

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

A group of five gunmen ride through the empty plains.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The men are sitting around a fire, eating and drinking. The mood is tense. TED (early 20s) fidgets restlessly.

TED

How much farther is it?

WILLIAMSON, sits up. He is much older than the others, with a grizzly beard and rough skin.

WILLIAMSON

About two or three hours ride north of here. They say 'e's holed up in the mountains just over yonder ridge.

He flicks his head toward the horizon where a small range of hills and cliffs can be seen. One of the other men, BILLY (mid-teens) is evidently scared, but trying not to show it.

BILLY

Is what they say about him true?

WILLIAMSON

Dalton's flesh and bones kid. 'e's a man same as the rest of us and I ain't met one yet I couldn't kill for love or money.

They sit in silence for several moments and Williamson lights up a pipe.

WILLIAMSON

What you boys want with a man like Dalton anyway? You ain't look like you're in the bounty hunting game that's for sure.

Ted and Billy look at each other.

BILLY

Dalton shot and killed our daddy.

Ted rolls out and lights a cigarette, taking a long drag.

EXT. FAIRCLOUD - DAY

BILLY (VO)

This was in Faircloud, 'bout eight months back.

Gunshots can be heard echoing through the street.

INT. BANK - DAY

A man, JOHN DALTON, wearing a black and white polka-dot bandanna, fires several shots through a smashed window. He drops to the floor and covers his head as shots are returned. We see two associates in masks dead on the floor.

ELLIS

John! It's time to go!

John snarls and fires off another round of bullets, before he turns and flees through the back of the bank with ELLIS, each carrying a large bag. Ellis is limping - he has been shot in the leg.

EXT. REAR STREET - DAY

Smashing and climbing through a window, they reach the back street where two horses are waiting. John slings his bag over one of the horses - white with patches of black fur, as Ellis leans against a post.

JOHN

Bag.

Ellis tosses him the second bag, which John loads up.

ELLIS

Gimme a hand here John.

Ellis moves forwards but stumbles.

JOHN

Can't walk you can't ride.

ELLIS

No, John I-

John shoots Ellis. Silence. CLICK. We hear the sound of a hammer being drawn back.

SHERIFF

Stick 'em up there Dalton.

John doesn't move. The SHERIFF fires a warning shot.

SHERIFF

Now Dalton!

John tosses his pistol into the dust, slowly draws his other and does the same. He turns to face the Sheriff. He smiles wryly.

The Sheriff shoots John's ear, ripping through it. John cries out in pain and drops to one knee, holding on to his ear with one hand. His other discretely edges to his boot - we see a small snub-nose revolver stashed there.

SHERIFF

John Dalton. By the authority vested  
in me by the good people of Faircloud  
I do sentence you to die.

He takes aim. Ellis' body briefly twitches and the Sheriff looks away. John goes for the gun. BANG. The shot echoes, and the Sheriff collapses backwards, a bullet-hole in his neck.

John hurriedly runs to his horse as several more men round the building. He rides off as shots fill the air, but is soon out of range.

One of the men, Ted, notices the Sheriff and he goes to him. He chokes on his own blood before dying. Ted weeps.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

TED

(angrily)

Our father had the drop on that Devil  
and he cheated his way out.

WILLIAMSON

That's why they call him 'Domino',  
luckiest son of gun to walk the West.

TED

Luck's gotta run out sooner 'r later.  
And I will be there when it does. I  
owe the hangman a pair of boots.

WILLIAMSON

Is that right? So you seek vengeance?

TED

We seek justice.

WILLIAMSON

Same thing round these parts.

TED

(testily)

I don't need your approval bounty  
hunter. I value my honour more than  
simple gold.

WILLIAMSON

(laughs)

Good for you son! Because Dalton's  
worth five thousand in Rosemary and I  
will be the one to claim it thank you  
very much. But if you boys are happy  
to help me with that then I guess  
we'll both get what we want.

BILLY

Five large? Phew. What he do to  
deserve that?

EXT. ROSEMARY STREET - DAY.

The chapel explodes.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

TED

(laughing)

Get off, ain't no way that happened!

Williamson shrugs.

WILLIAMSON

's what they tell me.

They sit in silence again for a while.

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

A horse pads slowly forwards. A lamp is attached to the horse, and a pistol in a holster can be seen. We pan backwards as the horse continues forward, and as the full figure is revealed, it is silhouetted by firelight.

Ahead, the camp can be seen.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

BILLY

Say, what's that light approaching?

They all shift round to eye the lamp bobbing towards them. Williamson stands and draws a rifle from his horse. Ted draws a revolver and Davy draws a knife.

As the horse approaches nears Williamson raises the rifle cautiously. The others remain seated, but alert.

WILLIAMSON

You there stranger, what business brings you to these parts?

FLOYD

*(posh English accent)*

One Major Daniel Williamson, formerly of the Seventh.

Williamson lowers his rifle.

