

Winterhaven

Written by
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First Draft

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EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Gallows stand against a beautiful orange sky - a desert sunset.

The silhouette of the HANGMAN stands with a noose in his hands.

He tosses it up and over the crossbeam.

Another MAN walks onto the platform.

The Hangman places a hood over the man's head, noose around his neck, and positions him over the trap door.

The voice of a REVEREND begins to speak.

REVEREND (O.S.)
May God forgive your sins, and have
mercy on your soul.

The Hangman pulls the lever.

Trap door opens.

The body drops.

It sways peacefully.

BEGIN TITLES

EXT. WINTERHAVEN, CA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS EARLIER

Sometime in the 1890's. The various structures all made of wood, each with a roof that over-hangs the patios below.

PEOPLE walk about.

Some ride HORSES.

Others stumble down the road, drunk from the night before or getting an early start.

No one moving with any urgency.

The sound of boots against wood planks and the distant piano music fill the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMEN wrapped in ankle-length skirts and MEN with wide-brimmed hats go about their business. Horses tied to posts tug at their reins.

Some COWBOY types with SCANTILY CLAD women stand in front of the bullet ridden facade of the town saloon.

Next door is the brothel - MADAME LUCY'S. The MIDDLE-AGED MADAME of the establishment stands in the doorway. Her LADIES stand around her, all of them wearing their best fancy dresses.

There is a graveyard on the edge of town, filled with headstones, some broken or knocked over.

A few of the cross-shaped stones have bells hanging from them with a STRING that leads into the dirt.

Opposite is the sheriff's station & jailhouse. DEPUTY CARL FLINT(30s) sits out front and watches the residents walk about.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

SHERIFF EARL MONTGOMERY(50s), sits at his desk. wears trousers and a bright white buttoned shirt. Hat on his desk.

He rifles through the drawers.

He lets out a single whistle.

Deputy Flint walks in.

He places his hat onto a rack just inside.

MONTGOMERY

When's that damn bounty supposed to be here?

FLINT

Should'a been first light, Sheriff.

Montgomery pulls a telegram from the rear of a drawer, puts on his reading glasses.

MONTGOMERY

Here we are. John Curry. Wanted... murder...theft..Sure sounds like a real son of a bitch.

FLINT

Why's he comin' here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY

Telegram from the Marshalls stated that we're the closest town with a reputation that can be trusted. Figure they don't want this one gettin' away.

He looks over at the cell in the corner.

In the cell is a cot and bucket.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

We'll show Mr. Curry a warm welcome.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Barren. Dry.

A stagecoach pulled by TWO HORSES gallops through. Clouds in its wake.

Each whip from the MAN driving makes the horses neigh.

Towering mountains in the distance. Peaks and valleys all around.

A small shack with a busted fence and decrepit barn sit stagnant near the road.

INT. STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

US MARSHALS - ROLLINS(50s) and ARDELL(30s). Dressed in black with black hats.

They sit with their pistols on their laps across from JOHN CURRY(20).

His hands bound behind his back. Face bruised and beaten.

Marshal Rollins pulls a pocket watch, flips it open.

MARSHAL ROLLINS

Don't like being late.

MARSHAL ARDELL

(to John)

Blame him. Bastard didn't want to come easy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL ARDELL (cont'd)

(beat)

I could never figure this part out. Did you want to be caught or are you just plain stupid? I can't think of any other reason someone would be so sloppy.

JOHN CURRY

Y'all never got me before, I figured why'd they start now?

Ardell points his Colt revolver at John.

ARDELL

If I aim right about here, and we hit a good enough bump, would you call it murder if my finger slipped and I instinctively squeezed the trigger?

ROLLINS

Murder? No. Sounds more like an unfortunate event. Or we could say that he lunged at us and we had no other choice.

Ardell lowers his gun and they both laugh.

John sits there and stares through the window.

ARDELL

Speakin' of sloppy. I hope that piece'a pussy was worth it. Them filthy whores are nothin' but trouble anyhow.

JOHN CURRY

I must'a put it to your sister once or twice, if we're speakin' of filthy whores.

Ardell presses his pistol against John's forehead.

ARDELL

Keep talkin', murderer.

ROLLINS

About enough of that, now. Have to deliver the prisoner free of any holes other than his god-given ones.

Ardell holsters his pistol.

He punches John square in the nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood spills down his mouth and neck.

ARDELL
Ah Goddamnit! Think I hit a tooth.

John passes out and slumps over to his side.

Gunshots blast from just outside.

Then a thud followed by groans.

The horses gentle stride slows to a snail's pace before halting.

The two Marshals look through both windows to search for the source of the shots.

The Driver is dead in the dirt.

ANOTHER SHOT pierces the cabin. Wood flies toward Ardell.

ARDELL (cont'd)
Son'uva...

ROLLINS
(to the shooter)
Do you have the slightest what you're doin' or who you're doin' it to!?

A FEMALE VOICE responds.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Don't know 'bout you, but I know you got John Curry with ya!

ROLLINS
You may be correct. But you also got a United States Marshal haulin' his sorry ass.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I want that bounty!

ANOTHER GUNSHOT, but this one doesn't hit the cabin.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Last chance and I'm done talkin'!

EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY

MISSY, a craggy, middle-aged woman lies prone next to a small hill maybe 10 yards from the stagecoach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tilted hat on her head hides her face from view.
Her horse is strapped to a tree, both hidden from the trail.
She aims her Winchester rifle dead center at the stagecoach.
A pistol is flung out of the window followed by two hands.

ROLLINS (O.S.)
Alright! I'm comin' out!
(to Ardell)
Keep quiet.

MISSY
Slow and steady like!

He kicks open the small door and steps down, hands clasped together behind his head.

He closes the door. Positions himself in front of it, blocking Missy's view of Ardell.

ROLLINS
Can you be decent enough to show me
who damn near took my head off?

Missy stands up but still aimed.

Rollins squints and recognizes the blonde hair tied behind her head.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
Missy Cooke? That you? What you doin'
out here?

She shoots at his feet, but Rollins doesn't flinch.

His pistol is just a couple of feet in front of him.

MISSY
Nevermind that. Get John outta there.

He turns around at the cabin, sees John still slumped over and unconscious.

Ardell has his pistol in hand.

He turns back to Missy.

ROLLINS
Tell ya what. How about you give me a
fightin' chance? You best me, do what
you want with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISSY

What the hell you talkin' 'bout?

ROLLINS

I know you see my gun right there.
And if you hit me before I grab it,
I'll hand over John, no fuss.

(beat)

How about you lower yours first and
make it even.

Missy steps forward a couple of paces.

MISSY

Or I could shoot you dead where you
stand.

ROLLINS

You haven't done it yet, probably
won't do it now. You like the draw,
you like the anticipation, you like
knowing you're faster than any man
who challenges you.

Missy doesn't respond. lowers her rifle instead.

Rollins moves his hands from behind his head down to his
waist.

They stand silent.

He quickly drops flat to the ground and Missy raises her
rifle.

BOOM!

From the cabin, Ardell's hand, holding his pistol, rests on
the lip of the window.

The shot hit Missy square in the chest.

Her body crumples to the ground.

Rollins grabs his pistol, stands up and dusts himself off.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Goddamn boy, knew there was a reason
I brought you.

ARDELL

Never shot a woman before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS
Still haven't.

Rollins walks to her and picks up the Winchester.

Spits on the body.

He picks her up and over his shoulder.

Throws her over the saddle of her own horse.

Walks it to the rear of the stagecoach, hitching it along.

ARDELL
What about the driver?

ROLLINS
Help me with him. We'll put him up
top.

Ardell and Rollins struggle to get the hefty man on top of
the stagecoach.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
Drive one of these before?

While positioning the driver.

ARDELL
Been a while, but yes.

ROLLINS
We're late enough, let's get goin'.

Rollins enters the cabin.

Ardell grabs the reins and whips the horses. They neigh and
gallop.

INT. WINTERHAVEN - NIGHT

Pitch black.

The small town is still before--

HORSES RUMBLE THOUGH

Neighs and the whip's crack draw FOLK outside.

Marshal Ardell steers the horses to the Sheriff's station
where Deputy Flint sits outside. A small lantern is at his
feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flint stands up with one hand on his holster and the other carrying the lantern.

Ardell hops down.

ARDELL

Evening.

FLINT

Evenin'.

(beat)

Y'all need somethin'?

Rollins climbs out of the cabin with a lantern of his own.

ROLLINS

United States Marshals with the business of deliverin' a one John Curry. I'm Rollins, this here is Marshal Ardell.

(beat)

Where's you're Sheriff? Montgomery, right?

FLINT

My name's Deputy Flint. He's preoccupied at the moment.

Ardell is taken aback by this.

ARDELL

Preoccupied? With what? He's exptectin' us, ain't he?

FLINT

Was expectin' y'all this mornin'. He's turned in for the night, asked me to handle this.

