2 Bullets till sunrise

Ву

Joel LaFlamme

EXT. CANADIAN PLAINS - SMALL FARM - SUNSET

A farmer opens his barn doors and readies a horse. He attaches a plow to the horse's back and guides it into a large unsown field.

A young girl is sits quietly on the porch of a small farm house. She looks on as her father takes to the field.

In the distance a cloud of dust fills the air as a rider appears on the horizon. He slowly bears down on the entrance to the property.

The girl watches as the Pony Express stops to drop a letter into the distant mail box. Her once happy expression has now been replaced with worry and fear.

The faceless rider fades off into the distance as the farmer turns to look at his daughter.

The farmer stops his plow and slowly heads towards his mailbox.

As the girl watches, she closes her hands together and begins to pray.

The farmer is doing the same, his hand moves over a small wooden cross hanging around his neck.

As the farmer arrives, he takes a moment and closes his eyes before opening the mailbox.

The farmer reaches inside pulling out a bundle of letters.

The sight of a small envelope with a red wax seal on the back causes him to drop the rest of the letters.

Seeing this causes a tear to come the eye of the young girl.

As the farmer slides out the envelope a rattle comes from inside. The weight of the envelope is also a visible concern to the farmer.

He removes his knife to cut the seal.

Out slide a dozen bullets.

He looks over to his daughter in the distance while pouring the shells back into the envelope.

The farmer takes off back to his house, his daughter waiting to meet him.

SMALL GIRL: How many?

FARMER: It's not important.

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - SMALL FARM - SUNSET

A burly Mexican man tends to his poultry farm, his young Indian wife by his side.

The man is ALEJANDRO JUAREZ an old friend of the FARMER.

The FARMER suddenly appears on the edge of the property. The farmer is wearing a thick beard and is barely recognizable.

ALEJANDRO's young wife approaches him and grabs his arm.

ALEJANDRO does not look happy to see the FARMER on his property.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Why are you here Gringo?

FARMER:

You know why.

The 2 men pause for a moment and engage in a vicious stare down.

The mood suddenly changes as ALEJANDRO smiles.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Of course I do, you never just come to see your old friend Alejandro. You know, to pay me a visit.

INT. ROY BEAN'S SALOON - LATE EVENING

The town saloon serves as both a bar and a brothel.

The establishment is owned by the town's Judge; Roy Bean, and also doubles as the town's courtroom.

The bar is filled with working girls.

A dozen rowdy men stumble in from the street.

The leader of the gang is GUNNER DAVIS, a brick shit house of a man, donning a weathered brown duster.

(CONTINUED)

A large gold medallion dangles from his neck as he chews on a large unlit cigar.

> GUNNER DAVIS: Hey Roy, you know what just happened?

JUDGE ROY BEAN: What happened Gunner?

GUNNER DAVIS: Frank Clanston across the street kicked us out of his joint cause he said we were to drunk.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Well by golly there's no such thing.

GUNNER DAVIS: Ha ha ha that's what I said.

A round for me and my men.

The bartender pours GUNNER a shot.

Gunner smiles and swiftly knocks it back.

GUNNER DAVIS: Thanks for the libation but I was talking about women.

Time passes as the rowdy posse take over the quiet saloon. Only a few patrons remain to deal with the wild bunch.

A drunk piano player is misplaying some southern tune on the piano while a few of the gang sing to it.

Suddenly at the door the farmer appears, his face is cleanly shaven and 2 guns are hanging from his hips.

The piano man pauses to watch the FARMER enter.

The bar goes silent as the goons turn to the FARMER.

He walks to the bar, his boots and spurs seem to be the only sound being made.

The Farmer orders a beer, as he brings the glass to his mouth his eyes focus on the mirror behind the bar.

The posse are staring him down from behind his back.

The FARMER quickly downs his beer and lets out a massive belch.

The posse smile and the mood lightens.

Suddenly as the posse turn away the FARMER draws his pistols and begins killing the gang.

Before they can react half of the posse are lying dead on the floor, the FARMER's duel 1886 revolvers tear through the remaining members leaving only GUNNER alive.

Sunlight from outside reflects off of Gunner's large golden medallion and onto the face of the silent GUNMAN.

GUNNER is frozen in fear as the GUNMAN pushes his burning hot muzzles into his forehead.

GUNNER grits his teeth and taking his hand off his pistol in the process.

The FARMER puts one pistol away and throws a pair of cuffs onto the table, slowly the FARMER begins to back off towards the bar.

Gunner puts the cuffs on one wrist, then he looks to his men on the floor.

Before cuffing the second wrist he turns to the gunman.

GUNNER DAVIS: You killed 11 of my men, there's no way you have any cartridges left in that gun.

The FARMER places his pistol in his holster.

GUNMAN: Lets find out.

GUNNER looks to his pistol and smiles deviously. Then clasps his other wrist.

The FARMER takes GUNNER outside and brings him up to his horse.

Gunner pauses, and looks to the FARMER.

GUNNER DAVIS:

I need to know.

The FARMER doesn't react.

Gunner grabs him by the arm.

The FARMER tosses Gunner to the ground and draws his pistol.

GUNNER is terrified

The FARMER squeezes the trigger to the sound of an empty chamber.

EXT. WESTERN PLAINS - SUNSET

A group of Cowboys steer a small convoy across the Horizon.

The massive stones of Monument valley fill the sky.

The group consists of 4 men on horseback escorting a single wagon.

On a distant hill a single man appears on horseback.

He is instantly spotted by the Convoy.

The 4 men riding guard look to each other.

The leader of the group; Jesse Berdett (early 30's) is the first to break the silence.

JESSE BERDETT What do you make of 'im?

BERT TRAVIS: No idea.

JESSE BERDETT A single rider all the way out here? Bullshit.

Suddenly a beam of light shines from the position of the distant rider.

The distant figure is signaling to the other side of the canyon.

BERT TRAVIS: Is that for us?

JESSE BERDETT turns to look at the other side of the canyon.

He removes a pair of binoculars.

Behind him on a distant ridge is a second rider, who can be seen signaling back.

Suddenly a half dozen Texas rangers appear on the ridge and begin to descend towards the Convoy.

On the other ridge the first rider signals 5 additional Rangers to move on the convoy.

JESSE BERDETT Son of a bitch! Ride you bastards, ride!

The convoy takes off as the RANGERS descend on their position.

2 men with rifles open the back curtain of the wagon and begin firing on the closing pursuers.

The lead rider is the local Marshall Barrett Foster, a hard faced lawman in his mid-forties. He sports a large black mustache and a Winchester rifle.

> BARRETT FOSTER: Goddammit Jesse don't make me kill you!

JESSE BERDETT (turns to Bert) It's Foster, fucker was there the day I was born. I think he's looking to book end my life Bert. You make for the Rio Bravo, I'll take 'em into the hills.

With that the convoy breaks apart, JESSE BERDETT heads left as the convoy continues on straight.

BARRETT FOSTER: Alright boys they're making for the Rio Bravo. I'll take Jesse, there's no way out of that Canyon.

JESSE tears off into the canyon, the massive stone walls closing in on both sides.

As he nears the end of the Canyon Barrett's voice can be heard behind him.

BARRETT FOSTER: It's just you and me boy, nobody's going to hurt you.

JESSE stops his horse with nowhere to go.

He steps off his horse and opens up his long black coat.

JESSE BERDETT The way I see it BARRETT, is either I kill you, or you kill me then my pappy kills you. So you're dead either way.

BARRETT FOSTER: I'm not here to kill you boy, we don't have to do this.

JESSE BERDETT: Sorry Marshall, you always said when a man with a pistol meets a man with a rifle the man with the pistol dies. Let's put your words to the test.

JESSE reaches for his pistol drawing on the old Marshall.

The veteran Marshall beats the young man to the punch shooting him dead.

EXT. SMALL FARM - MIDNIGHT

Scene opens on a small farmers field, a thunderstorm is approaching and lightning fills the distant sky.

THE FARMER is in the middle of plowing his field. He's having a very tough time and the grace of his gun fighting is all but gone.

A sudden strike of lightning tears through the sky spooking the horse in front of the plow.

The horse rears up snapping the connection to the plow. As the farmer moves in to steady the horse. Suddenly the animal takes off, dragging the FARMER behind.

After being dragged for 50 feet the FARMER finally frees himself from the runaway plow. He remains on the ground nursing his various injuries for a few moments before rising to his feet.

Now at the end of his property THE FARMER stumbles towards his mailbox and opens it.

He removes another small envelope bearing a red wax seal.

THE FARMER pauses before opening the envelope. He unsheathes his knife and slides open the package.

This time a single bullet rolls into his hand.

A smirk comes to the Farmer's face.

EXT. ALEJANDRO JUAREZ"S FARM - SUNSET

For the second time in a month ALEJANDRO see's his friend approaching from the north.

His wife heads insides as the large Mexican farmer goes out to meet his friend.

ALEJANDRO is holding a large bottle of whiskey, he takes a swig as the riders stops next to him.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: I hadn't seen you in 3 years now twice in one month.

The 2 old friends head into an old shed in the back of ALEJANDRO'S property.

ALEJANDRO pulls out a black chest from under a large tarp.

FARMER: This is the last time my friend, After I leave you can burn this wretched thing.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: A sudden change of heart?

GUNMAN: This is my last hatchet job.

ALEJANDRO pulls out a key and opens the chest

THE FARMER retrieves two 1860 confederate navy pistols.

GUNMAN: Remember one of these used to be yours.

THE FARMER looks down to one of the guns and tosses it to ALEJANDRO.

ALEJANDRO LIFTS his right hand but is unable to grab the gun.

His hand is severely scarred.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: I'm sorry my friend there is no room in the game for a one handed pistolero. ALEJANDRO slowly starts to rub it.

The FARMER grabs the Mexicans bottle and takes a swig.

He tosses the half full bottle to ALEJANDRO, who reaches out and catch the bottle with his burnt hand.

He pauses for a moment as the FARMER stares at the hand.

ALEJANDRO drops the bottle as it shatters

The FARMER walks over to ALEJANDRO and picks up the pistol, ALEJANDRO is staring at his wife outside in the garden.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: I've had my day.

#### FARMER:

I understand.

The FARMER grabs a large black gun belt, ties it up and holsters one of the guns. He places the second pistol down the front of his pants.

The FARMER continues looking through the chest.

Inside the chest are 2 Confederate uniforms.

ALEJANDRO reaches inside and holds up one of the uniforms . He throws on one of the Confederate tunics, it barely fits the huge Mexican.

> ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Ha ha still fits.

The FARMER smiles

Outside the FARMER saddles his horse, ALEJANDRO comes to his side.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Will you stay for dinner.

FARMER: No I better get going.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Well I always save a seat for you.

FARMER: If I'm ever facing a hanging you can cook my last meal, how about that? ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Why do you say that?

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Because your cooking would kill me before they could hang me.

The farmer laughs and takes off as ALEJANDRO runs after him in anger.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - EARLY MORNING

Marshall Foster approaches a large funeral procession that is being held for JESSE BERDETT.

JESSE'S father WILLIAM is sitting in the middle of the procession. He's sitting with his lovely wife on one side and the town Judge on the other.

The Judge is ROY BEAN, a fat slob of a man with a large black handle bar mustache. The old JUDGE is crippled from an old neck wound and unable to turn his head left.

BERDETT is leaning forward with his face buried into his hands.

His close personal friend "ENGLISH" BOB VALANCE approaches WILLIAM and informs him of BARRETT's presence.

Williams expression turns from one of mourning to one of rage. He spots Barrett in the distance and the 2 men lock eyes.

The funeral ends and the BERDETT family head back towards town. William BERDETT and Barrett Foster cross paths.

WILLIAM BERDETT: I thought it was inappropriate for a murderer to come to his victims funeral.

BARRETT FOSTER: I came to say good-bye to my Godson.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Your no more the Godfather of my son then I am to your daughter.

BARRETT FOSTER: John made his choice William WILLIAM BERDETT: And you've made yours Marshall, the day you decided to pursue this vendetta against me ....against my family.

### INT. WILLIAM BERDETTS DEN - MID DAY

WILLIAM BERDETT is smoking a cigarette as he stares out at his large ranch.

Also in the den is Judge ROY BEAN, he's drinking from a snifter he rests his neck in an old rocking chair.

The FARMER appears on the riding with haste towards the house.

He ties up his horse and starts to approach the BERDETT house.

BEAN notices the rider and turns to BERDETT.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Why don't we just hang Foster, we can try him for murder tonight.

BARRETT FOSTER: It's not Foster's death that matters to me, it's the message I send. Besides you wouldn't even give him the honor of a trial.

The JUDGE takes a big drink from his whiskey.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Hang 'em first, try 'em later.

EXT. WILLIAM BERDETT'S HOUSE - MID DAY

The FARMER once again makes the long trip down from his home to fulfill another contract. His beard is long and untrimmed again as BERDETT's house comes into view.

He heads to the large stable on the back of the property then makes his way towards BERDETT's towering southern style mansion.

Next to the FARMER is the BERDETT's pig pen, through the slop and muck GUNNER DAVIS'S medallion can be seen shining.

The FARMER is washing up, and WILLIAM BERDETT is sitting in his office.

The FARMER walks into WILLIAMS' office and lights a cigarette.

WILLIAM BERDETT: My son is dead.

GUNMAN: My condolences, a child is irreplaceable.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Which brings us to your 3rd and final task.

FARMER: After this my obligation to you ends.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Yes my boy, it involves a very close friend of mine.

BERDETT stands and walks to the window.

WILLIAM BERDETT: When I found him he was nearly dead from consumption and at the same time the speediest, deadliest man with a rifle I've ever known.

William removes a small child's toy and places it on the table.

The toy is silver, depicting a cowboy riding a wild Bronco.

