

MERCY KILLS!

written by

Randy Gore

Copyright © 2021

randygorefilms@gmail.com

OPEN ON:

INT. STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

FIVE DEAD BODIES are piled up on top of each other. They wobble as the stagecoach rides over a rock. Outside, we see nothing but blinding white snow.

The stagecoach slows down...we hear someone jump off the roof.

A beat.

We slowly zoom into the heap of corpses...

The bodies are cramped inside the stagecoach. All of them are men, most are bearded. Some are frozen and covered in frost. The air is too cold for the corpses to decompose.

We hear the stagecoach door open. Another BODY is thrown in...it's shoved into an awkward cramped position. The door shuts.

Some of their faces are covered in frozen blood. One man has marks all over his neck from a rope or lasso...it looks like he was strangled before his demise.

MAN (OS)

The horses ain't moving.

MAN #2 (OS)

Goddammit, I knew this would happen...bastard.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (DECEMBER 1880)

The stagecoach on the summit of a mountain in the Rockies. It's painted white and bronze, with two men sitting on it. Five others are traveling alongside them.

A grey-haired man closes the door of the stagecoach...there is a BULLWHIP wrapped across his shoulder.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The mountain range is cold and harsh. Everything is covered in snow.

A mini-avalanche is forming in the wind.

The stagecoach is on the summit of a mountain...it's about to descend a steep slope.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Driving the stagecoach is the captain of the group, WARREN CONNELLY. The man is bearded, late 40s, strong and grizzled, a notorious outlaw. DANNY BUFFALO, 30s, short and blond-haired, is sitting next to him.

Among the rest of the group is outlaw CLARENCE TATE, mid-30s, a good-looking man except for his dark rotting teeth. The man with the bullwhip around his shoulder is known as RUSSELL "WHIPLASH" BURNS, 40s.

FRANK CARVER, 50s, the oldest in the group, is arguably the most dangerous. He has an air of danger and a hawk-like killer's gaze...the gaze of a gunslinger who could kill a man in an instant.

Another man, DOUGLAS HARDY, 40s, travels next to the stagecoach.

Some of them are bearded.

The one who stands out the most is JOE CUTTER, 40s, riding a tall bay-colored horse and towering over the rest of the gang. He's a gigantic man, built like a grizzly bear and shaped like a giant whiskey barrel at over 400 pounds and nearly 7 feet tall. He's twice the size of everyone else in the group.

They are widely known by their enemies as the CRIMSON GANG, a group of vicious outlaws...gunslingers born to kill.

WE SEE RED TITLE NAMES UNDER EACH MEMBER OF THE GANG.

All are former members of the Hole in the Wall Gang and the Lincoln Regulators. Some are ex-confederates and members of the Jesse Evans Gang and the John Kinney Gang in its earlier years.

Clarence opens his FLASK and drinks from it.

The horses don't want to descend the slope: it looks steep and dangerous.

DOUG

I don't think the horses will make it.

CLARENCE

If they run fast enough, we could be all right.

FRANK

You think we ought to push the wagon down instead?

DANNY

That's an idea.

He looks to Warren.

WARREN

Push it down, we'll let it slide.

MOMENTS LATER

They disband their horses from the stagecoach. The horses move out of the way...

JOE

There's still a chance it could break. And we got no more extra wheels left.

WARREN

What other options do we have?

The seven men gather up behind the stagecoach and start pushing it to the edge of the mountaintop...

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

The stagecoach rolls down the slope, gaining dangerous momentum and speed -- the wheels hit a jutting ROCK on the way down the slope. The corpses fly around as the wagon unexpectedly FLIPS upside down and CRASHES into the ground.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

They stare down at the wrecked stagecoach...

RUSSELL

That was our last wheel!

FRANK

Shit.

DANNY

It hit something on the way down.

WARREN

Goddammit. We still had one more bounty...

Warren walks back toward the rest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON: icicles hanging from tree branches.

WARREN (VO)

Load the corpses on the horses!

DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Everything is covered in snow. Warren leads the group, riding his chestnut-colored horse.

The bodies are stacked up on the horses. Each of the seven horses are carrying a corpse -- except Warren's.

Joe puffs on a giant cigar in his mouth...

The men are riding through the snow, wagonless.

EXT. FOREST - NORTHERN WYOMING - LATER

BANG!

A bearded man with a Colt 1851 Navy revolver, late 40s, shoots an ELK in the forest, killing it with a perfect aim. The elk collapses in the snow.

The man with the rifle is JOHN FRANKLIN, a former Confederate officer, U.S. Marshal, homesteader, war-hardened ex-Pinkerton detective and weapons dealer.

He takes out a cigar and lights it with a match.

MOMENTS LATER

He walks up to the carcass of the elk, staring down at it...he takes a drag off his cigar.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Snow is falling. A long beat...the men continue to ride through the snow.

DOUG
 (to Russell)
 Russ, do you EVER take that damn ugly
 lasso off your shoulder?

Russell still carries his bullwhip on his shoulder.

RUSSELL
 It ain't a lasso. It's a bullwhip,
 you stupid twit.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Warren leads the men and the horses through the thick forest. The sky glows dark blue.

Clarence drinks from his flask.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING WILDERNESS - DUSK

A gorgeous sunset the color of deep warm orange...rare for the harsh snowy weather.

The snow has stopped.

MONTAGE: We follow the men as they ride their horses, traveling past ponds, creeks, a waterfall...a canyon...a large spring...rocky valleys and vast, snow-covered open country.

BEGIN TITLES.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The untouched forest...massive trees, giant lodgepole pines, riverbanks, canyons...giant snowy mountains and valleys.

EXT. BADLANDS - DUSK

Massive rock formations covered in snow at dusk...canyons of petrified wood and sagebrush.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DUSK

The gang arrives at a riverbank. It's almost entirely frozen. They can still see and hear the current moving underneath...

Joe lights a cigar.

We see the mountain range far back in the b.g.

Danny gets off his horse. He wanders toward the edge of the riverbank and steps foot on the ice.

DOUG
You wanna risk falling in?

DANNY
I ain't no pussy like you, Doug.

Danny cautiously steps across the river, trying to not slip. He stands in the middle of the river and glances back at them.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna fall in.

Danny doesn't look afraid. He stands on the ice. He looks back at the rest...

FRANK
Don't slip on the ice, partner!

They look slightly worried but amused, hoping for the ice to break.

DOUG

Do it!

Danny shuts his eyes and STOMPS on the ice hard. He stomps both feet down again and laughs.

DANNY

Yeah it's solid.

(waves hand)

Bring the horses!

Warren and the gang jump off their horses and start crossing the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK

A SNOW-COVERED PRAIRIE, cold and deserted. A white blanket of snow covering everything in sight...

The high plains of Wyoming territory.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DUSK

We look down on the abandoned stagecoach...covered in a thick layer of snow.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The men continue riding through the snow. A blizzard begins to form...the snow begins to fall at an alarming rate.

DOUG

Goddamn.

WARREN

Keep going. The slower we go, the longer it'll take us to get to Coulter Valley.

Clarence drinks from his flask.

A long beat...the men continue riding through the snow.

CLARENCE

This is just bad...it ain't even Christmas yet.

Frank drinks from his flask. Joe puffs on his cigar.

The snow from the blizzard blows into their faces...their frozen beards catching more frost.

DOUG
You think we should camp here?

DANNY
No! We're not waiting till tomorrow
for this guy, the law's gonna be onto
us!

CLARENCE
Should we kill him? Or should we take
him in alive...

DANNY
We don't need him at all! Our horses
can't take anymore bodies!

RUSSELL
The last thing we fuckin' need to
worry 'bout is a goddamn live bounty.
This blizzard is already enough
trouble for us.

WARREN
The risk is too high. We'll take him
dead and leave everything else he has
behind. We're already haulin' too
much shit.

DOUG
We can bury the bodies somewhere,
can't we?

DANNY
Fuck that! That's the worst idea I've
heard outta you and that's sayin' a
fuckin' lot!

WARREN
We need to make it east to Coulter
Valley -- by tomorrow night, when
this blizzard's over. When we got the
bodies goddammit! When we got the
bodies!

EXT. HOUSE - WOODS - NIGHT

A silent forest...covered in snow.

The snow glows blue in the moonlight. A two-story HOUSE is lit
from the inside.

WIDE: without warning, the window SMASHES OPEN. A BALD MAN in
his 60s frantically crawls out, cutting himself on the broken
glass. He jumps to the ground and races through the knee-high
snow, blood trailing beneath him...he has been stabbed or shot
several times.

Another window on the second floor is bashed open. Frank aims his RIFLE out the window. The bald man shoots back at him with his pocket revolver, shooting holes into his own house and shattering the windows.

A LOUD GUNSHOT -- the man is gunned down by Frank. He collapses to the ground.

A beat. Warren and the rest storm out of the house...they move toward the corpse.

FRANK

This was a slippery one. He knew we was comin'.

Warren gets on his horse.

WARREN

Andy can carry him.

JOE

No, LeRoy can carry him.

Joe motions to his horse.

WARREN

You sure?

JOE

I can walk. LeRoy can carry at least two bodies then.

Joe throws the body onto his horse.

FRANK

I shot him first. I'm getting extra.

DANNY

That's all fine, but I get half the money. I killed half of 'em, remember?

FRANK

I do most the work.

DANNY

Shut up Frankie. Deadbeat. You're nothin' but a degenerate country boy pie eater. You know that? Goddamn derelict shiteater.

WARREN

We're splittin' the cash into seven equal shares unless one of us dies. There's no goddamn exceptions.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Snow is falling fast. The men are riding through the woods...none of them say a word. The snow is getting deeper by the minute...

Joe's horse is now carrying two corpses on its back. He walks next to his horse as it trots through the snow.

They ride across the forest...Doug's horse's legs are weak.

DOUG
Buckwheat ain't gonna make it...

Joe gets off his horse.

JOE
(to Doug)
Get off.

Doug jumps onto the ground. Joe takes the corpse off his horse's back and easily carries the body on his shoulder.

The rest all look at him.

JOE (CONT'D)
I can manage.

Joe walks with the body on his back, following close behind the gang as they ride through the snow...his horse still carries two bodies.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Warren and the gang are moving through the woods in a violent ongoing blizzard. Thick snow covers the pines...

DANNY
This is fuckin' horrible.

Clarence takes out a WANTED POSTER for one of the bounties. He unfolds it, stares at it...folds it back up.

CLARENCE
...This shit's been going on for two hours. We need shelter and a fire or else we'll freeze out here.

Doug walks alongside his horse.

DOUG
We can't make it much farther! Our horses can't hold this much weight!

RUSSELL

Then we'll walk! We can't camp here,
the bodies need to be frozen or else
they'll thaw by tomorrow! The snow
will only get higher overnight!

Due to the violent winds, branches are snapping and falling
dangerously. Warren speeds up his horse and dodges a FALLING
TREE.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Shit. We gotta go around!

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The men are now trudging through the forest along a rocky trail
in knee-high snow. The horses are carrying the corpses on their
backs...the men walk alongside the horses, each of them leading
them by their harnesses.

They move through the thick snow...none of them say a word.

Clarence takes a sip from his flask. Joe opens up a whiskey
bottle and downs half of it without blinking.

The men continue trudging along the snow...the cold and fatigue
is taking its toll.

DOUG

Jesus Christ, this blizzard is worse
than it was two days ago.

FRANK

Quit yer goddamn bickerin'. Tomorrow
it'll stop.

DOUG

That's easy for you to say...you grew
up in fuckin' Michigan.

FRANK

I grew up in Maine.

DOUG

Same shit.

DANNY

(looking back)

The damn bodies are rotting!

DOUG

That's impossible! It's freezin' out
here.

DANNY

I can smell 'em!

RUSSELL

It's your mind playing tricks on you, partner. The cold is fuckin' up your senses.

DOUG

I'm never going into this territory again. Goddamn this place.

CLARENCE

This territory's all fucked up. When we're done with this shithole I'm heading back to Alabama...where there ain't no goddamn blizzards like this.

DANNY

Shut up Secesh.

A long beat.

DOUG

We gotta stop...the horses can't take this.

DANNY

You wanna just freeze to death out here?

WARREN

We'll make it to Wales county when this is all over. Just keep movin'.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

In a clearing in the forest, Warren's gang are setting up a campsite...

MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: the campfire flames.

The gang is sitting near the fire. Frank drinks from his flask. Clarence and Warren are eating small apple pies.

Joe opens another whiskey bottle and drinks from it. He lights a cigar with the campfire flames.

DANNY

I want some Goobers...

Clarence hands Danny a bag of peanuts. He takes it and eats them.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I need some John Barleycorn....

JOE
You ain't gettin' mine.

INT. FIREPLACE - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A larger, much warmer fire inside a home...we move away from the large fireplace across a

LIVING ROOM...

There are dried fabrics and clothing made of grizzly, wolf, and mountain lion fur hanging on the walls. The carpet is made of buffalo hide. We see several fur coats made from buffalo and bear.

There are pieces of rawhide...wooden statues and carvings of Gods made by indigenous tribes...

We see painted written languages of Arapaho and Blackfeet tribes...more writings of the Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Cherokee tribes. Throughout the house there are several pieces of indigenous art, arrows, statues...some artifacts and carvings on the wall.

Wooden statues of miniature animals and crown dancers...a hand-carved Shoshone WOLF MASK...

...A grey LYNX statue sits on the staircase.

An ANTELOPE'S HEAD is mounted on the wall.

An ANTLER CHANDELIER hangs from the ceiling...

FOYER

In the foyer, John opens the door and drags in the dead ELK he killed earlier. There is a bullet in the side of its head.

JOHN
Mercy? Annette? I got us some elk!
This'll last us quite some time!

John smiles at his prey.

INT. DINING AREA - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

John and his family are sitting at the dining table having roasted elk meat, corn, baked beans, green peas, turtle soup, cole slaw, oysters and roast beaver tail.

John is drinking his glass of whiskey and eating a slice of Hummingbird cake. His wife, ANNETTE, 44, sits next to her daughter, MERCY, 21.

Mercy stares down at her bowl of turtle soup. There is a slice of carrot cake on her plate. She looks up at her parents.

MERCY

Mom, when am I leaving home?

John and Annette stare at their daughter. A long silence...Mercy avoids eye contact with her parents.

A beat. The family is completely silent.

John's face instantly changes...his eyes widen.

JOHN

(to Mercy)

Why would you ask her that question?

Look at me, Mercy. You can leave when

I say so, understood? MERCY!

John stands up and SLAPS his daughter in the face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't you ever ask your mother that question again. Got that?

Annette sympathetically stares at her daughter...she holds her hand. Mercy looks back at her bowl.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy is listening to her mother in the bedroom. Both are sitting on her bed.

ANNETTE

You don't want to leave this house, sweetie. The world out there is a cold and dangerous place...full of filthy parasites and backstabbers.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Warren and the gang continue trudging through the dark woods in the ongoing blizzard.

ANNETTE (VO)

Thieves, murderers, bandits, all kinds of delinquent reprobates. You won't even comprehend the evil out there. The world is a dark place.

MERCY (VO)

I know, mother...

A long beat...the men continue to walk through the snow.

They are cold and miserable, beaten down by the harsh winds and snow. Clarence drinks from his flask.

Joe drinks an entire bottle of whiskey, easily gulping it down. He tosses it aside.

FRANK

This snow just won't stop...

Clarence takes a crumpled MAP out of his coat pocket and straightens the paper.

CLARENCE

Fuck man. We're not even close.

WARREN

How much longer?

CLARENCE

Coulter Valley is fifty miles away. It'll take us at least two days in this goddamn blizzard.

WARREN

Let's hope it dies before we do.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

The blizzard is unforgiving...the dark wilderness is endless.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The blizzard rages on: it shows no signs of stopping.

The men continue hiking through the snow. They're all walking on foot...desperate to find shelter.

It's dark. The wind is brutal. Ice and snow covers them.

DANNY

The horses can't take this no more!
They're freezing and the snow is too high!

WARREN

Keep going!

Trees are swaying and branches are snapping under the wind. A gigantic BRANCH falls right in front of them. They veer out of the way.

The horses continue plowing through the snow...the men trudge alongside them.

The snowflakes are getting thicker...frost is sticking to the men's beards. The snow and cold wind lashes their faces, blinding them.

WARREN (CONT'D)

This is a blizzard, gentlemen!

The gang is struggling to walk through the snow. They are exhausted.

Their horses still are carrying the bodies through the snow...they're moving slower than they've ever been.

RUSSELL

The horses can't hold up these bodies for much longer!

CLARENCE

We ought to stop here! The snow's too high!

The horses struggle to move through the thick snow...there's too much resistance.

WARREN

No! We need to keep going while the snow is still low enough!

A long beat.

CLARENCE

Are we fuckin' lost?

RUSSELL

NO! WE'RE NOT FUCKIN' LOST!

DANNY

Son of a bitch. Damn...

WARREN

Keep toilin'!

The moonlight is blocked out by the violent snowfall. They keep moving through the forest...

A long beat.

Danny stares out in front of him and stops.

DANNY

Do you see that shit, or am I imagining things now?

He points at a small, faint glow of light ahead of them.

Warren looks in front of him, squinting: he sees it. Far away in front of them, there is a faint LIGHT in the distance glowing through the snowfall and haze.

WARREN

I see it.

FRANK

...What in the devil is that?

They look at the light...hope brightening on their faces.

RUSSELL

If that ain't God, I don't know what is.

They step closer toward it until they eventually see a two-story HOUSE with a chimney.

DANNY

That's smoke! I see smoke and lights!

CLARENCE

We found shelter. Holy shit.

They slowly make their way through the haze toward the light...

WARREN

It's not far! Let's go!

They race toward the house through the ice and wind.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The men step up the porch and knock on the door.

They look awful...their beards have caught snow and frost. Their skin is reddened from the ice and constant snowfall. There are no corpses on horseback anymore.

INT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

More knocks on the front door. Having just gotten out of bed, Mercy rushes toward the door to answer it. She looks back: her parents stare at her warily from the living room.

JOHN

Open it.

Mercy opens the door and sees WARREN on the other side. The rest of the group stand beside him. Their faces are icy and covered in frost.

WARREN

Hello madam. Sorry to bother you at this time of night. We're lost, and we're looking for a place to rest...just for a while. If you don't mind, we'd really appreciate your help.

CLARENCE

We're trappers. We're on an expedition and we were passing over the mountains when the blizzard hit us. Two of us just died out there in the snow.

Mercy's shocked at the sight of them...she can tell they've been stranded in a blizzard. John looks at each of them...she looks at her parents for confirmation, then back at Warren. Mercy lets them in.

INT. DINING AREA - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The gang and the Franklins are having elk meat. There are baked beans, corn, mutton, mashed potatoes, cornbread, green beans, and cole slaw on the dining table.

Mercy sits farthest away from the men at the other end of the table. Her father is sitting on the other side with the gang.

DANNY

This elk is really good.

JOHN

Thanks. I shot it this morning.

John is drinking his glass of wine.

Clarence is having a slice of cheese pie with toast and baked beans. Frank is having roast beaver tail and fried potato wedges. Russell drinks a glass of colonial syllabub.

WARREN

Yesterday we got lost during the blizzard. We have no idea where we are.

JOHN

Where were you boys headed to?

WARREN

We're headed east to Lawrence. We're on an expedition that was supposed to last only three days, and without the blizzard. Now we're lost and we might need directions to Lawrence.

JOHN

Oh, Lawrence is only sixty miles up the river, over the Kirkland county mountain range. You should see it from the summit. You can also follow the Florence County river, but it'll take longer. You'll see the town when you cross the mountain range.

WARREN

I appreciate it. We once rode from New Mexico straight up to Montana once, except it wasn't with a stagecoach in the winter during a blizzard.

JOHN

(smiles)

You boys drove a stagecoach all the all across the mountains? What for?

Warren's gang exchanges glances.

WARREN

Well just a couple, you know, things we wanted to take with us, mainly food. We had some moose and deer we caught in Northern Colorado. We even fought and killed a mountain lion two days ago. Also caught a beaver but we lost it in the snowstorm.

JOHN

Did you run into any Injuns?

RUSSELL

Oh no, they're lucky they didn't run into us.

DANNY

The Injuns around here ain't anything to worry about. What tribes even live in this territory? Shoshone? Cheyenne? Kiowa? Maybe Sioux? Deadbeats! They're pig fuckin' bums. I've killed Apache redskins. Nobody here has killed more Apaches than me.

FRANK

Except me.

DANNY

Well that's 'cause you're an old fuck.

FRANK

I killed more Injuns by the time I was nineteen than you two ever will, sweetheart.

