

MELADORI

MARK LYONS

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM AT THE AUSTIN INN. - MORNING

The Texas sun hazily spills through white curtains in the motel room as MELADORI RIDELL dresses in front of her chippendale mirror.

She pulls up her garter and harnesses a small blade through her waist band. She awkwardly slips rather loose-fitting corduroys into place over her undergarments.

She lifts her black corsette off of the bed and laces it behind her back with sure skill.

She checks herself in the chippendale. A darkly attractive woman in her late twenties with jet black hair and eyes too mysterious to be blue, but too beautiful to be gray.

A knock at the door jars her and she answers it. A CLERK stands outside her room.

CLERK

Excuse me, Miss Ridell.

MELADORI

It's Mrs.

CLERK

I'm sorry, Mrs. Ridell. A message just came in for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKWOOD COUNTRY-SIDE. - MID-AFTERNOON

A young boy, JOE, probably not even ten yet, tinkers by a carriage road, trying to fix the wooden fence enclosing his family's small cottage.

He wipes sweat from his beady forehead, a victim of the sun barreling down on him.

Way down the carriage road, in between luscious green pastures, he eyes a figure on horseback. Soon, Joe is able to make out that it is a woman dressed in black.

She slows down when she's in earshot and Joe stands in

attention.

MELADORI

Afternoon.

JOE

Good afternoon, ma'am.

MELADORI

Does your daddy have any water
for me?

JOE

Yes, ma'am.

An older gentleman, CURTIS, in his late thirties,
appears at the door of the cottage and makes his way
over to the two.

CURTIS

Hello, Mellie.

She smiles and climbs down from her dark horse.

MELADORI

Curtis. How are you?

JOE

Daddy, she says she needs some
water.

CURTIS

Joe, I want you to meet Meladori.

Joe looks at her almost in amazement and Meladori smiles.

JOE

You're Inside-Out Meladori?

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKWOOD SALOON. - NIGHT

Meladori steps into the somewhat crowded saloon and
slightly limps to the bar.

She eyes everything around her and spots what she's
looking for.

SMITH DELRAY, a rugged, hard-nosed cowboy, sits at a

corner table playing cards.

Meladori quickly turns her back to him.

BARTENDER

What can I getcha, ma'am?

MELADORI

Scotch, please.

Meladori lays a greenback on the bar and after a moment, the bartender replaces it with a glass of scotch.

Meladori picks it up and pounds it down.

Then, with lightning speed, she whirls around and whips the glass at Smith's face across the room.

The glass slams him square in the cheek, just above the jaw, and breaks into three large pieces.

Smith's head cracks back in surprise.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

MELADORI (V.O.)

I never used to be this violent.
I used to be happy.

FADE IN:

INT. TRAVIS COUNTY SALOON AND CARDS. - DUSK

MICHAEL and Meladori Ridell peck each other on the lips as she gets up from the card table they sit at and makes her way across the lively crowd towards the bar.

MELADORI (V.O.)

We used to be happy.

Meladori holds three of her fingers up to a bartender, smiling.

MELADORI

Three scotches, please.

The bartender doesn't hesitate in retrieving the glasses to pour the scotch in.

MELADORI (V.O.)

I was the only woman allowed in
all the local saloons who wasn't
a whore.

The final glass of scotch is poured and Meladori downs
it.

Behind her, Sherriff RANDALL COLESHAW walks into the
saloon.

COLESHAW

Smith Delray was seen coming
down Collins.

Most of the people in the crowd stir uncomfortably at
the statement.

A patroner quietly leans over to another and whispers.

PATRON #1

Who's Smith Delray?

PATRON #2

He ain't good news.

Meladori picks up the two scotches left and makes her
way back to the card table where Michael sits with four
other people and hands him one.

COLESHAW

You sure you're ready for this,
Mellie?

MELADORI

Sherriff. It's all right for
now and it'll be all right
after, but if you call me Mellie
while Delray's in here, I'm
going to be wearing that badge
hanging from your sagging tit.

MICHAEL

I think she's ready.

Coleshaw smiles underneath his mustache and makes his
way to the bar to wet his lips.

The person to the left of Meladori begins to deal.

INT. TRAVIS COUNTY SALOON AND CARDS. - LATER

Meladori rakes in an eighty dollar pot as Smith Delray and a few of his accomplices walk in quite loudly.

