

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - MONTANA - DAY

Montana rains beat down, cold winds freeze most things in sight. Elk and deer are scarce as the plains Indians, the Sioux, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Comanche, Crow, Apache, all struggle to feed their families. It's late fall, a harsh time in this desolate, inhospitable, environment.

SUPER: "MONTANA, GOD'S OWN COUNTRY, THE FALL OF 1862"

Set somewhere, lost in the expanse of this barren land, is the settlement of Mill's Crossing, a small mining town set in a high valley surrounded by vast hills and snow-capped mountains.

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING - MAIN STREET - DAY

WHISKY WISE, (58) a rotund man, with yellow teeth, a white bushy beard, and a grubby, half top hat, stands three inches short of six feet, he has a pronounced limp and is perceived, unfairly, to be the town fool.

Whisky stands at the town's limits looking at the various broken-down buildings.

WHISKY

Mill's Crossing, a jewel in the crown of creation. Set high in the mountains of Montana, forsaken by God and glorified by fools. Mill's Crossing is a town on the verge of extinction, a town in the middle of nowhere, with a population of nobody's, goin' no place fast.

EXT. HILLSIDE OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

A CROW war party sits their ponies on the hillside overlooking Mill's Crossing. Only a distant click-clack breaks the uneasy silence as the Crow watch a lone rider move slowly towards the town.

A continuous sound of flatulence can also be heard resonating through the night air, both sounds appear to be coming from the direction of the lone rider.

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING/SOME WAY FROM THE TOWN LIMITS - NIGHT

The lone rider, an Orthodox Jewish lawyer named JACOB LIEBERMANN, (26), from the Chicago family firm of, Liebermann, Robem, and Rum, sits on a sexually confused and flatulent jackass, misnamed, SILVIA.

Jacob sings his version of an old cowboy song, "The Old Gray Mule". Silvia, disapproving of Jacob's dulcet tones, continues to fart.

JACOB

(SINGS)

I AM A MAN SOME TWENTY-SIX YEARS
 OLD AND THAT YOU CAN PLAIN-LI SEE,
 BUT WHEN I WAS YOUNGER TEN YEARS
 OLD THEY MADE A STABLE BOY OF ME. I
 HAVE SEEN THE FASTEST HORSES THAT
 MADE THE FASTEST TIME, BUT I NEVER
 SAW ONE IN ALL MY LIFE LIKE THAT
 OLD FLATULENT MULE OF MINE.

The more human than jackass Mexican mule, Silvia, dons a huge straw sombrero, his ears poking through with a large flower to one side, a multicolored Poncho over his back, and a bunch of castanets tied around his neck. The castanets click as he walks.

Silvia is not enamored by his charge and seriously, does not want to be ridden. Silvia, aggravated by Jacob's singing, continues with his flatulence.

EXT. HILLSIDE OUTSIDE OF TOWN - NIGHT

The Crow, their noses, seen twitching from the foul-smelling odor, look to each other, turn their horses, and ride off into the night.

WHISKY (O.S.)

Signs of an Indian uprising sure
 don't help the townsfolk's morale,
 that, together with the lack of
 gold, just heaps pain and misery on
 the community.

EXT. TOWN LIMITS/MINERS BIBLE - NIGHT

A proclamation carved on a large stone tablet sits flat and waist-high at the town limits. Whisky brushes away the dust and frost from the stone.

WHISKY

A proclamation, written in stone,
with a sentiment both heartfelt and
profound, describes the hopes and
dreams of every miner.

CLOSE-IN OF STONE:

WHISKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*"TODAY IS A LIFETIME. YESTERDAY,
JUST A DISTANT BLESSING THAT
ALLOWED YOU TO GET TO TODAY. AND
TOMORROW? A DREAM YOU DARE NOT
DREAM, COS IF YOU DREAM IT RIGHT,
THEN YOU HAVE HEARD THE WORD OF
GOD, AND STRUCK, GOLD."*

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING/MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Whisky walks into town. Main street is quiet, only the sounds emulating from the Pee Springs Saloon can be heard. Whisky spots an age-crippled WOMAN (80's) her clothes dowdy, a thick shawl around her shoulders, a scarf tied over her head.

She shuffles along the boardwalk, stops, looks across the street, uses a cane to test the firmness of the ground. She appears very weak and frail.

Whisky crosses the street, he takes her arm and holding her firmly, to make sure she doesn't fall, assists her to cross the street.

WHISKY

It's a cold night, mother, you make
sure to keep yourself safe and
warm, ya hear?

OLD WOMAN

But, I..

They continue to walk.

WHISKY

Listen. If there's anything I can
get you, anything, you just let me
know, yes?

OLD WOMAN

I just...

They reach the far side of the street, whisky helps the old woman onto the raised boardwalk.

WHISKY

There you go mother, be careful,
it's slippery.

OLD WOMAN

I...

WHISKY

It's okay, no thanks necessary.

The old woman looks Whisky square in the eyes and starts beating on him.

OLD WOMAN

You imbecilic moron? I had no
intention of crossing the street.

The old woman drags her arm from Whisky and slaps his hand.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're an idiot! Go on. Piss off!

The old woman shuffles back across the street mumbling, her voice trailing off as she moves away

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Bloody do-gooders, can't even walk
along the street without getting
accosted, get's on yer bloody
nerves. I don't know...

Whisky watches the old woman as she disappears into the General Store.

WHISKY

So much for the milk of human
kindness?

EXT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON - NIGHT

Whisky stands and looks at the building.

WHISKY

The Pee Springs Saloon. A nostalgic
remnant of the past, a home for
weary travelers and a relic of
prosperous times, now sadly passed.

He takes off his hat and takes a moment of reflection. He then replaces his hat.

SUPER: "THE PEE SPRINGS SALOON, A DEPLORABLE DEN OF INEQUITY"

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Deterioration and neglect have now rendered this once beautiful hotel into the shit-hole it is today. The Pee services all kinds of gamblers, drunks, and whores-humping addicts, plus a host of drifters, cowboys, and misfits.

He climbs the stairs and sits on the saloon's porch.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Some God-fearing prospector once wrote a poem about this place. Went something like this.

He takes out a small harmonica and blows a short fanfare.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

"THE WHORES'LL GET YA DRUNK AND LAID, THE ROTGUT WHISKY BOUGHT AND PAID, THE TABLES RIGGED THEY TAKE YOUR GOLD, YOU'LL STAGGER HOME STILL TIRED AND COLD, YOU'LL PAN NEXT DAY FOR LITTLE GAIN, THE PEE WILL FLEECE YA ONCE AGAIN."

Whisky looks over the swing doors into the saloon.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON - MILL'S CROSSING - NIGHT

The saloon is large, upstairs, lots of rooms to rent by the hour, minute, or by the week. The long bar has a staircase at its far end that leads to the overpriced rooms and an office close to the entrance. Large brass spittoons line the front of the bar.

Work weary miners, misfits, drifters, and cowboys pack the saloon, they mingle with sexy saloon girls. The gaming tables, Faro, Poker, Roulette, and Dice are all busy.

INT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON/CONTINUES - NIGHT

The owner and operator of the Pee Springs Saloon is an ex-miner named, DAKOTA DAN DAVIS. Dakota (42) is smartly dressed, has a pencil-thin mustache and slicked-back hair. Dakota stands at the end of the bar and watches over the evening's proceedings.

DEE-DEE, a young good-time girl, is being goosed by a young miner. Dakota shouts to her.

DAKOTA

Dee-Dee, take it upstairs, will you? Oh, and Dee-Dee, this time, get the money before you do the business.

Dee-Dee takes a cowboy up the staircase. Meanwhile, a stick-thin, flamboyant and openly, GAY PIANIST, plays a honky-tonk piano. He turns to the crowd.

PIANIST

Any requests?

MINER

Yeah, take a hike!

PIANIST

Charming. Anything else?

A very drunk and very ROWDY COWBOY appears not to like the effeminate pianist, and or, the tunes being played.

COWBOY

Hey, can you play, far away?

The crowd laughs.

PIANIST

"Far Away", heart? Not sure I know that one.

COWBOY

Well, maybe this'll remind you.

The cowboy fires two shots into the piano. A few strange "plink plonk" notes as strings ping and snap. The gay pianist, screams, jumps up, runs a few steps, then, theatrically, faints. One of THREE BOUNCERS drags the pianist to the office, then throws the drunk cowboy out.

INT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON/END OF BAR - NIGHT

The down-and-out RISLEY BROTHERS, BRET (27) and SAMUEL, (29) both stocky, both chronic alcoholics, stagger to the bar and order two whiskies. The Brothers lean heavily on the bar and drink. Samuel holds up a glass to Dakota, to cheers.

SAMUEL

Up yours, Dakota.

Bret shouts.

BRET

You wanna grub steak us?

Dakota pulls out some coins and throws them into one of the spittoons.

DAKOTA

Here you go, boys, eat it up.

Samuel looks at Bret, Bret kneels, and starts to fumble around in the spittoon. The Brothers are soon surrounded by MINERS and COWBOYS who push them around like rag dolls, then push them to the floor.

SAMUEL

Come on, boys... Just havin' some fun!

(half sings to Bret)

Think we got a problem here.

A cowboy grabs some beer from the bar and pours it over the Brothers. Another picks up a spittoon and tips the contents over Bret. The group then proceed to kick the Brothers.

Bret pretends to pull a gun, holds his fingers out as if they are a six-gun, and moves it from man to man.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(throws his voice)

This is the sheriff. You're all under arrest!

The group immediately stops.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(throws his voice)

Pull back from those fine boys!

COWBOY

What?

They look around, look at Dakota, look at each other, then to the door, then back to Samuel. Samuel just smiles.

MINER

How'd ya do that?

SAMUEL

Do what?

Again they start to kick the shit out of the Brothers. Dakota pushes through. He shouts.

DAKOTA

Okay, stop this! I don't need this
shit in my bar.

All the men stop kicking and look at Dakota.

COWBOY

Where else do you want it?

DAKOTA

Take it outside.

ALL

WHY?

DAKOTA

Cos that's what's written in the
script?

ALL

Huh?

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Silhouetted by the light of the full moon, Jacob moves
towards the town. Jacob, is dressed in the latest
fashionable, Orthodox Jewish attire

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING - STREET - NIGHT

Tumbleweed rolls down main street as the thin, bespectacled,
and terribly well-spoken, Jacob, rides in. Jacob, a man of
faith, a man dedicated to the task that has been set for him.

Jacob is also a man who has no idea how to control his
jackass or deal with the freezing conditions he is forced to
endure.

Whisky sees Jacob, gets up, limps down the stairs, and walks
alongside Silvia. He speaks to Jacob.

WHISKY

Pedro here, gotta name?

JACOB

Be careful, you'll offend him, it's
Silvia.

Whisky nods, looks under the donkey, sees his enormous penis.

WHISKY

Are you sure it's Silvia?.. Kinda strange equipment for a she-ass?

JACOB

It's Silvia.

WHISKY

Looks like you and Silvia, ain't from round these parts?

Jacob, still fighting to get control of Silvia.

JACOB

Your observation is correct, my friend. Chicago, actually.

WHISKY

You come all that way on this jackass?

Silvia rears up.

JACOB

Whoa, whoa... No, no, no, by steam locomotive?

WHISKY

Really? Ain't seen me one of them in a long time... So how come you and Silvia got acquainted?

JACOB

A purchase from a man in Chicago. I presumed I was buying a horse.

WHISKY

You know the difference between a jackass and a horse?

JACOB

I do now.

Whisky gets hold of Silvia's reins.

WHISKY

Here, let me do that.

Whisky takes the reins, and Silvia immediately does his bidding. Jacob manages to haul himself off of Silvia, he holds a holdall under one arm, takes the reins, and tries to tie the donkey to the hitch rail outside the saloon.

EXT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON - NIGHT

Silvia bucks and hee-haws and pisses all over Jacob's shoes.

JACOB

Oh, that's disgusting.

Jacob looks around.

JACOB (CONT'D)

So this is a mining town? The wild,
wild west? Dirt streets,
boardwalks, and this makeshift
palace of shit?

WHISKY

That's Mill's Crossing.

There is a crash. The two Brothers come hurtling out of the saloon doors, fall down the six steps that lead to the entrance, and hit the dirt. They get up, close their dusters, and crawl under the saloon's raised foundations. Jacob watches the incident.

JACOB

What the hell was that?

WHISKY

Ah, just a couple of losers.

JACOB

Surely, still God's children?

WHISKY

Ain't no God where they've been,
Padre.

JACOB

What do you mean?

WHISKY

They was part of Nathaniel Lyon's,
Clear Lake Massacre.

JACOB

A Massacre?

WHISKY

Killed a whole bunch of Indians,
old men, women, and kids of the
Pomo tribe. Wholesale slaughter, so
they say. Your, God's children,
over there deserted after the
killings.

(MORE)

WHISKY (CONT'D)

They couldn't hack the mutilation of women and children for no reason, they've been running from themselves ever since.

JACOB

That's terrible. Now they have to live like this?

WHISKY

Different folk got different strokes. Them boys have been drunk for twelve years cos of the guilt and pain, and there ain't no sign of 'em quitting anytime soon.

The swing doors of the saloon fly open again, this time, two big DRIFTERS exit, both angry, both very drunk, both virtually unable to stand. A bunch of people follow them out of the doors and stand to watch the proceedings.

Whisky takes hold of Jacob's arm.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Stand clear, Preacher, this ain't gonna be pretty.

JACOB

I am not a Preacher or a Padre.

WHISKY

Whatever? It still ain't gonna be pretty.

The two drifters stagger to the center of the street, square off. Suddenly, from the silence.

DRIFTER

Draw!

Both men go for their guns but being so drunk, have difficulty getting their guns out of their holsters, they eventually manage it and, staggering, wave the guns in the general direction of the other person.

DRIFTER (CONT'D)

I said, fire.

They both fire. One man falls to his knees, the other turns to walk away, doubles up, falls to one knee, and holds his stomach.

The Blacksmith, some twenty feet to the North, hops around, shot in the foot.

BLACKSMITH

My foot, my bloody foot!

To the South, a large birdcage hangs from the hardware store. A huge multi-colored parrot, its claws, still frozen to its perch, hangs upsidedown, dead.

WOMAN

Hortensia,
(crying to husband)
Honey, they've murdered, Hortensia!

After a second, both drifters check themselves. Uninjured, they look at each other, their anger now dissipated, they move towards each other. The crowd, some moan, some cheer, move back into the saloon.

DRIFTER

(distraught)
Oh, Henry. Why do we do this? My life would be incomplete without you.

DRIFTER 2

(sniveling)
Jealousy, Charles, It's crazy, you know I worship the ground you walk on.

DRIFTER

Honey, we should worship together?

Whisky smirks.

WHISKY

Is that what you call it these days? Come on girls, butch up?

DRIFTER

(turns)
Up yours, Whisky.

WHISKY

Keep dreamin', honky-tonk.

The drifters embrace, holster their weapons, and mince unsteadily back into the saloon. Jacob stands mesmerized by the encounter.

JACOB

Well, that was emotional.

WHISKY

Nah, that was homosexual.

JACOB

Huh?

WHISKY

Welcome to hell.

JACOB

(looks up to the heavens)

Oy vey.

Jacob unfastens his clothes roll from Silvia's saddlebags.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Is there a decent hotel, one could
utilize for the foreseeable future?

WHISKY

You're lookin' at it.

Jacob looks up at the sign.

JACOB

This?.. My God,

(looks to the heavens)

Why Papa. Why? I had a life of
culture now, I've been consigned to
this dust-ridden, shithole and with
a jackass, misnamed, Silvia.

Right on cue, Silvia raises his tail to the heavens, FART'S a
very loud fart, then dumps a load of crap next to Jacob's
foot.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(to Silvia)

WILL YOU STOP DOING THAT!

Silvia fart's again.

WHISKY

Gotta love that Silvia.