DANNY

I was at Sand Creek with John Chivington and governor John Evans. I fought with Colonel Ranald Mackenzie in the Dull Knife Fight. I'm also a Buffalo soldier. My last name is fuckin' Buffalo.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I fought with General Oliver Howard and Nelson A. Miles in the Nez Perce War three years ago. Had a couple arrows shot into us, but we shot some of them too. Me and Warren were there. I killed seventeen fuckin' redskins that day.

CLARENCE

(pouring whiskey)
I killed more.

DANNY

Bullshit. I killed more.

CLARENCE

Yeah? How many?

DANNY

Nine.

Clarence laughs.

CLARENCE

Twenty-one.

DANNY

Bullshit, you haven't killed twenty Injuns, you fuckin' idiot.

CLARENCE

I killed twenty-one savages in the Apache wars and the Battle of Washita River. Me and Frank led the Comanche Campaign and the Black Hills War. I'm a Red River warrior too. I was in the Third Colorado Cavalry Regiment with John Chivington the and the Fifth Cavalry Regiment with General Mackenzie. Plus, I almost killed Sitting Bull once in Dakota Territory.

WARREN

I surrendered Crazy Horse himself, pal.

DANNY

Well I was a close friend of George Custer and Colonel Ranald Mackenzie and I'm related to governor John Evans and General James Henry Carleton. That makes me just as much of an Injun killer as you, Clarence.

FRANK

That don't mean shit. I'm a former Texas Ranger, Red River Warrior and Confederate soldier. What have you ever done?

DANNY

(shrugs)

...I didn't lose a war.

FRANK

Go fuck yourself, you goddamn sack of shit.

DANNY

I surrendered Chief Joseph in Idaho and I killed Chief Buffalo Horn, the Bannock War guy.

DOUG

That is true, Frank.

FRANK

(to Danny)

You're a saloon worker. And a cook.

DANNY

You're a coal miner buddy.

FRANK

I was a gold miner, you scumbag halfwit. And I made a lot of money at it too. I mined California, Nevada and Montana.

JOHN

Which wars have you boys been in?

WARREN

Couple years ago we were at the Black Hills War with General Nelson A. Miles and George Custer.

CLARENCE

And the Battle of Little Bighorn.

DOUG

I was in the Cortina Wars against the spics.

CLARENCE

Las Cuevas War.

FRANK

All those spic wars mean fuckin' nothin'. I killed Injun savages as far back as the Civil War. Hell, even before that.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

This country should've fought the goddamn redskins and Mexicans instead of going to war with each other.

DANNY

Me and Clarence fought in the Nez Perce War. Couple years ago we were at the Dull Knife Fight with Colonel Mackenzie when we raided the camps and burnt all the teepees down. We fought off the redskins and we won. That was my favorite battle.

FRANK

You wanna hear war stories? I personally killed twenty-five Arapaho savages in the Battle of Tongue River in August of '65.

Mercy doesn't move...she stares down at her slice of pecan pie.

DANNY

(to Frank)

Remember the Battle of Killdeer Mountain with General Alfred Sully? And the Battle of Whitestone Hill in 1863 when we killed a bunch of redskins? How long ago was that...sixteen years?

JOHN

I was shot by some Cheyenne Injuns the first day we made it to Wyoming nineteen years ago. We got ambushed on our way across the plains. They even shot me a few times. We scared them away though.

DOUG

(laughing)

Am I the only one here who hasn't been shot by an Injun?

RUSSELL

That's 'cause you got lucky. You never even saw an Injun, you fuckin' shithead.

DOUG

I killed three, you filthy scumbag. Miserable sack of shit. I also came close to killing Cochise and Geronimo. True story. And I personally killed three Shoshone in the Bear River Massacre.

FRANK
 (laughing)
 Three.

RUSSELL
 (laughing)
 Three Injuns...useless idiot.

FRANK
 Three Injuns...I fought the Colorado War with John Chivington against three TRIBES of Injuns. Three. And I killed a lot more than three Injuns.

DANNY
 (to Doug, doubtful)
 What kind of Injun did you kill again?

DOUG
 What do you mean what kind of Injuns? The bad kind.

Joe laughs.

CLARENCE
 They're all bad. Except for the Pawnees, I like them.

DANNY
 (to Doug)
 What tribe did you kill, fuckface?
 (shakes head)
 He tells us he kills Injuns but he don't tell us which ones.

DOUG
 Sioux.

Danny almost spits out his drink. He laughs silently, shaking his head.

FRANK
 Kid, I've been killing dozens of fuckin' Comanches for years in New Mexico and Texas. Killing one Comanche is the equivalent of killing ten Sioux. Because they're ten times as dangerous. And you're ten times more likely to die at the hands of a Comanche than me. They've been robbing, killing, raping and plundering Texas and New Mexico territory for years. I know about the Comanche more than any white man on this continent. Guaranteed. I hanged two hundred thirty-six redskins in my lifetime. Mostly Sioux and Apache.
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
I was a hangman for three years in Texas, remember?

A long beat.

CLARENCE
(to Annette)
Ma'am, I ought to use the bathroom please.

ANNETTE
Of course. It's right down the hallway on your left.

As Clarence gets up, a folded slip of paper drops from his pocket to the floor -- nobody notices, except John.

Clarence disappears into the hall.

DANNY
I came close to killing Cochise and Geronimo. True story.

Mercy and her mother stay silent and continue eating their food.

RUSSELL
Twenty thousand of us have been murdered by them savages since the beginning of this century. God forbid any savages are left in this goddamn continent by 1900. I'll be damned if savages ain't all wiped out by the end of this century.

Russell pours himself a glass of wine.

JOHN
We'll drive them out eventually. Or kill 'em, whichever comes first. Their kind won't be around for much longer, so I wouldn't worry about it much.

RUSSELL
Let's drink to that, sir.

They clink their glasses and smile.

WARREN
To 1900!

INT. DINING AREA - LATER

Outside, the blizzard rages on.

The men are having dessert and dried fruit. Warren is finishing his mashed potatoes and cornbread.

Joe is finishing his cheese pie. He finishes his plate and starts gathering everyone's leftovers. He takes Doug's plate of mutton and mashed potatoes.

He looks at Russell's plate of baked beans.

JOE
(to Russell)
I'll have that.

RUSSELL
I'm still eatin'. Fuck off.

Warren and the rest are having dessert: hummingbird cake, pecan pie, brown betties, key lime pie and hermits. Doug crunches on some pecan pie.

DOUG
Mmmmm. This pecan pie is really good.

DANNY
Yeah?

Danny takes the slice off Doug's plate and eats it.

DOUG
(to Danny)
I'm gonna steal yours when you get it, just you wait.

Annette comes back with another dessert: a NEW YORK CHEESECAKE with bright red strawberry sauce dripping off the top like blood...

Russell looks at a glass of wine near Mercy.

RUSSELL
(to Mercy)
You gonna have that drink?

Russell takes the drink and sips from the glass. Mercy doesn't look at him nor say a word.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to John)
Is she all right?

JOHN
Oh, she's just fuckin' shy. Don't worry bout it.

Danny waves his hands in front of Mercy and CLAPS them together, grinning.

WARREN

(eating pecan pie)

What were we talkin' about? Anyway, we're all tradesmen. Joe used to be a logger. I mean, that shouldn't be a surprise. I used to kill bison for their hides. I was a trapper and a cattle rancher.

FRANK

Doug was a barber. He was also a schoolmarm.

Doug punches him in the shoulder.

DOUG

Fuck you, bootlicker. That was twenty-five goddamn years ago when I was still a kid! And a professor ain't a schoolmarm, you dumb bastard twit. You piece of shit moron.

FRANK

(laughing)

That's your excuse? When I was fifteen I was a goddamn Texas Ranger.

DANNY

Coal miner.

WARREN

I was a wagon master as a kid.

JOHN

(drinking his wine)

I used to be a bounty hunter.

A short silence.

FRANK

Yeah?

DANNY

(laughing)

We never thought about hunting bounties.

JOHN

Never?

DANNY

Well I can't speak for my pals, but I'd hunt someone down if I knew some jailbird who was on the run from authorities with a good price on his head. But never as a career. You can't expect to make much of a living in that business.

JOHN
 (smiles)
 Well. It depends on the price of who
 you're hunting.

John lights a cigar and puffs on it. He sips some more wine.

DOUG
 I've had so many jobs I lost count
 and probably forgot half of 'em.

CLARENCE
 Like going north to fight Injuns,
 then leaving home for war, then as
 soon as you come home again you gotta
 leave again to mine for gold?

FRANK
 I was a gold miner, Texas Ranger and
 a goddamn war general in Kansas while
 Doug was teaching schoolchildren in
 Kentucky.

DOUG
 Fuck you, cocksucker.

FRANK
 There's been so much opportunity that
 you can't do something for too long.
 Nothing lasts, not even the gold. In
 America you gotta go places.
 Unfortunately for us it had to be
 during a snowstorm.

CLARENCE
 I wanted to start a family in
 California but now all the gold
 mining towns are goddamn ghost
 towns...

WARREN
 All right boys, if we're gonna count
 and list all our past jobs, we'd be
 talking here till dawn.

RUSSELL
 (to John)
 Were you in the Union?

JOHN
 No. I'm a Confederate. Still am.

FRANK
 Killin' the Feds was more of an
 accomplishment than owning a farm.
 I'm a gold miner and a hangman.
 Believe me, I know what joy is.

WARREN

What do you do now, John?

JOHN

I'm a homesteader. Was a dueler, bail bondsman, ex-Pinkerton officer. Weapons dealer all my life. I used to sell guns. Rifles, shotguns, pistols, even cannons during the war. Now I mostly make clothing. And hunt for the family, of course.

The rest stay silent. Some of them chuckle and exchange glances.

John looks at their faces. Under the light, their hands are scarred. Frank and Danny's faces are scarred...they look like knife wounds. John notices this.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where'd you all come from?

WARREN

We live in Roswell and Santa Fe New Mexico. We've been staying in Boulder for a few months and we were planning to travel north to hunt. I ain't gonna get into all our backstories. We were raised all over the country.

CLARENCE

I was born in Rock Springs right here in Wyoming.

JOHN

You fellas just passin' through Wyoming?

DANNY

Well not anymore. We started the expedition after we heard there's a lotta wild animals and bears up north. Clarence wanted to go to Montana, but after this damn snowstorm we don't wanna go anywhere but south.

JOHN

Well there ain't many animals around here, especially in this blizzard. We do have lots of badgers though. There's been a wild population boom of badgers and bobcats lately.

John sips his glass of whiskey.

DOUG
There's a lot of animals up farther
north in Wyoming, ain't there?

John shakes his head.

JOHN
Not that I know of.

WARREN
...Well we must've made a mistake
coming all this way out.

JOHN
There ain't much game in this area.
But there's a shitload of deer and
elk east of the Florence County river
near the mountain range. I'm sure you
can make it there when the snow dies
down. When are you planning on
selling the fur?

FRANK
Honestly, we're just scoutin' around.
You never know what you can find in
the wilderness, especially the areas
nobody's ever been.

Warren picks up a hermit and munches on it.

WARREN
Well nobody has died on our trip. I
mean, WE haven't yet. We're planning
on heading straight back to Colorado
but we might stay in South Pass until
the snow melts.

JOHN
Well congratulations for staying
alive. I never coulda crossed those
mountains in this weather.

WARREN
Trust me, if we knew the kinda
blizzard that was bout to happen, we
wouldn't have done it either.

JOHN
Well let's drink to your expedition
gentlemen. May God keep you safe.

They refill and clink their wine glasses.

We dolly past Doug toward the window where the blizzard rages
on...

RUSSELL (OS)

(to John)

We promise we'll leave by morning,
soon as the blizzard is over. We'll
pay you ten dollars in the morning.

JOHN (OS)

No, no, don't pay us, please. It's
our duty to help.

ANNETTE (OS)

You're welcome to stay as long as you
want.

INT. BATHROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy is washing her face. She stares in her mirror...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

John and the gang are in the living room sitting on the couch.

Warren and the rest are holding plates while talking to each
other. They are eating carrot cake and leftover hermits. Joe
and Clarence share a MOLTEN CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Danny munches on a homemade brownie. Frank and Russell sit in
chairs facing the rest. The fireplace crackles loudly.

JOHN

What's all of you been doing the last
couple years? Any wars lately?

FRANK

...The most recent one I've fought
was the Bannock War two years
ago...but I still remember the Yuma
War thirty years ago like it was just
yesterday.

JOHN

I remember. Those were good times.

DOUG

I was at the Battle of Bear Paw three
years ago.

DANNY

I fought at Sand Creek.

FRANK

Yeah? I fought in the Civil War.

DANNY

Yeah, and you lost.

INT. BATHROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy is in the bathtub...she overhears her dad's conversation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John and the gang are laughing and drinking whisky.

FRANK

(to Danny)

Oh you wanna talk about Injun chiefs? I surrendered Dull Knife the Morning Star redskin at the Fort Robinson massacre. I also killed Black Kettle when I was in the Seventh Cavalry. I killed him, with these two fuckin' hands. It was a couple shotgun shells, but you get the point. The rest of his gang surrendered. I wish they hadn't 'cause I woulda killed more of 'em.

DANNY

I was in the Battle of Bear Paw three years ago with General Oliver Otis Howard and Nelson A. Miles. Were you there?

FRANK

Were you there at Powder River with General Patrick Edward Connor, or the Battle of Dead Buffalo Lake with General Henry Hastings Sibley? Ever been stationed at Fort Duncan with Zenas Bliss and Lieutenant Henry Ware Lawton? Didn't think so. You don't know shit, kiddo. You don't know what the Yuma War and Navajo Wars and California Indian Wars were. But those were the type of wars I fought all the time. Fighting for three days without sleep. Most of my squadron starved to death. You kids don't know what the Injuns were like thirty years ago when they were runnin' rampant across the country. You bastards have it easy now, 'cause of men like me. You haven't fought in the Third, Fourth, or Fifth Cavalry Regiment. How many wars you fought? How many Sioux have you killed in the Battle of Whitestone Hill? I killed every type of Injun...Arapaho, Sioux, Navajo, Paiute, Shoshone, Ute, every one of 'em.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Me and General Sully led an expedition against the Sioux at the Battle of Killdeer Mountain in 1864, then the Powder River Expedition, then the Dull Knife Fight where we ended the war. I've worked with the greatest generals in history...I fought alongside Colonel George Custer himself during the goddamn Battle of Washita River. What the fuck have you done? I'm a career Injun killer, and a good one at that. I killed Black Kettle. You don't even know who that man was.

DOUG

I was at the Battle of the North Fork when we beat the Comanches with Colonel Mackenzie.

DANNY

Yeah? Where's your proof? I got proof. See this?

He takes out a photograph of himself at the battlefield, standing above the corpses of Lakota and Cheyenne warriors.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I was in the Black Hills Expedition with Colonel Mackenzie. See? That's me. You can probably tell those are dead Injuns. My wife took the photograph. She came and traveled with me after the battle to see me.

DOUG

That ain't something to brag about, feller.

DANNY

What, that my wife took the photograph?

DOUG

No, that your wife was there.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The endless blizzard is rough. The snowfall is heavy.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

The stagecoach is now almost completely buried in snow. Only two of its wheels are visible.

A giant AVALANCHE comes crashing down on the stagecoach, burying it completely.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

In the bathtub, Mercy hears a wolf howling outside...

She's staring down, lost in her thoughts...her eyes dart across the edge of the tub. She immediately gets up.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Mercy feeds her horses in the livery stable lit by her lantern. She looks outside. The snowfall continues...the snow is icy and high as ever.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy makes her way back toward the house, the faint yellow glow of candlelight and the fireplace lighting up the snow...

INT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy steps in and spots her dad and Frank talking to each other across the house in the living room.

FRANK

Deborah and I...we've been married for thirty-two years. Our anniversary is just before Christmas.

JOHN

I'll be married to Annette for twenty-six years next summer.

Mercy and her dad make brief eye contact with each other. Frank notices and eyes her, grinning, before shifting his gaze back on John...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mercy moves across the hallway to her bedroom. Her eyes are racing: she's nervous.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Danny munches on a homemade brownie.

DOUG

Our stagecoach broke down and we got stranded on a mountain. The thing collapsed and fell apart. We had a goddamn gigantic moose on that thing and we had to leave it behind. We've never seen anything as bad as this snowstorm, and we've seen it all.

CLARENCE

We been fuckin' shot at by Injuns, chased through the woods by wolves and grizzly bears, I've personally been captured by a savage...Danny over there was struck by lightning twice in his life for some reason.

DANNY

Still have the scars too.

He lifts up his shirt and reveals a scar on his ribs from where he was struck.

WARREN

We've been through storms, blizzards, deserts, hunted by wolves, I've dealt with gangrene infection on my left hand. We even killed a grizzly bear when we were hiking through the Elk Mountains in Colorado. We've been through the mill. And we've been in Wyoming before, but it's our first time traveling across these mountains.

John looks over at the dining area and notices the FOLDED SLIP of paper on the floor as he sits on the couch...none of the others see it.

WARREN (CONT'D)

All right...we better get sleep. We're a little tuckered out.

The gang stands up.

JOHN

Understood.

As the gang head into the hallway together, John stares back at the folded paper slip under the table.

He goes over to the table and reaches for the crumpled paper...

John looks behind his shoulder at the hallway, making sure nobody sees him. He stares back at the paper and unfolds it...it's a bounty poster. On the slip of paper he sees a photo of a mustached BALD MAN.

His eyes wander across the page:

\$1,500 REWARD!

For the arrest or murder of outlaw

CHARLES CALLOWAY

WANTED FOR LARCENY

AGE: 37
 WEIGHT: 150 lbs.
 HEIGHT: 5'8
 EYE COLOR: Blue
 HAIR COLOR: Light brown

LAST SEEN IN GROWLER CREEK, WYOMING

John stares at the slip.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

A full moon lights up the snow-covered forest. The snowstorm has stopped.

The vast countryside is dark and silent. There is a distant howling of wolves.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mercy is sitting on the floor, saying her prayers in front of a WOODEN CROSS on the wall. She stares into the wall, thinking...her mind wanders dreamily.

We move across the room...

...through the wall...

...into the

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Annette's hands are wrapped together...she is kneeling next to John, praying to another crucifix on the wall...John is reciting a prayer.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

The dark wilderness...endless, unforgiving and brutal. The entire landscape is blanketed with snow as far as we can see.

...A blue, apocalyptic underworld of barren cold earth.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: THE FACE OF A DEAD BODY frozen in the snow. Half-buried.

WARREN (VO)

Hide the bodies. Bury them where they won't find them. Make sure they don't thaw.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mercy lies in bed, thinking....she tosses and turns. She can't fall asleep. Distorted memories are playing in her head.

JOHN (VO)

I was a murderer. I had to escape...my father was killed by a bounty hunter. He wasn't guilty...he was never guilty.

MERCY (VO)

When can I leave, father?

JOHN (VO)

Don't you ever ask that question ever again you god-damn stupid bitch.

ANNETTE (VO)

You don't want to ever leave this house, sweetheart. The world is full of filthy sinners.

Disturbed, Mercy can no longer keep her eyes closed.

EXT. FOREST - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It's a sunny, bright morning in the winter. The snow-covered trees are thick and green.

John and Mercy are standing in the woods. Mercy is several years younger. John has a mustache and carries a rifle.

Mercy holds a Colt 1860 Army revolver in her hand. She is shooting at an ICICLE on a branch several dozen feet away. She pulls the trigger -- her hand quivers at the last second and she misses. The icicle doesn't fall from the branch.

Mercy is visibly furious with herself. She stays silent, knowing what's coming -- her father comes up behind her, reaches his hand out, SMACKS her in the head and SHOVS HER INTO A TREE.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - NIGHT (RESUMING)

Mercy remembers it so clearly...the memory still disturbs her to this day.

MOVE DOWN:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Warren and the men are all crammed into one bedroom. They are sleeping on the floor. Frank takes the bed.

DANNY

Hey shithead, that's my bed.

FRANK

No, cocksucker. It's mine. I killed two bounties today.

DANNY

I also killed two, and I caught one of the ones you killed. So that's more.

FRANK

Balderdash, feller. Whoever got the most kills in total, in their entire life, gets the bed.

DANNY

You're twice as old as me, fool. Goddamn miserable misanthrope.

FRANK

Barely.

RUSSELL

Why don't you both sleep on the bed? This room is already crammed enough, and the bed ain't even small.

DANNY

Nope. I ain't spendin' the night on the bed with this goddamn derelict.

FRANK

Well you better sleep on the floor then 'cause I'm takin' this bed.

Warren sits on a couch in front of the window.

