

THE GUNS

Original Story and Screenplay by

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FADE IN

EXT. MINNESOTA FARM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE

NELSON, MINNESOTA - 1843

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

A woman is churning butter on the porch. A man in the front is chopping wood.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRAL

A 7 year old boy is wearing a holster with a wooden gun. He's walking towards the barn poised to draw.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN

A ten year old boy is, also, wearing a holster with a wooden gun. He's walking toward the 7 year old, poised to draw.

CUT TO:

MASTER SHOT

Both boys are about to draw.

7 YEAR OLD BOY
It's your move, big brother!

FADE OUT

FADE IN - BLACK SCREEN

BEGIN CREDITS

In the distance OS, the sound of galloping horses become louder and louder.

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT TRAIL - NIGHT

A distant cloud of dust is moving steadily towards the camera. A large cloud emerges, along with a myriad of horse hooves that ride toward and over the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONGBOW ARIZONA - NIGHT

A panoramic view of this small, dusty, Arizona desert town near the Mexican border.

SUPERIMPOSE

LONGBOW, ARIZONA - SUMMER 1888

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONGBOW

Various dissolves depicting the town, such as, Main Street, Residences, Stores, The Bank, The Railway Station, The Sheriff's Office, The Church, and The Saloon with lively activity, music, laughter OS.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT TRAIL

A group of men are riding toward the distant lights of Longbow, while maintaining a full gallop.

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

There are patrons at the bar with the bartender pouring drinks. A piano player is banging out an upbeat tune. Saloon girls are sitting beside the customers, enticing them to spend their money. Poker is being played at one of the tables. Bart Madden, the saloon owner, looking dapper, is dealing the cards. Bea Dover, a middle aged Madame, moves closer to Bart. She rests her supportive hand on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Bessie is an attractive, large bosomed, young saloon girl. Her customer, Cletus, is middle aged, unshaven, and not too bright. Cletus is in the throws of ecstasy. Bessie can't wait until it's over.

CAMERA ANGLE - HIS PLEASURE

CAMERA ANGLE - HER DISPLEASURE

CLETUS

Bessie! Damn! Ain't nobody, I mean nobody, be better'n you. I do believe my heart may have stopped a spell.

Bessie bats her eyes coyly, and manages a smile.

BESSIE

Why, Cleavon. You sure know how to flatter a girl.

Cletus frowns.

CLETUS

The name's Cletus!

BESSIE

I'm sorry. Cleavon was yesterday.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - EDGE OF TOWN

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

The town banker, Artus Cooper, is in his fifties. His wife, Sarah, is in her late forties. They're getting ready for bed.

SARAH

Artus...Jonas and Martha have been good friends. Are you going to give them a loan to fix up their farm?

Artus becomes annoyed.

ARTUS

Sarah! Friends is friends! Business is business!

Sarah shows disappointment.

ARTUS (CONT'D)
I'll sleep on it.

Sarah brightens. They both get into bed, and kiss each other good night.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The Sheriff, Roy Perkins, is in his late fifties, with gray hair. The many wrinkles on his face depict the pressures of his job. He's busy doing paperwork at his desk. His Deputy is Marty Gance. He's in his thirties, tall and thin, sporting a handlebar moustache. He's reclining in a chair, with his feet up on the desk. He's whistling a tune. Roy throws paperwork at Marty.

ROY
Here! Make yourself useful. I gotta' make the rounds.

Marty acknowledges, and sits upright. Roy begins to leave just as Mary, Marty's young wife, and Roy's daughter, enters with a basket of food. Mary is in her mid-twenties, pretty, and confident.

MARY
Hi, Y'all.

Mary looks to her father.

MARY (CONT'D)
You leavin', Pa?

ROY
Rounds.

Mary lifts the cloth covering the basket.

MARY
Fried chicken.

ROY
Can't, darlin'. Just tell that lazy husband of yours to save me some.

Roy kisses her on the cheek, and exits. Mary lays the basket on Marty's desk.

MARY
Dinner is served.

MARTY
Thanks, honey.

Mary turns to leave. Marty calls out, playfully.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Hold on there a darn minute. Aren't
you forgettin' somethin'?

Mary smiles, and walks back over to Marty. She gives him a warm, affectionate, kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SALOON - NIGHT

Sam and his men ride up to the front of the saloon. He motions two men toward the Sheriff's office, three men to the rear of the saloon, and two to stay in front. Sam and his other men dismount their horses, and walk into the saloon. Roy, making his rounds, sees the two strangers standing in front. He walks towards them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH POLE - NIGHT

The telegraph wires are being cut by one of Sam's men, a character we will come to know as Gigglin' Jack. He giggles as he snips.

CUT TO:

INT. BANKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's pitch dark except for the shadow of a hand carrying a dimly lit oil lamp. The shadow moves down the hallway towards the bedroom. The bedroom door opens, and the light brightens to reveal Artus and Sarah, fast asleep. Artus awakens. He reaches for his glasses on the night stand, but a hand quickly restrains him from doing so. He squints to see two of Sam's men, Curtis and Kenny.

CURTIS
You the banker?

ARTUS
Who are you? What's the meaning of
this?

Kenny becomes irritated.

KENNY
Are you the banker?!!!

Sarah is now awake. She, fearfully, clutches her husbands
arm. He reassures her.

ARTUS
It's all right, dear. (To the men)
Yes. I'm the banker.

Curtis and Kenny smile, wickedly. They each fire a shot,
instantly killing Artus and Sarah.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Sam Caldwell signals to his men. Sam is the leader of the
gang. He's got beady eyes, gravely voice, and evil, written
all over his face. He has a rope burn around his neck from a
previously, attempted, hanging. The men draw their guns,
poised and ready. Sam addresses everyone in the saloon.

SAM
Folks...Drop your gun belts!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Roy approaches the two men in front of the saloon. Quickly,
the two men draw their guns and kill Roy in cold blood. They
chuckle as they holster their guns. Their laughter is
interrupted by the commencement of gunfire inside the saloon.
They choose their moment carefully, draw their pistols, and
rush inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

SLO-MO

The gunfight is furiously reigning bullets everywhere. The saloon customers, who have refused to give up their guns, are dropping like flies. The saloon girls are diving for cover. Pictures are being shot off the walls. Glass windows, bottles, and mirrors are exploding. The piano keys are being played by ricocheting bullets. Sam is, calmly, sitting at a table, pouring himself a shot of whiskey.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Marty runs out the front door, brandishing a rifle. He makes little headway, as a large knife flies through the air and penetrates through his right eye. He falls dead in the street. Chief, a mute Apache, and one of Sam's men. He walks over, bends down, and pulls the knife out of Marty's eye. He cleans it on Marty's shirt, and slips it back into it's sheath.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

Camera pans the bloody aftermath, and holds on Bea. She's crouched on the floor, comforting a young, tearful, saloon girl. Sam surveys the scene from the table.

SAM'S POV

Bart, the saloon owner, is wounded but not dead. He's pulling himself across the floor, attempting to crawl to an area of safety. Sam gets up from the table, walks over to Bart, and blocks his escape.

SAM

You gonna' behave yourself?

BART

GO TO HELL!

SAM

It just so happens my gun's name is hell. Bye bye.

Sam shoots Bart between the eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A shingle on a wooden post reads: Fletcher Boone, MD. A light is burning in the upstairs window.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM

There are two lifeless bodies lying on a large table, covered with sheets.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM

Doc is washing his hands in the basin. Doc is in his late sixties, short, and a bit crusty. The office door opens. The sheriff's son and daughter, Tom and Mary, enter anxious and out of breath. Tom Perkins is in his early thirties. He's tall, handsome, methodical, and reserved.

TOM

Doc?...

DOC

...I'm sorry.

Doc shakes his head sadly.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKROOM

Doc, Tom, and Mary, are standing around the table. Doc lifts the sheets, exposing the bodies of Roy and Marty. Tom is speechless. Mary begins sobbing.

MARY

Oh God!...No!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LONGBOW - DAY

Wide shot of townspeople entering from the left and right, joining others who are moving in the direction of a flatbed cart. Sam and a few of his men are standing on the empty cart in the middle of the street.

Men and women are dropping their pistols and rifles into wooden barrels. Their activity is interrupted by two loud gunshots from one of Sam's men. That gets the crowd's attention. Sam, standing at the center of the cart, is flanked by his men.

SAM

Folks, I appreciate you bein' so cooperative and droppin' off your guns like this, and acceptin' the fact we're gonna' stay a spell.

Camera pans the crowd's very nervous reaction.

SAM (CONT'D)

We made a few changes 'round here...Standin' to my right is Benny, your new Sheriff.

Benny pulls open his vest to show off a Sheriff's star. He winks and waves to the crowd.

SAM (CONT'D)

Next to Benny...Your new Banker, Billy.

Billy tips his hat to the crowd.

SAM (CONT'D)

On my left here is Ed...Your new Telegraph man.

Ed smiles revealing only 3 teeth.

SAM (CONT'D)

The rest of my boys will be around to keep things peaceful like...Oh!...By The way. I'm Sam...I'm in charge. Anybody gotta' problem with that?

The crowd suppresses their feelings.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now! You can all go about business as usual, but let me make a coupla' things real clear...No guns...No leavin' town...Anybody doin' different will become a boot hill resident.

Tom and his wife, Elizabeth, an attractive woman in her early thirties, are standing in the center of the crowd with hatred burning in their eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - LONGBOW - DAY

A preacher is at the high point of eulogizing the passing of the Sheriff and the Deputy.

PREACHER

Never have there been two men as
loved and respected, in this town,
as Roy Perkins and Marty Gance.

Camera pans the various reactions of the attendees, with a final hold and focus on Tom, Mary, Elizabeth, and Doc. The Preacher continues with his speech VO.

PREACHER (CONT'D) VO

Everyone in Longbow owes these two
men a debt of gratitude. There's
not one among us whose lives they
haven't touched.

Camera pans to see a black horse drawn carriage, pull to a halt, a short distance from the ceremony. Bea, dressed in black, steps out of the carriage. Sam and four of his men ride to a stop near the ceremony.

CUT TO:

CEREMONY

Doc nudges Tom to look to his rear. Tom's tension mounts as he sees the desperados.

PREACHER

As we lay the bodies of Roy and
Marty to rest, the memory of them
will live on in all of us.

Two coffins are slowly lowered into the freshly dug graves. There's a sudden disruption of repeating gunfire. Some of the crowd panics and drops to the ground. Sam leans back in his saddle, proudly watching his four men whooping, hollering, and firing their guns. After a moment, they stop their horseplay and laugh loudly. Mary screams out in anger

MARY

YOU FILTHY BASTARDS!!!

She runs up to Sam, with tears in her eyes, frantically punching him, and trying to pull him off his horse. Sam has fun with this, until one of her punches makes him wince. He backhands her, and she hits the ground. Sam motions to his men. They ride off. Tom, Elizabeth, and Doc, rush to Mary's side and help her up. They stare with disdain as the outlaws distance themselves.

