

ABOVE THE LAW

An original screenplay

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SMOKEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAPTION: '25 YEARS AGO - 1863' - We pan across the interior of a cosy barn, flowerpots in each corner, paintings on the walls, all lit orange by a warm fire. A window looks out over the smooth, green, rolling hills of Oregon.

In front of the fireplace SMOKEY WILLIAMS and his baby daughter, ELIZA, are knelt down playing with toys. Smokey's chiselled features and Sheriff's badge seem unfitting on a father so loving.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Hey, Ellie. Look at this one.

He picks up a wooden horse and makes it trot on the floorboards in front of Eliza.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

It's a horse, see? Pa has to ride one every day, but they're much bigger!

Smokey childishly stretches his arms out as far as he can. Eliza giggles.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

When you're older I'll teach you how to ride a horse, Ellie. I'll take you anywhere you want. You'll see all sorts of excitin' places. You might even see the deep south.

He smiles as he reaches onto the chair behind him and watches his daughter play with the toy.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I've got you a new toy. I made it 'specially for you.

A doll in the shape of a small girl is brought into the light of the fire.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There'll be one day when you've forgotten about all these toys. But I want you to keep this one, Ellie. It'll remind you of me when I'm gone, somethin' to let you know how much your Pa loves you.

Eliza takes the doll and holds it to her chest, kisses it. Smokey laughs and hugs his daughter, kisses her on the head. When CARRIE enters, though, Smokey's jovial mood disappears.

CARRIE

I told you she had to be in bed an hour ago.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Quit your whinin'. It ain't gonna do her no harm. Look at the smile on her face.

CARRIE

She hasn't slept all day. She needs her sleep.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I've been up since daybreak. There ain't any other time in the day that I can see her.

Ignoring Carrie, Smokey lifts Eliza and carries her up the stairs. Carrie follows.

INT. ELIZA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smokey carefully places Eliza in her cot, tucks the sheets over her and kisses her forehead once more.

CARRIE

If you want more time with her you could always find a less strenuous job.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Don't be dumb. Ain't anyone else in this town better suited to bein' Sheriff than me, you know that.

CARRIE

There isn't anyone stupid enough more like. You always think of your career before me and your daughter. Are you ever going to put us first?

Eliza lies silently, eyes closed, hands clasped around her new doll. We focus on the doll's smiling face as Smokey and Carrie's fight continues in the door frame.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Everythin' in this house is 'cause of the job I do. Ellie wouldn't live a life near as good without it. What is it you've been doin' today?

CARRIE

The housework as usual. There isn't anyone else to do it.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

As well as flashin' your chest to
the lopsided pervert over the road?

CARRIE

Of course not...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Bull shit. I see you round there,
smilin' and laughin', drinkin'
coffee. It's a surprise I ain't
caught you both at it yet!

CARRIE

We're only friends...

A loving father has been replaced by violent man - Smokey
slaps Carrie hard across the cheek.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Lyin' again. You've always been a
lyin' whore, ever since that day we
first met!

He hits her again and she falls to the floor screaming. Her
screams fade and we focus on the doll's face.

FADE TO:

EXT. ALBANY ENTRANCE - MORNING

CAPTION: 'PRESENT DAY - 1888' - The doll is now worn,
tattered, held in someone's hand. It is CORMAC, an eight-year-
old sweating and holding a bloodied handkerchief at his upper-
arm. It's a bullet wound.

Establish the rolling green hills of Oregon. The sky is
tinted Orange by the sunrise and Cormac passes under a sign -
'ALBANY TOWN' - and sees middle-aged, bedraggled CREADY
asleep on a saloon's steps. A silver deputy badge is pinned
to his chest.

CORMAC

Mister...!

Woken, Cready opens his eyes and drops the whiskey bottle in
his hand. Cormac falls to the ground.

CREADY

What the...?

They both groan, one in pain the other in the realisation of
a hangover.

CREADY (CONT'D)

What you doin' down there, boy?
Diggin' for gold or somethin'?

He laughs and splutters wheezily as he staggers over to Cormac, who rolls onto his back.

CORMAC
Mister, Goddamnit, it hurts...!

CREADY
Hey, a nipper like you shouldn't be cursin' like that. Let's see...

Cready kneels beside Cormac, unties the handkerchief and winces at the blood-red punctured skin.

CREADY (CONT'D)
That said, a nipper like you shouldn't be windin' up with somethin' like this. What the hell happened?

CORMAC
Here...

Gasping, Cormac drops the doll, a tiny note tied to the hand labelled 'MISS WILLIAMS' in scrawled handwriting.

CREADY
Williams? Eliza Williams, boy?

With a small nod, Cormac passes out and Cready pockets the doll. He pulls a clean handkerchief from his pocket and ties it clumsily around the wound.

CREADY (CONT'D)
Sheesh. Here was me hopin' for the day off.

Cready lifts the boy into his arms and carries him through the main streets of Albany.

INT. INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

This old Infirmary is very plain and bare with only examining tables and a medicine cabinet. Ironically unfit and fat for a Doctor, DR. SMITH sleeps in a chair, leaning to one side and snoring. Cready enters, SLAMS the door, and Smith jumps awake.

DR. SMITH
Darn it, Cready! Ain't you ever gonna learn to knock?

CREADY
Save it, Doc. This boy's got some lead in his arm.

Smith blinks, eyes adjusting, and puts on his glasses.

DR. SMITH
Just come in quieter next time.
You'll be givin' me a heart attack
and I can't treat myself can I?

CREADY
I'll be happy to stop your misery
if there ain't any hope.

DR. SMITH
Very reassurin'. Come on then, put
the boy over here.

Cormac is placed on a table and Smith sidles over to untie the handkerchief around the arm.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)
This is your handiwork I take it?
As clumsy as always. It's tied so
tight it woulda been kinder and
less painful to chop his arm off.

CREADY
I ain't no Doctor. Can you fix him?

DR. SMITH
It'll take time and as you know,
treatment means...

Smith rubs his fingers together and smiles as Cready lazily hands over a few dollar notes.

CREADY
Still workin' your angles I see.

Cready leans against the far wall, eyes closed, holding his head.

DR. SMITH
Another rough night?

CREADY
You got no idea. Things are
swirlin' so much it's like being
underwater.

Smith takes a bottle off the medicine cabinet behind him.

DR. SMITH
Take two of these.

Cready shakes his head and takes a hip-flask from his gun-holster.

CREADY
This is all the medicine I need.

He swigs and lets out a satisfied gasp.

DR. SMITH
When were you last sober, Cready?

CREADY
Won't be 'til I drop down dead,
Doc.

He smiles a genuinely proud smile and leaves the Infirmary.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

We follow Cready along the main road as people emerge tiredly from their houses. He examines the doll, frowns, and proceeds back towards the saloon.

INT. A SALOON BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

From the mess it's clear that this room hasn't been tidied in a long time. In the bed sleeps ELIZA, now the fully-grown figure of a woman. Her naked leg sticks out from underneath the covers.

CREADY (O.S.)
Miss Williams!

The bedroom door BANGS open, Cready barging in, waking Eliza who shouts out in shock. She tries to cover her nakedness as Cready tries to cover his eyes.

CREADY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Miss...

He turns on his heels and SLAMS the door shut on his way out.

ELIZA
Cready! Don't you know better than to come bargin' in on a girl like that?

We hear quiet laughs behind the door. Eliza smiles and starts to dress herself.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
It ain't funny, Cready!

CREADY (O.S.)
Come on, Miss. No harm done. I didn't see anythin'. Nuthin' bad anyways...

ELIZA
You're a crude old man, Cready.
What you want?

CREADY (O.S.)
 Got somethin' for ya, Miss. A boy
 came into town with it. Not ten-
 years-old he was. Shot in the arm.

ELIZA
 Now who'd shoot a little boy?

CREADY (O.S.)
 Beats me.

Now fully-dressed, Eliza opens the door to see Cready leaning
 against the frame with a cheeky smile on his face.

ELIZA
 Mind where your eyes are wanderin'.
 Tanya won't be too happy you're
 eyein' another woman.

CREADY
 Can a man not appreciate the female
 form? You should be takin' it as a
 compliment, Eliza.

Eliza smiles but her cheerful face disappears when she spots
 the doll in Cready's hand.

ELIZA
 What's that...?

CREADY
 This is what the boy had with him.

She snatches the doll and sits back on the bed. Tears swell
 in her eyes and she rips the note off and reads:

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (V.O.)
 Ellie. I'm with friends in the
 Westland Bar, Jericho. I want to
 see you again, ask you some things
 that been botherin' me these last
 ten years. Come meet me. I don't
 want my return to Albany to be an
 unkind one. Your Pa, Smokey.

CREADY
 You OK Miss?

ELIZA
 It's... from my father...

CREADY
 Naw. Can't be. Let me see.

Cready takes the note from Eliza and scans it.

ELIZA
 Only Pa calls me Ellie...

CREADY

But Smokey... he's dead! Has been for years, Langley said. You sure this ain't someone's idea of a joke?

ELIZA

Who could it be, Cready? Pa gave me this when I was a baby and he made sure I kept it. This means too much to be a joke!

CREADY

Well sorry, Miss... I just find it hard to believe he's still alive. 'specially after... well...

Awkward silence. Eliza looks down at the doll, tears running down her face.

ELIZA

I'm sorry, Cready. It ain't like me to get angry. But it's Pa, I know it.

CREADY

Well he ain't gonna like it but we best tell the Sheriff.

Cready gets off the bed and heads for the door.

ELIZA

What d'you think Jack'll do?

CREADY

Only one thing he can do. Hunt the sonofabitch down.

He briefly rests his hand on Eliza's shoulder before hastily leaving. We hear his FOOTSTEPS down the saloon stairs. Eliza collapses onto the bed and cries.

INT. LANGLEY'S KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

A small kitchen, cigarette butts spread all over and dirty plates piled on the surfaces. The back door looks out over expansive green plains beyond a rickety walkway. The sun is high in the sky and the morning has truly arrived.

At a table sits the tall, thin, depressed figure of JACK LANGLEY. He reads a newspaper and takes drags from a cigar. It seems being state Sheriff isn't treating him well.

Little POLLY enters, her childish features wearing a tired expression. She rubs her eyes with her fists and holds a teddy bear. As she enters, Langley wafts the smoke away and stubs out his cigar.

JACK LANGLEY

Hello, sweetie. Did you sleep well?

Polly nods and offers the teddy bear to Langley.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

You want to give your bear to me?

Polly nods again. She smiles, watches Langley make the bear dance on the table. The frail and unhealthy MOIRA enters, puffing on a cigarette. Polly follows her and Langley returns to his newspaper.

MOIRA

I ain't seen you for days. Where you been?

JACK LANGLEY

Had some trouble with raiders.

Polly hugs Moira's leg but Moira just ignores her and continues to make coffee.

MOIRA

Why'd that take so long?

JACK LANGLEY

It was out in Green County.

MOIRA

Green County? That's miles away. You didn't think to tell me?

JACK LANGLEY

What's it matter?

MOIRA

It matters 'cause I had to look after your kids and house while you were out shootin' God knows who. I'd like some time to myself too.

JACK LANGLEY

You suggestin' that huntin' murderers and rapists is my idea of 'free time'?

Langley empties the whiskey bottle on the table into a small glass and downs it.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Don't start all this again, Moira.

MOIRA

Start all what?

JACK LANGLEY

Your moanin' about housework being more important than my job.

MOIRA

You think spendin' your time drinkin' in the Saloon with Cready and your other cronies is good work?

Moira SLAMS her mug on the table and sits opposite Langley. She lets Polly climb onto her lap but the smoke that drifts from her cigarette makes Polly cough. Langley reaches over, takes the cigarette out of Moira's mouth, and stubs it out.

JACK LANGLEY

Let the poor girl breathe.

MOIRA

It ain't like you to take an interest in your childrens' well-being.

Moira immediately lights another cigarette and Polly jumps off her lap, coughing. She leaves the room. Langley gazes after her sadly.

JACK LANGLEY

Would you rather me be here than tryin' to keep this town safe? Are you that selfish?

MOIRA

No, I...

JACK LANGLEY

All we do is sit here, and eat, and smoke, and drink and sleep, and between all that we argue and argue and argue. That's all we do. Why should I waste my time?

MOIRA

Waste your time? They're your children! They don't know who you are. They need a father and you ain't ever here!