Rollins walks to the rear of the stagecoach.

ROLLINS

We had a little snag in our travels.

(beat)

You want her? Or do we have to haul her back with us?

He presents the corpse of Missy to Flint, who looks over the body and horse.

FLINT

A woman? What she do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

Hardly a woman. That's Missy Cooke.
One of the more devious bitches
'round here.

(beat)

Got another up top. She picked him
off in the middle of drivin'.

Flint moves the hair from her face. Holds the lantern close,
her eyes are still open.

FLINT

Jesus Christ! She's lookin' straight
at me.

(beat)

I'll notify the grave digger.

ROLLINS

Up to you if you want to bury them
with your dead. I'd leave her for the
vultures.

FLINT

You can tie the horse here, I'll
handle it in the mornin'.

(beat)

Come on now, let's see him.

Both Marshals reach into the cabin and yank out John Curry
to present to Flint.

John isn't much of a physical presence. He's rather scrawny
and not too tall.

FLINT (cont'd)

Mr. John Curry, is it? You best be on
good behavior during your stay here.

Ardell loosens Missy's horse and ties to it a post in front
of the Sheriff's station.

Before John can respond, Rollins chimes in.

ROLLINS

He won't be here long. We'll hang him
tomorrow if that's alright. I want to
personally make sure the job is done.

FLINT

Now excuse me for sayin', but y'all
brought him here because Winterhaven
don't tolerate nonsense.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT (cont'd)

What makes you think you gotta stay here and see it happ'n?

ROLLINS

I don't mean any offense, but if I'm haulin' a prisoner to be hanged, I enjoy the look in their eyes during those last few moments.

FLINT

Sure thing, mister. Y'all can spend the evening at Madame Lucy's.

ROLLINS

Marshals don't partake in whores.

FLINT

I didn't say fuck 'em, I said y'all can stay there.

Flint grabs John by the arm and escorts him inside.

Ardell and Rollins stroll down the road and hear piano music ahead.

The hand painted sign above the doorway reads "LUCY'S." A smaller sign next to the entrance reads "NOT LAW? NOT ARMED."

ROLLINS

Keep your eyes level.

INT. LUCY'S - NIGHT

Tables scattered across the floor. Each of them seat the men of the town, and some women.

The haze of smoke is thick and the faint moaning of people can be heard from upstairs.

A self playing piano strikes chords in the back.

A stockpile of guns sits near a RATHER LARGE MAN next to the door.

The bar stretches along an entire wall. The BARTENDER stands there and stares at them.

The Rather Large Man points at the pile of weapons. The Marshals flash their stars and he backs off.

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CONTINUED:

The MADAME - LUCY, approaches. She's a weathered hound of a woman. Her dress fancy and her hair tall.

Her hand grazes Ardell's star on his belt before wandering further south.

She speaks in smooth, seductive manner.

ARDELL
Whoa, whoa, easy now.

ROLLINS
You talkin' to a horse or a lady?

Rollins removes his hat and grabs Lucy's hand.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
United States Marshal Rollins, this here is Marshall Ardell. Excuse him.

She turns her attention solely to Rollins.

LUCY
(to Ardell but
looking at Rollins)
No harm done, young man. Y'all partaking in the offerings of my establishment?

ARDELL
Not tonight, ma'am. Lookin' for a couple of rooms, uh, coupl'a unused rooms.

She gets within inches of Rollins' face.

LUCY
Marshals get a special discount, and a romp with me if they so choose.

By the look of her, it's a wonder why any man would want a romp with her in the first place.

ROLLINS
(referring to the bar)
I think somethin' from the top shelf over there will suffice.

Lucy immediately drops the seduction act.

LUCY
(to the Bartender)
Get 'em a drink!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE BAR

The Marshals park themselves at a couple of empty stools.

TWO WHORES approach and rub the men's shoulders. Rollins removes the badge from his belt and holds it up without a word.

The women leave in disappointment.

The Bartender stands and watches with a grin on his face.

BARTENDER
What'ya havin'?

They look behind the Bartender at the top shelf bottles.

A clear bottle with something floating at the bottom piques Ardell's interest.

ARDELL
(at the clear bottle)
What's that?

The Bartender turns around and grabs the bottle and pulls the cork out.

Slams it on the bar top along with two small glasses.

BARTENDER
From Mexico. Mezcal.

He pours into the two glasses.

ROLLINS
(to Ardell)
You've never had this stuff?

ARDELL
Can't say I have. Any good?

Rollins picks up his glass, Ardell does the same. They clink before gulping it down.

Ardell lets out some shakes and grabs his throat. Starts to cough.

ARDELL (cont'd)
Goddamn that's good.

He points to his glass and the Bartender refills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

Let's keep it to a minimum, son. Got business in the mornin'.

Ardell's glass is filled.

Rollins' places his hand over the top of his own glass just as the Bartender attempts to pour another.

The Bartender walks away.

They spin around in the stools to face the tables of patrons.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Y'ever been out this way before?

ARDELL

Never left Arizona until this trip.

ROLLINS

Different world out here.

(beat)

That means you've never seen the ocean. Missin' out, I'll tell you.

ARDELL

Maybe one day.

A WOMAN let's out a squeal from the rear of the place.

THREE MEN around her, not letting her leave.

Ardell looks over and gets up, Rollins holds up his hand in a "hold on" gesture.

ROLLINS

Not too jumpy, now. Could be payin' customers.

The dress she's wearing makes it known she's one of Lucy's girls.

Lucy approaches the situation and the Marshals watch from a distance.

One of the men backhands Lucy with an open fist. The whack echos over the piano music.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Now you can get jumpy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ardell springs up from the stool, pushes through patrons and whores.

The three men stand there - they're big, but also unaware Ardell is a Marshal.

Lucy's on the ground with a busted and bleeding lip while the other woman sits on a chair - she's beautiful.

One shoulder strap of her lacy dress is ripped, breast almost exposed.

MAN #1
Mind your business.

Man #2 walks behind Ardell while Man #3 grabs the young woman by the arm, lifting her out of the chair. Her dark eye make up runny with tears.

ARDELL
Best if you let the lady go.

Man #1 pushes Ardell into Man #2.

Ardell turns around. Draws his pistol very quickly.

Both of the men back off.

MAN #1
Lawman, huh?

Man #2 and #3 both grab the young woman and head for the stairs.

ARDELL
(his gun to #2/#3)
That ain't happenin'.

Just then, Rather Large Man approaches with a massive shotgun.

The Bartender follows with a couple of revolvers.

Lucy stands.

LUCY
You touch one of my girls in a hurtful manner, you leave and we keep the weapons you came in here with.

The young woman runs upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three men walk slowly toward the front door with weapons trained at them.

Ardell joins Rollins back at the bar, who is having another drink.

ROLLINS
 Could'a got yourself killed.

ARDELL
 Bastards like that make me sick.

ROLLINS
 Bein' a lady of the evening is a rough profession.

Lucy comes and stands behind them, a hand on each of their shoulders.

LUCY
 If you're stayin' tonight, no charge.

ROLLINS
 How bout that? We were plannin' on stayin' anyway. Much obliged.

UP STAIRS

Lucy escorts the Marshals.

The hallway is lined with doors.

Slaps, screams - the pleasurable type, and other noises are heard as they walk.

They reach two doors across from one another and stop.

LUCY
 Here we are.
 (to Ardell)
 Thanks for downstairs. Some'a these boys think because they pay, they can handle 'em any which way they want.

Rollins opens the door and enters his room.

ARDELL
 Not a problem, ma'am.

Lucy waits for Rollins to close his door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Tell ya what. I'll get her cleaned up and see if she wants to come pay you a visit, on the house. If not her, another. Do what you will. I can keep a secret.

Ardell smiles and enters his room.

Lucy walks away.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

John Curry is asleep with his hat on his face. His restraints removed, boots on the floor next to him.

Sheriff Montgomery enters through the front door, heavy scruff on his face, steaming CUP of coffee in his hand.

MONTGOMERY

Wake up, murderer!

John stirs about the cot but doesn't get up.

Montgomery pokes at him a bit.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

Not a mornin' person, huh?

(beat)

Heard they dropped your sorry ass off late last evenin', sorry I couldn'ta been here myself to give you the nice, warm welcome you deserve. I was home, in my bed, with my wife.

He sits, removes his hat and kicks his feet up on the desk.

Pokes at him a bit more.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

Funny how so many people take the simple things in life for granted. Cliche as it sounds, it's the little things that matter. All you murderin', thievin' types think you're havin' fun, but at the end of the day you're just a poor, miserable man with no place to lay your head.

(beat)

Wait a minute. You had a place to lay your head last night, didn't ya?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Matter of fact, you're still layin'
there!

JOHN CURRY
You're right, Sheriff. I lived a long
and lonely life.

MONTGOMERY
So what do ya suggest we do between
now and your appointment with the
hangman?