WARREN

Boys, come on.

With a vengeance, Danny punches Frank and frantically jumps over the bed. He starts choking him hard.

Heart palpitating out of his chest, Frank frantically punches him back and repeatedly slaps Danny across the face until he hits the floor. They continue brawling on the floor as the rest watch.

DANNY

I'm gonna choke you out, you filthy bastard!! Miserable sack of shit! I'm gonna choke you the fuck out! Miserable fuckin' misanthrope!

JOE

We know you ain't no zu zu soldier, so don't act like you are.

FRANK

Bootlicker! You piece of shit reprobate! You're nothin' but a degenerate country boy pie eater! Goddamn sack of shit!

(punches)

Goddamn deadbeat cocksucker!

Doug drinks from his flask, grinning and snickering.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - LATER

It is dark. All lights are off.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

John is woken up by a noise outside. He sits up and looks at the window.

It's just the sound of the wind. He sees the shadow of a tree branch hitting the side of the house. John goes back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We move along the dark hallway lit by moonlight....

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT (MERCY'S DREAM)

Warren and the rest of the gang are sleeping...

Mercy enters. Her face is profusely dripping sweat. She takes out a WEBLEY BULLDOG PISTOL...she points the gun at Russell, who's sleeping on the ground in front of her.

...She lowers the gun and backs away...she moves back out of the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - DAWN

Mercy is asleep. Outside, the blizzard is over. The sky is grey and starting to light up.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

John stirs in his sleep.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAWN

Warren is fast asleep on the couch next to the window.

INT. STAIRWAY - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAWN

We hear the slow, almost inaudible ticking of a GRANDFATHER CLOCK coming from downstairs.

ANGLE ON: A GRIZZLY BEAR'S HEAD mounted on the wall.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAWN

Joe, Clarence, Doug, and Danny are sleeping on the floor. Frank is sleeping on the bed alone.

Warren's eyes open. He looks out the window -- the sky is bright and overcast.

INT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

John and Annette are having coffee, sausage, cornbread, and toast. There are leftover hermits and blue cheese on the table.

Warren and the rest come out of the hallway, ready to leave.

JOHN

Ain't you gonna eat breakfast with us?

WARREN

No, we brought some food with us, but we really appreciate your kindness. We'd better be going soon.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mercy is awake. She lies in bed, staring into the wall. She hears the sound of horses outside...she gets up.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAWN

Mercy exits the back of the house, seeing the gang's horses near the hitching posts in the backyard. She takes a breath of cold winter air...

She sees a couple footprints that are half-gone from the snowfall...they lead to the back of a STABLE in the woods.

...She follows the tracks.

Her instinct draws her further...she looks around until she sets her eyes on small red spots in the footprints...dried blood. She uncovers some of the snow with her hand and studies it. The trail leads into the trees. She wanders toward the woods...drawn to it like a predator.

The trail stops...she looks around and wanders toward the stable where the footprints disappear...

EXT. STABLE - DAWN

Mercy heads toward the stable where the horses live. She walks around the stable...behind it, she discovers a large LUMP OF SNOW. It looks unnatural like someone scooped and piled it up against the back of the stable.

She sees some dark clothing sticking out in some piles of snow....

She steps closer to it and claws the snow away until she discovers human skin...she discovers a FACE staring right back at her. It's dead and frozen. She jumps back.

The man's eyes are grey and wide open. He is bearded and his face is covered in frost. He has been preserved by the snow.

She starts uncovering another pile of snow to her left, digging until she discovers another BODY buried underneath it. She uncovers the face and wipes the snow off. The corpse has red marks around his neck...it looks like the man was strangled to death.

Mercy steps back...at least three more bodies are buried in the snow under them. She stares at the heap of bodies, dumbfounded.

JOHN (OS)

Hey! Mercy! Did you feed the horses yet?

Mercy hears her father calling her. She starts burying the body back in the snow.

INT. STABLE - DAWN

Mercy changes the horse feed. She starts pouring a bucket of water into the trough.

She looks out at the house.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Mercy quickly strides toward a small cabin-like SHACK in the forest a hundred yards in front of her house.

INT. SHACK - DAWN

It's full of guns, containing hundreds of Civil War-era weaponry with dozens of knives, grenades, shotguns, rifles, and pistols hanging on every wall.

Mercy is loading a pearl-gripped Remington 1858 New Army. She takes some ammo off the shelf and shoves it in her pockets. She sticks a pocket knife into her boot.

There is an old GATLING GUN in the corner, covered in cobwebs. On the wall there is a dusty sign reading "JOHNNY'S GUN SHOP".

She holsters a nickel-plated Colt 1851 Navy revolver and also takes a sawed-off double barreled shotgun with some shotgun shells.

Mercy takes some cartridges lying on the shelf and shoves them in her pocket. She sticks a smaller revolver, a WEBLEY BULLDOG, in her pocket.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mercy places some shotgun shells and cartridges under her pillow and covers them.

INT. SHACK - DAY

Mercy loads some more guns...she takes a WINCHESTER MODEL 1873 rifle off the wall. She loads it and looks over at a Sharps 1874 Cavalry Carbine. She takes it off the wall and examines it...she puts it back on the wall. She takes a few more cartridges and shoves them into her pocket. She looks around for more.

She finally holsters a Colt 1849 Pocket pistol and a large shining BOWIE KNIFE off the shelf. She takes a rifle carrier off the wall and sets it down with the Winchester.

A beat. She decides to leave -- she starts heading for the door when she sees her father standing in the doorway, wide-eyed.

JOHN
What are you doing here?

MERCY
What?

Mercy freezes. She's terrified.

John quickly steps right in front of her -- she backs away from him, expecting to get beaten and interrogated. Instead, her father grabs her by the shoulders and looks her in the eye.

JOHN
Mercy, I need to tell you something very important right now and I need you to listen.

John's face is dead serious. He doesn't blink.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Those strangers that came here last night...they're hiding something from us.

She stares at her father.

MERCY
...What are they hiding?

John looks behind him and shuts the shack door. He turns back to Mercy.

JOHN
They're hiding dead bodies here. They're hiding dead bodies in the motherfuckin' ground.

Frozen in terror, she stares at John. She can't believe he found out.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Those men ain't no goddamn trappers. They're bounty hunters. They're goddamn bounty hunters from New Mexico. They're outlaws...

John laughs and shakes his head. He tries to contain himself.

MERCY
Who are they?

JOHN
Those men...
(laughing)
They're the Crimson Gang.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

They're known outlaws in New Mexico. I thought I recognized them, then I second guessed myself...but no. I saw the goddamn paper. I found their goddamn wanted poster last night.

(holds the poster up)

Then I found the bodies just this morning, before dawn. They hid them in our backyard when they got here. Those goddamn degenerate fucks.

She acts oblivious to this information. Her eyes wander to the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Listen to me! I'm a weapons dealer. I've sold hundreds of thousands of guns to hundreds of outlaws. I know exactly who these people are. I'm an ex-Pinkerton detective and I'm telling you, those cocksuckers have been wanted by the county of Belmont for years. I've seen their posters. And they're hiding dead bodies in our backyard!

There is a tone of mischievous excitement in his voice.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You don't believe me?

She pretends she doesn't know, shaking her head doubtfully.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll show you.

He squeezes her wrists and yanks her toward the exit.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Mercy and her father make their way to the stable in the woods.

EXT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

John drags her toward the dead bodies in the snow.

JOHN

Have a look for yourself!

Next to the stable, we see the dead bodies again, uncovered.

Mercy GASPS. She covers her mouth. They're all half-buried in snow. She sees the face of the man she discovered earlier.

John pulls her aside out of the view of the house.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's them. Now listen...we need to kill the cocksuckers. I already told your mother, she knows the plan. Now you get the chance to do exactly what you were trained to, Mercy. But if you do anything that could get us killed I'll make sure you're the first to die, you understand that?

She nods.

INT. SHACK - DAY

John and his daughter are back in the shack. He starts frantically loading weapons and taking pistols off the wall while talking to her.

JOHN

I know who at least two of them are. They're outlaws...dangerous killers. And I know their strategy. They ain't gonna turn in those bodies themselves...they're gonna hire someone else to do it. The reason they ain't shortcutting their way to the nearest town is 'cause they'd be shot down by the authorities like goddamn dogs.

MERCY

Are you sure it's them?

JOHN

...I know outlaws when I see them, Mercy. Those goddamned wretched reprobates are the most dangerous gang in the entire territory of Wyoming. They're fuckin' notorious. Them and the bodies are both worth a fortune.

John squeezes Mercy's shoulders, wide-eyed.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now's the time you better use your fuckin' training, 'cause we're gonna need it to kill these damn pigs. They're heavily armed in there. Each one's got a gun.

John stares Mercy in the eye.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're gonna kill them, and we're gonna take the goddamn bodies they took here with them. So instead of six bodies we got thirteen!

John bursts out in wheezing laughter. He claps his hands together and grins mischievously.

He goes over to the wall where he starts loading some rifles from the shelf.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I tried getting them drunk last night and none of them did, so we're gonna do it the hard way and kill the cocksuckers.

(a beat, loading pistols)

...My father was killed by a bounty hunter once, years before you were born. I know 'em better than anyone. I know the fear...the addiction, the bloodlust, the desire to kill. I can see it in their eyes, every one of 'em. I know what those fuckers are. And they ain't no goddamn fur trappers gettin' lost in the woods in a goddamn blizzard lookin' for help. They're motherfuckin' killers.

As John talks to her, he loads and reloads the guns so quickly he doesn't even notice that several of his firearms are missing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get your gun and some ammo. Let's head out.

John heads out of the shack. Mercy is still shocked by her father's proposition. She stares at her Colt 1851.

She takes the Winchester rifle with the rifle carrier and wraps it around her shoulder. She glances back at the wall of weapons, then turns away and walks out of the shack.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Warren and the others are coming out of the hallway. John stands in the living room.

RUSSELL

(to John)

We were just about to leave now. It was a pleasure staying here, Mr. Franklin.

JOHN

What are you talkin' about? You ought to stay here at least till lunch. We haven't even had breakfast yet!

WARREN

The blizzard's over and my men ought to make it to the other side of the mountains quick. We're very grateful for your hospitality.

JOHN

(insisting)

Just a small breakfast. We'll have some blue cheese and cornbread.

CLOSE ON: John's hand touching the handle of his holstered pistol.

Warren looks at Russell and the rest, then back at John.

WARREN

No drinks, all right?

JOHN

None. Just coffee. Have a seat, gentlemen.

John and the gang sit at the table together.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Annette)

Hey Annette! Make our guests one of those goddamn uh...what's the fuckin' cakes called again? The new recipe from Italy? The wop recipe.

WARREN

No no no, you really don't need to bother with that, ma'am. Thanks.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mercy loads a nickel-plated Single Action Army revolver and practices fast-drawing in front of the wardrobe mirror...

She sets the gun down on the bed. She draws her Colt 1851, aiming it at her reflection. Mercy holds it for a long beat, staring into her own eyes. Her grip steady and strong. She is motionless...still as the furniture.

She slowly walks up close to the wardrobe mirror.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In the bathroom, Mercy pockets a STRAIGHT RAZOR.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Mercy, John, and Annette are standing in the bedroom. John closes the door and locks it.

JOHN

They're fuckin' killers, with a capital "C". They ain't no visitors or trappers. They were carryin' huntin' weapons, and they ain't for huntin' animals. They hunt fuckin' MEN. I know a cocksuckin' bounty hunter when I see one. I worked for the goddamn Pinkertons for twenty-five years. And they ARE bounty hunters, all seven of 'em. There's a big price on their heads and I'm gonna kill 'em. And when they're dead, we claim the bodies and bring 'em to the authorities.

(sighs, to Annette)

You wait upstairs, we'll come for you after we kill them. If we don't make it, RUN, and take the bodies with you.

(to Mercy)

You. My daughter. If any of them try to escape, you shoot 'em. Shoot 'em in the fuckin' face.

John rushes out of the room.

Mercy and Annette stare at each other. Mercy sits on the bed, waiting...she silently stares down at the floor.

Annette stands next to her daughter. She smiles uncomfortably. She sits next to her.

ANNETTE

Once your father gets the bodies, we can sell this house and move out west...this is what we always wanted.

Mercy considers this...she looks back at her mother. Annette brushes her hair. Mercy lies down on her lap.

INT. FOYER - DAY

John snickers at the gang in the living room as he opens the front door and walks outside.

EXT. STABLE - MOMENTS LATER

In the woods behind the stable, John digs up the bodies from the snow.

The corpses are still preserved. Some of their eyes are wide open. He starts pulling the bodies off the ground and carries them onto his horse. The other horses are waiting beside the stable...

He makes his way toward the horse with the dead man on his back...he throws the body on the horse's back. He spots Mercy staring at him next to the house.

JOHN
Go back inside. Make sure they don't
come out while I load up the bodies.
(beat)
And get me a gun, will ya?

With no other alternative, Mercy heads back toward the house.

John loads another dead body onto a horse, strapping it down with rope...he sees the marks on his neck. He touches it, fascinated...

He starts lifting another body, dragging it toward the horse by the armpits. He's exhausted and breathing hard.

Mercy comes back with her dad's Colt .45.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Hey! Help me...

Mercy goes over and helps her father lift the corpse. She lifts the legs up -- they drop the body onto the horse's back, facing the ground.

INT. KITCHEN - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Mercy grabs some dried fruit, cornbread, and leftover slices of blue cheese off the kitchen counter...stuffs it in her pocket. She knows she'll probably need it later.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mercy passes Danny and Frank in the hallway...avoiding their gaze.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Mercy takes her guns and her ammo from under her pillow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Warren and the gang are leaving. John watches them from across the living room while Annette watches from the second floor. Mercy arrives at the bottom of the staircase.

WARREN

We ought to leave now while the blizzard's gone.

JOHN

(grinning)

You sure? How bout one more snack?

A moment of dreadful silence.

The gang looks at the Franklins, perturbed.

WARREN

We appreciate your kindness, but we ought to be going.

DANNY

(smiling)

Thanks again, family.

The rest of them stare at Mercy, Annette and John, smiling at them. None of them move or blink.

JOHN

Well suit yourself, boys. A man has to do what he thinks is right...as a good friend once told me. I hope you all enjoyed your stay.

FRANK

...Loved it.

JOHN

I wish you all the best of luck...stay safe out there.

WARREN

Stay safe John.

A long beat.

As Warren turns the doorknob to open the front door, John draws his Colt .45 from his waist and SHOOTs at him as he jumps, missing -- they gang shoot back and run for cover behind the kitchen counter.

John takes cover behind the couches in the living room.

Upstairs, Annette takes a SHARPS RIFLE off the wall and tries aiming at the gang, firing a DEAFENING SHOT. She misses.

WARREN (CONT'D)

KILL 'EM!

Annette is shot in the shoulder. Mercy runs up the stairs while firing her revolver at the gang.

John shoots at them multiple times -- he fires his revolver until he runs out of ammo.

JOHN
Mercy! GUN!

From the second floor Mercy throws a REMINGTON PISTOL at her father -- it catches one of the antler chandeliers and is knocked to the floor. John reaches for the gun on the living room carpet -- he gets SHOT in the hand by Danny. He struggles to hold the pistol correctly with his right hand...

JOHN (CONT'D)
Dammit. Fuck.

John's hand is bleeding.

He stands up behind the couch and runs for the door as he shoots at the gang -- he gets shot in the shoulder and slams into the wall.

Russell fires at John -- bullets fly into the window. He fires back at them -- Danny is shot in the arm.

DANNY
GOD DAMMIT!

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Mercy storms up the stairs with Frank and Clarence following...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

As she's reloading her pistol and running up the staircase, Frank shoots at her -- the bullet misses Mercy, hitting the miniature lynx statue. Frank dashes toward her...Mercy SLASHES his face with a grizzly claw necklace. She grabs a wooden miniature statue of a hawk, SMASHES it on his face and beats him down with it.

She throws the statue at Clarence -- CLUNK. He falls back and leans onto the railing, covering his brow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

John gets on the floor and slides across a two-sided L-shaped couch to the other side...he inches closer to a pillow on the couch as he's being shot at. He gets on his knees and blindly feels the pillow -- he squeezes it and throws it across the room. He grabs another pillow and looks at it...this time it's the right one. He RIPS IT OPEN -- under the fluff and feathers he finds a REMINGTON 1866 DERRINGER. He dusts the feathers off...

John aims the Derringer at them and fires over and over. He takes cover again as the gang starts moving toward the couch.

As they fire at him, John angles his gun at the ceiling and shoots the ANTLER CHANDELIER -- they come crashing down on Russell and Doug.

He gets up behind the couch and dashes for a SHOTGUN on the wall as he shoots at Warren. He takes the shotgun off the wall and BLASTS IT AT THEM. They take cover.

John gets shot in the stomach by Russell -- he DASHES back toward the living room window and CRASHES through it, landing hard outside.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

John falls into the snow...his ribs are bleeding. He is mortally wounded...he slowly crawls backwards towards the bedroom window, sitting against his house.

...He takes out his Colt .45...he stares at it. The gun is out of ammo.

JOHN

Dammit.

INT./EXT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Annette rushes across the room, opens the window and tries to crawl out, hesitating as she looks at the ground...

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mercy runs through the hallway and hides in her bedroom, silently closing the door.

INT. MERCY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug and Frank enter, aiming their guns. Frank aims his rifle...Mercy has barely escaped.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Mercy falls from the window at the back of the house and lands in the snow...

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

In the front of the house, Annette falls on the ground and breaks her ankle, landing a few yards from John...he sees his wife hitting the ground. She tries to limp across the snow as Warren, Danny, Russell, and Joe storm out of the house.

John can't speak...he reaches his hand out at Annette, who stumbles through the snow toward the forest...he bellows, reaching toward her...

Danny aims his revolver and SHOTS HER IN THE BACK. John's eyes widen.

Annette is wounded and bleeding in the snow...Russell aims his rifle and SHOTS her in the back of the head.

John's gaze is frozen in horror. He wails at the sight of his dead wife.

JOHN

NO!!!

John unholsters his Derringer -- Danny shoots him in the stomach again. He is thrown back into the side of the house, the back of his head cracking the window.

DOLLY TO: the other side of the house, where Mercy sneaks across the wall. She peers across the house, watching the gang search for her in the other direction...they disappear into the woods.

WARREN (OS)

Look in the shack!

INT. SHACK - DAY

Warren, Russell, Danny, Clarence and Joe are stealing weapons off the wall...

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

John slowly gets to his feet...we hear footsteps approaching him. He slowly stands up, staring at the person in front of him...a loud GUNSHOT -- John is shot in the chest and gunned down.

He rests against the house, mortally wounded. We see the shooter as she steps closer to John: it's Mercy.

She stares her father down, expressionless. Her father stares back at her, absolutely incredulous.

John is bleeding through his ribs...he watches Mercy walk away. He lets out a growl of pain. As Mercy leaves him, John stares at his wife's corpse in front of him. He whimpers...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy fires at Frank and Doug from behind a tree in the forest as she races toward the stable.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Warren, Russell, Danny, and Joe storm out of the shack. They head toward John...

Warren aims his Colt Paterson and SHOTS HIM in the face --

CUT TO:

EXT. STABLE - DAY

In the forest, Mercy takes a spotted Appaloosa HORSE with white patches on its face and a corpse on its back...

She hears the gunshot. Mercy jumps on and rides away with five horses trailing behind her, all carrying the bodies.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

On the other side of the house, Warren, Russell and the gang climb onto their horses at their hitching posts and ride after Mercy...but she's already out of sight.

The gang and their horses arrive at the back of the house.

WARREN
FOLLOW THE TRAIL!

RUSSELL
Goddamn whore...

FRANK
What a bitch.

Danny is still bleeding from his shoulder. He covers the wound with his hand.

They ride into the forest, out of the clearing...following the trails in the snow.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy escapes with the other horses following behind her, the corpses tied to their backs. They gallop at full speed...

The horses are all connected to each other via their leather harnesses.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Her horses plow through high snow in a heavily snowed upon area of forest...they are moving toward the mountain range.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Warren's gang follows the tracks of Mercy's horse. Frank drinks from his flask.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

We see the dead bodies of Mercy's parents, lying completely still. John is still leaning against his house, dead, with a hole in his head.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy and the horses are traveling slower...she leads them through the woods.

She loads her pistol...in front of her, she spots HORSE TRAILS in the snow: someone has been here recently. Mercy looks closer, then sees a mark on a tree...it looks like a dent made by an arrow or weapon. She stares at it...

She glances at her trails one more time, then moves on.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The gang is resting near the site of a giant boulder in the woods.

