horse. It reels back on its hind legs. Slams its front hooves into the dirt. Takes off running.

HARRISON
We going after him?

BELINDA
Let him get a head start.

HARRISON
Why?

BELINDA
Because he's going to lead us to
the bandido...and once he does,
we'll kill two birds with one
stone.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald has seen and heard everything. He watches as Belinda and her posse ride toward the canyon exit.

EXT. CANYON EXIT - DAY

Belinda and her posse storm out of the canyon and across the plains.

EXT. CANYON EDGE - DAY

Reginald mounts his horse. Turns it around. Spots the militia coming his way.

REGINALD
Mister Brookside!

Brookside's horse breaks away from the pack, then slows as it reaches Reginald.

BROOKSIDE
Reginald. What news do you have for me, son?

REGINALD
Belinda doesn't have Zimbalist's bag.

Joshua and Matthew approach. They flank Brookside on his left and right sides.

BROOKSIDE
Then who does?

REGINALD
Some nameless Mexican who killed Zimbalist and stole the bag after driving Belinda's posse away.

JOSHUA
Damn!

Brookside holds up a hand. Joshua gets his anger under control.

BROOKSIDE
What else can you tell me?

REGINALD
There's a British agent by the name of Baker. He says the bag belongs to him.

BROOKSIDE
Like hell it does.

REGINALD

That's the thing, sir. He says the money is in British pounds and won't be good to any of us.

Brookside's eyebrows rise a notch.

JOSHUA

You mean we came all the way to this godforsaken desert for nothing?!

BROOKSIDE

Joshua!

Joshua gets his anger under control again. He nods to Brookside.

BROOKSIDE

There is an individual in Huntington who can convert the money to dollars.

MATTHEW

Are you sure about that?

BROOKSIDE

Quite sure, Matthew. I worked with him during the war.

MATTHEW

Apparently you worked with everybody during the war.

Matthew rides ahead. Brookside gives Matthew a look.

JOSHUA

I take it we're headed to Huntington?

BROOKSIDE

No. I'll send the militia on ahead. You, Matthew, Reginald, and I will head to Ironstone and acquire the bag.

REGINALD

What about my brother?

Brookside and Joshua exchange glances.

BROOKSIDE

I'm sorry, son, but we can't take him with us. He'd only get in the way.

REGINALD

Give me a minute to say goodbye, then.

BROOKSIDE

One minute, Reginald. Then we're gone.

Reginald rides to the back of the militia. Joshua spreads Brookside's orders among the soldiers.

Gilbert sits on the edge of the canyon. Lets his legs dangle in the air. Holds his shotgun in his lap.

Reginald pulls his horse next to Gilbert. Dismounts.

REGINALD

Gilbert?

GILBERT

Yeah?

REGINALD

I have to go with Mister Brookside now. We're heading to Ironstone.

GILBERT

Yeah?

REGINALD

I need you to stay with the militia and go with them to Huntington.

GILBERT

Yeah?

REGINALD

Do you understand anything I'm saying?

Gilbert looks up at Reggie. Smiles.

GILBERT

Yeah...?

BROOKSIDE (O.S.)

Thirty seconds, Reginald!

Reginald puts his hands on Gilbert's shoulders.

REGINALD
I'll meet you in Huntington,
Gilbert.

GILBERT
Yeah?

REGINALD
Yeah. That's a promise.

GILBERT
Yeah.

BROOKSIDE (O.S.)
Twenty seconds!

Reginald gives Gilbert a hug.

REGINALD
I love you, brother.

Gilbert hugs Reginald back with tears in his eyes.

GILBERT
Yeah.

Reginald pulls away. Mounts his horse. Gilbert stands and watches as Reginald joins Brookside and his men.

GILBERT
Yeah...

Reginald rides off into the horizon with Brookside, Matthew, and Joshua. Gilbert waves goodbye to Reginald.

EXT. HORIZON - DUSK

The sun sets across the plains. It turns everything a hot orange.

EXT. OLD MINING AREA - DUSK

Montoya approaches it with his gun drawn. There's an entrance to the mine, a wooden shack, and a small pool of water here.

EXT. POOL OF WATER - DUSK

Montoya drops the saddlebag. Holsters his gun. Kneels by the water. Drinks it. Splashes it on his face.

Montoya hears dirt crunch under someone's shoe. He freezes. Listens. Hears it again. The sound's coming from the shack.

EXT. WOODEN SHACK - DUSK

Montoya walks toward it. Hugs the right side of it. Draws his gun. Kicks the door open.

INT. WOODEN SHACK - DUSK

There's a table, two chairs, and some coffee mugs here. There's also a dried-up skeleton in the corner.

Montoya grimaces at the skeleton. Crosses himself. Hears the dirt crunch again. This time it's from outside.

EXT. WOODEN SHACK - DAY

Montoya steps outside. Scans his gun from left to right. Sees nothing.

MONTOYA
(whispered)
I must be losing my mind...

Montoya holsters his gun. Walks around the edge of the water. And freezes.

The saddlebag is gone. There's no trace it was ever there.

EXT. POOL OF WATER - DUSK

Montoya runs across the water. Reaches the other side. Runs his hands through the dirt. It's barren.

Montoya hears the dirt crunch again. He whirls around. Spots a small figure running inside the mine with his saddlebag.

Montoya draws his gun.

MONTOYA

Hold it!

BANG! Montoya fires a warning shot. The figure ducks as the bullet ricochets off some stones.

Montoya gets up. Takes off after the figure as it travels inside the mine.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DUSK

Montoya scans the dark recesses of the mine. There's a light at the end of it.

INT. MINE - DUSK

Montoya enters. Cocks his gun. Walks toward the light.

The dirt crunches to his left. BANG! Montoya's bullet hits the wall. He moves on.

The dirt crunches to Montoya's right. BANG! His bullet hits the wall. He moves on again.

Montoya has reached the source of the light. It's a small lamp hanging from the left wall. In front of it is a wall of rocks and wooden beams that block the path.

MONTOYA

How do you like that?

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)

I don't like big people.

Montoya whirls around. Aims his gun behind him. WILLIAMSON, 30's, a midget, steps out from a crevice in the wall. He has a revolver in each hand.

MONTOYA

You must be kidding.

WILLIAMSON

No joke, hombre. You'd better vamoose before you get a new hole in your head.

MONTOYA

Give it a rest, little man. There's no way you could--

BANG-BANG-BANG! Williamson unleashes a barrage of bullets at Montoya. One of them knocks Montoya's gun out of his hand. The others make an outline of Montoya's body in the wall.

Williamson blows smoke from his revolvers. Holsters them.

WILLIAMSON
Satisfied?

MONTOYA
Uh-huh.

WILLIAMSON
Good.

Williamson adjusts the brim of his hat.

WILLIAMSON
I take it you want your money back?

MONTOYA
That'd be the size of it.

WILLIAMSON
It isn't yours, is it?

MONTOYA
It's not yours either, little man.

WILLIAMSON
Details.

Williamson steps into the crevice. Motions for Montoya to follow him.

INT. WILLIAMSON'S CAVE - DUSK

Williamson has tunneled a path to a deeper part of the mine. This is where he's made his home.

Montoya barely fits through the crevice. He falls out of it and onto the ground.