One of the accomplices heads straight to the bar to retrieve drinks for their party.

Smith makes his way over to the card table Michael and Meladori are playing at and sits down at the empty seat.

SMITH

What's the game?

It's Michael's turn to deal and he shuffles the cards.

MICHAEL

Right now, it's ten-twenty stud.
Ante's two and the bring-in's
five.

He passes out the cards as Smith throws two dollars on the table.

Smith eyes Meladori very flagrantly, but she doesn't give him the satisfaction of acting perturbed. She barely bats an eye.

SMITH

What are you doing after the
game, Sweetheart?

MELADORI

Having a quiet night at home.

SMITH

You want company and make it a
loud night?

MELADORI

With my husband.

Meladori raises and everybody folds to Smith.

SMITH

You men scared to play against a
girl?

Smith calls and the next card comes. Meladori and Smith get into a raising war.

Michael deals out the final card of the hand and they raise back and forth again.

Finally, they flip over their whole cards and Meladori rakes in the large pot.

SMITH

I didn't know they let whores play cards.

MELADORI

I didn't know they let faggots into bars.

SMITH

You got some mouth on you, Lady.

MELADORI

Yes, I do. And this mouth will never touch anything of yours.

One of Smith's henchmen gives a light laugh and Smith shoots a glance at him.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS COUNTY SALOON AND CARDS. - LATER

Michael rakes in a small pot and it's Smith's turn to deal.

He's quick, but Meladori's trained eye still catches him stacking the deck, a queen of clubs on the bottom.

Smith deals the cards out and the betting ensues.

By sixth street, only Meladori and Smith are left in the hand and they get into another betting war.

SMITH

Here's the river.

Meladori and Smith raise each other again until the betting is capped.

SMITH

(cont.)

Queen high straight.

Smith turns his whole cards over to reveal he caught the

queen of clubs on the river.

Instead of blowing the whistle on him, Meladori flips over her cards to reveal she has absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, she still leans forward to collect the pot.

Smith holds his arms out over hers to stop her from dragging all the money in.

SMITH

Can I help you, Miss?

MELADORI

It's Mrs. And yeah, you can get your filthy hands off of my winnings.

SMITH

Well, Miss, maybe nobody's ever taught you about poker, but a straight beats absolutely nothing.

MELADORI

Well, faggot, maybe you should sit out and watch real card players for awhile until you get accustomed to our rules. You know, save your money and all. I have a lollapalooza.

SMITH

The hell you talkin' about?

MELADORI

Three spades and two diamonds. A lollapalooza. It beats a flush, but loses to a full house.

SMITH

We ain't playing no-

COLESHAW

It's how the game's played. The Lady wins the pot.

Coleshaw places his hand on the butt of his gun to drive the point home.

Smith reluctantly sits back into his chair and Meladori

rakes in her winnings.

Smith eyes one of his accomplices and jerks his head very lightly towards the sherriff. The accomplice nods back.

The next player begins shuffling the cards.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS COUNTY SALOON AND CARDS. - LATER

A round of dealing has gone by. Meladori's money stack has risen while Smith's has slightly dwindled.

It's his turn to deal again.

Meladori eyes him as he stacks the deck again, a little more sloppy and with less skill this time. He's never stacked for a lollapalooza before.

Smith deals the cards out and by sixth street, it is only he and Meladori again. They raise and re-raise until the betting is capped.

SMITH

River.

The final card is dealt face down and they cap the seventh street betting. Meladori flips her cards over.

MELADORI

A set.

Smith sees Meladori's three nines and smiles. He flips over his three spades and two diamonds.

SMITH

Lollapalooza.

Meladori begins to rake in the pot. Smith grabs her left wrist aggressively and stares her down.

SMITH

(cont.)

What are you doing? I said I have a lollapalooza.

Meladori smiles humorously at him.

COLESHAW

You should've taken the Lady's
advice before and sat out until
you learned our rules, Delray.

Meladori leans to Smith and stares him back down.

MELADORI

A lollapalooza can only be used
once a night. I thought you
were supposed to be good.
Tonight, you're coming off like
an amateur. And a very poor
cheat.

Smith slams her wrist down on the table and he stands in
a violent temper.

Meladori stands just as aggressively and continues to
stare at him.

Smith goes to slap her, but she leans back and avoids it
easily.

