# Starbuck Starr

Episode 2: Eleven Surprises

An Original Serial

Ву

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

A wagon train bounces its way across the rocky landscape.

INT. A COVERED WAGON

A pretty young GIRL plays with a dolly. She hums a happy song to herself. She sets the doll on a chest, crooked but sitting up, then turns to several small teacups.

> GIRL Would you care for some tea, Mrs. Honeywell?

She collects the cups and turns back to the doll. But then she looks beyond the doll, out the back of the wagon.

Something in the distance has caught her attention. Puffs of smoke are rising from the distant cliffs.

Smoke signals.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE WAGON

DAD works the reins that govern the horses. MOM is sewing a pair of trousers. The girl crawls out onto the front seat, nestling between them.

> GIRL (pointing back) Daddy, look. A fire!

Dad turns around to look. So does Mom. A worried look creases each brow.

GIRL What could be burning?

DAD

It's nothing, honey. Get back inside the wagon.

Then -- as if by magic, with a barely audible THWIT -- an arrow suddenly appears in the center of Dad's chest.

Dad looks at the arrow, confused by such an oddity. Then his eyes roll back and he falls off the wagon. The girl SCREAMS, and her screams soon give way to...

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT

...WILD WAR WHOOPS. The air is now filled with the soft THWIT of flying arrows.

INDIANS emerge from the surrounding hills on galloping horses, descending on the wagon train.

Several more men fall victim to the killer arrows.

Some wagons now respond with GUNSHOTS.

EXT. THE GIRL'S WAGON

Mom scoops up the girl and hastens back into the wagon.

INT. COVERED WAGON

Mom drops the girl and races to the chest. She brushes the doll aside, out the back of the wagon.

GIRL Mrs. Honeywell!

Mom pushes the chest aside, then lifts several slats from off the wooden floor, revealing a small cubby.

MOM Get in, Emily.

EMILY But Mrs. Honeywell...

Mom grabs her by the arm, not fooling around.

MOM

Get in!

She practically shoves the girl into the small, tight hole.

EMILY

But Mommy...

MOM Hush, Emily! Not a sound. No matter what you hear, you musn't...

#### EMILY

MOMMY!

Mom grits her teeth, composing herself.

She begins replacing the slats. In her eyes, tears form as she speaks.

Slat by slat, it is almost like she is burying the girl.

MOM Listen to me, Emily! No matter what you hear...no matter what... you musn't make a sound! Please, Emily. Promise me you can do that.

EMILY

(being quiet) Yes, Mommy...I promise.

Mom smiles at Emily through her tears.

MOM That's a good girl.

YOUNG EMILY

She is crying now, too, as she watches Mom replace the last of the slats. It's dark now.

She bites her knuckles, stifling her horror at the cacophony of WAR CRIES and GUNSHOTS and SCREAMS.

Her eyes widen as HER MOTHER SCREAMS directly above her, and now, the SOUNDS OF A VIOLENT STRUGGLE.

The terrified girl bites down harder on her knuckles -- so hard that blood trickles down her tiny fists.

But she doesn't make a sound.

Mercifully, Mom's screams begin to fade.

Now, slowly, almost imperceptibly, the face of young Emily begins to change. Aging, with faint new lines, maturing into the face of --

EMILY KIPPLE

All grown up now. Her face shows contempt, but also a hint of fear.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Emily is staring at the scarred face of the Indian. We will soon learn that he goes by the name of THREE-CLAW.

He meets her eyes with his own stony gaze.

THREE-CLAW (to Emily) What is it you see?

Before she can respond, Buck cuts between them, making his way to a large cabinet.

He flings it open, revealing a variety of weapons. He grabs the largest guns he can find, one after the other.

BUCK Guns. We're going to need lots and lots of guns.

Buck's arms are getting full. Kipple chuckles at him.

KIPPLE Oh, I have no intention of carrying a weapon.

Buck turns and dumps the firearms onto a table behind him. He picks up a shotgun.

BUCK

These are for me.

Buck cracks open the weapon and begins loading it.

KIPPLE Violence begets violence. It is reason that will win the day.

BUCK You haven't met these guys. KIPPLE But when we do, it is of vital importance that we first...

Buck SNAPS the shotgun closed, cutting Kipple off.

BUCK Go home, Kipple. And lock your doors.

Kipple is stunned.

#### KIPPLE

You can't be serious! The singular event in the history of all mankind? Occurring here... now? Oh, Sheriff...this I will not be denied. (determined) I will follow you if I must.

Buck appraises the old man. Kipple is steadfast.

BUCK Ride behind us, then...cause I won't be lookin' back...

He plops the shotgun into Kipple's hands.

BUCK ...and this'll do the talking.