Jacob retreats from the smelly, donkey shit.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

A shithole, friend? That it is, but
even in a shithole, people gotta
eat, even a sexually confuses
jackass.

Whisky puts his hand out. No reaction from Jacob.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

And I'd be careful about calling Silvia, a Jackass, he just might get offended.

JACOB

Hello! His name is Silvia, how much more pissed off, can he get?

WHISKY

Yeah, I guess... I don't suppose you could grubstake an old miner, could ya?

Jacob takes some coins out of his trouser pocket and gives them to Whisky. Whisky looks at the coins, counts them.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Definitely, a Jew... No matter.

Whisky picks up Jacob's bags.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Okay, I got your bags.

Whisky starts to walk to the steps of the saloon. Jacob, observes Whisky's limp.

JACOB

What happened to your leg?

WHISKY

I'm sorry?

JACOB

What happened to your leg? The limp?

WHISKY

What limp?

JACOB

(rolls his eyes)
Meshuggener.

Whisky turns and continues to walk to the saloon.

WHISKY

This way.

JACOB

(to himself)
If I could walk that way, I wouldn't need talcum powder.

WHISKY

What was that?

JACOB

I said. It would make my day if I could find a bowl of chowder.

WHISKY

(confused)

Ain't no chowder in, Mill's Crossing.

INT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON/BAR - NIGHT

Jacob and Whisky move across to the bar, the bartender, TOMMY, (45) a big, stocky, mean, rude man, comes over and stares blankly.

TOMMY

Yeah?

JACOB

Good evening, my good man. I would like a room, one with a tub, and if it's not too much trouble, plenty of hot water. And a view? It would be nice to have a room with a view.

TOMMY

I got a room, no tub, no water, no view, you want it?

JACOB

Then, yes my man, one must cut one's cloth to suit one's limitations.

TOMMY

One must do, what?

Whisky to Jacob, referencing, Tommy.

WHISKY

He's a bucket of laughs, ain't he?

TOMMY

(menacingly to Whisky)

Hope you like soup? One more word, and you'll need to by the morning?

Whisky makes a face at Tommy. Tommy to Jacob.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

How long ya staying?

JACOB

A few nights, maybe a week. It depends on how long it takes to conclude my business.

TOMMY

Which is?

JACOB

I'm a lawyer.

TOMMY

So, why you here?

JACOB

Ask me no secrets my friend, I shall tell you no lies.

Tommy, totally confused, get's a key from behind the bar and slams it on the counter.

TOMMY

Okay', Dude, that's eight bucks a night, fifty-five a week. You want company, it'll be an extra five bucks a night. Paid in advance.

JACOB

No problem, one moment.

Jacob opens his coat, lifts his Tzitzit, and from a money belt strapped to his waist, peels off money from a large bankroll. He hands the agreed fee to Tommy.

Tommy's eyes gesture to Dakota who has watched the interaction, Dakota nods to Tommy.

JACOB (CONT'D)

And very reasonable too, thank you, my good man. I think we can dispense with the extras.

(points to his tzitzit)

A man like myself, you understand. We have to abstain?.. A pleasant good evening to you.

TOMMY

Room fifteen.

JACOB

Thank you.

Jacob, to Whisky.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I didn't get your name?

TOMMY
That's Whisky, the local fool, you guys make a good pair.

JACOB
(to Whisky)
What an unfortunate man.

Makes for the staircase.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Shall we?

TOMMY
(referring to Whisky)
He stayin' with you?

Jacob points to his tzitzit again.

JACOB
I think, not.

INT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON/FAR END OF BAR - NIGHT

Dakota looks over to Tommy, signals him to come over.

DAKOTA
What's the story?

TOMMY
No idea but did you see the bankroll? Must be five thousand dollars there.

DAKOTA
Yeah, I got it. Keep me informed.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON - DAY

The bar is quiet, just a few people sit around. Dakota sits at a table, he has a bottle of whisky and a half-full, shot glass.

An ex-gunfighter, now, a professional gambler, ANGEL HALO, (30), tall, smartly dressed, carries two sidearms, a Derringer up his sleeve, a large hunting knife in the boot, three throwing stars in his inside pocket.

Angel, a pacifist, pulls up a chair, Dakota shouts to Tommy.

DAKOTA
Tommy, a glass for my friend here.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Coming up.

Angel speaks to Dakota.

ANGEL
So? How you feeling today?

DAKOTA
Ah, I'm okay. Just sick of the
idiots and aggravation, I could do
without it. And the bloody girls.

ANGEL
What's wrong with 'em?

DAKOTA
They never stop bitching and
fighting? Why can't they just
screw, and make some money?

ANGEL
You gotta love em though.

Tommy delivers the shot glass.

TOMMY
Angel, had three drifters here
earlier they was asking for you.
Didn't look too friendly.

ANGEL
Okay, thanks, Tommy.

Dakotas fills the glasses, they cheers and hit the shots.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Things are on the up? You looked
busy last night.

DAKOTA
Yeah but the take is down. The
tables ain't producing shit.

ANGEL
What about the bar and your lovely
ladies?

DAKOTA

The whores? I'm sure they're giving it away and the whisky? Well, Tommy ain't making half the amount he used to! Ah.. Forget it. Them drifters you felted last night, what's the commission?

Angel goes into his trouser pocket and brings out a large wad of notes. He peels off a bunch and hands them to Dakota, puts the remainder back in his pocket.

ANGEL

Dakota. Do you ever miss mining?

DAKOTA

Strange question?

ANGEL

You know. Each day a new adventure, never knowing what the day's gonna bring.

DAKOTA

What, you mean like the duck egg blisters, dust an inch thick in your throat and lungs?

ANGEL

(laughs)

Yeah, something like that.

DAKOTA

You got any idea what it's like never being able to straighten up in the mornings?

ANGEL

Hey, I was just askin'.

DAKOTA

Do I miss mining? Hell, yeah I miss it. I miss the clean air, the great outdoors, never knowing what each minute may bring, the camaraderie. Miners are born, Angel, they wake up thinking about gold. Ain't no buzz like it.

ANGEL

So why don't we get the hell outta here and see what the world has to offer?

DAKOTA
And leave this beautiful shit-hole?

ANGEL
The town's crumbling Dakota, you
wanna crumble with it? Maybe
there's something more.

DAKOTA
Yeah, maybe... Just changing the
subject. Did you see the Jew last
night?

ANGEL
No.

DAKOTA
You know why's he here?

ANGEL
Maybe, wants to buy you out?

DAKOTA
Huh, I should be so lucky.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/BAR - DAY

Jacob comes down the stairs, walks over to the bar, and
speaks to Tommy.

JACOB
A fine morning.

TOMMY
So?

JACOB
Yes, thank you for enquiring. I had
an excellent sleep, and now, I'm
ready for a wholesome breakfast. Do
we have a menu?

TOMMY
We got meat, potatoes, bread and
coffee, one sugar. You want it?

JACOB
Is the sugar brown?

TOMMY
Will be if I shit on it.

JACOB

Ah, frontier-style, so be it. Thank you.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/RESTAURANT TABLE - DAY

Jacob sits at a table, looks around the bar, acknowledges Dakota and Angel, and proceeds to read a book.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/TABLE - DAY

Dakota speaks to Angel.

DAKOTA

Let's check him out.

The two men get up and cross to Jacob's table.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/RESTAURANT TABLE - DAY

Jacob watches the two men approach, He closes the book, rises, and gestures for Dakota and Angel to sit.

JACOB

Gentlemen.

Dakota and Angel pull up chairs.

JACOB (CONT'D)

For what do I owe this pleasure?

DAKOTA

What's your business?

JACOB

I am a lawyer, a man of prayer, and a shepherd of God.

ANGEL

What the hell does that mean?

JACOB

I interpret the law, whilst doing the bidding of my spiritual father, Abraham Liebermann.

ANGEL

So, what's with the book?

JACOB

Of no consequence. "Mining for the discerning prospector".

ANGEL

You mining?

JACOB

Heavens, no.

DAKOTA

Then, why are ya, here?

JACOB

Gentlemen, we seem to be at crossed purposes. For what do I owe this somewhat, dubious pleasure?

ANGEL

We're asking nicely. What the hell are you doing here, Jew boy?

JACOB

Jew boy?.. Mmm, slightly derogatory and rather unnecessary, but... No matter... All right, I'm trying to locate some individuals, I've had reliable information that they were seen here, or nearby, this location.

ANGEL

You, a bounty hunter?

Jacob chuckles, gestures to his attire.

JACOB

My friend, do I look like a bounty hunter?

DAKOTA

Who are these informants?

JACOB

I'm not at liberty to divulge that information. But seeing as you are here, and we are having a nice, tête-à-tête, maybe I can buy you, gentlemen a drink?

ANGEL

No.

DAKOTA
 Maybe later.

They both rise.

 ANGEL
 Stay safe, Jew boy.

 JACOB
 Again, with the Jew boy. Do you
 have a problem with Jewish people,
 my friend?

 ANGEL
 Only when they get in my face or
 business.

 JACOB
 Well, neither is my intention, I
 can assure you.

Tommy brings the breakfast over to the table.

 JACOB (CONT'D)
 Now if you'll excuse me?

Angel and Dakota return to their original table.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/TABLE - DAY

They sit. Angel to Dakota

 ANGEL
 Gotta be some kind of big deal, why
 else would he be here?

 DAKOTA
 Let's go find, Whisky.

They get up. And exit the building.

EXT. PEE SPRING SALOON/UNDER THE BUILDING - DAY

Bret and Samuel slowly emerge from under the stilts of the
 saloon, they shiver.

 BRET
 We gotta get some food.

 SAMUEL
 Or, whisky.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Brothers at the feed store, talk to the manager, the manager shakes his head, no work.

--Brothers at the general store the manager shakes his head, no work.

--Brothers at the lumber yard, the manager shakes his head, no work.

--Brothers speak to the blacksmith, he shakes his head, no work.

END OF SERIES

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING - STREET - DAY

The Brothers sit outside the blacksmiths, Samuel fiddles with a used horseshoe. Two cowboys exit the feed store and walk across the street towards the saloon.

One cowboy nudges the other, points to the Brothers, and starts to walk toward them. The Brothers sit and shiver in the cold.

COWBOY ONE

Saw you boys scratchin' round the spittoons last night.

COWBOY TWO

You fixin' to suck 'em dry?

Both cowboys laugh.

COWBOY ONE

Let's see you eat shit like the pigs you are. Come on, on all fours, squeal and crawl.

COWBOY TWO

Come on boys, I'll fund ya, two bits.

SAMUEL

Give us the two bits first.

The cowboys look at each other, slightly bemused. One gets out some coins, throws them on the ground.

COWBOY ONE

There you go. Now squeal.

BRET

What about if we get something to eat first, then when we've digested, we come back and squeal?

Cowboy one looks at his friend, looks at the Brothers, and stamps his foot a few times, and shouts.

COWBOY ONE

I want you to squeal, NOW!

SAMUEL

Nah, sorry, too hungry.

BRET

Ain't got it in me, need to eat.

Cowboy one takes out his gun and starts to shoot the ground around the Brothers. The Brothers, don't move, they just sit and stare at the cowboys.

COWBOY TWO

You ain't seemed to get it, BOY, I said, squeal!

BRET

No food, no squeal.

COWBOY TWO

But we already paid!

BRET

Sorry. Just can't do it.

COWBOY ONE

You get on all fours now and start squealin'.

SAMUEL

Don't know how?

Cowboy one gets on all fours and starts acting like a pig.

COWBOY ONE

Look, like this.

BRET

Well, don't that beat all.

Samuel jumps up and slaps Cowboy Two a few times with the horse-shoe, knocks him down, and rubs his face roughly in the dirt. Simultaneously, Bret gets a handful of dust and throws it in Cowboy One's face, grabs his legs, and strides him, he grabs his gun, sticks it up the cowboy's nose.

BRET (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me, BOY! You want me to put one hole where your nose used to be?

The cowboys shakes his head.

SAMUEL

Leave it, Bro, just ain't worth the bother, the sheriff's watchin'.

Bret takes both cowboy's guns and tosses them into a horse trough that stands close by. Bret picks up the two bits and the Brothers walk away.

INT. WHISKY'S HUT - DAY

Whisky is huddled up next to a floor-standing stove, he is wrapped in Silvia's poncho. In the corner of the hut is Silvia, lent against a wooden support post, he snores, his sombrero dropped down over his eyes.

The door bursts open. Whisky looks but doesn't move.

DAKOTA

So, who is he?

WHISKY

Who's, who?

DAKOTA

The dude?

WHISKY

A lawyer.

ANGEL

We know that, but why is he here?

WHISKY

He's looking for someone.

ANGEL

Who?

WHISKY

I don't know.

ANGEL

What about the donkey?

WHISKY

No, he ain't lookin for the donkey?
He rode in on him?

ANGEL

Don't get smart!

WHISKY

You think Silvia knows something?
Go ask him. He don't speak a word
of English though, try Spanish.
Here...

Whisky gets up and crosses to Silvia, he whispers in Silvia's ear.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Que Pasa Hombre, conoces a estos
chicos...

Silvia doesn't respond.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Nah, he ain't givin' nothin' away.

ANGEL

Smart-ass.

WHISKY

Not good using that kinda language
round Silvia, he sure don't like
it.

Dakota goes over to Silvia and tries to look around for some identification. He opens one of the saddlebags that sit on the ground next to Silvia, sees his enormous penis.

DAKOTA

Silvia? It's a jackass?

WHISKY

Better be careful, this hombre can
really, kick ass.

Silvia hears, "KICK ASS", a command he recognizes. He wakes, and with both hind legs, kicks Dakota square in the ass. Dakota flies through the air and lands on the floor. Whisky try's not to laugh.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

That burro sure knows who he don't
like.

DAKOTA

Keep that animal away from me, next time I'll cut his balls off.

WHISKY

Ain't sure he's got any?

Dakota and Angel leave and slam the door.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Go, Silvia!

SILVIA

(snorts, then)

He-haw, he-haw.

INT. TOWN SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

KATCHAS KAYNE, the town sheriff, sits behind a desk. Jacob enters.

JACOB

Good morning sheriff, I wonder if I might have a word?

KATCHAS

Jesus! What the hell did you come as?

JACOB

I'm sorry?

KATCHAS

Them duds, I ain't ever seen no one dressed like that before?

JACOB

It's called fashion, Sheriff, Chicago's latest fashion.

KATCHAS

Really? And you believed that sit?

JACOB

We shall obviously beg to differ?

KATCHAS

Fashion, huh?.. So, who the hell are you?

JACOB

Oh, my apologies,
(hands him a card)
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

Jacob Liebermann from the offices
of, Liebermann, Robem, and Rum.
Chicago.

Katchas sits back in his chair.

KATCHAS

That's one hell of a name, Padre.
What can I do for you?

JACOB

I'm looking for two gentlemen, two
Brothers actually, Bret and Samuel
Risley?

KATCHAS

What do you need with these boys?
Are they wanted?

JACOB

No, nothing like that. It's a
private matter I can only discuss
it with the Brothers.

KATCHAS

Well if it's the same guys as our
local misfits, they've just been
giving some cowboys a lesson in
manners. You should find em,
hangin' on the street someplace or
maybe under the saloon?

JACOB

Under the saloon?

KATCHAS

That's where they usually sleep.

Jacob gets up and makes to leave.

KATCHAS (CONT'D)

And you really gonna wear them
clothes?

JACOB

Of course.

KATCHAS

Well, good luck, hope no one takes
a shot at you. Kayne's the name.
Katchas Kayne, I hope those boys of
yours ain't in no trouble?

FELIX
No, no. Good day, sheriff.

Jacob exits the office.

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING/STREET - DAY

Jacob stands outside the sheriff's office and looks up and down the street. He sees the Brothers walking towards the saloon. He shouts.

JACOB
Ah, hello. Excuse me! I say! You
two?

The Brothers stop and look at Jacob. Jacob shouts.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Is it possible that you are, Bret
and Samuel Risley?