JACK LANGLEY

And you think they know you? The mother who beats them when they do the smallest thing wrong and ignores them when they're doin' anythin' else?

MOIRA

That's what being a parent is.

JACK LANGLEY

Don't be stupid, Moira! They need care and love from us, not cuts and bruises!

Langley makes for the back door, picking up his revolver, hat, cigarette packet and jacket.

MOIRA

Will you be workin' today or at the saloon? Sometimes it's like you think they're the same thing.

JACK LANGLEY

You have no idea, Moira! Not one damn idea of the things I see everyday and the things I have to do to keep Albany safe!

MOIRA

Someone dies here every week! You call that keepin' us safe?

JACK LANGLEY

We got five men. Five! With all the scum 'round here how're five men to bring every crime to justice? Shut your mouth before sayin' I can't do my job, Moira, because you got no damn idea!

Langley snatches a whiskey bottle from a shelf beside the back door and leaves along the walkway.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Folk have emerged from their houses, some on horseback, others stood at market stalls buying or selling goods. Langley leans against a fence and finishes a cigarette. He watches Cready approaching further down the road.

CREADY

Get ready for a dang awful start to the day, Sheriff!

Langley tilts his head back, blowing Smoke into the air.

CREADY (CONT'D)

Everythin' alright, Sheriff?

JACK LANGLEY

Wife trouble. You know how it is.

CREADY

Yes I do. Tanya hasn't smoked my pole for months. She was always so good at it too.

Langley laughs to himself and stamps the cigarette into the ground.

JACK LANGLEY
Somethin' you want Cready?

CREADY
Well, if you're already havin' a bad mornin' I'm about to make it a hell of a lot worse.

Langley sighs and swigs from the whiskey bottle as Cready hands over the tiny note.

CREADY (CONT'D)
Startin' early, Sheriff?

JACK LANGLEY
Not as early as you I take it?

CREADY
You know me. Open for liquor twenty-four hours a day.

Before Langley can comment on the note...

CREADY (CONT'D)
I know what you're gonna say. *'This must be one of your dumb jokes, Cready'*. I'd say I could read you like a book but I can hardly read as it is.

JACK LANGLEY
Where'd you get this?

CREADY
Was tied to a doll a nipper brought into town not fifteen minutes ago. Shot through the arm he was.

JACK LANGLEY
Just the one boy?

CREADY
Yep. We're to leave him a while 'fore we see him. He's at the Infirmary now.

Langley pockets the note and the two of them walk along the main road towards the saloon.

JACK LANGLEY
Eliza must be terrified.

CREADY
She sure is.

We watch them make their way through the townsfolk, dodging horses and carts. Eliza stands at the doors to the saloon, scanning the road.

ELIZA

Jack!

She runs to Langley and jumps into his arms, crying.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

He's back, Jack! Pa's back!

JACK LANGLEY

He won't be back for long, Eliza.
He'll be in jail soon enough.

ELIZA

He's come for me. Hates me for what
I did!

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't gonna let him hurt you. I
can promise you that.

Eliza's tear-ridden face smiles and they hug tighter, Langley savouring every moment.

They separate, their embrace catching the townsfolk's attention. Eliza forces her arm around Langley's and they head towards the stables opposite the saloon.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

We're leavin' once we've seen the
boy.

INT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS

A large but rickety wooden barn littered with hay. Several horses stand in the small spaces behind locked doors. As he enters Langley immediately notices OWEN, a rustic Englishman wearing an open-collared shirt, cleaning his black horse.

Langley, Cready and Eliza move over to four clean and spruced stallions near the stables entrance.

CREADY

We're leavin' today? Can't it wait
'til tomorrow?

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't riskin' Smokey comin' here.

ELIZA

Pa ain't a man to be kept waitin'.

Cready grunts in annoyance and the three of them start to saddle a horse each.

CREADY

I don't know him like you, Sheriff.
You was partners. I was just a
drunk on the streets. Hardly saw
him. How was it workin' with him?

Langley takes off his glove and holds up his left hand, a gap
where his forefinger and middle-finger should be.

JACK LANGLEY

He took two of my fingers. That
tell you enough?

CREADY

What the...? How come I ain't ever
seen that before?

Langley gloves the hand again.

JACK LANGLEY

I keep it covered. 'Til then I'd
never fired with my right hand. Was
like learnin' it all from the
beginnin'.

The conversation comes to an end and they continue saddling
their horses. Behind them, Owen approaches, wiping his hands
with a dirty cloth. He reaches into his pocket and throws a
severed finger into Langley's enclosure. It rolls along the
ground...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JAILHOUSE - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: '10 YEARS AGO - 1878' - The finger is attached to a
younger Langley's hand. He works at a solitary desk, a silver
Deputy badge on his chest.

This cell block makes death row look comforting - rusty bars,
broken brickwork, splintered furniture. From the corridor of
cells we hear the CLUNK of pebbles being thrown through a
barred window.

JACK LANGLEY

Cut it out, Smyes.

SMYMES

I ain't got nuttin' better to do.

Smokey, in his mid-forties here, enters dragging the town's
portly gun merchant HORACE across the floor. He throws him
against the back wall.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You gonna spill the juice, Horace?
Or am I gonna have to spill your
guts?

JACK LANGLEY

Smokey, what you doin'?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You know that gang out in Green
County? Horace here struck a deal
with 'em.

HORACE

They woulda killed me otherwise,
Sheriff! I had no choice.

Smokey punches the frail old man in the face, drawing blood.

JACK LANGLEY

There ain't need for that, Smoke!
Horace has been here for years. He
ain't rotten.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Is that so? Horace one of your
buddies, Langley? This sonofabitch
has probably been dealin' with em
for months.

HORACE

No, it was only that one time. They
forced me to sell to 'em.

Blood in his mouth, Horace gargles his words. Langley kneels
beside him and rests his hand on the man's shoulder.

JACK LANGLEY

What happened with 'em?

HORACE

They jumped me when I was on my way
back here yesterday. Seems I
stumbled across their camp. Damn
bad luck. They made me sell my
wares. Strangely enough they paid,
but ten dollars ain't near what
those guns were worth...

JACK LANGLEY

Where'd they jump you?

HORACE

I ain't sayin'! Any other
circumstance I'd tell you, but they
knew who I was.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You been doin' this for years,
ain't ya? You help 'em get guns and
they give you a cut of their stash.

HORACE

No! I'd never...!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Why do folk have a habit of lyin'
to me? Why else ain't you tellin'
us where they are?

Quickly and swiftly Smokey pushes Langley to the side of the room, unties Horace's hands and pushes one of them against the wall with the barrel of his revolver.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I ain't a man to wait long.

Smyes grips the bars of his cell, watching.

SMYMES

This is much more excitin'!

We wait, Horace wincing under the pressure of the gun against his hand.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Too long.

The trigger is pulled, BANG, and the bullet punches a hole through the middle of Horace's hand. It shoots through the weak brickwork of the jailhouse. Horace screams and falls to the floor, whimpering.

JACK LANGLEY

Jeeze! He was about to say, Smoke!

Smokey pulls Horace back to his feet, pressing the gun this time against his crotch.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I've got bullets for both your
balls and one for your head. I'd
start your talkin'.

HORACE

OK! I'll tell you... th-they're
holed up in Lythe, to the south. Th-
that's where they jumped me...

Smokey releases his hands and Horace falls to the ground, hand bleeding profusely.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

See, Jack? My way is always faster.
You could learn a lot.

JACK LANGLEY

Why do that? He was about to tell you!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Folk don't speak without... motivation. Anyway, we got what we wanted.

JACK LANGLEY

He ain't gonna be able to use that hand ever again.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Should've told me sooner then.

JACK LANGLEY

Damnit, Smokey! You ain't gonna realise it's things like this that's why people are losin' respect for ya.

As quickly and swiftly as before, Smokey pushes Langley against the wall. Langley tries to writhe free.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I'm supposin' you're one of those people, huh? My way's the right way. If you got complaints I'll take your badge and you can fuck off.

JACK LANGLEY

Get off me, Smokey.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

That supposed to be a threat? It ain't workin' too good if it is.

JACK LANGLEY

Just get damn well off me!

Smokey pulls Langley's arm, slams it on the desk, pulls a serrated knife from his belt, and severs his two fingers. They fall to the floor.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You best get some practice shootin' with your right hand.

He laughs and picks up one of Langley's fingers.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I'll keep this as a memento.

Officer HOYTE arrives, alerted, at the door to the jailhouse. Smokey pushes past him on the way out. Langley groans in pain on the floor.

HOYTE
What the hell...?

JACK LANGLEY
G-get the Doctor, Hoyte...

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Albany looks almost identical ten years in the past. Smokey walks away from the jailhouse, a sick smirk on his face, holding Langley's severed finger.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. STABLES - MORNING

Cready and Eliza stare at the finger and Langley stares at Owen.

ELIZA
Jack, is this...?

OWEN
Sorry to interrupt but Smokey sends his regards. He'll be delighted to hear that his old partner has decided to accompany his daughter on the trip.

Owen tips his hat forward in farewell and makes towards his horse again...

JACK LANGLEY
Hey!

...only to be pulled back by Langley. As Owen swings around his shirt opens to reveal an angles 'S' shape branded on his chest.

OWEN
Jack Langley, it is an honour to meet such a good-hearted man. I have heard so much.

JACK LANGLEY
What does Smokey want? Why is he back?

Owen forces his arm out of Langley's grasp with ease but still with a sickeningly calm smile.

OWEN
He only wishes to talk, nothing more. I'm sure you would miss your daughter too after nine years.

JACK LANGLEY

Things ain't ever that simple with
Smokey Williams.

OWEN

I aren't one to judge, I'm afraid.
Best you ask him when you see him.
I'll tell him you're on your way.

Owen mounts his horse again and trots through the large doors
at the back of the barn. Langley follows.

EXT. ALBANY BACK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

JACK LANGLEY

What's your say in all this?

OWEN

I'm nobody really. Just a
messenger. Goodbye. No doubt I'll
be seeing you soon.

Owen canters away on horseback through the back streets,
people avoiding its path. Eliza and Cready appear behind
Langley, Cready staring at the severed finger in his hand.

CREADY

Smokey must be a sick sonofabitch
to keep this for ten years.

ELIZA

Jack, this ain't good. Pa could
have anyone watchin' us.

JACK LANGLEY

It changes nuthin'. We have to get
to Jericho. Put the bastard in
jail.

Langley walks back through the large doors of the stables,
Eliza following after him. Cready suddenly smiles excitedly.

CREADY

Sheriff! Seems Smokey's got his
fingers in many pies!

Cready hunches over, laughing wheezily, as Eliza rolls her
eyes and Langley stares at him.

CREADY (CONT'D)

Come on, where's your sense of
humour today?

He follows Langley who laughs to himself and proceeds back
towards the stallions.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - LATER

They emerge on horseback from the stables, their horses saddled and strapped with bags. Cready dismounts and heads for the saloon.

ELIZA

Where you goin'? We need to speak to the boy.

CREADY

Let me just have a quick tippie 'fore we leave.

JACK LANGLEY

Ain't you got enough piss in your flask to keep you goin'?

CREADY

Need to get me some ale. Besides, it needs refillin'. Go on without me.

He runs into the saloon and Eliza and Langley continue on horseback towards the Infirmary.

JACK LANGLEY

He'll only scare the nipper anyway.

Eliza giggles.

INT. INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

A bullet, blood-stained, is on a metal tray beside where Cormac lies. Smith is bandaging the arm as Langley and Eliza enter.

DR. SMITH

Ah, good mornin', Sheriff.

JACK LANGLEY

Mornin'. How's the boy holdin' up?

DR. SMITH

I got the bullet out a while back. No serious harm done.

Cormac groggily awakes and groans, eyelids flickering.

CORMAC

Y... you're the Sheriff?

JACK LANGLEY

I am, boy, what's your name?

CORMAC

Cormac, sir.

Smith sets down his equipment and goes through a door into the back of the building.

JACK LANGLEY

It ain't normal for someone to shoot a kid. What happened to you?

CORMAC

They're dead, sir. My parents, he killed them both. All we was doin' was travellin' to Jericho when he took us.

JACK LANGLEY

Who did?

CORMAC

They called him Smokey, sir.

Eliza sits beside Cormac, eyes welling up again.

CORMAC (CONT'D)

He killed them both and now I've got no-one else. I'll kill him for this!