WILLIAM BERDETT: This was my son's, Foster bought this for him on his 5th birthday. I'd like you to give it back to him.

EXT. TOWN JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON MARSHALL BERDETT is being relieved by his deputies. He climbs onto his horse and slowly heads out of town. As he passes the town saloon, JUDGE ROY BEAN steps out to speak to him.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: You know I'm really going to miss you when you're gone, MARSHALL.

WILLIAM BERDETT: I wouldn't plan my funeral just yet....

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Your position allows you a vantage point of arrogance, but not safety.

BARRETT FOSTER: As a judge you know the law.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Yes Marshall I know the law, and I am also it's greatest transgressor.

EXT. WILLIAM BERDETT'S HOUSE - SUNSET

From a covered ridge the FARMER peers down on a small prairie house. He has yet to shave and his tattered appearance help blends him in with his rough surroundings.

In the distance Marshall FOSTER appears riding his horse slowly towards his home. Before he arrives his young daughter runs out to greet him.

Meanwhile the FARMER adds a large scope, a primitive tripod and a lengthened barrel to his rifle.

Barret smiles as his 5 year old daughter SARAH runs up beside him.

He takes aim at Barrett FOSTER as the old Marshall picks up his daughter.

The cross hair glides over the Marshall's chest as he lifts his daughter onto his shoulders.

The FARMER slowly slides the silver bullet into the breech.

The FARMER's hand moves to the trigger as the cross hair moves to the between FOSTER's eyes

The FARMER's eye focuses on his target, a drop of sweat slowly drips down his.

Slowly the FARMER begins to pull the trigger his finger tightening.

Suddenly he removes his finger from the trigger unable to fire. He takes his eye off the target momentarily, a look of sheer anger across his face.

The FARMER aims again

FARMER: Come on god dammit

The muzzle of the barrel begins to shake, still the FARMER is unable to fire. He angrily dissembles his rifle and mounts his horse.

BARRETT notices something moving on the ridge and his attention turns to the high overlooking cliffs. His hand moves to his pistol for a moment.

SARAH reaches down and grabs her father's hand.

FOSTER turns back to SARAH and smiles.

EXT. ROY BEAN'S SALOON - MIDNIGHT

THE GUNMAN approaches the entrance and looks inside. The bar also serves as the town's whorehouse and Court. JUDGE ROY BEAN is behind the counter tending bar.

THE GUNMAN pauses for a moment, slowly he steps inside. He instantly catches the judges attention, BEAN looks to the GUNMAN with an inquisitive look. THE GUNMAN returns look with a nod.

BEAN smiles and turns his attention back to the bar.

At the poker tables an obnoxious man can be overheard.

BUCK DAVIS: God Dammit Roy. Why do you let fucking noodle nigger play cards, he's more crooked then a dog's hind legs.

JUDGE ROY BEAN That China man loses a lot of money in my casino. He pays for his drinks too!

The GUNMAN heads to the back of the bar. Many prostitutes are looking for work as he cuts through the crowd.

Ahead is a fat slob of a man, who's sulking around.

The fat man makes sure nobody is watching, then begins peering inside the room of one of the whore's.

The GUNMAN grabs him and throws him against the wall.

EDDIE MARQUARDT Shit John! You scared the Christ out of me.

The FARMER'S name is finally revealed

EDDIE MARQUARDT So what happened rifle not where I left it?

JOHN: It was there, you did fine.

EDDIE MARQUARDT: So what do I do you need?

JOHN: I need a way home, a new name, new clothes.

EDDIE MARQUARDT Ya, ya I'll get Bill Prescott right on it.

JOHN: No he works for Berdett

EDDIE MARQUARDT Well what do you want

JOHN: Someone who doesn't

EDDIE MARQUARDT Well I know this one dame. Silly bitch helped me to Mexico more times then I can count. She's a pain in the ass though.

JOHN: What's her name

EDDIE MARQUARDT Margaret James, she lives in the old broken down building on the south side of town. JOHN heads towards the back exit.

EDDIE MARQUARDT: Hey John where will you be?

JOHN: It's best if you don't know.

EDDIE MARQUARDT Actually if I'm put in a position where I need to give someone information or I'll get killed I like having the information, you know just in case.

JOHN: Thanks Eddie

EDDIE MARQUARDT Ya ya, watch your back Johnny

Back at the poker tables BUCK is all in against the Chinese man.

BUCK has a pair of kings and the CHINESE MAN has Jack/Ten. The flop comes Ace, seven, five.

BUCK DAVIS: Ha ha you got shit you little bastard.

The turn comes, another king, giving BUCK three of a kind and the Chinese man a gut shot straight draw.

> BUCK DAVIS: Nothing you can do know, chink!

A Queen hits on the river, giving the Chinese man a straight.

BUCK moves in to grab the money but the dealer corrects him.

DEALER: Sorry sir, the straight is the winning hand.

CHINESE MAN: HA ha, I hit gut shot.

BUCK is enraged.

# BUCK DAVIS: GUT shot! I'll show you gut shot.

BUCK kicks the CHINESE man's chair over and unloads his pistol into the mans stomach.

The other players jump to their feet as the rest of the bar turns to BUCK.

BUCK calmly collects himself and sits back down at the table.

A young sheriffs deputy approaches BUCK DAVIS with his pistol drawn.

YOUNG DEPUTY: Don't move DAVIS let me see your hands.

BUCK DAVIS: Now there must be some mistake, what have I done.

YOUNG DEPUTY: You just committed murder we all seen you.

BUCK DAVIS: Oh you mean that, (Davis looks at the dead man) that don't count.

YOUNG DEPUTY: I'm taking you in.

BUCK DAVIS: Well how about I save you the time, hey Judge, how about we have ourselves a little trial.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Well Buck if that's what you want it.

BEAN leans down below the bar and pulls out a Judges robe and Gavel.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: That's what you get.

The Old JUDGE heads over to a large desk overlooking the bar.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Hear ye! Hear ye! This honorable court is now in session, and if anybody wants a snort before we start, step up to the bar and name your poison."

A crowd gathers around, as BUCK is brought up in front on the newly formed court room. A hangman's noose is hung from the rafters as the JUDGE prepares himself.

> JUDGE ROY BEAN: I'm sorry to say BUCK but this is a rather open and shut case.

Suddenly at the door ENGLISH BOB appears with a posse of men. JOHN see's this and slowly moves through the crowd to the back of the building. Knowing the posse is probably for him the GUNMAN isn't taking any chances and slips out the back.

> ENGLISH BOB: What seems to be the problem BUCK?

BUCK DAVIS: Well Sir, they're trying to say I committed murder. But all I did was kill that Slant eyed bastard on the floor over there.

ENGLISH BOB walks over to the bloody corpse then turns to the OLD JUDGE.

ENGLISH BOB: May I approach the bench, your honor? (Sarcastically)

BOB walks over to the JUDGE and whispers into his ear. The devious old man looks back and smiles then turns his attention to BUCK DAVIS.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Gentlemen, I find the law very explicit on murdering your fellow man,(picks up law book) but there's nothing in here about killing a China man. Case dismissed."

The crowd cheers

EXT. MARGARET JAMES HOUSE - SUNRISE

MARGARET's house is an old dilapidated building on the far side of town.

As JOHN approaches the front door he reaches the old metal knocker. As he grabs it the knocker falls off in his hand.

From behind the newly formed holes in the door a pair of eyes appear.

MARGARET JAMES: Who the hell are you?

JOHN: Are you Margaret James?

MARGARET JAMES: Never heard of her.

JOHN: Eddie sent me.

MARGARET JAMES: Fuck... just a second.

MARGARET open the door and lets JOHN in.

MARGARET is a stunning young woman, her blond hair seems to be the only source of color inside her rundown home.

She is very plainly dressed besides a bright red scarf that she wears in her hair.

> MARGARET JAMES: So why did Eddie send you exactly?

JOHN: I need to get to Canada

MARGARET JAMES: OK, so why do you need me?

JOHN: I'm not really a law abiding citizen

MARGARET JAMES: I see, so you're saying what exactly? JOHN: I need a new face, maybe some new clothes, and maybe a story to go with it.

MARGARET JAMES: Alright, where do you need to go?.

JOHN: I need to get to Medicine Hat and I don't have much time.

MARGARET JAMES: OK I'll do it, take a seat.

John remains standing

MARGARET JAMES: Or not. So how soon do you need this.

JOHN: After this I catch the next stage out of town.

MARGARET moves to a long closet and steps inside.

She steps out with a dark black suit and matching bowler hat. She tosses it to JOHN.

MARGARET JAMES: High stakes poker player?

He stands and holds it up against his body.

It's much too small.

MARGARET JAMES: Ok maybe not.

JOHN SMITH: So how did you get all these clothes?

MARGARET JAMES: Never you mind.

MARGARET steps out of the closet and tosses John a long coat and a dark brimmed hat.

MARGARET JAMES: Pinkertons don't have to worry about getting stopped. JOHN looks down.

JOHN: Jesus Christ, I never thought I'd be wearing one of these.

MARGARET sits JOHN down and cuts his hair, she also dies it dark black. She trims his moustache and dies it black aswell.

MARGARET pulls out a pistol very calmly, JOHN see's this and quickly draws his gun.

MARGARET JAMES: What the hell?

JOHN: What's the gun for?

Margaret pulls out an old relic camera

MARGARET JAMES: I need the gun powder...for the flash.

MARGARET removes some gunpowder from the bullets in the gun and prepares the flash.

She sets the camera on a tripod and motions John to stand next to a dark wall.

MARGARET JAMES: Say free from prosecution..or not

MARGARET JAMES: OK so what name would you like.

JOHN:

John

MARGARET JAMES:

And?

JOHN:

John smith

MARGARET JAMES: OK aren't there like a million John Smiths out there?

John says nothing

## MARGARET JAMES: All right John Smith it is.

Margaret creates a fake newspaper article, adding JOHN's picture to it. The article reads, "Pinkerton JOHN SMITH kills 2 and wounds another in attempted stage coach robbery.

MARGARET hands over the article.

MARGARET JAMES: You can use this for identification purposes.

As MARGARET hands over the paper the sound of boots on her porch instantly gains her attention.

Margret's hand moves to a shotgun under her desk.

Some men bang on her door.

MARGARET JAMES:

Yes?

VOICE 1: Margaret James?

MARGARET JAMES: Never heard of her.

From outside the sounds of shotguns cocking can be heard.

JOHN:

Get down!

MARGARET ducks behind the desk as John starts shooting holes through the door.

John ducks for cover as 2 shotguns tear through the oak door.

2 goons enter and Margaret lets loose with her shotgun. The buck shot takes the 2 men off their feet and throwing them outside.

John grabs Margaret and shoves her towards the staircase. 3 other men burst into the rag tag house. John continues to provide cover as Margaret makes her way up stairs.

John is unable to fight off the constant onslaught provided by BERDETT'S goons. Margaret heads to the next set of steps as the 2 continue to fall back.

Margaret and John climb up to the attic and lock the door behind them.

Bullets fly through the floor as the 2 dive for cover.

Down stairs ENGLISH BOB steps inside the house. He slowly makes his way to the second floor.

Several goons are still trying to break open the attic door as the tall figure approaches them.

GOON 1: We've got them trapped upstairs boss.

ENGLISH BOB: Very good and it only cost 5 me of you grease stains.

GOON 1: So what do you want us to do.

ENGLISH BOB: Go to the wagon and fetch the dynamite, if they're not going to come out of the attic then there's no reason for the attic to exist now is there.

The goon looks back with a confused look on his face.

ENGLISH BOB: We are going to blow the building up you moron.

GOON 1: Oh ya I get it.

The goons quickly strap TNT to all the load bearing structures on the main floor. English Bob grabs a long beam and props shut the attic door.

> ENGLISH BOB: Margaret when you get to heaven say hello to queen Victoria for me, she was always my favorite.

MARGARET JAMES: What's that Whelp talking about?

JOHN heads to the attic window and see's ENGLISH BOB priming a detonator.

MARGARET lays down but JOHN quickly stands her back up

JOHN SMITH: Grab hold!

MARGARET JAMES:

What?

JOHN lifts MARGARET up to the hanging roof beams.

JOHN:

Hold on

Outside English Bob ties the wires to his detonator and gives the house a salute.

ENGLISH BOB: Long live the king!

The bottom level of the house disappears as the house collapses on itself.

The top 2 floors falling directly down and staying intact.

MARGARET JAMES: Well that wasn't so bad.

The old house begins to creek as it slowly starts shifting backwards. The building slowly falls over turning the remainder of the house to rubble.

Up the street MARSHALL BARRETT FOSTER has heard the explosion and he is on his way with several deputies to investigate.

ENGLISH BOB and his posse take off before MARSHALL can see them.

As FOSTER approaches the devastated shack he see's MARGARET lying unconscious amidst the wreckage.

BARRETT FOSTER: These are Berdett's men,

YOUNG DEPUTY: What the hell did she do to get on Williams Bad side?

BARRETT FOSTER: Well if she wakes up be sure to ask her.

She's brought back to the town hospital, MARSHALL FOSTER waits by her side hoping to hear an explanation for the explosion.

ENGLISH BOB and WILLIAM BERDETT are discussing their options in the privacy of Mr. BERDETT's personal den. ENGLISH BOB is smoking a small cigarette while WILLIAM is smoking a large cigar.

> WILLIAM BERDETT: So he's still out there?

ENGLISH BOB: He won't get to Canada.

WILLIAM BERDETT: We shouldn't be chasing our problems, we should be solving them.

ENGLISH BOB: How would you like this handled?

WILLIAM BERDETT: Bring in professionals, men of John's talent

INT. TOWN HOSPITAL - SUNSET

MARGARET is slowly coming too, she has a bandage wrapped around her head. As she opens her eye's she grimaces in pain.

> MARGARET JAMES: Oww my head, what happened.