Danny is sitting on the boulder, trying to remove the bullet from his arm. The wound is swelling and pouring blood.

DANNY
This really hurts.

WARREN
Well you got shot.

CLARENCE
That's a first.

CLOSE ON: the bullet wound as Danny tries to remove the bullet in his arm, picking at it with tweezers. Blood drips out of the wound. He growls.

He sticks the tweezers in the bullet wound, but the pain is too extreme -- the wound OPENS and starts dripping blood again. He is bleeding all over.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
 You need some help over there,
 rustic?

He tries to pull the bullet out...

DANNY
 No. Give me some fuckin' alcohol.
 Gimme your flask.

Clarence tosses over his HIP FLASK of whiskey and Danny catches it. Danny splashes some of it in his wound. He grimaces and takes a gulp from the flask.

Danny waits, takes another sip and pockets the flask.

He tries to stick the tweezers back in his wound. He holds in his scream. He slowly looks back down at his wounds, whimpering...the rest of Warren's gang just stare at him.

He grips the tweezers and sticks them in, immediately YANKING the bullet out.

Warren hands him a NEEDLE AND THREAD. With trembling fingers, Danny stitches the torn flesh...he drags the thread across his wound. Blood POURS out of the punctured skin.

Danny continues sewing his wound until it closes completely.

He gingerly stands up. He takes a sip from the flask.

CLARENCE
 Now gimme back my goddamn flask.

EXT. CREEK - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

Mercy rides along a frozen creek...we see the mountain range in the b.g. much farther away. She dismounts her horse.

She stares toward the mountain range in the distance. It looks deadly to cross, but not impossible.

Mercy looks at the dead body on her horse's back, still covered in frost. She looks behind her at the trail of horse prints in the snow. She starts walking across the frozen creek.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Warren's gang continue riding through the wilderness, following the tracks of Mercy's horses. Joe lights a cigar.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (AERIAL)

The untouched forest...giant lodgepole pines and spruces.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy rides through the forest...she hears something in the distance -- she cocks her rifle and dismounts her horse.

She moves closer to the direction of the sound...Mercy spots a DEER dozens of yards away leaping through the forest. She aims at it, but it's too far to shoot. She doesn't risk the bullet.

Mercy takes a small piece of cornbread out of her pocket and eats it.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy climbs onto a low-hanging branch on top of a tree. She shakes the snow off the branch and looks out into the rest of the forest...she aims her rifle at the ground.

There are no animals...no movement, other than her horses.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Snow-covered open country...endless and desolate.

Some antelopes are roaming across the plains...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The Crimson gang rides in silence, following the faint tracks of Mercy's horse...they're starting to thin.

Clarence drinks from his flask...Joe opens a new bottle of whiskey and easily downs half of it.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The snow is much thinner in this area of the woods. The winter haze is blocking out the sky and mountain range.

Mercy approaches a clearing, discovering a small wooden CABIN. She rides faster with the rest of the horses following. She doesn't give the cabin a second glance.

...Mercy has been here before.

She wanders up to the cabin on her horse...it's an older dilapidated structure, worn out by years of rain and harsh winters.

Mercy gets off her horse. She steps up the front porch...knocks on the door and waits.

INT. CABIN - DAY

We hear Mercy knocking from the inside...

The doorknob turns halfway. It's locked by the bolt.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Mercy continues to turn the doorknob...the cracked door suddenly gives in. The bolt lock has broken on the other side.

She steps in, closing the door behind her.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mercy wanders across the cabin...sees leftover dishes of baked beans, green beans, dried bacon, baked potato, pot roast, mutton stew and some dried blueberries. Several dozen dishes are stacked on top of each other. It looks like they've been used and reused.

There is a bowl of Brown Betty and half-eaten toast on the table...empty cans of beans and whiskey bottles on the floor.

The entire cabin is ramshackle, dusty, and worn. She looks at a fireplace...the fire has died out.

She makes her way across the house. There are a few paintings on the wall that have faded in color...

Mercy finds the bedroom at the end of the hallway. The door is open.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mercy enters the bedroom. Her eyes scan the room...someone is lying motionless under the sheets in bed, completely covered.

She steps closer to the bed...slowly removes the sheet to reveal the owner of the cabin: a disgruntled, elderly frail man in his late 80s. This is CLIFF SHAW, a former Texas Ranger, U.S. Marshal and general of the Union Army.

MERCY
Hello, Mr. Shaw.

He stirs and awakens.

CLIFF
...Who are you?

His gravelly voice is painful...he looks sick.

MERCY
Mercy Franklin.
(beat)
John Franklin's daughter.

She crouches next to the bed. Cliff stares at her, still clueless.

MERCY (CONT'D)
We're neighbors. We live just a few miles west from here. In the forest.
(beat)
Do you remember me? Me and my parents used to come here years ago when I was a little girl.

He squints. He stares at her a long beat, then looks away into the ceiling, disappointed.

CLIFF
(grunts)
Oh, I know.

Cliff doesn't care about her presence. He's too close to his own demise.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
...What are you doing in my goddamn house.

He speaks in an exhausted, uninterested tone.

Mercy can tell he doesn't want or need any solace. He just wants to be left alone...but remembering Mercy makes him more accepting of her company.

Cliff lets out a weak cough.

MERCY
You must be freezing.

He doesn't respond.

Mercy steps closer and crouches next to him.

MERCY (CONT'D)
Can I borrow your stable? For hiding some bodies?

Cliff begins to laugh hysterically...escalates into coughing again.

CLIFF
I don't give a shit. I'm at the end of my life, Mercy. Do whatever you like. This goddamn place has been falling apart for years.

MERCY
(smiles)
Just don't tell anyone, all right?

CLIFF
Do I look like I wanna tell anyone
anything? To spend the rest of my
life tellin' them things?

A long beat.

Mercy gives him another smile, and heads back to the exit.

On her way out, he yells out at her: his raspy voice is shockingly loud this time. It's full of conviction.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Mercy. Do me one favor. Before you
leave.

MERCY
Yes?

He looks at her...reaches his hand.

CLIFF
...I've lived way past my time.

MERCY
(shakes head)
No, Cliff. No.

CLIFF
Just kill me, all right?

MERCY
I can't kill you, Cliff. I'm sorry.

Cliff coughs.

CLIFF
I've been dying here for twenty-five
years! Do it.

Mercy stares into his eyes.

A long beat.

She takes a step closer to him and slowly raises her pistol, aiming it at his head...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Warren's gang is following Mercy's tracks. The snowfall has covered most of the trails.

They ride in silence. Not knowing which direction she's gone, they slow down and look around.

RUSSELL
Goddammit...we lost her.

INT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

Mercy covers the last corpse in big chunks of snow. She covers the snow on their faces and bodies...

MERCY
Don't melt...

INT. BEDROOM - CLIFF'S CABIN - LATER

Cliff is still in bed, unharmed. He looks more hopeless than ever.

He coughs...blood is slowly dripping from his mouth. He wipes it away and tries standing up...

Miraculously, he makes it up to his feet. He rises with a look of intensity and sheer will...he knows this may be one of his last days.

INT. CLOSET - CLIFF'S CABIN - DAY

An arsenal of hundreds of pistols and knives...he takes a BOWIE knife off the shelf.

INT. BEDROOM - CLIFF'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff loads his Spencer 1860 Carbine when he realizes something. He looks to his left: on the nightstand is his SILVER-PLATED Colt 1849 Pocket revolver with silver engravings. An essential artifact he's owned for decades.

He takes it off the nightstand and holsters it.

CLOSE ON: the man's face. He has the look of pure conviction to walk out of his cabin and see the world one more time...

He steps out of the cabin. He doesn't bother closing the broken door.

Through the doorway we see the figure of Cliff gradually moving away from us...

INT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

Cliff pets the muzzle of his dapple-grey horse. He scratches its mane.

The stable is easily structured to house at least ten horses, but only one is left.

CLIFF

You look a bit older, don't you? We both do.

He kisses his horse, then climbs onto the saddle with some difficulty...

ANGLE ON CLIFF: as he rides away from the stable toward the forest, he senses something. He turns his head and sees the DEAD BODIES in the stable, covered in snow. He smiles.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy rides away with the horses trailing behind her...they are no longer carrying the bodies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Light snow falls. Cliff wanders through the woods on his horse...he is sick. He holds his arm up to his mouth and coughs again -- drops of blood soak into his coat. He stares at it...his lips are wet with blood.

He looks up and sees the figure of RUSSELL in the distance, standing motionless in the clearing. Cliff realizes he has been followed.

Behind him are Danny, Clarence, and Doug.

Joe is approaching the gang, walking toward them from their right. They stand with their guns and rifles out.

CLIFF

Who the fuck are you fools?

Danny smiles at Cliff.

RUSSELL

Have you seen anyone recently, sir?
Young woman, bout twenty years old?
Dark brown hair, green eyes.

Cliff doesn't answer. He studies each of them.

Doug sips from his flask, grinning.

DOUG

This old fella don't know nothin'.
Probably wouldn't remember if she
walked right past him five minutes
ago.

The men cackle at him.

DANNY
 Old man, what are you doing out here?
 Ain't it too cold for you?

Danny takes a step toward Cliff.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ, you look half dead. Can
 you even walk without that horse?

Danny laughs. The gunslinger stays silent.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 What's the matter oldie? Did you lose
 memory of the English language?

More laughter.

Cliff gets off his horse slowly...Danny does as well.

He pats his horse on the neck -- knowing exactly what it means,
 it turns away and wanders in the other direction.

A standoff...the tension increases. But Cliff isn't afraid of
 death. He's been in the same situation a thousand times. Cliff
 slowly walks toward him.

Danny also takes a few steps forward...both men stop at the
 same time, a few steps in front of their horses. Just two
 gunslingers with no distractions in between them...except one
 is less than half the age of the other.

CLIFF
 You got no idea who I am, you goddamn
 reprobate. I come from a different
 century.

DANNY
 Oh yeah? Who are you then? A shell of
 your former self?

The gang laughs again.

CLARENCE
 All right old partner, we give up.
 Who are you? I mean...what are you a
 shell of?

More laughs.

But Danny knows that Cliff is a seasoned gunslinger...maybe a
 former military officer or even a lawman decades ago.

The two glance at each other's pistols in their holsters.
 Neither make a move.

DANNY
Same gun huh? Colt 1849. Pocket
revolver.

CLIFF
Yeah. But I've owned mine for twenty-
six years. I've killed a hundred
sixty-eight people with this gun
since '61.

DANNY
Union general, huh?

CLIFF
(eyeing Russell)
Confederate officer, huh?

Danny and Cliff stare each other in the eye...

The rest of the gang watches, their hands pointed toward their
holsters.

They both fast-draw their revolvers -- Cliff pulls the trigger,
but Danny is too fast -- he shoots Cliff in the chest. Danny
fires several more times. The bullets hit Cliff.

Cliff hits the ground...he coughs his final breath and slowly
dies as he stares into the sky.

...Danny lowers his gun.

DANNY
Old cunt.

Clarence lights a cigar while staring at the war general's
corpse.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Warren, Clarence and Frank are near the river, riding side by
side.

Russell and the rest of the gang ride up to them. Warren and
the others turn their horses around.

WARREN
Find anything?

DANNY
No, but we found this old derelict
drifter in the middle of the woods
that challenged me to a gunfight. You
can guess how that turned out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy continues leading the horses through the woods on a slightly canted upward slope. Her hand tightly grips the harnesses...

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy gets off her horse. She stands and stares out at the horse trails in the forest. There are hundreds of prints in the snow.

She realizes that the horses will draw the gang's attention...

MOMENTS LATER

Mercy ties the horses' harnesses to the trees in a dense area of the forest...it's starting to snow again.

She steps back toward her spotted horse, the only one who isn't tied. She takes her rifle off the horse's back and orders it to step away. She cocks her rifle and aims at her horse...she stops to think, then lowers the rifle...

Her white-colored horse is frightened. It immediately BREAKS FREE from the harness strapped to the tree and escapes out into the forest. Mercy tries to shoot it, but it's already gone.

She muzzles her other horse and aims her revolver at its head...she looks around her at the empty forest and hesitates.

Mercy holsters her pistol and mounts the horse...she takes out her BOWIE KNIFE and immediately stabs the horse in the head repeatedly...she sinks it deep into its neck. It kicks and struggles...blood spews from the gashes. Mercy's clothes are soaked.

The horse collapses and slowly bleeds out...the blood soaks into the snow. Mercy's leg gets trapped underneath the horse's belly...she uses her other foot to free herself. She gets off the ground, sighing in frustration.

The horse lets out its final breaths -- clouds form in the air.

She mounts her other horse with her BOWIE KNIFE in her hand -- the horse whinnies, throwing Mercy off its back.

She gets up and stares at the horses...contemplating what to do with them.

EXT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

From a distance, we see Mercy walking back toward her horse, dragging a CORPSE across the snow...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy has made it back to the site where her horses are hitched.

She drags the dead carcass of the heavy man off her Appaloosa horse -- it falls on the ground hard and we hear his neck SNAP. Frustrated, she smacks herself in the head. She grabs the frozen corpse by the arms and drags it across the snow...

She forces his mouth open and sticks her Colt .45 in it...the frozen lips crack. She uses his head as a silencer and FIRES at her hitched horse -- blood explodes from the back of the head. The horse goes down.

The snow is covered in blood and chunks of frozen flesh.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Russell is ahead of the gang. He rides back to them.

RUSSELL

I found fresh trails! I don't know who this dumb bitch thinks she is, but she ain't smart if she's tryna outrun us.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Vast open countryside, blanketed in snow. Barren and white.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Warren's gang stumbles upon the horses in the snow, the ground soaked in blood. They see the horses: all of them are dead and frozen.

DANNY

Jesus Christ, What kind of depraved twisted bitch does this?

Even the gang is appalled by the gruesome sight of the dead horses.

FRANK

She did it to stop the tracks.

Infuriated, Warren gets off his horse. They walk toward the dead horses...

WARREN

When any of you find her, shoot her in the legs. We can't kill her until we have the bodies.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Mercy fills up her flask at the river...she cups some water in her hand and drinks it.

By the riverbank she spots a BLACK BEAR. She cocks her rifle, aims at it and FIRES, shooting it in the head.

Mercy rushes over to the bloody carcass...she takes out her Bowie knife and starts aggressively slicing the meat off its stomach area, slicing into its flesh and cutting out pieces...she tastes some of it raw, smearing blood on her lips and staining them red...

She slices the belly from the chest down and tears the skin off -- steam and warm blood gushes out. She rips the skin apart...she skins the bear, ripping the fur off its body...

Mercy pulls out its intestines...blood streams out.

She slices the bear's muscle with the Bowie knife...Mercy holds another slice of bear meat up to her mouth and chews it...she doesn't react. It tastes foreign to her...she's never eaten raw bear before.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Warren and the gang are making their way across the forest when they hear something nearby in the woods....

They spot a DEER wandering nearby. They cock their weapons. Russell and Warren shoot at the same instant. BAM! Fiery sparks explode from Russell's shotgun barrel.

It survived the shots. It limps across the forest...

Warren gets down from his horse and shoots the wounded animal with his rifle, killing it.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

The men are all sitting in a clearing in the forest, roasting the meat on a skewer. The fire crackles and burns.

Frank drinks from his flask. Joe lights a cigar with the campfire flame.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The moon as it slowly drifts across the black sky...

EXT. CREEK - WOODLANDS - NIGHT

The BEAR'S HEART is on a branch being heated in the campfire.

We slowly rotate to see Mercy roasting the meat...she is sitting near the fire by a frozen creek, wearing the bear fur on her back. She starts eating the roasted leg, chewing on the muscle until she bites on bone.

CLOSE ON: The flames in the campfire. We see the bear's decapitated head and pieces of unskinned meat nearby. Blood is soaked in the snow.

Mercy eats a slice of roasted meat, tearing through the soft warm flesh...

She rests against the tree, covers herself in the bear fur and quickly falls asleep.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Warren's gang are sleeping around the campfire...it has died down due to the cold.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Danny is asleep, with an empty bottle of beer in his hand...it's still dark.

Joe smacks Danny across the face.

JOE

Hey. Wake up. Don't fuckin' sleep, wake up. Have you been drinkin' all night?

(to Clarence)

He's drunk again.

CLARENCE

Hey, are you drunk again? Fuckin' deadbeat.

DANNY

It's too cold to be sober... bootlicker. You deadbeat pie eatin' Sunday soldier. Fuck you, fool.

(sighs)

I have a bellyache. I need some John Barleycorn...fool.

FRANK

Stop bickerin', derelict.

DANNY

Shut up Copperhead. You're nothin' but a degenerate pie eatin' country boy blowhard.

(gives the finger)

Fuck you, scumbag.

JOE
He's just talkin' gibberish.

DANNY
Fuck you, filthy bastard. Goddamn
derelict tramp.

They hear wolves in the distance...Warren gets up and spots one. The gang is being circled by several wolves.

Clarence fires his weapon at a wolf, startling Doug who's right next to him.

DOUG
(awakening)
Jesus Christ! My goddamn ear!

Warren and Frank try to shoot the wolves, but they're too fast.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Warren wakes up. The snow has gotten thicker overnight.

He stands up, staring at the mountains with concern. A snowstorm is picking up speed in the mountain range. He starts awakening the rest of his gang.

WARREN
We gotta go! The blizzard's back.

The gang starts loading their guns and mounting their horses.

INT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

The bodies are still hidden in the stable.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Warren's gang arrives at the frozen river where the trails end...there are no more tracks. They slow down.

The men ride along the river, keeping a lookout for prints in the snow.

FRANK
She went down the river.

The river leads toward another MOUNTAIN RANGE in the distance.

WARREN
She's riding along the river to lose us. The closest town is in that direction...that's where she wants to turn in the bodies.

Warren twists open a small flask in his vest. He drinks from it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy is approaching an enormous mountain...it's covered in white snow. It looks like a completely different world from where she stands.

Getting over the mountain will be a daunting task, but she knows she must get to the other side if she wants to survive.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

The snowy mountain terrain...barren, desolate and snow-covered...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The men are nearing the mountain range...arriving at the clearing where the slope begins.

CLARENCE

She's gotta be on that mountain.

WARREN

We'll go up then. Make sure she don't get back down.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Mercy's horse climbs up the cliff-like slope on the side of the mountain...

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

Back on the ground, Warren and the gang are riding closer. They look up and see Mercy's horse several hundred feet above them, galloping an upward spiral across the side of the mountain: it's shaped like a layered wedding cake.

DANNY

That's her. That's fuckin' her!

On the mountain, Mercy turns her head and looks down.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

She grips the reins and speeds up.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

The gang is now aware that Mercy knows they're coming.

WARREN
(to Clarence)
You stay on the ground in case she
comes back down.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Mercy slows down at a narrow arc platform on the side of the mountain...she looks down over the edge at the steep drop.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Warren, Russell, Danny, Joe, and Frank ride up the snow-covered mountain terrain. Mercy rides faster up the slope...

Warren's gang shoots at Mercy's horse. Frank's horse outruns the rest.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Mercy slows down as she rides across the summit...she dismounts her horse.

Frank reaches the summit.

BOOM! Mercy shoots at him across the summit but her horse gets shot in the neck. Mercy JUMPS off her horse and takes cover behind it --

He continues shooting at her horse with his rifle over and over. Blood sprays into Mercy's face and blinds her.

Mercy wipes the blood out of her eyes -- she quick-draws her revolver and rapidly fires multiple times, hitting Frank in the shoulder. Blood splashes into the snow. He lets out a pain sound and falls to the ground. Frank takes cover behind his horse.

The rest of the gang ride up to the summit and shoot at her horse all at once -- blood splatters out of the horse's head.

Frank aims a shotgun at Mercy as he gets up...Mercy is BLASTED in the arm. She hits the ground, stunned...with no time to waste, she ditches her horse and rushes across the summit toward the edge of the mountain...

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

Clarence, at the bottom of the mountain, hears gunshots.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

The snow is splattered in bright red blood.

Mercy DASHES toward the slope, dangerously sliding off the mountain...she rapidly drops down the mountain slope, leaving a long trail of blood in the snow.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

In another part of the forest at the base of the mountain, Clarence doesn't see her falling. He stares up at the sky as he drinks from his flask...

On his left, over his shoulders, we see Mercy rolling down the mountain...

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Mercy rapidly rolls down the slope until she arrives at the base of the mountain, stopping just inches away from a tree trunk.

She has landed in a clearing, still far from Clarence's spot.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Russell and Warren run towards the edge of the mountain and stare down.

WARREN
(to the rest)
SHE FELL! WE NEED TO GET BACK DOWN!