JOHN CURRY
I've always preferred the quiet.

MONTGOMERY
Good thing for you I like to converse
with the men I house in my jail. You
do know why you were brought here,
don't ya?

John sits up, puts his boots on, doesn't look at Montgomery.

JOHN CURRY
I believe I can take a guess. You're
a no nonsense type'a lawman. Keep the
streets clean take care'a folk.

Montgomery pulls a large knife out of the sheath on his
belt.

MONTGOMERY
That, and surrounding towns and big
cities alike come to learn that if
someone like yourself decides to
cause a ruckus, anywhere near
Winterhaven, I make sure I get ya
hanged. That's assumin' I don't drive
this here knife through your chest or
put a bullet in the back of your
skull myself.

Not intimidated.

JOHN CURRY
That a fact?

Montgomery stops handling his knife, drives it hard into his
desk. Shoots a quick smile at John.

Montgomery gets up and goes outside.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**SUPERIMPOSE: SOME TIME AGO**

Three BANDITS - DOUGLAS, JIMMY and CASEY (all 30s), lean against an old dead tree across from a smoldering camp fire.

All of them road-worn.

Douglas' face covered in a dense beard.

Each with a black bandanna around their neck.

Their horses are strapped to the dead tree.

Rifles perched near the horses, revolvers attached to their hips.

Douglas and Jimmy share a bottle of whiskey.

Casey is fast asleep and snoring.

The night is still and the stars bright.

JIMMY

Lotta people lookin' for us now,
gotta be.

DOUGLAS

Let 'em.

JIMMY

You always wanna be on the run? Can't
ever settle?

DOUGLAS

I don't plan on walkin' this earth
much longer. Only matter'a time.

JIMMY

Depressing way of lookin' at things,
Doug.

Douglas stands, kicks dirt over the fire.

DOUGLAS

We should be on our way. Town isn't
much more than a few hours ride.

Jimmy and Douglas grab their rifles.

Douglas gives Casey a kick as he passes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Casey springs up, revolver in hand.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
No need for that darlin'. Get your
shit, we're goin'.

Disoriented, Casey gathers his rifle and they mount up to
leave.

Their horses trot down the dirt road as the sun peeks over
the horizon.

CASEY
What's the plan with this one?

DOUGLAS
Why'd you think it'll change?

CASEY
You been changin' shit at the last
minute, that's why.

DOUGLAS
Changes happen if the situation calls
for it.
(beat)
Each situation is different.

CASEY
You're gettin' sloppy, is what I'm
sayin'.

DOUGLAS
That so? Explain.

CASEY
Get in, get out. Nothin' more.
Talkin' to the folks is just plain
mean.

They reach the peak of a hill.

A small wooden shack with a fenced off plot of land is just
below.

A couple of horses graze near a barn at the fence line.

this is the same shack as in the present.

Smoke flows from it's chimney.

Douglas pull the reigns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS

Whoa, whoa.

Douglas stares at the place and checks his surroundings.

JIMMY

Not part of the plan, Doug.

DOUGLAS

What plan? Get in, get out, right Casey?

CASEY

What you think you're gonna get from some poor bastard livin' out here? Can't have much. Look!

DOUGLAS

I see a well maintained fence, nice lookin' horses and a barn that ain't to shabby. Think about it. If the place was half on the ground, I wouldn'ta thought twice about passin' by.

JIMMY

Risk ain't worth the reward.

DOUGLAS

Y'all can stay here. Gimme'a whistle if need be.

He pulls his black bandanna up around his nose and mouth. Dismounts and walks toward the shack.

Jimmy grabs the reins of Doug's horse.

EXT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT

Candlelight flickers through an open window.

A dog can be heard whining from inside.

Douglas creeps from the back to the front, hugging the wall, pistol drawn.

A door opens, the dog jets out toward the grazing horses.

Douglas rushes toward the door and wedges his foot before it closes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The MAN inside struggles to close the door, but Douglas is too strong and pushes himself inside.

Muffled shouts are heard.

A beat.

A gunshot.

A high pitched scream.

Another beat.

Douglas emerges from the front door, bandanna down, blood splattered across his face.

He carries a MOTIONLESS YOUNG GIRL over his shoulder.

Her long hair dangles in the dirt.

He climbs back up the hill to Casey and Jimmy.

Carelessly drops the girl.

She is about 15 years old and in sleeping attire.

DOUGLAS
Somethin' for our efforts.

Casey dismounts his horse.

He gently slaps the girls cheeks to wake her.

Douglas removes his belt with holster and attempts to remove his pants.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
(to Casey)
Back off, you'll get your turn.

JIMMY
Hey what are you doin'?!

Jimmy also dismounts

He rushes toward Douglas and pushes him.

He tumbles down the hill.

The girl wakes.

Crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Casey pulls her up.

CASEY
Hurry up and get back inside.

She runs toward the shack.

Douglas sees her and trips her.

She crumples to the ground.

Douglas gets up and stands over her, beat up and dirty.

Jimmy runs down the hill while Casey holds the horses.

Douglas puts his foot on her stomach.

She cries and covers her face with her hands.

BOOM.

A single gunshot down into her chest.

Jimmy fires while running at Douglas but misses.

Douglas runs into the shack.

Casey leaves the horses and joins Jimmy.

INT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT

DOUGLAS
This how it's gonna be? After all
this time?!

EXT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT

JIMMY
Rapin' little girls was never part of
the agreement, Doug. You crossed the
line!

Casey whispers.

CASEY
Distract him, I'll go in.

Jimmy nods "OK."

INTERCUT BETWEEN JIMMY AND DOUGLAS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Douglas hunkers down at the front door.

Footsteps from outside an be heard.

He fires at one of the windows.

Jimmy drops down as glass falls on his head.

Casey kicks in the front door.

A SERIES OF GUNSHOTS.

Jimmy peeks into the window.

JIMMY

Casey! Ya alright?!

Someone groans in agony inside.

DOUGLAS

Sorry friend! He ain't gettin' up.
Bein' gut-shot is a real stinger!

Casey lies on the ground, clutching his stomach. Blood pours through his hands and out of his mouth.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

No need for more bloodshed. If you
won't fire on me I won't fire on you.
I'll go East, you go West.

JIMMY

You no good piece'a shit!

Douglas crawls quietly through the front door.

EXT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT

He moves toward the side where Jimmy is hiding.

DOUGLAS

I don't want to kill you Jim!

Jimmy scoots against the wall, about to round the corner.

They spot each other and fire.

Both men fall back, Jimmy lies still with bleeding covering his midsection and hands.

Douglas struggles to his feet, shirt full of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at Jimmy and struggles to speak.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
I...told you. I didn't...wanna
kill...you.

Jimmy says nothing.

Douglas waits until Jimmy stops breathing.

He grabs Jimmy's pistol and walks to the corral.

He mounts one of the horses with no saddle and smacks it
until it gallops away from the shack.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Deputy Flint sits in his chair, watches the people of the
town.

He's whittling wood with a small knife.

Missy's horse and corpse are still tied to a post.

MONTGOMERY
Where's the two Marshals that dropped
him off?

FLINT
Spent the evenin' at Lucy's.

MONTGOMERY
Will you go over there, check on 'em?

FLINT
Sheriff?

MONTGOMERY
Just do it, Deputy.

Flint walk away just as TWO MEN approach - BILL(60s), the
hangman and gravedigger and his son, JUNIOR(40s).

The cracks in Bill's his face as deep as the dry ground
beneath his feet.

They both share the same cold look on their face, not phased
by the sight of death.

BILL
Mornin' Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY
Mornin' fellas.

BILL
The gallows will be ready this
evenin'.

MONTGOMERY
See if you can speed it up a bit,
will ya? And get this bitch out from
in front of my station.

BILL
Sure thing, Sheriff.

Bill and Junior climb the stagecoach and remove the body.
They pile him on the horse with Missy
Untie the reins from the post and leads the horse away.

INT./EXT. MADAM LUCY'S BROTHEL - DAY

LUCY'S ROOM

The small room is decorated in dark wooden furniture.

Red lace curtains let in a faint pink hue.

Lucy, still asleep in her bed, is covered with an enormously
plush blanket.

A knock on the door.

She stirs briefly.

Another knock.

LUCY
Hold the hell on!

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Marshal Rollins and Ardell stand at her door.

Moaning is heard from another room.

ARDELL
She sure is different when she ain't
workin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens and Lucy only sticks her head out. Uses her "work" voice.

LUCY
Mornin' boys.

ROLLINS
Ma'am.
(beat)
We'll be goin' now. Wanted to thank you for the hospitality.

ARDELL
Not sure how you get much sleep 'round here.

LUCY
After all these years you get accustomed to certain type things.

ROLLINS
Good day ma'am. If we come back through this way again we'll be sure to come and have a drink.

LUCY
Anytime Marshals, you two be safe out there.

She closes the door.

DOWNSTAIRS

All of the tables are empty.