BARRETT FOSTER: That's what we were looking to find out miss James.

MARGARET JAMES: How did I get here?

BARRETT FOSTER: We pulled your body out of a that crater where your house used to be.

MARGARET JAMES: Well Marhsall I'm not really the explosive type.

Foster walks over to a small bundle of pages on his desk, he pull sout a piar of bifocals and takes a look.

(CONTINUED)

BARRETT FOSTER: Swindling, theft, impersonating the wife of the governor of Louisiana.

BARRETT smiles after reading the last charge

BARRETT FOSTER: No heavy felonies here. But you sure make up for that in volume. 14 arrests by the time you were 18. A bit unusual for a girl that age.

MARGARET JAMES: I always considered myself a feminist pioneer.

BARRETT FOSTER: Now you've been clean for almost 3 years. So you either got smart or you've been very lucky.

MARGARET JAMES: Actually MARSHALL I get paid and the guy's get lucky.

BARRETT FOSTER: Now how about you tell me about that crater on the outskirts of town and the 6 dead bodies we had to pull out of it.

MARGARET JAMES: Oh my god I thought that was a dream.

DEPUTY: To bad it had to come true.

BARRETT FOSTER: Margaret don't bullshit me.

MARGARET JAMES: Now Marshall do you think a little lady like myself is capable of all that destruction.

BARRETT FOSTER pulls out the fake news paper article of JOHN and shows it to MARGARET.

BARRETT FOSTER: Who's this? MARGARET JAMES: Looks like a ghost

BARRETT FOSTER: You can do better then that darling, it was lying on the floor of your former house.

MARGARET stays quiet

BARRETT FOSTER: Look whatever this is your way out of your league. You need my help.

MARGARET JAMES: Funny Marshall I can't remember the last time a Silver star did anything for me.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well someone had to help you out when you Parents were killed in the war.

MARGARET JAMES: You don't know anything about me Marshall, not a fucking thing.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well I know who your messing with, and I don't think William Berdett is the type to just forget about someone killing six of his men.

MARGARET JAMES: William Berdett?

BARRETT FOSTER: That's right

MARGARET JAMES: OK, this is the part where you let me speak to a lawyer.

BARRETT FOSTER: Your not under arrest. So you not entitled to shit.

MARGARET JAMES: So your saying I can stand up and walk out that door. BARRETT FOSTER: Go right ahead but someone out there wants you dead.

MARGARET gets up and walks to the door. Before leaving she turns to MARSHALL FOSTER

MARGARET JAMES: Last chance to arrest me Marshall.

MARSHALL FOSTER tips his hat to MARGARET and sits back in his chair.

MARGARET JAMES: I didn't think so.

MARSHALL'S DEPUTY: Your just letting her go sir?

BARRETT FOSTER: She's a piece of red meat, I'll put her on a hook and see what the dogs do.

EXT. MARGARET JAMES HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

MARGARET has gathered some of her things from the ruins. She moves aside some of the broken wood

She finds a loose floorboard, she pries it off and reaches inside the small hole in the floor. MARGARET removes a small black box and opens it. Inside is several thousand dollars.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY EVENING.

MARGARET walks up to the front desk and rings the service bell.

A older man steps out from the back, he's sweating profusely and is also very drunk.

> MICK JOHANSON: Shit Maggy I didn't think I'd see you around here again.

MARGARET JAMES: Ya fuck you too your honor

MICK JOHANSON: Don't talk to me like that in my place whore. MARGARET throws her money on the table.

MARGARET JAMES: Well how about I buy this shit hole then I can call you whatever I want.

MICK'S jaw drops at the sight of the money, he slowly starts to reach for it.

MARGARET draws a pistol and aims it at MICK.

MARGARET JAMES: Do you value your life, MICK? Let's find out.

MARGARET pulls back the hammer, MICK quickly reaches for a key and slides it to her.

MICK JOHANSON: room 13, it's all yours.

MARGARET JAMES: 13 my lucky number.

MARGARET grabs the key and heads upstairs. She opens the door to her room and throws her stuff on the bed. The door to her room is slightly ajar as she heads to the bathroom.

MARGARET throws some water on her face and tries to collect herself.

She moves to the open door and closes it as she washes her face. Margaret dries her face and turns around.

John is sitting in the corner.

MARGARET JAMES: Shit, Jesus Christ John what the hell are you doing here?

JOHN: I still need papers.

MARGARET JAMES: Great, how do you expect me to make you papers, my press is under 10 tons of oak. 2 years of work down the drain because of you.

JOHN: We can go to Eddie for help. MARGARET JAMES: I'm not going anywhere with you, you're a hanging waiting to happen.

JOHN: So are you, you're safer with me

MARGARET JAMES: What is it my perfume? you're the second white hat who thinks I need help.

JOHN: It's not a choice.

MARGARET JAMES: OK and what happens when I tell you to go fuck yourself?

John cocks back the hammer of his pistol.

MARGARET JAMES: Oh so that's the way you want to play it. When I get a pistol in my hand we are going to have this conversation again.

INT. TOWN JAIL - LATE NIGHT

MARSHALL BERDETT and one of his deputies are looking through old wanted poster, dozens of old papers cover the floor.

DEPUTY: This is like finding a needle in a stack of needles, do you have any idea how many bandits come through this area.

FOSTER slowly pulls out a picture and compares it to the article.

BARRETT FOSTER: and there's your ghost

The pictures are slide together JOHN, the wanted poster reads "John Smith".

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - MID NIGHT

JOHN and MARGARET are sneaking up to the back of the whore house.

## JOHN: Eddie....Eddie?!

JOHN see's EDDIE"S silhouette next to the stables, as he slowly approaches his friend, JOHN notices something wrong.

### JOHN:

Eddie?

JOHN grabs EDDIE'S shoulder and turns him around. Eddie's dead suffering a gunshot wound inside his mouth.

ENGLISH BOB steps out from the inside of the whore house, 10 goons step out with him. Suddenly a gun is pressed up to the base of JOHN's neck.

ENGLISH BOB: You 2 make a lovely couple. Take his gun, check them.

Multiple guns are pulled off John's person, his matching pistols are pulled out from behind his back.

JOHN gives a dirty look to the man who takes them.

#### ENGLISH BOB:

I put a gun in my mouth trying to predict your next move. Actually I put a gun in Eddie's mouth.

### MARGARET JAMES:

Look it seems I just met this guy at the wrong time. I didn't do anything here so how about you just let me go.

### ENGLISH BOB:

I'm sorry lass but once I get paid to do something I see it through. You picked the wrong partner.

### MARGARET JAMES:

Partner, I'm not his partner, this guy kidnapped me. The only thing he's given me is a gun in the small of my back, and I don't think he feels like splitting that fifty fifty. MARGARET looks to JOHN

ENGLISH BOB: I this true my friend, did you take her hostage?

MARGARET JAMES: I just met this guy yesterday, he had me set him up a new style and story to get to Canada. He said his name was John Smith.

ENGLISH BOB: His name is John Smith. Tie him up, tie them both up.

MARGARET is brought into the stable, her hands are bound and then she is hung by her hands from a spike on the wall. The goon that restrains her then proceeds to sexually assault MARGARET. He runs his hands slowly up her leg.

> GOON 2: DAMN you are one high class whore.

MARGARET kicks the goon in the knee buckling his leg and sending him to the floor. The man falls to the ground in a heap.

> MARGARET JAMES: How's the leg?

The goon rises to his feet and shoots MARGARET in the leg.

GOON 2:

How's yours?

MARGARET bites her tongue in an attempt to distract herself from the pain.

Outside the rest of the goons take turns beating on JOHN. His hands are tied behind his back and he's unable to defend himself.

ENGLISH BOB throws a rope over a hanging post.

ENGLISH BOB: Boy's we ain't got no niggers, but that doesn't mean we can't have a hanging.

One of the goons moves in and pulls JOHN to his feet. JOHN is barely able to stand as ENGLISH BOB moves in to secure the rope.

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Suddenly in an attempt to escape JOHN kicks his right heel into the goons crotch. The spur on his boot cuts through the man's "area" causing him to fall to the ground in shock.

JOHN quickly leaps in the air and pulls his hands under his feet. His hands are still tied but at least their not behind his back. JOHN grabs the wounded goon as the rest of the posse opens fire.

JOHN is able to dive for cover and remove the goons pistol. He takes aim and starts returning fire.

ENGLISH BOB dives for cover knowing that JOHN very rarely misses. BOB runs across the street into the saloon where the rest of his posse are lounging around.

ENGLISH BOB: That bastard Smith is next door with the whore. Get your horses we'll flush him out.

Back at the stables JOHN heads to save MARGARET.

The goon is still trying to have his way with MARGARET. JOHN shoots him twice dropping the would be rapist to the ground. JOHN quickly moves in and unties MARGARET who returns the favor.

While John checks the entrance MARGARET grabs the wounded goons pistol. She moves over to his wounded body.

GOON 2: Oh what are you going to do you bitch. You gonna kill me?

MARGARET JAMES: My father touched me, and I killed him, I don't even know you.

MARGARET shoots the goon between the legs. The man lets out a hideous wail.

MARGARET JAMES: They say when you die you take your last memory with you to hell. Happy eternity fucker.

MARGARET then shoots the man between the eyes and spits on the body. She turns to JOHN

MARGARET JAMES: Thanks for coming back, nobody has ever come back for me. JOHN see's men approaching from across the street.

JOHN SMITH: We need to get out of here.

MARGARET JAMES: I'm shot, I'm not going anywhere.

JOHN SMITH: Get on a horse cause I'm not the only one coming back for you.

John runs over to MARGARET and throws her onto a horse. He then runs over and opens the stable doors.

Several goons round the corner and John quickly guns them down. JOHN'S out of ammunition and more men are on their way.

MARGARET JAMES: Give me your gun.

Margaret tosses JOHN her loaded pistol while JOHN tosses back his empty one. He fires again killing 2 more men, then makes a break for the horse.

JOHN leaps on the horse with MARGARET sitting in front of him. The horse takes off with several men in pursuit. While John tries to escape, MARGARET uses the bullets off his belt to reload her pistol.

As the men behind them close in, JOHN reaches for the Winchester rifle that is holstered on the side of the horse.

The chase steers right through the middle of town as JOHN takes aim with one hand. He fires at the horses sending the riders hurdling into the air. One of the riders is tossed through the front window of the jail.

MARSHALL BARRETT comes running out to see whats going on.

JOHN turns his rifle momentarily towards MARSHALL BARRETT then holsters the Winchester. Without hesitation BARRET removes his rifle from his horse and takes aim at JOHN as he tries to escape.

BARRETT drops to his knee for better accuracy, he takes a deep breath and lines up his shot. The veteran lawman pauses for a moment then drops the rifle to his side.

BARRETT FOSTER:

Shit.

ENGLISH BOB slowly enters as WILLIAM BERDETT watches the sunrise.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Empty hands, how many times are you going to walk into my house with empty hands?

ENGLISH BOB: JOHN was lucky

WILLIAM BERDETT: Don't confuse luck with skill. I served with JOHN in the war. He was an honorable man, but he could be so ruthless. Where are the professionals I asked for?

ENGLISH BOB: They're on their way as we speak.

EXT. TRAIN WATER STATION - MID DAY

JOHN and MARGARET are resting by a remote water station. MARGARET is removing her dress so they can tend to her gunshot wound. JOHN has removed his knife and boiled some water over a fire. JOHN looks at MARGARETS leg, their is no exit wound.

> JOHN SMITH: The bullet's still in your leg.

MARGARET JAMES: I've been shot before, just do it.

MARGARET places a stick in her mouth to bite down on. John removes his knife from the fire, the tip is glowing red from the heat.

JOHN places the knife in the water causing steam to fill the air.

John checks the temperature of the blade then slowly makes a cut into MARGARETS leg.

MARGARET turns away as JOHN, using his fingers, starts searching for the bullet.

MARGARET groans in agony as JOHNS finger slide deeper into the wound. Finally he extracts the bullet.
MARGARET JAMES: Jesus, with you getting shot is the easy part. Look what you did to my leg. I used to have great legs.

While JOHN begins sowing up the wound, MARGARET slowly reaches for her pistol.

When JOHN looks up the pistol is pointed right between his eyes.

MARGARET JAMES: I told you we'd have this conversation again.

John drops his head and smiles

MARGARET JAMES: Now what did you get me into with William Berdett?

JOHN SMITH: Put the gun down.

MARGARET JAMES: Would you just let me ride away?

JOHN doesn't answer.

MARGARET JAMES: Ya I didn't think so.

JOHN looks down the barrel of the gun.

JOHN SMITH:

Do it.

MARGARET doesn't know what to say. Without hesitation JOHN grabs the pistol turning it on MARGARET, pushing her to the ground in the process.

JOHN quickly stands up and turns away from MARGARET.

MARGARET JAMES: I want to know what the hell is going on dammit.

In anger Margaret reaches for a rock and throws it at JOHN.

JOHN turns, quickly drawing his pistol and shooting the rock in midair.

JOHN SMITH: All that matters to me is the safety of my daughter..... and to ensure that I would do almost anything.

MARGARET JAMES: So how is this connected with Berdett?

As JOHN begins telling his story the scene flashes back the the civil war.

# JOHN SMITH:

We fought against each other in the war. Him for the north, and me with the corpses. His men attacked us outside of Kentucky. I'll killed a dozen of them before they took me. They were going to hang me but Berdett offered me a deal to save my life. As soon I was healthy I ran, but they caught me. Again he saved my neck from a hanging. I was forced to fight against my own. Forced to be a traitor. One night I got drunk and caved in the head of this loudmouth lieutenant. Berdett took a decrease in rank to save my life for a third time.

MARGARET JAMES: Now you kill for him, you kill for Berdett.

JOHN SMITH: The first 2 were criminals, it wasn't hard. The third was different.