The Brothers walk on towards the saloon. Jacob follows at a quick pace. He catches up to the Brothers.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Do forgive me, but I believe you
may be the people I have been
looking for.

SAMUEL
Who the hell, are ya?

BRET
We ain't done nothing illegal. This
ain't about them cowboys, is it?

BRET (CONT'D)
Maybe, the Albanian Mongoose?

JACOB
What?

SAMUEL
Grandma's, cat.

JACOB
What on earth are you talking
about?

SAMUEL
Bret shaved the cat and sold it to
a Jew, as an Albanian Mongoose.

Jacob looks to the heavens.

JACOB
 Papa, I'm losing the will to live.
 (to Brothers)
 Ugh... Gentleman, my name is Jacob
 Liebermann.
 (hand a card)
 From the offices of Liebermann,
 Robem, and Rum. Chicago.

BRET
 Rob 'em and run, ay, interesting
 title. You want us to kill someone?

JACOB
 Maybe the saloon owner.
 (laughs)
 No, no, just a small muse... May I
 buy you, gentlemen, a small
 libation while we discuss some
 points?

BRET
 No idea what a libation is, friend
 but if it's wet, we'll take it.

SAMUEL
 You payin'?

JACOB
 Of course.

SAMUEL
 Then lead on.

They make their way to the saloon and enter.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/TABLE - DAY

Jacob and the Brothers take a seat. Dakota sees the Brothers
 and immediately comes over. He speaks to the Brothers.

DAKOTA
 What the hell are you doing here?
 Get out.

The Brothers start to rise, Jacob stops them.

JACOB
 These gentlemen are my guests. I'm
 sorry, I didn't catch your name,
 earlier?

DAKOTA

Dakota Dan Davis, the proprietor.
What do you need with these two
bums?

JACOB

Well, and I mean no disrespect,
that is a matter I need to discuss
with my clients.

(gesturing to the
Brothers)

Maybe later, if they have a desire
to, they will be at liberty to
divulge anything they wish, and to
whom they wish. Now, if you don't
mind. Is it possible to order some
drinks?

Dakota looks for a second, then shouts to Tommy.

DAKOTA

Tommy, get these, gentlemen, a
drink, and put it on my tab.

TOMMY (O.S.)

You got it.

Bret shouts to Tommy.

BRET

And make it a bottle, and the good
stuff, not the shit you usually
serve us.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/BEHIND BAR - DAY

Tommy throws Bret a look. Makes up the order.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/TABLE - DAY

Tommy brings a bottle and three glasses to the table.

SAMUEL

Thank you, my good man, you can now
be about your business. Oh, wait,
some food, a couple of steaks,
rare, and make it snappy will you?

TOMMY

Be careful, be very careful.

SAMUEL
I'm tremblin' in my boots.

JACOB
(to Dakota)
Excuse us, if you don't mind?

Dakota walks away. Samuel pours the drinks. The Brothers hit the shots and immediately pour two more. Again they hit the shots.

BRET
Okay, why are we here?

JACOB
Gentlemen, I have some news for you.

He pulls out a document from his jacket and proceeds to speak.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I have here, the last, "Will and Testament" of your Grandmother, Rebecca Wills.

BRET
So, Will's, will, then?

JACOB
Precisely.

BRET
That could be confusing.

SAMUEL
How did the old girl die?

JACOB
She died of indescribable boredom, ninety-six, and couldn't wait to join her dear departed husband.

SAMUEL
That's original.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Well, I'm glad she never suffered.

BRET
So, what's the news?

SAMUEL

Well, there are a few stipulations but in short, you have been left four thousand dollars to be split evenly amongst yo...

BRET

WHAT!

SAMUEL

Nooo!

JACOB

There is one stipulation.

SAMUEL

Ugh!

BRET

What is it?

JACOB

There is a mine, an old, unworked gold mine, that your Grandfather received from an old Indian Chief, but because of his illness, he was never well enough to prospect. Your Grandmother in her will, has insisted that you, Bret, and Samuel Risley, journey to, and work the mine for a limited period of six months, if no gold is discovered, then you will receive the four thousand dollar inheritance.

SAMUEL

So if there's no money, how the hell are we suppose to organize and pay for this expedition?

JACOB

Ample funds will be available immediately for living expenses, equipment, and transportation. If additional employees are necessary, then this will also be paid for.

Jacob goes to his money belt. Hands the Brothers some money.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Here, one hundred dollars each, and please, don't be offended, this is rehabilitation money, not getting drunk and falling over money, so, please use it wisely.

The Brothers sit silently as they look at the money. Samuel turns to Bret.

SAMUEL

Holy shit!

BRET

Hang in. What the hell do we know about mining?

SAMUEL

Not a whole bunch. But we know someone who do.

BRET

Dakota?

SAMUEL

That's how he made all his money, struck it rich, sold out, and bought this place.

BRET

I thought you were thinking about, Whisky?

SAMUEL

Was he a miner?

BRET

Only the best, they reckon he could smell gold from a mile away.

INT. WHISKY'S TENT - DAY

The Brothers sit with Whisky.

SAMUEL

...so, what do you think?

WHISKY

I think you boys are out of your tiny minds, me mining again? You see these hands?

Shows the Brothers his hands.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

They ain't done nothin' but drink
and beg money for twenty years.

BRET

Ain't no need for you to dig.

WHISKY

Always a need to dig, boys.
Especially if you hit pay dirt. You
ain't never gonna just trip over
nuggets, that don't happen. The
gold will wanna see you sweat, cry
and bleed before she gives up her
treasures. Anyhow, it don't matter
the golds just about petered out
round here.

BRET

It ain't round here, Whisky.

WHISKY

It ain't? So where is it?

SAMUEL

We don't know.

BRET

Can't be disclosed until we're
ready to journey to the mine. Jacob
has the sealed details.

Whisky sits back for a while, thinks.

WHISKY

Then boys, as much as I don't want
to disappoint you...

Stands and starts jumping up and down.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Yahoo!... Were goin' minin', gonna
make you boys rich.

SAMUEL

So you're in?

WHISKY

Try and stop me!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--The Brothers in-store, get fitted out with new clothes.

--Brothers look at guns, Bret takes two six-shooters, shows immense gun twirling skills.

--Brothers try on new boots.

--Whisky looks at hats, discards them, puts on his old one.

--Whisky tries on clothes, discards them.

--Bret, Samuel, and Whisky, choose large cigars.

--the Brothers in Barbers, get bathed, shaved and their hair cut.

END OF SERIES

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON - DAY

Bret, Jacob, and Whisky sit at a table, a bottle of Whisky sits half empty.

BRET
Okay, we're, THREE.

SAMUEL
We're gonna need a lot of luck.

BRET
Hmm...

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/POKER TABLE - NIGHT

Angel is playing poker and about to bet all his money on a hand he believes is unbeatable. An old-time GAMBLER sits opposite and is still in the hand.

ANGEL
Well, gentlemen, tonight, might
just be my night. I'm, all in.

Angel pushes all his chips into the pot. The old gambler opposite smiles.

OLD GAMBLER
I call.

ANGEL
Read em and weep, friend.

Angel shows an Ace High Flush and goes to rake in the pot.

OLD GAMBLER

One moment, sir.

The old gambler slowly turns his cards to show a full House. Kings over Two's. Angel sees the bad beat. The old gambler drags in the large pile of chips. Angel sits, a little stunned.

ANGEL

Well don't that beat all.

(stands)

Thanks, boys, it's been memorable.

OLD GAMBLER

You done, Angel?

ANGEL

Yeah, need to find a new grub steak before I get back to the tables.

Thank you, boys. Be lucky.

Angel gets up from the poker table, moves to an empty table in a quiet part of the bar, and sits.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/ANGEL'S TABLE - NIGHT

THREE DRIFTER'S, all wear grey duster coats, walk towards Angel and stand three feet from Angel's table. They stare him down.

ANGEL

Anything I can do for you, boys?

DRIFTER ONE

Your name, Angel Halo?

ANGEL

Well, that just depends on who's askin'?

DRIFTER ONE

My friend here...

Points to the man on his left.

DRIFTER ONE (CONT'D)

...he says, you cheated him at cards.

ANGEL

You're friends, a liar, he's just a bad poker player, friend.

DRIFTER TWO
I don't like to be called, a liar!

ANGEL
Is that right?

The men all open their dusters and pull them back to expose their firearms. Angel sits back and leans the chair against the wall so it sits only on its back legs.

DRIFTER ONE
We're callin' you a cheat, mister.

ANGEL
Harsh words, friend.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/BAR - NIGHT

The Brothers, Bret, and Samuel, now totally transformed, enter the saloon, no one recognizes them. They move to the bar. Bret shouts to Tommy.

BRET
Two whiskies!

There is a silence as bar customers scatter in all directions and hide wherever possible. The Brothers look over towards Angel's table.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/ANGEL'S TABLE - NIGHT

The drifters, at first hesitant, go for their guns. Angel, in a lightning move, takes two Throwing Stars from the inside of his jacket, and with both hands, throws them. The stars hit both drifters to the left and right of Drifter One in the neck. Blood squirts from their jugular veins, the drifters fall to the floor.

Drifter One stands frozen to the spot. Angel sits and stares. Drifter One raises his gun, Angel draws both guns and riddles the drifter with bullets. The drifter sinks to his knees.

DRIFTER ONE
What a bummer!

The drifter then falls forward onto his face, dead.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/POKER TABLE - NIGHT

The old gambler having watched the conflict. Shakes his head.

OLD GAMBLER

Now that's what they call, a set of
Ducks trying to beat a Royal Flush,
Royal Flush wins every time. What
were those boys thinking?

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/SWING DOORS - NIGHT

Katchas, the sheriff bursts in, he holds his six-shooter in
the air.

KATCHAS

Okay, settle down, settle down.
What the hell's been going on here?

Katchas looks to the dead drifters, then to another drifter.

KATCHAS (CONT'D)

You see what happened?

The drifter shakes his head. Katchas turns to a cowboy.

KATCHAS (CONT'D)

You?

COWBOY

Ain't seen nothin'?

KATCHAS

You never saw no dead drifters?

COWBOY

Drifters?

KATCHAS

The ones there.

Katchas points to where the drifters were. They are no longer
there. Katchas spins around.

KATCHAS (CONT'D)

Where they gone? Who stole them,
dead men?

DAKOTA

(shouts)

What's the problem sheriff?

Katchas looks at Dakota, then sees the bouncers dragging the
bodies out of the side door. Katchas turns to Angel.

KATCHAS

Angel, you kill those bums?

ANGEL

Uh-ha.

KATCHAS

Why?

ANGEL

Self-defense, everyone'll tell ya.

Katchas looks at Dakota who gives a lazy salute.

KATCHAS

Dakota, you fixin' to bury these boys?

Three bouncers throw the bodies through the side door.

DAKOTA

If you say so, Sheriff.

KATCHAS

I do say so! The townsfolk ain't responsible for killins and burials.

Katchas looks around at the bar ladies.

KATCHAS (CONT'D)

Unless of course, you'd like to stand me one of your pretty young whores for a couple of hours?

DAKOTA

Take your pick, sheriff.

Katchas grabs hold of a young whore, heads upstairs. He turns, looks down from the top of the stairs.

KATCHAS

I declare them deceased drifters, just that. Deceased, and guilty as charged. Three against one? A fair fight. Gentlemen. In a town where the law is the law and there ain't no judge and jury, dead is dead and as the good Lord says. Shit happens!

Katchas turns picks up the girl and exits into a room.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/END OF BAR - NIGHT

Dakota looks at Tommy.

DAKOTA

Now that's what I call, social justice.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/BAR - NIGHT

A group of miners and cowboys, resume drinking at the bar. Bret takes his glass and moves close to them, nudges Cowboy Two's arm, Cowboy Two, spills his drink.

COWBOY TWO

Mind your manners, boy!

BRET

Oh, I'm sorry.

COWBOY TWO

You'd better be.

BRET

Weren't you in here a couple of days ago, tipping one of them spittoons over someone?

COWBOY TWO

What if I was, what's it gotta do with you?

Samuel walks over and stands next to Bret.

SAMUEL

Well, it's kinda got something to do with the both of us.

Cowboy Two turns and looks at Samuel, recognizes the Brothers, and goes for his gun, Bret has him covered even before the man could get the gun out of his holster.

COWBOY TWO

Jesus, ain't no one on earth that fast.

SAMUEL

No one but the Moon Dog Kid?

COWBOY TWO

Moon Dog Kid, Jesus!... Hey, Kid, I'm sorry, whatever I did, I am truly sorry.

Samuel looks at one of the miners.

SAMUEL
Pass me the spittoon, will ya?

A second man passes the spittoon along the bar.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(to cowboy two)
You wanna take a sip?

COWBOY TWO
Please, mister, don't make me do
this.

BRET
Let it go, Bro.

Cowboy Two sinks to his knees looks terrified. The Brothers turn and move towards Angels table. A miner shouts.

MINER
Hey kid, why did they call you, the
Moon Dog Kid?

BRET
(howls)
AaaaaahWooooooo.

COWBOY TWO
(shouts at Bret)
Are you really as good as they say
you are, kid?

Bret turns kneels, and with both guns, sends the spittoon up in the air and keeps it up with the hail of bullets. Bret runs out of ammo. Samuel throws Bret his gun and Bret continues. The contents of the spittoon drip all over Cowboy Two as the spittoon lands on Cowboy One's head.

Bret throws Samuel his gun, picks up his own, then displays amazing gun twirling skills, he then twirls both guns into their holsters.

SAMUEL
(to Bret)
Gotta stop showing off, Kid, you're
out of practice, you winged the
bartender.

INT. PEE SPRINGS/BEHIND THE BAR - DAY

Tommy is jumping up and down, a stray bullet took the top off of his index finger.

TOMMY
Ooh, ah, Jesus, shit, ahhh, ooh...

INT. PEE SPRINGS/TABLE - DAY

Bret then reloads both guns. Angel, who has just witnessed the display of skills, stands, bow at Bret and slowly claps.

ANGEL
Impressive, you ever faced down a man?

SAMUEL
You wanna try him?

ANGEL
Me and the Kid, face off? No value boys, leave them cards where they lie.

SAMUEL
Angel. We need to proposition you...

They sit and start to talk.

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/LONG TABLE - DAY

Jacob sits with piles of paper forms and claim requirements. The Brothers enter the saloon and walk over to Jacob's table.

JACOB
So, how did you get on?

BRET AND SAMUEL
FOUR!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Brothers and Jacob ride into town, Angel and Whisky follow in a Covered Wagon. The Brothers tie up their horses and Jacob ties up Silvia. Angel and Whisky continue to the far end of town and unhitch the horses. Samuel leans across his saddle. He speaks to Jacob.

SAMUEL
Well, that's the wagon bought. You fixin' for six months mining, Jacob?

JACOB

(smiles)

Oh, no, no, no, no, no! Not now,
not ever! Not in one, MILLION,
YEARS! Boys, I am a lawyer, and in
no one's wildest imagination, can I
ever be described as a miner.

BRET

Come on, paperwork all day. There's
a big world out there. Gold, Jacob,
Gold, when we strike it rich, you
can buy your old man out. Come on,
Chicago, who needs it?

JACOB

Hello... Anyone receiving me? I'm
still not coming. I'm only here as
long as it takes to finance this
expedition.

SAMUEL

You're in. We're gonna, kick ass.

On cue, Silvia kicks both hind legs and kicks Bret in the
ass. Samuel roars with laughter.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Sorry, forgot to tell you about
Silvia's, "kick-ass", trick.

Silvia kick again, this time into thin air.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Who the hell trained him to do
that?

JACOB

Funny, isn't it?

BRET

(rubbing his ass)
Ya, think?

JACOB

It is still, a, NO!

SAMUEL

Gentlemen, we are now, five!

JACOB

No, no, no, no, no, no...