JACK LANGLEY

He's ruined a lot of lives, Cormac. He's rotten. For the last ten years we thought he was rottin' in the ground. How'd you wind up here?

Cormac stares at the revolver in the holster around Langley's belt.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

CAPTION: '1 DAY AGO' - On the shore of a lake all but dried out and beneath a tall cliff, a group of OUTLAWS huddle around a fire, warming their hands and drinking from bottles. Separated from the group, Cormac has his back pressed against the cliff-face.

Smokey's figure is cast in shadow, holding his revolver at his side. Behind him, CHET twitches, laughs and mumbles to himself. WILLIAM, tall and feeble-looking, watches from Smokey's side.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

We got you a special task.

Smokey takes the doll out of his pocket and ties the tiny note around its hand. He holds the doll out to Cormac.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

A present. I'm countin' on you to get it to her.

CORMAC

Wh-where is she, sir...?

Chet's quiet giggles turn into bursts of laughter.

CHET

The nipper called you 'sir',
Smokey! Ain't he cute! Let me pinch
his cheeks!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Can it, Chet, you damn screwball!

Chet cowers behind William and Smokey points towards a road barely seeable beyond the lake.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Follow that road. The first town
you'll come across is Albany.
You'll find her from there.

Cormac takes the doll from Smokey, his hands shaking, and he reads 'MISS WILLIAMS' on the note.

CHET

Come on, Smokey! We've been waitin'
all night for you to do it!

Smokey swings his arm around and hits Chet in the face with the butt of his revolver. In the orange light now cast over his face, we see Smokey's older, scarred and more rugged face as a stark contrast from the father figure he once was. Chet cowers away from him again.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

This ain't no damn theatre where
you can say anythin' you want! Shit
comes out your mouth more than it
comes out your ass! Now keep it
shut!

Everyone in the camp quietens down, even those around the fire. Smokey turns back to Cormac and raises his revolver, aiming at Cormac's arm.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I ain't one for shootin' kids, but
Albany needs a warnin' and there
ain't no better warnin' than this.

The trigger is pulled, BANG, and the bullet hits Cormac's arm, spurting blood. Cormac screams and falls to the ground crying. In contrast Chet bursts into high-pitched, uncontrollable laughter.

Smokey jumps at Chet, forcing him to the ground, and beats him repeatedly in the face. He puts one final effort into a punch to the crotch.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I'll slit your throat to stop you
laughin' if I have to!

He stands up and tucks his revolver back in the holster. Cormac is still lying on the ground whimpering and holding his crotch.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
On your feet. You ain't gonna get
anywhere on the floor all night.

Smokey helps Cormac off the floor and ties a dirty handkerchief around the wound.

CORMAC
Why'd you shoot me? I'm just a damn
kid!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You'll find out. Now go... and say
'hello' to Eliza for me.

Smokey nudges Cormac, who staggers away towards the distant road, tears in his eyes. We follow him until he looks back to see Smokey waving him away.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. INFIRMARY - MORNING

CORMAC
I was walkin' for so long. There
were times when I thought about...
givin' up.

ELIZA
Well you're safe now.

CORMAC
You're Miss Williams? The lady from
the note?

Eliza nods and puts a comforting arm around Cormac.

ELIZA
Smokey was my Pa.

Cormac stares at her, not shocked, just thoughtful. Smith re-emerges from the back room.

DR. SMITH

You finished, Sheriff? The boy should be gettin' some rest.

JACK LANGLEY

We'll get outta your hair, Doc. Me and Cready are gonna be away at Jericho for a while. Got us an Outlaw to take care of.

Langley and Eliza stand up and proceed towards the door.

CORMAC

L-let me come...

DR. SMITH

Now, boy. You ain't well or old enough to be goin' on adventures.

JACK LANGLEY

He's right, Cormac. Look at your arm. It won't be helpin' you and it damn well ain't gonna help us.

ELIZA

Jack, don't be so rude. Weren't you listenin' to what he's gone through?

CORMAC

I got nowhere to go and no-one to look after me. I want to see that... that bastard pay for what he's done!

Smith, Eliza and Langley stare at the defiant look on Cormac's face.

DR. SMITH

The boy's got a strong tongue on him for one so young.

CORMAC

I... I'm sorry. Pa used to say that word a lot. He... he'd be mad if he heard it comin' from me...

There is a pause of SILENCE as Langley looks from Cormac's defiant glare to Eliza's pleading stare.

JACK LANGLEY

Doc, you got any spare bandages and meds we can take with us?

DR. SMITH

Sheriff, he's just a kid. One slight knock on that arm and he'll be knockin' on death's door. Out there ain't no place for him!

JACK LANGLEY

You heard him. He's got nothin' but the name of the man who killed his family. I'm good enough with bandages to keep him alive.

DR. SMITH

If I ain't had a few whiskeys I'd be more willin' to argue with ya...

Smith sighs and heads into the back room once more.

DR. SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...and on your head be it, Sheriff, if the boy comes back dead!

ELIZA

(to Cormac)

You can ride with me. It'll be good to have a conversation with someone who's brain ain't turned to mush.

JACK LANGLEY

I hope you ain't talkin' 'bout me.

Eliza laughs and Smith returns from the back room carrying a bag of supplies. He throws them to Langley.

DR. SMITH

This is all I can spare. Make sure the wound's cleaned properly... and don't let Cready do it!

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't stupid. Make sure the boy's ready to go, Doc. We'll be waitin' outside.

With a nod to Smith, Langley leaves, Eliza following behind.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - LATER

Dark clouds are starting to loom overhead as Langley and Eliza wait across the road from the saloon.

JACK LANGLEY

Where the heck is Cready?

ELIZA

Probably passed out on the saloon floor.

Cready bursts through the saloon doors, staggering all over the place. Eventually he falls down the saloon steps and face-plants the road.

JACK LANGLEY

No, just passed out in the road.

CREADY

Sheriff! There you are! How about a drink before we set off toward possible death?

ELIZA

Ever heard of a thing called self-control, Cready?

CREADY

I have but I'd prefer not to try it.

He bursts out laughing and Langley helps him to his feet. Langley sniffs.

JACK LANGLEY

Jeeze, what you been drinkin'?

CREADY

A cocktail of ale and whiskey...

With great effort and plenty of embarrassment, Langley helps Cready into his horse's saddle. Cready is giggling.

ELIZA

You gonna be alright up there?

CREADY

You'd be surprised what I can do pissed, Miss.

He winks at her with a cocky smile on his face and Cormac and Smith appear behind them.

JACK LANGLEY

You ready to go, Cormac?

CREADY

The nipper's comin' with us, is he?

CORMAC

I'm ready.

Langley helps Cormac onto the back of Eliza's horse, then he mounts his own.

DR. SMITH

Sheriff, who'll be lookin' after the town while you're gone?

JACK LANGLEY
Deputy Dray. He'll keep y'all safe.

DR. SMITH
I'm sure. Be seein' ya!

CREADY
Hopefully not in a coffin, Doc!

Langley tips his hat forward in farewell and Smith replies with a limp wave. They trot towards the town's entrance/exit.

EXT. ALBANY ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Leading out of the town, the dusty trail winds through shrubbery and over green hills. In the distance large rocky mountains make up the horizon. It starts to spit with RAIN.

Langley looks towards his house, close to the exit, and spots the figures of his wife and children moving about inside.

JACK LANGLEY
I got somethin' to do 'fore we go.

He dismounts, hands the reins to Eliza and jogs towards his house. Cready, Eliza and Cormac watch him enter.

CORMAC
Are they his family?

CREADY
His children are, he ain't had a happy talk with his wife in years.

ELIZA
It beats me why he's still with her.

CREADY
(to Cormac)
Eliza's always had a thing for 'ole Jack.

Cready smirks, still swaying on his horse.

ELIZA
No... anyone can see he ain't happy. He deserves better, that's all I'm sayin'.

CREADY
You got anyone in mind?

Cready laughs and swigs from his hip-flask. Cormac looks from Eliza to Langley with a curious expression.

INT. LANGLEY'S KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Langley is stood in the door frame, Polly and his twelve-year-old son OSCAR either side of him. Still smoking, Moira stands with her arms crossed opposite them.

MOIRA
When will you be back?

JACK LANGLEY
In a few days.

MOIRA
Are you goin' for her?

Moira points her cigarette out into the street where Eliza observes their conversation. Langley sighs, his anger being withheld.

JACK LANGLEY
What're you suggestin'?

MOIRA
Are you goin' 'cause she's the one
in danger?

Langley lightly pushes Polly and Oscar towards the staircase.

JACK LANGLEY
Wait for me in Polly's room, you
two.

OSCAR
Pa, we don't want you to go.

JACK LANGLEY
I know. I'll come talk to you once
I've spoken to your mother.

OSCAR
...OK.

They slowly ascend the staircase, looking back at Langley.

JACK LANGLEY
Look, it's not just her. The whole
town's in trouble if I ignore this.

MOIRA
You'd jump at the chance to help
her for anythin'!

JACK LANGLEY
I'm havin' trouble tryin' to figure
out what you're tellin' me so
either say it straight or don't say
it at all.

MOIRA

You've always had somethin' for her. The whole town knows it and you do too!

JACK LANGLEY

We've had this conversation before.

MOIRA

I'll assume I'm right then shall I?

Jack leaves Moira, storming up the stairs after his children.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

It's disgusting! She's nearly twenty years younger than you!

INT. POLLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Polly and Oscar sit on Polly's bed in a tiny boxed bedroom which looks out along the Albany trail. Langley enters.

OSCAR

Pa, why do you have to go away?

Langley sits beside Oscar and lifts Polly onto his lap.

JACK LANGLEY

There's an old friend in Jericho I haven't seen in a while.

OSCAR

It won't be dangerous, will it?

JACK LANGLEY

(smiling)

I'll be back Oscar, don't you worry. Like I could stay away from you two for too long.

POLLY

Daddy...

JACK LANGLEY

Yes, Polly?

POLLY

Love you, Daddy.

JACK LANGLEY

I love you too, both of you. Don't you go worryin' 'bout me. I'll be just fine.

He lifts Polly back onto the bed and kisses them both. Polly starts to cry and Langley affectionately touches her cheek.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)
 Look after your sister, Oscar.

Oscar nods and hugs his sister. Langley leaves the room smilingly kindly at his children. The door SNAPS shut.

INT. LANGLEY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Moira hasn't moved. Same pose, different cigarette. Langley rushes down the staircase, avoids Moira's gaze and walks straight out the front door.

EXT. ALBANY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

MOIRA
 Jack! Jack, don't you ignore me!

JACK LANGLEY
 I'll be back in a few days. We can talk then.

He walks from the house without looking back at Moira. The RAIN is heavy now.

MOIRA
 No, we'll talk now!

Langley clambers onto his horse.

JACK LANGLEY
 Let's go.

ELIZA
 Jack...

MOIRA
 Don't you leave us again, Jack Langley!

ELIZA
 Jack, I really think you should...

JACK LANGLEY
 No, Eliza! We're leavin' now.

Puddles are splashed up as the three horses canter out of town. Langley glances back, Moira shouting after him:

MOIRA
 You don't deserve us! Run away and leave me to do everythin'!

In the top window of the house Polly and Oscar's faces stare back at Langley, watching him leave. When they can't be seen anymore, Langley turns and focuses on the trail ahead.

EXT. PYRAMID MOUNTAIN - MEANWHILE

At the apex of this rocky pyramid-shaped mountain Owen sits aboard his horse. He puts a pair of binoculars to his eyes. P.O.V Owen - From here Owen can see Albany and the three horses cantering out of town. He centres his view on Eliza's horse and lingers there for a moment.

Owen smiles and encourages the horse on with a shout. We watch him descend the mountain trail on horseback.

FADE TO:

EXT. JERICHO TOWN SQUARE - MEANWHILE

With paved roads, brick houses, smartly dressed city-folk and the rare sighting of an early form of automobile, Jericho is a fairly well-off city of civilization in this sparse state. It's modern but still there are beggars on the streets. The class gap couldn't be any larger.

It RAINS heavily. In front of a tall church an old and decrepit VICAR addresses a large crowd of people from atop a concrete plinth.

VICAR

If you are one of those who has sinned, you must stop! Stop your fornication, your killing, your prostitution and your thievery! These things will only send you to the eternal flames of hell!

In his mid-fifties, Smokey's bulky figure is prominent as he makes his way through the crowd. One hand is at his side, finger curled around a revolver's trigger, and his other hand holds a cigarette.