WILLIAMSON

And what business do you have with him?

FLOYD

One moment Sir.

FLOYD, dressed in a smart suit with a handlebar moustache and bowler hat, dismounts his horse and comes over to the camp.

FLOYD

If I may?

He gestures to his lapel and slowly reaches in. The others tighten their grips on their weapons. Floyd draws forth several papers and hands them to Williamson, who looks over them.

WILLIAMSON

So you're, err, 'Special Agent' Floyd  
I take it?

FLOYD

Indeed Sir, with the Pinkerton  
Detective Agency. They received word  
you were closing in on our mutual  
friend Mr. Dalton and dispatched me to  
provide some assistance.

WILLIAMSON

Huh, that right?

FLOYD

Indeed, now if you'll excuse me.

Floyd scoots past Williamson and takes a seat around the  
fire, looking very formal. The other eye him warily but  
holster their weapons. Williamson joins them, placing the  
rifle at his feet.

WILLIAMSON

I didn't ask for no assistance from  
the Pinks.

FLOYD

You didn't have to old chap! We're as  
eager as the rest of you folks to  
catch this dangerous renegade once and  
for all.

WILLIAMSON

I'll still get my five thousand?

FLOYD

Don't worry old boy, I'm only here to  
tick boxes and make sure he's been  
properly put down, as it were. What  
you do after that is up to you.

There's pause, Floyd's pleasant demeanour and manner have  
thrown them off.

FLOYD

So, how close are we chaps?

TED

Few hours out Sir, we're going in at dawn.

FLOYD

Very good! And who might you be?

TED

Ted Carlton sir, and this here's my brother Billy.

FLOYD

A pleasure gentlemen. (*beat*) I say, who's that fellow sleeping?

BILLY

No idea, just met him.

WILLIAMSON

Picked 'im up in the last town we passed through, name of Chester or something.

Williamson pulls out a bottle of whiskey, two-thirds empty.

WILLIAMSON

Bend an elbow with us 'Special Agent'?

Floyd looks hesitant.

WILLIAMSON

C'mon Floyd. Ain't no superiors out here with us.

FLOYD

Well, perhaps just one.

The others cheer slightly and Williamson pours a dash of whiskey into a collection of battered tin mugs. They all nurse their drinks for a moment, except for Billy, who spits it out - disgusted. The others chuckle.

TED

So what's your tale Special Agent Floyd, how come the Pinks want Dalton so bad?

FLOYD  
Well, I assume you've heard of  
Rosemary?

BILLY  
You mean he really did it?

FLOYD  
Only the latest on a long list I'm  
afraid. Mr. Dalton has caused us quite  
a bit of trouble over the years.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

FLOYD (VO)  
Stagecoaches..

A man on a horse, black and white polka dot bandanna, loots  
the trunk of a stagecoach. As he rides off we pan across to  
see the driver slumped over, dead.

INT. BANK VAULT/ DEPOSIT ROOM - DAY

FLOYD (VO)  
..banks..

John stuffs money into a satchel.

EXT. HILLS - DAY

FLOYD (VO)  
..not to mention numerous killings  
across his escapades..

John rides across the hills, firing his gun backwards. Shots  
fly through the air.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - EVENING

FLOYD (VO)  
..even robbed a couple trains, this  
last one two weeks gone with the  
Miller Gang.



Masked men on horseback ride alongside a train. Two men climb over the train carriages. They reach a rear carriage, shooting two guards before uncoupling the carriage.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - EVENING

The men, John and MILLER, remove their bandannas and begin looting boxes and drawers containing bonds and sheets of money.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

FLOYD (VO)  
We found Miller the next day..

Floyd and other PINKERTON AGENTS examine the wrecked train carriage. Miller is lying dead on the floor.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - EVENING

FLOYD (VO)  
..a bullet hole in his back

John points to something behind Miller, who turns. John shoots him in the back and collects the extra bag before departing.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

FLOYD  
I'm hoping that soon his activities will cease and I can go back to my superiors with happy, happy news.

WILLIAMSON  
Miller's dead?

FLOYD  
Yes, I'm afraid that's one bounty you won't be able to collect.

WILLIAMSON  
(grumbles)  
Well, 's long as I get this one..

TED

Sounds like he's quite the character.  
Is there anyone he ain't pissed off?

They drink for a while. Williamson soon shakes his bottle,  
now empty.

BILLY

Wonder what his story is.

He nods over to the final man who had been lying still,  
supposedly sleeping.

WILLIAMSON

(drunkish)

Let's see. Hey! HAY!

He kicks the man, CHESTER, who tips his hat off his face and  
sits upright. With his hat tipped back, slanted and covering  
an ear, they had a good look at him. His hair was close-  
cropped, and his right eye is heavily, perpetually dilated.

CHESTER

Mmm?

WILLIAMSON

What's your story, friend?

CHESTER

Story?

BILLY

We're just curious as to why you're  
out here with us, after Dalton I mean.