Some of Lucy's ladies stand around the bar and drink coffee.

Others throw their heads back with whiskey.

The beautiful young whore from the night before is a coffee drinker.

She spots Ardell and approaches.

YOUNG WHORE
I apologize for runnin' off like that, embarrassed is all.

ARDELL
Not a problem, miss. Glad we could've been of some assistance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rollins puts his hand on Ardell's back and gently pushes him forward.

ROLLINS
Y'all be safe. Good day.

EXT. WINTERHAVEN - DAY

The bright sun gives the Marshals their first real look at the modest town.

Most of the wooden deck is in splintered with some planks missing.

Residents walk the road, some with horses in tow while others converse with one another.

ROLLINS
I don't care how beautiful they are,
never trust 'em.

ARDELL
Who?

ROLLINS
The whores in there. Any whore,
especially the young ones. They won't
hesitate to dig in your pockets while
your sleepin'.

ARDELL
Personal experience?

ROLLINS
Long time ago. Just say I've learned
some things the hard way and I'd
rather you not do the same.

They walk down the road and notice the gallows under construction.

Some of the residents congregate around the site watch.

ARDELL
Shouldn't be too much longer.

Deputy Flint is seen approaching from down the road a bit.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

John Curry stands and pisses into the bucket near his cot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door to the station swings open.

Montgomery sits at his desk and looks at John.

MONTGOMERY

You're a real piece'a work, John.

JOHN CURRY

I've known worse. Been involved with worse. Shed blood with worse.

MONTGOMERY

Probably some real demons roam around that head'a yours.

JOHN CURRY

Mhm.

MONTGOMERY

I can understand that, given my line of work.

JOHN CURRY

Tell me, Sheriff. How did someone of your stature wind up as a lawman in a piss-poor little town such as this?

Montgomery gives a little chuckle.

MONTGOMERY

Piss-poor? Should'a seen this place before I was elected. Whores gettin' killed every other week, some right in their beds. Most of the fellas doin' the killin' were travelers, but some locals did just the same.

JOHN CURRY

Dangerous way to make a dollar.

MONTGOMERY

Mhm.

(beat)

I arrived here soon after that. The killin' stopped 'bout right away.

JOHN CURRY

How so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY

Lucy over there took a likin' to me.
I didn't know who she was or what she
did at the time, but she showed me
right quick her profession.

JOHN CURRY

Why you tellin' me all this?

MONTGOMERY

Told you I like to converse with my
prisoners. Pick at 'em a little bit,
see what surfaces.

JOHN CURRY

That's a dangerous game, Sheriff.
Never know who you got sittin' a few
feet from ya.

Montgomery stands up, walks up to the bars within arm's
reach of John.

Pulls his Colt Peacemaker revolver.

MONTGOMERY

See this here? My father gave me this
gun. Used it in the Mexican War. Many
people met death because of this. He
had a rule - never let another man
touch it, and no man ever did. That
was until he handed it over to me, of
course.

John looks at the gun, Montgomery notices.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

Now I know you won't reach out and
grab it.

(beat)

Do you know why I know?

(beat)

Cause you don't seem like any other
of these dummies crossin'
Winterhaven.

John puts his hands on the bars, just inches from the gun.

Marshal Ardell enters through the front door.

ARDELL

You must be the Sheriff?

Montgomery holsters his pistol and shakes Ardell's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY

Earl Montgomery, good mornin'.

ARDELL

Mornin' Sheriff. Do you typically send a deputy to receive a prisoner?

Humored at the fact Ardell is questioning him, he responds.

MONTGOMERY

Typically? Not at all. But when the party transporting said prisoner is damn near 12 hours late, I may send my deputy.

(beat)

Thought there was two of ya?

ARDELL

Never said that.

MONTGOMERY

Course you didn't. But no way you came alone either.

ARDELL

That's right.

He sits at his desk.

MONTGOMERY

How old are you? Goddamn son, you don't even want to know what I was doin' at your age.

Ardell is not amused, steps closer to Montgomery's desk.

ARDELL

In case you weren't aware, Sheriff, there was a situation at the whorehouse last night. No law present. Instead there I was out numbered three to one.

Montgomery smiles.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you for your service.

ARDELL

I came here to let you know that we're gonna stick around, make sure that one over there hangs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Still smiling.

MONTGOMERY

You can do what you like, as long as
it ain't stayin' two steps behind me
all day.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Marshal Rollins sits in one of the chairs, steaming hot
cloth over his face.

The barber - PAUL, elderly, approaches with a folding razor
in hand.

He removes the cloth and lathers shaving cream onto his
face.

ROLLINS

How long you been shavin' folk's, old
timer?

Paul places the blade against Rollins' neck and gently pulls
upward.

PAUL

To be quite honest, I don't remember
the year. I've seen many good and bad
men alike come and go.

ROLLINS

You've been here a long time then?

PAUL

Longer than I care to remember.
Things been good the last handful'a
years, 'cept your occasional scuffle.
Since Sheriff Montgomery got elected,
matter'a fact.

ROLLINS

No nonsense typ'a man, I respect
that.

(beat)

How long ago was that?

The blade moves to Rollins' cheek.

PAUL

'Bout 10 years, give or take. I been
shavin' him for almost as long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

Different time then. I couldn't stay
put more than a few days. Always some
no good needin' to be hanged. Take
this prisoner here to there.

Ardell steps in and sits on the chair next to Rollins.

Paul wipes the blade, just about finished.

PAUL

(to Ardell)

You lookin' for a shave, son?

ARDELL

Thank you, but no.

ROLLINS

Any luck with the sheriff?

ARDELL

I saw 'em. Doesn't take too kindly to
Marshals.

With a bit of sarcasm.

ROLLINS

Paul here tells me Sheriff Montgomery
changed the town, weeded out the
undesirables.

Montgomery enters the shop, spots the Marshals and TURNS
around.

ARDELL

Sheriff!

He has no choice but to come back inside.

ARDELL (cont'd)

Looks like you're the one who's two
steps behind.

Montgomery stands and waits until Rollins is finished.

MONTGOMERY

Mornin' Paul, how are ya today?

PAUL

Just fine, Earl. How's the wife?

MONTGOMERY

Good, good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul swipes the blade against a strop attached to the arm of the chair Rollins sits in.

Rollins pokes at Montgomery a bit as he gets up out of the chair and wipes his face with the cloth.

Ardell stands from the other chair and lets Rollins take his place.

ROLLINS

Here he is, finally. Good to meet you.

He extends his hand. Montgomery does the same as he sits in the now open chair.

MONTGOMERY

No hard feelin's about last night. I got tired'a waiting.

Paul opens a small container and pulls another hot rag. Places it on Montgomery's face.

ROLLINS

Gettin' Mr. Curry here wasn't exactly an easy trip. Ran into Missy Cooke not to far outside'a here.

He speaks from under the cloth, amused.

MONTGOMERY

Missy?! 'Round here? Haven't seen her in quite some time.

ARDELL

Why'd you have business with that beast of a woman?

MONTGOMERY

Whore turned thief, where'dya think she learned the whore'n business?

ROLLINS

Well goddamn.

MONTGOMERY

Was nice enough when she was just a whore. Not much to look at, however. She wasn't the highest cost of the bunch so she stole from customers at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul removes the cloth, lathers his face with shaving cream and starts the shave.

ROLLINS

That right?

MONTGOMERY

I got dragged over there many times a week to save her sorry self. 'Til one day she took her own action and slit the poor bastard's throat. Used'a straight razor just like this one. Nice and clean cut.

ROLLINS

How did her hangin' go?

This surprises Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

Hangin'?! I did no such thing. She did ol' Lucy a favor. Not to mention myself.

ROLLINS

Thought you was a no nonsense type'a lawman?

MONTGOMERY

Believe me when I say if she didn't open his throat, I'da strung him from it, right quick.

Paul almost finished.

ARDELL

What you do with her then?

MONTGOMERY

Told'er she had to leave. Don't come back. She was a little too comfortable with what she done. Blood lust sort'a thing. Dangerous havin' a violent whore around town.

(beat)

Besides, could'ya really blame'er?

Ardell and Rollins both nod in agreement with Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)

How is the sour bitch anyway? Still out there stickin' up folk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARDELL

You told the gravedigger to bury that
sour bitch this mornin'.

Montgomery is silent for a moment.

MONTGOMERY

Well then. Guess she tried to stick
up the wrong ones.

Rollins is slightly proud of himself.

ROLLINS

Ain't that a fact.

(beat)

Ya know, Sheriff, I gotta say, you
look mighty familiar.

MONTGOMERY

That so?

Rollins leans over the arm of his chair to get closer to
Montgomery.

ROLLINS

Maybe. Y'ever venture outside
California?

MONTGOMERY

Marshal, I haven't left this state,
or Winterhaven for that matter, in a
very long time.

Sitting back in his chair.