EMILY (O.S.) So which one is mine?

They turn to find Emily examining the firearms.

BUCK You won't find any powder-puffs in there.

Emily bristles.

# EMILY

Are you mocking me?

#### BUCK

Well, them boys is mighty unpleasant, and lookin' pretty ain't gonna be much help.

#### EMILY

So only strutting, pig-headed, narcissists need apply? Is that it?

BUCK

What was that last one again?

KIPPLE

Emily...I think his misgivings are well-founded. If something were to happen to you...I could never forgive myself.

#### EMILY

And you think your peril means anything less to me? You're all that I have...everything I've ever known. Do you think I'm scared? (to Buck) Do I look scared? (to Kipple) The only thing that frightens me is the thought of losing you. I won't let that happen. (back to Buck) And I can follow you just as easily as he can.

BUCK This ain't gonna be a tea party.

EMILY Maybe someday I'll tell you about the last tea party I had...

Emily snatches a revolver from the table.

She twirls the gun smoothly around her finger -- forward, then back -- it's a blur in her hands.

She flips open the cylinder and eyes the chambers. Finding it loaded, she coolly snaps it back into place.

# EMILY ...and I can take care of myself.

Buck looks to the ceiling with a sigh.

This is followed by HEARTY O.S. LAUGHTER.

VOICE (0.S.) (still laughing) Now that's a right fine-looking posse you got there, Sheriff!

They turn to the voice. Towards one of the jail cells.

The man in the cell is reclining on the bunk, rolling himself a smoke.

He wears black boots and dungarees. A black vest. Sandy blonde hair protrudes from beneath his black hat.

He seals the cigarette, then looks up and flashes a magnetic grin -- the kind that charms you with one hand while robbing you blind with the other.

This irresistible rouge is BRADLEY CONN.

CONN So where's the hoedown?

With a flick of his thumb he strikes a wooden match and lights up the cigarette.

BUCK You wouldn't be interested.

Conn rises and steps to the door of the cell. He blows a smoke ring through the bars.

CONN

Aw....c'mon, Buck. I'm always interested. You know that.

Buck steps over to the cell and pokes the smoke ring. He leans against the bars, opposite Conn.

BUCK We're goin' huntin'. Some pretty bad hombres, too. You know, if you was to... forget my little transgression... I might bring a little panache to this traveling minstrel show you got here.

#### BUCK

This one's different.

Conn spreads his hands and grins.

CONN I'm up for anything.

Buck just smiles at that, considering.

Emily steps up.

#### EMILY

You're not actually considering this common ruffian? Why, it's bad enough...

Emily casts a sideways glance at Three-Claw.

Conn frowns, indignant. He swings open the door to his cell and steps out towards Emily.

CONN

Common?!

Emily jumps back and turns to Buck, shocked.

#### EMILY

# Sheriff!

Buck sighs, annoyed, but not alarmed.

He stoops to examine the lock.

BUCK

This was a brand new lock!

He slams the door shut, but it bounces back open. He turns back to Conn, annoyed.

BUCK You do this just to torture me, right? Why do you even stick around? CONN I was waiting for breakfast. (back to Emily) Now I'm glad I did. Emily scowls at Conn. Conn smiles in return. Then Conn raises a fist, and with a great flourish, he drops the cigarette it into his balled hand. Conn then proceeds to pull a brilliant yellow flower -- a Mojave Sun Cup -- from his hand. The cigarette is gone. With a small bow, he hands Emily the flower. CONN Bradley Conn, at your service, Ma'am. And not so common, I assure you. Emily accepts the flower despite herself, completely flummoxed. Kipple gives a small clap of delight. KIPPLE Prestidigitation! Three-Claw's eyes grow wide. THREE-CLAW You are a shaman! This earns a GUFFAW from Buck. Conn frowns at Buck, but then turns back to Three-Claw.

> CONN I'm no holy man, Chief.

THREE-CLAW And I am no Chief. I am called Three-Claw. Conn eyes the ragged scars and nods. Makes sense.

CONN But you see...Three-Claw... I do have these magic fingers.

He waggles his digits, then SNAPS his fingers, and the cigarette reappears.

Three-Claw is stunned.

CONN Why, with these hands I can...

BUCK

Palm aces...

CONN (whirls on Buck) That's hearsay!

BUCK ...or lift the gold right from out your pockets.

CONN Innocent until proven guilty!

BUCK Now that's just outlaw talk.

Conn fumes. Buck turns the Three-Claw and nods to the guns stacked on the table.

BUCK See anything you like... (testing the name) ...Three-Claw?

Three-Claw wrinkles his nose at the collection of firearms.

THREE-CLAW White man's weapons.