WILLIAMSON
Hurry up, would you? I don't have
all night.

Montoya stands. Brushes himself off. Follows Williamson.

Williamson moves a rock in the wall. Reveals a hiding place of his treasured goods. The saddlebag is inside.

WILLIAMSON
There's your bag.

MONTOYA
Great, I'll just--

Montoya kneels by the hiding place and reaches inside. Scorpions swarm over the saddlebag.

MONTOYA
Then again, maybe not.

Williamson smiles.

WILLIAMSON
They only respond to me.

Williamson replaces the rock.

WILLIAMSON
Did you look inside the bag?

MONTOYA
Yeah, back when I stole it.

WILLIAMSON
Did you see what was inside it?

MONTOYA
Money?

Williamson shakes his head.

WILLIAMSON
They make you cowboys dumber and
dumber all the time.

Williamson walks over to a stack of books. Pulls out the largest volume. Opens it. Shows the pages to Montoya.

WILLIAMSON
That look like your money?

INSERT

The book's pages, which show the British pounds that Montoya pulled out of the bag.

BACK TO SCENE

Montoya nods to Williamson.

MONTOYA

What's so special about it?

WILLIAMSON

It's British pounds.

Williamson slams the book shut.

MONTOYA

What?!

WILLIAMSON

And you're not the only one looking for it.

MONTOYA

Ain't that the truth.

Williamson replaces the book. Sighs.

WILLIAMSON

I hear things down here, things other people don't want heard.

MONTOYA

Like what?

WILLIAMSON

Like a story about a British agent who was sent here to the west with a saddlebag full of British money.

MONTOYA

Was that Zimbalist?

WILLIAMSON

Zimbalist stole the bag from the agent. The agent's name is Mack Baker.

Montoya grins.

MONTOYA

So Zimbalist was a thief too. We're all thieves chasing thieves.

WILLIAMSON

Apparently.

MONTOYA

But why did he come here? He had to know carrying that much cash would make him a target.

Williamson leans against the wall of the cave.

WILLIAMSON

I heard two thieves discussing the matter by the pond up top. They said Baker had come to buy back a priceless British artifact from a collector in Ironstone.

MONTOYA

Funny...that's where I'm headed.

WILLIAMSON

That's where everybody's headed.

Montoya stands. Dusts himself off.

MONTOYA

What do I owe you for this information, O Gracious One?

WILLIAMSON

All I ask is--

Something lands in the dirt behind Williamson. He turns to look at it. It's a stick of dynamite with a very short fuse.

INT. CAVE PATH - DUSK

Montoya takes off down the path in a sprint.

INT. WILLIAMSON'S CAVE - DUSK

Williamson picks up the dynamite.

INT. CAVE PATH - DAY

Montoya is half-way down the path. He looks back.

MONTOYA

Hurry up, little man! We only have a few seconds before--

INT. WILLIAMSON'S CAVE - DUSK

Williamson blows the fuse out on the dynamite. He doesn't even break a sweat.

INT. CAVE PATH - DUSK

Montoya slows to a trot. Then a walk. Then a full stop. He can't believe they've survived.

INT. WILLIAMSON'S CAVE - DUSK

Williamson throws the dynamite over his shoulder. Sighs.

WILLIAMSON

You can come back now! The excitement's over!

Montoya comes back. Leans down by Williamson.

MONTOYA

Who drops dynamite sticks inside an abandoned mine?

Williamson frowns.

WILLIAMSON

Nameless Andy.

Williamson pulls out his revolvers. Opens the chambers. Reloads them with fresh bullets.

MONTOYA

Nameless Andy? What kind of name is that?

WILLIAMSON

He used to be called Nameless. Then some drunk guy mistook him for his friend Andy and kept calling him that.

MONTOYA

So now he's Nameless Andy.

WILLIAMSON

You got it.

Montoya takes a moment to reload his gun.

MONTOYA

Is Nameless Andy any good with explosives?

WILLIAMSON

Yeah. He's one of the best. He's also been trying to blow me up for years.

MONTOYA

Why?

WILLIAMSON

Because he's bat-shit crazy, that's why! I never did anything to him! He has this notion that it's his job to blow up everybody and everything this side of Rio!

Williamson slams the chambers shut on his revolvers.

MONTOYA

Would this Nameless Andy guy be able to blow up a land bridge?

WILLIAMSON

Without a doubt.

Montoya slams the chamber closed on his gun.

MONTOYA

Then I've got a score to settle with him.

Williamson picks up the dynamite stick. Adds a match.

WILLIAMSON

You mean, we've got a score to settle with him.

INT. MINE - NIGHT

Nameless Andy kneels by the entrance. Closes one of his eyes. Looks into the dark recesses of the mine.

ANDY

Looks like the little fart outsmarted me.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Andy reaches inside his bag of dynamite. Pulls out six sticks, tied together and already wired to blow.

ANDY

If one stick doesn't work, let's
try a whole bunch of them!

Andy strikes a match against some rocks. Goes to light the fuse. Hears Williamson's voice from inside the mine.

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)

Hey, Andy!

Andy freezes. Peers down inside the mine.

INT. MINE - NIGHT

Andy holds up his dynamite bundle. He can't see whether Williamson's really there.

ANDY

Yeah? What you want? I was just
about to blow you up!

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)

Blow this!

Andy's dynamite stick soars up the path. Lands in his lap.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Andy looks down at his lap. Sees the fuse burn down on the dynamite stick.

ANDY

Aw, shit...

BOOM! Nameless Andy goes up in a ball of fire. The explosion sets off his bundle of dynamite, causing a larger explosion that rocks the mine walls.

INT. MINE - NIGHT

Williamson and Montoya, who carries the saddlebag, stand at the end of the path and let the explosion run its course.

The mine walls stop shaking. Williamson pauses. Listens for Nameless Andy. Silence is his answer.

WILLIAMSON
You think I got him?

MONTOYA
I think you did.

Williamson and Montoya walk toward the mine entrance, guns drawn, ready for whatever's out there.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Williamson exits first. He observes the flaming debris and scorched body parts that used to be Nameless Andy.

WILLIAMSON
I got him! I got him, I got him, I
got him!

Williamson does a victory dance. Montoya laughs as he exits the mine. He stops when he notices his old horse by the water.

MONTOYA
My trusty steed!

EXT. POOL OF WATER - NIGHT

Montoya's horse nods to him. Montoya rushes to it. Throws the saddlebag on its back. Mounts it. And takes the reins.

WILLIAMSON
Hey, buster!

Montoya looks down. Williamson stands by the horse. He looks up at Montoya.

MONTOYA
Yes?

WILLIAMSON
You gonna take me with you, or
what?

MONTOYA
I thought you liked it underground.

WILLIAMSON
Are you kidding? It's dark, it's
cold, and it's dirty.

MONTOYA
Not that much different from this
place.

WILLIAMSON
Come on. Give me a boost.

MONTOYA
A boost?

WILLIAMSON
You know! A hand?

MONTOYA
Sorry, I only have two of those,
and I need both of them.

WILLIAMSON
You lousy son of a--!

Montoya pulls his gun on Williamson. Cocks the hammer.

MONTOYA
I'm sorry, little man, but I can't
guarantee you won't shoot me
somewhere down the line and take
the money for yourself.