VICAR (CONT'D)

Is this what you want? An entire afterlife in the servitude of Satan? No soul should wish for such a thing! Step into the church and speak your confessions! The teachings of the Lord Almighty can save you!

As he passes the Vicar, Smokey finishes his cigarette and throws it on the ground in front of the plinth. He glances at the Vicar, turns his back, and pushes through the crowd.

VICAR (CONT'D)

You, sir! The one with the blood on his hands! I can see your sins, my child! I can see the anger in your heart! If you turn your back on me you turn your back on forgiveness!

Smokey stops and slowly turns around to face the Vicar.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

People like me don't take too
kindly to lectures from folk like
you.

VICAR

Another lost soul heading down the
road to damnation!

Smokey glances in the direction he faces and points down the road.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Naw, that road leads to Portland.
You want damnation you wanna be
headin' in there.

He points into the open doors of the church.

VICAR

Your blasphemy will be punished
once you reach the fires of hell,
my child!

Swiftly, Smokey throws his arm outwards towards the Vicar, fingers in the shape of a gun. There are alerted shouts from the crowd and they crouch down. The Vicar cowers, but Smokey laughs and lets his arm drop back to his side.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Relax, old man. It ain't your time
yet.

He puts his hands into his pockets and continues along the road. Behind him the crowd disperses but the Vicar continues.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The road is packed with people and market stalls despite the heavy rain. Smokey forces his way through them, pushing beggars aside and knocking into the city-folk. He reaches a brick saloon signposted as 'THE WESTLAND BAR' and enters.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

This is a peaceful bar with people of all ages talking happily and drinking quietly. It feels cosy, the violence of America not yet touching it, and a winding staircase leads to several rentable rooms on the next floor. A portly BARMAN politely serves his customers.

Smokey enters through the swing-doors, catching the eye of the customers.

He spots his group of Outlaws (Chet, William, THIN IZZY among them) at the bar and makes his way towards them.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
When's he gettin' here?

CHET
He said 'bout one, but look...

Chet glances at the clock which reads 1:15.

CHET (CONT'D)
...the damn scarab is late.

The Barman nervously walks up to Smokey and his group.

BARMAN
C-can I get you anythin', sirs?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Four double whiskeys.

BARMAN
Double?

When Smokey nods, the Barman hesitantly goes about getting the drinks. He isn't used to the idea of a 'double drink'.

THIN IZZY
We gonna ride over to Albany then?
Get us some ransackin' goin'?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
We ain't doin' nuthin' 'til I've
seen Owen.

THIN IZZY
Come on, Smoke. Since we got 'ere
we ain't done anythin'.

CHET
Ye! Let's go kill us some sappies!
That's always fun.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
We ain't drawin' any attention.
That's final. Eliza's gotta think I
ain't as rotten as I was.

THIN IZZY
Ain't no chance o' that.

They down their drinks and Smokey bashes the bar. The Barman stares at him, confused.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Same again.

The Barman hurriedly goes about preparing another round of drinks.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Eliza's the most important thing I got. We was really close.

CHET
Yeah, 'til she tattled to your Deputy. That's really...

Smokey glares at Chet as if to say "*shut the fuck up*" and Chet quietens down once more.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You thinkin' you're being funny? I've warned you once... That bastard Jack Langley turned her against me. He ain't no friend of mine no more. To think he'll probably be eyein' her up right now...

He grits his teeth, bashes his hand down as hard as he can and the room falls quiet.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: '9 YEARS AGO - 1879' - The main road is rife with folk, but 17-year-old Eliza has her eyes firmly fixed on Smokey as he makes his way towards a back street. He turns into a shadowed street and Eliza follows after him, keeping her distance.

EXT. ALBANY BACK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Around the corner, Eliza sees Smokey speaking to a group of badly-dressed men, about seven of them including Thin Izzy, Chet and William. She hides behind a fence.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Why ain't you got them yet?

THIN IZZY
Chet spent all the dough on booze and whores.

CHET
Hey, you weren't complainin'!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Goddamnit.

Smokey counts out several fifty dollar bills from his pockets and pushes them in Chet's hand.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I ain't waitin' any longer. Make sure you get those guns. I want that gold mine ransacked by tomorrow. And kill anyone inside or out. I ain't lettin' this get out.

THIN IZZY

You can count on us.

Eliza's face turns to shock and she sprints from behind the fence the way she came. Unfortunately, Smokey turns his head sharply and sees her turn the corner towards the main road.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Eliza!

He runs after her.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He emerges onto the main road and stops to watch Eliza heading straight for the jailhouse.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Goddamnit! What's that stupid girl doin'?

INT. JAILHOUSE - MEANWHILE

Langley sits at the table rifling through some paperwork and Eliza bursts through the door out of breath.

ELIZA

Jack! You were right. I caught Pa dealin' with some Outlaws in the back streets.

JACK LANGLEY

Did you see who they were?

ELIZA

No but I think he saw me. He knows I followed him.

JACK LANGLEY

Goddamnit.

Langley cocks a shotgun and whistles to the other deputies outside the office.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)
Saddle up, boys! We're goin' after
our Sheriff!

INT. SMOKEY'S HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Chet, Thin Izzy, William and the other four OUTLAWS are waiting outside the house, keeping watch. Smokey is hurrying through his house, packing some things into a large satchel. He moves into Eliza's bedroom and notices the doll he gave her as a baby on the shelf.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (V.O.)
...somethin' to let you know how
much your Pa loves you.

He takes it angrily and sprints out the front door.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - MEANWHILE

Langley, Eliza, Hoyte and a few other DEPUTIES have mounted their horse and they canter along the main road. Langley spots Smokey and his Outlaws out of town along the Albany trail.

JACK LANGLEY
There he is, we got sight of him.

They gallop off in pursuit.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - MORNING

At the swing-doors the Englishman MR. MARSH enters wearing a suit and bowler hat. Marsh struggles over to Smokey with a large suitcase.

MR. MARSH
S-s-sorry I'm late, Mr. Williams...

The Outlaws at the bar swivel around to face Marsh, Chet looking at him with a furrowed brow.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
No trouble, Marsh. We'll just drop
the price.

MR. MARSH
Y-yes, well... We can talk about
price l-later. Let me show you the
m-m-merchandise first. Mr. Yeardley
sends his b-best wishes to you,
sir.

Marsh fumbles with the clasps on the case and finally unlocks it, pulling up the lid and revealing a long battered rifle. Smokey picks it up and customers gaze apprehensively at it.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

It's a .308 c-calibre W-winchester rifle, very rare around these p-parts. One of the most powerful weapons you'll c-come across. Comes with a scope which...

Smokey takes the scope and attaches it to the barrel of the rifle. The Barman watches sadly as several customers hurry out of the Bar.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

I c-can see you know what you're d-doing.

CHET

He... he can't talk properly!

MR. MARSH

Wh-what's wrong with my v-v-voice?

Chet laughs hysterically and starts to bash the bar with his fist. The Barman sees Smokey looking down the sight and interrupts:

BARMAN

Sorry... erm, 'scuse me? Can you take your business outside...?

Smokey dismounts his chair, holding the sniper barrel towards the ceiling, and stares defiantly at the Barman.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

We'll use one of your rooms if that's alright.

BARMAN

Erm... y-yes, OK, that'll be fine...

Smokey and his Outlaws dodge their way through the tables and they ascend the main staircase, Mr. Marsh following them. The corridor at the top has doors to rooms on either side. Smokey barges through one of them.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is luxurious with silky bedsheets and an obvious cleanliness. It looks expensive.

Smokey moves straight to the window, a balcony overlooking the street below. Marsh and the other Outlaws enter.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Let's see if this weapon's as good
as you say it is, Mr. Marsh.

He starts to fill the clip with bullets.

MR. MARSH

Wh-what are you doing?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I got to make sure your Mr Yeardley
ain't tryin' to cheat me outta my
money.

MR. MARSH

You aren't going to s-shoot anyone,
are you?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Ain't that what guns are for?

MR. MARSH

Mr. Yeardley isn't a p-pushover,
Mr. Williams. You won't be doing
yourself any f-favours if you fire
that thing before paying.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Grab hold of him. Make sure he
don't do somethin' stupid.

Thin Izzy and William take hold of Marsh's arms and they tie
his hands and feet together.

MR. MARSH

Hey! G-get off me!

CHEAT

You should be thankin' us! With
your arms tied we won't be killin'
ya.

Chet starts to jump about happily, throwing punches towards
Marsh but not making contact. Smokey rests the rifle on the
balcony and peers through the sight.

MR. MARSH

You'd b-better pay soon, sir. Mr.
Yeardley won't be happy if you d-
don't.

CHEAT

Aww, Smoke. This limey's a hoot!
Can I keep him?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Hear that, Mr. Marsh? Whadd'ya say
to Chet keepin' you for a pet...
once this has all blown over?

Marsh's mouth moves but nothing comes out. Smirking, Smokey returns to the rifle scope.

P.O.V Smokey - The crosshairs stray over the people gathered in town. We pan to the left, heading further down the road, until the Vicar comes into view, gesturing to the crowd.

CUT TO: Behind him, Chet is dancing and singing awfully to the tune of *'Oh My Darling Clementine'*:

CHET

Oh my darlin', oh my darlin', oh my
darlin' Mr. Marsh...!

CUT TO: P.O.V Smokey - The Vicar speaks before turning around and heading towards the church entrance.

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

...you're expectin' a nice 'ole
payment, but what we're offerin's
pretty harsh!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

You turn your back on life, old
man.

The trigger is pulled and the GUNSHOT ECHOES around the street. Blood spurts from the Vicar's head and the crowd goes into panic.

Smokey turns back to Mr. Marsh, a smirk on his face. The shouts and hollering of the crowd in the street can be heard.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You done good, boy. This'll do just
fine. How much is this gonna stand
me in?

MR. MARSH

S-stand you in?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Cost, boy. You English don't ever
pick up the lingo. All *'pleases'*
and *'thank-you's'*.

MR. MARSH

Mr. Yeardley said f-four hundred
dollars.

The Outlaws 'ooo' in unison, shake their heads and exchange sarcastic glances.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
I don't think we can stand for such
a cost, can we boys?

THIN IZZY
No way. We was thinkin' much less
than that.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Let's see what we got.

Everyone except Marsh searches through their pockets.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Darn it! I'm empty. What you got?

WILLIAM
Nothin'.

CHET
I'm empty too... oh, wait.

Chet pulls a single dollar note out of his pocket and waves
it in Marsh's face.

CHET (CONT'D)
How 'bout this?

MR. MARSH
One dollar?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
We're behind on the ole '*robbin'* a
bank' thing.

Every Outlaw stares at Marsh with deadly serious faces. Marsh
shakes his head furiously.

MR. MARSH
Certainly not! Mr. Yeardley would k-
kill me himself if I came back with
just a d-dollar!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Ain't that sad, boys?

THIN IZZY
Tragic.

CHET
I'm gettin' all emotional about the
whole thing.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
How 'bout we give you a few
bruises, Mr. Marsh? Gives you an
excuse for returnin' to Yeardley
with nothin'.

MR. MARSH

Wh-what? I'm only doing my j-job
here...!

CHET

So are we!

Chet beats and kicks Marsh on the ground. The other Outlaws join in and, feeling like he's obligated to do so, so does William.

MR. MARSH

No! S-stop. What have I d-done
wrong?

They stop and Marsh writhes on the floor, face bloodied. Smokey lifts Marsh off the ground.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Nothin'. We're just helpin' you
out, that's all...

He carries Marsh back through the motel room door.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

Smokey stands at the top of the winding staircase, looking down over the few remaining customers still sat in the bar. The other Outlaws join him.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

My ex-wife pushed me down some
stairs once. She was a spiteful
bitch. Hurt like hell...

MR. MARSH

P-please...

Smokey lets go and Marsh topples down the stairs, shouting all the way until he hits the bottom with a CRACK.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I got my wife back eventually.
Maybe there's some hope for ya.

CHET

W-w-w-wait Mr. Marsh, I'm c-c-c-
comin'!

Chet runs down the stairs laughing, unties Marsh's legs and pulls his trousers and underwear off. Chet falls to the floor, laughing almost silently as Smokey and the others join him.

MR. MARSH

G-give those back.

Marsh stands up, hastily trying to cover his manhood with his hands and untucked shirt.

CHET

Look! It's naked little s-s-stutter man!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Say hello to Mr. Yeardley for me won'cha. If he's got a sense o' humour he might not put a bullet through your head.