MARY (CONT'D)

That's it! We've got to fight back!

DOC

She's right.

TOM

Cool down. They killed plenty of folks already. Let's be careful or they'll kill more.

Elizabeth looks to Tom, clutching his arm, indicating her support.

CUT TO:

INSERT

Two shovels, simultaneously, drop dirt into to the graves.

Bea walks over to Mary.

BEA

Honey, I'm so sorry about your husband, and father. They were both fine men.

Bea stutters emotionally, particularly, after saying father. Mary wonders why.

MARY

Did you know my father well?

BEA

More than you'll ever know.

Bea walks away, leaving Mary curious.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

It's business as usual. The blood bath of the night before has been cleaned up.

Sam is at the table enjoying a steak dinner. Bea, a few of her girls, and some of Sam's men are hanging around. Sam chews, then swallows a piece of steak. He takes a swig of whiskey.

BEA

Mind if I ask you a question?

Sam looks up and smiles.

BEA (CONT'D)

How long you plannin' on stayin' in Longbow?

Sam dismisses the question.

SAM

Now Bea...You seem to know a lot about the Whorin' business...

Bea furls her brow.

SAM (CONT'D)

...I suggest you keep runnin' your end of it. I'll take care of everythin' else...You got any problem with that?

BEA

You won't hear any complaints from me or my girls, as long as we get paid.

SAM

Now, me and my boys may ask you for some special favors, from time to time.

BEA

Like I said before...

SAM

...I know...As long as you're gettin' paid.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Benny is enjoying his new found power. He proudly paces back and forth, while mock drawing his pistol. He walks over to the wall, and removes the jail keys from the hook. He opens the jail cell door, and scolds an imaginary prisoner.

BENNY
And don't you ever sass me agin'.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Ed is tapping on the Morse code key. Giglin' Jack is sitting in the corner, whittling on a stick with his knife.

GIGLIN' JACK
Hey! Idiot! (Giggles) I cut the wires, remember?

ED
Practicin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - BANK - DAY

CUT TO:

INT. BANK

Jonas Smith, the local farmer, came in to find out about his loan. He walks up to Jane. She's somewhat attractive, in her thirties, standing behind the teller's cage.

JONAS
I'm Jonas Smith. I need to know about my farm loan.

JANE
One moment, sir. I'll...

Camera clears blurred focus behind Jane to show Billy, sitting behind his desk.

BILLY
...Just hold on there a spell Judas!...Hey, girly.

JANE
Yes, sir.

BILLY
Come on over here and turn around.

Jane approaches.

JANE

Why?

BILLY

I said turn around, Goddammit!

Jane, reluctantly, complies. Billy lets out a short wolf whistle.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Good. Now turn around the other way, unbutton your blouse, and let's git a look at them goodies.

Jane stares daggers at Billy. Billy feels somewhat intimidated. Billy clears his throat.

BILLY (CONT'D)

AHEM...Well now. What can I do for you, Judas?

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - GENERAL STORE

CUT TO:

INT. STORE

The owners, Tom and Elizabeth are taking inventory. Tom picks up an empty canning jar, and examines it. Two of Sam's men, Carl and Clint, are creating a mess. They're rummaging through a stack of blue jeans. Carl finds what he's looking for.

TOM

I could have sworn we had more jars than this.

ELIZABETH

We did, but I sold a whole case to Mrs. Morgan yesterday. I swear...That woman cans twenty four hours a day.

Carl grabs two pair of jeans. He and Clint go to the counter. Tom eyes them, suspiciously. Elizabeth walks behind the counter, standing near the cash register.

CARL

Wrap these up, little lady.

Clint is staring Tom down.

ELIZABETH
That'll be \$4.50, please.

Carl stares at her, coldly.

CARL
That'll be on the house.

ELIZABETH
Mister! You don't have any special
privileges here. You pay like
everyone else.

Tom moves closer to intervene, but Clint places a hand on his
holster...stopping Tom in his tracks.

CLINT
I guess your forgettin'...We run
this town.

Two kids enter the store, happily yelling. They run to the
counter. One of them exclaims...

KID ONE
...I got a penny! Wanna buy some
candy. How much can I git?

Tom, quickly, takes the opportunity to go behind the candy
counter, and serve the kids. Elizabeth tries to take the
jeans away from Carl, but he won't let go.

ELIZABETH
I said \$4.50 or no jeans!

TOM
It's okay, honey. Just give him the
jeans.

Elizabeth scowls, but obeys.

CARL
That's a mighty fine piece of
advice, mister.(To Elizabeth) Just
put it on my tab.

Carl rolls up his jeans, and puts them under his arm. Carl
and Clint head for the door, pausing just long enough to
laugh on their way out. Elizabeth storms off to the backroom.
Tom stands, transfixed, in deep thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - TOM'S HOUSE AND ADJACENT BARN -
NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. BARN

There's a clandestine town meeting in progress. Several men and women are milling around, including Tom, Mary, Doc, and Jane, the teller from the bank.

MARY

Will everyone please take a seat.

Everyone finds a chair and sits down.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now, folks. We all know why we're here. We need to get our town back. Does anyone have any suggestions?

A local farmer, Chester Meeny, is a disheveled, middle aged, weak willed sort of man. He raises his hand to speak. Mary motions to him.

CHESTER

The way I see it...Ain't nothin' we can do. They got our guns. They're stealin' our property. Next gonna' be our women folk and kids.

Floyd Butkis, the town barber, speaks his peace.

FLOYD

And there ain't no leavin' town, 'cuz both ends is blocked off.

Sherman Howard, a prosperous rancher, speaks out.

SHERMAN

I think we should all be patient. These people will eventually move on. We've got our families to consider. Their safety comes first.

MARY

Look! They've already killed some of our friends, including my Husband and Pa! They're not gonna' stop now! They'll kill us all before they're through!

JANE

They killed poor Artus and his wife. They were like parents to me.

Pete Taylor, a ranch hand chimes in.

PETE

We can't do this alone. We're gonna' need some outside help.

Jeremiah Frebus, the blacksmith, speaks.

JEREMIAH

All this talkins' nice, but ain't y'all forgettin' somethin'? Telegraph lines done been cut. T'aint no way, no how...to git nobody.

Luke Potter, a strong willed farmer, rises from his chair at the rear of the barn.

LUKE

I got me an idea.

Everyone turns to listen.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I know a feller, workin' on a ranch, in the New Mexico high country. He used to be a U.S. Marshal...real good with a gun...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - PANORAMIC VIEW OF LAGOS RANCH - ARRIBA, NEW MEXICO - DAY

INSERT

A cow is being branded with the Lagos logo.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF LAGOS RANCH

Joe Aiken, the Marshal Pete referred to, is in his late fifties. He's well built, and rugged. He's currently foreman of the ranch. Joe is concerned about the way a cow is being branded. He speaks to the ranch hand.

JOE

We're not havin' a barbecue. You don't need to go to the bone. Take it easy.

The ranch hand, somewhat embarrassed, lifts the branding iron off the cow. Another ranch hand calls Joe from the front porch.

RANCH HAND

Joe, boss man wants to see ya.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN

Jackson Lagos, is the boss man and owner. He's a big, burly, bearded man in his fifties. Joe enters the den, facing Jackson. He's sitting behind his desk.

JACKSON

Joe, have a seat. Join me in a drink.

Jackson reaches for the whiskey bottle on his desk. He grabs two shot glasses and pours the drinks. He hands one to Joe, and makes a toast.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Joe, you're the best foreman I've ever had. I hope you spend the rest of your days with us. I want to give you a bonus for all your hard work.

Jackson hands Joe a twenty dollar gold piece.

JOE

Thanks boss. I love my job, my Marshalin' days are over, and this is my home.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. BARN

PETE

...I was readin' in the paper about a famous retired gunfighter...name's Bishop.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Sez he's holed up in some small town in Sonora, Mexico.
...Legend is he killed more'n hundred men...

FLASHBACK - PANORAMIC VIEW OF MATT BISHOP'S HACIENDA - SONORA MEXICO - DAY

CUT TO:

EXT. CORRAL

Matt, in his mid-fifties, chiseled, handsome, but a bit weather worn. He's attempting to mate a bull with a cow. He's very frustrated. They're not cooperating. Pilar, a beautiful Hispanic woman, in her twenties, is Matt's live in girlfriend. She's leaning against the fence post, and laughing at the site of the attempted mating.

MATT

Hey Pilar! Quit yer damn laughin'. This ain't funny! I'll take Ferdinand, and you take Elsie, into our bedroom. We'll teach 'em how it's done.

PILAR (BROKEN ENGLISH)

No...no...I take Ferdinand. You take Elsie.

MATT

Oh, Pilar.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. BARN

SHERMAN

...Even if we find the two guns, who's got the guts to get them?

There are a few beats of silence.

LUKE

I'll go.

PETE

Me, too.

JANE

I'm in.

LUKE

Sorry, Jane. This is no job for a woman.

MARY

Good! Everyone of us needs to gather up some valuables to pay the guns.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The townspeople are dropping all their valuables into a large chest, as they exit the barn. The last person to leave is Chester. He walks over to Luke and Pete.

CHESTER

You're both crazy doin' this. It's not gonna' work.

Luke reddens with anger.

LUKE

Listen up! Every time you open that big mouth, yellow comes out! You're standin' in the company of men! You don't belong here! Go back home and worry with the women!

ECU on Chester's anguished face.

Tom and Mary fasten saddle bags to Luke and Pete's horses.

MARY

We'll all meet two days from now at Potters Junction.

Both Luke and Pete nod in agreement.

TOM

I hope you boys worked out a plan to get past the men at the edge of town.

PETE

Yup. Sure have.

MARY
Please, be careful.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LONGBOW - DAY

A small crowd is standing around in shock, with Jane at the front. Women are crying. Mary pushes through the crowd. She gasps in horror at what she sees. Luke and Pete are propped up on a flatbed cart, bloodied and dead. A single wooden sign is draped around both their necks. The sign reads, "THEY BROKE THE RULES". Chester is standing in the crowd as he says to himself.

CHESTER
I knew this was gonna' happen.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tom and Mary are sitting at the kitchen table, looking defeated. Elizabeth is pouring coffee. She gives everyone a cup and sits across from Mary.

TOM
Poor Luke and Pete. Their plan sure didn't work.

MARY
At least they were man enough to try!

Mary looks at Tom in frustration. She pounds her fist fiercely on the table, then buries her face in her hands, and sobs. Tom puts his arms around his sister, and comforts her. Mary removes her hands from her face.

MARY (CONT'D)
I'll have to do this myself!

Tom reflects before responding. He looks at Elizabeth, then Mary.

TOM
I can't let you do this alone.
We'll go together.

ELIZABETH

Tom! You can't go! It's much too dangerous! The children and I need you here! Mary...Tell him!

Tom looks sternly at both women.

TOM

We're going!

Both women are thunderstruck.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

The bank is busy with customers. Billy is reclining in the former bank president's chair, with his feet up on the desk. His hat is pulled down over his face. Giglin' Jack walks into the bank and over to Billy. He throws two saddlebags, formerly Luke's and Pete's, on the desk. Billy jumps up from the desk. His hat flies off his head.