Michael stands to defend Meladori, but before he leaves
his chair, an accomplice of Smith's draws his gun and
fires into Michael's belly. He falls back to the floor,
grabbing his gut. A bit of blood seeps through his
fingers.

Meladori makes a motion to heed at Michael's side, but
Sherriff Coleshaw sees Smith's hand on the butt of his
gun.

COLESHAW

Mellie.

Meladori stops and stares back at Smith.

Smith's other accomplice draws his gun without
hesitation and pulls his trigger back.

Coleshaw's face jerks backwards and part of his face
disintegrates. His dead body hits the floor.

Smith looks from Meladori, to Michael, then back to
Meladori. He smiles and draws his gun towards Michael,
wounded, laying on the wooden floor.

Smith pulls the trigger and bits of brain and blood pour

out the back of Michael's skull.

Meladori only stands there, a detached look on her face.

SMITH

Well, Mellie. You're a Miss,
now. Feel free to put your
mouth on me now, Sweetheart.

Meladori strains not to show any emotion. She stands
and stares at Smith like a rock.

MELADORI

I'd rather suck puss out of a
dead nigger's ear.

This aggravates Smith and his smile disappears.

MELADORI

(cont.)

What's it feel like to lose to a
girl? I outplayed you even when
you tried to cheat.

Smith holsters his gun and grabs her by the hair.

SMITH

Outside! I'm going to teach you
a lesson about respect.

Smith drags her out of the saloon. His henchmen follow.

EXT. MAIN STREET OF TRAVIS COUNTY.

Outside Travis County Saloon and Cards, Smith throws
Meladori into the middle of the dirt road and stands
over her.

The two accomplices pin her shoulders back against the
ground. A third accomplice who's been guarding their
horses outside joins them.

Smith kneels over her face and begins to unzip his
trousers.

MELADORI

You put your member within reach
of my teeth and you're not
getting it back.

Smith stops, stunned for a moment. He zips back up and stands at her feet.

SMITH

I'm glad you said that.

Smith bends down and hikes Meladori's full length skirt above her stomach. He grabs her undergarments and grips them tightly. He slides them off Meladori's struggling feet and she is exposed, her bush the only thing concealing her vagina.

Smith calmly walks over to his horse, grabs the reins and leads him back about ten feet in front of Meladori, the horse's tail end facing her.

Smith reaches inside his saddle bag and pulls out very wicked-looking razor-sharp barbed wire, wound up in a tight oval.

He unwinds it and the wire stretches about thirty feet.

Meladori gives him a confused look.

SMITH

I've been wanting to try this
for a long time.

Along with the wound barbed wire, Smith had also taken a hollowed lead pipe about nine inches long out of the saddle bag, which Meladori now sees. He also slips on a pair of thick farmer's gloves.

Smith motions to his third henchman.

SMITH

(cont.)

Spread them for me.

The third accomplice grabs both of Meladori's knees and spreads her legs as far as he can get them.

Meladori struggles and screams as the pink lips of her vagina are revealed. One of the accomplices pinning her shoulders muffles her mouth with his hand.

Smith bends down, the hollowed and rusty lead pipe held firmly in his hands.

SMITH

(cont.)

Now open wide for me, Mellie.

Smith works the pipe into her vagina as far as it'll go, with only an inch or two not inserted through her lips. A tiny bit of blood drizzles out of her.

Meladori struggles to get free, but is helpless. Painful tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

Once the lead pipe is lodged tightly inside of her, almost as far as it'll go, Smith stands back up and folds the thirty-foot piece of barbed wire in half.

He bends back down between Meladori's still struggling legs.

Holding the folded part of the barbed wire, Smith slides it in and up the hollowed lead pipe lodged inside Meladori's vagina.

He keeps on feeding it in as far as it'll go.

Meladori screeches in pain and Smith knows the barbed wire is now out of the other side of the pipe and scraping its way through Meladori's uterus.

Once he can't force it in anymore, Smith pulls on the barbed wire. It's gripped tightly inside her.

Smith slides the lead pipe out of her vagina, the barbed wire sticking inside her. He slides the pipe down and off the rest of the way, keeping the two ends together.

He tosses the rusty lead pipe aside and grips the ends of the mean-looking wire. He gives a couple more tugs to make sure the wire is lodged tightly inside her.