ROLLINS

I tend to confuse people, don't mind
me.

Deputy Flint rushes inside, sweat drips from his face and he
breathes heavy.

He hunches over and catches his breath.

Montgomery stands up, wipes the cream from his face.

MONTGOMERY

What's the matter?

(beat)

Speak up, damnit!

He clumsily strings words into a sentence, fighting for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT
Farm...East, all sort'sa gun fire...

ROLLINS
If you could spare a couple'a horses,
we'd gladly tag along.

MONTGOMERY
Sure. Got a stable down the way a
bit.

(to Flint)
Get the horses ready, will ya? Meet
me back at the station.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Montgomery enters, RUNS straight passed John and into a back room.

BACK ROOM

Numerous rifles and pistols hang from the wall. boxes of ammunition piled waist high on the floor.

He grabs what he can.

The marshals and Flint enter and grab various things.

ROLLINS
Got a small arsenal here, Sheriff.

Proud of himself.

MONTGOMERY
Nothin' like a well-armed town,
marshal.

John stands against the bars and stares.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

FOUR HORSES stand outside, ready to go.

They place ammunition into the saddle bags, secure their rifles and mount up.

MONTGOMERY
Stay close to me, don't go bein' a
hero neither.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cracking the reins, the horses tear down the road, spewing up dirt.

Montgomery leads them through the rear of town, past the graveyard.

Bill and Junior dig a grave.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The large, wooden house is a sun-dried, faded brown property with many windows and a deep front porch where FIVE HORSES are tied.

At the rear are covered stables with a fenced pasture housing bulls and cows.

Next to that are the pig pens where dirty hogs mosey about.

Chicken coops border the pasture on the other side.

A line with clothing and linens hanging from it dangles in the slight breeze on the side of the house.

There is a WOMAN. Face down in the dirt, wearing a long skirt and no blouse. Glass shards surround the body.

Her bare back has cuts and is red from the hot sun.

The window above her is busted out.

Gunshots resonate from inside.

The small cavalry of Montgomery, Flint and the two marshals ride in with their horses at full stride.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

They dismount about 100 yards away.

The landscape is mostly flat, no places for cover.

The marshals black attire contrasts against the beige everywhere around them.

Rifles in hand, they stand with the horses between them and the house.

ARDELL

No cover. Out here like some sore thumbs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNSHOTS from in the house.

MONTGOMERY
Boys must mean business.

FLINT
Best bet be use the horses for cover.
Hate'ta say.

ROLLINS
He's right. Longer we stand out here
the worse for whoever is in there.

MONTGOMERY
Agreed.

Using the horses as cover, they form a line with Montgomery at the front.

They move quickly at an angle with the horses against the house.

ROLLINS
How big is the family?

MONTGOMERY
Don't know. Never seen 'em all.
(beat)
Self sustainin' type'a folk. The
mister comes to Lucy's from time to
time but that's all.

GUNSHOTS

The horses rear and move away in all directions, exposing the men.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Leave em!

They run as fast as they can toward the house, gunshots echo all around them.

Montgomery crashes into the side of the house, the rest follow and line up next to him.

A VOICE from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Best get outta' here!

MONTGOMERY
Just come on out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
I got a dozen men in here!

MONTGOMERY
Dozen of ya on five horses?!

One of the men shows himself from around the corner of the house.

Ardell shoots him dead.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Now its eleven of ya on five horses!

Montgomery motions for Ardell and Flint to go around the back of the house.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
What ya'll do with the family that owns this property?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Only one here is the bitch in the dirt outside!

MONTGOMERY
(to himself)
Goddamnit.

REAR OF THE HOUSE

Flint crawls through an open window while Ardell covers him. Ardell follows inside.

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Montgomery and Rollins scoot to a window, look inside.

MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS FROM INSIDE.

SILENCE.

ARDELL (O.S.)
We're alright!

FLINT (O.S.)
Don't see no one else here!

ROLLINS
Come on out now!

TWO MEN ride away on horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're going the direction of Winterhaven.

They fire back at the house.

Rollins and Montgomery drop down to the dirt.

The wooden wall splinters behind them.

Ardell and Flint appear, they all run to their horses and ride after the men.

The two parties fire at each other as they ride toward town.

EXT. WINTERHAVEN - DAY

One of the men falls dead off his horse as he passes the graveyard.

The other rides forward before yanking at the reins.

The horse rears and bucks him off. He lands hard and awkward.

He screams in pain, grabs his leg.

The man pulls himself along the ground until he can't go any further.

Montgomery fires his rifles at the ground near the man, intentionally missing him.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

John jumps up from the cot and looks out through the front door.

He see's the man on the ground.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND JOHN

Montgomery approaches the man, drawing his Colt Peacemaker.

He stands over him, places his foot on his chest and without hesitation--

Fires a single shot into the man's head.

John's eyes widen in a sudden look of realization.

EXT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Douglas shoots the young girl.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - PRESENT

John sits down, in awe of the situation.

The marshals walk in, Montgomery follows.

Flint still outside.

ROLLINS

No need to kill that man like that.

MONTGOMERY

What'rya talkin' about? Damn near killed us!

ARDELL

You had 'em, dead to rights.

From the cell--

JOHN CURRY (O.S.)

Douglas Reynolds!

Everyone turns to John, confused.

ROLLINS

Now that's a name I hadn't heard in a long time.

MONTGOMERY

Shut up, murderer!

ROLLINS

Hold on, Sheriff. He's my prisoner.

MONTGOMERY

He became mine when I threw 'em behind those bars!

ARDELL

As long as he's breathin', we can do with him what we please.

ROLLINS

Why are you hollerin' that name, Curry?

John leans against the bars, he and Montgomery lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN CURRY

This man ain't no Sheriff.

Montgomery scoffs at the accusation.

MONTGOMERY

Horse-shit! I was elected just the same as the man before me, and the man before him.

JOHN CURRY

That may be true, but your name is Douglas Reynolds.

The marshals stand, confused.

ROLLINS

Hold it, hold it! What in God's name are you talkin' about? Reynolds been long dead for 10 years now.

ARDELL

Someone please tell me what the hell y'all are gettin' on about!

Rollins sits down, takes a serious tone.

ROLLINS

Last time I had anything to do with that man was damn near 15 years ago.

(beat)

I was county sheriff over in Colorado when all the nearby towns started reportin' robberies. Some poor folk hog-tied in their own beds while Reynolds and his partners took what they wanted, and did what they wanted.

(beat)

Not everyone made it out of those situations alive, either. He liked to stab 'em.

ARDELL

What happened after that?

ROLLINS

Went quiet for a while. No matter how high the bounty, no one turned him in. I figured he had his fun and moved on from my county.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS (cont'd)

(beat)

Only thing I'm sure of is he was headin' West, based on the towns he hit.

(beat)

You know what? They never took anything, well not really. Some money here and there, but never ransacked anything.

ARDELL

How long you been sheriff here?

MONTGOMERY

Longer than 15 years.

Rollins continues the line of questioning regardless of the obvious lie.

ROLLINS

Anyone that can back up that claim?

MONTGOMERY

Y'all need to stop asking me these questions. Go talk to the damn barber about it. He's the oldest person in this town.

ROLLINS

Ol' Paul said somethin' quite different, Sheriff. Said he's been givin' you a shave since you first arrived, about 10 years ago.

JOHN CURRY

I can prove it!

Montgomery walks to John, puts his hand on his holster.

He has a very intense look on his face.

ARDELL

Might want to rethink that decision, Sheriff.

JOHN CURRY

Tell 'em to lift his shirt. Gonna be an old gunshot wound somewhere in his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONTGOMERY

Even if that were true, how in the hell would you know somethin' like that?

JOHN CURRY

You still don't remember me, do you?

Suddenly, Ardell pulls the Colt Peacemaker out of Montgomery's holster.

Montgomery quickly turns around.

Rollins pulls his pistol and aims at Montgomery.

ROLLINS

Let's just get this whole ordeal situated.

(to Ardell)

Lift his shirt.

Ardell grabs at his shirt, but is shoved away.

Rollins suspicion now piqued.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Alright now, lift up your goddamn shirt.

He lifts his shirt, turns around to reveal a large scar on his side.

Rollins takes a moment.

Ardell looks shocked and aims the Peacemaker at Montgomery.

Montgomery drops his shirt.

Flint enters, aims his rifle at both marshals, back and forth. He's nervous.

FLINT

What in the hell is goin' on?!

Ardell swings around and aims at Flint.

ARDELL

Put it down, deputy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT

I...I can't do that, marshal. I need to know what's happenin'.

ARDELL

Seems to be a little bit of a situation with Sheriff Montgomery. Just hold on until we get this all figured out.

FLINT

What are you talkin' about.

Still facing Montgomery--

ROLLINS

(to Flint)

How long you known this man?

Flint is confused, barrel of the rifle wobbling.

FLINT

A good long while.