MR. MARSH

He d-doesn't...

Smokey looks at Marsh with a smile on his face.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

He might after seein' you like that.

CHET

Off you go, sexy legs!

Marsh turns around and Chet slaps his backside, sending the salesman limping off into the crowds of people. The Outlaws gather at the Bar's entrance and watch him go.

CHET (CONT'D)

Aww. I wanted to play with him some more.

Smokey turns away, lights a cigarette and looks at the Barman, who is cowering against the shelves of whiskey bottles behind the bar. The tables are now empty and Smokey waves to the Barman, who gets the message and runs through the back door.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

(to an OUTLAW)

Get the others here. And make sure you keep this Bar.

Smokey admires the wooden structure of the Bar and ascends the staircase once more.

EXT. DESTROYED VILLAGE - LATER

It *still* RAINS heavily. Normal villagers have long-since abandoned this village and now it's a home to all sorts of bad men and women. The old and dishevelled LITTLE JOE is jumping over the same fence over and over. He's clearly insane.

Smokey, Chet and William arrive on horseback and Little Joe stops jumping to greet them in a forced English accent.

LITTLE JOE
It's been a while since I've seen
your face around here.

They dismount their horses.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
I know you, old-timer?

LITTLE JOE
I'm not speaking to you.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
'scuse me?

Little Joe limps over to Chet and puts his arm around him.

LITTLE JOE
I said I'm not speaking to you.

CHET
Leave it, Pa.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
This is your father?

Chet nods and Smokey stares at Little Joe's toothy yellow grin while untying his pack from the horse.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I can see where you get your good
looks.

William sniffs.

WILLIAM
And your smell.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Yeah. It's different though. Must
lose potency with age.

Smokey and William laugh and Chet looks hurt and offended.

LITTLE JOE
A man arrived here not long ago.
Was asking for you.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Owen?

LITTLE JOE
Yeah, that's him. Tall fella.
English. He's over playing poker in
the Grocery Store.

He points towards a building with a large chunk taken out of its roof, beside the saloon.

CHET

There's gonna be some gunfire from there soon.

LITTLE JOE

What you say, son?

CHET

Nothin'. Cut the accent and get some rags, Pa. You're givin' us Outlaws a bad name.

Little Joe nods and goes back to repeatedly jumping over the fence when Smokey, Chet and William head towards the Grocery Store.

INT. DESTROYED GROCERY STORE - MEANWHILE

There is a massive hole in the ceiling and the rain is leaking in. The last remnants of grocery goods are strewn about the floor and shelves hang off the walls.

Owen sits at a splintered circular table with THOMAS, CORDON and RALPH. Cards are scattered across it and the DEALER observes the game. Owen grins at everyone.

OWEN

Well isn't this nice.

Cordon throws his cards down.

CORDON

Goddamnit! Ain't my luck ever gonna change?

RALPH

I'll raise ya, friend.

Eyes on Owen, Ralph throws several dollar notes into the middle of the table. Thomas also throws his cards down.

THOMAS

You boys are too rich for my blood.

RALPH

(to Owen)

You got the grapes to stay?

OWEN

There would be no point in me being here if I didn't want to play.

Owen copies Ralph's bet with a smile on his face. The dealer places the fifth card on the table.

RALPH

Seems like it's my lucky day! I'm
all-in.

He pushes all his money into the middle and stands up,
banging his hand on the table with a grin on his face.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What shall I spend all my money on?
Guns? Clothes? Or how about some
fine hookers from town?

Ralph starts to make thrusting movements at the side of the
table.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Hoo-ee! Expensive whores and
barrels of whiskey! I'm gonna be
livin' the good life, boys!

Ralph, Cordon and Thomas all laugh, but their laughter tails
out when Owen moves all his chips in.

OWEN

I apologize, but...

RALPH

You've put more in than I did.

Owen shrugs and Ralph stares at him, studying.

OWEN

What can I say? I'm a man who likes
to live on the edge.

RALPH

Alright. Let's see what you got.

Ralph reveals his cards, three-of-a-kind Jacks. Owen reveals
his cards, a Jack-high flush.

Ralph stares at Owen, then his cards, then the five in the
middle of the table and thrusts his finger towards Owen.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You're a damn cheater, mister!

OWEN

I'd never do such a thing.

Owen slowly takes his revolver out of its holster and aims it
at Ralph from under the table.

RALPH

You did! No way anyone's that
lucky!

Ralph pulls out his gun. Owen pulls the trigger, BANG, the bullet going through the table and hitting Ralph in the chest. He fires two more shots to take down Cordon and Thomas.

OWEN
(to dealer)
Thank-you.

Smoke protrudes from Owen's gun-barrel. Smokey enters and Chet pokes his head inside as Owen starts to stuff the money into his satchel and pockets.

CHET
It's lookin' good in here!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Three this time Owen?

OWEN
It isn't my fault they have the awful combination of being terrible at poker and having a very short fuse.

The three of them leave the building.

EXT. DESTROYED VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

They emerge into the pouring rain and Owen approaches his hitched horse.

OWEN
Why is it that you Americans are such sore losers?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
I think we'd be more willin' to lose if we weren't losin' to a cheater.

OWEN
Cheating is grounds for being punishable by death, is it?

Owen stands beside his hitched horse, throws his pack over it and points at the sniper case in Smokey's hand.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Is that for me?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
For a while.

Smokey hands the case over and Owen fiddles with the clasps.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Did you spot Ellie?

OWEN
She's on her way with Jack Langley
and one of his Deputies. Such a
nice man, Mr. Langley, isn't he?

Smokey raises his eyebrows and sneers.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Langley's new deputy? You'll be
killin' two birds with one stone.

OWEN
Where is it that I'm going then?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
They'll be walkin' the Columbia
River trail. Only way to Jericho is
across the bridge.

OWEN
Perfect. Plenty of hills around
there to get a viewpoint from and a
scenery to admire.

Owen opens the case and his face widens in excitement.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Good God! I haven't ever seen one
of these before.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Remember. Just Langley and his
deputy. I see a scratch on Ellie
and you'll be going back to England
with half your life.

OWEN
I understand, Mr. Williams. You
don't need to tell me twice.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
I'm serious, Owen. I know what you
English are like - unpredictable
just ain't the word. You'll talk a
man to death before shootin' him.

OWEN
I'll be a no-nonsense Yank for a
few days then.

He smiles and winks at Smokey who turns his back and
acknowledges Chet and William.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You two, you're going with him.

CHET

Wh-what? No, Smoke. Let me stay with you.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

If he dies I'll need someone to finish the job.

Smokey jumps onto his horse.

CHET

I ain't a killer, Smoke! I've killed people but I ain't no killer!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

There ever a time you make any sense? Take care of William for me.

Smokey lightly taps William's head as he canters away on horseback, back in the direction of Jericho. Owen smiles warmly at Chet and William.

OWEN

Well. It'll be nice to have some company for the journey.

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

The rolling Oregon hills have given way to a dense forest. Trees are tall and dark green. The ground is muddy underfoot. We hear the TRICKLE of water and a shallow river comes into view. Fallen trees lay across it.

Langley and his companions are on horseback, making a slow pace. As his horse walks, Cready is trying to spin his revolver around his index finger. He nearly drops it.

JACK LANGLEY

I'm gettin' bored of watchin' you tryin' to do that. You're damn well useless. Look.

Langley spins his own revolver around his index finger.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

And I'm usin' my weaker hand.

CREADY

Hey, I ain't done this before.

JACK LANGLEY

No kiddin'?

ELIZA

Come on, you two. Give it up.

Langley and Cready shrug in unison and Cready tries to spin his revolver again. This time his finger accidentally pulls the trigger and a bullet shoots into the ground, throwing up some dust.

CREADY

Shit!

ELIZA

Jeeze, Cready!

Birds erupt from the trees and shoot into the sky and Cready drops his gun. It fires again, the bullet hits a tree-trunk and Eliza jumps in shock.

JACK LANGLEY

Sheesh, don't try it again... ever.
One of us might die before we've
lived.

ELIZA

At least one of you's got some
sense.

Cormac dismounts Eliza's horse and picks up Cready's gun. He spins it around his finger.

CORMAC

It ain't so hard.

JACK LANGLEY

You ever done that before?

CORMAC

Not with a real gun.

Cready dismounts his horse and walks angrily towards the river. The other three dismount too.

CREADY

I'm refillin' on water.

CORMAC

Did I do somethin' wrong?

JACK LANGLEY

Naw. Cready don't like being beaten
by anyone at anythin'.

Langley ruffles Cormac's hair and takes his flask from his pocket. They fill their bottles and flasks with fresh water. Eliza walks further down the river, admiring the idyllic waterfall at one end.

ELIZA

It's so gorgeous here.

She looks back at the three boys, all of them ignoring her, and shakes her head.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
Must remember I'm speaking to men.

Cormac starts to skim small rocks across the water. One bounces all the way across and hits the grassy land at the other side. From there, Cormac sees a brown bear scratching at a tree trunk. He taps Langley on the shoulder and points towards the bear.

CORMAC
(whispering)
What do we do, Sheriff?

JACK LANGLEY
Get back on your horse. Eliza...

Eliza turns her head and follows Langley's pointing finger.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)
...no sudden move...

Cready aims his gun at a bird in the sky and fires it. Alerted, the bear raises its head and GROWLS. Eliza, Langley and Cormac stare disbelievingly at Cready.

CREADY
I got one! I shot one down,
Sheriff, right out of the sky!
What... what's up?

Cready looks beyond his companions' shocked expressions and sees the bear bounding towards them.

CREADY (CONT'D)
Damn, there's a bear, Sheriff!
Behind you!

ELIZA
You don't say!

They all run for their horses, Langley helping Cormac onto the back of his. They canter away, hooves SPLASHING water as they cross the river. The bear skirts the edge of the river on the other side.

They exit the river, Langley's horse first, followed by Eliza's. Just as Cready's horse exits the bear jumps, claws at the horse's hind leg, cuts it deep. The horse falls to the ground, NEIGHS, and Cready is thrown from its back.

CREADY
Goddamnit!

The bear GROWLS at Cready, standing tall on its back legs. It approaches him, ready to strike, but Langley cuts in and slices the bear's arm with his serrated knife. He waves his arms in the bear's face

JACK LANGLEY

Go! Get back, ya dumb animal! Back!

He punches it and then slashes its stomach with his blade, drawing blood. The bear whines and bounds away through a thicket.

Cready groans and clutches at his arm. He shouts out in pain when Langley pulls him up by the same arm.

CREADY

Sheriff! Not that arm, I... I think it's broken.

JACK LANGLEY

I swear to God, Cready. I'd shoot you myself but there ain't anyone stupid enough to take your job.

CREADY

What did I do?

Langley laughs, shakes his head, and walks away to kneel beside the injured horse.

ELIZA

How can you not know? We saw the bear, then we see you firin' shots into the air. You alerted the bear, Cready.

CREADY

Well jeeze, I'm sorry...

Eliza turns away and joins Langley in kneeling beside the horse. There are three claw marks across its hind leg, deep and bloodied.

JACK LANGLEY

She's a goner. The cut's too deep.

Eliza looks into the wide eyes of the horse.

ELIZA

Ain't there anythin'...

Langley shakes his head, stands up, picks Cready's revolver up off the ground and holds it towards him.

JACK LANGLEY

You do it.

CREADY

Sheriff, I never meant for...

JACK LANGLEY

Oh I know you didn't. You never do.
You can't help being dumb. But you
caused it. Try not to screw this up
like you seem to do everything
else.

He throws the revolver to Cready who catches it. Langley
mounts his horse again and trots off further down the road.

Cready stands up shakily, holding his arm, and aims his
revolver at the horse's head. He takes one look at the horse's
pained face, turns away and pulls the trigger.

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAIL - LATER

The four emerge from the forest in silence, Cready now
hitching on the back of Eliza's horse.

They look out over a massive green landscape of trees and
mountains. The trail they are on leads along the side of a
large river. In the far distance, beyond thick trees, the
Columbia Bridge can be seen.

JACK LANGLEY

We should find somewhere to camp
for the night before we cross the
bridge.

ELIZA

Is that the only way to get to
Jericho?

JACK LANGLEY

No... but it'd take us a few more
days if we went any other.

They begin to descend the trail, leaving the forest and
following the snaking river.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

We'll find somewhere tucked away to
set up camp. Come on.