MARGARET JAMES: So this whole thing is because you couldn't pull the trigger. Wow I find that hard to believe.

JOHN SMITH: If Berdett can't find me he'll do the next best thing.

MARGARET JAMES: Your family? JOHN SMITH:

My Daughter, That's how William Berdett deals with his enemies. He'll use everything at his disposal to find me, stop me, kill me.

MARGARET JAMES: How long would it take you to get home?

# JOHN SMITH:

Without using trains, by passing border patrols, towns. Living on the land. My home is just outside of Medicine hat, it would take me 3 weeks to get there, if I made it at all.

# MARGARET JAMES:

So what do you want to do. Do you have a plan?

# JOHN BERDETT:

I have a friend who can get a message home for me. But besides that I have no idea how to get home.

### MARGARET JAMES:

I know some people involved in the underground railroad. They might be able to get you home.

## JOHN SMITH:

Thank you Margaret. I'm going to try to get a message home and I'll meet up with you . Where are your friends?

## MARGARET JAMES:

They work out of the basement of the library back in Rio Bravo, if you want to contact the underground railroad go to the front desk and ask for a book called the ten commandments.

JOHN SMITH: I don't get it. MARGARET JAMES: Moses leading the Jews out of Egypt. Didn't you go to Sunday school Mr. Smith?

JOHN says nothing.

MARGARET JAMES: Alright dumb question, Good luck John, I'll see you soon.

JOHN SMITH rides off quickly to the farm of ALEJANDRO JUAREZ. From far off a plume off smoke can be seen billowing over the plains. SMITHS face turns white as he realizes the source of the flames. SMITH digs his spurs into horse and races across the horse path.

As he rides over the final ridge the sight of ALEJANDRO'S burning farm comes into view.

John bears down on the fire but its too late. JOHN jumps from his horse and runs to the smoldering home of his friend. As he peers through the door frame his expression tells all.

John heads towards the old tool shed on the back of the property, it's also in flames.

Dead mercenaries are scattered all over ALEJANDRO"S property.

JOHN throws his duster coat over his face and heads into the flames. Out from the flames JOHN appears with his black case, it's partially on fire. John drops the massive case to the ground. His left hand is burned badly, John removes his canteen and pours it onto the wound.

In the distance a hand is raised, JOHN quickly turns drawing his pistol, he finds ALEJANDRO lying gravely injured. JOHN runs over to his friends side.

JOHN SMITH: What happened?

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: English Bob and a posse of men.

JOHN SMITH: What did you tell them?

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Nothing, I got a message to a friend of mine in Calgary, he'll (MORE)

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ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: (cont'd) hide your family but Berdett will find them.

JOHN BERDETT: Thank you my friend.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: Marie, where's Marie?

JOHN BERDETT: I'm sorry. Hold on I'm going to get you out of here.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: I'm gone John, I've got nothing, there's nothing.

JOHN pulls out one his pistols and slides it into ALEJANDRO'S hand.

The camera moves in on the grip of the pistol and the initials "AJ" can be seen as ALEJANDRO grabs a hold.

ALEJANDRO looks down to see his trusty pistol and smiles.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: It's been a long time my old friend.

ALEJANDRO's eyes focus on his feet.

A tear comes to ALEJANDRO's eyes.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: My mother always told me I would die in my boots.

JOHN quickly moves down and removes ALEJANDRO's boots.

JOHN returns to ALEJANDRO's side, the large mexican looks up and smiles.

ALEJANDRO JUAREZ: I'll see you in hell JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH: Save me a seat. MARGARET JAMES is in the middle of a poker game, she's surrounded by 6 tough looking men. One man JUAN MARQUEZ is smoking a cigarette and staring at MARGARET.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Listen you little bitch. You came all the way down here to lose everything you have to me. I raise, \$1000.

MARGARET JAMES: I don't have that.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Well if you can't pay you can't play.

MARGARET JAMES: I've got the money just not here. Come on Juan you know I'm good for it.

JUAN smiles

JUAN MARQUEZ: Ok bitch, lets see what you have.

MARGARET turns over a full house, queens over jacks. Margaret smiles as JUAN turns over his cards, four of a kind kings.

MARGARET'S jaw drops.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Now we will see if you really are "good for it"

MARGARET JAMES: I can't, I don't have it.

MARGARET stands up, JUAN steps up as well.

JUAN MARQUEZ: I haven't killed a women, .. for a long time. But don't think I won't Margaret.

JUAN aims his pistol.

MARGARET JAMES: Don't aim that fucking thing at me JUAN. Look I can't pay you right now.

JUAN MARQUEZ: There are other ways to pay debt's besides money.

JUAN grabs MARGARET by the throat.

JOHN SMITH:

Let her go.

JOHN SMITH is standing in the doorway. JUAN turns and aims his pistol at JOHN.

MARGARET JAMES: Meet my new friend.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Well hello friend

JOHN stares down JUAN and his pistol and slowly starts to approach him.

A puzzled look comes across JOHN's face as he closes in on JUAN.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Not one step closer Gringo, I kill you no problem.

John steps up and grabs JUAN's arm, he reaches inside JUAN'S sleeve and removes a King.

JUAN MARQUEZ: How'd that get there.

JOHN grabs JUAN"s pistol and turns it on his owner.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Ain't no harm

JUAN lets MARGARET go and smiles at JOHN. JOHN looks to MARGARET, she shakes her head as if to say, don't kill him. JOHN holsters his pistol and throws Juan's pistol outside.

JUAN heads out the door, he grabs his pistol and saddles his horse.

Before heading off he pauses for a moment, as if to get an idea. He quickly turns his horse and heads off.

Inside JOHN and MARGARET take a moment, then head to the library. Inside they head to the front desk. A heavy set woman is sitting behind the counter.

WOMAN: What can I help y'all with.

MARGARET JAMES: I'm looking for the ten Commandments.

WOMAN:

Excuse me?

JOHN SMITH: The Ten commandments.

WOMAN: But y'all are white?

Inside JOHN and MARGARET are brought downstairs, many free slaves are cowering underneath the floor boards. MARGARET and JOHN are the only white people in the basement and they feel very out of place. An old small man appears through the crowd and walks over to MARGARET.

MARGARET JAMES:

Leonard?

LEONARD PHILLIPS MARGARET! It's always a surprise to see you. (sarcastically)

MARGARET JAMES: Well this is a little different then the other times.

LEONARD PHILLIPS: I assume you have no place to go?

MARGARET JAMES:

No.

LEONARD PHILLIPS: Is someone after you?

MARGARET JAMES:

Yes

LEONARD PHILLIPS: What's different?

MARGARET JAMES: I want you to meet my friend John.

LEONARD PHILLIPS So this is your friend down stairs, but who are your friends upstairs.

JOHN quickly runs to the basement window and stares outside.

Cowboy boots can be heard walking on the wooden floor boards above.

Some of BERDETT'S men are waiting outside.

JOHN SMITH: Berdett's men.

LEONARD PHILLIPS Margaret if you didn't have someone after you, I'd be surprised.

MARGARET JAMES: Can you get us out of here?

LEONARD PHILLIPS We can use the cellar entrance out back.

LEONARD leads JOHN and MARGARET to the back of the library, there is a hidden exit in the rear of the building. JOHN and MARGARET sneak out the back of the library trying to stay out of sight.

The 2 quickly saddle a pair of horses as Leonard goes upstairs to meet with BERDETT'S men. ENGLISH BOB approaches LEONARD, his pistol is drawn.

> ENGLISH BOB: Old Leonard, still smuggling Niggers, Why would you ever smuggle something that ain't worth nothing.

LEONARD PHILLIPS What do you want BOB

ENGLISH BOB: I want that cunt Margaret, I can smell her whorish perfume.

LEONARD PHILLIPS I'm sorry Bob I haven't seen her in a very long time. I hope I never do again.

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2 goons runs inside approaching ENGLISH BOB.

GOON 1: It's Smith, he's escaping out the back.

ENGLISH BOB: Well go after him you idiots.

BOB waits for a moment as his men head outside.

He looks over to LEONARD.

ENGLISH BOB: Parting is such sweet sorrow.

HE fires a single round killing LEONARD instantly.

MARGARET turns around with a look of terror on her face.

MARGARET JAMES: No!!!! You fucking BASTARD

BOB and his gang saddle up and take off after JOHN and MARGARET.

MARGARET is in pain, she checks under her dress and her leg wound is bleeding again. She is unable to keep up the pace and the goons are gaining on her.

ENGLISH BOB and his men open fire on the duo as they close in. In the distance a train is emerging from a far valley.

JOHN points towards the train.

JOHN SMITH: If we can get in front of the train we might be able to get out of here.

The duo take off towards the train, with BOB and the gang in close pursuit.

JOHN turns and takes a single bullet to his side. He falls off his horse but his foot caught in the stirrup. His horse continues on with JOHN dragging behind.

The posse surround MARGARET, and one of the goons moves in and shoves her to the ground.

BOB and his goons gather around MARGARET, her pistol is drawn as ENGLISH BOB jumps off his horse.

45.

ENGLISH BOB: There's 10 of us Maggie, you've got 6 shots, you see how you die, scumbag?

MARGARET cocks back the hammer

MARGARET JAMES: If I kill anyone it's going to be you BOB. I"d gladly take the trip to hell if I was dragging you with me.

ENGLISH BOB pulls out a large double barreled shotgun and aims it at MARGARET's groin.

ENGLISH BOB: I've never shot a cunt, in the cunt.

MARGARET lets go of the hammer and drops the pistol to the ground.

BOB steps in and hits MARGARET over the head with the butt of his rifle, knocking her out.

EXT. WESTERN PLAINS - DAWN

The next morning a large stage coach is seen tearing through the open plain. Inside the stage is the old JUDGE, ROY BEAN.

He's sweating profusely in the hot summer sun.

Sitting across from him is Buck Davis and English BOB.

BUCK DAVIS: My lord it's a hot one today your honor.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: I loathe the summer son my boy, it cooks me like a pot roast.

The old judge pants heavily as he begins to fan himself with a newspaper.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: I adore spring with it's innocence a season of rebirth, Fall, with her yellow harvest moon and the hills growin' golden brown under a sinkin' sun. And finally Winter, (MORE)

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JUDGE ROY BEAN: (cont'd) with its biting', whinin' wind, and all the land will be mantled with snow.

BUCK DAVIS: You really don't see to much of any of that in Texas sir.

The judge looks out to the scorched dessert land.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: I do believe if I owned Texas and Hell I'd rent out Texas and live in hell.

DAVIS laughs out loud

ENGLISH BOB remains silent as his attention turns to the dusty plain. His eye's catch a group of buzzards in the distance, circling their prey.

ENGLISH BOB leans out the window to speak with the driver.

BUCK DAVIS: Hey Muchacho hold up for a moment.

The stage comes to quick stop.

DAVIS jumps out and heads towards the buzzards.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: What, my boy, is the meaning of this?

ENGLISH BOB: It's just my experience sir, you can always find something under a flock of vultures. They see the world a hell of a lot better then you or I.

BOB runs up over a small ridge and finds JOHN"s dead horse.

JUDGE BEAN slowly makes his way over the hill to see the horse.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: All this for a dead horse, my boy your wasting my time?

DAVIS looks down to the ground and finds a blood trail.

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# BUCK DAVIS:

Maybe not

DAVIS and BOB take off leaving the confused Judge.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Now what the hell are you doing?

The two dissapear for a moment into a patch of brush.

Both emerge a moment later with JOHN thrown over BUCK's shoulder.

BUCK DAVIS: Looks like we just found John Smith, and the reward for his ass dead is 1000\$. Thank you Texas, you've always treated me good.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Now my boy's it is my coach, so how about we split that bounty.

ENGLISH BOB: Ha ha BERDETT told me to watch you Mr. Bean.

BUCK DAVIS: He's as crooked as me.

BUCK heads over to the stage and throws JOHN inside.

JOHN's head hits the floor and his lifeless body lets out a small moan.

Davis quickly draws his pistol but the judge grabs his hand.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: You may be crooked but you're not very smart, he's worth 2000\$ alive.

BUCK smiles as the 3 business partners climb inside the stage and take off.

INT. WILLIAM BERDETT'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

MARGARET is tied down on BERDETT's couch. BERDETT steps into the room and stares down MARGARET.

MARGARET JAMES: Fuck you William, you piece of trash. WILLIAM BERDETT: Pour you a drink?

MARGARET JAMES: Kiss my ass.

WILLIAM BERDETT: In time Margaret, I'm married you know.

BERDETT pours a couple of drinks and walks over to MARGARET.

WILLIAM takes a drink and moves in to examine MARGARET's leg. It's bleeding badly, BERDETT moves in to give the glass to MARGARET but instead pours it on the wound.

MARGARET screams.

WILLIAM BERDETT: So how do you know JOHN?

MARGARET JAMES: How do you think I get to know people Bill? I'm a whore.

WILLIAM slaps MARGARET in the face and grabs a hold of her bleeding leg.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Don't test me, I've killed women younger and sexier then you.

MARGARET JAMES: He needed me to help him get safely across the border.

WILLIAM BERDETT: JOHN should know that I don't want him dead.

MARGARET JAMES: Really you could have fooled me.

WILLIAM BERDETT: John was always my most dangerous weapon. 10 guns for the price of 1.

MARGARET JAMES: Look this whole thing really doesn't have anything to do with me.

BERDETT slowly moves around his den drinking his whiskey.

WILLIAM BERDETT: I think my boy had a sweet spot for you Margaret.

MARGARET JAMES: Your son was a piece of shit.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Like father like son.

BERDETT forces himself on MARGARET, tearing her dress while trying to kiss her. MARGARET bites BERDETT's face, causing his lip to bleed. BERDETT stands back and slaps MARGARET in the face. WILLIAM draws his cavalry pistol on her and smiles.