GIGLIN' JACK

Sam sez lock these up.

Billy picks up the saddlebags.

BILLY

Pretty dang heavy. What's in 'em?

GIGLIN' JACK

Just lock 'em up.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST END - LONGBOW - DAY

Two of Sam's men, Curtis and Kenny, are standing guard, brandishing rifles. Tom and Mary ride close by. They dismount, and begin to argue loudly. Tom shoves Mary. She pushes him back. He shakes her. Curtis and Kenny approach.

MARY

You bastard! Get your hands off me!

TOM

You little whore! You're never gonna' cheat on me again!

Tom slaps her. Curtis and Kenny, eye Mary and her voluptuous body. They look at each other, and wink. Kenny comes up behind Tom, and knocks him down. Curtis kicks him.

KENNY

What's wrong, boy? Forgettin' your manners? Ain't no way to treat a lady.

CURTIS

Specially as purty as this little filly. (To Tom) Now git!

Curtis smiles at Mary. She returns the smile. Tom angrily gets up, mounts his horse, and rides off.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

You okay?

MARY

Yeah...I'm good. Thanks.

KENNY

Our pleasure, ma'am.

MARY

I owe you boys. I always pay my debts. Tell you what. Let me go get a bottle of whiskey, and we'll have us a little party.

Both men look at each other, surprised, excited, and grinning from ear to ear.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

Some of Sam's men are playing poker. Giglin' Jack folds his hand.

GIGLIN' JACK

Deal me out. I got me an urge.

Giglin' Jack stands up from the table, and grabs a whiskey bottle. He walks over to the bar, and grabs the arm of Bessie, one of the saloon girls. Bessie looks at Bea for approval. Bea nods yes. Giglin' Jack and Bessie go upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Bessie slowly unbuttons Giglin' Jack's shirt. He slaps her across the face, while holding the whiskey bottle in his other hand. She falls back on the bed, as he giggles and gropes her. He throws the bottle down, and rips open her dress. She screams. He straddles her

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

Bea reacts to the screaming upstairs. So do Sam's men, who chuckle. Bea runs upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT: HALWAY

Bea bangs on the bedroom door. She tries to open the door, but it's locked.

BEA
OPEN THIS DOOR!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Bessie frees herself from Giglin' Jack's grip, and runs towards the door. He grabs her, and tosses her back on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Bea is angry and concerned. She reaches into her stocking and pulls out a derringer. She fires it into the air.

BESSIE
OPEN THE GOD DAMN DOOR!

Sam appears.

SAM
What the hell's goin' on?

BEA

Your man's beatin' on one of my girls.

Sam takes a step back, rushes the door, and knocks it down. He runs into the bedroom, and yanks Giglin' Jack off Bessie.

SAM

Get the hell outta' here! I'll have words with you, later.

Giglin' Jack slips on his pants, buttons his fly, and lets out one final giggle. He leaves the room. Bea sits down next to the distraught Bessie, and puts her arm around her. Bea addresses Sam.

BEA

If you can't stop your men from acting like animals, my girls will be off limits.

SAM

Sounds reasonable. I'll respect your wishes, as long as you respect mine.

BEA

What's that mean?

Sam smiles coyly, and grabs Bea by the arm. He whisks her out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary applies lipstick to her lips. She unbuttons the top of her blouse, revealing ample cleavage. She fluffs her hair, grabs a saddlebag, and a bottle of whiskey.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BARN - NIGHT

Tom is strapping the saddle onto his horse. Elizabeth enters.

ELIZABETH

Tom! Don't go! I'm really scared.

Tom picks up his gun belt from the ground, and puts it on. Elizabeth becomes hysterical.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
OH, MY GOD! WHAT IF YOU'RE KILLED?
WHAT IF...

Tom grabs her by the shoulders.

TOM
...Elizabeth! It's time to take
action! There were moments over the
years when I could see in your
eyes, that you thought I was
something short of being a man.

ELIZABETH
Tom, I...

TOM
...Let me finish! Because I know
how much you hate violence, I
haven't done what I should have as
a man. I know how to take care of
myself. Now I'm gonna' do what's
right.

Tom and Elizabeth's two small children, Rebecca and Jeffrey,
come running into the barn. They're dressed in pajamas.

JEFFREY
Pa? Where you goin'? Can I come?

Tom smiles, and kneels down. He hugs and kisses both
children.

TOM
Stay here, and take good care of
your Ma while I'm gone.

Tom stands, mounts his horse, and turns to Elizabeth.

TOM (CONT'D)
I love you.

Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, clutches the kids. Tom
rides off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST END - LONGBOW - NIGHT

Mary is sitting between Curtis and Kenny, surrounded by
clumps of sagebrush. Everyone is laughing, as the bottle of
whiskey is passed around. Curtis takes the last swig.

CURTIS

That's all the whiskey. Now what
say we get to knowin' each other
better?

Curtis nuzzles up to Mary, and plants a sloppy kiss on her mouth. Mary looks at Kenny, and clears her throat. Kenny gets the idea, and leaves. Curtis tries another kiss, when suddenly, he's yanked back with a hand covering his mouth.

CUT TO:

INSERT

Mary's hand removes a knife from her boot.

CUT TO:

ECU

Mary buries the knife deep into the belly of Curtis.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST END - LONGBOW

Kenny hears a muffled groan, and smiles, as he waits for his turn. Mary walks up to him. Her hair is ruffled and her blouse still partially open.

MARY

Your friend's a real party pooper.
He passed out on me. You man enough
to take over?

Mary snickers and runs away. Kenny eagerly runs after her.

CUT TO:

INT. SAGEBRUSH AREA

Kenny swaggers up to Mary, who is laying seductively on the ground. Kenny approaches.

CUT TO:

INSERT

Tom coming up behind Kenny, and cutting his throat with a knife.

MASTER SHOT

Tom stands over the body, with a bloody knife in his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - DENVER COLORADO - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE

TRAIN STATION - DENVER

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF TRAIN STATION

A horse drawn flatbed cart, with armed guards seated on top, pulls to a stop. Other guards on horseback, are directly behind. Two guards jump to the ground. They unload the first of four crates. Other guards stand watch.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE

The station manager is busy doing paperwork. Colonel Ulysses Dumont is a career army officer in his sixties. He's accompanied by his aide, Lieutenant John Pierson. He's a young officer in his twenties, who appears naive. They enter the station manager's office. The Colonel addresses the station manager.

DUMONT

I'm Colonel Dumont. This is my aide Lieutenant Pierson. He's here to supervise the U.S. Army shipment to San Francisco. Has it arrived?

STATION MANAGER

Just came in.

DUMONT

Thanks. We'll be in the cafe. Let us know when they're ready to load.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Panoramic view of the desert floor from a mountain top. In the distance, there are two riders galloping at full speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT TRAIL

Tom and Mary are riding together. They reign their horses to a stop.

CUT TO:

TOM AND MARY'S POV

They see a three pronged fork at Willow Canyon Pass. One of the forks goes Northeast, one South, the third into a westerly direction.

TOM

Well, this is it. Watch your back, sis.

MARY

I will. You too.

Tom rides to the south. Mary takes the northeast trail. They form clouds of dust as they distance themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

Camera is CU on Sam's surprised face.

SAM

What?!

Standing before Sam are two of his men, Lou and Butch.

LOU

Swear to god, Sam! We found 'em at the edge of town...deader'n shit.

BUTCH

That' right, boss. They was killed!

Sam's face hardens with concern.

SAM
Find me the killer! NOW!!!

CUT TO:

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Ed is tapping out something on the telegraph key. Giglin' Jack enters the office, giggling.

GIGLIN' JACK
Hey, stupid! When you gonna' stop
playin' with that thing? I told you
that wire ain't no good!

Suddenly, we hear a return tapping on the telegraph key. Ed smiles, wryly.

ED
Is that a fact?

Ed grabs a paper and pen to write down the message.

CUT TO:

INSERT - MESSAGE

Sam Caldwell...stop...enroute from Denver on
schedule...stop...Pierson...stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DENVER - LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

Dumont is standing impatiently, waiting for Pierson, as the last crate has already been loaded. He removes his pocket watch, and checks the time. Pierson returns.

DUMONT
Where you been, Lieutenant?

PIERSON
Breakfast kind of backed up on me,
sir.

A guard hands Pierson a paper to sign. He signs.

DUMONT

Son, I hope you understand how important it is that this shipment arrives in San Francisco, without a hitch. The Army is depending on you.

Pierson stiffens and salutes the Colonel.

PIERSON

Yes, sir!

The railway telegraph operator runs over to Pierson, out of breath.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

You forgot to pay me. That'll be a dollar.

Dumont raises a questioning eyebrow, as Pierson hands the operator a silver dollar.

PIERSON

Thank you.

The operator smiles, and leaves.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

Women! You have to let them know where you are day and night!

Dumont acknowledges with an understanding smile.

Camera pans to Federal Marshall Bob Wilcox. He's leaning against a box car, as he stares at the shipment.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Butch knocks on a bedroom door. After no response, he knocks a second time. The door is opened by Sam, angry and half dressed. A young saloon girl, in the background, quickly pulls up a bed sheet to cover herself.

SAM

God Dammit! What the hell do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?

BUTCH

Boss! We got us a fella' here, just rode into Longbow.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Sez he saw a man and a woman ridin'
outta' town after sundown.

SAM

Didn't anyone post new guards?

Sam buttons his pants, and steps into the hallway. Danville O'Riley, a distinguished, well dressed, middle aged man, is leaning against the wall. Butch pokes him.

BUTCH

Didn't you see no guards, mister?

DANVILLE

I'm a twee bit confused. People
ride in and out of town all the
time, without guards. What's the
big deal?

Sam grabs Danville by the coat lapels.

SAM

Never mind! Tell me where the man
and woman was headed!

Danville feels intimidated.

DANVILLE

Uh...They were riding together
until they split up at Willow
Canyon Fork. Not sure the
direction. I'm new here meself.

Sam releases his grip on Danville. He smiles, and brushes off
the man's lapels.

SAM

Mister...I really appreciate your
help. Plannin' to stay a spell?

DANVILLE

You have a nice town here...But,
I'm leaving now.

SAM

'Fraid not.

Sam motions to Butch, who with deadly intent, draws his gun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Six of Sam's men are riding at a full gallop toward Willow Canyon Fork. Upon arrival, they split up. Two go Northeast, two go South, and two go West.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Panoramic view of green rolling hills, and large pine trees. The train, carrying the shipment to San Francisco, passes through.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING CAR

Pierson is eating lunch. Federal Marshal Bob Wilcox sits down at the table across from him. Wilcox in his fifties, is a thirty year veteran of the law. He's tall, lanky, and well worn.

WILCOX

Mind if I join you, Lieutenant?

Pierson is confused. There are many empty tables in the diner. He wonders why Wilcox wants to join him.

PIERSON

Suit yourself.