INT. PEE SPRING SALOON/TABLE - DAY

The Brothers, Whisky, Angel, and Jacob sit and talk at a table, they all look at the bar where Dakota and Tommy speak. Tommy looks daggers at the Brothers. Dakota then looks at the Brothers, takes a glass, holds it up, and cheers.

Bret winks and smiles.

SAMUEL

Gentlemen, we are now, six!

ANGEL

Dakota ain't leavin', wild horses ain't gonna drag him away from the thievin' and the humpin'.

BRET

(shouts to Tommy)

Another bottle and five glasses.

JACOB

Gentlemen, this will never work if you continue drinking, I suggest a period of sobriety for the six month period?

ALL

WHAT!

The Brothers, Angel, and Whisky all look at each other. Reluctantly.

ALL (CONT'D)

Agreed.

EXT. MILL'S CROSSING - STREET - NIGHT

The large covered wagon, its sides, strapped with barrels and mine excavation equipment, is hitched to two horses. The wagon sits stationary outside the General Store.

Samuel and Bret load goods into the wagon, Whisky, inside the wagon, stacks the goods. Jacob pays the store-keeper. Four Mustang's, together with Silvia, are tied to the hitching post. Whisky takes the reins, turns the wagon around, and drives it to the side of the saloon.

EXT. PEE SPRING SALOON/SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bret and Samuel take a large cloth sack and walk to the saloon's side door. Angel is in the saloon with Dakota.

INT. PEE SPRINGS SALOON/BAR - NIGHT

Dakota stands and drinks with Dee-Dee and Angel. Tommy, his index finger bandaged like a balloon, holds up the one hand. Angel goes to shake Tommy's hand. Tommy gives Angel a look.

ANGEL

(to Tommy)

Raise it up, Tommy, you got nine left.

(to Dakota)

I just saw the Brothers pull a Wagon around to your side door.

DAKOTA

Tommy, pass me the scattergun.

Tommy leans under the bar and produces a scattergun, he passes it to Dakota.

TOMMY

You want me to come with you?

DAKOTA

Nah, we got it covered.

(to Angel)

Let's go.

Dakota and Angel walk to the side door, open it slowly and step outside.

EXT. PEE SPRING SALOON/SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

Bret and Samuel stand behind a huge water barrel. Bret holds the cloth sack. Dakota exits, followed by Angel. Angel grabs the scattergun from Dakota. Bret throws the sack over Dakota's head and drags it down his body. Samuel ties some rope around the sack, Bret and Samuel take the sack and throw him into the back of the wagon.

Muffled sounds emit from the sack. Jacob sits inside the Wagon.

SAMUEL

Jacob, quieten him down.

Jacob takes an iron dinner plate and hits the top of the sack. The noise continues.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Hit him, don't tickle him.

JACOB
I did hit him.

SAMUEL
That wasn't a hit, it was a brush
with the law.

Jacob chuckles.

JACOB
Very good, Samuel, a fine, analogy.

Whisky gives Dakota a massive whack with a wooden hammer, the noise stops.

SAMUEL
Oh... Nice! He's probably dead,
now.

WHISKY
He's not dead, just indisposed.

The wagon pulls to the front of the building. Samuel and Angel get on their horses, Bret ties Silvia and the fourth horse to the rear of the wagon. Bret then gets on his horse, the party moves slowly out of town.

EXT. STOVER CREEK - CAMP - NIGHT

The whole Group sits around the large campfire, the wagon and horses are tied up to the rear of the fire. Silvia eats an apple next to Whisky.

The Group has just finished eating, used metal plates sit in a pile by the fire. Dakota, still unconscious, lays next to the plates, his wrists and legs bound.

Dakota starts to stir.

DAKOTA
What the...

Realizes he is tied up. Looks at the Group then Angel. He shakes his head.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
Okay, boys, someone wanna tell me
what's going on?

WHISKY
We're goin' prospectin'.

ANGEL

A gold mine, Dakota, a trip back in time.

DAKOTA

You have to be outta your minds!
Someone, untie me?

SAMUEL

Not yet, let's hear what Jacob has to say. Jacob?

Jacob takes his holdall, takes out a large sealed envelope. Breaks the seal and opens it. He scans it for a moment.

BRET

Any time tonight would be good!

JACOB

Gentlemen, our destination. Skinner Lake, Beaverhead Mountains, Minnesota.

DAKOTA

Beaverhead? Beaverhead petered out twenty years ago.

JACOB

Well, that's the brief.

Jacob reads the letter.

JACOB (CONT'D)

It states here, that the deposits of gold are close to the surface, very little digging is required

DAKOTA

So, why ain't no-one discovered this before?

Jacob looks at the detailed map.

CLOSE-ON: MAP.

Everyone looks at the map. Dakota points to a line on the map.

DAKOTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 That continuous line there is the
 Sioux reservation, and right there,
 the shaded area is where our claim
 is, right on top of their happy
 hunting grounds.

END CLOSE-ON:

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
 Anyone experienced Indians before?
 I'm talking about the whole Sioux
 nation on our asses.

WHISKY
 Some.

SILVIA
 (snorts)
 He-haw, he-haw.

Silvia then lets out an enormous fart.

WHISKY
 Guess he has, too.

DAKOTA
 What the hell are you feeding that
 jackass.

BRET
 Jacob, go on.

JACOB
 That's about it, just coordinates
 and the map.

ANGEL
 So where exactly is it?

Jacob looks at a map.

JACOB
 Well according to this map it's
 North of a canyon called, Darkhorse
 Creek? It's a tributary of the Big
 Hole River in Minnesota.

WHISKY
 Right up the ass of Passing Cloud.

ALL
 Who's, Passing Cloud?

WHISKY

Oh, just about the scariest Indian Chief of all time, that's all.

JACOB

Well according to this It was probably Passing Cloud's father, Rain Cloud, who bequeathed the mine to your grandfather.

SAMUEL

He's gotta be an old man now.

ANGEL

Passing Cloud, Rain Cloud? Are these Indians or weather forecasters?

SAMUEL

How many clouds they got in this family?

Whisky counts his fingers.

WHISKY

Well, there's, Red Cloud, Passing Cloud, Rain Cloud, Crazy Cloud, Fluffy Cloud, Stick it up ya ass Cloud, and Jesus, I could do with a drink, Cloud...

SAMUEL

You and me, both.

ANGEL

So how long's it gonna take to get there

JACOB

Maybe two, three weeks.

DAKOTA

Does anyone here, wanna tell me what the hell, is going on?

SAMUEL

Dakota we're all gonna be rich and all on equal shares, so shut it and listen...

MONTAGUE: "THE ROAD TO RICHES"

a) The party travel through dusty plains, the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

- b) The wagon stuck in the mud on a river bed, Bret, Angel, and Dakota, shoulders to the wheel, while Whisky tries to pull the wagon clear.
- c) the Group climb a steep incline, the wagon slips on the terrain. Silvia supports Jacob as he struggles.
- d) the Group pushes the wagon through snow-capped mountains.
- e) the Group freeze and huddle together under the wagon for shelter.
- f) the Group leads their horses through knee-high snow.

END OF MONTAGUE.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

The sun is up, not a cloud in the sky the Group stands and looks down on, Skinner Lake, far off in the distance.

JACOB
Gentlemen.

Points to the lake.

JACOB (CONT'D)
There lies, our destiny.

They start the long descent to the lake.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE - LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Everyone sits around the campfire, they huddle for warmth as they eat. A sound of a branch break is heard from the trees close by. Bret and Angel immediately stand, draw their guns and move towards the sound.

The rest of the Group collect their weapons in readiness for any trouble and take cover behind and underneath the wagon.

Angel shouts towards the sound.

ANGEL
Who's there?

Silvia FART'S, a very loud fart right next to Angel. Angel angrily, give a half look.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Will, someone do something about
this, bloody jackass.
(MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 (he waves his hand)
 God, he stinks.

WHISKY
 (shouts)
 He's just tryin' to protect your
 ass.

ANGEL
 Shame he can't protect his own ass.

Again, Angel shouts.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Who's there?

A distant voice is heard.

PREACHER (O.S.)
 Hello friends. Would it be
 acceptable for us to approach?

BRET
 Identify yourself?

PREACHER (O.S.)
 A mere servant of God, friend, a
 lowly Preacher, and his ward.

BRET
 Are you armed?

PREACHER
 No, we are not armed, there is no
 necessity for concern, we thought
 maybe the possibility of a nights
 shelter, and some hot coffee?

A horse-drawn buggy appears, a man, obviously, from his
 attire, a PREACHER (40), and POLLY PERK (20), a very pretty,
 coy, and shy girl, both sit on the buggy seat. The buggy
 stops the Preacher jumps down, Dakota moves to the other side
 of the buggy and helps Polly down. Dakota speaks to Polly.

DAKOTA
 And what's your name, pretty lady?

POLLY
 Polly Perk.

DAKOTA
 And how old is, Polly Perk?

POLLY
Just turned twenty.

Bret walks over and offers his hand to Poly.

BRET
Right this way, lady.

Dakota shoots Bret a look. Bret looks at Dakota and smiles as he leads Polly to the campfire, sits her down, wraps a blanket around her shoulders then takes a seat beside her. The Preacher follows and sits.

SAMUEL
What's your destination, Preacher?

PREACHER
Redwood, I have a new flock to administer to.

SAMUEL
This young lady your daughter?

PREACHER
No.

DAKOTA
Your wife?

PREACHER
My ward, her parents were killed in an Indian attack some months ago.

Jacob pours the Preacher and Polly some coffee.

JACOB
Here, this will help keep the cold out.

DAKOTA
(to Preacher)
An Indian Attack?

PREACHER
A Comanche war party, apparently.

BRET
Where was this?

PREACHER
Close to Milford, I believe.

The Preacher drinks some coffee

PREACHER (CONT'D)
Thank you... Rabbi is it?

JACOB
No, just an orthodox Jew.

PREACHER
No matter, we both serve god, just
in differing ways.

Bret looks at Polly.

BRET
You wanna go, check out the stars?

POLLY
Okay.

Bret and Polly get up and walk past the wagon and into a clearing. They stand and look at the stars. Bret points out one particular star.

BRET
You see that bright one? That's the
North star, no matter where you
are, you want to know how to get
someplace else, you take your
bearings from the North star. It's
the star of life.

POLLY
That's beautiful.

They sit on a boulder close to the trees.

BRET
You wanna talk about your folks?

Polly takes a deep breath, she ponders for a moment. Dakota unbeknown to the couple, walks up and stands by a tree, and listens.

POLLY
We had a smallholding, it was
maybe, twenty miles from a town
called, Indian Hills, in Minnesota.
We worked the land, grew corn, and
feed. It weren't much of a spread,
but we made out.

She hesitates for a moment.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Then one night a Comanche war party attacked the house. We fought them but ran out of ammunition. Papa insisted I hide in the food store under the house. When I eventually came out, my folks were dead.

Polly starts to cry.

POLLY (CONT'D)

They'd spread-eagled my daddy between two trees, scalped him, slit him open, and removed his heart. They also castrated him and put his testicles in his mouth. The blood was just...

She breaks down and throws herself into Bret's arms. Bret tries to console her.

BRET

Hey, come on, I got ya.

Polly calms herself and starts to wipe away the tears.

POLLY

Its good to talk about it. I've been holding it in too long.

BRET

What about your Mom?

Again Polly starts to cry.

POLLY

They gang-raped her, cut off her breasts, mutilated her genitalia, and whipped her till her skin was gone.

BRET

Jesus... I had no idea it was that bad.

POLLY

Yeah well. The Preacher then took me in.

Dakota, who had just listened to the story, comes over to Bret and Polly.

DAKOTA

Hey, just overheard your story,
Cheyenne, you said? They must have
crossed the Yellow River to get to
you?

Polly a little taken back by the comment.

POLLY

Yes, that's right. A large war
party.

DAKOTA

That's Rough. We'd better go back,
we got a hard day's travelin'
tomorrow.

Dakota moves in on Polly and takes her hand. They all move
back to camp. Polly warms herself by the fire. Bret pulls
Dakota aside.

BRET

You movin' in on my gal?

DAKOTA

She ain't no ones girl yet, we
gotta wait and see.

BRET

She ain't one of your bar girls
Dakota.

DAKOTA

You sure of that?

BRET

What?

DAKOTA

She said the Indians had crossed
the yellow river. Bret, it ain't
the Yellow River, it's the Red
River, I know, cos I was raised in
Indian Hills and the Comanche, I
don't think they ever traveled to
Minnesota?

BRET

Come on, what are you playing at?

DAKOTA

It's for real.

BRET
You think she's lying?

DAKOTA
Either that or confused. Something
ain't right.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/LAKESIDE/LATER - NIGHT

The Preach goes to the buggy and opens a BOX, he takes out a BIBLE and a STOLE, he walks back and puts the stole around his neck. He looks at the group, then to Jacob.

PREACHER
Will you pray with us, Jacob?

JACOB
We all pray to the same God, we
should all pray for a safe journey.

The Group, respectfully, take off their hats and lower their eyes. Bret and Dakota stand either side of Polly. Jacob lifts the Koran from his bedroll, holds it to his chest. He recites.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Blessed are You, the Lord our God,
King of the universe, who has
withheld nothing from His world,
but has created in it goodly
creatures and goodly trees for the
enjoyment of human beings.

The Preacher, notices Jacob recite without the text. Looks up.

PREACHER
The LORD is my guide; I shall not
want. He maketh me to lie down in
green pastures: he leadeth me
beside the meadow waters. He
restoreth my life: he leadeth me in
the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake. Yea, though I walk
through the mountains of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil: for
thou art with me; thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me...

ALL
Amen.

Jacob gives the Preacher an inquisitive look. Bret pulls Jacob aside.

BRET

We maybe think there's a discrepancy in Polly's story about her folks being killed? This Preacher, you think he's really a Preacher?

Samuel joins the huddle.

SAMUEL

What's the scoop?

JACOB

Bret has some doubts about the Preachers, validity.

BRET

So we take them with us, then we don't have a problem.

SAMUEL

Let's do it.

Silvia fart's next to Dakota.

JACOB

And God looks after all of his creatures, too, Silvia.

DAKOTA

I bet God ain't smelt this untimely offering.

SILVIA

(snorts)

He-haw.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE CAMP - DAY

The Preacher and Polly have risen early, Polly sits by the fire while the preacher snoops around the wagon. Samuel rises and sees the Preacher.

SAMUEL

Anything you need, Preacher?

The Preacher turns and moves over to Samuel and Polly.

PREACHER

I was just looking at all the mining equipment.

SAMUEL

And, why would that interest you?

PREACHER

There was a period where I prospected for gold, but then God came into my life.

SAMUEL

Different riches, ay?

PREACHER

Precisely.

The Preacher hesitates for a moment.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I was wondering... That is, we were wondering if it were possible to travel with you for a spell?

SAMUEL

What about Redwood?

PREACHER

Redwood can wait. Polly's happiness and future concern me more.

Bret, after listening to the conversation, moves over.

BRET

That's a strange request, Preacher?

PREACHER

God works in mysterious ways, my son.

Bret looks for a moment at the Preacher and Polly.

BRET

I'll speak to the Group and see what they say.

PREACHER

Thank you.

Dakota moves over and takes Polly's hand.

DAKOTA

Let me show you where you can
freshen up, there's a stream just
through the clearing.

Bret looks on, he is seriously not amused. He shouts after
them.

BRET

Make sure the stream's all he shows
you!

Polly turns and gives Bret a knowing smile.

POLLY

Would you care to join us, there's
plenty to go around.

BRET AND DAKOTA

WHAT?

EXT. FAIRVIEW HILLS/TRAIL - MINNESOTA - DAY

The buggy's Leaf spring has popped out of its housing. The
Preacher and Whisky attempt to fix it. Polly sits on a
boulder as she watches the men repair the buggy. Some way off
a band of INDIAN'S can be seen as they move towards the
three.