Suddenly ENGLISH BOB barges through the front door but instantly regrets not knocking.

ENGLISH BOB: Oh sorry Boss.

WILLIAM BERDETT: What is it?

ENGLISH BOB: We found Smith, We got him strung up in Beans' Saloon.

BERDETT rises to his feet while, MARGARET is heart broken to hear this.

ENGLISH BOB: He's hurt pretty bad, we might not even get a chance to hang him.

BOB walks out with a smile on his face.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well on your feet.

BERDETT pulls MARGARET up.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Put on your best sunday dress Maggie, we're gonna have ourselves a necktie party. JOHN is tied up and in bad condition. A gang has gathered inside the Saloon and a noose has been hung from the roof.

Down the street at the town jail, BARRETT FOSTER notices the commotion. He turns to his young deputy. MARGARET has been thrown over the back of ENGLISH BOB.

BARRETT FOSTER: Now what's happening?

DEPUTY: I ain't got the slightest idea.

WILLIAM BERDETT with a small group of men ride into town and right towards the saloon.

BARRETT FOSTER: Jesus now what has that girl got herself into.

FOSTER takes a moment then grabs a rifle and takes off towards the saloon..

BARRETT FOSTER: Alright you just stay behind me.

DEPUTY: What are you going to do sir?

BARRETT FOSTER: We're both about to find out.

FOSTER steps inside the bar and notices the situation.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Now today we have 2 felons convicted of multiples crimes. First the heartless bandit John Smith, and his treacherous side kick, the lovely Margaret James.

FOSTER grips his shotgun and steps forward.

BARRETT FOSTER: Now I don't mean to ruin the party!

Everyone turns their attention to the veteran Lawman. ENGLISH BOB reaches for his pistol but BERDETT stops him. BARRETT FOSTER: It seems to me your looking to hang these 2, now I have no problem with you hanging the hombre. But we don't hang women in this town.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Now Marshall this little one ain't no regular lady.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well Roy you wouldn't know a woman if one sat on your head.

BOB heads over to MARGARET and grabs her by the arm. BUCK DAVIS steps forward with his hand on his pistol. FOSTER turns to BERDETT.

> BARRETT FOSTER: You better muzzle your dogs Bill, or I'll have to put them down.

BERDETT looks to DAVIS and shakes his head.

FOSTER smiles and heads out the door with Margaret.

MARGARET JAMES: Look you have to help John.

BARRETT FOSTER: I just walked into the wolfs den and came out with a chicken, now your asking me to do it again?

MARGARET JAMES: He didn't do anything, and those we're the guys who blew up my house.

BARRETT FOSTER: And if I don't watch myself they'll blow up mine.

The 3 approach the jail and FOSTER hands off MARGARET to his deputy.

BARRETT FOSTER: Alright you stay here and wait for me to come back.

FOSTER closes the jail door and back to the saloon. He slowly begins to head back to the jail.

(CONTINUED)

BARRETT FOSTER: (speaking to himself) What are you doing old man?

As Foster enters the Saloon the mock trial is almost over. JOHN is passed out as Judge Roy Bean begins to pass his sentence.

12 men are sitting across from the JUDGE. The verdict is passed down the line finally ending on ROY BEAN's desk.

BEAN picks up the verdict and reads it.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: You have been tried by twelve good men and true, not of your peers but as high above you as heaven is of hell, and they have said you are guilty.

The crowd cheers as JOHN is brought to his feet.

The posse grab a hold of John and take him out to the streets. They head to an old tree on the edge of town, it's old and barely alive, one branch has already been equipped with a noose.

As JOHN is brought to the noose, FOSTER watches as 2 men try to put the rope around his neck.

BARRETT FOSTER: Jesus Christ Judge that ain't no way to hang a man.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: What the hell do you care Foster?

BARRETT FOSTER: Well this man's a murderer, and I want a clean hanging like any man.

FOSTER steps up and grabs a black bag off one of the hangmen.

BARRETT FOSTER: First things first

FOSTER cracks JOHN in the jaw knocking him out instantly.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: What the hell was that for. BARRETT FOSTER: This way if his neck don't snap he won't be flailing around.

FOSTER throws the bag over JOHNS face, then ties the noose around his neck.

JOHN is then thrown on top of a horse and the rope is pulled tight.

BERDETT and BOB watch from the back of the crowd as FOSTER takes over.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: It's the order of this court that you be hanged by the neck til you're dead, dead, dead, you olive-colored son of a bitch.

BARRETT FOSTER: God have mercy on your soul.

FOSTER points his rifle in the air and fires a single shot, causing the horse to take off leaving JOHN hanging behind.

The crowd cheers for a moment as JOHN's body remains limp.

Back in the jail the young deputy watches from a window, he shakes his head in disbelief. MARGARET sits in a jail cell with no idea what's happening.

MARGARET JAMES: What's going on?

DEPUTY: Uh, the Marshall has it under control.

The crowd still watches as FOSTER fires another round into the air.

BARRETT FOSTER: Alright boy's shows over.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: May I have your attention, for the next 10 mins all drinks are half off.

The Judge turns to MARSHALL FOSTER

JUDGE ROY BEAN: ..and for you Marshall, it's on the house.

BARRETT FOSTER: I might just take you up on that, would someone call that damn undertaker, I don't want this bastard stinking up my streets.

FOSTER heads off with the crowd towards the saloon as JOHN's lifeless body hangs in the background.

Inside the bar Judge Roy Bean pours FOSTER a drink as BERDETT and the rest of his gang head to their horses.

As the posse heads out of town MARSHALL watches and downs his shot.

Outside the Native undertaker moves towards John's body.

FOSTER looks out the window and heads for the exit.

BARRETT FOSTER: I'm gonna help that midget bastard get that dead fool down, you boys stay out of trouble now.

Foster slowly walks across the street. The small Indian man is unable to cut down JOHN because of his height. Foster aims his rifle and cuts the rope with one shot. John lifeless body falls to the ground as the Indian man jumps in the air with fear.

FOSTER looks around to see if anyone's watching, then drags JOHN behind the undertakers wagon. He removes the bag over JOHN's head and then grabs John's legs, slowly elevating them.

FOSTER slowly shakes JOHN 's legs then lays them back on the ground.

FOSTER then moves over top of SMITH and pounds his fist into JOHN's chest.

Nothing happens

FOSTER tries again still nothing.

FOSTER claps his hands together and tries one final time.

JOHN's eyes pop open as he takes a huge deep breath.

### CONTINUED:

He looks up to see Foster and quickly tries to choke the old man. FOSTER quickly slugs JOHN in the face knocking him unconscious again.

FOSTER then throws him in the back of the wagon and begins to lead the Indian man towards the back of his Jail.

INT. TOWN JAIL

The young deputy has no idea JOHN is alive. He's also very confused by the actions of BARRETT FOSTER.

MARGARET is beside herself, still with no idea of what just happened.

A KNOCK comes from the back door, the young deputy quickly turns and draws his pistol.

DEPUTY: Who is it?

BARRETT FOSTER: It's Foster

The young deputy quickly runs to the back and opens the door. FOSTER steps inside with JOHN"S unconscious body thrown over his shoulder.

MARGARET JAMES: God dammit MARSHALL is he ok?

BARRETT FOSTER: Yes, I think so

FOSTER takes JOHN and lays him out on a table.

The young deputy quickly runs to FOSTER's side and whispers in his ear.

DEPUTY: Look Marshall I saw what you did, and that girl is going to find out sooner or later that boy ain't alive.

ON FOSTER's desk John slowly gets up as the young deputy is speaking. When he's done speaking the deputy looks over to JOHN. He is terrified thinking he see's a ghost and tries to draw his gun. FOSTER grabs the young deputies hand. BARRETT FOSTER: It's OK son

MARGARET JAMES: Oh thank god

JOHN looks around trying to get his bearings, he rubs his head. He tries to speak but his voice box is damaged.

JOHN SMITH: cough...cough ...argh

BARRETT FOSTER: Don't try to speak.

The young deputy puts away his pistol.

DEPUTY: Would someone tell me what's going on.

FOSTER moves over to JOHN and begins to tend to his gunshot. JOHN roles over onto his stomach as BARRETT takes off his coat.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well there are many ways to hang a man.

MARGARET JAMES: You hung him.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well there was nothing else I could do.

DEPUTY: Please Marshall would you tell me what's going on.

BARRETT FOSTER: You see there are many ways to hand a man.

As FOSTER begins to tell his story we flash back to his past.

BARRETT FOSTER: Now Judge Bean, he was caught sleeping with the wife of the governor of New Mexico.

The young judge is brought before a large crowd.

# BARRETT FOSTER:

I hung him with the noose off his left ear, that's why the old man can't turn his head. (Foster points to JOHN) With you I hung the rope out the back. If you want to strangle a man to death that's the way to do it.

DEPUTY: But I was watching, he was hanging there for 5 minutes at least.

FOSTER uses a pair of pliers to remove the bullet from John's shoulder.

BARRETT FOSTER: When I was a young man my sister fell through a patch of ice. Shit she must have been under the ice for 10 mins before we got her out. Somehow she was still alive. Anyways I was praying a rope and ice had a similar effect.

JOHN SMITH: That's quite the wager with someone's life, but I guess I was all in no matter what.

MARGARET JAMES: What are we going to do now?

JOHN SMITH: Well if you don't mind I'm gonna pass out.

FOSTER finishes stitching up JOHNs shoulder.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well we're going to have to sneak this one out to the Cemetery. (pointing to John)

BARRETT FOSTER: He'll have to hide out there until we can move him.

MARGARET JAMES: And what about me? BARRETT FOSTER: We can keep you safe here, that cell right now is the best place for you.

INT. WILLIAM BERDETT'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

BERDETT roles a large cigar as he peers out the window

ENGLISH BOB: Is everything alright Boss?

WILLIAM BERDETT: Something about that whole scene rubs me the wrong way.

ENGLISH BOB: Unless Foster's some kind of Magic man John Smith is dead.

BERDETT moves over to his personal bar and pours himself a drink.

WILLIAM BERDETT: That's what I'm worried about. I've seen John pull bigger Rabbits out of smaller hats.

BERDETT pauses to think.

WILLIAM BERDETT: After dark I want you to head out to the Cemetery, If John Smith is dead I want his head on my hunting wall.

BUCK DAVIS: And what about that whore of his?

WILLIAM BERDETT: I'm glad you're paying attention.

BERDETT walks over to a window and stares outside.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Now moving in on that jail and trying to take her by force is suicide. Foster is one hell of a animal especially if he's cornered. Now my pappy always told me, never corner anything meaner then you. BUCK DAVIS: Leave him to me, Sir.

WILLIAM BERDETT: No Buck we'll wait till he heads home to that little family of his. He'll never expect me to make another play on that little whore.

ENGLISH BOB: The 2 men you hired will arrive tonight.

BERDETT smiles

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well that sounds like as good of a time as any.

BERDETT drops his cigar into his drink causing it to momentarily light on fire. He looks out his window and smiles.

EXT. TOWN JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

FOSTER and the young deputy move a large coffin into a carriage at the back of the jail.

The young deputy climbs up and heads off.

FOSTER waves and heads back inside.

The coffin slowly opens and JOHN peers out, nobody is following so he lays back down inside.

EXT. MAIN STREET - EARLY EVENING

ENGLISH BOB leads a posse into town, Buck Davis at his side. The 2 men nod to each other and Davis heads off towards the train station.

ENGLISH BOB heads into the town's saloon and waits.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY EVENING

A large train pulls up to the station. Many passengers start to pile out of the passenger cars as the engineers begin filling the trains boilers with water.

At the rear of the train a door of one of the cars swings open.

Two riders slowly disembark the train on matching black stallions.

Both men are wearing black from head to toe.

One of the man is Caucasian with a long beard and a scar across his face. The other is an Indian, his hat adorned with ceremonial feathers.

BUCK and his men pull up to the train station, the 2 gunmen join together with the posse and head out towards the cemetery.

EXT. ROY BEAN'S SALOON - LATE EVENING

ENGLISH BOB walks out and peers down the street at the jail. He sips at a whiskey as BARRETT FOSTER steps outside.

FOSTER looks out at the street and pauses for a moment.

2 young deputies ride up to the jail and begin to speak to the MARSHALL. They hop off their horses and step onto the porch of the jail.

The MARSHALL heads to his horse and climbs up. He slowly rides down the street and heads towards home. As FOSTER passes the saloon, BOB lowers his head to remain unseen.

As FOSTER heads off, BOB slowly saunters towards the jail.

EXT. CEMETERY - MID NIGHT

JOHN and the young deputy are almost finished burying the empty casket. JOHN stands up and stretches his back.

JOHN SMITH: Hey son, you have anything to drink?

DEPUTY: No sir but there's a small stream down at the bottom of that little gully.

JOHN heads down to the stream and throws some water on his face. He dips his head under water and lets out a sigh.

The young deputy finishes covering the plot and looks to the horizon. The sound of horses can be heard through the valley as the young deputy moves to his mount.

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BUCK DAVIS and the 2 hired gunmen slowly ride up to the entrance of the cemetery.

The young deputy looks to the stream then slowly steers his carriage towards home.

BUCK smiles to the young deputy as he heads down the narrow horse path.

Meanwhile JOHN begins to head back towards the cemetery. As he arrives to the top of the hill JOHN can see the posse trying to dig up the fresh grave.

JOHN dives for cover and begins to listen in on the posse as they dig up the grave.

> BUCK DAVIS: Shit boy's I'd rather be in town blowing a hole in that damn jail.

RANDOM GOON. Why are we out here anyways. I saw that bastard hang, no way he ain't dead.

BUCK DAVIS: Besides my obvious hatred for that jail, I'd do anything to pluck that little flower MARGARET JAMES.

The sound of shovels on wood bring smiles to the faces of BUCK and his men.