RUSSELL
We need to tell Clarence!
(to Clarence)
HEY! CLARENCE!!

The others yell down at Clarence. They wave their arms, but he still can't see or hear them. He sits on his horse, the brim of his hat blocking his vision. He lights a cigar.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Warren, Russell, and the rest quickly descending down the slope....

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

Clarence looks around him. He senses something is wrong. He rides along the treeline...

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence makes his way through the dense forest and finds a trail of BLOOD and footprints in the snow leading deeper into the woods.

He climbs down from his horse and follows the trail, his hand tightly gripping his Flintlock Pistol.

Clarence sees an outline of a body with a large spot of soaked blood in the snow...

He doesn't see Mercy as she comes out from behind a tree and sneaks up behind him, silently aiming her rifle at his head...for a split second, he turns his head around -- catches a brief glimpse of Mercy before he is SHOT in the face.

His body silently falls into the heavy snow.

Mercy rushes over to Clarence and searches the body, finding his HIP FLASK and weapons. She finds a tin can of instant coffee that reads "Corey's Coffee".

Mercy finds his flask of whiskey and pockets it.

She takes his Colt New Line and his hunting knife. She unloads some ammo from his Starr 1858 revolver and shoves it in her pocket.

She takes his Winchester rifle off his horse.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

The rest of Warren's gang gallops down the mountain, yelling at Mercy. She sees the gang riding several dozen yards away -- she dashes toward Clarence's horse at the base of the mountain.

A hundred feet away, the gang fires their shotguns and pistols at Mercy as they ride down the slope...they miss each time. Bullets slam into the ground and the trees behind her as she jumps on the saddle and rides away at full speed on Clarence's horse.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

The gang rides toward the corpse.

WARREN

Clarence!

Warren and Russell jump off their horses. They see the gunshot wound. Warren crouches next to his body.

WARREN (CONT'D)

...He's dead.

Danny gets off his horse slowly...he stumbles toward the corpse in shock...sees Clarence's face.

He looks away and walks back to his horse, sickened.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The snow is melting, but still excessive. Mercy rides through the forest on her stolen horse.

She looks down at her bleeding arm: the wound is bloody and the area around it is red and swollen. Mercy takes a gulp from Clarence's flask and splashes some alcohol on her open wound...

She opens the gash in her arm...sees the BULLET inside. She tries to grab it with her fingers...blood pours out. She wraps a cloth tightly around her arm...the blood soaks through.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING WILDERNESS - DAY

Trails, riverbanks, rocky valleys...vast open countryside.

EXT. PLAINS - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

Barren and white.

Some buffalo are wandering the plains...

EXT. CREEK - DAY

A frozen creek...

EXT. SPRING - DAY

An ancient bubbling spring...the liquid silently boiling underneath. Mercy walks around it.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Mercy travels through a tapering canyon-like rock formation...there is a giant waterfall on one side.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

We see a grizzly and a cub wandering in the snow...

The gang follows the tracks of Mercy's stolen horse. Frank drinks from his flask.

Joe gulps down an entire bottle of whiskey. He throws the empty bottle on the ground.

EXT. PLAINS - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

The vast plains, frozen and deserted.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy rides through another forest. She stares at her shotgun wound and touches it...the wound has dried up and the blood has frozen.

She comes across a dead half-eaten moose lying in the woods, its rib cage shredded down to the bone. She strolls past it with her rifle out.

She sees a COYOTE in the distance. She aims her revolver at the predator, then holsters it and pulls out her Winchester rifle...she concentrates her aim...then FIRES. The coyote yowls and scurries away. She missed.

She lowers her rifle and stares into the woods, disappointed. Mercy reaches down, takes a chunk of snow off the ground and melts it in her mouth...

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Wolves are running through the snow...hunters of prey.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

The wilderness is vast and endless. The sky is bright and overcast.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DUSK

Mercy rides up another snow-covered mountain at sunset...

We see hundreds of miles of ranch land and open country beyond the mountain range...the high plains of Wyoming territory. A gorgeous view. Mercy begins her descent toward the ground.

The horizon glows an icy purple.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK

The sky is darkening as Mercy rides across the forest...she stares at her wound.

Mercy sees a RABBIT just ten feet away hopping away from her -- she immediately draws her revolver and aims. She holds, getting her aim perfectly in sync with its movements -- and SHOOTS, hitting it in the head and killing it with the revolver.

Mercy goes over and collects the body of the rabbit. She hangs it on her saddle.

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK

Cold and desolate.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING WILDERNESS - DUSK

The vast open wilderness next to the massive mountain range.

The sky is getting darker.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Mercy walks across the forest, holding onto her horse's reins...she hears the howls of wolves. Her breaths are visible in the cold air.

She sees the full moon in the sky.

TILT DOWN TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The gang sets up a tent in the middle of the woods. The snow and fierce winds have returned...brutal whispers of God's anger.

Russell looks up at the full moon.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The blizzard rages on.

Mercy is cold, hungry...her face has pain written all over it. But she's far from quitting.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Mercy emerges from a forest into a large prairie-like open clearing...there is a dark forest on the other side of the prairie.

It is now night. The last of the daylight has become a muted dark purple above the horizon.

This side of the mountain looks vastly different from the dense forest.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

Mercy makes her way up a hill in the plains...she is riding on her horse when she sees a small orange GLOW in the distance. We see smoke.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Mercy rides up the hill when she sees the source of the glowing light: a burning CAMPFIRE.

She steps through the snow and discovers a small TEEPEE made of branches and buffalo skin. The burning and crackling grows louder...

Mercy gets off her horse and steps toward it...clearly, it is not a tent of an enemy...it's the unmistakable teepee of an indigenous tribe. She looks at the campfire and sees slices of BISON MEAT being roasted above it.

Mercy holds her rifle in her hand...she peers into the teepee: there is nobody. She only sees a recently hunted JACKRABBIT on the ground.

She hears footsteps in the snow -- she turns around and aims her rifle at the dark...someone is stepping toward the teepee. It's a small figure...Mercy aims at it, but the figure continues moving closer towards the campfire...

The light reveals a SHOSHONE GIRL, no more than 12 years old. There is a circular tribal tattoo on the back of her hand. Mercy stares at her. THIS IS KAYA.

She is carrying berries on her back and dragging the carcass of an antelope by its antlers. There are a bunch of arrows in her quiver. A BUCKSKIN HORSE with braided hair appears behind her...it's carrying dead foxes, rabbits, and a lynx on its back.

Kaya just now notices Mercy standing near her teepee -- she pulls out her bow and arrow. There are scars on the girl's face: she has been in many battles. She is dressed in buckskin and buffalo fur.

Mercy holds the girl at gunpoint with her sawed-off shotgun...they stare at each other for a long beat. Mercy lowers her weapon and Kaya responds in kind. Mercy takes the rifle off her shoulder and sets it down.

Kaya studies Mercy. She lowers her bow and starts heading into the teepee. Mercy follows her inside.

INT. TEEPEE - NIGHT

Kaya and Mercy are sitting on the ground across from each other, cooking dead foxes.

There is a lantern inside the teepee and a small fireplace between them. Mercy's coat is on the ground beside the fire...wet snow melting off of it.

Mercy takes out the dead rabbit she caught earlier. She sticks a skewer through it and roasts it at the campfire.

Kaya offers Mercy some berries. Mercy looks at her, then takes a few and eats them. Kaya holds up a gutted carcass of a gray fox and sets it on the ground. She offers Mercy a fox leg on a skewer...Mercy accepts it and takes a bite.

Kaya is a little guarded. Mercy breaks the silence.

MERCY
Are you Arapaho?

Kaya doesn't understand Mercy.

MERCY (CONT'D)
(in Arapaho, subtitled)
Is this your language?

Kaya is silent...she shakes her head.

MERCY (CONT'D)
(in Cheyenne)
Do you understand me now?
(in Shoshoni)
Is this your language?

Kaya is surprised for a beat, then smiles. She's taken aback and pleasantly surprised at her fluency.

Kaya speaks in Shoshoni.

KAYA
How do you know?

MERCY
(in Shoshoni, subtitled)
I learned from my father. He taught me when I was younger.

KAYA
My father died. My family were killed by the whites.

MERCY
I'm sorry.

Mercy takes some dried blueberries and cornbread from her coat pocket and starts eating...some crumbs fall on the ground. Kaya picks some up and eats them.

Kaya searches the coat, finding her blue cheese and cornbread. She starts eating it.

She looks through Mercy's coat...she takes the flask out of her pocket and opens it...she takes a big gulp and nearly downs the entire flask. After eating an entire fox leg, Mercy doesn't mind.

The girl points at Mercy's Colt pistol.

MERCY (CONT'D)

It's a Colt '51 Navy. I got it for my thirteenth birthday.

KAYA

Where did you get it?

MERCY

My father was a gun dealer. I grew up with pistols and rifles.

KAYA

Are you French?

MERCY

No. Scandinavian and Irish.

KAYA

Can I have that gun?

Mercy smiles, reaches in her pocket and takes out her smaller pistol, the WEBLEY BULLDOG.

MERCY

I think you'll like this one more.

Kaya takes the gun. She studies it...

INT. TEEPEE - LATER

Mercy lies on the ground, covered by buffalo hide. She falls asleep...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The forest is dark. The full moon is out.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Kaya's campfire is dead.

INT. TEEPEE - NIGHT

Mercy is asleep on the ground, covered in bear fur. She's having a nightmare...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAWN

The sky lights up and dawn begins.

INT. TEEPEE - DAWN

CLOSE ON Mercy: she blinks her eyes...tries to wake up and regain consciousness.

...She gets to her feet.

Kaya is still sleeping.

EXT. TEEPEE - DAWN

Mercy steps out of the tent. She blinks her eyes...they adjust to the daylight.

Mercy takes a breath of fresh winter air. For the first time in weeks, she sees sunlight piercing through the clouds...

She is suddenly SHOT AT -- a rifle sound echoes across the plains.

She looks to her side, but she can't see the shooter...she rushes toward her horse and is SHOT by the unseen rifle -- blood spews out of her shoulder. She shrieks.

The shot came from far away in the forest...she can't see who it is. Mercy aims and fires at the forest...

MORE BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE TEEPEE.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Frank stands in the forest, carefully aiming his Winchester rifle from behind a tree. The rest of Warren's gang are on their horses behind him, staring out into the plains.

EXT. TEEPEE - DAWN

The gang ride toward the clearing on their horses. Kaya rushes out of the teepee and mounts her horse -- before she can ride off, she gets her head blown off with Danny's shotgun. Her body plummets into the snow as her horse gallops away at full speed.

PAN TO MERCY -- horrified, she shoots at them and accidentally hits Doug's horse. The horse is wounded -- it loses its footing and finally collapses in its stride.

Doug falls to his knees and stares at his wounded horse...

The rest of the gang jump off their horses and attempt to shoot Mercy as she sprints away. They miss. Mercy climbs onto her horse and makes a speedy getaway, galloping down the hill -- she rides away into the plains toward the woods, distancing herself from the gang...

Frank angrily flips over the teepee.

Russell jumps off his horse and tries to aim at Mercy with his rifle. They attempt to shoot her, but she's too far away to accurately hit. Warren yells at them as he rides next to them.

WARREN

Stop! Don't shoot her! We kill her
and she won't tell us where the
goddamn bodies are!

(to Frank and Russell)

Get on, we're chasing her down!

Russell climbs back onto his horse. The rest of the gang mount their horses and ride towards the forest...Kaya's body gets run over by Russell's horse. They gallop further toward the wilderness ahead where Mercy is heading.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The gang are chasing Mercy across the forest.

She gallops through the forest, veering pines and branches...

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy looks at the wound in her shoulder...it gushes blood. She takes a gulp from Clarence's flask and pours some more alcohol in her shoulder.

She squeezes the reins and dismounts the horse...she sees that her horse has been shot in the lower body. She touches the bullet wound.

Mercy stares down at her own wounds...her arm is red and bloody.

MOMENTS LATER

As the gang follows the tracks, Russell spots Mercy's horse far ahead.

RUSSELL

She's there! I see her!

The gang speeds up.

Mercy's horse gallops across the woods...she shoots back at them as they chase Mercy across the forest.

WARREN

FASTER!

(to Russell)

LASSO HER!

In front of the group, Russell tries to catch her with his bullwhip...Mercy loads her shotgun and aims back at them.

Russell throws his bullwhip and lassoes it around the horse's front legs -- the horse crashes onto its head and Mercy is violently THROWN FORWARD into a tree -- she reaches her hands out to protect her face. She lands HARD on the ground.

She gets up on her feet again and gets back on the horse while quickly firing at the gang repeatedly with both of her revolvers. She shoots back at Warren's moving horse.

Mercy hits Warren's horse in the chest. The wounded horse finally collapses -- the horses behind him trip and are tipped over as they screech to a halt.

While the gang is distracted, Mercy rides away.

RUSSELL

Goddamn bitch.

The rest of the gang catch up to Warren.

WARREN

She shot my damn horse. She shot Andy...

DOUG

Fuckin' whore.

Mercy loads her shotgun as her horse gallops past trees...

Warren and the gang jump off their horses and attempt to shoot the stolen horse as she rides away.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy rides through the forest...she checks her bloody gunshot wound in her shoulder...it's swelling and pouring blood. She opens her flask and SPLASHES some more alcohol onto her wound. She squeezes her eyes shut, fighting the pain.

We see the gushing gunshot wound caused by the .44 bullet. She points the tip of her hunting knife against the wound, cutting into her own skin...

Mercy sees shards of the BULLET. She shuts her eyes and tries to pull the bullet out with her fingers. She gives up.

She takes a gulp from Clarence's flask. She looks back at the rifle wound.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Warren leads the men through the forest at a much quicker pace, following the fresh tracks of Mercy's stolen horse. Doug and Danny are sharing a horse.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK (AERIAL)

The sky darkens...

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK

Barren, snow-covered open country...

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Mercy is riding through the forest, wearing her bear fur. It's snowing lightly.

She looks at the sky...it's mostly obscured by thick twisted branches of leafless trees. She stops and turns her head -- she hears something: the galloping of horses in the distance. We can barely hear this, but she feels it in her soul...a faint trotting of horses.

She looks in all directions as we circle her...she can't see the source of the noise.

Mercy mounts her horse and keeps going...in front of her, she spots faded HORSE TRAILS in the snow: someone has been here recently.

Mercy stares at the tracks...she looks closer, then sees a mark on a tree...arrow marks. She jumps off her horse and stares at it with certainty. She then discovers an entire ARROW lodged in the back of the tree.

WHIZ!

ARROWS are shot at her -- her horse jumps.

Out of nowhere, half a dozen ARAPAHO WARRIORS ride out of the darkness into view -- Mercy has little time to react. She aims her rifle at them, but they're all on moving horses. She jumps on her horse...

She is surrounded by warriors in every direction. A warrior gallops around Mercy and circles her...

She is knocked off her horse by an unseen warrior's BOW in the back of the head -- she lands hard on the ground.

MERCY'S POV: dizzy, staring up at the sky as snowflakes sprinkle down on her...

The Arapaho warriors blur across her vision as she stares up at the sky. Mercy watches them staring down at her...they talk to each other in their native language...

FADE OUT.

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK

Mercy is being carried across a barren, snow-covered prairie on horseback. There is SMOKE from a nearby village.

CLOSE ON: Mercy on the back of a warrior's horse, her hair hanging loosely above the snowy ground...

A gash on the side of her cheek is bleeding.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DUSK

We look down on a small, bustling VILLAGE of around twenty Arapaho men and women. There are a dozen horses nearby.

The warriors come into frame, carrying Mercy into the village. Clarence's horse follows them.

Elk, fish, and deer meat is being roasted at the campfires. We see dead carcasses of bison, antelope, and rabbits.

There is a wigwam and dozens of teepees in the village made of various animal hides. Some tents have been decorated with human skulls and bones of small animals...one is completely painted blood red. A new teepee made of buffalo hide is being constructed and sewn together on the other side of the village.

TRIBE MEMBERS are roasting bison and antelope at a campfire. There is a dead BISON being gutted near the forest.

The warriors ride through the village...they dismount their horses and carry Mercy. She's unconscious.

WARRIOR
(to villagers, subtitled)
We have a body!

CLOSE ON MERCY: she blinks her eyes...she can't move.

We follow the tribe as they carry Mercy into a teepee in the village...

INT. TEEPEE - ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DUSK

Inside, there's weapons, handguns, and rifles from white trappers and the French. We see parfleche, cooking pots, and animal hides on the wall. The fire is gone, but hot embers are still glowing in the fire pit.

There are miniature wooden statues of hawks, black bears, coyotes, lynxes, wolves, and crown dancers. The rug is made of buffalo hide.

The teepee is unoccupied.

The warriors drop her on the ground on top of some blankets...Mercy can't stay awake...she stops moving and closes her eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A crackling fireplace. It is winter, many years earlier. We move away from the fireplace and see John...but younger, with a dark bushy beard.

MERCY is sitting across from him. She's only four years old. Her father is speaking to her in Arapaho...

INT. TEEPEE - ARAPAHO VILLAGE - NIGHT

Mercy is having a dream. She twitches in her sleep, tossing and turning...

FLASHES OF IMAGES:

INT. TEEPEE - NIGHT (MERCY'S DREAM)

It is dark and quiet.

...A CAMPFIRE GLOW IN THE DARKNESS...FIREWOOD IS BURNING. Mercy's face is covered in blood...she is foaming at the mouth.

In the teepee, one of the Crimson Gang's BODIES has come back to life, sitting up and staring at Mercy. The corpse is animated...his face is streaked in fresh blood. The purple skin has become a dark crimson.

There is a giant pile of snow with someone buried underneath it...the flames slowly melt the snow. A man's ARM sticks out of it.

She envisions another ghastly image of a bloody corpse sitting near the fire inside a black bear suit...blood dripping down his chin. There are butchered pieces of unskinned bison carcass on the ground.

Campfire flames flicker across Mercy's face...

She hears tribesmen speaking in Arapaho and exchanging laughter...

INT. TEEPEE - NIGHT

It is dark...Mercy's face is lit by campfire light, twisting and turning in her sleep...

BLACK.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DAY

Some tribesmen are wandering outside of the village. Children run around laughing, chasing each other with toy weapons...one is chasing the other with a dead badger.

Two Arapaho women are finishing construction of the new teepee. The final pieces of buffalo hide are being sewn together.

INT. TEEPEE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Mercy asleep inside the teepee. We slowly move away to reveal that she's alone inside the teepee...

A long beat.

Mercy wakes up and looks around: the fire has died out.

She sees the artwork and statues on the wall...she spots a statue of a HAWK staring back at her: it eerily resembles the statue in her home. She looks at the hides of dead mountain lions and grizzly bears...

Mercy gets to her feet as the entrance of the tent opens and the CHIEF of the tribe steps in -- Mercy recognizes him as the one who kidnapped her.

Three more ARAPAHO TRIBE MEMBERS enter the teepee.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DAY

The tribesmen bring her outside, dragging her by the wrist.

They walk out of the village towards the forest. A few BUTCHERS are sitting near a campfire skinning a BISON. They stand up and follow the chief.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The tribesmen tie Mercy to a tree near the clearing, strapping her to the trunk.

The Arapaho butcher wipes the blood off his MACHETE used just moments ago to slice up the dead bison. Another tribesman takes out a HUNTING KNIFE and starts sharpening it with a stone.

MERCY

No! No!

The butcher walks up behind Mercy and raises the machete.

MERCY (CONT'D)

(in Arapaho, subtitled)

Please! I need to tell you something!
Let me free. Please.

They look at each other. They don't say anything.

A beat. They stare at Mercy. She squirms and struggles under the ropes...

MERCY (CONT'D)

(in Arapaho, subtitled)

I'm not an enemy! I'm running from a gang...They're white murderers. They aren't French. I am.

The warriors exchange glances.

MERCY (CONT'D)

They'll be here soon. They're coming to kill us...

Mercy reveals to them the bullet wounds on her arm.

MERCY (CONT'D)

(in English)

See this? Please. There's seven of them. They're going to find us...

The warriors look at each other. They don't know what to make of this.

MERCY (CONT'D)

I'll help you kill them. Please trust me...

Something catches their attention: another TRIBESMAN yelling in the trees at them.

TRIBESMAN

(in Arapaho)

I see something! There's someone in the hills!

CHIEF

(to the rest)

I'll take a look. You keep the girl here.

The chief and the tribesman walk back toward the village. They look out at the mountain range and woodlands. The chief points his TELESCOPE at the forest hundreds of feet across the snow-covered prairie...

He spots the small figures of the CRIMSON GANG on a hill beyond the forest. They are descending the snowy slope and riding toward the village...they've seen the smoke.