He pulls a foot-long blade from a sheath at his hip.

THREE-CLAW This...is the tool of a warrior.

# CONN Suit yourself. But I'll wager you like these.

He lifts the guns and thumbs a small lever on each.

SNICK, SNICK. Six-inch, spring-loaded stilettos shoot out from the butt of each gun like switchblades.

Conn grins.

#### CONN

Custom-made.

A small smile from the Three-Claw -- his first so far -- as he nods in approval.

Conn retracts the blades -- SNICK, SNICK -- then slips the weapons into his gun-belt.

CONN So...lets go rustle up some bad guys!

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - NIGHT

The posse makes their way down a dusty trail. Conn rides beside Buck, pestering him.

CONN C'mon, Buck...let me show 'em. Just one time.

Buck sighs. But relents. He snatches his handcuffs from his belt and hands them to Conn.

Conn quickly snicks them onto his wrists. Then he holds his arms out to Emily.

CONN Good and tight, right?

EMILY I'll take your word for it. BUCK You sure those are plenty tight, Conn?

#### CONN

Oh, yeah.

#### BUCK

Good.

With a hearty "H'yah!" Buck SMACKS to the rump of Conn's horse. Conn looks to Buck with wide eyes...

CONN

Why you toad suckin'...

... just before his horse tears off into the night.

Conn CRIES OUT as he struggles to stay atop the galloping horse with his hands cuffed.

They all laugh -- even Three-Claw -- as Conn, wailing and cursing, speeds off ahead of them into the night.

Buck catches Emily's eye and smiles. But he is flustered when she smiles back.

Conn's horse tears around a bend and out of sight.

EXT. A CLEARING - NIGHT

Conn's horse races into the clearing. Conn finally topples from his mount and hits the ground with a GRUNT.

Conn sits up groaning, then works his hands O.S.

He then lifts the handcuffs, freed from his wrists.

He rises from the dusty ground -- but stops -- amazed at the sight before him.

CONN Well, shave my horse...

A red escape pod is directly in front of him.

Conn turns to Buck as the remainder of the group enters the clearing.

# CONN (angry, pointing) What in tarnation is that?

Buck shrugs.

# BUCK

# You said anything.

Conn tosses the cuffs at Buck, striking him in the chest.

#### CONN

You ruined a darn good trick, you know.

Kipple has already dismounted and is racing to the pod.

Buck hops from his mount and chases after him. He grabs Kipple by the arm.

BUCK Stay back, Kipple.

Buck steps up to the ship. The window is cracked so as to obscure the view within.

Buck circles the pod, confused. He turns back to Kipple.

BUCK So...you know how to open this tin can?

Kipple steps to the pod and hits the correct button. The hatch HISSES open.

Buck draws his six-shooter and peers inside.

INT. POD

Eleven lies on one of the seats, seemingly unconscious.

EXT. POD

Buck turns back to Kipple.

# BUCK It's a girl...

POW. A viscous UPPERCUT sends Buck flying.

Eleven leaps from the pod, somersaulting through the air and landing solid on her feet directly in front of Kipple.

Three-Claw charges her with a ROAR.

Eleven leaps and kicks Three-Claw in the chest.

Three-Claw sails back as if hit by a truck. He hits a boulder and slides to the ground unconscious.

Then the O.S. CLICK of a gun hammer.

Conn is behind Eleven, his pistol in her back.

CONN Welcome to Earth, sugar.

With feline quickness Eleven drops and swipes Conn's legs out from under him.

Conn tumbles to the ground. Eleven leaps atop him. With one hand, she grasps Conn's gun hand.

With her other hand, she draws the blade from her boot.

Now Conn grabs her blade arm with his own free hand.

And they grapple for a moment, stalemated.

CONN

You know, sweetheart...I do like your style.

Conn grins as -- SNICK -- the blade deploys from the base of his gun.

CONN Only now it's a fair...

CRACK! She head-butts him, knocking him cold.

Eleven releases Conn and stands. Then she draws her laser and turns it on Kipple and Emily.

BUCK (O.S.) Hold it right there, filly.

Eleven turns, astonished to find that Buck has a laser of his own -- trained on her.

KIPPLE (O.S.)

Stop!

Kipple races forward and grabs Buck's arm.

The laser discharges. A sizzling fireball. The wild shot blows apart a cactus.

BUCK You crazy old coot!

Kipple ignores him and walks toward Eleven.

EMILY

Papa, no!

#### KIPPLE

Please. We mean you no harm.

Eleven studies the old man. And she does not fire.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The group is gathered around a campfire. Three-Claw and Conn are rubbing their heads, nursing their wounds.

BUCK

(to Eleven)
...and then he just...flew off.
But he left this behind.