BUCK jumps down and clears the remaining dirt off the coffin.

BUCK DAVIS: Everyone may I introduce the great John Smith

BUCK opens the lid and the posse stare back at him shocked.

Buck looks inside.

BUCK DAVIS: Aww son of a bitch.

The 2 hired gunmen quickly draw their weapons and check their surroundings.

BUCK climbs on his horse and begins to look around.

BUCK DAVIS: (shouting) There's nowhere to hide JOHN, I swear I won't rest until I've buried your ass!

The posse quickly tear out of the cemetery and head towards town.

INT. TOWN JAIL - LATE EVENING

Inside the jail, the 2 young deputies lock themselves in and break out their dinners.

MARGARET is pacing around her cell.

YOUNG DEPUTY: Are you hungry MARGARET?

MARGARET JAMES: Are you kidding? I haven't eaten in 2 days.

The young deputy spoons MARGARET a plate of food and passes it through the bars.

YOUNG DEPUTY: I'd be careful with those Tamales they can get pretty spicy.

AS the deputy leans back and digs in, a massive explosion tears through the side of the jail. The 2 deputies are shocked and unable to defend themselves as BOB and his men enter the jail.

BOB quickly shoots the young men dead.

MARGARET JAMES: All this for little old me.

ENGLISH BOB: Don't flatter yourself, if I was running the show I'd have burnt this jail to the ground.

His men open the jail and take MARGARET outside. The posse saddle up and take off down the street.

EXT. TOWN JAIL - DAWN

BARRETT FOSTER looks over the bodies of his 2 dead deputies. The bodies are lying in matching coffins and the young remaining deputy moves in to nail them shut.

> DEPUTY: Nobody saw it happen, and there's no sign of the girl.

BARRETT FOSTER: and what about smith?

DEPUTY: I had to leave him at the cemetery sir, but I'm sure by now BERDETT knows that we pulled the wool over his eyes.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well they sure pulled something over ours.

FOSTER closes the final casket.

EXT. WILLIAM BERDETT'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A large Buffalo head is tossed out WILLIAM BERDETT's den window.

BERDETT steps forward

WILLIAM BERDETT: I don't care how he did it, I want his head! I want his fucking head!

ENGLISH BOB: Well we can use the girl.

WILLIAM BERDETT: She's mine! You go out there and do what your paid to do.

ENGLISH BOB turns and heads towards the door.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Oh and Bob would you send my little bitch in here?

BERDETT walks over to his bar and pours himself a drink.

MARGARET is escorted in by BOB, he sits her down on the couch.

MARGARET JAMES: Drinking at 10 am, something wrong Bill?

BERDETT turns MARGARET and tosses his drink in her face, burning her eyes. MARGARET screams as BERDETT moves in and grabs her.

> WILLIAM BERDETT: Did I ever tell you about how I met my wife?

BERDETT looks out the door and and his wife is sitting quietly at the end of the hall.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Her father had died in the war, he died because I killed him, ha ha.

BERDETT lights a cigarette

WILLIAM BERDETT: She was only 15 when Jesse was born. Me I was closer to 40. But there was no way she was going to refuse my charms, cause if she did I'd have shot her, like I shot her mother.

MARGARET JAMES: Your Damned William Berdett

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well maybe we should spend eternity together.

BERDETT leans in to kiss MARGARET who tries her best to resist.

MARGARET claws at BERDETT's face, WILLIAM responds with a savage left hook.

In the background WILLIAM BERDETT'S horse barn goes up in flames.

BERDETT runs out to his balcony and watches the massive fireball as it fills the crimson sky.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Smith, only Smith.

ENGLISH BOB appears from the lower level of the house and looks up to BERDETT.

ENGLISH BOB: What the hell is going on?

WILLIAM BERDETT: Smith, and he has to be close.

The 2 assassing saddle their horses and take off to search the property with ENGLISH BOB right behind them.

BERDETT ties MARGARET to a hanging support beam, then quickly heads outside to saddle his horse.

From behind BERDETT's den door JOHN appears with his pistol drawn.

MARGARET JAMES: Jesus, what took you so long?

JOHN cuts MARGARET down and throws her over his shoulder.

MARGARET looks to the hole in JOHN's jacket.

MARGARET JAMES: John are you OK?

JOHN SMITH: Well you know what they say, whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

MARGARET JAMES: OK your the strongest man on the planet then.

MARGARET pushes off and lands on her feet.

MARGARET JAMES: I can walk, so whats the plan tough guy?

JOHN SMITH: Well to be honest the plan part is all over. I blew up the barn and now I'm here.

A goon walks into BERDETT'S office not knowing his boss has left.

GOON 2: Boss it looks like someone snuck in the.. aw shit.

SMITH guns him down.

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JOHN SMITH: Alright follow me, quickly.

MARGARET JAMES I'm not going with you to get shot.

JOHN grabs MARGARET by the wrist and heads out into the hallway.

JOHN SMITH: I still might have a trick or 2 up my sleeve, this way.

The gunshot has alerted Berdett and the rest of his posse, as they turn back towards the ranch BERDETT"S personal carriage comes barreling out from the flaming horse barn. JOHN is behind the reigns and MARGARET is sitting inside the carriage.

JOHN and MARGARET have a considerable lead but the carriage cannot outrun the closing posse.

MARGARET JAMES This is about to be the shortest chase in history.

In the distance the road splits, with one path going left and another going right. JOHN see's this and smiles.

> JOHN SMITH: MARGARET get out here.

MARGARET climbs out the window and onto the top of the carriage.

JOHN pulls MARGARET next to him as bullets begin to pour down on them.

JOHN SMITH: Do you know how to drive one of these.

MARGARET JAMES

No

John hands over the reigns

JOHN BERDETT: Well you'll have to learn fast, here's that plan you were waiting for.

Behind them WILLIAM BERDETT is leading the posse. He turns to the rest of his men.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM BERDETT: I want the girl alive , Smith is a different story.

On the wagon JOHN takes a look back at WILLIAM and his pursuers.

JOHN SMITH: Alright, wish me luck.

JOHN hands over the reins and leaps to one of the six horses pulling the giant carriage. John unties the straps connecting the horse and takes off on his own.

As they approach the turn off JOHN heads left while MARGARET turns right.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Stay on Smith, he's not getting away again.

The posse focus their pursuit on JOHN while MARGARET takes off to safety.

JOHN looks back to see the dozen men on his tail, bullets whiz by as he tries to stay far enough ahead.

JOHN SMITH: Come on baby, come on baby (to his horse)

Ahead of John is a large wooden bridge, the bridge spans more then 500 feet over the fast moving river underneath.

As the posse approach the bridge JOHN can be seen on the other side.

His hands raised in surrender.

JOHN SMITH: Don't shoot William I don't want to die here.

WILLIAM BERDETT: You made your choice John how many times can I give you second chances.

WILLIAM aims his Winchester rifle at JOHN.

JOHN smiles back in return.

WILLIAM pauses for a moment a his attention turns to a hissing noise at his feet.

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WILLIAM's eye catches a lit fuse AS IT disappear beneath the bridge.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Get off the ....

With that the bridge explodes underneath the posse, hurdling them into the river below.

JOHN'S horse rears up after being spooked by the explosion. JOHN waves his hat in the air as the posse are swept away.

EXT. FORREST CAMPSITE - MIDNIGHT

MARGARET has hidden the carriage well and is using it for shelter.

She removes a rifle from a side hatch on the carriage and sets out to find something to eat.

MARGARET takes position on a small ridge and watches the open plain for movement.

A shot rings out as birds take to the air.

MARGARET moves in on her kill; a large coyote. She throws the body over her shoulder and heads back to camp.

She prepares a fire and begins to cook her meat.

The sudden sound of a twig snapping startles Margaret, she grabs her rifle and aims into the darkness.

MARGARET JAMES:

Hello?

Another sound grabs her attention.

MARGARET JAMES: OK asshole, show's over.

Margaret is startled by the sound of a pistol being cocked behind her.

VOICE 1:

Freeze

MARGARET sneers as she drops her rifle and raises her hands.

MARGARET JAMES: Am I damned or something?

MARGARET turns to see JOHN

JOHN SMITH: Not this time.

EXT. FORREST CAMPSITE - LATE NIGHT

MARGARET and JOHN are enjoying a warm meal, the sky is clear and the stars and moon are lighting the whole valley. In the distance the sound of coyotes and wolves howling can be heard.

MARGARET turns to look at JOHN.

She can see the scar around his neck, JOHN's collar is popped so as to not draw attention to it.

MARGARET moves close to JOHN and pulls down his collar to get a better look.

JOHN SMITH: I'll never be able to hide this as long as I live.

MARGARET JAMES: It's not so bad.

MARGARET removes her red scarf and wraps it around JOHN's neck.

MARGARET JAMES: Scars are just tattoos with better stories.

JOHN smiles.

MARGARET JAMES: You know you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble by doing that third job.

JOHN SMITH: It was wrong, Berdett was taking revenge. Foster killed his son.

MARGARET JAMES: Foster, the goddamn Marshall, your doing all this for the goddamn Marshall?

JOHN SMITH: Not the Marshall, his 6 year old daughter.

### MARGARET JAMES

Why?

JOHN SMITH: That's how Berdett deals with his enemies, through there families.

JOHN closes his eyes, he flashes back to a massacre he committed with WILLIAM BERDETT during the civil war. The 2 men shooting dozens of helpless confederate soldiers.

MARGARET JAMES: We can't just go back to Leonard, Berdett will have that placed covered. We'll have to wait.

MARGARET stands up and steps inside the wagon.

MARGARET JAMES: I'm gonna get some sleep, you can think of something to do in the mean time.

Inside the carriage MARGARET is settling in. She draws the blinds and lay's down.

MARGARET JAMES: Don't think you can just mosey on in here Mr. Smith I'm not that kind of woman....anymore.....

MARGARET pauses for a moment as she waits for a response.

MARGARET JAMES: John...John?

MARGARET opens the blinds to look outside. John is nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly the carriage takes off with JOHN behind the reins.

MARGARET JAMES: What is it John? Marshall?

JOHN SMITH:

Gunmen!!!

As the carriage hits the open road the 2 trained GUNMAN can be seen barreling up the road.

MARGARET JAMES: Your a goddamn bullet magnet John Smith.
JOHN SMITH: Maggie, shoot the horses!

MARGARET JAMES: With what? My good looks?

JOHN reaches over and tries to pass MARGARET one of his pistols.

MARGARET reaches out of the carriage to grab the gun but a sudden volley of bullets causes her to drop the cavalry pistol.

## JOHN SMITH:

Oh come on.

MARGARET JAMES: Well pass me your other one.

JOHN SMITH: Sorry Maggie I'd rather you die then risk the other one.

The INDIAN GUNMAN rides up next to JOHN and starts firing.

JOHN quickly lays down as the carriage is shot up around him. Behind the carriage the WHITE GUNMAN approaches on his horse, he removes 2 pistols and starts firing into the back of the carriage MARGARET screams as the back of the carriage is riddled with gunfire shattering the rear window.

THE WHITE GUNMANS pistols run out of ammo, MARGARET peeks out of the shot up window.

MARGARET JAMES:

My turn

MARGARET moves to a large chest hanging off the back of the carriage. She removes the safety straps and the chest falls to the ground. The white GUNMAN's horse suddenly rears up tossing him to the ground.

JOHN leans up and aims his pistol at the Indian.

He opens fire on the man.

The Indian leans off the side of his horse using it as cover. JOHN's bullet's whiz by as the Indian dangles precariously from his horse.

John runs out of bullets and the INDIAN climbs back up.

72.

The INDIAN steers his horse next to the carriage and leaps aboard. Using both hands the gunman hangs from the side of the speeding carriage.

MARGARET opens the closed blind to see the INDIAN hanging.

MARGARET wraps her hand with cloth and punches the INDIAN through the window, causing him to tumble to the ground.

MARGARET climbs up and sits shotgun next to JOHN.

MARGARET JAMES: Remind me again why I brought you along for? (SARCASTICALLY)

MARGARET looks at JOHN who isn't impressed.

MARGARET JAMES: What's your problem? I just got both of them, not bad for a girl.

JOHN BERDETT:

My gun

MARGARET JAMES: About that.

JOHN BERDETT:

Ya

MARGARET JAMES: I'll get you another one

JOHN BERDETT: They don't make them anymore.

In the distance the INDIAN comes to his feet and dusts himself off. He whistles and his horse rides next to him.

The white GUNMAN approaches the INDIAN

INDIAN GUNMAN: It would be easier if we didn't have to worry about killing the woman.

WHITE GUNMAN: I agree, I've got something for you.

THE WHITE GUNMAN tosses JOHN"S cavalry pistol to the INDIAN. THE INDIAN smiles and holsters the pistol.

The sound of riders can be heard approaching in the distance. THE WHITE GUNMAN checks over his shoulder to see who's approaching. THE INDIAN waits for a signal.

THE WHITE GUNMAN cocks his pistol.

The INDIAN smirks and puts his hand on the cavalry pistol.

The young deputy appears on the horizon riding in the direction of the 2 gunman.

DEPUTY: I heard shooting. What happened?

INDIAN GUNMAN:

We happened.

The 2 GUNMEN open fire on the deputy, hitting him multiple times and sending him to the ground. The young deputy lies badly injured on the ground as the INDIAN GUNMAN approaches. He aims JOHN"S cavalry pistol at the remaining young deputy.

THE GUNMAN begins firing and doesn't stop until he's out of bullet's.

EXT. MARSHALL'S RANCH - DAWN

MARSHALL FOSTER is out in his corral with his young daughter SARAH.

FOSTER is watching his daughter ride a small pony. SARA is riding side saddle.

BARRETT FOSTER: Are you having fun sweetie?

SARAH FOSTER:

No

BARRETT FOSTER: What's wrong? You don't like your pony?