Smith turns and ties the two loose ends around the saddle on his horse tightly, checking to see that there is almost no slack.

SMITH

Let her go.

The accomplices unpin her and back away.

A small crowd gathers outside of the saloon and along the streets, but are too frightened to try and help.

Meladori, in pain, but trying not to make any pitiful sounds, sits up.

SMITH

(cont.)

You got respect for me now?

Deep in her gut, Meladori manages a smile for Smith.

MELADORI

I still beat you at poker.

Smith's eyes grow in fury.

SMITH

Yaw!

Smith spans his horse, hard, and backs away.

The horse takes off, the barbed wire still knotted to its saddle.

Meladori is dragged by her vagina as the horse races down the dirt road.

She grabs the barbed wire hanging out of her to relieve some of the pressure tugging violently inside her, but her hands only slip.

After about twenty feet, the barbed wire finally rips out of her and she rolls to a stop in the dirt road.

She reaches between her legs and grabs her pink lips right away, trying to rub away the stinging pain.

Blood begins to seep through her fingers onto the dirt road.

FADE TO:

INT. ROOM AT THE AUSTIN INN. - MORNING

The Texas sun hazily spills through white curtains in the motel room as Meladori dresses in front of her chippendale mirror.

She pulls up her garter and harnesses a small blade through her waist band. She very awkwardly slips rather loose-fitting corduroys into place over her undergarments.

She lifts her black corsette off of the bed and laces it behind her back with sure skill.

She checks herself in the chippendale.

A knock at the door jars her and she answers it.

CLERK

Excuse me, Miss Ridell.

MELADORI

It's Mrs.

CLERK

I'm sorry, Mrs. Ridell. A message just came in for you. It says it's from a Curtis Ridell.

MELADORI

What did he say?

CLERK

He states that a Smith Delray had arrived in Lockwood earlier this morning.

MELADORI

Can you reply to him that I'll be there by mid-afternoon?

CLERK

I'll do it at once, Mrs. Ridell.

MELADORI

Thank you.

Meladori closes the door and stands back in front of her mirror. She buckles her guns and holsters around her waist and slides her cowboy hat over her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKWOOD COUNTRY-SIDE. - MID-AFTERNOON

A young boy, Joe, tinkers by a carriage road, trying to fix the wooden fence enclosing his family's small cottage.

Down the road, he eyes a woman's figure on horseback,

dressed in black.

MELADORI

Afternoon.

JOE

Good afternoon, ma'am.

MELADORI

Does your daddy have any water
for me?

JOE

Yes, ma'am.

Curtis appears at the door of the cottage and makes his
way over to the two.

CURTIS

Hello, Mellie.

She smiles and climbs down from her dark horse.

MELADORI

Curtis. How are you?

JOE

Daddy, she says she needs some
water.

CURTIS

Joe, I want you to meet Meladori.

Joe looks at her almost in amazement and Meladori smiles.

JOE

You're Inside-Out Meladori?

MELADORI

Well, I'd prefer it a lot more
if you'd call me Aunt Meladori.

Now Joe looks at her in total amazement.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RIDELL FAMILY'S PORCH. - DUSK

Young Joe chases his german shepard out in the pasture
as Meladori, Curtis and MARGARET, Curtis' wife, sit on

the porch, watching the gold sunset.

CURTIS

Of course, Meladori. I'd do anything for you. You know that.

MELADORI

I know you would. It's just, you have a family here to take care of and if anything should happen, I don't know how I'd feel about that. I already lost your brother. I don't want Margaret to lose you.

CURTIS

You're family, too, Meladori.

MELADORI

It's just that this is dangerous.

MARGARET

Then you probably shouldn't do it alone.

Margaret smiles, reassuring Meladori that she's okay with it. Meladori nods.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKWOOD SALOON. - NIGHT

Meladori steps into the somewhat crowded saloon and limps to the bar.

She eyes everything around her and spots Smith Delray, sitting at a corner table playing cards.

She quickly turns her back to him so he can't recognize her.

BARTENDER

What can I getcha, ma'am?

MELADORI

Scotch, please.

Meladori lays a greenback on the bar and after a moment, the bartender replaces it with a glass of scotch.

Meladori picks it up and pounds it down.

Then, with lightning speed, she whirls around and whips the glass at Smith's face across the room.