His expression changes as he sees them.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
They're here.

ARAPAHO WARRIOR
I'll block the forest.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Mercy is still talking to the Arapaho.

MERCY
(in Arapaho, subtitled)
They're coming to kill you.

She tries to sound more fearful than she is. Mercy pretends to cry...actual tears drip down her face. She begs them.

MERCY (CONT'D)
Please...I'll help you kill them. I swear.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DAY

The tribesmen come out of the teepees with sharp arrows and firearms. The Arapaho gather their weapons, loading their pistols and rifles.

We move sideways to reveal more warriors sharpening knives and loading weapons...

The children in the village get back in the teepees without saying a word...they know the drill.

A tribesman watches the small figures of Warren's gang in the distance, emerging from the forest...

WARRIOR
THERE THEY ARE! PREPARE! PREPARE!

On the other side of the village, Mercy sees Warren and the gang riding toward them. She looks around at the rest of the tribe, searching for a route to escape...

The chief yells at the rest of the tribesmen to follow him. The Arapaho warriors don't give a shit about Mercy anymore -- they leave her behind at the command of their chief.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Warren leads the gang through the forest toward the village.

WARREN

We can't let the girl escape.

(beat)

Kill the savages and take the village. Don't kill the girl...

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Dozens of Arapaho warriors storm out of tents and charge into the forest on horseback. Some are holding rifles.

CHIEF

We kill them, and take their weapons!!

The tribe yells in unison.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Warren leads them into the clearing...he looks back to the gang. Across the clearing, they see the tribesmen coming at them on horseback, charging through the snow.

They slow down. Through his telescope, Warren watches the Arapaho tribe riding toward them. Frank watches them through the scope of his sniper rifle.

WARREN

There's too many of 'em! We need to get back. Spread out!

Warren and the gang ride back into the forest...

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DAY

Mercy twists her body so her back touches the trunk of the tree...she climbs under the ropes that are binding her to the tree, raises the ropes above her head and escapes.

Mercy DARTS across the clearing as Warren's gang and the tribe clash in the forest...she escapes while a gunshot echoes from the forest.

The children wander out of the tent and give Mercy hostile looks.

She sees her stolen horse next to the horses of the tribesmen near a teepee. Mercy jumps on the saddle and gallops away from the campground.

She rides away, unnoticed by the warriors who are in battle. We hear the tribe's HORN...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Through binoculars and sniper rifles, the bounty hunters spot the TRIBESMEN coming toward them.

The Arapaho and the Crimson Gang start charging toward each other and shooting.

The tribesmen draw their bows and aim, but they are instantly shot. They go down, falling off their horses and spraying blood on the snow. Warren aims his rifle and shoots a tribesman off his horse. Blood spews out of the warrior's mouth.

Doug speeds up his horse and takes out a BOWIE KNIFE while galloping through the forest...he throws the knife at a warrior's head and kills him.

Frank aims his Winchester and shoots a warrior in the head, killing him.

Joe throws a hatchet and kills another Arapaho warrior. He pulls out a MACHETE and gallops toward a WOUNDED WARRIOR kneeling on the ground. He SWINGS it and chops off the warrior's head.

Red blood splatters on the snow.

Warren's horse collapses -- it's shot by a warrior's arrow to the head.

RUSSELL (OS)
WARREN! WATCH OUT!

The CHIEF shoots an arrow into Warren's shoulder. Multiple arrows are shot into Warren's body...he falls off his horse and hits the ground --

Warren can't believe it...for a moment he nearly passes out. He grimaces and grips the arrow...

Under the pressure, blood pours out of the hole in his arm...a beat, then the arrow SNAPS. Danny and the rest stare at Warren in shock.

...As Warren tries getting up, an arrow SUDDENLY SMASHES INTO HIS NECK. He chokes on his blood.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
WARREN!

Another arrow SMASHES THROUGH HIS SKULL. He is instantly killed.

The Arapaho chief is shot off his horse by Danny's shotgun.

A wounded warrior shoots another arrow -- we see it land in Joe's shoulder. He snaps it immediately and rips it out. Blood gushes from his shoulder.

Frank rides up and chops the warrior's head off with his hatchet. Another warrior throws a THROWING KNIFE at Doug's shoulder. It lands deep. He SHRIEKS.

Joe throws an AXE across the forest into the warrior's chest and kills him. Russell shoots a warrior off his horse with his double-barreled shotgun. Blood spews out of the warrior's mouth as he crashes into the ground.

Doug nearly passes out from the pain...he tries to pull the knife out of his shoulder.

Russell shoots another warrior's horse with a shotgun blast -- blood splashes into the snow. The warrior tries to get off the ground, but his foot is stuck under the dead horse...he YANKS it free and runs, but is quickly killed by Frank behind him, who throws his hatchet into the back of his head. He drops to the ground.

The gang rides over to Warren, who's lying on the ground.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Goddamn Injun scum savages.

He checks on Warren's body...blood is streaked across his face. His skin has turned into a deathly shade of purple. Russell shakes his head.

Warren is bleeding out of his neck.

A long beat...

Russell covers Warren's face with his hat.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
We need to go.

A beat. The men stare at Warren one last time.

The gang leaves Warren lying in the snow with arrows in his corpse. They ride together toward the clearing.

Behind them nearby, a SURVIVING WARRIOR stands up, lets out a battle cry, aims his tomahawk and THROWS IT, landing it deep into Danny's back. He screams.

Joe, Russell, and Doug shoot the man multiple times, killing him.

Danny gingerly gets off his horse...he uses a tree for balance.

DANNY
Please...please. Don't touch it...

The tomahawk is lodged in his shoulder blade. He tries to reach back to pull it out...

Joe gets off his horse and walks up behind him. Without hesitation, he YANKS the tomahawk out of Danny's back. He WAILS.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Fuck! Goddamn. Ouch.

Joe wipes the blood off the blade and takes it back to his horse.

RUSSELL
You're lucky it hit you near the shoulder.

Frank pulls his hatchet out of a warrior's head. He wipes the blood off.

The men get back to their horses...Danny can't mount his horse. Joe picks him up and throws him on the saddle.

Another wounded warrior slowly gets to his feet and stumbles...the men watch as he climbs onto his HORSE and rides away...Russell SHOOTS the horse, sending it off balance and SLAMMING INTO A TREE. The man violently crashes to the ground.

He tries to get up...Russell rides up to him again and LASSOES HIS ANKLE, pulling his legs out from under him.

The rest of the gang watches the man struggling to get to his feet.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Let's go.

The gang heads back toward the clearing...Russell wraps the other end of his bullwhip around his horse's chest. The warrior is brutally dragged across the ground by the galloping horse, violently slamming into trees and bushes and cracking bones. His body goes motionless...

The horses plow through the snow. The outlaws continue to gallop faster...

The wounded warrior is suffering a gruesome death, but he's still alive and gasping for air...his face bloodied and bones broken. Russell drags him along as he speeds up...the warrior's body slams into a tree, breaking his back.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - DAY

The gang arrives at the village. The Arapaho tribesman is being dragged across the snow by Russell's horse, trailing blood behind him...

Joe, Frank, and Doug raid the tents. The children and other tribe members are gone.

INT. TEEPEE - DAY

Doug takes some PEMMICAN off a shelf and eats it. The rest take the warriors' weapons off the shelves and examine them.

EXT. ARAPAHO VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The gang dismantles the teepees, kicking the wooden poles and collapsing them. They rip the teepees up and slice them open.

Danny takes a flaming TORCH out of a campfire and holds it up to the teepees, setting them on fire.

Russell takes some cooked BUFFALO meat from a barbeque rack above the campfire and takes a bite. Frank eats a cooked fish on a skewer.

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - LATER

A white blanket of snow covers everything in sight.

The gang rides across the open country...Russell's horse is still dragging the dead body of the warrior's corpse, now a hunk of meat leaving a trail of blood in the snow...an unrecognizable torso and head. The skull is caved in and bloodied.

It is dragged through the snow...the head hits a rock and finally pops off, blood spewing from the neck.

RUSSELL

There he goes, partner!

Danny turns his head and looks at him.

DANNY

What?

RUSSELL

Injun's head just came off.

DANNY

It's about damn time. What did it take, half an hour?

RUSSELL

At least.

Russell draws his pistol and shoots the end of the whip, leaving the bloody corpse behind.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy rides through the forest with her shotgun...looking around for animals to hunt. Her horse is moving slower.

Light snow starts falling again...Mercy pours some more alcohol on her wound. She drinks some. She hears something -- she sees a DEER scampering through the snow.

She hides behind a bush...she slowly peeks out with her rifle...she begins to pull the trigger and --

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON: Mercy holding her rifle, aiming...her eyes laser-focused.

JOHN (OS)

All you need to do is shoot. Don't let fear stop you.

She inhales. The trigger is pulled.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (RESUMING)

Mercy concentrates her aim...then FIRES, hitting the deer in the side of the neck from afar. Mercy lets out a laugh of joy. The deer's final breaths form in the air.

MOMENTS LATER

BIRD'S EYE: Mercy sprints over to the carcass...she pulls out her straight razor and SLICES its belly open, dragging the blade across its stomach. Warm blood streams out...she rips pieces of meat off and eats it raw. Blood drips down her chin...

Mercy eats more raw flesh out of the carcass, relieving her hunger. She takes a deep breath.

She viciously tears the skin off its side, then does it on the other side. SKKKFFFLP! Blood sprays onto the white snow.

She slices through the skin...she cuts deep into its flesh and tears the skin and muscle off the bone.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Russell and the gang ride in silence, following the tracks...Joe lights a cigar.

RUSSELL
We're gonna find the bodies.

Russell looks at Danny, staring into his eyes...he is full of conviction.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
We're gonna capture this girl, Danny.
And we're gonna take our bodies back.

DANNY
I know we will.

Danny rides away from Russell.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy is hunting for food...as she wanders through the forest, she spots a COYOTE feeding on a giant dead elk.

She shoots at the coyote -- she hits it in the neck. It collapses on the ground, choking and struggling...she shoots it again -- it is killed.

BIRD'S EYE: Mercy rushes over to the dead elk...

She hears a noise -- it's the noise of horses far away. She leaves the elk and quickly storms the other direction.

MOMENTS LATER

We follow Warren and the gang as they ride up to the dead bloody elk lying on the ground.

Mercy is nowhere to be found.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (AERIAL)

The wilderness is vast and endless.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Endless desolate plains.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Mercy wanders through the forest with her rifle in hand...

She sees a few recent horse trails and footprints in the snow.

Walking through the forest beside her horse, Mercy sees something moving in the snow...she spots a RACCOON eating a dead squirrel. She aims as it runs across the forest away from her...

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees DOUG across the forest. She changes her aim from the running animal to Doug, who immediately FIRES at her with the rifle -- he misses and hits the tree next to her. The gunshot echoes through the forest. He aims his rifle at her again, stepping toward her...

DOUG
I'll kill you, bitch!

Mercy runs the opposite direction -- he draws his Remington and SHOOTs her in the arm -- a big chunk of her arm is torn off with the bullet. Blood splashes everywhere. She screams and hides behind a tree...

Doug walks toward it...she jumps out as Doug RAMS his rifle across her face -- he frantically charges and kicks her in the stomach, driving her into a tree trunk.

Doug jumps onto Mercy and viciously shoves her head into the snow over and over, squeezing her hair. He rips some hair out of her scalp. Mercy yelps.

BIRD'S EYE: He slams her head on the ground while lying on top of her and chokes her with one hand...

Frenzied, Doug takes out his knife and frantically SWINGS it down on Mercy's face -- she moves out of the way of the knife and thumbs him in the eye -- blood spills out. His hands go up to his face and he yells -- she gets out from under him and kicks him in the head. He falls to the ground.

He covers his face and screams.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Fuckin' whore.

He slowly stands up...he pulls out a knife and swings at her but she shoots him in the shoulder. She stabs her hunting knife in the side of neck above the clavicle bone -- he starts convulsing in a severe spasm -- blood sprinkles on the snow. Doug collapses and falls on his back.

She points her pistol at his knee and SHOOTs, instantly blowing off his kneecap. Doug screams harder and his face goes red.

Doug holds his Remington pistol in his hand...unable to move it. Mercy stands in front of him, watching him suffer. He lets go of his pistol.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Kill me...

He lets out a garbling WHEEZE...

Doug's face is covered in blood. He claws his hand at the air.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Just kill me. Please.

His face slowly fades...he stares up at Mercy with blank, defeated eyes. He loses consciousness...

Mercy bludgeons his face with her rifle, repeatedly striking it on his skull.

MERCY
Filthy bastard pig.

Mercy spits on him.

She searches his motionless body and finds his FLASK containing whiskey. She pockets it.

Mercy leaves him bloody and dying. She quickly jumps back on her horse and rides the opposite direction.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Russell looks around the forest on his horse while leading the gang.

RUSSELL
Keep looking!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Doug is lying in the snow, still barely alive...he hears the rest of the gang moving through the forest. He turns his head and sees them passing by several hundred feet away. He struggles to reach for his gun...he unholsters it and pulls the trigger. He covers his ear.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

ANGLE ON: the gang as they hear a GUNSHOT. They immediately ride toward the direction of the sound.

Russell and the rest ride toward Doug's body. They discover him motionless on the ground...the snow around him is soaked in crimson. Russell, Danny, Frank, and Joe gather around the wounded man.

He is freezing to death and his fingers are turning dark blue. His stomach wounds are still bleeding. Some of the blood has frozen up. He's a dead man.

Doug stares up at them, desperate...he can't move or speak.

FRANK
We gotta take him --

RUSSELL
No. He's gone.

Doug listens to them...his eyes are darting back and forth. Terrified. Out of mercy, Russell aims his rifle and FIRES AT HIS CHEST, instantly killing him.

Danny is startled by the shot.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Mercy rides along the river...

Further along the riverbank, she gets off her horse and walks up to the water to get a drink. She sees a small bobcat across the river. Mercy mounts her horse again.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Russell leads the gang along the river, following Mercy's tracks...the water is flowing. The river is no longer completely frozen.

Russell stops at the river. There are no more tracks.

RUSSELL
(to the rest)
You go into the forest and Frankie
and I will follow the river. We'll
meet back at the base of the
mountain.

FRANK
What about the bodies?

RUSSELL
We don't need the bodies, just
fuckin' kill the bitch.

DANNY
That's against Warren's orders,
Russell.

RUSSELL
I said, we don't need the goddamn
bodies, we need her dead!

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Mercy rides up a tall, spiked mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE - DAY

The gang arrives at the base of the mountain where the river stream leads...they see a WATERFALL flowing down the side of the mountain.

They look up at the mountain. It's smaller than the last one they climbed. Russell is sweating.

RUSSELL
We know you're up there, bitch.

A long beat. Russell cocks his rifle.

There is a thick cloud of mist near the top of the mountain...the rest is clear.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Search that mountain. Yell if you see anything.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - LATER

The gang slowly makes their way up the mountain...Frank makes his way up a narrow mountain slope leading to a taller summit.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Mercy is waiting on top of the mountain...someone hidden in the fog fires a pistol at her blindly. She fires back multiple times into the mist until she hears a scream.

Frank appears on his horse as he reaches the summit -- Mercy immediately shoots him off his horse with her shotgun. He hits the ground wailing.

He gets trampled by her horse, permanently BREAKING his ankle.

Mercy blows his finger off with her revolver before he can draw his pistol...she shoots each of his fingers off, one by one. She aims her revolver at Frank's knee and FIRES multiple times -- his knee is blown clean off.

He lets out a wail. The snow is covered in a bright red blood spray.

FRANK
Fuck.

Mercy takes his HATCHET off his horse. She walks toward the wounded outlaw.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No...please. Please.

With a vengeance, she swings it down and chops his other knee, BURYING the blade deep into his leg. It doesn't penetrate all the way through, stopping inside the bone.

He wails. She struggles to pull the blade out...the hatchet is lodged deep in his leg. More blood splashes into the snow.

He crawls on the ground...she SMASHES her shotgun barrel across his face.

Mercy SLAMS his ribs with her shotgun. Blood spurts from his mouth...she SMACKS the barrel into his back -- more blood sprays out of his nostrils and mouth.

Frank moans, grabbing his pistol...he aims at her with shaky, bruised hands.

She runs over and brutally RAMS her rifle across his face again -- he hits the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He is cut up and bleeding from his forehead.

Frank holds his Remington pistol in his trembling hand...he tosses it aside. She watches him suffer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Kill me. Do it. You won't last
against Joe or Russell. You might
have beaten me...but you'll never do
the same to them...just kill me.

Frank's face is covered in blood. He claws his hand at the air...

MOMENTS LATER

Mercy finishes tying his ankles and arms together with a rope. Mercy heads the other way, leaving him on the mountain for dead. He WAILS.

As she rides back down the mountain, he tries to roll across the snow and get back on his feet, but all he can do is bleed in the snow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you! You won't survive
this. You'll never get away with
this, you goddamn filthy bitch!!
Fuckin' whore. Dammit!

He looks around, panicking. He hears the sound of growling WOLVES nearby...Frank lets out a desperate cry of pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - LATER

A wolf is munching on Frank's remains. Most of his insides have been eaten.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The gang ride along the river down the other side of the mountain, keeping a lookout for prints in the snow. There are no footprints or tracks anywhere near the river.

JOE

She could've gone either way.

DANNY

I'll go east and search the forest.
If I see something you'll hear me.

Russell holds up his revolver.

RUSSELL

Don't get shot.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

While reloading, Mercy stumbles upon DANNY in the woods...

Mercy hides behind a tree, waiting for him to pass her. She silently follows behind him as he's searching for the rest of the gang.

DANNY

Hello! Russell? RUSSELL?

Mercy finally runs up behind him and takes out his knee, slashing it with her knife. He falls to the ground screaming.

Danny gets up and limps toward Mercy...she THROWS her straight razor right into his chest -- he lands on his back and hits his head on a tree trunk. Danny wails.

She RUNS INTO HIM and drives him into the trunk repeatedly, cracking his head open and sprinkling his blood over the snow. She SWINGS THE BARREL of her rifle into his face, crushing his nose and knocking his teeth out.

He throws his shaking hands up to protect his face -- she swings it down repeatedly on the top of his cranium. She beats Danny, smashing the barrel tip down on his face until it's bruised. More blood splatters on the snow....

As he frantically crawls across the ground, she aims her revolver and SHOOTS his leg. Danny tries to draw his pistol...she quick-draws her revolver and blows his fingers off, sending him flying back. She's out of bullets.

Mercy runs over and smashes her pistol across his face.

DANNY (CONT'D)
God damn cunt!

She headbutts him hard and breaks his nose...he tries strangling her.

While wrestling on the ground, she bites him in the ear, pushes his head back and JERKS her head to the side, RIPPING half his ear off -- it falls on the ground, blood pouring out. He yelps.

MERCY
Scumbag reprobate.

His face is bloodied and crushed. One of his eyes are swollen shut.

With a vengeance, he pulls out a straight razor and frantically SWINGS it at her face -- she jumps out of the way and falls on her back. She dodges his swings, grabs his leg and slashes it with her straight razor, then SLAMS the knife into his genital area. She SLICES the knife across his face, opening his cheek and exposing his teeth.

He covers his cheek and falls on his knees.

She gets up and kicks him in the side of the head, nearly breaking his neck. He slams into the ground and screams.

Danny frantically draws his Remington...tries to shoot her, but he's out of bullets. Mercy smiles at him.

She climbs on him and savagely beats him with her fists. She pistol-whips his forehead and cuts him open...blood leaks out of the gashes. She punches him, battering her knuckles on his face. Mercy sucks the blood off her fingers.

Danny is cut up and bleeding from his forehead.

Mercy reloads and SHOTGUNS his entire hand off while he's on the ground. She aims her shotgun at his face -- she pulls the trigger but it's out of ammo. She pulls her rifle out and BASHES the butt of the rifle on his head, then FIRES directly into his face.

CLOSE ON: Danny with a .45 bullet in his forehead. The snow around his head quickly turns crimson. Blood pours from the center of his forehead with smoke.

MERCY (CONT'D)
You sad miserable fool.

Mercy spits on his corpse.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Back at the river, Russell and Joe hear the shot. They turn to the direction it's coming from.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy finds Danny's FLASK containing whiskey. She pockets it.

She searches the body and finds a WANTED POSTER in his pocket. She stares at it, then folds it up and stuffs it in her own pocket.