Buck holds up the laser.

ELEVEN You are fortunate to be alive.

Eleven looks up at the moon.

ELEVEN It is beautiful, this planet. (to Buck) I must know where it is I have landed. Others will come to seek me. BUCK Well, this here territory is called Nevada... (pointing) ...and just over that bluff is the town of Hawk's Rise. My name is Starr. Buck Starr. I'm the Sheriff of that town.

Eleven turns as Kipple approaches her.

KIPPLE May I...may I touch you?

Eleven nods. Kipple strokes her cheek.

#### KIPPLE

Remarkable...so like us. You speak our language. How is that so?

## ELEVEN

You are a man of science. Have you not considered the alternative? That it is you that are like me?

KIPPLE

Ah, yes...please enlighten me.

ELEVEN Moloch did not come to this world by accident.

EMILY Is that his name? Moloch?

ELEVEN You know this name?

## EMILY

(soft) He was a demon. (softer) He ate children.

ELEVEN

He would appreciate that irony.

#### ELEVEN

In remote times this planet was utilized as a habitable exile for the lawless, and the violent. It was considered a humane alternative to extermination. Surely Moloch knew of this world. But why he has chosen it...I don't know.

KIPPLE An exile? You don't mean...

Conn leans forward now, clearly intrigued.

CONN You're talkin' about a jail.

ELEVEN

(to Conn)
Yes. A prison world. But in
time the population grew...
and diversified...in ways our
models never predicted.
 (to Kipple)
The ones you call Egyptians
were the last with any real
sense of your true heritage.

KIPPLE So the indigenous population of this world...criminals?

ELEVEN

That is correct.

Conn gives a hearty laugh and slaps Buck on the back.

CONN

(laughing)
Now how about that? Turns out
we all got a little outlaw blood...
even our esteemed Sheriff!

Buck appears disturbed by this story. He picks up a stick and begins stirring the fire. BUCK

Not sure I care for that, really...philosophically, I mean.

#### CONN

Philo...what?

Fresh laughter from Conn. Eleven looks back to the moon.

#### ELEVEN

However you feel about its past, your planet's beauty is not diminished, Starbuck Starr.

Buck almost corrects her, but doesn't, and continues to stir the campfire.

#### BUCK

(to himself) Spacepeople...

Eleven continues to gaze at the moon.

And now, so do we...

THE MOON

We suddenly race towards it at incredible speed. It looms larger and larger. Craters soon come into view.

Closer still -- towards a huge, fresh crater that encircles the wreckage the prison ship.

Another mammoth ship now rises over the moon's horizon.

A COMPUTER MONITOR

The wreckage of the prison ship is on the screen.

A human hand -- a left one -- flips the switch on a communicator beside the monitor.

UNSEEN VOICE (O.S.) We've found her. And it's not pretty. RADIO VOICE (O.S.) Commence scans for survivors.

Now a metallic hand -- a right one -- flips a switch on the opposite side of the monitor.

INT. STAR CRUISER - AT THE MONITOR

The imposing figure seated at this console is half-man, half-robot -- a symmetrical fifty-fifty split right down the middle.

The human half is bulging, rock-hard muscle -- the mechanical half a gleaming, nightmarish exoskeleton.

This is PRIMUS.

# PRIMUS Drones have been dispatched.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.) Were there any displacements to the Earth itself?

A twisted smile from Primus, as only half his face can smile at all.

#### PRIMUS

I'm counting on it...

EXT. STAR CRUISER

A large, exterior door slides open and swarms of buzzing, yellow cylinders swarm from the opening.

EXT. THE MOON

As the swarm of drones descends upon the wreckage, we now pull away from the moon, retreating faster and faster.

Backwards through the misty clouds of Earth, the moon diminishes until it once more becomes --

THE MOON

As seen from Earth.

EXT. A CAVE - NIGHT

Barbos stands at the entrance, transfixed by the moon.

The sounds of SNARLING and WET GNASHING come from inside the darkened cave, which is high on a cliff.

Barbos begins to BAY at the moon. It sounds like a bent trombone.

A huge hunk of meat sails from out of the cave -- an entire leg of something -- striking Barbos in the head.

MOLOCH (0.S.) Desist, you fool! That infernal caterwauling is driving me mad!

EXT. BUCK'S CAMP - NIGHT

The fire is just embers. Everyone is in bedrolls.

Except Eleven. She stands at the perimeter of the firelight still gazing at the moon.

Barbos can be heard wailing in the distance.

The SNAP of a twig behind her. She whirls and delivers a spinning kick that misses Conn's nose by inches.

CONN (holds up his hands) Whoa! Easy, sugar. I couldn't sleep either. (nods to horizon) Now that's one sick coyote.