Wilcox sits down, and motions the waiter over.

WAITER

Yes, Marshal?

WILCOX

Cup a coffee, black.

The waiter leaves. Wilcox leans back in his chair.

WILCOX

Didn't get to meet you, earlier.
Bob Wilcox...Federal Marshal.

Wilcox extends his hand. Pierson shakes it.

PIERSON

Lieutenant John Pierson.

WILCOX

First run?

Pierson feels the need to be on his guard.

PIERSON

Yes, it is.

WILCOX

Well, don't you fret none. I've been guardin' shipments on these trains, for goin' on fifteen years. Never lost one yet.

PIERSON

Congratulations.

Wilcox stares quietly at Pierson, who is starting to feel very uncomfortable. Pierson takes his napkin, wipes his mouth, and forces a smile.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me...

The waiter brings Wilcox his coffee. Pierson stands, and walks away. Wilcox, still studying him, takes a long sip of his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREEK - HIGH COUNTRY - DAY

Mary is riding through a mountain pass, alongside a creek.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tom is riding at full gallop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Mary is descending the mountain pass, slowly making her way to the desert below.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - WATERING HOLE - DAY

Tom slows his horse to a stop, and dismounts. He fills his canteen, and takes a drink. His horse is drinking as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

Mary rides past camera, revealing two riders in the far distance behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO RIDERS

Two of Sam's men, having picked up Mary's trail, navigate through the mountain pass. They stop at the precipice, overlooking the desert below.

RIDER'S POV

Mary is riding in the distance.

The two riders quickly make their way down the mountain pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sam's two riders that took the trail to the West, come upon the smoldering remnants of a campfire.

RIDER ONE

Well, lookee here!

Both men ride over to the remnants, and dismount.

RIDER TWO

Looks like we's hot on their trail.

RIDER ONE

See that? Them tracks is goin' up that trail.

The two men mount their horses and follow the trail.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tom is riding South, at a steady pace, towards the Mexican border. He hears the sound of thundering hooves behind him. He turns, looks back, and sees a large cloud of dust in the distance. He whips his horse into a fast gallop.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN MOUNTAINS - DAY

The horse tracks that Sam's men have been following, turn into train tracks. They follow the tracks to a tunnel entrance, cutting through the mountain.

RIDER TWO

It's gettin' near dark.

He looks to the left and to the right of the tunnel.

RIDER TWO (CONT'D)

Ain't no trails on neither side.
They musta' gone through the
tunnel.

Both men enter the tunnel on their horses. There's a glimmer of light at the far end. They're half way through. Suddenly, the light disappears. In an instant, an extremely bright light fills the tunnel. The roaring of a full speed train, with an ear piercing whistle, is now barreling down on them.

RIDER ONE

Uh Oh.

RIDER TWO

AAAAHHHHH!!!

Both horses are so spooked, that they rear back, throwing both riders onto the tracks. The horses bolt for the exit. The men run like hell as the train gets closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL EXIT

The two horses exit the tunnel, and run off the tracks. The train blows a final whistle, as it exits the tunnel. There's a massive amount of blood on the front of the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - ROCKY PEAK SALOON - DAY

Mary rides up, dismounts, and ties her horse to the hitching post.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

The atmosphere is dark and gloomy. There are a few male patrons sitting at tables, and standing at the bar. Mary enters through the swinging front doors, and walks up to the bar. There's rude snickering from two rowdies, nearby.

BARTENDER

Don't pay them no mind, ma'am. Some people in here ain't human.

The two rowdies position themselves on either side of Mary. Rowdy one puts his arm around Mary.

ROWDY ONE

Oh...We're human, alright.

Rowdy two attempts to kiss Mary. She slams her knee into his groin. He groans and falls to the floor. Rowdy one goes to hit Mary. The barrel of her six gun, fully cocked, ends up between his eyes.

MARY

I think you best scrape your sidekick off the ground, and high tail it outta' here.

Rowdy one picks up Rowdy two, and carries him out of the saloon.

BARTENDER

Ma'am, I'd say you earned yourself a drink.

Mary ignores the offer.

MARY

Where can I find a man by the name of Joe Aiken?

BARTENDER

He's the foreman at the Lagos Ranch.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tom crosses the border into Mexico. Kicking up a cloud of dust behind him, are two of Sam's men, in hot pursuit. Sam's men hear a stampede behind them. They both look back, and see a much larger cloud of dust chasing them. The cloud takes on human forms. Eight Mexican banditos ride along both sides of Sam's men. The banditos force them to a halt. Tom rides on, distancing himself from the confrontation. The banditos yip, holler, and fire their guns in the air. They parade around the two in a circle. The leader, Diablo, sports a wide grin which turns to laughter.

DIABLO

Buenos Diaz, amigos! I ask to myself...What are two gringos doing here, so far away from home? Lucky for you I speak your language.

Diablo addresses his men in Spanish.

DIABLO (CONT'D)

Horale...Quita las pistoles de estas pinche cabrones!

(ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

Quickly...Take the guns from these son's of bitches!

Two bandits break formation, and take their guns.

DIABLO

Welcome to Mexico!

Diablo and his men laugh heartily.

BANDITOS

(In unison) Si! Welcome to Mexico!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

Mary is riding into the desert, with the saloon in the distance behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY PEAK SALOON

Sam's men, who have been tracking Mary, arrive at the saloon. They come across two men, who happen to be the rowdies in conflict with Mary. They ask the rowdies if they've seen Mary. The rowdies point in the direction that Mary was heading. Sam's men take off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAGOS RANCH - PASTURE - DAY

Joe Aiken, along with a few ranch hands, are rounding up cattle. Two shots ring out VO. Mary rides into frame, bleeding from the left shoulder, and slumped forward on her horse. She falls to the ground. Joe and his men turn their attention to Mary. Sam's two men ride up to Joe. Joe says to his men.

JOE

Get her over to the bunkhouse.

Joe confronts Sam's men.

JOE (CONT'D)

You boys mind tellin' me what's goin' on here?

MAN ONE

This ain't your concern, old man.
Give us the girl.

JOE

You're on Lagos property. That concerns me a lot.

The ranch hands attention has been divided between Mary, and covering Joe's back. Joe yells back at his men.

JOE (CONT'D)

I said, get her to the bunkhouse!

MAN TWO

Mister, you're makin' a big mistake.

Sam's men draw. Joe is faster. They're both dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONORA MEXICO - DAY

Tom rides into the sleepy dusty town, lined with adobe buildings. He spots a small church, and rides to it. He dismounts, ties his horse to a post, and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The Padre is lighting some candles. Tom approaches.

TOM

Excuse me, Padre. I'm looking for a man by the name of Matt Bishop.

PADRE

Matt Bishop? Senor, he's mean. Especially to strangers.

TOM

No matter. I need to see him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ECU - TRAIN WHISTLE - DAY

There are two strong blows of the whistle. Camera widens to show the train traveling at full speed.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - FREIGHT CAR

ECU of a crate being pried open, revealing bars of gold bullion. Camera widens to show Wilcox and a guard, standing by the crate. Wilcox stares in surprise.

WILCOX

I'll be damned. I thought these were rifles. Where's Lieutenant Pierson?

GUARD

He's back in the caboose, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABOOSE

Pierson is standing outside of the caboose, puffing on his pipe. The door opens. Wilcox steps outside.

WILCOX

I just checked the shipment. I was surprised to see gold. I thought we was carryin' rifles. Anyway, I checked em all...Thought you should know.

Pierson is miffed. He taps his pipe clean on the railing. He forces a smile, and walks back inside. Wilcox smells a rat.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Joe is sitting on a chair in the corner of the room. Mary is semi-conscious, resting on the bed. A local doctor is dressing her wound.

DOCTOR

That'll do it, Joe. I'll be back to check on her in the morning.

JOE

She gonna' be okay?

DOCTOR

I've done all I could. She just needs rest.

The doctor exits the bunkhouse. Joe covers Mary with a blanket. She briefly opens her eyes, and smiles, before falling back to sleep. Joe takes out a bed roll from under the bed. He positions it on the floor, next to Mary. He extinguishes the oil lamp.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD LADY'S BEDROOM - LONGBOW - NIGHT

In the pitch darkness, we hear gunfire, and loud noises VO. An oil lamp is turned up, revealing a frightened old lady, peering out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - SALOON

Sam's men, on horseback, are completely out of control. They're firing at anything and everything. Two men come flying out of the saloon. One of them through the front window, the other through the saloon doors.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

More craziness in progress...fighting, screaming, saloon girls struggling with Sam's men.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sam, half dressed, is holding up his unbuttoned pants with his left hand, firing his gun in the air with his right. He stares angrily at the ruckus below.

SAM

JESUS! What's a man gotta' do to get some sleep 'round here?!

CUT TO:

SAM'S POV

People in the saloon quiet down.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - MATT BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

There are dogs barking VO. Tom approaches the front of the house. Gunshots kick up dirt in front of his feet. We hear a threatening male voice.

MATT VO

Who are you? What the hell you want?

CUT TO:

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - DINING AREA

Matt and Tom are seated at the table. A shotgun and a holster with two six guns are resting against the wall, to the right of Matt.

MATT

I'm sure glad you ain't the law.
You had me fooled. We don't see too
many Americanos down here.(Yells)
Pilar!...Mescal! (To Tom) You
married?

TOM

Yup. Goin' on seven years.

MATT

Kids?

TOM

Two.

MATT

That's a shame. Pilar's got a
coupla' fine lookin' sisters, just
itchen' to get hitched. Take it
from me. Ain't nothin' better'n a
good Mexican woman...Spoil you
rotten.

Pilar is standing in the hallway, covertly listening to the conversation.

MATT (CONT'D)

What brings you down here? You sure
don't look like no outlaw.

TOM

I need your help.

MATT

What kinda' help could I be to you?

CUT TO:

INSERT

Two shot glasses, and a bottle of Mescal, with a worm at the bottom, are slammed on the table by Pilar. Camera widens.

PILAR

Why you let this man in our home?
He no friend of you!

Matt chuckles.

MATT

Now, Pilar. This man's a guest.
Don't you got nothin' to do...Like
make dinner?

Pilar storms out of the room.

MATT (CONT'D)

Best you pay no mind, what I said
earlier, about Mexican women.

Matt pours Mescal into two shot glasses. Tom is the lucky
recipient of the worm.

MATT (CONT'D)

Firewater! Mexican style!

TOM

Uh...If you don't mind, I'll pass.

MATT

Suit yourself.

Matt downs his shot glass, then Tom's.

TOM

I rode down here from Longbow. A
few days ago, a bunch of desperados
rode in and took over the entire
town. They killed folks, including
my father, the Sheriff. They took
all our weapons. I had to do a
little killin' to escape. We heard
about your reputation as a
gunslinger, and...

Matt frowns.

MATT

...I'm retired! See them guns on
the wall? They been hangin' there
ever since I come to Sonora, and
that's where they're gonna' stay!

Matt pours another shot of Mescal, and quickly downs it.