Mercy stares at his body...out the corner of her eye she sees RUSSELL across the forest -- they lock eyes but Mercy draws faster, instantly firing her weapon. He takes cover behind a pine tree. Mercy runs for her horse, making another getaway...she quickly jumps on and rides the opposite direction.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Mercy is desperate to find an escape. She crosses the river -- her horse gallops into the forest with Russell's horse following dangerously close.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Russell grips his bullwhip and swings it, roping her -- in a split second later, she SLASHES it with her Bowie knife. She keeps galloping, barely missing trees...they ride through the forest at full speed, dangerously dodging thick tree branches and trunks.

He throws his bullwhip and ropes it around her leg -- he yanks her ankle with the bullwhip and Mercy hits the ground hard. She slashes it with her knife and gets back up.

He charges and kicks her in the stomach. Russell drives Mercy into a tree and punches her, bloodying her face and breaking her nose.

He SLAPS her into the ground and jumps on top of her, viciously shoving her head into the snow, then chokes her neck...he rips some hair out of her scalp while choking her with one hand...Mercy wails. Mounted on top of her, he savagely beats her with his fists...he tries to shove his hand in her mouth.

BIRD'S EYE: He slams her head on the ground while lying on top of her...Mercy's face goes purple and her veins bulge under pressure.

Mercy aims her pistol and shoots him in the leg -- BANG! Blood splashes on the snow. She reaches for a twig on the ground and stabs it in his ear...he releases her.

She headbutts him and breaks his nose...he tries strangling her but she stabs him in the leg with her Bowie knife. She leaves it in his thigh...Russell punches her in the face and sends her crashing to the ground.

She gets back up and takes out her hunting knife -- he dodges her swings.

Mercy kicks Russell's knee and SLASHES HIS FOREHEAD.

RUSSELL

Dammit.

He falls to the ground, covering his face. He pulls out his own knife and SWINGS it at her -- she backs away.

Mercy takes off her ammo belt and WHIPS him on the head over and over. He shrieks and covers his face. She takes Russell's bullwhip off the ground and WHIPS him again. After multiple lashes, Russell is cut up and bleeding from his forehead.

He tries to stand up...Mercy takes Russell's knife off the ground and stabs him in the leg...he lets out a growl of pain. She grabs his leg and slashes it, splattering more blood on the snow.

She stabs him in the ribs. She pulls the knife out, grips the handle tight, and SLICES through his genitals. Blood pours into the white snow...he collapses onto his knees. Mercy SHOVES the knife in his eyeball.

He punches and swings at Mercy...blood pours from his face. She stabs the knife in Russell's ear, then pulls it down and SLASHES it through his cheek again, splashing more blood on the ground.

Mercy thrusts the knife at his chest -- he blocks the knife with his hand. He reaches out and chokes her with his other hand -- she stabs the knife back into his rib cage.

Mercy searches her pocket, finds her STRAIGHT RAZOR and sticks the blade into his open mouth with it...she moves the straight razor slowly along the inside of his cheek until it slices through his lip, leaving a huge open gash on the side of his face.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

Russell covers his cheek and falls to the ground, blood rapidly leaking out of his face.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You bitch...

He claws at the air...

Russell slowly stands up...his leg is pouring blood. He takes out his knife and swings at her, but Mercy THROWS her straight razor in his chest. He lands on his back hard.

Russell is bleeding out. He spits a mouthful of blood in her face.

Mercy grins down at him...her face covered in his blood. She steps back.

Russell lies on the ground...he spits out another mouthful of blood. He stares back at her, desperate to sit up...but he can barely move his hands. He tries to crawl toward the river...

His face slowly fades...he stares up at Mercy with blank, defeated eyes. Blood is pouring out of the gash in his cheek.

His head drops to the ground as he loses consciousness...

Light snow falls as Mercy turns away and leaves Russell for dead.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

A faint snowfall in the mist...

BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

BIRD'S EYE: Russell's blood is washing away into the river stream.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A VULTURE PECKS AWAY AT DOUG'S FLESH.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Wolves circle around Frank in the snow, growling...

We hear howls of wolves nearby as his arm is torn off.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A raccoon feeds on DANNY'S CORPSE.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Russell's motionless body slowly falls back into the river...slowly being carried away into the current.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The trees are thick and green...it is spring.

John and Mercy are in their backyard in the woodlands. Mercy is training to shoot with her Colt 1860 Army revolver. The hides of dead possums, raccoons, gray foxes, and rabbits are hanging from branches in the forest.

She aims her pistol with both hands...concentrates for a long beat...and pulls the trigger. She blasts every animal off the branch.

John gives her a smile. He gives Mercy a pat on the back.

Mercy is astonished by his acceptance, a subtle act meaning "good job". He walks away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy rides across the forest and drinks from her flask. She looks down at her arm...she needs medical treatment quick.

She rips open the bullet hole in her clothing and glances at her bloody wound. It looks horrible.

Mercy pours alcohol from the flask onto the wound. She grimaces and waits for the pain to end.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DUSK (AERIAL)

We hover above the woods as the sky darkens. The sun is setting somewhere deep behind the thick curtain of grey mist.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Joe is staring at the remains of Danny. He walks toward the body...his horse waits alongside him. Joe looks away from the body and stares into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

It is snowing mildly.

SLOW MOTION: Mercy discovers a WOLF in the forest...it sees her and growls.

Mercy locks eyes with the wolf...she gets off the horse and steps toward it. Mercy doesn't shoot...she stares it down. THE WOLF WHIMPERS AND BACKS AWAY. She watches it run back into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Mercy walks solemnly through the forest, holding onto her horse's reins...she hears the howls of wolves. Her breaths are visible in the cold air.

She sees the full moon in the dark sky.

The snow is falling and the sky is darkening as she moves across the forest...we see a dark, hairy, ape-like, obscure figure in the distance behind her...it's at least 8 feet tall.

As she limps across the forest, she nearly collapses. She drops to her knees and crawls under a cave-like shelter under the roots of a giant LODGEPOLE PINE. She wipes the snow off the ground and huddles next to the root of the tree, wrapping the bear fur around her shoulders...she quickly falls asleep.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON MERCY: She blinks her eyes...tries to get to her feet. Her eyes adjust to the daylight...she regains the volume in her ears. The forest is unnervingly quiet. It's no longer snowing.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Riding Clarence's horse, Mercy ends up at the top of a rocky slope. Mercy looks in front of her and sees a single two-story HOUSE in the distance...

She dismounts the horse and limps toward it...moving toward the edge of the steep downward slope. As she starts descending it, she nearly falls off the cliff-like drop. Desperate to find refuge, she hurries down the slope...

Mercy knows that Joe is the greatest nemesis she's ever faced.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

She knocks on the door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The door BLASTS open. Mercy steps in, holding her shotgun. She aims it across the house. She sees nobody.

Dead silence...

She aims at the kitchen: there is a plate of uneaten blueberry pie on the kitchen counter. She slowly sneaks toward the living room...she hears a door opening in the hallway.

MAN (OS)

Who are you?!

A MAN in his 50s rushes into the living room, aiming a RIFLE at Mercy.

Mercy aims her shotgun and SHOOTs him in the knee -- his entire leg is blown clean off the joint. She draws her pistol and BOOM! Mercy shoots him in the face multiple times. The man goes right down at the sound of the gunshots...blood pours out of his head with smoke.

WOMAN (VO)

Jim? What's going on?

The woman looks over the railing and begins to run down the stairs...

Mercy FLINGS her straight razor and lands it in the woman's throat. She trips and falls over the railing, crashing into the floor and breaking her neck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mercy is looking around the house, her pistol lowered to the ground. Blood trailing behind her as she walks...

EXT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mercy hears footsteps upstairs...she limps up the stairs with her gun drawn.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mercy quietly moves into the hallway, her pistol pointed at the ceiling. She moves past GRIZZLY CLAW NECKLACES on the walls of the hallway.

INT. SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Mercy sees someone standing near his bed: a YOUNG BOY about 8 years old. He stares at her in the doorway.

She aims her pistol at him.

MERCY

Does anyone else live here?

The boy shakes his head.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Get out.
(beat)
NOW!

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

The boy follows Mercy down the stairs...they reach the ground floor.

MERCY

Close your eyes and follow me. Keep
'em closed.

Mercy takes the boy's hand and walks him toward the entrance door with one hand covering his eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mercy pulls him across the living room where his dead parents lie. She stares at them...she leads the boy to the front door in the foyer and opens it. The boy steps outside.

MERCY

Keep walking until you're in town.
Leave and don't look back. Don't ever
come back here again, got that?

The boy stares at her, motionless.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Go!

He runs away toward the forest. Mercy watches.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Mercy takes a butter knife out of the drawer as she finishes the slice of blueberry pie on the kitchen counter. She stares at the knife...

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

On the couch, Mercy takes a gulp from Clarence's flask. She slices the rag wrapped around her arm. She sticks the bloody rag in her mouth.

She sees the gunshot wound caused by Frank's .44 bullet. She stops to take a gulp from the flask. She looks at her other gunshot wound.

Mercy stretches the bullet hole with her index finger and thumb.

She grimaces...feels the bullet lodged underneath her skin. The pain is unbearable...she takes her finger out of the bullet hole.

She points the tip of her knife against the wound, opening the gash until she sees the BULLET...the dried wound opens and blood pours out. She takes a pair of tweezers, bites down on her towel and slowly inserts the tweezers in her open wound...

It starts pouring blood...the pain is too extreme. She takes the tweezers back out.

Mercy pours more alcohol from the flask onto her wound. She grimaces but doesn't make a sound. She slowly looks back down at her wound, whimpering...

Mercy is sweating. She tries to stick the tweezers back in the bullet hole -- the wound OPENS and starts dripping blood again. With trembling fingers, Mercy slowly pulls the bullet out with the tweezers...she shuts her eyes and yanks it out, finally removing it.

Mercy looks at the other wound in her arm. She pulls the shotgun pellets out of her wound...one by one. She dries the wound with her towel, instantly turning it blood red.

Mercy looks at her rifle wound. She holds up a needle and thread...stares at it for a long beat. Her hand is trembling.

Then without hesitation, she starts stitching the open gunshot wound...dragging the needle through her skin, over and over. Mercy keeps repeating, stitching the wound until it closes completely.

She starts sewing her other gunshot wound...she finally finishes stitching the torn flesh.

Mercy sighs and falls back on the couch, absolutely spent. She holds a piece of bullet up with two bloody fingers. It's finally over.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

A cloud of fog hangs over the mountains. The sky is grey.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (AERIAL)

The forest is still and silent.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Danny's body has been ripped to shreds. There are bite marks all over him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A RACCOON is feasting on Doug's remains.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

Frank's corpse has been clawed open by wolves...

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

The fireplace is crackling...Mercy sits in the living room, staring at her injured leg.

The dead body lies on the floor near the living room. The floor is still covered in his blood.

INT. SHACK - DAY

Mercy enters a small shack, not unlike her father's. She limps toward the wall where she sees dozens of firearms and weaponry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see Mercy sitting in the living room...crafting some type of explosive.

LATER

Mercy takes rifles and pistols off the walls of the living room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HOUSE - DAY

Mercy stares at the weapons on the bed: a Colt 1878 Double Action revolver, a Colt 1862 Navy revolver, a Colt Dragoon, a Colt Walker, a Colt New Line, a Colt Paterson, a Colt 1872 Open Top, a Lefauchaux Model 1854, a Remington 1875, a Remington 1866 Derringer, a Philadelphia Derringer, an Iver Johnson Eclipse Derringer, an Allen & Thurber Pepperbox, a Marlin Model 1881, a Henry 1860 rifle, a Pennsylvania Flintlock Rifle, a Spencer 1860 Carbine, a Brown Bess Carbine, a Springfield Model 1873, a Winchester 1866, a Colt Lightning Carbine, an Enfield Pattern 1853 Cavalry Carbine, and a 12 gauge double-barrel shotgun.

Mercy's weapons are also laid out on the bed: her rifle, sawed-off shotgun, pistols, Bowie knife, and her straight razor.

She loads the Colt 1860 Army revolver with her saved ammo.

She picks up the Remington 1875 and Remington 1858 New Army revolvers and stares at them...she detaches the barrel of the Remington 1875. She removes the hammer and cylinder from the Remington 1858 revolver.

She removes the Colt 1860 Army hammer off and attaches the Remington 1875 hammer to its frame. She then reassembles the cylinder and barrel pieces into her Colt 1860 Army revolver. She loads the cylinder.

Mercy studies the reassembled pistol...holds it up to her ear. She SPINS the cylinder, listening to it...

She looks to her right, where she sees a reflection of herself on a wardrobe mirror. She doesn't move. She holds her own gaze...aims the revolver with one hand at her reflection, closing one eye...

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Joe rides out of the forest and slows down as he nears the edge of the cliff. He sees the house in the distance...the smoke coming out of the chimney. He squeezes the reins to a halt.

Joe sees Mercy's stolen horse standing next to the house.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe walks up to the door...

He's in no hurry. He turns the doorknob -- the door's unlocked. He enters.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As Joe steps in, he sees the dead wife tied to a chair in the foyer facing the door. Her face has been cut up and smeared with blood -- he catches a glimpse of a FUSE AND EXPLOSIVE in her hands.

The corpse startles Joe just before he BURSTS INTO FLAMES with a loud FIRECRACKER NOISE. His hair and beard is sizzling...his vest is set on fire. He knocks the dead body out of the chair.

Joe is wounded. He grimaces and bellows in agony, crouching on the floor. Burnt and badly injured, he escapes into the kitchen, coughing out smoke...

Joe stumbles across the house, running into the table in the dining area. He shatters the living room window while trying to put out the flames...he TRIPS over the dead body in the living room and slips on the blood.

He staggers across the room into the kitchen, putting out the fire on his chest as fast as he can. He uses the kitchen counter to get back to his feet...

Mercy jumps out behind him from the kitchen counter and STABS him in the back of the knee, crippling him. He collapses and lands hard on his shoulder. The floorboards nearly break.

Mercy reaches for her revolver on the counter, but Joe is too fast -- he grabs her ankle and pulls her to the ground. He lifts her up by the armpits and HURLS HER across the room. Mercy lands on the couch and CRASHES onto the floor.

Joe comes and chokes her neck and THROWS her again -- she flies across the room and lands on the sink counter, smashing into dishes and breaking them. She gets back up and immediately reaches for silverware in the drawer, takes out a FORK and stabs Joe in the cheek with it.

Mercy drops it, reaches for the BUTTER KNIFE on the kitchen counter and stabs it in his neck. Joe wails and slaps her, sending her to the floor again.

He glares down at her -- he takes the knife and painfully yanks it out of his neck and SWINGS at her, but she jumps out of the way --

She THROWS a kitchen knife from the rack -- he blocks it with his forearm. Mercy throws a plate at him and hits him right in the forehead -- CLUNK. She takes out another kitchen knife and slashes at him -- he dodges her swings, but she manages to slice his cheek twice.

He backs away and BOOM! A thunderous kick to her stomach. We hear a sickening cracking of ribs -- Mercy is sent back to the floor, clutching her broken ribs. Blood drools from her mouth.

She looks up and spits on Joe as he crouches to strangle her.

He wipes her blood out of his eyes...grabs her by the hair and throws her body against the wall, bouncing her off it. Dust and plaster breaks off the walls.

Mercy lands violently on the ground. As Joe goes to pick her up, she pulls a knife out and stabs him in the ribs, then quickly gets back up and aims at the chest -- he blocks the knife with his palm.

She spits a mouthful of blood into Joe's face. She runs into the dining area...blinded, he punches and swings at her...his fist SMASHES into the glass cabinet.

He TRIPS over the dead body near the living room again.

Mercy hurls a chair at his head, knocking him off balance. Joe covers his head -- it's bleeding. He groans.

As he's recovering, she takes her HUNTING KNIFE out and throws it into his back. He growls.

She SWINGS another chair at his head -- Joe crashes into the glass coffee table in the living room, BREAKING it. He pushes the coffee table away.

MERCY TAKES A WINE BOTTLE off the kitchen counter, raises it above his head, SWINGS it down and smashes it into his head, cutting his scalp open. She swings her leg into his face.

He gets back up, charges at her and knocks her off her feet. He grabs her by the armpits and TOSSES her into the wall again. Mercy takes a Springfield rifle off the wall and FIRES at him, but Joe squeezes the barrel of the rifle and BREAKS IT.

Joe chokes her, throwing her into shelves and furniture...she takes a hunting knife out of her belt and desperately PLUNGES it down on his foot, then his thigh. Joe bellows and punches her in the face. Mercy is knocked down.

Joe escapes into the hallway...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Joe enters the bedroom and sees the plethora of weapons lying on the bed.

He tries to grab one, but Mercy shows up at the doorway. She throws her STRAIGHT RAZOR at his head -- he dodges it. Joe charges at her and she sidesteps -- he slams headfirst into the mirror. The glass CRACKS. Joe grabs his head.

He SMACKS her and knocks her to the ground, swinging his fists. He kicks her body while she's writhing on the ground...Mercy hardly feels any pain due to the adrenaline.

Mercy takes a POCKET KNIFE out of her boot -- she SLASHES his foot and stabs it into his chest.

He chokes her and lifts her off the ground -- Mercy bites him in the hand. Agitated, he slams her face into the wardrobe mirror and shatters the glass, cutting her face.

Mercy reaches for a Winchester rifle on the bed...she takes it and cocks it...Joe SMACKS the gun out of her hand. He chokes her neck and violently slams her into the wall. He punches her hard in the stomach and drags her out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Joe drags her by the hair as he limps across the hallway. Mercy's face is covered in blood.

He shoves her into the bathroom...his eyes blazing with vengeance.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe picks her up by the armpits and effortlessly TOSSES her into the bathroom wall. He could easily kill her, but he wants to cause as much pain as he possibly can before he does.

Mercy crawls toward the sink...the floor is quickly smeared with her blood. She leans against the wall and climbs to her feet...fists clenched in rage, he kicks her into the wall -- he squeezes her neck and viciously SLAMS her into the bathtub.

Joe grabs her hair, picks her back up and THROWS her across the room -- she lands hard on a wooden chair, breaking it.

Mercy drops to the floor and crawls toward the sink...Joe grabs her by the hair and rams her into the bathroom mirror -- it shatters and she lands back on the floor. He picks her up and slaps her face, sending her into the bathtub again. Her head violently bounces off the bathroom wall.

She crawls out of the bathtub and drops to the floor...

RED BLOOD drips down the bathroom wall.

Mercy pulls out her Bowie knife and THRUSTS the blade into Joe's ribcage. He bellows...she PULLS the bloody knife from his ribs and shoves it toward Joe's face...he blocks it with his hand again.

Enraged, he snatches a fistful of her hair and SLAMS her forehead in the window, shattering it -- Mercy slams onto the bathroom floor, bloodying her hands...

With a vengeance, Mercy picks a jagged shard of glass off the window sill and stabs him multiple times in the neck...then in the face repeatedly. Blood splatters out of the gashes.

She slams the glass repeatedly into his ribs...then SLAMS the glass through his cheek and into his ear, splashing more blood on the floor.

His knees hit the ground. Teeth clenched in rage, Mercy stabs the shard of glass into his eye. Joe falls backwards as blood pours down his face, nearly fainting...

Mercy's hand is cut open and bleeding. She limps out of the bathroom...she is losing blood fast.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - HOUSE - DAY

Mercy rushes into the hallway, desperate to escape --

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom floor is streaked in Joe and Mercy's blood. Joe painfully picks the shard of glass out of his eye...grimacing as he does it.

Mercy escapes outside. Joe watches her through the broken bathroom window...

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Mercy collapses in the snow, bleeding profusely from her forehead. She can barely get to her feet. She struggles...clawing through the snow and turning it red.

Her heart palpitating out of her chest, she climbs onto her feet again and races toward the slope of the hill...

EXT. ROCKY HILL - DAY

Mercy begins climbing up the treacherous, snow-scattered slope covered in sharp stones and boulders. Behind her, Joe is bleeding onto the snow, limping toward the slope on one leg. His face is bleeding profusely.

Mercy looks back as she climbs up the rocky hill with her enemy following, blood dripping from his face...he isn't happy. He spits out a mouthful of blood.

Joe is now at the base of the hill.

Mercy stumbles and trips on a rock, slowing her down. Several rocks in front of her roll down the slope like an avalanche, setting off other rocks -- she moves out of the way. A few rocks collapse under her feet and roll down the hill.

Joe staggers up the hill, ascending the treacherous slope...stumbling on rocks. He crawls toward her...

He picks up a rock and HURLS it at her, hitting her in the back and knocking her off her balance -- she grabs onto a bigger rock, nearly slipping on the wet snow...Joe makes it further up the slope and grabs Mercy's foot. He drags her down toward him -- she tries to kick him...