They descend the hilly trail at a canter.

FADE TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAIL - EVENING

The sky is clear of clouds and filled with hundreds of stars. Moonlight illuminates a vertical rock-face on the riverside trail where the four companions huddle around a fire. They drink and laugh.

JACK LANGLEY

So Cready comes out, his pants
'round his ankles, shirt ripped to
bits and pissed out of his skull...
and what does he do? Shoots the guy
square in the back.

Langley stands up and impersonates a drunk Cready clumsily firing a weapon at an imaginary target.

CORMAC

No way!

ELIZA

Cready *really* saved your life?

Cready nods with a cocky grin on his face.

CREADY

I was gettin' my end away too. This
bastard was lucky I heard anythin'.

JACK LANGLEY

The guy turns around and he laughs.
Just laughs and falls to the floor!
Even a dyin' man found it funny.

CREADY

That's when the Sheriff offered me
a job.

JACK LANGLEY

Once I'd told him to put his
trouser snake away.

Cormac bursts into laughter and falls back onto the rocky ground.

ELIZA

And you'd never given a thought to
havin' anythin' to do with the law
'til then?

CREADY

Other than stealin' from the liquor
store, nope.

CORMAC

You think you'd've taken the job if
you weren't so drunk?

Cready frowns.

CREADY

Now that's a question...

They all laugh briefly and then stare quietly around the landscape. The sound of a TRAIN splits the silence. We leave the camp and a train track comes into view, a steam train visible in the distance.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: '9 YEARS AGO - 1879' - Large crowds of people in smart, expensive clothing are gathered over a single train platform. They watch a train approach the station. It puffs huge clouds of black smoke into the sunny blue sky.

Smokey is pushing his way through the crowds with Chet, Thin Izzy, William and his four other Outlaws. There is an urgency to their walking as they barge people aside. When the train arrives, they immediately jump on.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train is very wooden, dark and plain inside and several people are preparing to disembark.

The eight Outlaws make their way through the train aisles, Smokey at the front.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I suggest everyone gets off the train as you can be sure you won't like the ride today!

Behind Smokey, the other Outlaws are pulling people out of their chairs and pushing them off the train either through the doors or the windows they've smashed.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

We observe all this from the platform, Smokey making his way to the front of the train through the separate carriages.

At the entrance to the train station, Langley arrives with his deputies. He spots Smokey pulling a chain at the front of the train. The train WHISTLES.

JACK LANGLEY

Damnit, he's stealin' the train!
Come on!

They turn their horses and run past the train station. They see the train on the track and they spur their horses on towards it.

HOYTE

If deputies chasin' their Sheriff
ain't irony then I don't know what
is!

Langley sends Hoyte a wry smile. They pursue the train at a gallop, following the track behind the speeding train.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAIL - NIGHT

A cooking pot is suspended above the campfire, steam pouring from the brim. Cormac lies on his side, eyes drooping, and it's clear that Cready is very drunk once again. Eliza is stirring the contents with a spoon.

CREADY

Is this gonna be an Irish soup?

ELIZA

What you mean?

CREADY

Irish. You know, mixed with some
sort of liquor.

ELIZA

(shaking head)
I think it's ready.

She ladles the soup into four bowls and passes them around. Langley takes a sip, looks at Eliza's expectant face, winces and holds the back of his hand against his mouth.

JACK LANGLEY

It's good...

Cready and Cormac taste the soup and they both immediately spit it out.

CREADY

Definitely missin' somethin'...

He pulls out his hip-flask and sloshes whiskey into the bowl. Cormac holds out his bowl towards Cready.

CORMAC

Can I have some?

CREADY

Sure, here...

Cready pours some whiskey into Cormac's bowl.

ELIZA

Cready!

JACK LANGLEY

Relax, Eliza. It'll do the boy some good.

CREADY

Too right. This stuff's good for numbin' the pain.

Cormac takes a mouthful, swallows and coughs violently. Langley and Cready both pat him on the back.

CORMAC

It's better...

CREADY

See, the little bastard likes it.

ELIZA

Do men stop growin' when they reach eight-years-old or somethin'?

Cormac watches Cready down the rest of his soup and then he copies him. Cready puts his arm around Cormac, who begins to sway and slur.

JACK LANGLEY

It's almost like they're brothers.

Eliza concedes to laughing as she watches both Cready and Cormac fall backwards onto their sleeping mats.

ELIZA

Seems that's one way of keepin' Cready quiet.

Langley smiles at Eliza as she stands up and covers Cormac with a blanket. She throws another blanket over Cready and returns to her seat beside Langley.

JACK LANGLEY

Ain't you tired?

ELIZA

I... won't be able to sleep.

Langley sees her shaking and steps over to her, placing a blanket over her shoulders. He sits beside her.

JACK LANGLEY

Still thinkin' about your Pa?

ELIZA

I just can't believe he's still alive. The past nine years I'd gotten used to the fact he'd died.

JACK LANGLEY

Smokey always was a stubborn bastard.

ELIZA

I wonder what it was that changed him... before I mean. When I was a kid he was as lovin' a father as any other.

JACK LANGLEY

It's this job. It changes folk...

ELIZA

It ain't changed you.

JACK LANGLEY

Maybe it has a little. Moira seems to think so.

ELIZA

Oh...

JACK LANGLEY

She seems to think I'm ignorin' the kids, when really the only person I'm ignorin' is her.

Langley laughs and Eliza looks at him, smiling awkwardly. They fall silent and Eliza looks up into the starry sky.

ELIZA

You believe in all that astronomy stuff? In fate?

JACK LANGLEY

Naw, it's bull shit. People waste their lives on things like that.

ELIZA

Why?

JACK LANGLEY

The way I see it, things are only gonna happen if you choose to make 'em happen.

Langley faces Eliza, expression suddenly serious. They stare into each other's eyes... until they kiss, slowly and apprehensively at first. Over by the fire Cormac is awake, one eye watching the two of them kiss. They part.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have...

ELIZA
No, you should have.

She pounces on his face again, a more passionate kiss this time, and the two of them end up lying on the ground together. Eventually, though, Langley pushes Eliza off him and stands up.

JACK LANGLEY
No, Eliza. I can't. You know I can't. Smokey and... Moira. I'm sorry...

ELIZA
Jack... I love you.

Langley stares at her, troubled. He takes a cigarette from his pocket and walks away from the camp. Eliza covers herself with her blanket and cries silently. Cormac closes his eyes.

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAIL - THE NEXT MORNING

The ground is wet from the night's rainfall but the sun now shines brightly in the sky. In the camp, Cready is the first to awake. He gets up and descends a short hill leading to the side of the river. He averts his eyes from the sunlight and unzips his fly. We hear a TRICKLE of water.

CREADY
Ah. I love the smell of piss in the mornin'.

He laughs to himself and his eyes catch a glimpse of three figures scouting the mountains further down the river just past the bridge.

CREADY (CONT'D)
These don't look friendly.

Cready zips himself up and hastily looks through the binoculars around his neck. Owen, Chet and William are traversing a mountain trail. Cready runs back up the hill towards the camp.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - MEANWHILE

William follows Chet and Owen, carrying the sniper rifle case. Their eyes study the land around the bridge.

CHEAT
Hey, Englishman...

Owen turns around to face Chet with his eyebrow raised.

CHET (CONT'D)

...you sure they're gonna be comin'
'round this way?

OWEN

Yes, twitchy American man. If they
went around they would be
travelling for days to get to
Jericho. Keep quiet, please.

CHET

Well sorry! Just I'd rather not
have my other bollock chopped off
if we lose 'em.

WILLIAM

Can one of you two carry this?

CHET

You've been given donkey duty.

WILLIAM

But my arms are hurtin' me.

When Owen and Chet ignore him, William sighs and plods on,
struggling to heave the case onwards.

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAIL - MEANWHILE

Eliza, Cormac and Langley are packing their bags. Cready
appears from the pathway leading to the river.

CREADY

Sheriff! We got strangers out
scoutin' the bridge. They don't
look like normal travellers.

JACK LANGLEY

How many?

CREADY

Three.

Langley rests his hat on his head and scratches his ear.

JACK LANGLEY

Don't bother packin', you two. We
ain't leavin' just yet.

Eliza and Cormac stop their packing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

The three Outlaws are scouting a mountain further down the
river, opposite Langley's camp. The path they're on leads to
one side of the bridge. Owen points towards the camp.

OWEN

Ah! There they are look.

The three Outlaws peer off the edge of the cliff, Owen through his binoculars. On the bridge below we catch a glimpse of Cready and Langley sprinting to the other side and hiding behind a rock. With their backs turned, the Outlaws are completely unaware.

P.O.V Owen - his view strays over two bulky sheets, passing for human figures at a glance. Eliza and Cormac are sat opposite each other talking.

OWEN (CONT'D)

It seems Langley and his Deputy are still asleep.

CHET

You sure it's them?

OWEN

Of course I'm sure. Miss Williams is sat right there.

CHET

Let me see.

Chet grabs the binoculars and peers through them.

CHET (CONT'D)

We found 'em! Come on then, let's kill the sonsofbitches.

Owen snatches the sniper case from William. He takes the rifle out and starts to assemble it.

EXT. COLUMBIA BRIDGE - MEANWHILE

Holding their revolvers, Cready and Langley peer over a rock and watch Owen assemble the rifle.

JACK LANGLEY

They ain't here for breakfast, that's for sure.

CREADY

You recognise any of 'em?

JACK LANGLEY

The one with the black hat is from the stables back in Albany.

CREADY

Oh yeah... The sneaky bastard.

JACK LANGLEY

We'll wait here and see what they do.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Owen finishes assembling the rifle and sets it up on a large rock on the edge of the cliff-side. He then rummages around in his bag and pulls out a small tattered flag attached to a wooden pole.

CHET

What the hell's that for?

OWEN

The trajectory of the bullet can be affected by gravity and wind. By watching how this flag blows, I'll be able to see the direction and strength of the wind and adjust my aim in accordance with it, thus making my chances of a successful hit far more likely.

Chet stares at Owen, who stabs the flag into the dirt just in front of the rifle.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Of course, it would be easier to understand if you were listening.

CHET

Just shoot 'em.

Owen lies on the floor, eye placed at the end of the sight. P.O.V Owen - The flag is in the foreground, blowing in the wind, but we focus as the scope zooms in to re-focus on the camp over the river.

Only the GUSH of the wind. The stained crosshair strays over the two bulky sheets. Owen takes his time, aiming up the shot, watching the flag. Finally there is a GUNSHOT. We follow the bullet as it hits the mound, throwing up dirt and grass instead of blood.

OWEN

Strange. It...

Another GUNSHOT. A bullet punctures the flag's material. Suddenly round after round is sent their way. Owen, Chet and William turn around to see Langley and Cready running up the mountain trail with their revolvers outstretched.

CHET

Shit!

Bullets ricochet against rocks as the three Outlaws run for cover. William takes a bullet in the stomach and he screams and falls to the ground.

CREADY

Why the heck didn't we bring our rifles?

JACK LANGLEY

Didn't think we'd need them.

CREADY

Are you crazy? This is America! You need good guns no matter where you go... 'specially if you're the damn Sheriff! How's that left hand workin' out for ya?

JACK LANGLEY

It ain't too bad.

Langley stands up and fires four shots, all of which hit the rocks or go wayward.

CREADY

All this time I just thought you were a terrible shot.

Cready winks, smiles and darts out of cover, firing one shot. He hits Owen in the head and the force propels him backwards. Owen falls off the side of the cliff and SPLASHES into the water below.

Cready holds up his gun, blows the smoke from the end, and smirks.

CREADY (CONT'D)

Left hand.

In wild panic Chet throws his rifle to the ground and sprints away further up the trail, looking back at William.

WILLIAM

Ch-Chet...

CREADY

What you runnin' for, you sonofabitch? Get back here!

Cready and Langley emerge from behind the rock and slowly approach William with their revolvers outstretched. His shirt is open, the familiar 'S' shape branded on his chest.

WILLIAM

Mister...

JACK LANGLEY

You one of Smokey's boys, kid?

WILLIAM

Yes, but... I... didn't want to be.

JACK LANGLEY

What do you mean?

William starts to cry.

WILLIAM

I always was quiet. Pa never liked me for that. Was tough growin' up 'round the folk he knew, 'specially as they knew I wasn't a killer. But being one of his sons... you're kind of... born into it...