The glass slams him square in the cheek, just above the jaw, and breaks into three large pieces.

Smith's head cracks back in surprise and he hits the floor.

Before his two trustworthy accomplices have a chance to react to what has just happened, Meladori has her guns drawn and she fires twice.

Both of the accomplices fall back to the floor, blood spattering out of their foreheads, their guns not even out of the holsters.

On the ground, Smith hurries to grab the butt of his gun, but Meladori is too quick and fires at his holster.

Smith pulls his hand away in pain, his thumb blown off.

Meladori fires and hits Smith's left hand before he can even think of using it to grab the gun on his left hip.

The saloon crowd backs out of Meladori's way as she steps aggressively towards Smith. She shoves the business end of her gun against his left eye socket.

He tries to look outside one of the saloon's windows.

MELADORI

You looking for your third back up? I wouldn't worry about him too much. He's being entertained at the moment.

Smith moans in pain.

MELADORI

(cont.)

You remember me?

SMITH

Hey, Mellie.

Meladori pistol whips Smith against his temple and he passes out.

FADE TO:

EXT. LOCKWOOD'S MAIN STREET. - LATER

Smith comes to outside the Lockwood Saloon and stares at his third henchman, the outside accomplice, perched in front of him.

Meladori holds her gun against the accomplice's temple.

Without hesitation, she pulls the trigger and the henchman's head violently jerks. Brain spits out the other side of his head and his body hits the dirt.

Curtis stands nearby, reigning in both his horse and Meladori's.

Meladori turns her gun on Smith, who just realizes his hands are roped behind his back.

MELADORI

I got one bullet left in here.
But I won't need it.

She empties it out of the chamber.

MELADORI

(cont.)

You ever been to that carnival
that rides this territory in the
summer?

SMITH

Yes.

MELADORI

Of course you have. They get a
pretty plush game of cards
together after every show.

SMITH

I don't even have to cheat with
them.

Meladori kicks him hard in the ribs with the heel of her boot. Smith coughs with a violent shake.

MELADORI

Shut up. You don't speak unless
I ask you a question. Got it?

Smith nods.

Meladori kicks him in the chest again, only harder, and a dull crack is heard in the night air. A rib.

MELADORI

(cont.)

Do you understand?

SMITH

Yes!

The Marshall of Lockwood steps out of the crowd and sees Meladori, who stares back at him.

The Marshall nods in recognition and steps back to let Meladori go about her business.

MELADORI

You know that fella that swallows the swords?

SMITH

Yes.

MELADORI

He taught me the trick of how he does it. You just tilt your head back as far as you can and your throat opens really wide, almost like a snake's hinged jaw. I used to please my husband endlessly with that little trick. After your throat is opened, it's all about dodging the major organs and holding back the vomit from gagging.

Meladori grabs Smith by the hair and snaps his head back. Smith's head is tilted back so far, he can't help but open his mouth to gasp for air.

MELADORI

(cont.)

You remember this?

Meladori holds the rusty nine-inch pipe in front of Smith's watery eyes.

MELADORI

(cont.)

This is the closest you're ever
going to come to tasting my
pussy.

Meladori slides the lead pipe down Smith's throat.

She does a good job of missing his major organs, but Smith can't control his gag reflex and he vomits. Most of the acidic fluid just swishes back down his throat and he only vomits more violently.

MELADORI

(cont.)

Careful. You don't want me to
pinch your heart.

Smith finally controls his regurgitation and Meladori slides the lead pipe down further.

Curtis steps behind her and hands her about a thirty foot cut of barbed wire, already folded in half.

Meladori takes it and slides it through the rusty lead pipe and down Smith's throat as far as it'll go.

Smith jerks in pain a couple of times as Meladori tugs on the barbed wire, making sure it is tightly lodged into his esophagus.

Once it is, Meladori slides the pipe back out and grips onto the two loose ends of the barbed wire.

MELADORI

This way.

She leads Smith over to her and Curtis' horses with the barbed wire. She whips it rather violently as he tries to follow her movements as close as he can to lessen the pain.

Smith's eyes grow in horror when he sees that she begins to tie the loose ends of the barbed wire around her horse's saddle.

SMITH

No, don't.

His hoarse and scratchy voice floats through the Texas

night air very flatly because of the wire lodged down inside his throat.