MATT (CONT'D)

I got a new life now... 'Sides, I
got a price on my head, north of
the border.

Tom removes a pouch from inside his vest pocket. He dumps some gold and silver coins on the table.

TOM
Maybe this will help.

Matt studies the coins, then pushes them away.

MATT
That's a mighty temptin' offer. A few years ago, I'd a jumped at it. But...

TOM
...You won't be doin' this alone. We're gettin' another man to help out.

Matt grins.

MATT
And who might that be?

TOM
Joe Aiken.

Matt can't believe what he just heard. He leans back in his chair.

MATT
Joe Aiken?

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - GOLD CAR - NIGHT

Pierson stares transfixed, gazing at an open crate of gold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - LAGOS RANCH - SUNRISE

The sun peaks over the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKHOUSE

Mary is fast asleep. Joe's sleeping on his bedroll, beside her. Suddenly, Mary jolts up, very disoriented and confused. She reacts to the pain in her left shoulder.

She groans and attempts to stand, but falls to one side. Two strong hands catch her, and guide her to the bed.

JOE
Better stay put.

Mary becomes frantic.

MARY
I have to find Joe Aiken!

JOE
You found him.

Mary rambles.

MARY
There's no time...We have to
leave...You have to come with me...

JOE
...Just calm down. Get some rest.
We'll talk later.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONORA DESERT - DAY

Tom and Matt are riding at a brisk pace. They reign their horses to a stop.

CUT TO:

MATT AND TOM'S POV

Sam's two men, who were in pursuit of Tom earlier, are tied to the ground. They're laying spread eagle in their undershorts. Their bellies cut open, with vultures tearing and ripping at their lifeless flesh.

MATT
Looks like the work of banditos.

Tom looks away in disgust. Suddenly, gunfire whizzes past them VO. The same banditos are now charging Tom and Matt from behind.

MATT (CONT'D)
Hurry! The rocks!

Tom and Matt quickly ride, and take cover behind the rocks. Matt cocks his rifle. Tom draws his pistol.

MATT (CONT'D)

You know how to use that thing?

More rapid gunfire from the banditos keep Matt and Tom pinned down. Two of the banditos split off, and disappear behind the rocks. The remaining four, charge Tom and Matt head on. Tom and Matt quickly dispose of them before they get too close. Tom looks up and sees the last two banditos on the rocky ledge, behind them. He picks off one, and yells to Matt.

TOM

BEHIND YOU!

Matt steps to the right, as two bullets narrowly miss him. He takes quick and steady aim, terminating the leader, Diablo. He crashes to the desert floor.

MATT

You're alright, sonny.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASTURE - LAGOS RANCH - NIGHT

Mary and Joe are leaning against the wooden fence. Behind them, is a beautiful backdrop of majestic, rocky, mountains. Mary's body language suggests sensuality.

MARY

Joe. We desperately need your help.

JOE

Things are different now. I don't do Marshallin' anymore. My life's here at the Lagos Ranch.

Mary gently takes his arm.

MARY

Come with me. I've something to show you.

CUT TO:

INT. STABLE

Mary and Joe are standing next to Mary's horse. Mary opens the leather flap on the outside of the saddlebag.

ECU of various gold and silver coins.

Joe reacts with surprise.

JOE
Where'd you steal this?

MARY
It comes from the good people of
Longbow. It's yours if you help.

JOE
I appreciate your kind offer, but
the answer is still no.

Mary is clearly disappointed. Joe gently puts his arm on her
shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)
Sorry you had to ride such a long
way for nothin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Panoramic view of a full moon, which illuminates the desert
as far as the eye can see.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE

Joe and Mary are sitting by the fire.

JOE
I outta' have my head examined.

MARY
I didn't twist your arm.

JOE
You didn't have to. You said Matt
Bishop was coming.

MARY
What's he to you, anyway?

JOE
It's getting late. Time to get some
shut eye.

Joe walks to his bedroll, and gets inside. Mary is intrigued.

MARY
You remind me a lot of my father.

JOE
How's that?

MARY
He never gave me a straight answer,
either.

JOE
Smart man.

Joe lays back and pulls his hat over his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE

We hear the sounds of crickets and desert nightlife, as Joe and Mary sleep. Three Indians come out of the shadows. They inch close to the campsite. One of the Indians heads toward Mary, tomahawk in hand. As he approaches, he steps on a twig, making a crackling sound. He's about to tomahawk Mary. She rolls to the side, fires her gun, striking him in the head. Joe scrambles from his bedroll, and shoots the other two in the blink of an eye. Mary looks at her bedroll, shivers, as she sees the tomahawk imbedded in her saddle. She runs to Joe. He embraces her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON - LONGBOW - DAY

Patrons are standing in front of the saloon. There are others exiting the swinging doors, grumbling.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

Sam is at the poker table, surrounded by his men. Others are milling around.

SAM
C'mon, God Damn it! Everyone out,
except my men!

Everyone scurries out the front door. Sam notices that Bea is still hanging around.

SAM (CONT'D)
That includes you, too, Bea. This
is private.

Bea shakes her head, and as she's leaving...mutters...

BEA

Like I really give a shit.

The bartender is loading a cart with liquor, to serve the customers, outside.

BARTENDER

Gee, Mr. Caldwell. You got an office in the back. Sure's a lotta' trouble to...

SAM

...If I want your advice, I'll ask for it! Just get out front and make me some money! You gotta' problem with that!

The bartender, grudgingly, obeys. He steps outside.

SAM (CONT'D)

Boys. Time you knew about the plan...GOLD! LOTS OF IT! Two days ago, a train left Denver with a shit load of gold, headed for San Francisco. It'll be makin' an unscheduled stop in Longbow. That's where you boys come in, if you catch my drift.

Everyone's eyes light up, as they move closer to Sam.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LONGBOW - DAY

Sam and some of his men are standing next to the train tracks. He's explaining the mechanics of successfully robbing the train.

SAM

Now, boys, I got me an inside man on the train. He'll make sure it stops outside of town.(He looks to Chief) Chief, I'm sendin' you out to give this army boy a hand.

Lou, Ed, and Chester, ride up to Sam and dismount.

LOU

Boss. Chester here come to us with somethin' you outta' know about.

Sam is amused at Chester's nervous state.

SAM
Whatcha' got, Chester?

Chester looks to Lou and Ed.

CHESTER
What about the money?

SAM
Money?

ED
Yeah, boss. We told him you'd give
him fifty.

Sam smiles. He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a small, leather pouch.

SAM
That's mighty generous of you boys.
Gold coin alright, Chester?

CHESTER
Oh, yeah...Sure...Uh...Gold's fine,
Mr. Caldwell.

Sam reaches into the pouch and hands the gold to Chester. As Chester receives it, Sam grabs his hand and squeezes, hard.

SAM
Spill it!

CHESTER
Well...I was at a secret town
meetin', and they decided what they
was gonna' do about you and your
men.

SAM
No kiddin'?

Sam laughs. His men do the same.

CHESTER
I want you to know, I was against
what they was plannin' all along.

SAM
And?...

CHESTER
Ya' see, Mary and Tom left town to
get some gunfighters to help.

SAM
Gunfighters?

CHESTER
Some feller named Joe Aiken.
(Scratches his head)...Other feller
was...Hell, I can't remember. Matt
somethin' or other.

Sam, warmly, drapes an arm around Chester's shoulder.

SAM
Chester. I'm proud of you. You sure
earned your money.

Chester beams.

CHESTER
Thanks, Mr. Caldwell.

Sam pulls Chester close.

SAM
Chester? Can I ask you somethin'?

CHESTER
Sure, Mr. Caldwell.

SAM
Do I scare you?

Chester lets out a sigh.

CHESTER
I gotta' admit...I was real scared
at first, but you seem nice now.

Sam smiles.

SAM
Good. That's good, Chester...You
know somethin'? You ain't too
bright. You really didn't think I
was gonna' let you walk away with
my gold, did you?

Chester tenses up. Sam releases his grip, and steps back. He
nods at Lou, who immediately places his gun to Chester's
temple, and fires.

Everyone laughs as Chester quivers, and falls dead to the ground. His hand opens, and the gold rolls out. Sam looks to Ed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Pick 'em up.

Ed retrieves the coins, and hands them to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)
I heard about this Joe Aiken. (To Ed) Get over to the telegraph office, and get a wire off to Snake.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN - DESERT - NIGHT

The train is traveling West at a steady pace.

CUT TO:

EXT: TRAIN

Pierson is standing on a connector plate joining two rail cars. He is nervous as he looks to the right and left.

CUT TO:

PIERSON'S POV

Chief, on horseback, is galloping alongside the train. He spots Pierson, and heads for him.

Pierson extends his hand to Chief, who grabs it while leaping from his horse, onto the train. He grins, and pulls out a large knife.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING CAR

Dinner is being served. Wilcox is among the diners. He glances around for Pierson. He calls the waiter over.

WILCOX
Lt. Pierson been in for dinner yet?

WAITER

No, sir. I haven't seen him.

CUT TO:

INT. SLEEPING CAR

ECU - A hand knocks on Pierson' door.

Camera widens to reveal Wilcox knocking a second time, to no response. He opens the door and looks inside. The cabin is empty. Wilcox senses urgency, and closes the door. Camera follows Wilcox as he makes his way through the train cars, until he arrives at the gold shipment door. He sees blood on the door and the floor. The guards are missing. He draws his gun, and goes inside. Camera pans to show two dead guards with their throats cut. Wilcox, alarmed, runs to the adjoining caboose. He rushes through the door, and sees Chief cutting the last guard's throat. Chief reacting to Wilcox, raises his knife to throw it. Wilcox fires his gun, killing Chief. Just as quickly, two shots are fired VO. They hit Wilcox in the back, blowing two large exit holes in his chest. His badge falls, clinking to the floor. With Wilcox's last breath of life, he spins around, firing his gun, and wounding Pierson in the shoulder. Pierson fires once more, killing Wilcox. Pierson, dazed, stares blankly at Wilcox's dead body.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE - LONGBOW - NIGHT

Billy is carrying a bouquet of flowers. He's dressed in his best attire. He approaches the house. It's bordered by a white picket fence. He opens the gate, and walks up to the front door. He knocks on the door. There's no answer. He knocks again, harder. Jane opens the door, and is surprised to see Billy.

JANE

What are you doin' here?

BILLY

I come to take you to dinner.

JANE

Why?

BILLY

I've takin' a real shine to you.
Git your coat and let's go.

JANE

You're out of your cotton pickin' mind. I ain't goin' anywhere with you. Puttin' up with you at the bank's enough for me.

Billy rips apart the flowers, and throws them at Jane's feet.

BILLY

I come all this way, and you treat me like dog shit!

Billy turns and stomps away from the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON - SAN LUIS - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

A messenger, with a telegraph in his hand, enters the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

He walks through the saloon. He goes up to the bartender.

MESSENGER

You know an hombre named Snake?

Bartender points to the end of the bar. Snake, in his forties, tall, is extremely mean looking. He's wearing a hat adorned with a real rattlesnake's head. The messenger nervously approaches Snake.

MESSENGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Snake...This here's for you, sir.

Snake grabs the telegram, and reads it.

INSERT

SNAKE...STOP...NEED YOU IN LONGBOW...STOP...WILL PAY GOLD...
STOP...SAM.

Snake hisses. Normally, the messenger would extend his hand for a tip. In this case, he's so scared, he just takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NEW MEXICO - DAY

Snake is riding hard through the hot desert. He stops abruptly, rearing his horse. He fires his gun, and dismounts. He walks over to his kill...A Diamondback rattlesnake. He pulls out his knife, and cuts off it's head. He removes the old snake head from his hat, throws it aside, and replaces it with this fresh one. Snake murmurs to himself...

SNAKE

After a few days these snake heads
get to stinkin' somethin' fierce.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT TRAIL - DAY

Joe and Mary are riding at a steady pace.

MARY

...And my Pa and Husband were
killed the first night they hit
town.

JOE

Hmmm...That's real rough.

They continue to ride silently for a beat or two.

MARY

Ask you somethin'?

JOE

Depends.

MARY

Where you from, originally?

JOE

My Ma.

MARY

C'mon, answer me.

Joe is silent.

MARY (CONT'D)

You got somethin' to hide?

JOE

Look! I don't answer no personal
questions. Okay?

Mary smiles coyly.

MARY
Just like my father...Anything you
want to know about me?

Joe gives it some thought.

JOE
As a matter of fact, yeah. How come
you ask so many questions?

Mary is stuck for an answer. Joe ponders another thought.

JOE (CONT'D)
How'd you get to be so good
lookin'?

MARY
My Ma.

Joe laughs, Mary softens and smiles.

MARY (CONT'D)
You think I'm pretty?

JOE
If I were ten years younger, the
only ridin' we'd be doin' is in the
sack.

Mary blushes.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LONGBOW - DAY

Jane is in the middle of a transaction with a customer. Billy
sidles up to her.

BILLY
Follow me. I need help in the
vault.

JANE
Wait a minute, I'm helpin' Mr.
Johnson.

BILLY
Never mind that old coot. You come
with me.

Billy grabs her by the arm. Mr. Johnson becomes irate.

JOHNSON
Hey! I ain't done yet!

The long barrel of Billy's six shooter, slips through the bars of the teller's cage. It comes to rest between Johnson's eyes. He freezes in shock.

BILLY VO
You sure as hell are.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT OF VAULT

Billy turns the last number on the combination, then pulls the vault open. Jane is standing by, as Billy goes inside.

BILLY
C'mon in.

Jane follows him inside.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What's your problem, lady?

JANE
What do you mean?

BILLY
You know how much time I spent preparin' myself for you last night?

Jane is not sure how to react to this craziness.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I wuz tryin' to be nice. I'm done with that!

Billy pulls the door shut from the inside. Camera holds on the door. We hear noises of scuffling, screaming, punching, clothes ripping, etc. The vault door opens. Billy is laying, badly beaten, on the floor. Jane is brushing off her blouse, unscathed.

JANE
I quit...ASSHOLE!

Jane walks outside the vault, closing the door with Billy inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - BARBER SHOP - LONGBOW - DAY

Snake is walking down the street. He stops and gazes into the barber shop window.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBER SHOP

Floyd, the barber, is shaving a customer. Snake enters, with spurs jingling.

SNAKE

Shave!

FLOYD

Take a seat. I'll be with you in a minute.

SNAKE

I don't wait for nobody!

FLOYD

I don't know where you're from, mister, but in this town...

SNAKE

...Don't make no difference where I'm from. I don't wait!

Snake goes to the man being shaved, yanks him out of the chair, and throws him out the front door. Floyd realizes, he better obey. Snake sits in the chair. He removes his hat. He hands it to Floyd, whose hands are noticeably trembling.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Careful with this.

Floyd stares, at arms length, at the snake head affixed to the hat. He carefully places it on the counter. He drapes a sheet over Snake, and lathers his face. He sharpens a razor, and commences to shave him. Snake sneezes, causing Floyd to nick him. Snake touches his face, and stares at the blood on his finger tips.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to be careful!
Gimme that God Damn razor!

Floyd is now shaking a bit harder. He cautiously hands Snake the razor. Snake gets out of the chair. He goes over to the mirror, and finishes shaving himself. He turns around, and shoves Floyd into the chair.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Your turn!

Snake whips up the lather, and splatters it all over Floyd's face. He grabs the razor, and with violent strokes up, down, and sideways, gives Floyd the closest shave of his life.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - EXAM ROOM

Doc is sewing up the gashes on Floyd's face. Poor Floyd winces with every insertion and pull through of the needle. Doc finishes, and walks to the medicine cabinet. He removes a tube of ointment, and hands it to Floyd.

DOC

I want you to use this twice a day...Once in the morning...Once before bedtime. I suggest you take a slug of whiskey for pain. I'll see you back here next week. I'm real sorry about this, Floyd. I don't think we can take much more of this. If there's a God in heaven, and any justice on Earth, we'll see Tom and Mary back with the gunfighters, soon.

Floyd leaves through the back exit. The bell goes off in Doc's front room.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM

Doc enters, to see a badly bruised Billy, slumping in a chair.

DOC

Who in the hell happened to you!

BILLY

Just patch me up!

Doc walks to the medicine cabinet, and removes a tube of ointment. He hands it to Billy.

DOC

Take this and get out!

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - WATERING HOLE - DUSK

Tom and Matt's horses are drinking, while both men fill their canteens. Matt screws the top shut on his canteen.

MATT

I reckon we rested long enough.
Better get a move on.

TOM

I been meanin' to ask you
somethin'.

MATT

So ask.

TOM

When I asked for your help, you
weren't interested until the name
Joe Aiken came up.

MATT

Joe and me got history. There's
somethin' needs settlin'.

TOM

What?

MATT

Yup...Sure anxious to see Joe
again.

Tom realizes he's not going to get a straight answer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - SHACK - POTTERS CREEK - NIGHT

In the middle of a raging rainstorm, we see the outline of a rundown, dilapidated, shack...The meeting place for Joe, Mary, Tom, and Matt.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK

A dimly lit oil lamp illuminates the room. Joe and Mary are resting on bedrolls. Joe hears a noise, and immediately jumps up while drawing his gun. The door flies open.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LONGBOW

We see Jane morphing from her bank attire, into a well worn western outfit. She puts on a gun belt, with two holsters, one on each side. She fully loads two six shooters, and slips them into the holsters.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK

Matt is standing at the open door, poised, with a pistol in hand. He laughs loudly.

MATT

Dead even.

JOE

Don't bet on it.

Both men holster their guns, and embrace each other. Mary gets up from her bedroll.

MATT

Who's your friend?

JOE

This here's Mary.

MARY

You must be Matt Bishop.

MATT

Yes, ma'am. (To Joe) Well, you old sack o' shit...Never thought I'd see you again. What brought you here?

JOE

Same thing that brought you.

The room is quiet for a few beats, as Joe and Matt study one another.

MATT

Good to hear you haven't lost your sense of humor.

JOE

That's me. Happy Joe Aiken.

Tom enters from outside, soaking wet. Mary runs up to hug him.

MARY

Thank God you're okay.

Mary reaches for a blanket, and puts it around Tom. Tom addresses Joe.

TOM

So...You're Joe Aiken.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH END - LONGBOW - MORNING

Joe, Matt, Tom, and Mary, are riding into town. Joe raises his hand, and signals to the right. Tom and Mary veer off, behind some rocks. Joe and Matt continue forward. After a short distance, Joe and Matt dismount. They walk with their horses in tow. They stop a few feet from two of Sam's men, who are guarding the entrance to town.

GUARD ONE

What are you two strangers doing here?

GUARD TWO

Better turn them horses around, and go back where you come from.

MATT

Supposin' we're friends of Sam Caldwell?

JOE

He's waitin' for us. We're late already. What do you think Sam would say if you held us up?

The guards relax.

GUARD ONE

Alright, then...But you gotta' hand over them guns.

JOE

Nope...Can't do that.

MATT

They're like family.

The two guards realize they've been had. They draw on Joe and Matt. Joe and Matt are quicker. The guards fall dead to the ground. Joe turns and whistles. Tom and Mary ride forward into town. Joe and Matt mount up and head back to the shack.

Tom and Mary pause to look at the dead guards. Bea, in her carriage, is coming around the bend. Positioned on the seat next to her, is a large picnic basket. Everyone freezes! Bea views the dead guards.

BEA

I guess these boys won't be needin' these vittles, after all. Here, you two. Enjoy. You earned it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

A hand drawn map of Longbow is spread out on the table. A finger points to the saloon.

JOE VO

Accordin' to Mary, this is where Caldwell and his boys are holed up.

Camera widens to an MS of Joe and Matt.

MATT

How many men's he got?

JOE

Accordin' to Mary...A lot.

Matt stands up from the table.

MATT

Coffee?

JOE

Yeah.

Matt pours two cups of coffee, and brings them to the table.

MATT

Just thought of somethin'. Remember back in '64 when we were cut off from General Lee?

JOE

Yeah.

MATT

If'n I remember right, there was about thirty Yankees firin' at us from all sides.

JOE
Fun times.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - PIERSON'S CABIN - NIGHT

An oil lamp is burning. The window shade is drawn. Pierson is downing a final shot of whiskey. He's shirtless, and his left shoulder is caked with blood. He picks up his belt from the bed, and places between his teeth. He takes a knife and inserts the blade into the flame of the oil lamp. He bites down on his belt, pours the remnants of the whiskey on his wound, and proceeds to dig out the bullet in his shoulder. He screams.

CUT TO:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

CU - Logs burning in the fireplace.

Camera widens to show Joe and Matt sitting in front of the fireplace.

JOE
I got somethin' to show
you...Interested?

MATT
Maybe.

Joe reaches into his vest pocket, and removes a folded sheet of paper. He opens it, and holds it up for Matt to view.

MATT'S POV

A wanted poster of a younger version of himself. With a reward of Five thousand dollars...Dead or Alive.

JOE
Recognize this?

Matt is unresponsive.

JOE (CONT'D)
I should turn you in. I could use
the money.

MATT
Why don't you?

JOE
I'm thinkin' about it.

MATT
Is that why you come here?

Joe pulls out a cigar, and lights it with a wooden match. He crumbles the poster into a ball, lights it on fire with the match still lit, and throws both into the fireplace.

INSERT

Poster burns until it turns to ash.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - BEA'S BEDROOM

Camera opens to a static shot of an exotic oil painting, hanging on the wall. We hear male grunts and groans of ecstasy VO.

Bea is laying in bed. Sam is on top of her. She has a resigned look of displeasure on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

Joe and Matt enter the saloon wearing long overcoats. They give the room a once over, as they receive the same from everyone inside. They sit down at the bar, and hail the bartender.

JOE
Bottle of whiskey, and two glasses.