EXT. SACRED HUNTING GROUNDS - MINNESOTA - DAY

The Group travels slowly across the uneven rocky terrain.
They come across two ancient, heavily decorated, crossed
spears, both are topped with beads and feathers. Suspended on
a tree, a little further on, is an array of large and small,
skulls, bleached out by generations of harsh weather, an
eight-foot, stilted, wooden, funeral pyre, sits close by.

A wheel spins off the wagon and rolls past the spears and
comes to rest at the base of the skulls. Bret and Samuel go
to retrieve the wheel. From nowhere a war party of, twenty
SIOUX INDIAN BRAVES surrounds the Group. Dakota looks around.

DAKOTA

Boys... I think we might have a
problem, here.

EXT. SIOUX INDIAN CAMP - DAY

Many teepees and fires are dotted around the large
encampment. Squaws wash clothes at the river's edge.

Children and squaws go about their daily routines. A group of young children plays with, what appear to be, burial mounds. A makeshift corral holds many horses, A large hunting party returns with carcasses of fresh deer and elk.

EXT. SIOUX INDIAN CAMP/PUNISHMENT GROUND - DAY

The Group, Jacob, Bret, Samuel, Angel, and Dakota, are all buried up to their necks and are being whipped by children. This is a game played by Sioux children prior to the deaths of tribal enemies.

Whisky, the Preacher, and Polly are nowhere to be seen. Jacob shouts, very slowly and precisely.

JACOB

I need, to see, your chief!..
I NEED, TO SEE, YOUR CHIEF!

An old warrior BRAVE walks over, he wears a short leather thong, moccasins, and war paint. He looks at Jacob, then walks along, as he looks at the heads.

He speaks in Lakota, the Sioux dialect.

(Translation from Lakota, is written as text)

OLD BRAVE

(translation)

Strange curly hair, look good on
tepee battle spear. You, strange
white man, you not all whole,
strange scrotum, you have scalped
pee-pee?

BRET

(to Jacob)

What did he say?

JACOB

I think he said. "The Eagle shits
and the trees flies to the bosom of
the scrotum?" Then something,
about, "a pee-pee not right?"

BRET

Are you sure that's what he said?

JACOB

I can't be positive.

DAKOTA

What a load'a shit?

ANGEL

When did you learn, Sioux?

JACOB

I didn't, it just sounded a little like, Yiddish.

DAKOTA

Oh, for God's sake!

SAMUEL

So tell him to dig us up.

JACOB

(in Yiddish)

Grobn, aundz, aroyf.

(translation)

DIG, US, UP!

OLD BRAVE

(translation)

The earth with the north winds will foretell the sun to enlighten your way.

DAKOTA

What did he say?

JACOB

I think he said? "His son has wind and would like us to play?"

DAKOTA

Sounds like, Silvia.

SAMUEL

Have our asses for dinner, more like.

BRET

(shouts)

Will someone get a translator.

INT. SIOUX CAMP/CHIEF PASSING CLOUD'S TEPEE - DAY

Chief Passing Cloud, the ex-chief of the Sioux nation, together with, tribe elders, sit cross-legged in the tepee. They all have war paint and feathered headdresses.

Whisky, the Preacher, and Polly sit opposite. A warrior passes around a long decorated pipe adorned with beads and feathers. The Preacher takes a toke, immediately starts to choke.

Polly takes a puff, then two, three, four more, her head starts to circle, her eyes roll, she appears stoned, she smiles, a strange smile then passes out.

The Preacher speaks in monosyllabic syllables to Passing Cloud. The Preacher over-expresses himself with his slow dialogue and over-expressive, hand movements.

PREACHER

Great, Chief. You, know, my, faith.
 You, know, my, people. You, know,
 my, God. You, must!..
 (big gestures)
 Let, my, people, go!

Chief Passing Cloud looks blankly at the Preacher, then at his council of WARRIORS, he stares back at the Preacher, his eyes, intense, his demeanor, aggressive. He turns to the council, all look bemused, they gesture... "WHAT?"

PASSING CLOUD

(translation)
 This man dance with the fairies. He
 proclaim, "let my people go?" He,
 Moses? No a man of God? I think
 this man is full of shit!

AN ELDER

(translation)
 We should cut his balls off, good
 for teepee spear?

An Elder shuffles over to the Preacher and puts his hand on the Preacher's testicles, the Preacher, indignantly slaps his hand. The Elder looks into the Preacher's eyes and gives him a very odd smile. The Elder then looks to the council and nods.

ELDER 2

Good big balls.

PASSING CLOUD

(translation)
 No, maybe we cut the balls later,
 first, we listen, try to
 understand, then?.. We cut nuts.

PREACHER

(to Whisky)
 What are they saying?

WHISKY

Don't know, something about your
 nuts I think?
 (MORE)

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Preacher, he don't understand the white man's tongue. Here, let me have a go.

Whisky stands. He mimes as he speaks the next bit of dialogue.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

White man... No, forked tongue... We travel, many, moons, we are, eight. Three here, five more, in-ground, white braves, not happy, you dig up... We go, in peace, I thank you.

Passing Cloud looks at Whisky as if, he, is a crazy man. He makes a passing gesture with his forearm and flat hand. He stands.

PASSING CLOUD

(translation)

This crazy white man, he, also full of stinky, horses po-po!

The Preacher, this time forcefully.

PREACHER

I implore, you, Great, Chief, of, the, Sioux. Please, please, I, insist!..

The preacher stands and with a large hand and arm gesture he looks to the heavens, he proclaims.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Let, my, people, go!

Chief Passing Cloud stands, commences to dance a war dance, and chants.

PASSING CLOUD

(WAR CHANT)

HA-YA-HOLA, HEY-YA-HE-YA, HA-YA-HOLA, HEY-YA-HE-YA,
ITE'SABYE OWA'LE CA HE' CAMON

(translation)

The black face-paint I seek, therefore I have done this.

(continues)

SUNKA'KE OVJA'LE CLL HE' CAMON

(translation)

Horses I seek, therefore I have done this.

PREACHER

What?

Passing Cloud dances over to Polly, who is still, three sheets to the wind. She starts grooving with his chant.

PASSING CLOUD

Hi-yo-hula, hey-ya-he-ya, hi-yo-hula, hey-ya-he-ya.

(he speaks, in English)

He crazy. All horses, shit in garden.

PREACHER AND WHISKY

(look at each other)

WHAT?

EXT. SIOUX INDIAN CAMP/TALKING HEADS - DAY

The men still buried. Dakota shouts.

DAKOTA

Where's the bloody Padre!

SAMUEL

He ain't, here?

JACOB

Are you sure?

SAMUEL

Sure as I can be, I can't see, past my nose.

JACOB

Something is climbing up my rear end.

ANGEL

It's probably your, new draws.

Everyone laughs.

JACOB

Please, I am serious.

ANGEL

Will you stop complaining, we're about to die and you're worried about something eating your anus.

JACOB
Gentlemen, this is so,
(starts to laugh)
So, really, not funny.

All laugh again.

ANGEL
Anyone feel like bobbin for apples?

Everyone convulses hysterically, The Indian's, who have congregated near to the talking heads, look on, totally confused.

OLD BRAVE
(translated)
These men, brave, braves, laugh in
face of death and anniversary.

YOUNG BRAVE
Papa, I think the word you are
looking for is, adversity.

The old Brave clips the young Brave around the ear.

OLD BRAVE
I am Papa, where is your respect?

The young Brave shrugs his shoulders.

EXT. SIOUX INDIAN CAMP/CHIEF'S TEPEE - DAY

CRAZY CLOUD, a pony-tailed, thirty-something, war-hungry brave, and current leader of the Sioux tribe exits his tepee. Crazy Cloud is aggressive, a little backward, and bow-legged, he constantly scratches his nuts.

EXT. SIOUX INDIAN CAMP/TALKING HEADS - DAY

The talking heads exchange silly vocal noises, whoops and holla's, they still laugh. Crazy Cloud, walks over.

CRAZY CLOUD
(to Bret, in English)
I, Chief, Crazy Cloud. You trespass
make, on sacred ground.

BRET
We never meant no disrespect,
Chief.

CRAZY CLOUD
 Many generations, you violate,
 warrior spirits.

The Chief looks to the heavens.

CRAZY CLOUD (CONT'D)
 The spirits they cry...

He screams as he scratches.

CRAZY CLOUD (CONT'D)
 Crazy Cloud!.. Crazy Cloud!..

DAKOTA
 Wherefore art thou, Crazy Cloud.

CRAZY CLOUD
 Huh?

They all laugh. Crazy Cloud scratches his balls again.

CRAZY CLOUD (CONT'D)
 You fun, Chief Crazy Cloud? You
 think, I squaw you mess with?

ANGEL
 Wouldn't think of it.

CRAZY CLOUD
 The spirits they cry. MAKE REVENGE!
 They say, you must die.

BRET
 He got a problem with his nuts?

ANGEL
 Probably the name of his kid, Itchy
 Nuts.

BRET
 Or, Scratchin' Cloud.

ANGEL
 What about, Scrotum Pole?

The Group laugh. Crazy Cloud starts to dance and chant.

CRAZY CLOUD
 Hi-yo-hula, hey-ya-he-ya, hi-yo-
 hula, hey-ya-he-ya. Hi-yo-hula, hey-
 ya-he-ya, hi-yo-hula, hey-ya-he-ya.

SAMUEL

Oy! Cloudie! How were we supposed to know where your bloody cemetery starts and the prairie ends?

CRAZY CLOUD

The skulls. The skulls, they speak of spirits.

DAKOTA

Yeah, well they weren't so chatty.

CRAZY CLOUD

Soon you will die.

DAKOTA

So, your gonna kill five people cos we trod on your sacred bloody hill? Are you crazy?

JACOB

Where is, Chief Rain Cloud?

CHIEF RAIN CLOUD, great past chief of the Sioux Nation, is in his tepee. The Group are about to be trampled under the feet of wild horses. Jacob shouts for the old chief.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Chief Rain Cloud, CHIEF RAIN CLOUD! Please, you must listen...

EXT. CHIEF RAIN CLOUD'S TEPEE - DAY

On the call of his name, Rain Cloud pops his head out of a small slit in the tepee, he listens, looks left, looks right, up, down, his eyes flash in all directions.

JACOB (O.S.)

You gave a mountain claim to Bret and Samuel's Grandfather, Joshua Will's, back in eighteen twenty-two, you must remember! JOSHUA WILL'S!

Rain Cloud, although wise, is very old and forgetful, and no longer in total command of his faculties. He appears oblivious to the calls.

JACOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You and he were blood Brothers, he saved your life when you were found in the mountain pass, unconscious, and near to death.

Rain Cloud's head then vanishes back into the tepee. After a few seconds, he emerges from the tepee in full regalia, ceremonial clothes, a long complex headdress of beads, shells, and feathers.

The costume shows the importance of this, aged and wise old chief. In his hand, he holds a, long whippy, fly swat. Rain Cloud is revered by the tribe.

Passing Cloud, follows his father, as they exit the tepee. Both great Chiefs are flanked by many elders and two OLD SQUAWS.

Rain Cloud, his head held high but hindered by the weight of his headdress, trips over a small dog who sleeps outside the teepee. Rain Cloud falls face down.

The two old squaws attempt to help the chief with his headdress which now falls across his face. His dignity, somewhat diminished, swats them away with the fly swat, straightens the headdress, and continues to walk towards the punishment ground.

All members of the tribe, bow as he passes. He acknowledges his brave, braves, and trips again, this time over a small CHILD.

RAIN CLOUD
(translation)
Shit!

The chief's headdress, totally reversed, is now on backward, and covers his eyes. He whips his head, the headdress miraculously swivels round, he continues to walk.

A young, (16), very pretty SQUAW, takes a white buffalo hide jacket, kneels, and places it over a large puddle that blocks the great Chief's path.

Rain Cloud looks at the YOUNG SQUAW, his Granddaughter. He lays his hand on her bowed head, smiles, and gently whispers.

RAIN CLOUD (CONT'D)
(translation)
Bird Brain, you are just like your
stupid father! Why would you do
that with my best jacket?

The squaw looks up at the Great Chief, makes an "I'm sorry" face, and shrugs her shoulders.

RAIN CLOUD (CONT'D)
(translation)
Schlemiel.

Rain Cloud treads on the coat, water seeps up to his calf. His eyes roll to the heavens, he shakes his head and continues to walk.

EXT. SIOUX CAMP/PUNISHMENT GROUND - DAY

Rain Cloud reaches the captives. He speaks in Lakota, to the braves.

RAIN CLOUD

(translation)

These men, they are our friends, we shall not harm them.

CRAZY CLOUD

(translation)

But grandpapa, we must ride. The horses are ready to kick shit out of these heads, the spirits demand it. Come on, don't be rotten.

Rain Cloud swats Crazy Cloud across the head with his fly swat. He turns to Jacob.

RAIN CLOUD

(in English)

Listen not to my Grandson, he is young, brave but somehow, deranged. You speak of gifts of forty years, past?

JACOB

I do Chief Rain Cloud. I implore you, please remember.

RAIN CLOUD

I remember this man, Joshua Will's, he was my friend.

JACOB

Then sir, can you please confirm that we did not know that we were trespassing on your sacred grounds, we mean no harm, and come only in peace. We were making our way to the claim you most generously gifted to Joshua Will's.

RAIN CLOUD

This I understand.

Rain Cloud turns to Crazy Cloud, speaks in Lakota.

RAIN CLOUD (CONT'D)

(translation)

Dig them up, and do not mess with their assets, I know you want white men's testicles on your tepee spear, but not today.

CRAZY CLOUD

(translation)

No testicles, not even the Jew boys?

Jacob immediately turns his head to the Chiefs.

JACOB

Hey! I understood that! What is it with this continuous, Jew Boy, thing?

Crazy Cloud gives Jacob a strange look. Again, to Rain Cloud.

CRAZY CLOUD

Okay Gramps, if that is your wish.

Rain Cloud then returns to his Tepee.

JACOB

Hello?.. Um, Chief Rain Cloud?
Hellooo?.. Chief Passing Cloud?
Rain Cloud! Somebody? Anyone?
Ahhhh...

Crazy Cloud shouts to his braves.

CRAZY CLOUD

(translation)

Dig em up.

EXT. MINNESOTA PRAIRIE/SULLIVAN'S LAND - DAY

BIG JIM SULLIVAN, (60) SPORTS A grey handlebar mustache, wears a tassel suede jacket, carries a low slung sixgun, and rides a faun and white Palomino horse. Sullivan, conspicuous by his domina, rides over a small incline. He is followed by a large group of RIDERS, all wear off white dusters.

Sullivan, along with the twenty-five men, rides up and surround the prospectors.

SULLIVAN

So where do you think you boys are headed?

Jacob starts to speak, Bret raises his hand to stop him.

BRET

We've got a homestead up aways,
we're thinking about settlin'.

One of Sullivan's men, a gunslinger, SHOOTER (33), stocky, carries two six guns slung low, obviously a professional gunfighter. Moves his horse forward.

SHOOTER

You people ain't from round these parts, are ya? This here is Big Jim Sullivan, he owns most of the land round here.

SAMUEL

Is that right?

SULLIVAN

That's right sonny, North, South, and West, as far as the eye can see.

SAMUEL

I'm impressed.

SULLIVAN

You should be.

BRET

What happened to the East, mister?
You lost ya compass?

SHOOTER

Watch yer mouth, friend.

BRET

I ain't your friend! Friend.

Bret stares at Shooter. Sullivan rides around the Group, staring at each member for a few seconds.

SULLIVAN

What's with the Rabbi and the Preacher?

JACOB

I am not a Rabbi, sir, I come as the Risley Brothers lawyer, Jacob Liebermann from the offices of, Liebermann, Robem, and Rum. Chicago.

Hands Sullivan a card, Sullivan discards it.

SULLIVAN

So why would you need, a lawyer?

JACOB

I come as a friend, also to see if there is any call to open an office around these parts.

SULLIVAN

Hmm... And the Preacher?

PREACHER

I am here doing God's work and for the spiritual comfort of these, my small flock.