Eleven turns back to the moon.

ELEVEN It is no coyote.

Conn steps a little closer to Eleven. Checking her out, actually.

CONN Let me ask you somethin'. Why'd you cut off all your hair like that? ELEVEN It has always been so.

CONN And what is it again...Eleven? That ain't no proper name for a filly like you. I think you're more of a... (thinks on it) ...Ginger. You like that?

Eleven turns to back to Conn.

ELEVEN Why would these things concern you so?

Now the HORSES WHINNY O.S. Conn narrows his eyes.

He turns and creeps towards the sound. He motions for Eleven to follow him.

EXT. A BOULDER

Conn pokes his head over the boulder first. Eleven follows a moment later.

Bandits are stealing their horses.

CONN

Rustlers...

They are suddenly grabbed from behind.

EXT. AT THE HORSES - NIGHT

Conn and Eleven struggle as TWO BANDITS drag them from behind the boulder.

The BANDITS at the horses, five more, turn at the sounds of commotion.

One tall, grimy bandit smiles wide as he turns, revealing mossy teeth surrounding a single, crooked gold tooth.

His name is COYOTE.

#### CONN

Coyote!

Conn spits out the name like poison. Coyote replies with a thick Spanish accent.

COYOTE Señor Conn! My amigo! I have missed you...and my money.

ELEVEN

You know this man?

CONN

That's no man. That's a snake on legs.

#### COYOTE

Is that any way to speak to an old friend...that you owe so much dinero?

CONN You killed my cat!

#### COYOTE

Ah, but poor gato did not land his feet! Perhaps it is the same for Señor noisy-mouth trickster-man? Maybe we should find out, yes?

ELEVEN

(interrupts) Tell this man to release me.

Coyote turns to Eleven.

#### COYOTE

Now why would I throw such a pretty fish back into the river?

Eleven slams her head back into the face of the bandit holding her. He lets go and grabs his bleeding nose.

She turns and kicks him in the balls. The guy drops like a stone, moaning.

Eleven is suddenly roped by a lasso, her arms pinned. She turns and glares at Coyote, who is holding the rope.

COYOTE

So, fishy-fishy...you are the wild catch, yes? Muy loco?

Another bandit, this one wearing an EYE-PATCH, laughs as he steps up to the struggling Eleven.

He grabs her laser and examines the weapon.

# EYE-PATCH What's this?

Eleven, her arms still bound, leaps into the air and delivers a vicious kick to the side of his head.

A tooth flies. Eye-Patch drops to the ground.

Conn turns to bandit holding him.

CONN Don't you just love her?

Eleven lands and turns back to Coyote with a snarl.

But Coyote has tied the other end of the rope to the saddle of a horse. Coyote is also holding a large stick.

#### COYOTE

I don't think I like you anymore, pretty fish.

With a loud "H'yah!" Coyote delivers a stinging SWAT to the rump of the horse with the stick.

The horse rears with a WHINNEY, then gallops away.

Eleven is yanked from her feet as the horse drags her off.

Coyote watches, laughing uproariously as Eleven is dragged past him into the desert night.

Coyote now approaches Conn, still chuckling. He steps over Eye-Patch, then stoops and picks up the laser.

CONN

That was low...

Coyote steps in front of Conn. He points the laser at Conn's stomach.

COYOTE This does something bad, yes?

CONN You kill me now and you'll never see your money.

Coyote laughs.

COYOTE So even now we gamble, eh?

Coyote considers the laser, then the stick.

Coyote raises the stick.

COYOTE So I make my choice...and roll the dice.

CONN

Aw, nuts.

Coyote bashes Conn's head with the stick.

CONN'S P.O.V.

Things go black as Coyote's LAUGHTER echoes in his ears.

Tunnel vision kicks in. The last thing Conn sees is the glint of Coyote's golden tooth gleaming in the moonlight.

And soon, even this small fleck of gold is gone. Coyote's laughter fades as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A NEW FLECK OF GOLD

It appears from the darkness, then grows in intensity. It soon becomes blinding. This is...

THE MORNING SUN

As seen through bleary, blinking eyes that have just now woken up. As the hazy vision slowly becomes focused...

... Three-Claw is hovering over the owner of these eyes with his blade drawn, poised to strike.

EMILY AND THREE-CLAW - DAY

Emily SCREAMS bloody-murder as Three-Claw brings down the blade in a fierce strike.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Buck and Kipple spring awake.

Emily skitters away from Three-Claw in horror.

Three-Claw now lifts the thick carcass of a decapitated rattlesnake that had been only inches away from Emily.

#### THREE-CLAW

Breakfast.