ROLLINS

Known him since before he was Sheriff?

FLINT

Since he entered Winterhaven.

ROLLINS

Never no talk of anything prior to his arrival?

FLINT

No.

ROLLINS

Don't you find that a little suspicious?

FLINT

Most folk 'round here were born elsewhere, nothin' wrong with a travelin' man.

ARDELL

What are we doin' Rollins?

Rollins eyes still haven't left Montgomery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

Not sure yet, son.

(beat)

Ya'ever had any shootings?

FLINT

We've shot quite a few men.

ROLLINS

Has the sheriff ever been shot?

FLINT

Not since I've known 'em.

ROLLINS

Go ahead and put it down, Ardell.

Ardell slowly lowers his weapon.

Flint does the same, walks next to Rollins.

FLINT

What's this about?

ROLLINS

John, how'dya know he had that scar on his body?

JOHN CURRY

Piece'a shit killed my father and sister.

Montgomery turns around and gives John a good, hard look. Doesn't recognize him.

MONTGOMERY

You're a liar.

JOHN CURRY

Am I?

Rollins has heard enough and holsters his pistol.

ROLLINS

Mr. Reynolds. It is within my federal jurisdiction to place you under arrest for murder.

(beat)

At least until we figure this out.

Rollins pulls the Sheriff's star from his vest and hands it to Flint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS (cont'd)
Looks like you're actin' sheriff.

Flint grabs the star, looks at it

ROLLINS (cont'd)
Gimme they keys to the cell.

Montgomery stands and says nothing.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
Never shot a man in the back, ain't
gonna start now. Turn around.

He turns around.

MONTGOMERY
Top drawer.

Ardell looks in the top drawer, finds the key and tosses it
to Rollins.

ROLLINS
Step one pace back, two paces to your
left.

Rollins opens the cell door.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
(to John)
Out.

Ardell grabs John by the arm and yanks him out of the cell.
Holds him in place.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
(to Montgomery)
In.

Montgomery puts his hands down.

MONTGOMERY
You're mistaken if you think I'm
gettin' in that cell.

Rollins steps closer to the unarmed Montgomery, puts the
barrel of the pistol against his thigh.

ROLLINS
Don't matter to me if you walk in
there by your own volition or if I
drag ya in myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Montgomery takes in his surroundings, enters the cell and sits on the cot.

Rollins closes the door and locks it.

ROLLINS (cont'd)
 (to Montgomery)
 I'll be back for you shortly.
 (to Flint)
 You watch 'em now.

FLINT
 I'm sorry about this sheriff, not sure what'ta think.

MONTGOMERY
 Best to not worry about what you can't control, deputy.

The marshals and John leave the station.

INT. LUCY'S - DAY

The place is as busy as every other day of the week.

The ladies of the house caress the backs and sit on the laps of patrons.

The piano lets out an upbeat tune.

The marshals and John, wrists still shackled, walk in, nod to the Rather Large Man that stands next to the door.

AT THE BAR

Patrons fill the row of stools.

Rollins approaches.

ROLLINS
 Gentlemen. Hate to interrupt the day's activity but would'ya mind givin' us these seats?

The patrons get up and leave, the John and the marshals sit.

The Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
 Y'all want somethin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

No thank you.

He leaves.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Alright Mr. Curry. I need you to elaborate on the accusations you've made toward Sheriff Montgomery. I also hope you understand the magnitude of those accusations.

(to Ardell)

I may need you to jot this down.

Ardell pulls a pencil and small notebook from his coat.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

You said he killed your sister. When and where was this.

JOHN CURRY

Little over 10 years ago, right outside of town. We passed my father's house on the way here.

ARDELL

You're talkin' about that little place? With the barn?

JOHN CURRY

That's it. Never went back there after it all happened.

ROLLINS

After what happened, son?

John takes a moment, his eyes swell before tears stream from his face.

INT. SMALL SHACK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A pot-bellied stove sits in the corner and lets out a comfortable heat.

There is a MAN, in his 30's, that piles small chunks of wood into the stove's opening.

Then there is a YOUNG GIRL. She plays with small wooden figures with her BROTHER, who is only 10 years old.

A small, mutt of a DOG whines to go outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man opens the door and the dog bolts through when suddenly--

--Douglas/Montgomery scuffles with the man in the doorway.

The young girl takes her brother and hides him in a corner, covering him with blankets.

Douglas overpowers the man. Knocks him to the floor. Unsheathes a knife.

The man scurries away, the young girl drops to the ground with her father.

She's crying.

DOUGLAS

I can drive this here knife through your chest or put a bullet in your skull. Your pick.

MAN

Please...Don't.

Douglas pulls his Peacemaker.

Aims down.

Fires into his head.

She screams.

He kicks the young girl in the face and knocks her out cold.

Slings her over his shoulder and exits.

The little boy emerges from the pile of blankets. He trembles and cries.

He crawls to the body of his father, furiously shakes him.

LITTLE BOY

Daddy...Daddy!

Shouts are heard from outside.

The little boy moves toward a window and stands on a small table.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

His sister runs towards the shack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She falls to the ground.

Douglas stands over her.

Puts his foot on her stomach.

Aims down.

Fires into her head.

INT. LUCY'S - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

John composes himself.

JOHN CURRY

That's all I can remember.

ROLLINS

But you're certain that was him.

JOHN CURRY

I'll never forget the man that did that to my family. I heard his name a while later.

ROLLINS

As sorry as I am you had to witness such a thing, you're in this town for a reason, and you will still be hanged come nightfall.

JOHN CURRY

I understand that. I have nothin' to gain in all of this. I ain't askin' for a pardon.

ROLLINS

Don't think I haven't noticed that.

(to Ardell)

If this is true, Douglas, or Montgomery, is to be hanged.

Ardell's eyes widen and NODS in agreement.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Sheriff Douglas Reynolds (formerly Earl Montgomery), sits on the cot in the cell, head in hands.

Flint sits idly at the Sheriff's desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The marshals walk in with John.

Ardell chains John to the outside of the cell.

Rollins gestures for Flint to get up from the chair, he does.

Rollins sits, puts his feet up on the desk.

ROLLINS

Listen here Mr. Reynolds. First off that's how I'm referrin' to you from here on out. Secondly we're gonna have a talk, go over some things so I can wrap my head around this entire situation.

DOUGLAS

Marshal, I don't think you'd like what I have to say.

ROLLINS

Not really interested in what you think I'll like or dislike. I need to understand a few key details before I go any further.

Douglas sits silently for a moment.

ARDELL

He ain't gonna talk.

ROLLINS

Sure he will! Look at him. He's well aware there is no coming back from this. Once these good ol' folk hear about their well respected Sheriff. He'll be killed anyway--

DOUGLAS

--Lets get on with it then.

ROLLINS

That's the spirit.

Ardell pulls his pencil and notebook to take notes.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

Assumin' what John here said was true...

DOUGLAS

Mhm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS
 ...where did you go after you killed
 that poor boy's family?

EXT. OUTSKIRT OF TOWN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Douglas is slumped forward on the horse. It gently TROTS.

A sign just ahead with big white lettering reads
 "WINTERHAVEN."

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
 Damn horse took me here.

EXT. WINTERHAVEN - DAY

A YOUNGER LUCY walks onto the patio of her brothel.

Her dress flows with lace. It's train long and fancy.

The sign is fresh and new.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
 I saw a woman. Well, sorta' saw her.
 I wasn't in the best shape those
 first couple'a weeks.

She sips from a cup.

The horse Douglas stole stands in the middle of the road.

Curious and cautious, Lucy approaches.

LUCY
 There, there big fella, where did you
 come from?

She strokes its face and cheeks.

GROANS FROM DOWN THE ROAD.

Lucy turns and spots a person lying in the dirt, near the
 town sign.

She picks up her dress and scurries to the person.

LUCY (cont'd)
 Mister!

Her hands grab at him and she tugs at his clothes to reveal
 a gunshot wound to his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (cont'd)
 (to herself)
 Clean through.
 (to Douglas)
 Hold on, I'll be comin' right back.

She gets up and runs back inside.

Douglas looks at the wound, half conscious.

Lucy returns with a handful of WOMEN. All of which are in night gowns but hair done nice and fancy.

They huddle around him, one grabbing each limb.

LUCY (cont'd)
 1, 2, 3 - lift!

Struggling, they carry the large Douglas into the brothel.

INT. LUCY'S - DAY

Besides the frazzled women, the place is empty.

The tables and chairs neatly positioned.

The bar top is polished and clean.

BACK ROOM

The room is small with shelves full of linens.

One of the girls grabs a folded bed sheet and puts it on the floor, they gently lower him with his head on the sheets.

LUCY
 He needs water. Someone get a cloth I need to clean up that wound.

AT THE BAR

Lucy picks up a bucket filled with well water. Dunks a cup into it and goes back to the room.

BACK ROOM

LUCY (cont'd)
 (to the girls)
 Scooch over.