ANGEL

Why all the questions, Sullivan?

SULLIVAN

And you are?

ANGEL

I'm a man that don't like to be asked questions. So, if you'd like to move your, sweet fanny, we'll be on our way

SULLIVAN

Boys. You're trespassing.

BRET

Big Jim, is it? Don't be a pain in the ass, let us pass and we'll be out's your hair in no time.

SULLIVAN

Sorry, can't do that. If you want to get to the river, cos that's where I presume you're headed, you're gonna have to go through, Sioux country, cos you're not crossing my land.

BRET

Why so aggressive?

SULLIVAN

Cos I don't like the way you people handle yourselves. And there's something not quite right about your story.

JACOB

Would it be possible to...

SULLIVAN

No it wouldn't, I would also advise against crossing the reservation. The savages are not too friendly these days.

JACOB

Mr. Sullivan, we will only need a few short hours to reach our destination, then we'll be off your land.

SHOOTER

Now, Mr. Sullivan asked you boys, politely to go back from where you come, we don't want no trouble and you sure as hell, don't want to trouble us, so move yer skinny asses, and ship out.

BRET

Mr. Sullivan needs you to speak for him, yeah?

SHOOTER

I go my own way, don't push it.

Bret stares down, Shooter. Whisky, who sits up-front in the Wagon, speaks.

WHISKY

Mr. Sullivan, we're old man, maybe we can sit and jaw some, see if we can't come to some arrangement?

SHOOTER

Sit down, old man.

WHISKY

Now I was afraid you was going to say that.

With that, the side canvas of the wagon rises, Dakota and Polly both stand with scattergun's aimed at Sullivan and his men. Whisky pulls a shotgun. Samuel and Angel, have their hands on their firearms. The Preacher clutches the bible, Jacob, the Torah.

Sullivan, nods, and smiles.

SULLIVAN

Now, this is what we call, a
Mexican standoff.

(to Polly)

Little girl, you think you can use
that big gun?

Polly's innocents seems to have gone, she now speaks like a
work weary whore.

POLLY

I killed me a bunch of Comanche not
six months ago, you asshole. One
more piece of scum ain't gonna
trouble me.

All the Group look at Polly, shocked by her now, saloon-wise
approach. Sullivan takes in the information.

SULLIVAN

Brave girl.

SHOOTER

Let me take care of this boss, we
outnumber them four to one.

Sullivan looks at the Group, he weighs up the situation.

SULLIVAN

(points to Shooter)

My man here, wants me to let him
sort this thing out, and he's one
hell of a persuasive hombre. Also,
he ain't never lost an argument.

(looks to Bret)

What do you think about that, boy?

Bret climbs down from his horse.

BRET

One, I don't like to be called,
BOY, and two, I think, your,
HOMBRE, is a little misguided.

(to Sullivan's men)

Any of you, BOYS, wanna take a
piece of me?

(to Shooter)

What about you big mouth, you got
the guts to face off, one on one?

Shooter smiles, gets down from his horse, hands the reins to
a rider, and walks into clear space.

SULLIVAN

Just wing him, Shooter, we just want to send a message.

SHOOTER

(to Bret)

You want I should give you an edge, BOY? What about, I let you draw first.

BRET

No edge necessary, asshole. Show me what ya got?

SAMUEL

Kid, you promised, no more killin'.

BRET

Nah, just funnin' with the boy.

SHOOTER

(beat)

Why's he callin' you, kid?

SAMUEL

Just a name he used to go by.

Bret slowly pulls off his calfskin gloves, tucks them in his waistband, and stretches his fingers. He howls.

BRET

Waaaahoooooo.

SHOOTER

What's that shit?

SAMUEL

Just wing him, Moon Dog.

SHOOTER

Moon Dog?..

Shooter, obviously disturbed by the revelation, starts to shuffle as he tries not to look terrified.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

Are you really the Moon Dog Kid?

BRET

I've been called that.

SHOOTER

Well if I draw, you're gonna kill me, ain't ya?

BRET

I would say that was a reasonable assumption.

SULLIVAN

Who the hell is the Goon God Kid?

SHOOTER

Moon Dog... Just about the fastest gun that ever lived. They say he can draw, kill a man and have his gun back in its holster, faster than any man can even draw.

SULLIVAN

Come on, we're twenty-five guns here.

SAMUEL

And you're all gonna be dead if you try anything, starting with you, Mr. Sullivan, you'll be the first.

Sullivan stands thinking. After a while, he pulls his horse around and gallops away, followed by his men. Shooter, now alone, climbs onto his horse and gallops off.

ANGEL

Nice work Dakota, and you Polly.

Polly back to her previous self.

POLLY

That was scary.

JACOB

I think we should move with extreme care. This is not over, I have a feeling it has only just begun.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

The party travel through a narrow canyon, all are on edge, all carry weapons. They reach a turn in the trail, a rumbling sound is heard, they stop as rocks start to fall, then boulders, then a huge piece of the mountainside. A deep landslide, thirty feet high, blocks their way. It is no longer, passable.

From the top of the ridge, Sullivan stands, all of his men have key positions along the edges of the ravine, all hold rifles. Sullivan shouts.

SULLIVAN

Looks like you've come to the end of the road, people. No gunplay, no violence, just mother nature showing her hand. You need to turn back, ain't no other way but through Sioux territory. You take it easy, you hear.

With that, all of Sullivan's men disperse, leaving the Group alone in the impassable canyon.

EXT. SIOUX RESERVATION - NIGHT

Preacher and Polly sit the buggy. The wagon, driven by Whisky, follows behind. The wagon horses, flanked by Bret, and Samuel on one side and Angel and Dakota on the other, move at a snail's pace. Jacob sits up front next to Whisky.

The horses and Silvia are tied to the back of the wagon. They journey through the reservation, shadowed on both sides by thirty to forty Indian braves, all wear war paint, all appear hostile.

SUPER: "SIOUX RESERVATION, 1863, DUSK"

SUPER: "HORSES PO-PO, WE MAY IN TROUBLE, HERE"

The Preacher turns his head to the wagon and shouts under his breath, to Whisky.

PREACHER

What do we do?

WHISKY

Just stay calm, don't look at them, look straight ahead and for Christ's sake don't make any sudden movements.

Samuel, half looks up at Whisky.

SAMUEL

Looks like they're pissed.

WHISKY

There's a good chance they'll attack, Crazy Cloud wasn't happy with Rain Cloud letting us go last time.

Bret Samuel Dakota and Bret close into the wagon next to the horse's hindquarters.

BRET
Can you see who's leading them?

ANGEL
I think it's, Crazy Cloud.

DAKOTA
Oh, splendid.

WHISKY
No sign of Passing or Rain Cloud?

ANGEL
Rain Cloud would need a corset,
plank, and straps to sit a horse.

WHISKY
And Passing Cloud probably getting
stoned with his old squaws.

SAMUEL
There's so many bloody clouds I've
forgotten who's who?

WHISKY
Passing Cloud is Crazy Clouds'
father and Rain Clouds, grandson.

BRET
No, that's wrong. Crazy Cloud is
Rain Clouds Grandson and Passing
Clouds Son.

WHISKY
That's what I said, didn't I?

SAMUEL
So Passing Cloud is the one that
Polly got stoned with? Yeah?

WHISKY
Ah-ha.

BRET
And Crazy Cloud is the one that
scratches his nuts all the time.
Correct?

WHISKY
Correct.

SAMUEL

So if Rain Cloud is the father of Passing Cloud and the grandfather of Crazy Cloud, where the hell does this Bird Brain squaw come into the equation?

DAKOTA

That little squaw liked me.

JACOB

Dakota, please.

DAKOTA

What!

(looks around)

What?

BRET

Forgotten about Polly, huh?

DAKOTA

HUH?

WHISKY

She's the great-granddaughter of Rain Cloud.

JACOB

Who, Polly?

WHISKY

No, Bird Brain.

ANGEL

Any chance we can address the family tree another time, I feel a serious skull examination coming on?

BRET

Angel, it's important to know who's who just in case we get captured again.

ANGEL

Ya think?

BRET

At least if we know who's important we can plead our case... Whisky?

WHISKY

Okay, I think Bird Brain is the granddaughter of Passing Cloud and the daughter of Crazy Cloud. I'm sure that's what I heard in the teepee.

BRET

What a load of crap? You don't speak Sioux?

WHISKY

I understand a little. Anyway, she has just got engaged to the club-footed son of Ye-Yo De-Dah, Pizon-me.

BRET

Pissed on who?

Samuel laughs.

SAMUEL

I think your Sioux ain't all it could be, Whisk.

JACOB

Is this relevant?

WHISKY

It could be and could help us. Ya see if they get hitched, and after the coming together under the blankets...

BRET

The, what?

WHISKY

It's the formal Sioux wedding tradition...

BRET

Wonder what happens under the blankets?

WHISKY

Then, Pizon-me will be bestowed the interim title of valiente-de-escroto-pol as he will then be next in line for Head Chief of the Sioux. The tribe then chant their ancestor's centuries-old war chant to honor their chief to be.

SAMUEL

Which is?

WHISKY

(chants)

Nos gustas Pizon-me, Nos gustas
Pizon-me. Nosotros llamamos a los
espíritus, Pizon-me.

ALL

WHAT?

JACOB

How incredibly informative and
interesting. Thank you, Whisky.

DAKOTA

(to Whisky)

Where do ya learn all this shit?
Get out front of the wagon and, do
some crazy stuff.

WHISKY

What crazy stuff?

DAKOTA

You know, silly dancing, jumping up
and down, screaming.

WHISKY

What are you, NUTS, you go dance.

DAKOTA

Come on, they'll think you're a
crazy man, these Indians don't mess
with crazies, cos they think it's
bad karma.

WHISKY

And what if they think I'm just a
lousy dancer?

SAMUEL

(laughing)

Then they're gonna, scalp ya.

WHISKY

Screw you, I'll play the penny
whistle.

SAMUEL

But you ain't got a penny whistle?

WHISKY

No, but it won't matter, cos I'm supposed to be crazy. Dah!..

Whistles, and pretends to play the penny whistle. He calls to the Preacher.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Preacher, pull up.

The Preacher pulls up the buggy, he and Polly get down and walk to the wagon.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Okay, huddle up, pretend we're stoppin' for water.

The Group stand next to the water barrel and drink.

JACOB

Dakota, what do these braves want?

DAKOTA

Probably the girl and horses?

JACOB

Would they settle for just the girl?

WHISKY

Maybe?

BRET

Now hold on.

JACOB

Wait, hear me out. What if we make up a hay figure, dress it up with one of Polly's dresses and a bonnet, then get the horse to bolt?

DAKOTA

You read too many comic books, Jacob, the horse would stop in maybe, a hundred yards, and unless their horses were hungry to eat the hay, they'll be back, and seriously, pissed.

PREACHER

What if we had two figures trying to escape in the Buggy, it would look more realistic.

BRET

Jacob?

JACOB

Good idea, Preacher.

BRET

All right. We camp tonight and organize the plan. Whisky, can you devise a mechanism to control a whip?

WHISKY

Yeah, probably.

PREACHER

You think they'll hold off until tomorrow?

JACOB

I have read that the Sioux don't like to attack at night. They believe the spirits will work against them.

SAMUEL

Where do you get this, shit?

JACOB

"Wayne of the West"?

ANGEL

"Wayne of the friggin' West"! The comic book cowboy?

JACOB

That's right.

ANGEL

This Wayne has an insight into the hearts and minds of the whole bloody Sioux nation, does he?

BRET

(to Angel)

Don't beat on him, he's tryin' to help.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SIOUX RESERVATION - NIGHT

The night is very cold, the only light, the stars, and a quarter moon. Dakota helps Polly into the back of the waggon, then climbs in himself.

The Sioux howls communicate with each other and frighten their enemy with various, Wolf like howling. Bret looks to Angel.

BRET
What do you think?

ANGEL
I think Dakota's about to give your gal some adult education.

Bret starts to howl.

BRET
Ahhhwoooo. Ahhhwoooo.

Dakota pops his head out of the waggon, sees Bret howling.

DAKOTA
(to polly)
Rain check?

Dakota and Polly climb down from the waggon, Dakota escorts Polly back to the fire.

The howl's cease. Dakota shouts to Bret.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)
Better be careful, they might be real wolves.

SAMUEL
Nah, they're Indians.

DAKOTA
Well, if Bret wakes with a hound's cock stuck up his ass, we'll know it wasn't the Sioux, yeah?

EXT. CAMPSITE/FIRE SIDE - SIOUX RESERVATION - NIGHT

The bedrolls are laid out close to the campfire. Blankets are stuffed to make it look like people sleep there. All are at work as they make figures up to look like Polly and the Preacher. Whisky demonstrates a simple mechanical mechanism to Jacob.

WHISKY
The whip is attached to the spindle this then moves back and forth with the spin of the wheel, so the wheel drives the whip.
(MORE)

WHISKY (CONT'D)

Hopefully, if it works, the horse
will continue to run.

JACOB

Well done.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

It's five-thirty in the morning. The Group are set, all the people sit on their horses. Whisky sits the wagon. The remainder holds scattergun's and are in placements inside the wagon.

Jacob takes Silvia's reins and starts to saddle him.

DAKOTA

What the hell are you doing?

JACOB

I will ride, Silvia.

BRET

Are you crazy, he ain't gonna be
fast enough, he'll just slow us
down.

WHISKY

He's right, Jacob.

JACOB

Where he goes, I go.

BRET

Get in the Wagon.

JACOB

(repeats)
WHERE HE GOES, I GO.

SAMUEL

Oh for Christ's sake, let him ride
the bloody thing.

SILVIA

(snorts)
He-haw, He-haw

Silvia, as per usual, and right on cue, farts. Dakota wafts away the smell and gets the buggy ready for the off. Whisky takes the whip, and waits for the signal.

DAKOTA

On my count, we go! Everyone ready?

All confirm.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Okay, GO!

Dakota fires, the horse and buggy bolt South, Whisky and all riders, North. All shoot and make lots of noise as they take off.

EXT. SIOUX CAMP - SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

The Sioux, still asleep, hear the commotion and, caught off guard, jump up and run in all different directions trying to find their horses.

The braves are confused, they can't find the right horse. Some pull up trousers, as they've been having a morning constitutional. Two, rather effeminate Indians, have their thongs in their hands as they mince unsteadily over to where their horses were.

The tribe is in total disarray. Eventually, the braves get their act together, some still trying to touch up their, smudged war paint. They split into two groups, One to catch the buggy, the other to chase the wagon.

EXT. SIOUX RESERVATION/TRAVELING - DAY

The wagon and horses travel at great speed down a worn and dusty track. In a far-off distance behind the wagon, Silvia and Jacob can be seen as they totter along at a pace that suits Silvia.

Over a distant hill, a large SIGN is seen as it emerges from the small incline. As they near, the sign gets larger and larger, eventually they reach the sixty-foot high sign.

EXT. SIOUX RESERVATION/SIGN - DAY

THE SIGN READS: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE SIOUX RESERVATION, THANK YOU FOR VISITING, HAVE A NICE DAY."

EXT. SIOUX RESERVATION/HILL - DAY

Over the hill, the Sioux form a semicircle around Jacob and Silvia. Jacob starts to whip Silvia. Silvia then stops, Jacob gets off, and shouts to the Sioux.

JACOB

Silvia, is my companion and has had
 enough! He is pissed, hungry and
 unhappy and has spoken to me!..
 ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Jacob starts to sing in Yiddish accompanied by the farting
 Silvia.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(SINGS)

A YIDDISHE MAMEH, ES GIBT NIT BESER
 IN DER VELT. A YIDDISHE MAMEH
 OY VEY, VI BITTER VEN SI FELT

EXT. SIOUX POSITION - DAY

The Sioux look at the spectacle, look at each other, then
 back at Jacob and Silvia, who start to enjoy the hopelessness
 of their situation. Jacob continues to sing. Silvia, farts.