EXT. CAMP - DAY - LATER

Three-Claw is roasting the snake on a stick over the fire. He hands a piece of meat to Emily.

She accepts it. Nibbles at it. She swallows hard, offering a queasy smile to Three-Claw.

Three-Claw grins and returns to his cooking.

Buck turns and Conn and Eleven enter the camp.

They look horrible. Eleven's uniform is dusty and torn.

BUCK So where's our horses?

EXT. BANDIT'S CAMP - DAY

Eye-Patch ladles out beans to the hungry bandits.

The bandits exchange glances and smiles at the low hoot of a DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE.

Coyote emerges from a tent, addressing his crew.

COYOTE

You hear her, yes? The payroll, she sings to us.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Barbos cringes at the WHISTLE, frightened.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Eleven is startled as the WHISTLE sounds once more.

ELEVEN What is that sound?

CONN That's just the Central Pacific, Ginger...old Number 9 into Wadsworth.

BUCK

Ginger?

ELEVEN What is this...Wadsworth?

CONN

Now there's a real city. Heckuva' lot nicer than a dump like Hawk's Rise, I'll tell you that.

BUCK Maybe you ought to stay there if it's so nice.

Eleven turns to Buck.

ELEVEN

That is where Moloch will go. I must also go to this city. This...Wadsworth

BUCK That's a mighty long walk without horses.

Buck shoots a glare at Conn. Conn shrugs.

ELEVEN But that sound...it is a conveyance, is it not?

Buck ponders this for a moment, then turns to Conn.

BUCK So how would a lawless fugitive go about hitchin' a free ride on the Number 9, anyway?

Conn grins.

EXT. A ROCKY LEDGE - DAY

The posse stands on a low ledge overlooking the tracks.

The train rolls by at a leisurely pace about five feet beneath them -- mostly flatbed cars loaded with railroad supplies -- iron bars and lumber.

Conn points out the last car -- an open car filled with sawdust. It looks like a giant sandbox.

CONN You see that one? They almost always got one at the end... and when that comes by... we jump.

EMILY What if we miss?

KIPPLE Simple physics, Emily. At this speed the trajectory...

Conn cuts him off.

CONN

Don't miss. Just jump when I do and gravity'll take care of the rest.

BUCK So, are there any laws you haven't broken? Conn steps to the edge. The rest follow him warily.

CONN One...two...three!

They all leap from the ledge and tumble into the car. Only Eleven and Kipple land on their feet.

Eleven looks to Kipple, impressed.

KIPPLE

Physics, my dear!

Conn settles back into the sawdust, hands behind his head.

CONN Next stop, Wadsworth. Make yourselves comfortable.

The corner of a wooden crate juts up from the sawdust next to Kipple. Curious, he kneels to examine it.

THREE-CLAW I prefer a horse.

CONN

But what ya' got here is an iron horse! What more could you want?

Emily frowns at Conn as she brushes herself off.

EMILY

A little dignity, for one. But I don't suppose that would matter to you.

Kipple unlatches the crate he has found and lifts its hinged lid. It contains bottles of yellow liquid, also packed in sawdust.

Kipple runs his finger along the lip of one of the bottles, then puts his finger to his tongue. KIPPLE (to himself) Sugar...? (eyes widening) ...glycerol! (turns to Conn) Do you have any idea what you had us leaping atop of, you fool?

BUCK What are you talking about, Kipple?

KIPPLE Glyceryl trinitrate! That's...

PING! A bullet zings off train. They all duck.

O.S. SHOUTS and MORE GUNSHOTS as the BANDITS, led by Coyote, emerge from the surrounding rocks and converge on the train.

Buck scurries to the side of the car and peers over the edge. Conn and Eleven pop up beside him.

Conn leaps up when he spots Coyote.

#### CONN

# (pointing) Hey! That's my horse!

Coyote spots Conn and grins. He pulls the laser stolen from Eleven.

COYOTE (shouts back) Hello, Amigo! I have a present for you, yes?

Coyote fires.

They all duck as a fireball sails over their heads.

Buck sniffs. Something is burning. Buck removes his hat to find it singed and smoking.

Buck pulls his own laser and shakes it at Eleven.

Eleven shrugs.

EYE-PATCH

Spurs his horse forward, drawing nearer to the train.

Then -- a tremendous EXPLOSION -- and suddenly he is gone.

Just like that. So is his horse.

A shower of dirt falls around the crater where Eye-Patch and his horse had been only moments before.

His hat -- all that remains -- flutters to the ground.

The remaining bandits slow and exchange wary glances.

EXT. FLATCAR

They turn to find Kipple holding one of the bottles.

KIPPLE Ha-ha! Nitro, my boys! (shouts to bandits) Try a taste of this!