WILLIAMSON
But I wouldn't do that! We're
bonded now!

MONTOYA
Bonded?

WILLIAMSON
You know? Like brothers?

MONTOYA
More like a kid brother.

WILLIAMSON
Keep it clean...!

Montoya smirks.

MONTOYA
Sorry, my little friend. I suppose
you'll just have to hoof it.

Montoya cracks the reins. His horse walks off.

WILLIAMSON
Hoof it? Hoof it?! These boots
weren't made for walking! Do you
know how long it took me to find
them in my size?

Montoya's horse keeps walking. Montoya doesn't turn around.

WILLIAMSON
Are you even listening? I'm
talking to you! Hello!

Montoya's horse walks away.

WILLIAMSON
Goddamn it!

Williamson reaches for his hat. BLAM! A gunshot blows it
off his head.

Williamson turns around. Baker, atop his horse, races after
Montoya.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Baker cocks his rifle. BLAM! Fires at Montoya.

Baker's bullet cuts a hole in the saddlebag. Montoya looks
at it. Looks at Baker. Kicks his horse into a sprint.

EXT. DESERT DUNE - NIGHT

Baker takes his horse up on top of the dune. Pulls it to a
stop. Aims his rifle down at Montoya.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Montoya notices Baker. Turns his attention back to the path
ahead.

Shooter McClaine and Davida rise out of the sand ahead of
Montoya's horse. Shooter aims his gun at Montoya. Davida
coughs up sand.

Montoya jerks the horse's reigns. Turns back the way he
came.

EXT. DESERT DUNE - NIGHT

Baker tracks Montoya with his rifle. BLAM! Fires.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Baker's bullet zips by Montoya's face. Leaves a bloody scratch on his cheek.

Montoya looks up at Baker.

EXT. DESERT DUNE - NIGHT

Baker salutes Montoya. Grins.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Montoya gives Baker the finger. Kicks his horse into high gear.

Montoya comes to the edge of the desert. Hears several hammers cocking in his direction.

Belinda, Harrison, and The Posse Members have their guns trained on Montoya.

BELINDA

Fancy meeting you here, bandido.

Montoya's scared. He pulls his horse back toward the desert. A hail of bullets follows him.

BELINDA

After him!

HARRISON

You heard the boss lady!

Belinda, Harrison, and The Posse Members give chase. They fire their guns the whole way.

Montoya turns his horse to the left. It's the only route that isn't blocked by some thief, gunslinger, or bandit.

EXT. SMALL DUNE - NIGHT

Montoya's horse leaps over the dune.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Montoya's horse lands on its feet. Its hooves thunder against the sand.

Montoya cracks the reins. Forces his horse to go as fast as it can.

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Montoya races toward the edge. Spots Brookside and Reginald approaching him from the left, and Joshua and Matthew approaching from the right.

MONTTOYA

This does not bode well for our
future endeavors, my trusty steed!

Matthew aims his gun. BLAM! Hits Montoya in his right arm.

Montoya's horse goes over the edge and down the slope. It struggles to find its footing. Montoya falls off the horse. Rolls and bounces down the slope and into the valley below.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Montoya's horse lies on its side. It cries out for its owner. Montoya lies on his back. The blood from his wound stains the sand red.

The saddlebag lies in the sand. A gust of wind blows past. It pulls the money through the hole in the bag and tosses it across the desert.

Brookside, Reginald, Matthew, and Joshua enter the valley. Brookside dismounts. Reginald dismounts. They keep their guns trained on Montoya.

BROOKSIDE

I've got him covered,
Reginald. Grab the bag.

REGINALD
But Mister Brookside--

BROOKSIDE
That's an order, son!

Reginald nods. Moves to the saddlebag. Picks it up.

BLAM! Baker's rifle blows a hole in Reginald's free hand. Reginald cries out in pain. Joshua and Matthew scan the slope's edge.

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Baker and his horse stand against the light of the full moon, like a veritable white knight in shining armor.

BAKER
Stay away from the bag and no one gets hurt.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Brookside turns to face Baker. Reginald writhes on the ground from the pain of his injured hand.

BROOKSIDE
A little late for that sentiment, isn't it, boy?

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Baker rolls his eyes.

BAKER
How's this--stay away from the bag and no one else gets hurt!

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Brookside nods to himself.

BROOKSIDE
That's better.

Montoya stirs. Tries to sit up. Falls back down.

BROOKSIDE
I take it you're Baker?

BAKER
That's correct.

BROOKSIDE
And this bag belongs to you?

BAKER
Two for two.

BROOKSIDE
Then what's all the fuss about?

BAKER
Zimbalist stole the bag from me,
and all I want now is that bag back
where it belongs.

BROOKSIDE
That's going to be a little
difficult.

BAKER
How so?

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Belinda and her posse arrive on right side of the
slope. They aim their guns at Brookside and Baker.

BAKER
I see what you mean.

Belinda cocks her rifle. Aims it at Baker.

Baker cocks his rifle. Aims it at Belinda.

BELINDA
Fancy meeting you here, Baker!

BAKER
Yes, Belinda. Fancy that.

BELINDA
We've got to stop meeting like
this.

BAKER
Of course. People will talk.

Baker narrows his eyes.

BAKER

Either that, or your boyfriend over there will get awfully jealous.

Harrison turns his gun from Brookside to Baker.

HARRISON

That's enough out of you! Got it?

BAKER

My, I've hit a sore spot.

HARRISON

Shut up!

Belinda narrows her eyes.

BELINDA

Harrison, keep an eye on the bandido.

HARRISON

You got it.

Harrison moves his horse down into the valley.

BAKER

That money isn't yours, Belinda.

BELINDA

It isn't anybody's, Baker. That means it's fair game to anyone with the balls to take it.

SHOOTER (O.S.)

Like me?

Shooter and Davida enter from the left side of the slope. Shooter keeps his gun trained on Belinda. Davida brushes sand off her dress.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Joshua and Matthew draw their guns. Aim them at Shooter.

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Baker turns his rifle on Shooter. Shooter doesn't even flinch. He just grins.

SHOOTER

Looks like we're in quite the
pickle.

Baker examines the situation. His rifle is aimed at
Shooter. Belinda's rifle is aimed at him. Her posse's guns
are aimed at Brookside and Montoya. Joshua and Matthew's
guns are aimed at Shooter. It's a giant Mexican standoff.

BAKER

It seems you're right, stranger.

SHOOTER

The name's Shooter. Shooter
McClaine.

BROOKSIDE

There's no such person! He's a
myth!

Shooter turns his gun on Brookside. BLAM! Cuts a divet in
the sand by Brookside's feet.

SHOOTER

Do I look mythical to you?

BROOKSIDE

Not exactly.

SHOOTER

I didn't think so.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Harrison eases his way to the saddlebag while everyone's
busy talking.

Montoya stirs. Harrison draws his gun. Aims it at Montoya.

Montoya sits up. Rubs his head. Grabs his arm.

MONTOYA

What the hell...?

Montoya opens his eyes. The barrel of Harrison's gun is
right between them.

HARRISON

You and I are going to have a
little chat, Mister Bandido.

MONTOYA
Sounds good to me.

HARRISON
While everyone's busy sorting out who gets shot first, I figure we can make a break for it with the bag and leave this corn suckers behind!

MONTOYA
What's my cut?