JACK LANGLEY

You're Smokey's... son?

Langley watches William die, his head drops to the side and his eyes go lifeless.

Just the BREEZE of the wind as Cready and Langley stare out across the river towards their camp and Eliza waving in their direction.

CREADY

Eliza had a brother...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Smokey is leaning out of the window, smoking a cigarette. The sun is setting and he looks along the Jericho road where the grocery stalls are being closed up. He turns his head and looks in the opposite direction to see Chet arrive on horseback, alone.

Smokey throws his cigarette out of the window and stampedes out of the room.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

We hear the front door BANG shut.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Chet, you lily-livered bastard!

Smokey jogs down the steps. His boots JINGLE.

CHEAT (O.S.)

They must've spotted us before...

Smokey emerges into the Saloon's bar. From the tidy, quaint local it was it's now a mess with broken chairs, smashed bottles and turned-over tables. Chet is stood talking to Thin Izzy, other Outlaws surrounding them.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Chet, why are you alone? Where's Will?

CHET

W-w-we were...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You've started stammerin' too have ya? Spit it out.

CHET

They got to us, Smoke. They... they shot William. H-he's dead.

Smokey slowly sits in a chair beside him, head in his hands.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

CAPTION: '25 YEARS AGO - 1863' - A WOMAN lies on her back on a table, giving birth, screaming in pain. At one end, Smokey kneels opposite her.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Christ, just one more push! It can't be that hard!

WOMAN

I'm tryin', you evil bastard!

She breathes deeply and pushes one last effort out of her. The CRIES of a baby. Finally Smokey lifts the baby up and cradles him in his arms.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

A boy...

WOMAN

I... I want him called Lou.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I've already decided, he's a William. Ain't no boy o' mine being named after a pisser...

The baby cries in Smokey's arms, waving his hands in the air.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - AFTERNOON

Smokey is crying silently, holding his hands to his face, until finally his breathing becomes deeper and faster. He jumps up and pushes Chet against the back wall.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
 What did you do, Chet? Did you
 leave him to die?

CHET
 Smoke, I had no choice...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
 It's always you. Why is it I let
 you stick around?

CHET
 They'd have killed me too.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
 No more than you damn well deserve!

Smokey grabs Chet's collar and pulls him out of the saloon.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The other Outlaws follow him as he drags Chet down the steps
 and across the dusty road towards a single water well.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
 Why did you come back, you fuckin'
 weasel? Did you really think I'd
 let you get away with this?

CHET
 Smoke, I'm your brother!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
 Only by blood!

They reach the well and Smokey picks Chet up by the scruff of
 his neck and perches him on the edge of the well. Chet's
 filthy face is streamed with tears.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna leave you to die... just
 like you did with my son.

CHET
 What...?

Smokey lashes out, punching Chet in the face and sending him
 falling down the well.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

We see Chet fall, hitting the well walls and shouting in
 pain. Smokey peers down at him, and Chet hits the bottom with
 a CRUNCH. He groans.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Still alive?

CHET
You fucker!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Stopped lickin' my boots?

From the well's brim, Smokey's head disappears.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He puts his hands in his pockets and walks away, looking down at his feet. The other Outlaws stare after him as he re-enters the Westland Bar. Muffled ECHOES and SHOUTS come from the well.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - MEANWHILE

The sun is getting lower and the light is fading. Cready, Langley, Eliza and Cormac are ascending a grassy hill on horseback.

CORMAC
Are we there yet?

CREADY
You'll see it when we get to the top of this hill.

CORMAC
Come on, Eliza, let's see...

Eliza spurs her horse on and they gallop up the hill.

JACK LANGLEY
I'm gonna tell her.

CREADY
Are you crazy?

JACK LANGLEY
She should know. Since her mom died she's thought everyone in her family was as rotten as her father. William seemed different.

CREADY
She's gonna hate you for it.

JACK LANGLEY
If that's true, so be it. 'least she'll know 'bout him.

They join Eliza and Cormac at the brow of the hill.

ELIZA

I ain't ever seen a town like this.

The ascent turns into a descent, a long path winding through an undergrowth towards a huge city perched on the edge of the Pacific Ocean. The four of them look out over the expansive landscape.

CREADY

Looks like home always changes.

ELIZA

You're from here?

CREADY

Yep. Lived here with daddy for ten years 'fore he died. Left when I was twelve.

ELIZA

That's a young age to leave home.

CREADY

Locals don't take kindly to a drunken teenager, Miss.

JACK LANGLEY

We should find shelter for the night. We'll pay Smokey a visit after some rest.

CREADY

I know somewhere nice 'n' hidden, Sheriff.

They begin the steady decline towards Jericho at walking pace.

EXT. JERICHO OUTSKIRTS - LATER

Night is just about settling in. This is the poor sector of Jericho, houses all abandoned and boarded up and the streets obviously lacking some form of authority. Cready, Cormac, Langley and Eliza face one house in particular, the windows and doors with wooden planks nailed over them.

ELIZA

We ain't sleepin' here, are we?

JACK LANGLEY

Best place to avoid a criminal.

CORMAC

'round other criminals?

CREADY
Exactly. Besides... I used to live
here.

Cready looks up at the tall house and kicks the door in.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER

The remains of old furniture lies splintered on the floor, bullet holes cover the walls and embers of a fire sizzle in the fireplace. Langley, Cready and Eliza are lying asleep on the floorboards. It is pitch black outside.

But Cormac is awake, his eyes open, watching the others. He pushes the blanket off him, stands up and reaches out to the revolver hanging from Cready's belt. Cready twitches, but Cormac manages to take the gun. He then slides the door covering the exit to one side, takes one last look at his four companions and leaves the house.

EXT. JERICHO OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Cormac emerges onto the streets, a determined expression on his face. He walks briskly along the road. As he approaches us, we see an angled 'S' shape branded into his chest, the same as anyone else who's associated with Smokey Williams.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Cormac reaches the Westland Bar. He looks up and down the road, it being all but deserted either side. We can hear low CHATTING from the bar, as well as a low and weak groan from the water well behind Cormac. He walks over to it.

CORMAC
Hello?

CHET
C-Cormac...?

CORMAC
Uncle Chet...? I'll help you, wait
there...

CHET
Cormac...!

Cormac runs up the steps of the bar and pushes through the swing doors.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

LAUGHTER comes to an abrupt SILENCE. The Outlaws in the room all turn their eyes on Cormac, who nervously looks around.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Well I'll be damned...

Smokey winds his way through the tables and goes to hug his son. Cormac pushes him away.

CORMAC

Don't, Pa.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Don't what? Give my son a returnin' hug?

CORMAC

Yep, don't.

Smokey takes a puff of his cigarette and he glares into Cormac's eyes, Cormac staring, unflinching, back at him.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

What's up, boy? Where's Ellie?

CORMAC

Why'd you shoot my arm, Pa? You said you wouldn't. And why is Uncle Chet in the well?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Don't talk to me about that bastard. He left your brother to die.

CORMAC

Will is dead?

Smokey nods, still puffing away on his cigarette.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I been waitin'. You gonna tell me where Langley is?

CORMAC

No... this ain't right. I ain't tellin' you anythin'.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

We've talked about this, Cormac.

CORMAC

Fuck you, Pa!

Cormac turns and leaves the bar and Smokey drops his cigarette and runs after him.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Smokey tackles Cormac to the floor and slaps him in the face.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
What you say to me, boy?

CORMAC
I said fuck you!

Smokey hits Cormac again.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
Stay your tongue 'round me, boy, or
I swear I'll chop it right off!

CORMAC
Just, leave 'em, Pa! They're good
people! They're happy together.
Stop tryin' to meddle in their
lives!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You tellin' me they're together?
Eliza and Langley? What did you
find out? Tell me where that
bastard is, Cormac. *Now!*

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Cready is stirring from his slumber. He looks around, groans, and realises that Cormac is missing from where he was sleeping. He gets up, suddenly alert, his movement waking up Langley and Eliza.

ELIZA
You got a real habit of wakin' folk
up, Cready.

CREADY
Jack, Cormac ain't here.

JACK LANGLEY
What?

Langley gets out of bed, looks around and then peers out the window to see if Cormac is in the street. Cready checks his gun holster and realises his revolver is missing from it.

CREADY
My gun's gone too.

JACK LANGLEY
The little bastards gone after
Smokey by himself!

The two men start to pace the room, Langley rubbing his head.

CREADY
Smokey's gonna know we're here.

JACK LANGLEY
We're goin' after them.

Langley throws Cready his spare revolver and the three of them leave the house.

CREADY
Goddamnit.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Further down the road from the Westland Bar, a junction joins two roads. Langley, Cready and Eliza approach Jericho's main road and Langley peers around the corner to see Smokey dragging Cormac towards the Westland Bar.

JACK LANGLEY
Smokey ain't aged too well.

ELIZA
Is he there?

Eliza peers around the corner, watching Smokey and Cormac ascend the bar steps.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
It is Pa...

JACK LANGLEY
Damnit, he's got Cormac. We gotta hurry.

CREADY
I ain't too sure about this...

JACK LANGLEY
Do you want Albany to be burnt to the ground?

CREADY
We're gonna get shot to bits.

JACK LANGLEY
I'm sorry old friend. We been friends and partners for years and...

CREADY
Oh you ain't gonna hug me are you?

JACK LANGLEY
Well no, but...

CREADY
You're such a sap...

JACK LANGLEY

Look, this ain't gonna turn into a
bloodbath. If it does, we've got
one good shootin' hand... at least.

They smile at each other, but Cready's face suddenly falls
when he sees Eliza has disappeared. Langley and Cready run
around the corner and see Eliza sprinting towards the bar.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Eliza! What're you doin'?

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cormac is stood with his back against the wall, Smokey
pointing his revolver at his good arm.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

...you want both arms to match?

Through the window we see Eliza sprinting as fast as she can
towards the bar. Smokey spots her.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There's my girl...

He holsters his gun and steps out of the bar. Cormac lets his
head drop.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Smokey comes running to meet Eliza.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Ellie!

ELIZA

It's... really you...

Smokey goes to hug her but instead he slaps her in the face.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Pa!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You didn't think I'd be angry at
you, Ellie?

Eliza staggers backwards as Smokey approaches her with his
hand raised. He spots Langley and Cready rushing towards them
both so he grabs her around the waist and throws her
backwards into the arms of the other OUTLAWS. They hold back
her and Cormac.

JACK LANGLEY

Let 'em go Smoke.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Hello, Jack. How's these past nine years been treatin' ya?

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't cheated death like you.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You're a Sheriff now. You cheat death every day. Do it more than most people. Cormac, come here.

Cormac is pushed forward and Smokey stands behind him, holding his shoulders.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I believe you've met Cormac here? Did he show you this?

Smokey rips Cormac's shirt at the front to reveal the 'S' branded over his chest.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

CAPTION: '2 DAYS AGO' - This is the same camp as before, when Smokey sent Cormac on his way with the doll. A branding iron in the shape of an 'S' lies in the fire, a hand grabs it, and we hear the SIZZLE of flesh as it sears Cormac's chest. He shouts in pain.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You're part of the Williams brand now, Cormac.

Everybody in the camp laughs as Cormac winces in pain.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The Outlaws are laughing as Smokey spins Cormac around to face Eliza, pointing to his face.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

He's your brother.

Eliza stares wide-eyed.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

He was my hidden spy, keepin' an eye on two of you in particular. What do you reckon, Jack? Think he turned anythin' up?

JACK LANGLEY

I...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

How 'bout the odd kiss in the corner at night when no-one's lookin'? Or the look in your eye when she gives you a hug? Or the glance at her backside when she's unawares? Any of that ring true? He's been watchin' everythin', just like I was nine years ago.

ELIZA

Pa, please. This ain't got anythin' to do with you!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Nothin' to do with me? A sick old man tryin' to fuck my daughter ain't nothin' to do with me?

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't tryin'...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

What is it then? Don't you tell me you love her.

There is SILENCE. Smokey stares at Langley, the two of them stood opposite each other in the middle of the road.

ELIZA

No. I love him...

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Don't you tell me that horseshit, Ellie!

ELIZA

It's not! Since I was seventeen I've loved him. Why is it so hard for you to accept?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Because he's a dirty old man, Ellie.

ELIZA

He isn't! There ain't a more kind-hearted soul I've ever met.

Smokey stares at Eliza, breathing heavily, eyebrows raised. He hits her across the face again, and behind him, Langley and Cready pull their revolvers.