He climbs up and punches her in the face, sending her nearly falling off the steep rocky mountain...in response, she picks up a big ROCK and throws it at him.

She takes another rock and SMASHES it on his face. He lets go. She crawls further up the slope and kicks him in the face repeatedly, sending him crashing into a boulder...he hangs on...

She lifts another rock and SMASHES it on his head.

Mercy is bleeding from her wounds...there are bloody lacerations on her face and her neck. She is halfway to the top...

Joe still struggles on the rocky slope, crawling up the hill...both are covered in blood. Mercy takes another rock off the slope and THROWS it at him as he climbs toward her.

The blood melts the snow on the slope...Mercy keeps climbing.

Joe grabs Mercy's leg and pulls her down toward him. He crawls on top of her. Blood is pouring from his face and blinding Mercy...she claws at his good eye with her finger...he yells and collapses back on the rocky slope.

Mercy bashes his head with another rock, swinging it into his temple and bashing his skull repeatedly. She throws the rock down the hill. Joe's blood flies off of it...

There is a bleeding dent in Joe's head.

Mercy lifts an even bigger rock off the slope and pounds it once onto his head. He goes motionless.

Joe's skull is cracked open. His face is completely red and dripping blood. He claws at the air, begging.

JOE
Just kill me...

He stares at her...he can barely move his hands.

Mercy swings again. She bashes his head over and over, smashing Joe's face...his nose caves in. The facial bones underneath his meaty flesh shatters and crushes.

Mercy keeps going. She hits him across the forehead again: the edge of the rock splits his forehead open. Blood rapidly pours out...

Joe's head has become a hunk of red flesh. Blood continues leaking out of his cracked skull. His face is a red sticky human pulp. He lies motionless on the rocky terrain...

Mercy backs away from Joe's corpse, her hands and face covered in blood. She makes it back down the blood-trailed stairlike mountain...

WIDE: the blood is increasingly prevalent at the top of the mountain. Mercy leaves Joe halfway to the top, bloody and dead.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (AERIAL)

We hover above the woods...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy gets off her horse. She limps toward Cliff's corpse in front of her...

She stares at the body: it's been untouched since he was killed. There is a thin coat of frost covering his body.

Mercy crouches and picks his hat off the ground, brushing the snow and ice off. She lays the hat on his face, covering him. She stays motionless, staring at Cliff for a long beat...

Mercy gets up and looks around at the silent forest. There's nothing else to see.

INT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

Mercy enters the stable, looking for the dead bodies. She sees them in the back: they're thawed and decomposing. Some have been scratched up by wild animals.

She stares at the corpses...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING WILDERNESS - DAY (AERIAL)

It's strangely silent. The trees and everything in the environment is completely still...as if the earth froze.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (AERIAL)

We move above the endless forest...

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

A vast open countryside, blanketed in snow. Once grassland.

We see a train in the distance...

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Mercy sits near the front of the train. We see the flat, endless prairie outside her window.

Her face is bloody and bandaged. Her wounds have dried up.

Her expression is blank and she looks sick and starved...but with a look of hard-fought victory. She rests back on her seat.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - TOMAHAWK CITY, WYOMING - DAY

Mercy is stepping off the train. The sky is grey and overcast...

She heads over to the station and sees a WANTED POSTER on the outside of the train station...the page reads:

OUTLAW WANTED FOR FORGERY, BANDITRY & MURDER

AGE: 45-50
WEIGHT: 150 lbs.
HEIGHT: 5'10
EYE COLOR: Black
HAIR COLOR: Dark gray

Mercy sees the picture of RUSSELL on the poster. Below it reads:

NOTE: Often drags and kills victims with a lasso.

Toward the bottom of the page she sees the reward printed in bold:

\$3,500

LAST SEEN IN SWEETWATER COUNTY with accomplices Warren Connelly and Frank Carver.

Mercy studies the photograph of Russell...it is fairly recent. His face is shaved but his hair looks the same.

The bottom of the page reads:

CONSIDERED HIGHLY DANGEROUS - USE CAUTION

She sees a signature at the bottom of the page:

LESTER ROTH, mayor of South Pass City.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

She walks up to the sheriff's office, an unmistakable building and the best built in the town. The building reads "TOMAHAWK CITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND JAIL".

She stops and looks at some more posters of Warren, Doug, Joe, and other local outlaws tacked on the building...she steps closer to look at them.

A grey-mustached SHERIFF in his 50s strolls past her toward the entrance.

SHERIFF
What are you looking at that for,
lady? You wanna report a misdemeanor,
I'll be inside.

The sheriff heads into the office. Mercy thinks about it...hesitates on whether this is the right thing to do.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mercy is inside the office standing across from the sheriff, CHRIS DALTREY, a war-hardened ex-Pinkerton and U.S. marshal.

The sheriff takes a sip of his coffee.

MERCY
I have information.

A beat.

MERCY (CONT'D)
(leans in)
I know where the Crimson Gang is.

The sheriff stares at her for a long beat.

He raises his eyebrows. He says nothing.

MERCY (CONT'D)
I know where the dead bodies are.

SHERIFF
(joking)
Is that right? Jesus Christ, I know this place gave you voting rights, but a goddamned license to kill?

The sheriff laughs at Mercy. She doesn't react.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(smiling)
All right madam. I believe you. Who killed them?

Mercy leans forward.

MERCY
I did.

She stares him right in the eye as she says it.

The sheriff is now unnerved...his grin fades. He can tell she's dead serious.

SHERIFF
Show me where these fellas are.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Barren, desolate, snow-covered plains across the mountain range.

We see the small figures of lawmen riding toward the mountains with a STAGECOACH following.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A FROZEN EYE STARES AT US.

REVEAL a dead frozen face...the mouth is open and blood is dripping out. It's DOUG, lying in the woods near the riverbank. The snow is covered in dried blood.

EXT. FOREST - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY

A dozen SHERIFFS AND LAWMEN are searching the woods.

The police stagecoach and the horses are traveling across the forest...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CLOSE ON: Danny's face frozen in horror. His eyes are wide open.

LAWMAN (VO)
Load the corpses on the horses!

INT./EXT. CLIFF'S STABLE - DAY

The lawmen discover the dead bodies in the stable.

A GRAY FOX is feasting on a body. We see decomposing hands and legs being eaten by maggots...the lawmen cover their noses.

LAWMAN
Jesus...

MOMENTS LATER

Several LAWMEN carry the corpses out of the stable. The six bodies have thawed and the flesh is rotting. The smell is so unbearable that one sheriff coughs and vomits on the ground.

CLOSE ON: the dead men's rotting hands and legs...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The snow is melting, but still excessive.

Warren's body is discovered by the officers. A WEASEL feasts on his remains. A lawman FIRES his weapon into the sky -- it scurries away.

They gently dust the snow off his face. One lawman grips the arrow and RIPS IT OUT OF WARREN'S SKULL. He stares at the bloody arrow.

LAWMAN #1
He was killed by Arapaho.

LAWMAN #2
Shoulda known better than to piss
them off.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Snowy mountain terrain.

The sky is dark and overcast. It begins to rain lightly.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sheriff and the lawmen are nearing the mountain range...they're arriving at the clearing where the mountain slope begins.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

We see the MAYOR and other town officials in suits...they watch the lawmen carrying the bodies toward the police stagecoach.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

The air is awash in a light blue haze...

The sheriff and detectives discover Frank's body on the mountain. The blood has drained from his body. His corpse is the most frozen of them all.

SHERIFF
(smiling)
There he is. Beautiful.

They look down at the corpse.

LAWMAN
Luckily his head wasn't eaten by the
wolves.

There are claw marks all over his body.

The lawmen carry the body onto the sheriff's horse...they look down the mountain at the vast wilderness.

LAWMAN (CONT'D)
Make sure the body don't crack and
break.

SHERIFF

Don't worry, all we need is the head anyway. Once his face is thawed we'll know for sure who it is.

LAWMAN

Who do you think it is?

SHERIFF

This man...this is the guy we've been looking for for fifteen years.

LAWMAN

You think that girl killed him?

SHERIFF

Does it really matter?

The lawman smiles to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The body of Doug is being inspected by the lawmen. It looks like it's been attacked by a mountain lion or grizzly bear.

They lift the corpse and carry the body onto stagecoach where the other bodies are piled.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mercy leads the sheriffs across the forest toward Danny's corpse. There are bite marks all over his body. He has bled out from his wounds.

She stares at the corpse: it's beginning to slowly decompose...turning into a repulsive pale color. There are RAVENS circling above the corpse...one pecks away at his skull.

Mercy cocks her revolver and shoots two of them. The birds hit the ground. The rest fly away.

One lawman lights a cigar.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Most of Clarence's face has been pecked off. He's covered in gashes and dried blood.

A lone LAWMAN approaches the body. A few sheriffs follow behind him.

LAWMAN
 (to sheriffs)
 Crows ate his face off. This feller
 is gonna be hard to identify.

The sheriff smiles with confidence.

SHERIFF
 Oh we'll figure it out, don't you
 worry.

The sheriff and lawman heave the body up by the arms and feet.

EXT. ROCKY HILL - DAY

A team of several lawmen are descending the mountain slope
 toward Joe's lifeless corpse.

LAWMAN #1
 This big fella is gonna be some tough
 work to drag up here.

LAWMAN #2
 No, we better take the horses down
 there and throw him. Ain't no way
 we're dragging that fatass
 sonofabitch up this goddamn mountain.
 Not by a jug full.

MOMENTS LATER

More horses and officers are waiting on the ground beneath the
 lawmen and Joe's body. The lawmen try lifting him and walking
 down the slope, but he's too heavy. Blood leaks down his
 disfigured face. The lawmen are a bloody mess.

LAWMAN #2 (CONT'D)
 Goddammit, just roll the body down.
 Ain't gonna make a difference if his
 face is already wrecked to shit.

They lift the body up again.

LAWMAN #1
 On three.

LAWMAN #2
 One...two...THREE!

They let go of Joe's huge corpse -- it crashes down into the
 slope and continues rolling down the hill, slamming into sharp
 rocks and tearing chunks of skin off.

The body violently smashes into the ground.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Mercy is alone wandering in the forest. The lawmen stare at her.

LAWMAN #1

How the hell did that girl kill those folks?

LAWMAN #2

God killed 'em. Believe me, this ain't no doing of no goddamn girl.

LAWMAN #1

She brought us here. Whoever killed those fuckers, that girl's getting the rewards.

The lawmen stare at Mercy wandering across the forest with a grin on her face. She looks over at them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL - DAY

The lawmen are loading corpses into the police stagecoach. Some of them are still frozen.

WIDE: Mercy stares out at the endless desolate plains.

She looks toward at her victims, her face blank as stone...

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The sheriff SHOVES the last body into the stagecoach and closes the door.

SHERIFF

Twelve in total.

The police stagecoach is being driven by the sheriff's horses, leaving trails in the snow.

INT. POLICE STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

The ironic fate of the gang lies inside the stagecoach, piled up on top of each other. The hunters have become the hunted.

Joe's body takes up half the stagecoach. We slowly zoom out of the heap of corpses...

SHERIFF (VO)

You just did it huh? Without anyone's help.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

The sheriff is talking to Mercy. Both are riding horses, following the officers and the stagecoach.

SHERIFF

Just you, with a rifle and a pistol.
You killed all those people.

Mercy doesn't know how to respond. She stares at the stagecoach...

EXT. WOODS - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (AERIAL)

We move above the endless forest...

EXT. PLAINS - SOUTH PASS, WYOMING - DAY

A prairie across the Wind River Range...

Mercy follows the sheriffs...there are over a dozen officers on horseback riding across the snowy prairie. Through the fog, we can see the massive snowy mountains and forests behind them in the distance.

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK

The stagecoach and the horses traveling across the plains...The horizon glows light purple.

BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - NORTHERN WYOMING - DAWN

TIME LAPSE as the sky lights up and dawn begins.

The wilderness is vast and endless. We see rocky valleys near riverbanks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAWN

We stare down at the mountain where Mercy killed Frank...near the edge of the summit there's still a patch of faded, dried blood...

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAWN (AERIAL)

Moving across barren, desolate, snow-covered open country...cold and deserted.

EXT. TOMAHAWK CITY, WYOMING - DAWN

Mercy follows the sheriffs back to the town of Tomahawk City.

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

We see a train far in the distance...for the first time, the ground is no longer covered in snow. We are in a different part of Wyoming.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

We stare down at Mercy sitting on the train...she's resting on the seat, her head tilted up to the ceiling. She stares up at us...

There is a closed bag on the seat next to her.

Outside are the endless flat plains of Wyoming.

SHERIFF (VO)
The bounties were forged.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - TOMAHAWK CITY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mercy is at the front desk with three other LAWYERS in the room.

Her bounty poster is in the hands of the sheriff. She stands across from him.

SHERIFF
I don't want to tell you this sweetheart, but they're fake. Those fellas weren't no bounty hunters, they were criminals. Assassins hired by outlaws. They've been taking the bodies to other outlaws who hired them. The bodies the Crimson Gang carried were outlaws, but because they ain't recognized by the law, we have no jurisdiction and this department can't reward you.

MERCY
What about the posters they were carrying?

SHERIFF
Mercy, the bounty posters don't exist. They forged the posters in case anyone caught 'em with the bodies. It's how they got away with the murders. The posters were counterfeit. They were professional forgers as much as they were killers.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mercy stares at the wanted poster she found on Danny. His dead body lies on the ground beside her.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY (RESUMING)

Mercy looks at the other officers. She shakes her head, upset by this. She almost can't believe it.

...She turns away from the sheriffs and starts heading out.

SHERIFF

Ma'am, the Crimson Gang were outlaws. Highly dangerous people. And you brought us to them. Now, I have no idea how a girl like you killed them or if you even did, but without you we never woulda caught 'em. The posters they were carrying may have been counterfeit...but those men were wanted by the law in Fremont County. We've been looking for them for years, some even decades. And you got six of them. So you get six rewards.

He reaches down and grabs handfuls of PAPER BILLS from under the table with the BOUNTY POSTERS of the gang. He slides Mercy the large sum of money with a bag...she stares down at it. She glances at the officers in the back, then back to the sheriff.

She starts moving the bills into the bag.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

They add up to fifteen-thousand dollars in total. In other words, you're rich, Mercy.

(beat)

Now get the high hell out of Wyoming territory.

Mercy heads for the exit. The officers allow her to leave with the bag of cash.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - TOMAHAWK CITY - DAY

Mercy boards the train. There is a man in the crowd behind her with a hat, face hidden, with a bandage on his face in the b.g.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

We follow behind Mercy as she walks along the cabin.

MERCY'S POV: moving along the inside of the train...its few passengers are mostly middle-aged. She gets several stares.

INT. TRAIN (MOVING) - GREAT PLAINS - LATER

Mercy is sitting next to a window near the front of the train...she stares down at the floor. Outside are the endless flat plains of Wyoming.

She lies back on her seat...finally able to rest, she closes her eyes.

The bandaged man from the train station sits several rows behind her, out of focus and impossible to identify.

A long beat.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

The train starts to slow down...it has arrived in the town of BLACKBURN.

Mercy gets up -- as soon as she walks toward the exit, we pull focus to the back of the train: the man is clearer. He wears a hat covering most of his face, but his cheek is visibly bandaged. One of his eyes are bandaged.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - BLACKBURN - DAY

Mercy jumps off the train along with other passengers...

EXT. BLACKBURN - DAY

The town is half-covered in snow.

Mercy walks past a cigar shop named "DESERT WIND CIGARS" and a store named "EMPORIUM GENERAL MERCHANDISE".

Another store sign reads "THE BLACKBURN ASSAYER". As Mercy wanders through the town, we see the same BANDAGED MAN on a horse in the back...she doesn't notice him.

She walks past a SADDLERY store named "SADIE'S SADDLES" near the SWEETWATER COUNTY BANK.

Near the post office, a butcher is cutting up some bison and pig meat next to some dead pigs hanging from hooks.

Mercy sees a saloon next to a gun store named "CATFISH CARLTON'S GUN SHOP".

There is a SWORDFIGHTING duel taking place near the saloon...a small crowd is gathered around them, watching them clash. The crowd cheers them on.

EXT. BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Blackburn's own two-story motel.

INT. HALLWAY - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Mercy enters her motel room. She closes the door.

INT. ROOM - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Mercy sets her pistols and knives on the nightstand. She tosses the bag of money on the bed and lies down. She is exhausted.

...Mercy closes her eyes...within seconds, she's asleep.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLACKBURN - DAY

The town is quiet. Few people wander the streets.

EXT. BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

A heavily bandaged RUSSELL rides up to the motel. He gets off his horse and heads up to the entrance.

The doors are wide open...he heads in.

INT. HALLWAY - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Russell appears at the other side of the hallway. He's disheveled and near death, but he still carries the bullwhip on his shoulder. His left leg is soaked in blood. He limps across the hallway and takes his BOWIE KNIFE out of his belt.

INT. ROOM - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Mercy is lying on the bed, asleep.

Russell opens the door and sneaks in with his BOWIE KNIFE raised above his head...

Mercy's eyes open as he raises the knife and PLUNGES IT INTO THE BED, BARELY MISSING HER. She has no time to react. Mercy is punched right in the face -- blood splatters onto the sheets.

Mercy hits the floor and yelps.

Gripping his bullwhip, Russell SWINGS it at Mercy, slashing her cheek open -- he continues viciously whipping her. Russell repeatedly kicks her while she's down and punches her face. He busts her lip -- blood spews out of her mouth.

Mercy struggles to get back to her feet...

Russell takes Mercy's BOWIE KNIFE off the nightstand.

He wrestles her to the floor, slamming his shoulder in her gut. He mounts on her, RAISES THE KNIFE with both hands and stabs her in the upper chest -- the knife pierces into her.

Mercy can't scream...her eyes widen. She is crushed under the weight...

Her face is covered in blood. She is helpless...she knows her life is draining away by the second. Russell grabs her hair and slams her head on the floor over and over. Out of desperation, Mercy claws at Russell's face. He grabs her hand and SLAMS his forehead in her face -- she goes limp.

He pulls the knife out of her chest and throws it across the room -- it lands in the wall. He pushes her head into the floor, then ROPES THE BULLWHIP around Mercy's neck. He tightens it and strangles her...Mercy's face turns the color of blood.

WIDE ON Mercy as she struggles...

CLOSE ON: Mercy's wide bulging eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

We hear Mercy's gasps and wheezes as she is strangled...we move further away from the door.

Mercy's last breaths come out as growls of pain...we hear the noise of violent quick stabs...the sound of metal piercing against skin. Blood pools from under the door.

It opens and Russell steps out, walking across the blood down the hall. Through the doorway, we see Mercy lying on the floor.

INT. HALLWAY - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

We follow Russell stumbling down the hallway, leaving a trail of blood...his face is expressionless, pale, and worn out...the face of a man nearly dead and without a purpose.

We track with him for a long beat...

INT. ROOM - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

Mercy lies dead on the floor. It's a grisly sight...there are deep gashes all over her body and neck. She's covered in her own blood.

She lies on her side, her legs slightly curled toward her chest. Blood is pouring out of her ear.

The bag of cash is still lying on the bed.

INT./EXT. BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

...We move along the foyer until we see Russell's limping feet as he heads out of the building. Blood drips from his leg.

He staggers out of the motel, dragging his leg behind him...Mercy's blood covers both his hands.

The townspeople notice the bloodstains in the melting snow. They see the bloody bullwhip around his shoulder. The TOWN MARSHAL sees him and instantly recognizes him as RUSSELL BURNS.

TOWN MARSHAL

HEY!

The town officers look at Russell.

TOWN MARSHAL (CONT'D)

HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM! RELEASE
THE GUN!

Russell grips his revolver and fires at the officers, missing them -- he is instantly met with several rounds to the chest and face. The officers shoot at him from every direction.

SLOW MOTION as Russell falls to the ground, finally dead.

INT. ROOM - BLACKBURN MOTEL - DAY

ANGLE ON: the cash lying on the bed...we pull focus to MERCY'S BODY.

CLOSE ON MERCY: the impossible reflection of the snow-covered Wyoming wilderness in Mercy's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY (AERIAL)

We move across the endless forest...

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

Completely isolated and remote. Not a soul in sight.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAWN

...The stream of water. Dried bloodstains on the ground where Russell once lay.

The trees sway in the gentle wind.

EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING WILDERNESS - DAY (AERIAL)

The sky is grey. The forests are still. Silent and serene.

EXT. THE FRANKLIN RESIDENCE - DAY

Mercy's house is still covered in snowfall from the blizzard.

We see the small figures of Mercy's dead parents still lying outside, frozen in the snow.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.