SARAH FOSTER: I like my pony, I just want to ride him like you.

BARRETT smiles and checks around for his wife.

BARRETT FOSTER: Alright just don't tell your mother. SARAH smiles and throws her leg over the saddle.

SARAH FOSTER: Watch me daddy! Watch me!

SARAH starts riding her pony a lot faster.

BARRETT FOSTER: That's my girl.

In the distance one of the MARSHAL'S deputies approaches on horseback.

BARRETT FOSTER see's this and slows his daughter's horse. He pulls down his young daughter as the Deputy nears.

BARRETT FOSTER: Head inside for a minute sweet heart.

SARAH runs inside with a sad look on her face.

DEPUTY: We've lost a man MARSHALL, DONALDS.

BARRETT FOSTER:

When?

DEPUTY: Last night, I dug 4 of these out of DONALDS head.

The DEPUTY drops the bullets into the MARSHALS hands.

BARRETT FOSTER: Black powder rounds.

DEPUTY: Like in a confederate pistol.

BARRETT FOSTER: Smith was packing 2 confederate pistol's.

DEPUTY: What do you want me to do?

BARRETT FOSTER: Nothing, I'll do it.

The MARSHALL runs to the entrance of his house, his young daughter is standing there waiting for him.

BARRETT FOSTER: Daddy's got to go to work.

SARAH FOSTER: Are you going to take me riding tonight? You promised

BARRETT FOSTER: And I will never break a promise to you, give me a kiss.

SARAH give her father a little kiss.

BARRETT FOSTER:

I love you.

SARAH FOSTER: I love you daddy.

The 2 lawmen take off as SARAH watches from the entrance, she is silhouetted by the glaring sunshine outside.

EXT. FORREST - MID DAY

MARGARET and JOHN untie and saddle 2 of the horses from the wagon, they also set the other horse loose.

MARGARET JAMES: So how do you think we get you to your family with those 2 killers on your trail?

JOHN SMITH: They won't follow, they're here to finish what I started.

MARGARET JAMES: Why hire professionals to kill one little girl?

JOHN SMITH: Foster's daughter must die in his arm....to show him Berdett's pain.

MARGARET JAMES: His family or yours? That's one hell of a fork in the road.

JOHN SMITH: People die, children die, and there's no way around it. MARGARET looks up the sky, the sun slowly peaks out from behind a cloud lighting up the whole area.

She turns to JOHN.

MARGARET JAMES: I've spent a lot of nights awake, thinking about that one good deed, that one deed that's going to wipe out all the shit I've done in my life. You ever feel like that?

JOHN says nothing in return.

MARGARET JAMES: So you didn't want to shoot kid, welcome to the human race. But standing aside is no different from pulling the trigger.

MARGARET climbs onto her horse and gives John one last look.

MARGARET JAMES: Well it was nice knowing you Mr. Smith.

JOHN lowers his head as MARGARET slowly rides away.

JOHN SMITH: I'll need guns.

INT. JUAN MARQUEZ'S HIDEOUT - SUNSET

JUAN MARQUEZ and some other questionable characters are gathered around watching a cock fight.

JUAN watches closely and roars in happiness as a large red headed Rooster wins the fight.

JUAN MARQUEZ: I told you, I told you all , I have the biggest meanest nastiest cock. HA HA.

JUAN starts collecting his money, dozens of people surround JUAN to pay him their bets.

Suddenly instead of money a gun is drawn on him.

JUAN MARQUEZ: What the fuck?

The crowd parts, MARGARET is aiming a pistol at JUAN and JOHN is standing next to her.

JUAN MARQUEZ: You picked the wrong place.

The gang draw there weapons on the duo.

MARGARET JAMES: Yea, why don't we take it to the jury. See if they'll stand up for a rat.

LARGE MEXICAN GOON: Want me to fuck up this pretty little poutah?

JUAN MARQUEZ: NO no no no, I've got this completely under control.

MARGARET JAMES: That's good, that's really good.

MARGARET and JOHN grab JUAN and pull him away from the gang. JOHN grabs JUANS pistol and holsters it.

JUAN turns back to yell at his gang.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Hey, nobody touches my cock!

JUAN guides the 2 through the Mexican compound. Many of the men give JOHN and MARGARET the evil eye as they walk by.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Don't worry these are my people

JUAN leads them into a small horse barn.

Inside is a wagon covered with an old grey tarp.

JUAN MARQUEZ: OK I know what your thinking, and if I didn't tell Berdett... well there would have been real trouble for me.

MARGARET JAMES: And we don't want that. JUAN MARQUEZ: 2 deputies were killed last night and the gringos say it was his pistol that did the killing. (JUAN points to JOHN)

JOHN turns and gives MARGARET an "I told you so look"

MARGARET JAMES: Well, if we're going to take on the whole county we're going to need some weaponry, so break out the firepower muchacho.

JUAN MARQUEZ: (points to his pistol in JOHNS hand) That Colt is all I have.

MARGARET JAMES: You sure about that.

MARGARET moves up to JUAN and pulls a small pistol out from under his pant leg.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Ha ha shit, I forgot about that one. You can have it as a engagement present.

MARGARET shakes her head. But before she walks away she smells something. MARGARET walks up next to JUAN. She takes a deep breath through her nose and smiles.

MARGARET JAMES:

Get down.

JUAN MARQUEZ: What? No I like it up here.

JOHN SMITH:

Down, Now!

JOHN aims his pistol.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Your not much for chit chat are you asshole?

JUAN jumps down, MARGARET steps forward and removes the tarp. The wagon is filled with weapons, ammunition and explosives.

MARGARET JAMES: Jesus Christ

JOHN SMITH: Actually I don't think he has anything to do with this.

MARGARET JAMES: This is the ammo dump Jesse Berdett was caught running.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Well it's a shame for a man to come so far with something just to come up short. Funny thing is I didn't even have to pay for it.

JOHN SMITH: Well then you won't mind us taking it off your hands.

JUAN MARQUEZ: Margaret, what do I tell my men?

JOHN opens the door to the wagon as MARGARET drives out the wagon.

MARGARET JAMES: Just tell them I kicked your ass and stole it.

JUAN shakes his head as JOHN hops aboard the wagon.

MARGARET and JOHN take off into the sunset.

EXT. MARSHALL'S RANCH - EARLY EVENING

BARRETT FOSTER and his young daughter are sitting with the ranch hands eating dinner. On the distant hill a glimmer of sunlight bounces off the lens of a scope.

EXT. HORSE TRAIL

MARGARET and JOHN have picked through the weapons on the cart. John has outfitted himself with multiple pistol, he holds a Winchester in his hand and holsters another rifle on his horse.

MARGARET JAMES: So whats the plan?

JOHN SMITH: I think the question is what's Berdett's plan?

MARGARET JAMES: Well like you said those killers we hired to finish your job.

JOHN SMITH: I've seen Foster's ranch> If I was going to try to kill that family, I'd wait till sundown. After dinner when the ranch hands have left.

MARGARET looks to the setting sun.

MARGARET JAMES: Let's hope Foster enjoys a late dinner.

The two take off towards FOSTER's ranch

EXT. FOSTER'S RANCH - SUNSET

SARAH FOSTER and BARRETT FOSTER have saddled their horses and have started to ride around their ranch.

The INDIAN removes some attachments for his pistol and begins to piece together his bizarre sniper tool. The INDIANS pistol has a lengthened barrel, and extended butt.

He takes a knee and uses his arm as to steady his aim.

SARAH FOSTER: Daddy, why does mommy get mad when I ride the horse like you.

BARRETT smiles

BARRETT FOSTER: Well Hun, Girls and boys are supposed to do things a little different.

SARAH FOSTER: How, different?

BARRETT FOSTER: Well guys are supposed to be strong and tough, we work hard and try to bring home money for our families. Women are more fragile, more

(MORE)

BARRETT FOSTER: (cont'd) delicate, when their man is sick or hurt the woman takes care of him.

SARAH looks back confused.

SARAH FOSTER: I want to be a boy when I grow up.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well I'll teach you how to ride like one, shoot like one heck I'll even teach you how to throw the ball around like a boy. But you'll always be my little girl.

The ranch hands are now beginning to leave.

From the same high overlooking ridge JOHN used, the 2 hired GUNMAN move into position.

The WHITE GUNMAN removes a rifle from his horse.

SUDDENLY on the far end of the MARSHALL's property JOHN and MARGARET appear on horseback.

They're both riding hard towards FOSTER and his daughter. John has his pistol drawn.

## MARGARET JAMES: Foster get your boy down

FOSTER notices the duo as they tear through his field. He see's JOHN and instantly thinks about the pistol rounds that killed his deputies.

Foster grabs Sarah and quickly throws her to the ground. He stands and opens fire on John, hitting John's horse and tossing the gunfighter from his reins.

JOHN hits the ground hard and his head glances off a rock. He's dazed momentarily, blood pours from a wound on his forehead.

MARGARET JAMES: No no, not him, up there!

On the Hilltop the 2 GUNMAN begin to fire upon Foster and his daughter. Bullets whiz by as SARAH's horse falls to the ground dead.

FOSTER turns his attention to the hilltop and the 2 hired GUNMAN.

Suddenly a bullet tears threw the Marshall's shoulder causing him to fall to his back.

JOHN regains his focus and returns fire.

The old Lawman makes his way to his horse and removes his rifle. FOSTER then takes cover with his daughter behind her fallen steed.

MARGARET takes cover behind the barn as the white GUNMAN begins shooting at her. She is pinned down and unable to move.

Meanwhile FOSTER takes aim with his trusty Henry Rifle. He fires on the WHITE GUNMAN causing him to move from cover.

JOHN see's this and fires on the exposed GUNMAN. A bullet tears through the GUNMAN's head killing him instantly. His body slowly falls forward from the cliff to the jagged rocks below.

The INDIAN quickly moves to his horse and takes off in hasty retreat.

BARRETT FOSTER and JOHN SMITH have their guns still pinned on the ridge, a few moments pass as they turn to each other and smile.

The moment passes as FOSTER quickly aims his rifle on SMITH. SMITH returns the favor and aims his pistol between the MARSHALL"S eyes.

MARGARET steps out from behind the barn.

MARGARET JAMES: Jesus Christ Foster we just saved your life.

BARRETT FOSTER: Shut up Maggie, this piece of shit killed one of my deputies.

JOHN SMITH: I didn't kill any deputies Marshall, at least not any of yours.

SMITH pauses for a second the holsters his pistol.

BARRETT FOSTER: Don't think cause you put that pee shooter away means I'll return the favor. SMITH hobbles over to MARGARET's horse and painfully mounts it.

He rides over to MARGARET and pulls her on.

BARRETT FOSTER: For fuck sakes Maggie, don't make me kill you.

SMITH turns the horse and begins to ride away.

MARGARET JAMES: It's not us you want Marshall, it's William Berdett....William Berdett!!

FOSTER throws his rifle to the ground and slowly rises to his feet. He picks up SARAH and moves towards the house, she is crying as they approach the entrance.

> SARAH FOSTER: Daddy I think Daisy is dead.

BARRETT FOSTER: I'll get you a new Daisy.

SARAH FOSTER: But I want my Daisy.

BARRET's wife comes running out of the house.

HELEN: Barret, what's happening?

BARRETT FOSTER: Don't ask any question's, I want you take a horse and ride to the station. Your going to stay with your sister in Santa Anita.

FOSTER tears into his house, he puts down SARAH and heads into his study.

HELEN: I'm not doing anything until you tell me what's happening.

FOSTER comes out with a double barreled shotgun and a box of shells.

BARRETT FOSTER: Berdett is trying to kill our daughter Helen. William Berdett just tried to murder Sarah. Meanwhile on horseback JOHN and MARGARET are quickly racing across the plain. Blood is pouring from a wound on JOHN's forehead.

MARGARET JAMES: OK John, I don't think anyone's following us.

JOHN doesn't pay any attention.

MARGARET JAMES: JOHN... JOHN!!!

JOHN turns

JOHN SMITH: What?.... Sorry

MARGARET JAMES: You can slow down now, I think we're in the clear.

JOHN slowly brings his horse to a stop. He doesn't seem comfortable as he sways back and forth on his horse.

MARGARET JAMES: Are you OK John?

JOHN's eyes close and he slowly falls from his horse.

MARGARET quickly rushes to his side, John is barely conscious. Upon closer inspection JOHN has been shot once in the back and once in the thigh. He's bleeding badly and his serious head wound is causing him to black out.

MARGARET helps JOHN over the back of the horse and heads towards town.

EXT. MARSHALL'S RANCH - LATE NIGHT

BARETT FOSTER waits outside on his porch, he watches the horizon for any sign of movement.

In the distance the sound of a horse approaching can be heard.

FOSTER rises to his feet and aims his rifle.

BARRETT FOSTER: Who's out there? DEPUTY: Just me sir, please don't shoot.

BARRETT FOSTER: Collins they tried to kill my family.

DEPUTY: Well we have to notify the Texas Rangers, the girl and that stranger won't get far.

BARRETT FOSTER: It's not them, James and Smith saved my ass tonight.

DEPUTY:

What?

BARRETT FOSTER: They saved my daughter.

FOSTER turns to his front door to see SARAH standing there. He slowly moves close and kneels beside her.

BARRETT FOSTER: How are you doing? Still scared?

SARAH FOSTER:

Yea

BARRETT FOSTER: Guess what?

SARAH FOSTER:

What?

BARRETT FOSTER:

I love you.

SARAH smiles as BARRETT kisses her on the cheek.

FOSTER stands and turns to his young deputy.

BARRETT FOSTER: I want you to take them to my sister's in Santa Anita. I need to know my family's safe, I can't do anything if I'm worrying about them. DEPUTY: What do I tell your wife?

BARRETT FOSTER: I don't give a shit.