HARRISON
We'll split the cash fifty-fifty once we're out of here.

MONTOYA
You'd really betray Belinda like that?

Harrison flinches a little. It fades.

HARRISON
Don't you worry about that. What do you say, partner?

MONTOYA
You know the money's no good out here, right?

HARRISON
I know a guy who can fix that. He's called The Banker. Lives out in Huntington.

MONTOYA
What's his gimmick?

HARRISON
Look, I don't really have time to explain all of this, so why don't we speed this up to the part where you say yes?

Montoya thinks it over.

HARRISON
We got a deal?

MONTOYA
We got a deal.

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Shooter, Baker, and Belinda are in the middle of an argument.

BAKER
I'll shoot both of you before you
can even blink.

SHOOTER
That's my line.

BELINDA
If only you could, Daddy.

BAKER
Daddy?

BROOKSIDE
Daddy?

BELINDA
Daddy...!

SHOOTER
Sure, Belinda. Nothing like
rubbing salt on old wounds.

BAKER
He's your father?

BELINDA
In the flesh. Can't say I'm proud
of what he's become, though.

SHOOTER
And I'm supposed to be proud of
you? You're nothing but a dirty
thief!

BELINDA
How does that go, Daddy? The apple
doesn't fall far from the tree?

SHOOTER
It obviously fell and hit you on
the head!

BAKER
Please! This is ridiculous!

BELINDA

I'll shoot the Negro if you shoot
the Brit.

SHOOTER

In case you didn't notice, the
Negro's men have me covered.

BELINDA

My men have them covered.

The Posse Members turn their guns on Joshua and Matthew.

JOSHUA

Mister Brookside? Your orders,
sir?

BROOKSIDE

Stand your ground, boys! We can
still win this night!

SHOOTER

Is that what you tell yourself so
you can sleep at night, Brookside?

BROOKSIDE

It's better than having a thief for
a daughter!

Shooter and Belinda narrow their eyes at each other.

SHOOTER

The Brit.

BELINDA

The Negro.

BLAM! Shooter fires. Knocks Baker off his horse.

BLAM! Belinda fires. Throws Brookside to the sand.

Joshua and Matthew rush to Brookside. Shooter and Belinda
smile at each other.

SHOOTER

A pleasure doing business with you,
Belinda!

BELINDA

Likewise, Daddy!

SHOOTER
Now, about that bag...

DAVIDA
Shooter?

SHOOTER
Yeah, doll?

DAVIDA
The bag just went that way.

Shooter looks to the east. His jaw drops open.

Harrison rides off with the saddlebag. Montoya is on the back of Harrison's horse. Montoya waves at Shooter.

SHOOTER
Shit...!

Belinda looks to the east. She can't believe her eyes.

BELINDA
Harrison?!?

Harrison rides off into the night. He gains a good distance on the others.

BELINDA
That son of a bitch!!

Belinda waves her posse forward. She and her men charge after Harrison.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Shooter and Davida mount Montoya's horse. Shooter kicks it into a run. He chases after Belinda.

Joshua kneels by Brookside. Matthew checks on Reginald.

MATTHEW
How are you doing, Reginald?

REGINALD
My hand...God, my hand...!

MATTHEW
Let me see.

Matthew holds Reginald's injured hand in his. It's a bloody, mangled mess.

MATTHEW

Hang in there. We'll get you some help.

REGINALD

It's that bad?

Matthew hesitates.

MATTHEW

I've seen better.

Joshua holds Brookside's hands in his. Brookside's shirt is stained with blood.

JOSHUA

Mister Brookside! Stay with us, sir, please!

BROOKSIDE

I'm dying, Joshua. You know that.

JOSHUA

No!!

BROOKSIDE

I want you...to take command.

JOSHUA

No! You're the commander! You're in charge!

BROOKSIDE

Not for much longer...Joshua.

Tears well up in Joshua's eyes. Matthew joins him.

BROOKSIDE

Come closer, boys...

They do so.

BROOKSIDE

Harrison and the bandido are going to Huntington to meet the man I spoke of.

Brookside groans from the pain.

BROOKSIDE

He's called...The Banker. He lives in a stone house...near the river. It's up to you boys now.

Brookside puts his hand on Joshua's arm.

BROOKSIDE

Get that money. Get it changed
over. And use it to blast those
bastards to kingdom come...!

Brookside's hand falls. His head falls back. His eyes
close. And he's gone.

Joshua sobs. Tears flow down Reginald's face. Even Matthew
has a hard time keeping it together.

Joshua wipes the tears from his eyes. Turns to Matthew.

JOSHUA

Take care of Reginald.

Matthew looks a little shocked.

JOSHUA

Just do it, Matthew.

MATTHEW

Joshua--

JOSHUA

Damn it, that's an order!

Matthew nods. Removes his gun. Stands over Reginald.

REGINALD

What are you going to do with
that? Give me a headache?

MATTHEW

Nope.

BANG-BANG-BANG! Matthew drills Reginald with three
bullets. Reginald jerks. Jerks again. And falls limp.

MATTHEW

I'm going to kill you with it.

Matthew holsters his gun. Joshua rides up on his horse.

JOSHUA

We need to make up time.

MATTHEW

What about burying them?

Joshua looks toward the east.

JOSHUA

Take your religion somewhere else.

Joshua rides on.

Matthew watches him go. Hops on his horse. Takes a last look at Brookside and Reginald. Follows Joshua's lead.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

BOOM! An explosion throws Joshua and Matthew off their horses. Sand and smoke drift through the air.

JOSHUA

What in blazes--?

MATTHEW

It's an ambush!

A small figure emerges from the smoke. It's Williamson. He carries Nameless Andy's bag of dynamite in his right hand.

JOSHUA

It's...it's a kid!

WILLIAMSON

I resent that.

Williamson stands over Joshua and Matthew.

WILLIAMSON

And since the bandido screwed me,
I'd like to return the favor.

Williamson tosses the bag of dynamite at Joshua's feet.

WILLIAMSON

Your boss said something about
blasting everyone to kingdom come?

Joshua and Matthew open the bag. They look at the dynamite inside of it.

WILLIAMSON

This should just about do it.

Matthew smiles. Joshua turns to Williamson.

JOSHUA

What do we call you?

WILLIAMSON
The name's Williamson.

JOSHUA
And what will we owe you?

WILLIAMSON
Just give me one good shot at the
bandido. I won't miss.

Joshua extends his hand. Williamson shakes it.

JOSHUA
Then we have a deal, Williamson.

Williamson grins.

WILLIAMSON
You won't regret it, gentlemen.

Joshua and Matthew mount their horses. Williamson rides
with Matthew. Carries his dynamite on his back.

Joshua, Matthew, and Williamson ride off into the night.

EXT. DESERT SLOPE - NIGHT

Baker lies on his back. His horse nuzzles his neck. Licks
his face.

BAKER
Stop it, Patricia, you know I hate
it when you--!

Baker sits up with a start. Looks at his horse. Touches
his chest. His head. His heart.

BAKER
What a bollix. I thought I was
shot!

Baker tries to move. Lets out a cry of pain. Looks down at
his right leg. His right calf has a bloody bullet wound in
it.

BAKER
Apparently, I am shot. Lovely.

Baker reaches inside his coat. Removes a long white scarf.