Kipple lets another bottle fly.

EXT. A NEARBY CLIFFTOP

Moloch stands at the ledge, observing the mayhem and chuckling at the EXPLOSIONS.

Then he narrows his eyes, recognizing someone.

MOLOCH Sheriff Starbuck Starr. How fortuitous that we should meet again.

Moloch turns -- revealing that the left side of his face is horribly scarred from his earlier encounter with Buck. More than one scarred patch reveals the skull beneath.

# MOLOCH Barbos!! We fly!!

#### THE TRAIN'S ENGINE COMPARTMENT

The ENGINEER slides open the door to his cabin and emerges with a shotgun.

He takes aim at a bandit, but instead catches a BULLET.

The wounded Engineer falls back against a lever, then tumbles out the open door.

THE SMOKESTACK

A fresh PUFF OF STEAM as the train accelerates.

THE NITRO CAR

Buck is jostled as the train suddenly picks up speed.

He looks up to the engine -- just as the engineer tumbles from the cabin.

BUCK Well, that can't be good.

Buck peers over the side and watches as they roll past the fallen engineer. Emily is looking, too.

EMILY So who is driving the train?

Buck looks to Emily.

#### BUCK

Me...

With that, Buck steels himself and leaps to the neighboring car. He makes his way towards the engine.

#### THE BANDITS

Another EXPLOSION in their midst.

The bandits rein their horses and fall back as the train continues to accelerate -- all but Coyote -- who spurs his horse forward with gusto.

THE NITRO CAR

Conn grabs a bottle of nitro and aims for Coyote.

CONN (shouts) This is for Fluffy!

Three-Claw looks at him quizzically.

Conn flings the bottle --

Coyote fires his laser at the bottle --

The bottle and the laser shot connect in midair --

A HUGE FIREBALL fills the sky --

And MOLOCH BURSTS THROUGH THE FIREBALL, carrying Barbos beneath him, flying towards the train.

Emily gasps. Kipple gapes.

And Moloch and Eleven lock eyes, each of them equally stunned to see the other.

#### COYOTE

He reaches the rear of the speeding train and leaps from his horse. He latches on with a single hand.

He dangles precariously. His boots bounce off the train tracks. But he hangs on, then begins to climb.

#### MOLOCH

Swoops towards the nitro car.

# MOLOCH (to Barbos) Dispose of them all...but the shrew is mine!

Moloch dives towards Eleven.

THE NITRO CAR

Eleven grasps the rope handles of an entire crate of nitro. She hefts the crate to fling it at Moloch.

#### KIPPLE

# (wide-eyed) Ahh! Not that way!

Moloch releases Barbos and swoops in low --

#### EMILY

Look out!

-- Moloch scoops up Eleven in his massive claws as Barbos plops down into the car.

BUCK

Hearing Emily shout, he turns to see Moloch flying towards him with Eleven -- the case of nitro still in her grasp.

THE NITRO CAR

Conn and Three-Claw face off with Barbos, pushing Emily and Kipple behind them.

Barbos growls and adopts a sumo wrestler pose.

CONN Boy, are you wearin' a diaper?

# BUCK

He rips a lasso from his hip and twirls it.

As Moloch passes overhead Buck lets the lasso fly, roping one of Moloch's legs.

Buck struggles to keep hold. At first he is pulled along the car, as if skiing.

Then he is lifted into the air.

THE NITRO CAR

Three-Claw watches as Buck goes sailing away.

Conn is looking at Barbos, and will think he is talking to Three-Claw.

CONN (over his shoulder) You can take this guy, right?

Three-Claw runs and makes a smooth leap to the neighboring car, grimly making his way towards the engine.

CONN Hey, are you...?

Conn looks over his shoulder. Three-Claw is gone.

Conn whirls in surprise.

The first thing he spots Three-Claw leaving.

Then he spots Buck sailing away with Moloch.

CONN

Great...

With Conn turned, Emily is now exposed.

And Barbos spots her. He stands dumbstruck.

Kipple rushes up to Emily, pulling her back.

KIPPLE Stay back, Emily!

Barbos is hypnotized by the girl, and now he struggles with his favorite new word.

BARBOS Em-i-ly...

Conn turns back around just as Barbos takes a tentative step towards Emily.

With a ridiculous BATTLE-CRY Conn charges at Barbos fullsteam, driving the brute towards the edge of the car.

Barbos topples over the side of the car. Conn, off his balance, very nearly tumbles after him.

Kipple and Emily rush to Conn's aid and pull him back.

Conn heaves a sigh of relief --

-- just as a lasso drops over all three of them.

As one, their eyes follow the rope.

Coyote grins at them, holding the other end of the lasso and snapping it tight.