The bartender brings the order, and sets it down in front of them. The saloon doors swing open, and in walks Snake. He walks up to the bar, just to the right of Joe and Matt. He addresses the bartender.

SNAKE
Get me Sam.

BARTENDER
He can't be disturbed right now.

Snake reaches over the counter and pulls the bartender up to his face.

SNAKE

Where is he?

Bartender trembles.

BARTENDER

Upstairs...First door on the left.

Snake shoves the bartender back behind the counter. He walks to the foot of the stairs.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Please, mister...He asked not to be disturbed. He's gonna' take it outta' my hide.

SNAKE

Not my problem.

Snake's eyes wander over to Joe and Matt, as he is now halfway up the stairs. He senses something is not quite right. Joe and Matt return the stare. Matt grabs his glass, smiles, and raises it up in a silent toast to Snake. Snake continues up the stairs. Joe whispers to Matt.

JOE

It's gettin' a little hot in here.

Joe and Matt get up, and quietly head out of the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. BEA'S ROOM

Bea is sitting in front of a mirror, fixing her mussed up hair. We see the reflections of Sam and Snake in the mirror.

SNAKE

Now! About that gold.

Sam takes Snake to a corner of the room, and lowers his voice.

SAM

Your cut'll be Five thousand.

Snake smiles.

SNAKE

Thought you might wanna' know...When I rode in yesterday, there was two men layin' dead in the road.

Sam is alarmed.

SAM
They're here!

Bea, unnoticed in the background, smiles knowingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - FORT MORGAN - DENVER - NIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. COLONEL DUMONT'S OFFICE

Dumont's aide politely interrupts Dumont. He's at his desk, smoking a cigar, and relaxing with a drink. There are various wanted posters on the wall, behind him.

AIDE
Pardon me, sir. The telegraph operator is waiting to see you. He says it's urgent.

Dumont thinks on it.

DUMONT
Alright. Send him in.

The aide waves the operator inside. The operator scurries up to Dumont's desk, upset, and embarrassed.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
I'm sorry to bother you, Colonel. My boss, the station manager, is pushing me to collect the right amount for the telegram Lieutenant Pierson sent a few days ago. I only charged him a dollar. It should have been two.

Dumont understands, and reaches into his pocket.

DUMONT
I think the U.S. Army can handle that problem for you.

Dumont hands him a dollar. The operator's relieved.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Thank you. You saved my job!

He hands Dumont a copy of the telegram representing the receipt. Dumont glances at the telegram. He frowns.

DUMONT
Sam Caldwell?!

Camera moves past Dumont, to the wall where the wanted posters are arranged. It focuses on Sam Caldwell's "Wanted Dead or Alive" poster.

DUMONT VO
Stand by, son...You're going to
send another telegram.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BARN - NIGHT

There's a meeting in progress, with a few of the braver townspeople in attendance. Mary is speaking.

MARY
I want to introduce Joe Aiken and
Matt Bishop. These men are here to
help us get our town back.

Joe and Matt are standing off to the side. Mary signals Joe to step forward.

JOE
Folks. Matt and I are here to take
care of your problem. We're goin'
to need your help and cooperation.
You need to get the word out.
Everyone's got to stay indoors,
until we're done.

Jane is amongst the crowd, hardly noticed due to her new attire. No one has ever seen her, other than in a dress.

MATT
We'll let you know when it's safe.

Barney stands. He's a local ranch hand in his early twenties.

BARNEY
Hey! I'm purty good with a gun.
Ain't you guys a little old to be
doin' this by yourselves? Seems to
me like you could use a little
help.

JOE

Old?

MATT

Good with a gun, are ya'?

BARNEY

Yup.

MATT

Okay...Draw!

Matt draws his gun, and points it at Barney before he can even reach his holster. Matt twirls his gun, and holsters it.

JOE

(To Barney) Thanks, partner. We appreciate the offer, but it's better us old timers handle this ourselves. You people go on home. You have families to protect.

Mary looks at Joe, proudly and wistfully.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Tom gets up from his bed. He slips on jeans and a shirt. He straps on his gun belt, and quietly exits the room. Camera pans to Elizabeth in bed, trembling, with fear in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Joe exits his room. He walks down the hallway, to what he thinks is the Privy. He opens the door, and is surprised to see a, partially dressed, Mary.

JOE

OOPS! I guess this ain't the Privy.

He starts to leave. Mary reacts impulsively.

MARY

Joe, wait...Don't leave.

Joe pauses. Mary wraps her arms around his neck, and plants a passionate kiss on his lips. Joe gently, but firmly, pushes her away.

JOE
 Hang on! We gotta get somethin'
 straight. Right now!

Mary is confused. She sits down on the bed. Joe sits beside her.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Darlin'...You been shinin' up to me
 ever since we met. I just figured
 it out. You lost your husband, your
 father, and you're lookin' for both
 in Joe Aiken.

Mary's eyes moisten. Joe points to his chest.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Darlin', I ain't them. I wouldn't
 be a man if I didn't recognize your
 one hell of a woman...But, honey...
 You're barkin' up the wrong tree.
 Hell! The sex would probably kill
 me!

Mary laughs, holding back tears, which soon turns into uncontrollable sobbing. Joe reaches out and pulls her close to him. He strokes her hair.

JOE (CONT'D)
 There, now. It's alright. You just
 had some more cryin' to do.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

A rooster crows VO.

ECU of Matt's eyes popping wide open.

Camera widens to show him laying in bed next to Bessie. He picks up his pocket watch on the night stand.

INSERT

Watch reads 5:45 AM.

MATT
 Shit...I gotta git outta' here, so
 I can get back in here.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM'S BARN - MORNING

Joe, Matt, Tom, and Mary are sitting on their horses, and loading their weapons.

JOE

Is everyone clear on what to do?

They all nod yes. Mary whispers to Joe.

MARY

About this morning...Thank you.

The four of them ride off in the direction of main street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - SALOON - DAY

Lou and Curly, are posted as lookouts at each end of the roof. They're separated by a partition.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Matt, pretending to be drunk, is swaying in his saddle. He rides up to the front of the saloon, stops his horse, and falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Lou and Curly look at one another over the top of the partition, and smile.

LOU AND CURLY'S POV

Matt staggers to his feet, and stumbles around.

LOU

Hey, Curly. I was wonderin' when them gunslingers was comin' to town.

CURLY

This must be the first one.

Both men laugh, hysterically. They raise their rifles and take aim at Matt. They turn to each other and laugh, again.

They both go back to their original positions, on each end of the roof. Curly is immediately cold cocked by the butt of a rifle, killing him instantly.

LOU
Curly, what time ya' got?

There's no response.

LOU (CONT'D)
Hey! You deaf!

Still no response. Lou draws his gun. He cautiously approaches the partition, and as he walks around it, Joe knocks the gun out of his hand. A slug fest ensues. A final punch by Joe, sends Lou plummeting to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Matt, with a full swing of his rifle, whacks Lou in mid air, offering a different direction to the ground below.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

Carl and Clint are guarding the inside of the saloon. They hear a loud scream and thud VO.

CARL
Clint! What the HELL was that!
C'mon!

They draw their guns, and run out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Two shots ring out. Both men fall dead in the street. Matt looks to his right. He sees Jane standing there, holding two smoking guns. Jane holsters her guns, smiles, tips her hat, and takes off. Matt is dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - BEA'S ROOM

Sam, hearing all the commotion and gunfire, runs to the window. He see's Carl and Clint's dead bodies below. A sudden gush of fear courses through his veins. He grabs his guns out of the holsters, and runs towards the door. Bea, lying in bed, calls to him.

BEA

Sam, you might wanna' put on your pants.

Sam grabs his pants, and exits the room. Bea laughs, realizing this could be the end of Sam and his men.

BEA (CONT'D)

I hope they kill ALL them sons of bitches.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Sam is running and yelling. He frantically knocks on several doors.

SAM

EVERYONE UP! WE GOT TROUBLE!

CUT TO:

INT. SNAKE'S ROOM

We hear Sam yelling VO. Snake is sitting on the bed, calmly polishing his boots. He stands, straps on his guns, and walks to the mirror. He checks his overall look. He takes a cloth, opens a can of polishing oil, and pours some oil on the cloth. He proceeds to shine the snake head on his hat. Sam is now banging on Snake's door.

SAM VO

Snake! Open up! They're here!

Snake ignores Sam. He puts his snake head hat on the dresser. He quick draws himself in the mirror. He twirls both guns and holsters them. He walks to the door. He opens it to a crazy eyed Sam, still in his long johns.

SNAKE

Calm down, partner. You hired the best. Good things come to those who wait.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Two of Sam's men, immerge from the office with their guns drawn. Mary steps out of the shadows, and guns one of them down. The other one runs back inside, breaks a window, and begins to fire at Mary. She runs across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BEA'S ROOM

Bea looks out the window, nervously observing the gunfight between Mary and the man in the telegraph office.

BEA'S POV

A shot fired from the telegraph office wounds Mary in the shoulder. She scrambles for cover.

Bea is horrified at what she sees. She pulls a derringer out of her corset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Benny and Butch exit the front door with guns drawn. They run to the side of the building, and into the alley. We see the fire flash from a pistol that drops Butch. Benny fires blindly. We hear a groan, and a thump to the ground. Benny makes his way down the alley, with his gun trained on an apparent, lifeless, body. It's Tom playing possum. He roles to one side, firing two deadly bullets into a surprised Benny, killing him instantly.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - SECOND FLOOR

Four of Sam's men are firing shots at Matt and Joe in the street below.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Matt and Joe are positioned behind a water trough. There's a heavy exchange of gunfire.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Mary is still fighting it out with the man inside the telegraph office. A shot rings out VO, sending the man's body crashing through the front window, and into the street. Jane exits the front door, waves at Mary, and takes off towards Joe and Matt.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER TROUGH

Jane dives between Joe and Matt.

JANE

You old timers need any help?

JOE

I thought I told you to stay home, and lock your door.

MATT

I've seen her in action. I think she's a keeper.

JOE

What action? (To Jane) Just who do you think you are, anyway?

JANE

I'm Jane, but my friends call me "Calamity"

JOE

Welcome to the party.

A volley of bullets whiz past them. Joe, Matt, and Jane, find their marks in the final exchange of gunfire, as they mortally wound three of the four men. A loud shotgun blast VO catapults the fourth man half way out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - SECOND FLOOR

The bartender is standing rigid, holding a smoking, double barreled shotgun.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Joe and Matt look at each other in disbelief.

MATT

What you put in them bullets?
Hooks?

JOE

Wasn't my bullet. Jane?

They turn to Jane. She's already gone. They stand in wonderment, and cautiously approach the saloon.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEFT SIDE OF BUILDING

Billy, with gun in hand, is silently rounding the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGHT SIDE OF BUILDING

Ed is sneaking around the right side. He draws his gun and cocks the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Joe and Matt hear the cocking of the trigger. They both dive to the ground. Ed turns the corner. Billy turns the corner. Without thinking, both men fire. Ed drops dead. Billy stands, transfixed, just long enough to realize how stupid that was. Then he drops dead.