BAKER

Patricia, you'll be happy to know
I'm putting this useless garment to
good use.

Baker wraps his wound with the scarf. Grabs the horse's
reigns. Uses them to help him stand and mount his horse.

Baker removes his gun from its holster. Opens the
chamber. Gives it a spin. Snaps it closed.

BAKER

Screw the rifle.

Baker holsters his gun. Takes his horse into the valley.

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - NIGHT

Baker observes the carnage here.

BAKER

They killed their own
man? Savages.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Baker notices the blackened sand.

BAKER

Dynamite. From the smell of it,
there's more where this came from.

Baker notices hoof prints in the sand leading to the east.

BAKER

These don't lead to Ironstone.

Baker snaps his fingers.

BAKER

Bloody hell! The Banker!

Baker kicks his horse into a run.

BAKER

I only pray that I make it there in
time!

EXT. HORIZON - MORNING

The sun rises into the sky, signaling a new day.

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAINS - MORNING

In a secluded section, Montoya and Harrison have set up camp. Montoya is still asleep. Harrison fixes some kind of soup over a fire for breakfast.

Montoya's right arm has a bandage on it. Harrison leaves the soup by the fire. Studies Montoya's bandage.

Montoya jerks awake. Grabs his gun. Aims it at Harrison.

MONTOYA

The hell you doing, cabron?

HARRISON

Checking on your wound.

MONTOYA

My what?

Harrison points to it. Montoya looks at it. Rolls his eyes.

MONTOYA

The standoff last night! Now I remember!

HARRISON

And do you remember that we're splitting this money once we get to Huntington?

Montoya stands. Holsters his gun.

MONTOYA

I remember.

Harrison stands. Glares at Montoya.

HARRISON

I'm glad you do. I'd hate to end up like Zimbalist.

Harrison reaches into his pocket. Tosses six bullets at Montoya's feet.

HARRISON

I'd also hate to see you embarrass yourself.

Montoya rips his gun out. Opens it. The chamber's empty.

Harrison winks at Montoya. Goes back to the fire.

MONTOYA

Is that breakfast I smell?

HARRISON

There's some soup and some bread. It'll have to do for now.

Montoya sits by the fire. Takes a bowl of soup. Adds a slice of bread to it.

Montoya eats a spoonful of the soup. Smiles.

MONTOYA

Not bad, cabron. Not bad at all.

HARRISON

I used to fix this for Belinda every morning. She complained about how bad my cooking was.

Harrison looks into the fire. Montoya keeps eating.

HARRISON

It's funny. I was thinking about all the times I've patched bullet wounds on her and how she's never thanked me for it.

Montoya stops eating. Looks at Harrison.

HARRISON

You couldn't thank me enough last night.

Harrison stands from the fire. Turns his back to Montoya.

MONTOYA

You looking for an apology?

HARRISON

No. Just some justification that I'm...worth something to her.

MONTOYA

You'll never get it. Belinda's nothing but a hard-ass.

HARRISON

Why do you think I hitched up with you?

MONTOYA

Those are nice words, Harrison, but when Belinda catches up to us--and she will--are you going to be able to face her, shoot her, and kill her?

Harrison storms toward Montoya. Gets in his face.

HARRISON

You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd love to see me kill the woman I love!

MONTOYA

If you won't do it, then I will!

HARRISON

Just like you killed Zimbalist?

MONTOYA

Exactly like that!

HARRISON

Over my dead body!

Harrison tackles Montoya to the ground. They grapple for position. Harrison draws his gun. Montoya draws his as well.

Harrison aims his gun at Montoya's heart. Montoya aims his gun at Harrison's heart. It's a standoff.

MONTOYA

You're going to kill the man whose life you saved last night?

HARRISON

Wouldn't be the first time.

MONTOYA

Same goes for me.

Harrison cocks the hammer on his gun. Montoya does the same.

MONTOYA

Is this how it ends for us, cabron?

HARRISON

Not exactly how I pictured it
either.

MONTOYA

Think about the money. Think about
this, this Banker. If we can get
the money converted, and split it
both ways, that's a hundred
thousand dollars each.

HARRISON

A hundred thousand dollars?

MONTOYA

Uh-huh.

HARRISON

I've never even seen that much
money before, let alone held it!

MONTOYA

Now are you getting the picture?
We're worth more to each other
alive than dead.

HARRISON

Hell yes!

Harrison stands. Holsters his gun.

HARRISON

Let's make some money!

Harrison goes to the fire. Eats his share of the soup.

Montoya holsters his gun. Wipes sweat off his forehead.

MONTOYA

Montoya, you're a genius.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DAY

Harrison and Montoya, on the same horse, ride to Huntington.
Their horse's hooves thunder against the ground.

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAINS - DAY

Belinda and her posse have found Harrison's camp. She hops off her horse. Runs over to the blackened spot that used to be Harrison's fire.

Belinda puts her hand over it. Rubs her fingers together.

BELINDA
We're not far behind him!

Belinda mounts her horse.

BELINDA
Let's move!

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DAY

Shooter and Davida plod along on Montoya's horse. Davida fans herself with Shooter's hat. Shooter wipes his face with a rag.

DAVIDA
How much longer, Shooter?

SHOOTER
Not too much, doll.

DAVIDA
You said that last time.

SHOOTER
I know.

DAVIDA
And the time before that.

SHOOTER
I know.

DAVIDA
And the time before that!

SHOOTER
I know!

Shooter stops the horse. Looks back at Davida.

SHOOTER
This hasn't exactly turned out the way I planned it either, okay?

DAVIDA
I should have taken the money and
shot you when I had the chance!

SHOOTER
In your dreams, doll!

DAVIDA
Well, I never--!

SHOOTER
Like anyone with an empty a head as
yours could shoot Shooter McClaine!

DAVIDA
You worthless louse!

Davida slaps Shooter. Knocks him off the horse and onto the ground.

Shooter lies there. Looks off into the distance. Sees a group of horses coming their way.

Davida turns to look that direction. Waves.

DAVIDA
It's Belinda! Hi, Belinda!

SHOOTER
Wonderful. Let's all get together
and have a damn picnic!

Belinda's posse goes on ahead of her. She stops by Shooter and Davida.

BELINDA
You're falling behind, Daddy.

SHOOTER
Do tell.

BELINDA
I suppose you're headed to
Huntington?

SHOOTER
No, Belinda. We're having a
picnic.

BELINDA
A picnic?

DAVIDA
A picnic?

SHOOTER
Yes, a picnic!

DAVIDA
That sounds like fun!

SHOOTER
You shut your mouth!

Dauida huffs.

BELINDA
I think the sun's getting to you,
Daddy.

SHOOTER
Belinda, I have done things for
this money that no man would be
proud of. I've had my hands on the
money and lost it all. I deserve
this money more than anybody!

BELINDA
I'll split it with you fifty-fifty.

SHOOTER
Seventy-five, twenty-five.

BELINDA
Sixty-forty.

SHOOTER
I get sixty.

BELINDA
You'll take forty.

Shooter looks back at Dauida. She has her arms folded over her chest and her head turned away from him.

SHOOTER
We'll take forty.

BELINDA
Sounds good.

Shooter gets back on his horse. Belinda pulls her horse next to his.