She's handed a cloth and douses it with water, wipes away the dried blood and dirt around the hole in his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gives him a few sips and rubs his face with her wet hand.

Douglas slowly starts to drink the water and move around.

DOUGLAS

What...what's goin' on?

LUCY

Don't talk mister, just take it slow.
We'll take care'ya.

His eyes close and he passes out.

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER

A bedroom typically used for business now has a dying man lying in it's bed.

The furniture in the room scarce - only a bed and table.

The sheets as fancy as Lucy's dress.

The orange glow of the sunset shines through the window.

Douglas removes the sheets to reveal bandages on his side.

He's cleaned up and in different trousers.

Tries to sit up but winces in pain, falls back and lets out a grunt.

A knock at the door as it slightly opens.

Lucy peeks inside.

LUCY (cont'd)

Thought I heard somethin'.

No response.

She enters the room and wears a night gown.

LUCY (cont'd)

Must be hungry.

DOUGLAS

Where the hell am I? Who are you?

She sits on the edge of the bed.

LUCY

This is Lucy's, and I'm Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a look around the room, at the sheets, at her.

DOUGLAS

This a whore house? You a whore?

She scoffs at him.

LUCY

I don't like that word too much.

(beat)

What's your name?

DOUGLAS

If I gave you money, you'd get in bed with me, right?

No response.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

What I figured. What town is this?

LUCY

I'm still waitin' on your name, darlin'.

He pauses, looks around for a moment.

DOUGLAS

...Montgomery.

LUCY

Montgomery? Montgomery got a first name?

DOUGLAS

...Earl.

(beat)

Now where am I?

LUCY

Nice to meet you, Earl Montgomery. You're in Winterhaven.

DOUGLAS

Winterhaven? How'd I end up here?

LUCY

Your horse was standin' out front. I saw you lyin' there, half dead.

Confused, he starts to remember little details.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS

Anyone else show up here before or after I did?

LUCY

No, was there supposed'a?

DOUGLAS

I must'a got 'em then.

She stands.

LUCY

I don't want no killer in my place of business. Not 'less he's payin' for somethin'.

Slightly amused.

DOUGLAS

I assure you...Lucy right?

LUCY

Mhm.

DOUGLAS

I'm grateful, you have nothin' to worry about.

He musters the strength and sits up, Lucy grabs his arm and helps him.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Where's my belongin's?

LUCY

You came with nothin' but two pistols.

DOUGLAS

Exactly, lemme' see 'em.

She grabs his belt with holster, and a second gun from the floor on the opposite side of the bed.

LUCY

This was covered in dried blood. I cleaned it up for ya'.

He removes the gun from the holster, its a pristine Colt Peacemaker.

He tosses Jimmy's gun down to the foot of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS

(referring to the
Peacemaker)

See this here? Man told me he got it
from his father. Used it in the war.
Said no one could ever touch it long
as he's alive.

(beat)

Soon as he turns his back I grabbed
hold and...

He makes a "cutting throat" gesture with his hand and a
slight whistle.

She's unimpressed.

LUCY

You killed a man for a shiny gun?
Proud'a that?

His expression changes from smug to surprised. He grabs her
by the wrist.

DOUGLAS

No one ever talks to me that way, got
it?

She stares daggers into his eyes, doesn't struggle.

He smiles and holds up his hands.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

You win, you win.

LUCY

Since one of the services we offer is
hospitality, guess we should feed'ya.

She gets up and grabs the door handle.

LUCY (cont'd)

Soon as your fixed up, be on your
way. May be a house full'a ladies but
we can take care of our own.

Tugging up her dress she reveals a long, thin knife tucked
in a thigh garter.

He shoots a smile and nods his head, impressed.

Douglas lays back on the bed, stares out of the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS (V.O.)
 I took a likin' to her straight away.
 Given her line'a work, she's seen my
 type come and go.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- **INT. BATHTUB** - Lucy cleans Douglas' wounds and sponges him.

- **INT. BEDROOM** - Lucy takes scissors and trims Douglas' beard and hair.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The RESIDENTS of Winterhaven walk through the center of the town.

Horses tugged by their reins trot through with the occasional neigh.

The town is bustling.

Douglas walks down the main road.

Lucy, who isn't dressed in her typical attire, but rather practical, is on his arm.

His Peacemaker on his hip.

He's in a much better condition and can walk on his own volition.

His beard is gone.

Folk stare at the stranger as he passes.

Douglas shoots stern faces back at them.

She nudges him with her elbow.

LUCY
 Knock it off, mister. Ain't tryin'ta
 scare no one--

--TWO MEN come hurdling out of a closed door next to the main road.

They're fighting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some residents move away while others watch.

One of the men draws his pistol and fires at the other.

The body slumps to the ground.

The man turns toward Lucy and Douglas.

MAN

Back up! Both of 'ya!

Very quickly, Douglas draws the peacemaker and shoots the man twice in the midsection.

The SHERIFF and DEPUTY of Winterhaven run toward the action from down the road.

The Sheriff is an older, heavy-set man who can barely breath from the short run.

The Deputy is of the same age, but in better physical shape.

SHERIFF

(to Douglas)

Put that away, boy!

The deputy removes the guns from both dead bodies.

Douglas holsters his Peacemaker.

Lucy is visibly angry when she notices the face of the first man that was shot.

LUCY

Goddamnit, Sheriff! I though y'all got rid'a this fella?!

The Sheriff stands there and looks at the dead man's face.

SHERIFF

Who's that now?

LUCY

Just yesterday he refused to pay one of my girls. Put his gun in her mouth--

SHERIFF

--Ha, I bet he did.

LUCY

Excuse me Sheriff?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's dismissive.

SHERIFF

I ain't got time to handle every little situation here! Hard enough to take care of the real problems. No group'a whores gonna take--

Lucy slaps the Sheriff.

LUCY

--You know I don't like that word!

The Sheriff and Deputy both walk away.

Douglas is in awe of the incompetency.

DOUGLAS

Surely you got more lawmen 'round here?

LUCY

Sadly, no. He's the best we could muster.

Lucy and Douglas continue to walk down the road.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

Don't know what happened, to be honest. But I was drawn to this woman.

EXT. LUCY'S - NIGHT

Douglas, now fully healed, runs toward Lucy's.

One of Lucy's girls follow him in her fancy dress.

INT. LUCY'S - NIGHT

It's a full house.

All of the tables are full with card playing, hard drinking visitors and residents alike.

A MAN stumbles from down the stairs and Douglas runs toward him, confused.

Women shouting can be heard from upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man falls onto the floor, dead, blood pooling from his neck.

UPSTAIRS

Douglas follows the shouting until he reaches the source.

Kicks the door in.

A NAKED YOUNG WHORE is frantic.

Her hands and face covered with blood.

Lucy and another WHORE attempt to hold her down.

The straight razor in her hand hisses in the air as her arm flails.

LUCY

Missy! Goddamnit give it here!

Douglas grabs a blanket from the floor and uses it to grab and wrap Missy.

The straight razor drops to the floor.

Lucy and the other whore move away from the bed.

Both have slash marks on their dresses and small amounts of blood on their hands/arms/faces.

Douglas is on top of Missy, pinning her to the bed.

DOUGLAS

What in the hell is going on?!

MISSY

Get off me!

DOUGLAS

Calm down and I will!

She struggles for a moment before tiring herself out.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

That's better.

He pulls the blanket from her face.

MISSY

That no good bastard was beatin' on me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS

Alright, alright. Get some damn clothes on.

He gets off of her and she gets dressed.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Why did y'all come and get me and not the sheriff?

LUCY

'Cause you'll do what needs to be done.

He's confused.

DOUGLAS

I seen that fella downstairs. Seems as if she's already done what's needed.

LUCY

I mean with Missy. The sheriff'll have her hanged. She don't deserve to be strung up for this.

DOUGLAS

Lot'sa people saw him bleedin' all over the floor. Gonna be hard to hide this.

(beat)

Best if she left town, least for a while.

Missy is finished getting dressed.

MISSY

Where am I supposed to go?

DOUGLAS

That ain't my problem. But if you stay here, surely you'll be hanged.

EXT. LUCY'S - NIGHT

Missy is mounted on a horse with saddle bags.

She is dressed in clothing suitable for travel.

Lucy is securing a rifle to the horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

I'm sorry 'bout all this.

(beat)

Ride South to Yuma. My mama is there.
Tell her I sent you.

Tears swell in Missy's eyes.

MISSY

I'm sorry if I brought any trouble to
you miss Lucy.

LUCY

That's alright now.

Lucy SLAPS the horse in the backside and it quickly strides
away.

DOUGLAS (V.O.)

What happened to Missy after that is
anyone's guess. 'Til she wound up
back here dead on a horse, that is.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Hollers from the distance draw the Sheriff and Deputy out of
the station.

The road through town is empty.