#### THREE-CLAW

His long, black hair whips in the wind as he continues making his way towards the engine.

He looks ahead.

#### THE TRACKS AHEAD

The train is fast approaching a BRIDGE that spans the vast Truckee River.

Moloch hovers over this bridge with Eleven and Buck.

#### MOLOCH

He looks down to Eleven, who struggles in his grasp.

MOLOCH So, my princess...it seems the inferno shall have you yet!

Moloch flings Eleven. And the crate of nitro. Buck reaches for her --

#### BUCK

No!

-- but misses.

Eleven and the crate of nitro tumble through the air towards the Truckee River Bridge.

THE BRIDGE

Eleven and the crate plummet from the sky -- and when they strike the bridge -- the FIREBALL is instantaneous.

The TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION rattles the entire canyon.

A hailstorm of wood and hot iron. Trestles fly as if shot from a canon.

And the bridge is demolished.

#### THREE-CLAW

Straddling two cars, he is startled by the EXPLOSION.

His face drops as he sees the destruction dead-ahead.

The speeding train has nearly reached the wrecked bridge.

Three-Claw climbs forward with renewed urgency.

#### THE NITRO CAR

Conn grunts as Coyote stomps on his chest, pulling taut the thick rope that now binds Conn, Emily, and Kipple into a nice, tight bundle.

The EXPLOSION startles everyone.

#### COYOTE

Huh?

Coyote looks up and frowns at the devastation ahead.

CONN What is it?

#### COYOTE

### Fuego y fuma...

Coyote drops the rope and hops to the side of the car.

# CONN What? Speak English!

Coyote looks back to Conn. He gives him a smile and a quick tip of his hat.

#### COYOTE

Adiós, my amigo.

Then Coyote launches himself off the train.

Conn, Emily, and Kipple exchange worried looks.

THE ENGINE COMPARTMENT

Three-Claw swings in through the open door. He finds several levers and pauses --

-- as it occurs to him that he has no idea how to stop a train.

He makes a choice and pulls a lever anyway.

EXT. THE TRUCKEE RIVER BRIDGE

SHREECHING BRAKES like nails on a chalkboard and SHOWERS OF SPARKS from iron wheels on iron tracks --

-- but the train launches itself off the bridge.

### THREE-CLAW

Leaps from the engine as the train sails off the bridge.

## THE NITRO CAR

Conn, Emily, and Kipple all SCREAM as the car topples and they are launched into open air.

They splash down into the dark waters of the Truckee River.

#### THREE-CLAW

He lands on the bank of the river, rolling.

He springs to his feet and looks to the bridge.

#### EXT. THE TRUCKEE RIVER

As the train plunges into the river it sinks like a rock.

Now crates of nitro IGNITE at the river's surface, sending huge PLUMES OF WATER into the air.

#### BENEATH THE WATER

Kipple, Emily, and Conn are buffeted by the explosions at the water's surface.

They struggle, kicking their feet, making their way towards the surface.

But the rope is tangled on the car.

As the car sinks, the rope jerks taut --

-- then Conn, Emily, and Kipple are dragged down into the depths of the Truckee River.

They soon disappear into dark oblivion.

Only a trail of bubbles marks their passage.

#### THREE-CLAW

Watches as the bubbles pop to the surface. But nobody is coming up behind them.

He rips off his shirt and rushes to the shore. But he is suddenly grabbed from behind.

Barbos wraps Three-Claw in a powerful bear hug.

# BARBOS Barbos...crush...

Three-Claw grimaces as his spine begins to crackle.

#### MOLOCH AND BUCK

Moloch laughs heartily, delighted at the chaos he has wrought. He calls down to Buck, dangling beneath him.

MOLOCH Such mayhem! Shall we enjoy a better view?

He flaps and soars higher -- to eagle height -- the wreckage of the bridge and train now the size of toys.

Glancing down, Buck looks a bit queasy.

But he steels himself and begins pulling himself up the rope, towards Moloch.

Moloch notices.

MOLOCH Where are you going, little man?

Buck continues to climb.

BUCK I'm kind of busy right now.

> MOLOCH (mock fright)

Oooh...and do you have a plan?

Buck looks up at Moloch's scarred face.

BUCK That's a right pretty beauty mark you got there. Where'd you get that?

Moloch frowns. Hand over hand, Buck continues.

MOLOCH Perhaps I tarry too long with you my persistent friend. And so, I release you... (laughing, he lifts a claw) ...to oblivion! And with one flick of a razor sharp talon, Moloch slices the rope.

Moloch ROARS with delight as Buck tumbles away from him, cartwheeling through the sky.

And not towards the water, either.

Buck is heading for the rocks.

TO BE CONTINUED...