BELINDA

We found Harrison's camp this morning. We can still catch them before they make it to Huntington.

SHOOTER

Then why are we still talking?

Belinda grins. Shooter, Davida, and Belinda ride off across the plains.

EXT. HUNTINGTON - DAY

The buildings in town are decrepit. Some of them are falling apart. Others are just barely occupied.

Harrison walks his horse through town. Montoya walks next to Harrison. He keeps a hand on his gun.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Harrison ties his horse up outside. Montoya steps onto the porch. Looks around. Sees some of the wary town folk staring at him.

MONTOYA

Friends of yours?

Harrison eyeballs the town folk.

HARRISON

I hope not.

Harrison follows Montoya inside the saloon.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Most of the tables and chairs are broken. The liquor bottles behind the bar are broken as well. There's no sign of a bartender.

MONTOYA

This doesn't look good.

HARRISON

No. Someone got here before us.

The sound of grass cracking sends Montoya and Harrison into high alert. They draw their guns. Listen for more sounds.

The glass cracking comes from behind the bar. Montoya moves toward it first. Finds BARTENDER, 60's, white, beaten beyond all recognition.

Montoya kneels by him. Turns him over. The Bartender is beaten so badly he doesn't look human.

MONTOYA
You the Bartender?

The Bartender nods.

MONTOYA
Can you tell us what happened here?

The Bartender can barely speak. His lips move but no sound comes out.

Montoya puts his ear by The Bartender's lips. Listens.

Harrison gives Montoya a funny look. Montoya listens some more. Then the Bartender goes limp.

Montoya stands up. Looks at Harrison.

HARRISON
Is he dead?

Montoya nods. Crosses himself.

HARRISON
What'd he say?

MONTOYA
He said we should get the hell
outta town.

Montoya walks past Harrison. Heads for the door.

HARRISON
Did he say why?

Montoya keeps walking. Exits the saloon.

HARRISON
Hey! Wait a minute!

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Montoya stands on the porch. Looks to the west. Walks in that direction.

Harrison exits the saloon. Follows Montoya.

HARRISON

Excuse me, Montoya! I asked you a question!

EXT. HUNTINGTON - DAY

Montoya walks behind the row of buildings that make up downtown. He finds the bodies of Brookside's militia lying in the street.

Harrison joins Montoya. Freezes when he sees the bodies.

HARRISON

What the hell happened here...?

MONTOYA

The bartender said a man with a funny accent did this.

HARRISON

Funny acc--

Harrison looks at Montoya.

HARRISON

Baker. I'll be damned.

Montoya kneels by the nearest Militia Man. Feels for his pulse. Shakes his head.

MONTOYA

He's dead.

HARRISON

They're all dead, Montoya.

MONTOYA

Then The Banker could be dead as well.

Harrison's eyes widen.

HARRISON

Then this whole thing is--

Montoya nods. Harrison draws his gun.

HARRISON
Let's go find Baker!

Harrison runs off. Montoya draws his gun. Crosses himself with it. Runs back to the saloon.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river runs along the edge of Huntington. Harrison reaches it first. He scans the horizon.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Behind a patch of dead trees, a one-story, gray-stone building with a metal door stands. Baker's horse is tied up outside.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Montoya joins Harrison at the river with the saddlebag. Harrison points toward The Banker's Place.

HARRISON
You recognize that horse?

MONTOYA
It's Baker's.

HARRISON
Which means we might already be too late!

Harrison and Montoya leap into the river. They're waist-deep before they know it. Montoya lifts the saddlebag above his head to keep it from getting wet.

Harrison reaches dry land first. Extends his hand to Montoya.

Montoya throws the saddlebag over his shoulder. Takes Harrison's hand. Harrison gives Montoya a hard tug.

The saddlebag slips off Montoya's shoulder as Harrison pulls Montoya onto dry land. The saddlebag lands in the river and floats away.

Montoya and Harrison look at each other. Look at the saddlebag. And look at each other again.

HARRISON

Well, shit!

Harrison runs after the saddlebag. Montoya runs downriver to catch up to it.

EXT. DOWN RIVER - DAY

Joshua, Matthew, and Williamson fill their canteens. Their horses drink from the river.

Williamson looks up. Sees the saddlebag float by.

WILLIAMSON

You're shitting me...!

The saddlebag gets caught on a large rock. Williamson dives into the river to grab it.

Matthew looks up from the river. Sees Williamson struggle against the river's current.

MATTHEW

Williamson! What do you think you're--?

Matthew sees the saddlebag in the river.

MATTHEW

Joshua! Joshua!!

Joshua enters with an empty gun in his hand.

JOSHUA

What's wrong now, Matthew?

Matthew points to Williamson. Joshua rubs his eyes. Runs to the river's edge. Matthew follows him.

JOSHUA

Can you reach it, Williamson?

Williamson's nearly reached the rock. He reaches out with his hand for the saddlebag.

WILLIAMSON

Almost! Just a few more inches!

MONTOYA (O.S.)

Not so fast, little man!

Montoya stands a few steps behind Williamson. Aims his gun at him.

WILLIAMSON
Oh, great--you again!

MONTOYA
One more move toward that bag and
you're history, hombre.

Joshua aims his gun at Montoya. Cocks the hammer.

JOSHUA
Looks like you're the one who's
history, bandido.

EXT. GROUP OF DEAD BUSHES - DAY

Harrison hides behind the bushes. Aims his gun at Joshua
through the dead branches.

EXT. DOWN RIVER - DAY

Montoya keeps his gun trained on Williamson. Joshua keeps
his gun aimed at Montoya. Williamson gets closer to the
saddlebag.

MONTOYA
Go ahead, cabron. Shoot.

JOSHUA
I will.

MONTOYA
What are you waiting for?

Joshua puts both hands on his gun.

MONTOYA
Is it that you're yellow?

Joshua's gun shakes.

MONTOYA
Or is it that you're gun's empty?

Matthew looks at Joshua. At his gun. The holes in the
chamber are indeed empty.

Montoya aims his gun at Joshua. BANG! Throws Joshua onto
his back with one shot.

EXT. GROUP OF DEAD BUSHES - DAY

Harrison narrows his eyes. He turns his gun on Montoya.

EXT. DOWN RIVER - DAY

Montoya turns his gun on Matthew.

MONTOYA

You want to end up like your
friend?

MATTHEW

You son of a--!

MONTOYA

Be smart. Walk away.

MATTHEW

Like hell!

Matthew stands up. Runs off. Montoya arches an eyebrow.

Williamson grabs the saddlebag. Pulls it off the rock.

WILLIAMSON

I've got it!

Montoya aims his gun at Williamson. Cocks the hammer.

WILLIAMSON

And now I've got you, little man.

Montoya snatches the saddlebag from Williamson's hands. Walks toward Williamson.

Williamson draws his revolvers. Aims them at Montoya.

WILLIAMSON

Now we'll see who's got who,
bandido!

Matthew returns with a bundle of dynamite and a match. He strikes the match against a rock. Lights the fuse. Runs to the edge of the river.

MATTHEW

Here's what I think of you, you
lousy Mexican!

Matthew throws the dynamite at Montoya and Williamson.

WILLIAMSON
You idiot, you'll kill us both!

MATTHEW
That's a chance I'm willing to
take, little man!