Soon after, FIVE MEN, all on horseback ride straight toward
them.

They're all armed.

One of them barks orders at the Sheriff.

MAN

Get that filthy whore over here!

SHERIFF

Gonna have to be a little more
specific than that, stranger.

MAN

The whore that sliced a man's throat.

SHERIFF

What business do you have with her?

MAN

Not your concern, lawman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF

It's Sheriff...and it is my concern
if you aim to injure a resident of my
town. Whore or otherwise.

One of the men on horseback draw a pistol and shoot the
deputy in the head.

The Sheriff draws a gun of his own and aims it at the men.

He trembles in fear.

MAN

Last chance, lawman. Get'er out here.

SHERIFF

I...I can't. She ain't here.

All of the men on horseback look at each other.

The one speaking with the Sheriff dismounts and walks toward
the Sheriff.

MAN

Well if she ain't here now. Will she
be back later?

SHERIFF

No sayin'. Not sure where she went.

MAN

Was a two-days ride to get here.
Sheriff, right? Mind if we stay 'til
she returns?

VOICE (O.S.)

That isn't gonna happen.

The men all turn around and see a figure standing in the
dark.

MAN

Show yourself.

It's Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Maybe ya'll should just ride on outta
here. Will be no problem.

MAN

Problem! Hell, mister. We came here
lookin' to fix a problem!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS
She's gone. Ain't comin' back.

MAN
Now that there is a problem. We
didn't ride two days for nothin'.
Someone gonna pay for what she done.

Douglas puts his hand on his holster.

They're maybe 10 yards from one another.

DOUGLAS
I told her to go.

The man sees Douglas' hand.

MAN
That so?
(beat)
A proposition?

DOUGLAS
Why not?

MAN
We stand here. One of my men yells
'draw' and we see who's left
standin'.

DOUGLAS
I win you tell your men to get on
outta here.

MAN
Sure.

Both of them stand silent for a moment, hands on their
holsters.

SILENT.

SILENT.

DRAW.

Douglas drops down to one knee and they both fire at the
same time.

The man lets out a groan and slowly falls over.

The Sheriff aims his pistol and the remaining men, Douglas
does the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS

Go on!

They hesitate before galloping away.

Douglas and the Sheriff watch as they fade away into the night.

They holster their pistols.

SHERIFF

That's a fine piece'a weaponry you got on ya.

He stops and thinks for a moment, knowing he can't reveal where he got it.

DOUGLAS

Somethin' handed down from my father.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Douglas takes inventory of various types of ammunition in the small back room of the station.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Deputy!

He leaves the room.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

He deputized me the day after we chased those men outta town. I'm still not sure why I accepted the position.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Ardell scribbles in his notebook.

ROLLINS

And the Sheriff did what after all of this?

DOUGLAS

A little bit of time passed. The Sheriff passed along as well.

(beat)

Of natural causes before y'all assume somethin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLLINS

Then we have Sheriff Montgomery. The fraud that found an advantageous situation.

DOUGLAS

That's not entirely true. I enjoyed the position, held it proudly and did some good things for this town. If it wasn't for me and suggestin' Lucy collect guns from patrons, her girls may all be dead.

ROLLINS

While savin' whores is a highly respectable stance for a Sheriff to take, that still don't answer for the things you've done beforehand.

DOUGLAS

No, guess it don't.

ROLLINS

So along with that poor boy you left orphaned. You'll be hanged come nightfall.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - DAY

A leather-wrapped couch with cherry-wood legs rests on a rug that matches the drapes.

Oil lamps sit on end tables made of pine.

ROSE(50s), enters through the front door and carries a pale of water.

She wears an apron stained with dirt. Her brow sweaty.

Someone knocks on the door.

She puts down the pale in the kitchen and answers the door.

Deputy Flint stands on the other side, visibly shaken and concerned.

ROSE

What's the matter?

FLINT

It's Earl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE
What are you goin' on about? Where's
my husband?

FLINT
May I come in, ma'am?

She scoots aside and he walks in.

He closes the door.

FLINT (cont'd)
May I sit?

ROSE
Please do. What's goin' on?

He sits on the couch, stares at the floor.

FLINT
The marshals got 'em.

Rose looks around with a confused look to her.

ROSE
Got who?

FLINT
Earl.

She sits next to him.

ROSE
What do you mean, got him?

FLINT
How long you known that man?

ROSE
That's not really any--

Flint stands.

FLINT
--I'm sorry for speakin' outta' line
but you need to listen to me now. A
coupl'a marshals got Earl locked in a
cell, questioning him about a murder
some years back.

She isn't surprised by the news, but rather calm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSE

Did they speak on anything else?

FLINT

They said he'll be hanged tonight.

ROSE

Dear God in Heaven. It was only a matter'a time I suppose. Douglas is a good man, I know it.

FLINT

So you do know. Do you also know of what he's accused of?

ROSE

Course I know. Ain't nobody in this world perfect. Some of us are worse than others, but people can change. Douglas changed.

FLINT

That may be so, ma'am. But the marshals aren't the sentimental type. You better get on over to the station.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Bill sits at the reins of a small horse-drawn cart.

Junior hammers nails into the lid of a pine coffin that sits on the cart.

Ardell approaches.

ARDELL

We're gonna need some more holes.

BILL

Sheriff only mentioned the one.

ARDELL

Yea, well, situation's changed.

BILL

Meanin'?

ARDELL

Are the gallows nearly finished?

Bill snaps the reins and the horse trots forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL
I only got so many hands, marshal.
But I'm on schedule for sundown. I'll
have Junior dig some more.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Rollins sits at the Sheriff's desk, stares at John and Douglas.

They both sit quietly.

Rose and Flint enter through the front door.

Her eyes are red from crying.

Rollins stands.

ROLLINS
Can I help you, ma'am?

ROSE
Let me speak with my husband.

Douglas hears Rose and stands up against the bars.

ROLLINS
Hold on now. This piece'a shit is
your husband?

She walks toward the cell.

Rollins stands and grabs her.

DOUGLAS
Keep your hands off her.

ROLLINS
(to Douglass)
You're in no position to bark orders,
murderer.

She struggles to get free.

Rollins holds her tight, almost enjoys the situation.

DOUGLAS
Please.

He lets her go.

She runs to Douglas and they embrace through the bars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John still sits.

ROLLINS

I imagine you know all about him, right? He's a changed man, did good for the town? Am I right on that?

(beat)

You see that boy right there? Know who he is? Know what your husband did to that boy?

Rose looks at John, then to Douglas.

ROLLINS (cont'd)

I figured not. His father and sister are dead, thanks to your husband. He left this poor boy orphaned at a young age. Now I don't know if you know the extent of your husband's behavior. But what I do know is that he will be hanged for those crimes here shortly.

Rose cries.

DOUGLAS

Please don't watch. I can't die knowin' you were watchin'.

ROLLINS

That's not really your decision to make, murderer. She'll be standin' right next to me.

DOUGLAS

You son'uva bitch!

Rollins smiles.

ROLLINS

Deputy! Help me with the prisoners.

Flint loosens John from the cell and Rollins gathers up Douglas.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The sun falls into the horizon.

Douglas and John walk along side of the Marshals.

Their hands bound in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flint walks with Rose.

Some residents of Winterhaven notice and stare at their Sheriff.

They point and chatter among themselves.

They reach the base of the gallows where the Reverend stands.

REVEREND
Do you have any final words?

John stands stoic and says nothing.

Rollins pushes him up the stairs and follows.

Ardell stays below.

ATOP THE GALLOWES

Bill stands with a noose in one hand and a hood in the other.

He places the hood on first, followed by the noose.

John is positioned over the trap door.

REVEREND (cont'd)
May God forgive your sins, and have
mercy on your soul.

Bill pulls a lever.

John drops, kicking and flailing.

His struggles heard through the crowd, some turn away.

He goes limp, dead.

A couple of MEN down below lift the body and remove the noose from his neck, careful not to pull off the hood.

DOWN BELOW

Douglas is face to face with the Reverend and Ardell.

ARDELL
Anything you wanna say to these folk?

He turns to the people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUGLAS
Name's Douglas Reynolds.

The people look confused, except for Lucy.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
(to Rose then Lucy)
Only some'ya knew that. Rest of ya
wouldn't have wanted to know that
before I wound up here. Good chance I
would've killed ya, or took what ya
had at least.
(beat)
Winterhaven knows me as Sheriff,
that--

ROLLINS
--This man is responsible for the
murder of a child. Enough talkin'.

Rose tries to run up the stairs but is held back by Flint.

ROSE
Stop it! You bastard!

Rollins walks down the stairs and pushes Douglas to the top.

THIS IS THE SAME HANGING AT THE START OF THE FILM.

Bill places the hood over his head, then the noose, same as
before.

Rose turns away.

He's positioned over the trap door.

REVEREND
May God forgive your sins, and have
mercy on your soul.

The trap door releases.

CUT TO BLACK