DEPUTY: What about you sir? What are you going to do?

FOSTER climbs onto his horse and gives the young deputy a look, he then turns and heads off.

DEPUTY:

Sir?

EXT. BACK OF THE SALOON - MIDNIGHT

MARGARET cautiously rides up the the back of the Saloon/hotel. She helps JOHN down and heads in through the back.

The MANAGER of the hotel; a small crippled man, notices the duo as they head towards the stairs.

HOTEL MANAGER: Oh my! Whats the matter with him?

MARGARET JAMES: Oh uh, too many whiskeys.

HOTEL MANAGER: I know the cure for that, I'll send it right up. Feel better buddy.

MARGARET JAMES: Oh don't worry about it he just needs to sleep it off.

MARGARET heads upstairs and locks the door. She lays JOHN out on the bed and grabs some extra sheets from the closet.

Outside the door the sound of several pairs of cowboy boots can be heard slowly approaching. MARGARET pauses for a moment and reaches for JOHN'S remaining cavalry pistol. As the footsteps get closer MARGARET cocks the gun.

Tension fades as the footsteps carry on past the door and down the hall.

MARGARET searches the room for make shift surgica tools; a spoon a small knife. She searches JOHN's pockets and pulls out a lighter.

MARGARET runs the small knife over the flame for a few moments as she analyzes JOHN's bullet wound.

She takes a deep breath and carefully moves in with her knife. MARGARET places one of her hands on JOHN's stomach and gently places the knife on his belly.

ONCE again the sound of footsteps can be heard outside, as they slowly approach the door. MARGARET grabs the pistol and quickly moves to the locked door.

This time the sound stops just outside, MARGARET cocks back the hammer and aims the pistol at the center of the closed door.

A knock comes as a shock to MARGARET as she nearly fires when hearing it. She pauses momentarily and tries to deepen her voice.

> MARGARET JAMES: Who is it? (trying to sound like a tough man)

> HOTEL MANAGER: It's me the manager, I've got just the thing for your friend.

MARGARET opens the door to find the manager with a larger brown bottle. MARGARET reaches around the door with her gun hand scaring the manager, she quickly uses her other hand to grab the bottle, laughing as she does so.

> MARGARET JAMES: I'm so sorry, thanks for your help, we should be more then fine.

The hotel manager shakes his heads and takes off. MARGARET retreats back inside the room. She looks at the label of the bottle and laughs.

MARGARET JAMES: RUM?? For a whiskey hangover?

MARGARET pops open the stopper and takes a drink, she moves back to JOHN's wound and once again begins to tend to it. She slowly moves the blade over his skin.

SUDDENLY JOHN WAKES UP.

JOHN SMITH: What the hell do you think your doing? MARGARET JAMES: Jesus Christ!, well I thought I'd do some lead mining.

Margaret pulls the bullet out of JOHN's leg.

MARGARET JAMES: I figure a girl could retire off the precious metals inside your body.

MARGARET takes a drink from the bottle.

JOHN SMITH: You might not want to get to drunk before you do this.

JOHN grabs the bottle and takes a drink.

From outside the room, JOHN's screams can be heard.

INT. RIO BRAVO HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Inside JOHN and MARGARET's room, MARGARET is sitting in a rocking chair watching the door. She is holding JOHN's pistol, but barely able to keep her eyes open.

JOHN wakes up and notices MARGARET watching over him, He smiles.

JOHN SMITH: Well Calamity Jane, you get in any trouble while I was out.

MARGARET JAMES: Oh just the usual, how are you?

JOHN looks down to the bandages on his leg.

JOHN SMITH: Looks like I passed out with a gunshot wound and woke up with a knife wound.

MARGARET JAMES: Oh shut your mouth.

JOHN SMITH: I'm just kidding, you did a great job, my back feels fine.

JOHN tries to stand up quickly falls back down

JOHN SMITH: My leg on the other hand.

MARGARET walks over and helps JOHN back into bed.

JOHN SMITH: How long was I out.

MARGARET JAMES: A few hours.

JOHN moves to the window and looks outside.

MARGARET JAMES: So what do we do now? just sit here and wait for BERDETT to make his move.

JOHN SMITH: I'm actually hoping we won't have to.

SMITH looks down the street to the town JAIL.

MARGARET JAMES: you think he's just going to stop now and leave us alone.

JOHN SMITH: No I don't, all I know is BERDETT's put a lot of heat on that poor MARSHALL. And there's only so much heat a man can take before he boils over.

EXT. TOWN JAIL EARLY AFTERNOON

BARRETT FOSTER sits and watches the main road into town. His left arm is in a sling, and his Winchester in in his right hand.

A group of riders appear on the far side of town.

FOSTER jumps up and aims his rifle, his sling gets in the way so he quickly discards it.

As the riders get closer FOSTER can see that these men are simple cattle ranchers.

He lowers his rifle and takes a seat.

Time passes as JOHN watches from his window.

MARGARET JAMES: I had to cut off your clothes to fix you up.

JOHN SMITH: Well I'm not going to go out like a fool dressed in my britches.

MARGARET smiles and hands JOHN a bundle of clothes.

MARGARET JAMES: I managed to hold onto these all this time. I thought they might be important to you.

In front of JOHN is his confederate uniform.

He slowly reaches for and puts on his hat.

JOHN turns to MARGARET with a smile on his face.

JOHN SMITH: You saved the girl, this isn't your fight.

MARGARET JAMES: I know, I guess somewhere along the line I developed a problem with watching you die.

JOHN SMITH: Berdett will come here to finish this.

MARGARET JAMES: So will Foster

JOHN SMITH: We shouldn't wait for them

MARGARET JAMES: Of course not.

JOHN walks over to the bed and kicks out the foot board of the bed, creating a crude crutch.

JOHN leans over and tests it out.

## JOHN SMITH: Alright Maggie, ladies first.

JOHN grabs his confederate tunic and follows MARGARET out the door.

EXT. TOWN JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

MARSHALL FOSTER finishes a cigarette and lets it drop to the floor.

There are multiple cigarette butts on the porch.

FOSTER looks down and steps on the smoking butt.

At the end of the street BERDETT and his men appear through the dusty haze.

FOSTER looks up and exhales a big cloud of smoke.

He reaches out and grabs his rifle.

BERDETT stops at the towns saloon and heads inside with his posse behind him.

Outside MARSHALL FOSTER walks infront of the saloon. He pauses for a moment and looks up to the sky.

BARRETT FOSTER: Dear god, help see me through this.

Inside BERDETT is speaking to ENGLISH BOB.

WILLIAM BERDETT: I want you on the next stage north of the border, your going to handle Smith's daughter personally.

FOSTER steps inside the saloon to the utter surprise of BERDETT and his men.

BARRETT FOSTER: William BERDETT I'm placing you under arrest.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Get out of here FOSTER before you get shot and buried.

BARRETT FOSTER: I may have killed your boy but you will never hurt my daughter. WILLIAM BERDETT: I don't want to hurt that little cunt, (BERDETT turns to face FOSTER) I want her to bleed out in your fucking arms.

BARRETT FOSTER: Sorry to disappoint you Bear, but I will never let that happen. This has to stop, this lawlessness has to stop.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well I'm not coming with you BARRETT, and if my men like getting paid their not going to let me go anywhere.

BUCK and English BOB turn around with their pistols exposed.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Now why don't you gentlemen take your business outside.

ENGLISH BOB: Mind your business fat man, a gunfight will make this saloon more popular then the OK Coral.

Outside across the street the INDIAN assassin takes position on a high overlooking rooftop. He removes his custom pistol and takes aim on the entrance.

Inside the saloon BERDETT's men begin to surround the MARSHALL.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well Foster I'm sorry to say this is the end of the line for you.

BARRETT FOSTER: Well Brother thats fine with me.

WILLIAM BERDETT: and you swore you'd take that to your grave.

BARRETT FOSTER: No, I swore to bury you in yours.

Before the posse can fire a gunshot rings out from the center of town.

Across the street FOSTER steps out into view.

JOHN SMITH: William Berdett!!

FOSTER looks out into the street, as Berdett's men turn their weapons on the lone gunman.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Smith is that you?

Berdett's men surround him, they keep their gun's trained on FOSTER and SMITH.

FOSTER exits through a side entrance, his rifle drawn as well.

On the street JOHN steps out from under cover, above the indian assassin moves in to take a shot.

He aims his weapon but the sound of a pistol being cocked behind him stops him in his tracks.

Margaret is behind him.

INDIAN GUNMAN:

Check..

MARGARET JAMES:

mate.

MARGARET fires, tossing him from the roof top.

On the street everyone turns to the sound of the gunshot.

MARGARET smiles and looks down to the street.

MARGARET JAMES: All clear John.

BOB looks up to see MARGARET

ENGLISH BOB: That fucking cunt.

BERDETT looks around then turns to SMITH.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well I might not have the high ground, but I still maintain fire superiority.

SMITH leans heavily on his crutch and looks up to BERDETT. Slowly he reaches down and removes his gunbelt and dropping it to the ground. WILLIAM BERDETT: No no no John this is it, no more second chances.

JOHN SMITH: No, no second chances.

John breaks his crutch falling to one knee, tied to his broken crutch is a Winchester rifle that was concealed under JOHN's riding tunic.

He fires multiple time splitting up the posse, Foster and MARGARET fire on the posse too.

3 of the hired gunmen hit the ground, BERDETT takes a bullet to the left hand and dives for cover.

ENGLISH BOB and BUCK quickly return fire.

JOHN and FOSTER dive for cover to reload their weapons.

BOB quickly runs across the street, MARGARET opens fire on him but misses.

BOB heads inside the building and up the stairs.

MARGARET runs inside and takes cover as BOB RUSHES up the staircase.

On the street JOHN opens fire on the saloon sending broken glass across the bar.

JOHN discards his crutch and moves towards his pistols, he drops his rifle and exchanges it for his duel pistols.

Inside the saloon ROY BEAN dives for cover.

BUCK DAVIS AND WILLIAM BERDETT make for the back exit as JOHN tears into the bar guns blazing.

ROY BEAN stands with his hands raised in the air.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Please oh please don't kill me.

SMTIH aims his pistol but slowly uncocks the pistol

JOHN SMITH: Your time will come, your honor.

JOHN heads for the back exit in fast pursuit of DAVIS and BERDETT.

(CONTINUED)

Across the street ENGLISH BOB is looking through the house for MARGARET.

ENGLISH BOB: I'm going to find you Maggie, but you could save me the trouble and put a bullet in your head.....

BOB looks behind a door with no luck.

ENGLISH BOB: If the positions were reversed I'd do the same for you.

MAGGIE steps into the open behind BOB and cocks her pistol.

MARGARET JAMES: So are you?

ENGLISH BOB:

What?

MARGARET JAMES: Gonna put a bullet in your head now that our positions are reversed.

ENGLISH BOB turns and MARGARET fires without hesitation killing BOB instantly.

MARGARET JAMES: I didn't think so.

Meanwhile at the back of the saloon JOHN steps outside with his pistol drawn.

JOHN's eyes scan the stable, he see's nothing.

A sudden movement to his left catches his eye, JOHN turns to see BUCK DAVIS, John fires instantly.

DAVIS looks down to his fatal wound.

BUCK DAVIS: But I had the drop on you.

DAVIS falls back dead.

Behind the stable FOSTER moves to cut off BERDETT.

As he rounds a corner BERDETT"S steps out behind FOSTER.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well brother, looks like you just cornered someone meaner then you. Now drop the rifle, or I'll drop you.

FOSTER's rifle drops to his side.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Any requests for your tombstone?

JOHN steps out from behind the barn.

JOHN SMITH: How about don't count your chickens till they hatch.

BERDETT drops his pistol to the ground.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Well looks like you got me, I guess you'll have to take me in.

JOHN SMITH: What was it you always said MARSHALL? when a man with a pistol meets a man with a rifle, the man with the pistol dies. Lets find out.

FOSTER turns around to face his longtime rival.

BERDETT looks to FOSTER with a smile on his face.

WILLIAM BERDETT: Ever since we were kids I've been faster, ain't nothings changed.

The 2 men stare at each other for a moment as JOHN watches.

BERDETT quickly moves for his pistol but FOSTER is to quick.

From a distance both guns fire simultaneously. The 2 gunmen pause for a moment then BERDETT falls back defeated.

FOSTER moves towards his dying brother.

SMITH watches from a distance as FOSTER moves in to hold BERDETT's hand.

The 2 brothers speak but their words cannot be heard, FOSTER moves down to remove BERDETT'S boots then returns to hold his hand.

FOSTER holds his brother's til the end.

When he turns around to see JOHN, the gunman has disappeared.

FOSTER moves out into the street, a large posse ride into the center of town.

The lead rider approaches FOSTER.

TEXAS RANGER: We received a telegraph that JOHN SMITH was sighted in your town.

FOSTER pauses for a moment and looks out to the horizon.

BARRETT FOSTER: He was, but he's gone now.

EXT. HORSE TRAIL - SUNSET

JOHN and MARGARET come to a stop on a quiet peaceful trail. JOHN helps MARGARET off the horse.

MARGARET looks to JOhn and smiles.

She removes the pistol she had lost earlier, after taking if off the dead indian.

MARGARET JAMES: I got you a present.

She hands over the gun and JOHN smiles.

JOHN looks down to MARGARET and pauses as if he can't think of anything to say.

JOHN SMITH: It was a lot easier when they were shooting at us.

A tear comes to Margaret's eye.

MARGARET JAMES: I will miss you.

JOHN leans over and kisses MARGARET.

He pulls away and smiles as he heads off into the setting sun.

EXT. SMALL FARM - SUNSET

John's small farm becomes visible over a distant ridge, his young daughter is in the iddle of the field trying to dig a trench like her father.

She turns to see her father at the end of the property and runs to embrace him.

The end.