Matthew runs off. Dives for cover.

The dynamite lodges itself on the rock the saddlebag was stuck on.

Williamson runs down river. Montoya runs up river.

BOOM! The dynamite throws rocks, dirt, and water into the air. The water catches fire as smoke rises into the sky.

Williamson gets carried down river. Montoya falls by the dead bushes Harrison's hiding behind.

EXT. GROUP OF DEAD BUSHES - DAY

Montoya's gun lies next to him. The saddlebag is out of his reach.

Harrison stands from the bushes. Looks at Montoya.

HARRISON
You're a mess, my Mexican friend.

Montoya looks up at Harrison.

HARRISON
I don't think you're in any shape
to continue this perilous journey.

MONTOYA
No...wait...!

Montoya latches onto Harrison's ankle. Harrison kicks Montoya's hand off.

Montoya tries to sit up. He's too weak.

Harrison picks up the saddlebag. Throws it on his shoulder. Smiles.

HARRISON
When Belinda catches up to you--and
she will--you be sure to give her
my regards.

Harrison walks off toward The Banker's Place. Montoya crawls across the dirt. Reaches for his gun. His hand falls limp. His head follows. His eyes close. And he's gone.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Harrison walks up to the front door. Finds it unlocked. He draws his gun. Cocks the hammer. Kicks the door open.

INT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

There's a desk here with a chair behind it. There's also a large metal safe full of varying kinds of money.

The desk chair is turned away from the door. Harrison enters and scans the room.

HARRISON

Anybody home?

The desk chair swivels. Baker sits in it. He props his boots on the desk. Aims his gun at Harrison.

BAKER

I'm sorry, Harrison. The Banker won't be joining us.

HARRISON

Is he dead too?

Baker opens a desk drawer. Reaches inside. Pulls out The Banker's head. Slams it on top of the desk.

BAKER

More or less.

HARRISON

Holy shit! That's his head!

BAKER

Can't get anything past you, Harrison.

HARRISON

But you killed The Banker! You killed the militia men!

BAKER

Your point?

HARRISON
Did Your Majesty's Secret Whatever
authorize you to do that?

Baker cocks his head to the side. Gives Harrison a look.

BAKER
I don't work for Her Majesty.

Harrison takes a step away from the desk.

HARRISON
Which means you're not Mack Baker.

Baker smiles.

BAKER
I'm afraid not. The real Mack
Baker died on the boat trip over
from a sudden attack of dysentery.

HARRISON
So who are you?

BAKER
Me? I'm nobody. I overheard Baker
telling the other crew members
about his mission, and when he
passed, I assumed his identity and
took possession of the bag.

Baker cocks the hammer on his gun.

BAKER
The bag which Zimbalist stole from
me, and the bag which I am about to
steal from you.

HARRISON
You mean you've really been a thief
this whole time?

BAKER
Did you not hear anything of what I
just said, Harrison? Yes, I'm a
thief! We're all thieves! That's
what we do!

Harrison takes another step back.

BAKER
I know what you're thinking,
Harrison. You're thinking about
(MORE)

BAKER (cont'd)
 running out that door and going
 back to Belinda and using that
 money as a peace offering.

Baker stands from his chair. Comes around to face Harrison.

BAKER
 It'll never work. And do you want
 to know why?

Harrison shakes his head.

BAKER
 Because you'll never make it past
 that door!

Harrison lifts his gun. BANG! Baker wastes him. Harrison
 falls to the ground. The saddlebag falls next to him.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Montoya stands in the path of the door. Smoke twirls from
 the barrel of his gun. Seems he's not dead after all.

Baker steps outside. Kicks Harrison's body onto the
 dirt. Looks at his gun.

BAKER
 Which one of us got him?

MONTOYA
 I think we both did.

BAKER
 Fair enough.

Baker steps over the saddlebag. Faces Montoya.

BAKER
 On three.

MONTOYA
 One.

BAKER
 Two.

Baker and Montoya holster their guns.

MONTOYA

Three.

Baker and Montoya circle each other.

BAKER

What's your name, bandido?

MONTOYA

They call me Montoya. I'm half-Mexican, half-Spanish, and all attitude.

Baker laughs.

BAKER

That's very good. You've been rehearsing that?

MONTOYA

A little.

BAKER

It's good. I like it.

MONTOYA

What should I call you, Baker?

Baker hesitates.

BAKER

So you overheard my chat with Harrison.

MONTOYA

I heard enough to know that money isn't yours.

BAKER

The trouble with ownership, my good man, is that it's often based on false information.

Baker puts his hand on his gun.

BAKER

You all thought I was real Mack Baker. If I hadn't revealed myself to Harrison and if you hadn't overheard it, you'd still think I was Mack Baker, wouldn't you?

Montoya puts his hand on his gun.

BAKER

With that in mind, the money would still be mine, wouldn't it?

MONTOYA

What about the artifact?

BAKER

What artifact?

MONTOYA

The precious British artifact Baker was going to buy with the money.

BAKER

I'm sorry, chap, but you've lost me. There was an artifact?

Montoya gives Baker a look.

MONTOYA

If you're so smart, how come you didn't know that?

BAKER

Because I'm not the real Mack Baker...!

MONTOYA

Exactly!

Montoya pulls his gun. Baker pulls his gun.

BANG! They shoot each other at the same time.

Montoya takes a step back. Baker does the same. Then he clutches his side. His hand comes back bloody.

Montoya grins. Baker runs inside The Banker's Place. Shoots at Montoya the whole way.

Montoya hits the deck. Covers his head. Bullets land all around him.

Baker enters The Banker's Place. Slams the door shut. And locks it.

Montoya looks up. Notices Harrison's body. Notices the saddlebag lying next to it.

Montoya inches his way toward the saddlebag. BANG! A shot from Baker's gun makes him freeze.

Baker's gun pokes out from behind the left front window of The Banker's Place. Baker cocks the hammer on his gun. BANG! Cuts a divet in the dirt near Montoya.

Montoya stands up. Backs away from the saddlebag. Turns toward the river.

Belinda, her posse, Shooter, and Davida have just crossed the river. They're storming toward The Banker's Place.

Montoya smirks.

MONTOYA
Saved by the cavalry.

Montoya rolls behind one of the dead trees. Checks the chamber of his gun. Reloads it.

Baker opens fire on Belinda and her men. POSSE MEMBER #4, 40's, white, takes a bullet and falls off his horse.

Belinda cocks her rifle. BLAM! Shatters the left front window. BANG! Baker fires back. Takes out Belinda's horse.

Belinda tumbles to the ground. Shooter dismounts and hurries to her rescue. Baker aims his gun out the window and down at Belinda.

SHOOTER
Belinda!

Baker cocks the hammer on his gun.

SHOOTER
Belinda!!

Belinda doesn't move. Baker's finger tickles the trigger.

SHOOTER
Goddamn it!

BANG! Baker fires. Belinda looks up. Shooter stands in front of her. He took the bullet meant for her.

Shooter stumbles. Belinda catches him. Davida rushes to Shooter's side. The Posse Members dismount and take shots at The Banker's Place, trying to hit Baker.

Shooter looks a little shocked. He turns to Belinda.

BELINDA
Daddy...?

SHOOTER
Sorry, sweetheart. Had to be done.

Shooter puts a hand behind Belinda's head.