Chester smiles. He draws out another bottle of whiskey and  
raises it questioningly. The others, save Billy, smile and  
move the mugs over for a refill. Chester raises the bottle.

CHESTER

To John Dalton, may he make the most  
of the sunrise.

The others repeat the mantra and clink their drinks before  
downing them. Chester does not drink, instead sitting down  
and drawing his revolver.

Williamson coughs as he settles down, and tries to clear his  
throat. Chester examines his pistol, confirms it's loaded and

spins the wheel a few times before clicking it back into place.

TED

What, what're you doing there friend?

Chester ignores the question, but the others look his way. Williamson coughs again, as Ted grabs his throat, looking concerned.

FLOYD

I say old fellow (*coughs*) what's all th-

Chester raises his revolver and shoots Floyd, who is throw backwards onto the small fire, snuffing it out. Billy quickly hides out of harms way. Williamson goes to draw but his arm fumbles. He goes to stand but collapses to the ground, coughing fervently. Chester rises and stands over him as he his gagging and shoots him.

Ted dives towards Chester and the gun fires again, they both fall to the fall, but Chester soon throws Ted's body off him and stands, he disarms Ted, throwing the weapon into the sand. Ted groans, clutching his stomach - it is bleeding heavily.

He looks around, and sees Billy crouched on the other side of the camp. Nearby, he notices Williamson's rifle. Billy eyes it too, before glancing at Chester. Chester shakes his head.

CHESTER

Don't do it lad.

Billy goes for the gun and Chester fires off a quick succession of three shots, rapidly spamming the hammer. Billy is dead before he hits the ground.

TED

(weakly)

Nooo! Billy..

Chester turns back to Ted, and sits down next to him.

TED

What did you do to them?

CHESTER

Them? (*gestures to dead bodies*)  
Nothing really.

TED

They couldn't move or nothing.

CHESTER

That was lucky for me ain't it? But,  
as entertaining as your story was boy,  
ain't nothing that was true about it.

TED

What..

Chester pulls a black and white polka dot bandanna out of his pocket, tosses it onto Ted's lap.

JOHN

You see..

INT. BANK - DAY  
INT. BANK - DAY

John fires several shots through a smashed window. He drops to the floor and covers his head as shots are returned. We see two associates in masks dead on the floor.

ELLIS

John! It's time to go!

John worriedly fires off another round of bullets, before he turns and turns towards Ellis, helping him up. He supports Ellis as they flee to the back of the bank, John carrying both bags.

EXT. REAR STREET - DAY

Smashing and climbing through a window, they reach the back street where two horses are waiting. John slings his bag over one of the horses - white with patches of black fur, as Ellis leans against a post.

JOHN

Bag.

Ellis tosses him the second bag, which John loads up.

ELLIS  
Gimme a hand here John.

Ellis moves forwards but stumbles. John runs forward and grabs him. From behind comes a voice..

SHERIFF  
Afternoon gentlemen.

JOHN  
Thom! Where have you been? We need to get out of here, Ellis's been shot.

SHERIFF  
Hmm, can't walk, you can't ride.

ELLIS  
No, Thom I-

The Sheriff shoots Ellis and John jumps back, shocked. Silence.

SHERIFF  
Stick 'em up there Dalton.

John doesn't move. He fires a warning shot.

SHERIFF  
Now John!

John tosses his pistol into the dust, slowly draws his other and does the same. He turns to face the Sheriff. He grimaces.

JOHN  
You traitorous, yellow-bellied cur-

The Sheriff shoots John's ear, ripping through it. John cries out in pain and drops to one knee, holding on to his ear with one hand. His other discretely edges to his boot - we see a small snub-nose revolver stashed there.

SHERIFF  
John Dalton. By the authority vested in me by the good people of Faircloud I do sentence you to die.

He takes aim. Ellis' body briefly twitches and the Sheriff looks away. John goes for the gun. BANG. The shot echoes, and the Sheriff collapses backwards, a bullet-hole in his neck.

John hurriedly runs for his horse as several more men round the building. He rides off as shots fill the air, but is soon out of range.

One of the men, Ted, notices the Sheriff and he goes to him. He is chokes on his own blood before dying. Ted weeps.

EXT. CAMP

TED

No! You're a liar. My father was an honourable man!

JOHN

Your daddy was a two-bit crook who shot an unarmed and injured man just as soon as he realised he could have a bigger cut. Why else was he round the back of that bank all by hisself?

Ted groans as John leans on him to stand and goes to his pack, bringing out several more bottles. John uncorks them and begins dousing the rest of the camp with oil.

JOHN

I didn't kill your daddy, greed did. I just pulled the trigger.

John mounts his horse and pulls out a match.

JOHN

Be seeing you kid.

He fires up the match and lights his cigarette before tossing it into the ground. The camp lights up in fire and John rides off. Ahead on the horizon, the sun rises. He smiles.