MATT

That was easy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON - BACK STAIRWAY

Bea is cautiously making her way down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SALOON

Tom is holding a wounded Mary in his arms. Giglin' Jack has a bead on Tom and Mary. He's sneaking up on them from the rear. He takes them by surprise.

GIGLIN' JACK
(Giggles) Well, well, well. I...

A shot rings out VO. Jack freezes. He giggles his last giggle, and falls forward, dead. Bea, is standing there, holding a derringer. Bea mock giggles. Tom and Mary react, with relieved surprise.

MARY
What are you doing here?

BEA
I'm your mother!

Mary's eyes open wide.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - TRAIN - DAY

The train is in motion.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN

Pierson has his gun trained on the engineer.

ENGINEER
You'll never get away with this.

PIERSON
I already have. How far are we from
Longbow?

The engineer doesn't respond. Pierson cocks back the hammer on his pistol. He points the gun at the engineer's head.

PIERSON (CONT'D)
I want an answer!

ENGINEER
Thirty minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LONGBOW - ACROSS FROM SALOON

Joe and Matt spot a flatbed wagon, with horses attached.

MATT
What you say we make a delivery.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SALOON

A barrage of gunfire is coming from the saloon. Joe and Matt huddle on the floor board of the wagon. The horses, with wagon in tow, move at full speed toward the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON

Sam's men are firing, rapidly, at the oncoming wagon. It is nearing the point of impact. The men scramble to the rear of the saloon.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

SLO-MO

The horses and the wagon crash through the saloon doors, destroying them and a large portion of the surrounding interior. The horses and wagon come to a stop. One of the men was unable to get out of the way, and was crushed to death. Joe and Matt leap through the windows, left and right of the entrance. They dive to the floor for cover. The gunfight ensues. One of Sam's men is upstairs, two are behind the bar, and one is behind a table, tipped on it's side. The man upstairs fires his rifle, and blows a large hole through a table, narrowly missing Matt. Matt roles to the left, firing his gun. The bullet finds it's mark in the man's chest. He bounces back against the wall, and pitches forward, over a rail, to the saloon floor.

The horses whinny and stomp wildly. (With choice intercuts of same during the action). Joe runs to the right, firing his guns in an exchange with one of the men behind the bar. Bullets pound the man back into the bar mirror, smashing it. The man crumbles to the floor. Joe takes cover behind a partition. Sam's man, behind the table, takes careful aim at Joe. Matt, now wielding a shotgun he grabbed from his last victim, blows a large hole through the table. Sam's man stands up, covered in blood, and slumps over the table, dead. The last man crawls to the right side of the bar, spots Matt, and takes aim. Joe witnessing this, rapid fires his pistols to this mans demise.

END OF SLO-MO

Camera pans in all directions to show the bloody aftermath. The horses spin around, with the wagon still attached, and exit the front entrance.

Matt navigates through the mess. He jumps over the bar counter. He grabs two bottles of whiskey.

MATT

(To Joe) Buy you a drink?

Joe nods yes. He uprights a table and two chairs. Matt hands Joe a bottle. They both sit down.

MATT (CONT'D)

I see you ain't lost your touch.

JOE

You ain't too bad yourself.

They both drink from their bottles.

MATT

You know...We still got somethin' to settle.

Joe smiles, knowingly.

JOE

I can't think of a better time than right now.

From outside the saloon VO.

SAM VO

You in there! Now that you've had your fun, what say we finish this in the street, like real men!...You got a problem with that?

Joe and Matt push back their chairs and stand. Without emotion, they mechanically reload their guns.

SNAKE VO
Don't take too long!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Joe and Matt stride out of the saloon. They position themselves opposite Sam and Snake. A few beats...The four men stare each other down, building tension.

JOE
(Whispering to Matt) Remember El Paso?

MATT
Uh huh.

All four men draw. Sam and Snake fire first, but Joe and Matt quickly drop to the ground on their butts. They return the fire. Sam is immediately killed, but Snake won't die. It takes many bullets from Joe and Matt's guns to put Snake down.

MATT (CONT'D)
Damn good thing you remembered El Paso.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN

The train slows as it nears the outskirts of Longbow.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - ENGINE ROOM

Pierson, with his gun still pointed at the engineers head, is looking, with anticipation, to being greeted by Sam and his men. The engineer brakes the train to a screeching halt.

PIERSON
Why are you stopping?!

ENGINEER
Look for yourself.

PIERSON'S POV

A detachment of Army Cavalry, on horseback, are on both sides of the tracks. A blockade of logs cover the tracks.

Pierson panics. He runs from the engine room into the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

We see glimpses of the Cavalry, outside on horseback, tracking Pierson's movements from the train's windows.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERSON'S CABIN

Pierson rushes into the cabin, and locks the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIERSON'S CABIN WINDOW

A shot is heard VO. Blood and bits of flesh splatter against the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LONGBOW

A crowd is gathered around a very jubilant Tom, Mary, and Doc. Mary's left shoulder is bandaged, and in a sling. Joe and Matt are being glad handed, and congratulated by various townspeople.

DOC

God bless you both. You saved our town. We're mighty grateful.

The crowd applauds. Joe walks over to Mary.

JOE

What happened to you?

MARY

Took one in the shoulder.

JOE

You seem to have a habit of gettin'
shot in the left shoulder.

Mary nods and smiles. Bea has been standing in the background, observing her. Mary turns to Bea. Their eyes meet, telling us there's unfinished business between them. Mary turns back to Joe and Matt.

MARY

The town's holding a party in your honor, at Tom's later this afternoon...(Mock serious) I expect both of you to be clean shaven and on time! Is that clear?

Joe and Matt look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON - LATE AFTERNOON

Joe and Matt sit quietly, drinking whiskey, in the empty saloon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - SALOON

An undertaker's wagon is stationed in front of the saloon. It's stacked full of dead bodies. Four men are carrying the corpses of Sam and Snake. They place them on top of the other bodies in the wagon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DUSK

Camera pans from left to right to show townspeople, cavalry men, and saloon girls, enjoying themselves. They are dancing, eating, drinking, and engaged in pleasant conversation. Camera stops on Bea and Mary. They're standing next to a corral fence.

MARY

I guess we should talk.

BEA

Oh boy! Where do I start?

MARY

At the beginning.

Bea takes a few beats to compose herself.

BEA

Your Pa's wife died giving birth to Tom. After that, he was desperately lonely, and unhappy.

Bea sighs, heavily.

BEA (CONT'D)

We got to know one another in the saloon...Became friends...Then lovers. I got pregnant. Your Pa wanted to do the right thing and marry me, no matter what the town thought. I couldn't let him do that. It would have ruined his reputation being married to the town Madame. When I found out I was pregnant, I took the stage to San Francisco. That's where you were born. The story is that you were adopted by Roy from an orphanage. I wanted you to be raised respectable.

Bea's emotion builds.

BEA (CONT'D)

Your Pa would tell me things about you...How you were doin'...

Mary is overwhelmed, but continues to listen.

BEA (CONT'D)

There are times I regret what I did...My heart would ache...(Choking back tears)...Every time I saw you...Couldn't hold you...(Sobbing)...And tell you how much I love you.

Bea buries her face in her hands. Mary tears up.

MARY

Thank you. That took a lotta' courage.

Bea removes her hands from her face. They hug each other long and hard, conveying to all, there's nothing more to hide.

Camera pans to Tom and Elizabeth. They've been listening to Bea and Mary's conversation.

TOM
Whew! I'm glad that secret's finally out.

Elizabeth frowns.

ELIZABETH
You knew about this?

TOM
Yup. Pa made me promise not to tell anyone.

Elizabeth gives Tom a loving punch on the shoulder.

ELIZABETH
Any other secrets you've been keeping from me?

TOM
Only one. The town council wants me to be the new Sheriff. I accepted.

ELIZABETH
Tom!

TOM
Hush up.

Tom takes Elizabeth into his arms, and gives her the kind of kiss that conveys two things. He's in charge, and he loves her very much.

Camera pans to Doc and Calamity Jane. They're standing by the barn.

DOC
So, Calamity. What made you move to Longbow?

JANE
When Wild Bill Hickok was killed, I needed to get outta' Deadwood. I wanted to go where no one knew me.

DOC
We are honored to have you in this town. I sure hope you stay.

JANE

I guess I will. Tom asked me to be his deputy.

DOC

Sure makes me feel safe.

Doc turns to the vast open desert.

DOC'S POV

DOC VO

I wonder what's keeping our guests of honor?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

Joe and Matt are riding, slowly, on the trail. There's a look of grim determination on both of their faces.

JOE

You wanna' tell me why you up and disappeared?

MATT

That was a long time ago, big brother.

JOE

Ma and Pa taught us there was a right way, and a wrong way. We fought side by side in the war. Then, we became lawmen. You were a damn fine deputy. Remember how we tamed El Paso, Abilene, and Laredo?

MATT

'Cept you was the Sheriff, and I was the Deputy...Always the snot nosed kid brother, walkin' in your shadow..."He's your big brother! Live by him! Learn from him! Maybe some day you can step into Joe Aiken's shoes".

JOE

I never treated you like that.

MATT

You didn't have to. Everyone else did.

JOE

It's one thing to give up the law...But an outlaw? A gunfighter?...You Even changed your name!

MATT

That's right!...And became a legend. Don't forget that! I was the most feared gunman in these parts...'Till I retired.

JOE

Retired...Yeah...A wanted man! Hiding out in Mexico! You shoulda' talked to me. Told me what you was feelin'. You didn't have to turn outlaw to prove anything to me.

MATT

When you was Sheriff, how much was your pay?

JOE

Ten dollars a week, and room and board.

MATT

I made only five a week, and slept in the Sheriff's office. I made a lot more robbin' one bank than you made in a year. You wanna' know how I did it? By bein' better and smarter than the law, that's how!...And I didn't kill nobody that didn't have it comin'.

JOE

You're forgettin' somethin'...The money you took was dirty. It couldn't buy you honor or respect.

MATT

I guess it just kinda' depends on how you look at things.

Joe and Matt ride to a fork in the trail, and stop.

MATT (CONT'D)

Well...I guess this is it.

JOE
I reckon so.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAMERA HOLDING ON THE FLAT BARREN LANDSCAPE FOR FOUR BEATS.

Joe enters frame from the left. Matt does the same from the right. They're facing each other, forty paces apart. A few fast cuts between Joe and Matt, to build up tension.

MATT
It's your move, big brother.

JOE
It's YOUR call, little brother.

MATT
Old guy first.

JOE
If I go first, I'll be an only child.

MATT
You'll be the only child taken a dirt nap.

JOE
This is stupid. You're my brother, and I love you. Who cares if I'm faster.

MATT
I need to know!

JOE
I give up. You're the fastest. The best. You can outdraw me any day of the week. Fair enough?

MATT
Only one way to find out.

Camera widens on both men. They draw at the same time.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

THE END

MUSIC AND CREDITS

INTERCUT WITH OUTTAKES (Director's Choice)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)