SHOOTER
At least I get to spend my last
moments with the two girls I love
the most...

Shooter looks at Davida. Frowns. Looks back at Belinda.

SHOOTER
Well, make that the one girl I love
the most...

Davida smiles through her tears.

DAVIDA
You're a louse, Shooter McClaine.

Shooter smiles.

SHOOTER
You take care of yourself, Belinda.

BELINDA
I'll do that, Daddy.

Shooter nods. Closes his eyes. And falls limp.

Davida sobs.

DAVIDA
Shooter!!

Belinda doesn't shed a tear. She picks up her rifle. Cocks it. And stands to join the fight.

DAVIDA
Don't you ever cry, Belinda?!

Belinda stops. Looks back at Davida.

BELINDA
I'll cry when I'm dead.

Belinda runs off to join her posse. Davida buries her face in Shooter's chest.

BANG! Baker wastes POSSE MEMBER #3, 20's, white, with a shot from the right front window.

Montoya comes around the right side of the building. Finds a side window.

Belinda notices the saddlebag. She also notices Harrison's dead body.

Belinda aims her rifle at the right front window. BLAM! Shatters it. BLAM! Keeps firing.

INT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Baker falls back from the window. He has glass shards in his face. His right ear is almost completely shot off.

BAKER

Bloody hell! These people are maniacs!!

Baker scoots over to the safe. Removes a white bag from the bottom shelf. Shoves all of the safe's money into the white bag.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Belinda and the Posse Members take a moment to reload.

BELINDA

There's no way a bullet is going to get past that metal door he's got!

Montoya watches from his position outside the window as Baker loads the safe's money into the bag.

Matthew rides up on his horse. Dismounts. Carries the bag of dynamite with him.

BELINDA

If only we had something like...like...

Matthew dumps the bag of dynamite in front of Belinda. Some of the sticks roll out onto the ground.

BELINDA

Like that!

Matthew smiles.

MATTHEW
Ask and ye shall receive.

INT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Baker cinches the bag up. Drags it with him as he scoots across the floor and past the side window.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Montoya cocks the hammer on his gun. Waits until Baker comes into range. And goes to pull the trigger.

But he stops. He hears a sound he knows all too well. The crackling of a dynamite fuse.

Montoya gets up. Runs away from the window as fast as he can.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Belinda, the Posse Members, and Matthew have pulled back from The Banker's Place. The fuse leads from their spot all the way to The Banker's front door.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

A huge pile of dynamite sits on The Banker's doorstep.

INT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Baker unlocks the front door. Pushes it open.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Baker crawls forward. Comes face-to-face with the dynamite as the fuse reaches its end.

BAKER
What a bollix...

KA-BOOM! The dynamite decimates the building, throwing stones, glass, and debris everywhere. Fire and smoke drift across the dirt.

EXT. ROCKY HILL - DAY

Montoya peers over the edge. Climbs on the top. Lets out a sigh. He survived.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Belinda, her posse, and Matthew hug and shake hands...until all of The Banker's money floats through the air.

Belinda gives Matthew a strange look. They rush across the dirt. Start picking up the money.

BELINDA
I've got dollars here!

MATTHEW
I've got Confederate money!

Belinda picks up a thousand dollar bill. There's only half of it left. The wind takes it out of her hand and into the air.

BELINDA
You son of a bitch! You blew up
all the money!!

MATTHEW
You were the one who told me to use
all that dynamite! I told you it
was too much!

BELINDA
Now what are we going to do? We'll
never get that money converted!

MATTHEW
Maybe you'd be willing to split it
and cut your losses?

Belinda gives Matthew a look.

MATTHEW
Forget I asked.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

David is still holding Shooter's body. She's covered in soot and burnt money.

DAVIDA
Even in death, Shooter, you
continue to ruin my life!

Davida drops Shooter to the ground.

DAVIDA
See if I ever sob over your dead
carcass again!

Davida turns away. THWOK! The Banker's head falls on Davida's head. Knocks her unconscious. She lies next to Shooter, who has something of a grin on his dead face.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Montoya approaches. Takes his hat off. Fans himself.

Belinda notices Montoya. Smirks.

BELINDA
Look who's here! It's the bandido.

MONTOYA
I would've had Baker if it hadn't
been for your crazy dynamite stunt!

Belinda shrugs.

BELINDA
I guess nobody has Baker now.

MONTOYA
Except maybe the vultures.

BELINDA
If there's enough left of him for
them to eat.

Montoya smiles at Belinda. She smiles back.

MONTOYA
Where's the saddlebag?

Belinda's smile disappears. She looks toward what's left of The Banker's Place.

EXT. THE BANKER'S PLACE - DAY

Harrison's body is still there. The saddlebag, however, is gone.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Belinda's jaw drops. She looks at the Posse Members. At Matthew. At Montoya.

BELINDA
It's...it's gone...!

MONTOYA
You mean you blew that up too?!

MATTHEW
Jesus Christ!

BELINDA
I...I don't...know...?

MONTOYA
The things we've done for that
money and you blow it all to hell?!

Belinda looks at Montoya. Her jaw hangs open. No words come out.

MONTOYA
I'm taking my horse, my gun, my
hat, and the clothes on my back,
and I'm getting as far away from
you as I can!

Montoya mounts his old horse. He pats it a few times. Takes the reins. Kicks it into a walk.

MONTOYA
And I'm sorry about shooting your
boyfriend!

Belinda's jaw closes. She's pissed now.

BELINDA
You did what?!

MONTOYA
It wasn't all me! Baker shot him
too!

BELINDA

Excuse me?!

MONTOYA

It was kind-of a simultaneous thing.

Montoya shrugs.

MONTOYA

No crying over spilled blood, right?

Belinda grabs her rifle. Cocks it. BLAM! Fires at Montoya.

BELINDA

Get out of here, bandido! Scram!

Montoya kicks his horse into a run. Belinda keeps shooting.

BELINDA

You'd better hope we never see each other again, because next time you'll be sorry!

Montoya rides off into the distance. Belinda blows hair out of her face. Turns to the Posse Members and Matthew.

BELINDA

What're you guys looking at?

EXT. THE RIVER'S END - DAY

Williamson lies on his back in the water. The saddlebag, a little scorched, lies next to him.

Williamson wakes up with a start. Looks around. Sees the saddlebag. He grins. Reaches for it.

A boot slams onto Williamson's hand. Breaks it. Williamson cries out in pain. He looks up at the boot's owner.

Gilbert presses his boot against Williamson's hand. Aims his shotgun at Williamson's head. And eyes the saddlebag.

WILLIAMSON

It's yours, hombre! It's yours! I wasn't going to touch it, honest!

GILBERT
You see Reggie?

WILLIAMSON
What?

Gilbert cocks the shotgun.

GILBERT
You see Reggie?!

WILLIAMSON
Who's Reggie?

BLAM! Gilbert wastes Williamson. Takes the saddlebag. Opens it. Looks inside.

GILBERT
No Reggie in here.

Gilbert throws the saddlebag aside.

GILBERT
Got to find Reggie.

Gilbert walks up the the river.

GILBERT
Got to find Reggie. He promised.

The saddlebag lies there in the water next to Williamson's dead body. Nobody's going to be looking for it for a long time.

FADE OUT

THE END