Once the barbed wire is knotted tightly around her horse's saddle, she reaches into her satchel and brings out a thinner hollowed pipe, about nine inches long.

She also pulls out a thinner cut of barbed wire, about thirty feet, but for some reason, a lot more dangerous-looking. There's a lot more barb and a lot less wire.

MELADORI

Pull your pants down.

Smith shakes his head violently.

SMITH

No. Don't do this.

She slams the same rib she had heard crack earlier with the thinner pipe and Smith coughs up a little bit of blood.

MELADORI

I said 'pull your pants down'!

Smith doesn't. He's almost in shock.

Curtis steps up, unbuckles Smith's belt and pulls his pants down for him. Smith stands there, bare-assed. Curtis violently bends him over.

Meladori steps up and puts the hollowed pipe to Smith's buttocks.

MELADORI

(cont.)

Remember to open wide for me.
If you don't, it'll hurt.

Without giving any kind of warning, Meladori slams the thin pipe into Smith's butthole and he convulses. She twists it in as deep as it'll go and Smith can only gasp in pain for air. Blood oozes out from around the pipe and dribbles down Smith's bare legs.

With the smaller, sharper barbed wire already folded in half, Meladori feeds it through the small pipe hanging out of Smith's rectum.

She shoves it in until she feels it catch against Smith's insides. She shoves it in even farther for good measure.

Once she's sure the barbed wire's firmly lodged inside Smith's rectum, she slides the pipe back out of him. She has to twist it and pull hard a couple of times.

Smith stands straight again, tears swelling in his eyes and dripping down his cheeks.

With the loose ends of the barbed wire in her hands, Meladori ties them tightly, with almost no slack, to the other horse's saddle. Curtis'.

Smith shakes his head at her, pleading with his sad eyes for her not to do this.

Meladori stands at the tail-end of her horse, and Curtis takes his place at the tail-end of his horse, the horses facing opposite directions.

MELADORI

I want you to beg for your life.

SMITH

Please don't do this.

MELADORI

I want you to beg mercy.

He begins to sob.

SMITH

Don't.

MELADORI

I want you to beg mercy for the life of my husband.

SMITH

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!

MELADORI

I want you to beg mercy for the life of the baby that was inside of me.

Smith only stares at her. His eyes grow in shock at the words he had just heard.

Meladori's lips begin to quiver, and before a tear could fall from her eye, she yells out and spansks her horse.

MELADORI

Yaw!

A mere split-second after her, Curtis yells and slaps his horse also.

CURTIS

Yaw!

The two horses quickly take off in opposite directions.

In one violent jerk, Smith is hoisted into the air and dangles, being tugged both ways by the barbed wire lodged down his throat in one direction, and by the barbed wire lodged up his rectum in the other.

But the horses are too strong.

The barbed wire is ripped out of Smith's rectum first, and he hits the dirt road with a thud.

He's then pulled several feet by the barbed wire down his throat until, mercifully, it is ripped out of his esophagus.

Smith lies there, not moving. Blood pours out of his mouth and onto the dirt. His eyes are blank and begin to gloss right away.

Meladori only stares at him.

MELADORI (V.O.)

They say my horse dragged his heart through the night until it stopped beating. But that ain't the truth.

Meladori's horse turns and trots back to her. She unties the barbed wire around the saddle and tosses it to the ground.

MELADORI (V.O.)

The truth is, he was probably dead while he was being stretched in mid-air. To be honest, I don't care what people

MELADORI (V.O.)
 say about Smith Delray's death,
 so long as he's dead. At least
 he won't be able to hurt anybody
 else.

Meladori climbs up on her horse and faces the road
 leading out of town.

She makes eye contact with Curtis.

MELADORI (V.O.)
 So now what for me?

Meladori nods to him with a smile. A 'Thank you'.

Curtis nods back, a smile breaking his lips. A 'You're
 welcome'.

Meladori grabs the reigns and signals her horse to take
 off.

MELADORI
 Yaw!

The horse takes off and Meladori rides out of Lockwood.

MELADORI (V.O.)
 I'd like to get back home... I
 have to finish my mourning...
 And I have the city of Travis to
 defend against any other Smith
 Delray's out there.

Meladori and her horse disappear over the dark dirt road.

CUT TO BLACK.

MELADORI (V.O.)
 I imagine there's a lot of them.

THE END