JACOB

(SINGS)

VI SHEYN UNT LICHTIG IS IN HOYS
 VEN DI MAMEH'S DO VI TROYRIG
 FINSTER VERT VEN GOT NEMT IR OYF
 OYLEM HABO

Jacob then starts to dance like a mad man, he whoops and
 hollar's and starts to throw dust into the air and attempts
 to swallow it. Silvia jigs around, castanets continuously
 clacking. All together a ridiculous sight.

Jacob, starts making silly faces, he screams and grabs hold
 of his crotch and thrusts it towards the tribe, Silvia, lifts
 his tail, and farts. Jacob mimics Silvia, turns his backside
 to the Sioux, drops his pants, and moon's them.

The Sioux, war cries, cease. They look at Silvia and Jacob
 and realize they are completely NUTS, and as the main Group
 is no longer on the reservation. They turn and ride away.

EXT. SIOUX RESERVATION/SIGN - DAY

The Group starts to hug and congratulate each other. Jacob
 and Silvia catch up.

BRET

Told ya. They think you're, NUTS,
 and they piss off.

JACOB
Very refreshing.

EXT. RIVER CAMP - DAY

Whisky cooks food while the rest of the people set up the camp for the nights' sleep, Samuel is at the river.

EZRA FINCLESTEIN (65) few teeth, bent over, white beard, clothes all raggedy, saunters into the camp. He ties his donkey MATILDA, to a tree next to Silvia and walks into camp.

SUPER: "TWO WEEK ON THE ROAD AND STILL NO MINE"

Silvia sees Matilda and is immediately attracted to her. Silvia moves in, and in a flash, attempts to mount her. Jacob is horrified.

JACOB
Silvia! Will, you behave yourself,
(to Ezra)
I do apologize for my friends'
actions.
(to Silvia)
SILVIA!

Fornication shortly ensues with Silvia, he-hawing all over the place. His enormous penis trying to find Matilda's passage of love.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Oh well, donkey's will be donkey's
I suppose.
(to Silvia)
Just keep the noises down, will
you?

SILVIA
He haw, he haw.

DAKOTA
He's the only one getting laid on
this trip.

All laugh. Bret looks at the old man.

BRET
So? Who are ya?

Whisky who has been cooking looks over and immediately recognizes Ezra. He moves to greet him.

WHISKY
Ezra, how the hell are ya?

EZRA
Yo, Wis, zo has lyf tretin ya?

WHISKY
Yeah, good.

BRET
What the hell did he say?

WHISKY
Yo, Wis, zo has lyf tretin ya?

BRET
I know that. But what does it mean?

WHISKY
He said, "How's life treatin' ya?"

ANGEL
Really?

Samuel walks over from the river.

SAMUEL
Who the hell is that?

WHISKY
It's Ezra Finclestein, probably the best-known miner this side of the Appalachians, been doing it for as long as I can remember.

SAMUEL
So, has he been successful?

WHISKY
Never found nothin 'but a bunch of fools gold.

BRET
So, why does he continue?

WHISKY
It's what he does. He only needs to see water and out comes his pan and he pans for hours. Has a hard time using the bathroom.

DAKOTA
And he's done this for years?

Ezra, as all this talking goes on, looks to one man then the next, then the next.

EZRA

So, wha? Ya hil wan is ya al don her?

ALL

WHAT?

WHISKY

He said. So, wha? Ya hil wan is ya al don her?

JACOB

Whisky, we heard the mumbling's, but what did it mean?

WHISKY

He wanted to know what we were doing here.

ALL

Oh.

WHISKY

(to Ezra)

Where is your wife?

EZRA

Wen ta way antha miner so no giv anerthin.

WHISKY

Oh, I see.

ALL

WHAT?

WHISKY

He said she went off with another miner, she went with nothing.

ANGEL

I know I'm gonna regret askin' this. But who the hell was his wife?

WHISKY

An old Indian squaw named, Little Tit.

PREACHER

Little, what?

WHISKY

Tit.

ANGEL

You gotta be kiddin' me? Little Tit? Did she have like... little tits?

Whisky and Ezra laugh.

WHISKY

Nah, nothin' like that.

BRET

Go on, then?

WHISKY

(to Ezra)

You want to tell this story or do you want me to tell them?

ALL

You tell us.

WHISKY

Well, as a small papoose, Little Tit's mother had her lying naked on the teepee floor. This small bird flew into the teepee and, panicking, continually shat all over her, the tribal elders looked at her all covered in crap, thought it was a sign from the spirits, hence, Little Tit.

Jacob looks around, bewildered.

JACOB

Are we really having this conversation?

BRET

Shut up, Jacob.
(to Whisky)
But why, Tit?

WHISKY

Cos, chickadees, as the Indians know them, are small birds from the Tit family.

PENNY

The Tit family. Are these birds, or people.

BRET

Try and stay with us, Penny.

JACOB

So why did they not call her,
Chickadees?

WHISKY

No idea, probably couldn't spell
it, you'd need to speak to the
tribe elders, but they're all dead
so I guess we'll never know.

BRET

Suppose she had a result, they
could have called her Full-O-KaKa.

PREACHER

Is this for real? Why are we
spending all this time talking
about this homeless drifter and his
stupid, Squaw wife?

BRET

Hey Preacher, watch yer mouth.
We'll discuss whatever we like.
And, unlike you, this guy is
probably the most interesting
person we're likely to run into. So
shut it.

PREACHER

I meant no disrespect, I apologize.

EZRA

Na apogi necesry.

ALL

WHAT?

WHISKY

No, apologies necessary.

With that, he takes Matilda, who has been well and truly
shagged, and leads her down to the river, he takes out his
pan and starts panning. Silvia leans on a tree with what can
only be described, as a smile on his face.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

(about Silvia)

All he needs is a big cigar, a
glass of whisky and he's die a
happy jackass.

BRET

What about we take this Ezra along
with us?

WHISKY

Are you crazy, he got as much luck
as a turkey tryin' to cancel
thanksgiving.

BRET

You think?

Ezra packs his pan and moves downstream. Whisky shouts.

WHISKY

Be lucky, Ezra.

Ezra waves back and disappears around the bend of the river.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/RIVER - DAY

The sun is high in the sky, Vultures circle above as they
wait for someone to die. The river waters are clear but cold.

Bret wields a pickaxe and strikes deep into the upper river
bank. Samuel shovels the dirt and small lumps of rock into a
wheelbarrow. Whisky then takes the barrow to the river where
Angel and Dakota pan.

SUPER: "SKINNER LAKE MINNESOTA"

SUPER: "FIVE MONTHS PANNING AND NOTHING BUT BIRD SHIT"

SUPER: "SPRING OF 1864"

SUPER: "4:32 PM, A TAD BEFORE SUPPER TIME"

Whisky looks at the meager haul, only a few specks of gold
have been collected and are displayed in a container by the
water's edge.

Jacob reads a book as he sits with his feet in the water.
Whisky shouts to Bret.

WHISKY

This ain't workin'. Ain't enough
gold to justify the effort.

BRET

(shouts back)
Agreed. So, what do we do?

Bret calls out to the Group,

BRET (CONT'D)
 We need to talk, let's go.

Everyone comes over to the river bank.

BRET (CONT'D)
 This is a waste of effort. Agreed?

ALL
 Agreed.

BRET
 Whisky, what happened to the guy
 who could sniff out gold from ten
 miles away?

WHISKY
 That was thirty years ago, boys, my
 nose ain't what it used to be.

DAKOTA
 That's for sure, if you stopped
 sleeping with that stinky jackass
 you might be able to find
 something.

WHISKY
 He don't smell of roses, but there
 again, nor do you, anyway, he's
 warm.

DAKOTA
 Ugh.

WHISKY
 Maybe we need to try upstream.

BRET
 How's that gonna be any different?

WHISKY
 Cos that's the way mining is, three
 feet and you can go from nothing to
 a rich deposit.

Jacob interjects.

JACOB
 Maybe the large boulders, I read
 here.
 (shows his book)
 Boulder's, still waters, black
 sand.

ANGEL

What is this? Devine intervention?

JACOB

Just an observation.

WHISKY

Dakota, did you look, where the river, slows?

DAKOTA

There were, deposits of black sand.

JACOB

Black sand is good.

WHISKY

He's right. Black sand is good.

BRET

Okay, still waters, black sand, here we come. Let's pack up.

Bret looks to Jacob who continues to read.

BRET (CONT'D)

Hey, Jacob, we're moving upstream.

Jason waves acknowledgment and continues to read. Bret to Samuel.

BRET (CONT'D)

He ain't no miner, but he could at least carry a shovel or something.

SAMUEL

Let him be, he's good for morale.

Bret laughs, picks up the pick and shovel, and starts to walk.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/UPSTREAM - DAY

The Group starts to dig, carry and pan. After about an hour. Angel shouts.

ANGEL

Yooo... Ooh, Ooh! Ooh! Gold, gold!
GOLD! We got ourselves a nugget.

Everyone rushes over to the water's edge and wade in. Dakota crosses to Angel.

DAKOTA

Show me?

Angel shows the large nugget to Dakota, Dakota looks to the rest of the Group.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Boys, NOW, were miners.

BRET

What's it worth?

DAKOTA

Maybe five, six hundred dollars.

Everyone goes back to work with a new vigor, They dig and pan, carry and pan, more gold, more nuggets. The sun is low in the sky. Jacob comes towards the Group holding what appears to be a large rock.

BRET

You finish the book?

JACOB

I just kicked this as I crossed the shallows.

Jacob hands the rock to Bret. Bret stands mesmerized, he stares at the rock, Samuel moves over and also stares.

SAMUEL

Where did you get this?

Jacob points to a inlet of the river of very still water.

JACOB

Just over there.

Bret starts to dance like a lunatic, he screams and jumps up and down. Everyone comes over and are all amazed by the size of the huge rock of gold. Bret plants a huge kiss on Jacob's forehead.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Yuck!

BRET

This is worth at least twenty-five thousand.

JACOB

WHAT?

BRET
I could kiss you!

Jacob makes a disgusted face

JACOB
Please don't, one kiss is more than
enough.

SAMUEL
Okay, cool down. We stop now, no
sense in buckin' our luck. We come
back fresh in the morning. Agreed?

ALL
Agreed.

SAMUEL
Let's get back and weigh this baby.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/CAMP - DAY

The Preacher and Polly are sat at the fire, it's quiet and
cold. The Preacher looks around the camp. He looks at Polly.

SUPER: "SIX WEEKS LATER, JUST ANOTHER DAY IN HELL"

PREACHER
This is crazy? Freezing
temperatures, wolves, snakes,
everyone getting rich while we sit
scratching our fannies.

POLLY
We need firewood, they'll be hell
to pay if we let it go out.

PREACHER
And you messing with those two
boys, what are you thinking?

POLLY
Gotta keep everyone happy.

PREACHER
Yeah, everyone but me.

POLLY
Stop bitching.

PREACHER
What am we, nursemaids? Where's our
share of the gold.

POLLY

It's not going to happen, you got a
idea of something more positive?

PREACHER

(to Polly)

Fetch our bags?

Polly goes to the wagon. Comes back with two large cloth bags. Whisky enters the camp with a bag of gold, he goes to the wagon, moves a floorboard, and puts the gold into a larger bag. He then walks over to the fire.

WHISKY

What's for supper.

The Preacher opens his cloth bag, feels around, then produces a pistol. He points it at Whisky.

WHISKY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

PREACHER

It's retribution time.

WHISKY

Are you crazy?

PREACHER

Yeah, crazy enough to decide that
we need gold too.

WHISKY

The Brothers'll cut you in.

POLLY

You think we're gonna wait around
for a pittance when we can have it
all.

WHISKY

Were family, people?

POLLY

We'll this family just grew.

(to the Preacher)

Did we hear from Sullivan?

PREACHER

Two mornings ago. Said he'd be
waiting late afternoons if we had
the goods.

POLLY
So, let's do it.

PREACHER
Okay, get changed, I'll watch the
old man.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/CAMP - DAY

Bret, Samuel, Dakota, Angel, and Jacob arrive back from the claim. Jacob carries a bag of nuggets freshly panned. Whisky sits by the wagon, gagged and bound, a pot of spoiled food hangs over the fire.

The Preacher stands by the wagon, Polly sit on a large log by the fire, they both hold scatter guns which they train on the Group. The Preacher still wears a dog collar but is now dresses in regular clothes.

Polly has transformed from a sweet little girl to a hard-nosed bitch, she wears a low-cut saloon-style dress.

PREACHER
Come on in, boys, take a seat.

The men sit where they stand.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
A little closer, if you don't mind.

The men slide on over next to each other.

BRET
You wanna talk about it?

PREACHER
Nah, just need your goods.

DAKOTA
You got a story, Preacher?

PREACHER
The story is greed, boys, pure and simple, greed. You see, me and my old lady here, we ain't been sent from God, but we ain't in bed with the Devil, either, we just take what we can, when we can, and get the hell outta Dodge.

ANGEL
So, how did you figure it all out?

PREACHER

Just a million to one shot. You
remember the Pee saloon back in
Mill's...

FLASHBACK: "PEE SPRING SALOON"

SAMUEL

Angel. We need to proposition
you...

Just behind and to the left of Angel's table sits a drifter.
He has his back to Angel. He has a near-empty bottle of
whisky sitting on the table and appears to be half asleep,
his head jerks as he tries to stay awake.

DRIFTER

(shouts to Tommy)
Bring me another bottle

TOMMY (O.S.)

(shouts back)
You've had enough. Sleep it off.

No reply from the man. Samuel leans into Angel.

SAMUEL

We got a mining opportunity?

ANGEL

Ain't no opportunities round these
parts.

SAMUEL

What if we told you the gold was
guaranteed.

BRET

Lots, and lots of gold.

ANGEL

Then I'd say, you was fools, there
ain't no guarantees in this life.

BRET

But what if we did, guaranteed it.

ANGEL

What? With money?

BRET

If you like.

The conversation stops as Tommy comes and takes the empty bottle from the table where the man sleeps. Angel continues.

ANGEL

So where is it, and why ain't no one mined it before?

SAMUEL

We can't tell you where but we can tell ya, this is a mine that never got worked.

ANGEL

(beat)

Okay, so say I was interested, what's in it for me?

SAMUEL

An equal share.

ANGEL

Equal to what, and with who?

SAMUEL

We think we'll be, six.

Angel sits back in his chair, he looks at Bret, then at Samuel. Ponders for a moment.

ANGEL

And this is definite, not bullshit?

BRET

It's huge, it's rich and it's ours for the takin'.

ANGEL

Okay, I'm in.

Shouts to Tommy.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Tommy, get a bottle of the good stuff over here.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/CAMP - DAY

The Preacher having completed the story, moves to the wagon.

PREACHER
 ...gotta check who's listening,
 before ya start jawing, boys.

The Preacher leans into the wagon, takes out a slat, and removes a large bag of gold, plus the huge nugget. Takes the gag from Whisky's mouth, then collects the bag being held by Jacob.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
 The lord works in mysterious ways,
 ain't that true, Jacob?

JACOB
 Mysterious? This is so.

WHISKY
 (shouts)
 Yeah. Screw you, Preacher!

PREACHER
 Boys, don't shed no tears. We got
 Big Jim waiting at Riker's to
 escort us from the territory. So,
 no sense you followin'.

BRET
 Oh, we'll follow.

SAMUEL
 You can count on it.

PREACHER
 There's plenty of gold at the
 river, just go mine and forget us.

DAKOTA
 You're a dead man, Preacher.

Silvia and the horses are tied up next to the wagon, the Preacher and Polly, move over. Polly starts to bridle the horses. The Preacher bends to pick up a saddle.

WHISKY
 (shouts)
 Kick-Ass, Silvia!

Silvia hears the command, kicks, hits the Preacher square in the ass, he flies into Polly, they both drop the scatterguns and lie in a heap on the ground. Angel and Bret run across, rough up the Preacher a little, then drag the pair back to the fire. Tie and gag them. Bret looks at Polly.

DAKOTA

Ahh, what a waste, I could have made something outta you girl, prime, whore flesh.

JACOB

Someone go and untie Whisky.

Bret releases Whisky, Whisky walks over to the wagon, gets three apples, and feeds Silvia.

WHISKY

You are one hell of a Jackass.

SILVIA

He haw, he haw.

Whisky turns to the Group.

WHISKY

Sorry Boys, the Preacher got a jump on me.

BRET

No matter.

JACOB

So, now what?

ANGEL

You want me to shoot em?

Jacob moves to the makeshift corral and retrieves the bags of gold and the huge nugget. He returns to the fire and tips the large bag onto the ground, the bag contains rocks and crystals.

DAKOTA

What the?

JACOB

I never saw the Preacher as a man of God, a little insincere, he never knew the correct words of any prays.

BRET

So where's the gold?

Jacob walks over to Silvia and under his Poncho, Jacob's money belt stuffed with gold.

DAKOTA

Were you fixing to steal the goods?

SAMUEL

No, Jacob told me he had a problem with the Preacher, he transferred the gold, thought it safer.

WHISKY

Gentlemen, Sullivan is expecting the Preacher, and he ain't going no place without his share of the spoils.

Angel walks over to the Preacher removes his gag and backhands him.

ANGEL

What's Sullivan expecting?

PREACHER

The big nugget.

Angel gags the Preacher again.

ANGEL

For sure, he ain't going away.

DAKOTA

People, we strap the Preacher and the girl on to horses and let em loose in the Happy Hunting Grounds, then it's the Crazy Cloud's problem.

ALL

Great idea, agreed, yeah, let's do it, etc.

WHISKY

We still gotta deal with Sullivan.

BRET

I'll go see Sullivan, tell him the Preacher skipped with the goods.

SAMUEL

He's going to be pissed.

DAKOTA

He's gonna wanna ride in here, kill us all and take the claim.

ANGEL

Well, I'm for stayin' and fightin'.

All nod agreement.

JACOB

I would suggest we move camp to the rock formation closer to the river, that way we'll have our backs protected.

ANGEL

Good idea.

WHISKY

Okay boys, break camp.

SAMUEL

Take care, Brother, in and out, you hear?

BRET

Don't worry,
(shouts at Angel)
Angel, you wanna ride shotgun.

ANGEL

Thought you'd never ask.

Angel and Bret saddle up and ride out.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Bret spots a small party of Sioux braves. He turns to Angel.

BRET

You seen em?

ANGEL

Yeah, they've been shadowing us for two hours past.

BRET

Well, I can't see em now?

EXT. SULLIVAN'S LAND - DAY

Bret and Angel ride over the brow of the hill, seated on the other side on felled trees are Sullivan's men. Bret and Angel ride over. Sullivan and Shooter stand.

ANGEL

Your buddies have shipped out with our goods, Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

Really, so, how come you're here?

Bret and Angel look at each other, they didn't expect the question.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I'm, listening, boys?

BRET
Okay, we caught em stealing our goods.

SULLIVAN
So?

ANGEL
They said you was behind the caper?

SULLIVAN
No idea what you're talking about?

ANGEL
So, if you ain't got a notion what we're talkin' about, why are you here?

SULLIVAN
Boys... Seems you have me there.

BRET
Sullivan, we don't want no trouble, you go your way, we go ours. This is over.

SULLIVAN
I'm not sure I can do that, Mad Dog.

BRET
It's Moon Dog, and if you wanna feel how hard I bite, just come on by.

ANGEL
Looks like we might have got ourselves a war, partner.

SHOOTER
A war with Big Jim Sullivan? Boys, I suggest you find yourselves an army.

Angel and Bret sit their horses for a while and stare down Sullivan, turn and gallop off.

Shooter grabs a Rifle from his horse, aims, just as he is about to fire, Bret and Angel turn. Bret draws his gun, Angel a throwing Star, Bret fires and hits Shooter right between the eyes.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

Told ya he was fast.

The star then lodged in Shooter's neck. He falls flat on his face. Sullivan looks at the body.

SULLIVAN

Idiot! Mount up, men.

EXT. SKINNER LAKE/CAMP - NIGHT

It's dusk. The Preacher and Polly are strapped tightly to their horses, mouths gagged, their hands strapped to the horns of the saddles. Whisky takes the reins of the Preacher and Polly's horses.

DAKOTA

Send em to hell, Whisky.

SAMUEL

Once more into the Happy Hunting Grounds. Then you get out as fast as possible.

WHISKY

Got it.

EXT. NEW MINE/CAMP - DAY

The sun sets and the light fades, the new camp is like a fortress, the wagon is set to the fore of the rock formation, water barrels and crates are set to cover the two exposed sides. Guns and boxes of shells are set all around the perimeter.

Whisky has returned and takes up a defensive position. Bret and Angel ride into camp.

BRET

What do we do with the horses?

JACOB

Just behind the large rock formation, there's a makeshift corral.

Angel takes Bret's horse and leads both horses to the corral. Bret takes up position behind the wagon. They wait.

EXT. NEW MINE/CAMP - NIGHT

It'd late at night. The camp is set with the bedrolls around the fire which lays away from the gun positions. It appears that all the Group are asleep.

SUPER: "PREPARE TO MEET THY MAKER: EXODUS 19:1-25"

Various muffled noises are heard, a shadowy figure appears on the ground, then two, Sullivan and his men descend on the camp.

Sullivan jumps on one of the bedrolls and thrusts a knife deep into the bedroll. He realizes it's a trap and falls to the floor and rolls to the log for cover. He shouts.

SULLIVAN

It's a trap, fire on the wagon.

A group of about, thirty men, encircle the camp, a shoot-out ensues. The Group fire in all directions, Jacob gets hit in the arm and screams, Whisky gets a bullet in his bad leg.

From nowhere, the "whoosh" of an arrow flies through the air and strikes Sullivan in the neck, it passes through his neck, followed by a shower of blood, Sullivan falls to the ground, he, SCREAMS.

Sixty Sioux war braves descend on Sullivan's men, a massacre ensues with bodies being killed and disemboweled everywhere, Braves with hunting knives and tomahawks are seen scalping many of Sullivan's men. Sullivan crawls towards his horse. Two Indian braves jump him and Sullivan, still alive, they scalp him.

Eventually, the battle subsides. Crazy Cloud stands in the light of the fire, he looks to the heavens, screams, and starts to dance. The brave's, look at Crazy Cloud, shrug their shoulders, and also start to dance.

CRAZY CLOUD

Hóka-héy! Hóka-héy! Hay-eh hoka-hoka, hoka. Hóka-héy! Hóka-héy! Hay-eh hoka-hoka hoka.

ALL BRAVES

Hóka-héy! Hóka-héy! Hay-eh hoka-hoka, hoka. Hóka-héy! Hóka-héy! Hay-eh hoka-hoka hoka.

Bret, Samuel, Jacob, Whisky, Angel, and Dakota emerge from the wagon defenses. They look around at the carnage.

BRET

(to Jacob)

Thought the Sioux didn't attack at night?

JACOB

I'll cancel my subscription.

The Sioux braves encircle the Group. Bret draws his guns and goes into his gun-twirling routine, The braves, all mesmerized, applaud, and cheer. One brave wears Polly's dress. Crazy Cloud, spear in hand, has what appears to be, a dog collar and hairy testicles, tied to its tip. He moves through the braves towards the Group.

CRAZY CLOUD

(translation)

This day we join with our friends in victory. The white man, Sullivan, is finished. We the Sioux tribes are victorious.

Whisky starts to make huge arm and hand gestures, as he speaks.

WHISKY

Chief Crazy Cloud, we, are, grateful, for, your, help, we...

Samuel interrupts Whisky.

SAMUEL

Will you stop doin' that, he speaks English.

DAKOTA

Yeah, better than you do.

Whisky turns to the Group, makes a face.

CRAZY CLOUD

(in good English)

We are Brothers in war and in peace, we will go now and we will be with you always.

With that, the braves disperse and the camp is quiet. Jacob looks around at the bodies and carnage.

JACOB

Now what?

BRET
We'll need to dig a mass grave.

DAKOTA
Jesus, that's a monumental task.

EXT. NEW MINE/CAMP - NIGHT

It's five am in the morning, it's still dark the light is just rising and the bodies are piled ready for burial. The Group, exhausted, sit by the fire, they drink coffee.

JACOB
As soon as the sun comes up we'll commence with the burial.

BRET
I'm ready to jump in with them, I'm exhausted.

ANGEL
Screw it, let's do it.

EXT. NEW MINE CAMP/BURIAL TRENCH - DAY

Dakota and Samuel start to throw bodies into the eight foot deep trench, the sun now climbs into the sky. Whisky, his leg bandaged, limps towards the hole, the earth dug out from the trench, lies ten feet high to his right. Whisky, as he passes, looks at the mound, does a double-take. A mass of large gold nuggets are mixed in with the earth.

He looks down the trench, between the bodies, lots of nuggets sparkle. Whisky, dumbstruck, pokes Dakota and points down the trench, turns to the mound, and shows it is also full of glistening nuggets.

Angel, who drags a body, throws the body into the trench and sees the gold. He immediately jumps down the hole.

ANGEL
Dakota, get yer ass down here and pronto.

Dakota looks down the trench and immediately jumps down. Jacob stands a little further away he nurses his injured arm.

JACOB'S POV: Jacob can not see the Group in the deep trench, only bodies as they come hurtling out of the trench in all directions.

BACK TO SCENE:

There is gold everywhere, it just sits, waiting to be picked up.

JACOB

What are we going to do with the bodies?

DAKOTA

(disinterested)
Who cares.

SAMUEL

Hey, Brother, were richer than we ever thought possible.

Bret moves to the mound and sits. Dakota to Samuel.

DAKOTA

What the hell is wrong with him?

SAMUEL

What's he gonna do tomorrow?

Bret talks as if he had lost his soul.

BRET

We can't mine all this gold, we'll need a workforce and heavy machinery to extract it... It's over Brother, the adventure is done.

Samuel starts to move earth with his hands, he uncovers a huge boulder-type rock, but it's not rock it's gold. He tries to get the attention of Bret.

SAMUEL

Bret.

Bret turns, sees the boulder, just stares.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I can't lift it, give me a hand.

Bret snaps out of it and goes to Samuel's assistance. The two men try to move the huge lump of pure gold, Angel and Dakota move to help. They manage to get it out of the trench and all just stare.

BRET

Jesus!

EXT. NEW MINE CAMP - NIGHT

There is a huge fire The Group throws the final body onto the Funeral Pyre, Jacob says a few words in Hebrew, over the pyre.

JACOB

Ha-Makom y'nahem ethem b'tokh
sha'ar evlei Tzion v'Y'rushalayim.
Baruch atah Adonai, eloheinu melech
ha-olam, dayan ha-emet.
May you rest in peace and God be
with you. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

DAKOTA

Where they're going, there ain't no
God.

SAMUEL

Your sure all the paperwork is in
place?

JACOB

Rest assured, it is all in place.

BRET

So we're totally protected and no
one can steal the claim?

JACOB

I told you, it's done.

DAKOTA

What about the rest of us Bret?

BRET

You got a sixth share for as long
as you live boys, but the claim is
just me and Samuel's just like the
will says.

INT. BLACKSTONE HOTEL/RESTAURANT - CHICAGO - DAY

Bret and Samuel, both immaculately dressed, sit eating lunch with two very attractive and elegant LADIES. The Blackstone hotel, the finest in Chicago, plays host to the Brother's as they permanently reside in the Presidential suite.

Jacob enters, he carries paperwork. He walks to the table and doffs his hat to the ladies.

JACOB

Ladies.

The ladies react and smile.

SUPER: "BLACKSTONE HOTEL, CHICAGO, 1880"

JACOB (CONT'D)

I have some papers that need signing.

SAMUEL

You already have the Power of Attorney?

JACOB

Yes.

SAMUEL

Good, then you deal with everything, we are going to enjoy lunch with these two adorable ladies, then take a long walk in the park.

BRET

Jacob, take a seat. Would you like a glass of this delicious wine?

JACOB

No I'm fine, thank you.

Jacob sits. The ladies rise.

LADY

Honey, would you excuse us, we're just going to powder our noses.

SAMUEL

Don't be too long.

The three men rise as the ladies exit.

BRET

(to Jacob)

The Claim office just received a wire from Angel requesting money be transferred, Any idea why?

JACOB

It's for land purchases.

SAMUEL

Where?

JACOB
Mill's Crossing?

BRET
What?

JACOB
I believe they've bought up everything in the immediate vicinity, including the mining and leisure rights.

BRET
At Mill's Crossing?

JACOB
Mill's Crossing and all the land in a radius of five hundred miles.

SAMUEL
What for?

JACOB
There's talk of building a Ski Resort?

SAMUEL
What the hell is a Ski Resort?

JACOB
It's a new leisure sport. It would seem that you go to the mountain top and slide down on two short planks of wood, you then get up, climb back to the top of the mountain and slide down again.

BRET
And that's a ski resort?

JACOB
Not quite, the people that do this, skiing thing, well they have to have places to stay and places to eat and drink, hence, the resort.

BRET
Hold on, let me get my head around this... So people go to the top of a mountain. They strap planks of wood to their feet. Then they throw themselves off the mountain and then pay Dakota and Angel a shit load of money for the privilege?

JACOB

That's about it, and they say it isn't cheap.

SAMUEL

Who the hell thought of this?

JACOB

Some Norwegian miners, told them about skiing in Norway and how it's becoming a major sport in Scandinavia and Europe.

SAMUEL

And people do this for fun?

JACOB

Seems like it. They're going to rename, Mill's Crossing, "LOST TRAIL, POWDER MOUNTAIN".

BRET

What's wrong with Mill's Crossing?

JACOB

New idea, new name. It will take twenty years to establish the resort but they say the rebuilding of the town will take that long anyway.

Samuel sits back in his chair, he appears very thoughtful.

SAMUEL

And nine months of snow every year, pure air, and great mountain views. Maybe, this is the new gold.

BRET

It'll never take off.

SAMUEL

I'm not so sure, maybe we should take a trip, just to see what's happening.

JACOB

Maybe you should invest?

BRET

And waste money on a Ski Resort, If this works, I'll eat my hat.

EXT. LOST TRAIL POWDER MOUNTAIN - DAY

Lost Trail Powder Mountain, can be found in the, Beautiful Mountains of Montana, off Highway 93.

SUPER: "LOST TRAIL, POWDER MOUNTAIN RESORT, PRESENT DAY"

MONTAGUE: "POWDER MOUNTAIN"

- a)The resort is busy.
- b)Slopes are full of skiers.
- c)Fresh powder snow.
- d)Ski lifts, packed with day-trippers.
- e)skis, attached to the exterior of the
- f)Lifts travel at speed up to the peak of the mountain.
- g)Various Alpine lodges.
- h)Restaurants serve food and drink on stilted patios.
- i)The resort is picturesque.
- j)The resort is a huge success.

END OF MONTAGUE:

EXT. LOST TRAIL, POWDER MOUNTAIN RESORT, TOWN ENTRANCE - DAY

On the outskirts of the resort, a life-sized caricature of Bret stands next to an old, stone proclamation. It is spotlit and framed in an enormous gold frame. The caricature shows Bret eating a raggedy old cowboy hat. Next to the caricature is a diner with a huge hotdog on the roof.

Life sized effigies of Samuel, Angel, Whisky and Dakota all dressed in raggedy mining clothes stand next to the stone proclamation. The proclamation reads:

PROCLAMATION

*"TODAY IS A LIFETIME. YESTERDAY,
JUST A DISTANT BLESSING THAT
ALLOWED YOU TO GET TO TODAY. AND
TOMORROW? A DREAM, YOU DARE NOT
DREAM, COS IF YOU DREAM IT RIGHT,
THEN, YOU HAVE HEARD THE WORD OF
GOD, AND STRUCK, GOLD."*

THE END