CREADY

Real men don't hit women.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

So you do got a tongue.

CREADY

Down on the floor, Smokey.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You really thinkin' that shit's
gonna work with me?

Quick as a flash Smokey pulls his gun and fires it, two more bullets coming from Langley and Cready's revolvers shortly after. Smokey's bullet hits the ground in front of the two lawmen, but one of Cready/Langley's bullets hits Smokey in the shoulder.

Langley and Cready run for cover, dodging the gunshots from the other Outlaws behind Smokey and then diving behind a brick wall at the opposite side of the road..

CREADY

That was my bullet that hit, you
know.

JACK LANGLEY

Is that really important right now?

Mayhem ensues. Smokey clutches his shoulder and runs into the saloon, and the other Outlaws follow, dragging Cormac and Eliza behind them. Gunshots go off all around.

Once everyone is in cover, the shoot-out stops, all parties panting for breath. Smokey peers through the bar window, tying a scrap of material around his shoulder.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

What happens now, Jack? You gonna
shoot or choke?

Langley stands up quickly, fires one shot, and ducks back down again. The window in front of Smokey SMASHES and Thin Izzy takes the bullet in the hand.

JACK LANGLEY

That give you an idea?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Ain't like you to be so brash.

JACK LANGLEY

Remember that time, nine years ago.
You said '*people don't speak
without motivation*'. I don't want
you to speak, I want you to give
up. But the principle's the same.
With you it's the only way to go.

Langley and Cready fire more shots from behind their cover, and the OUTLAWS (about twelve or so) in the bar windows follow suit. Tables are turned over for cover. Cready takes two of the OUTLAWS out.

A bright light emerges from the parlour round the back of the bar. Thin Izzy holds two whiskey bottles with scraps of material stuffed inside, lit. He throws one and it lands a few feet from Cready.

CREADY

Goddamnit! That's a waste of good whiskey!

Just before Thin Izzy can throw another Cready shoots him to the ground and the Molotov explodes just outside the bar's entrance where two other OUTLAWS are stood.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - CONTINUOUS

Another two of the OUTLAWS grip Eliza and Cormac tight, but they're distracted, watching the fight. Cormac pulls Cready's revolver out of his trousers and shoots his captor in the shoulder. Eliza swings around and slaps her captor in the face. He gets up briefly, but is shot down by Cormac.

ELIZA

Cormac, what...?

CORMAC

Come on, we gotta go!

They sprint through the back of the bar. From the other side of the bar Smokey watches them flee.

EXT. JERICHO MAIN ROAD - MEANWHILE

From the bodies on the floor it's obvious that Langley and Cready are winning the fight... but Cready takes a shot in the shoulder and falls behind the wall.

CREADY

Bastard.

Langley glances at Cready, stands up and takes out two Outlaws in the saloon windows in quick succession. He ducks down again.

JACK LANGLEY

You OK?

CREADY

I'll be fine. Did we get Smokey?

JACK LANGLEY

I ain't sure. The road's clear now.
Let's go see.

Langley helps Cready to his feet and the two of them approach the bar cautiously. Another two heads appear in the windows and Langley and Cready shoot them down.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Eliza!

EXT. JERICHO ALLEYWAYS - MEANWHILE

The narrow pathways are littered with rubbish bins and sleeping hobos. Cormac pulls Eliza along a single path by her arm, the two of them panting for breath.

ELIZA

Cormac, what're you doin'?

CORMAC

Gettin' you out of here, Smokey's gonna kill you.

ELIZA

I know he's bad but I'm his daughter...

CORMAC

You don't understand. He's worse than he was. He'll kill anyone.

Eliza pulls Cormac to the stop.

CORMAC (CONT'D)

We gotta go!

ELIZA

You're my brother... I wish I'd known.

They hug each other, Eliza crying. A hand grabs Cormac and throws him against a far wall. Smokey pushes Eliza against the wall.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - MEANWHILE

Cready and Langley enter, looking around at the bloodied bodies, revolvers ready. A sudden movement behind the bar. Thin Izzy stands up but Langley gets off his shot first.

CREADY

You ain't such a bad shot after all.

JACK LANGLEY
Check upstairs.

Cready creeps upstairs, and Langley continues to scout the bar.

EXT. JERICHO ALLEYWAYS - MEANWHILE

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You two kids goin' without sayin'
goodbye?

ELIZA
Can't you just leave us be?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
No, Eliza! I ain't seen my daughter
in nine years. I wanna know what
you got to say for yourself.

ELIZA
About what?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS
You tattlin' to Langley 'bout what
I was doin'. You betrayed me,
Ellie.

Eliza pushes Smokey away from her with surprising strength.

ELIZA
I told him I thought you killed
Mom. I told him I'd help him find
out what you were doin' behind his
back. I told him of all those
killin's you'd done, those people
you brought home, and the gun stash
you had. I told him everythin', and
the best thing about it is... you
deserved it. You ain't the Pa that
I knew. You're a runaway criminal
who needs affection from his
daughter. Well you ain't gettin' it
from me! You ain't my father no
more.

There is SILENCE as Smokey stares angrily at Eliza, his lip curled and his breathing heavy. Immediately he pulls his gun and pulls the trigger, his aim at Eliza.

INT. THE WESTLAND BAR - MEANWHILE

Langley hears the BANG of the gunshot coming from the back pathways and sprints out the back of the bar.

EXT. JERICHO ALLEYWAYS - CONTINUOUS

He sprints through the alleyways, jumping over bins and trash, his eyes darting about looking for any sign of movement.

EXT. JERICHO ALLEYWAYS - MEANWHILE

Eliza is alive, but only because Cormac has moved in front of the bullet. A large patch of blood covers Cormac's chest and he touches it, breathing heavily. He stares up at Smokey.

CORMAC

You ain't mine either...

Cormac falls backwards, hitting the ground in front of Eliza's feet. She looks into his dead eyes and then looks into Smokey's even deader ones.

ELIZA

Goddamn you, Pa!

Eliza punches and kicks at Smokey's bulky exterior, her face streaming with tears. Smokey stands there, face in shock, Eliza's hits not affecting him. He looks to Eliza, looks to his revolver, and he raises it to his chin.

His finger lingers over the trigger and Eliza kneels down with Cormac, her eyes closed. Distant quickened FOOTSTEPS impose on the silence and Smokey turns his head to see Langley appear. He drops his gun and sprints away the way he came. Langley observes Cormac's body.

JACK LANGLEY

Goddamnit.

ELIZA

Jack...

Langley kisses her softly and runs off in pursuit of Smokey.

JACK LANGLEY

I'm sorry, Eliza!

Only Eliza's crying can be heard as Cready appears in the alleyways, wheezing and looking sadly at Cormac's body.

EXT. JERICHO ALLEYWAYS - MEANWHILE

Through the winding streets of the centre of Jericho, Langley chases Smokey.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RAILWAY TRACK - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: '9 YEARS AGO - 1879' - The train is chugging quickly along the tracks, the law on horseback beside it.

HOYTE

Watch my horse, Langley! I'm gonna jump on!

Hoyte gets as close to the train as he can, balances himself and jumps onto it. He stands and proceeds through the train carriages.

Langley strays his horse from the train slightly and spots a train switch further down the track. One way leads to a bridge where repairs are being done over a deep gully. He sees Smokey leaning out of a window at the front of the train.

JACK LANGLEY

Smoke, stop!

Smokey fires his revolver a couple of times until he hits the train switch, making the tracks change direction.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Damnit!

Langley sees Hoyte firing his revolver through the window of a carriage.

JACK LANGLEY (CONT'D)

Hoyte, get outta there!

Hoyte gets shot in the head and suddenly bullets fly through the air towards Langley and the other Deputies, the Outlaws turning their guns on them. Langley pulls his horse to a stop and he and the other deputies watch the train move past the train switch and proceed towards the bridge.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. TOWN CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER

Langley emerges into the main crux of the city. A large statue stands tall in the middle and the Sheriff's Office is across the road from it. In the window, a man presumably asleep leans in his chair.

There is silence, and Smokey appears to have disappeared.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

I can't believe it, Jack. I can't believe how this all happened.

The voice seems to come from the Sheriff's Office.

JACK LANGLEY

Smoke? Where are you?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Remember '63, Jack? We was puttin' murderers out of their miserable lives up in Green County. You remember?

JACK LANGLEY

Not exactly.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

We took down the entire gang. Just you and me. We did the job good, quick and quiet with no trouble. Arrestin'. Beatin'... killin'. Life felt good back then...

JACK LANGLEY

And what 'bout now?

A short, grumbling LAUGH echoes around the town centre. Langley spots a pool of blood just outside the jailhouse and peers inside the window to see the 'sleeper' has a bullet hole in his head.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Well... see for yourself. You think life feels good?

Langley approaches the door of the jailhouse, gun held out, keeping his feet quiet as he goes.

JACK LANGLEY

So what happens now...?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (O.S.)

You're a good man, Langley. You was a good deputy who did good things for good folk. Just like me it's the job that spoils you. But you stepped over the line, you took the only thing worth salt in my life. And I ain't ever gonna forgive you for it.

The jailhouse door BANGS open and Smokey appears, gun outstretched. Caught unawares, Langley gets off a shot, which misses completely, but Smokey fires several rounds into Langley's chest, blood spurting from his body.

Langley falls backwards onto the plinth in front of the statue. His gun falls out of his hand.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Maybe you coulda used those two fingers...

Smokey looks huge, as big in the world as ever, and he smirks, holsters his gun, and walks off down the road. The scene is paralleled with those of the events nine years previous, Smokey getting away, free as a bird.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION - AFTERNOON

CAPTION: '9 YEARS AGO - 1879' - Smokey, Chet, Thin Izzy and William all jump off the train. They fall down a steady incline just on the edge of the gully. Smokey comes to a stop and stands to watch the train fall through the gap in the bridge and EXPLODE at the bottom. He watches the fires burn for a moment and then turns to the others.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Come on, let's go. And keep it quiet.

The four of them run across a forest trail and lose themselves in the trees.

Langley arrives on horseback at the edge of the gully, looking down at the black remains of the train.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. JERICHO TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

We wait, Langley's GASPS and the WIND the only things audible as he watches Smokey leave - he wins. It's silent, serene, almost calm... until Cready comes into view and we...

FADE TO:

EXT. ALBANY GRAVEYARD - THE FOLLOWING WEEK

It's a startlingly bright day, blue sky, sun shining. Atop a hill which looks out over Albany is a small graveyard. A communion of funeral guests, mostly dressed in smart black attire, surround an open grave and a headstone which reads - 'JACK LANGLEY - Loving husband and father.'

Towards the front of the group are Moira, Oscar and Polly standing beside an old PRIEST. Moira is smoking a cigarette as always. Cready stands on the other side of the grave.

PRIEST

We lay this man to rest and ask you God to protect his soul on the journey to heaven. As the loved ones of Jack Langley we ask you to throw soil into the grave to mark your connection to him.

One by one the guests take some soil from the mound beside the grave. Both crying, Polly and Oscar step forward first, throwing soil onto the wooden coffin inside.

Eliza, dressed completely in white, appears at the back of the group and pushes her way to the front.

MOIRA

What's that bitch doing here?

CREADY

Leave her.

Several heads turn in Moira's direction. Eliza takes a handful of soil, moves to the edge of the grave, and drops it.

MOIRA

What are you doing here?

ELIZA

Beggin' your pardon, Maam. I'm just payin' my respects.

MOIRA

It's because of you that my husband is dead.

CREADY

Steady on, Moira. She ain't meanin' no harm.

PRIEST

Pardon me but guests must be silent during the service.

ELIZA

Maybe I should go.

CREADY

No, Eliza...

MOIRA

No she's right. She should go. This is a funeral for those who matter.

There is silence among the crowd. Eliza reveals a rose in her blouse and drops it into the grave.

ELIZA

Then what are you doin' here?

Moira SLAPS Eliza, who loses her footing and falls into the grave. Part of the coffin splinters, revealing Langley's face. Eliza screams and cries.

MOIRA

Get off my husbands coffin!

A MAN helps Eliza out of the grave, her white dress stained with dirt.

CREADY

What are you doin' here, Moira? Far as I can tell Jack came into work nuthin' but miserable. Most times he said it was 'cause of you.

MOIRA

We had our arguments, just like any married couple.

CREADY

He'd always come to work with a bottle of whiskey. Said it made him forget all 'bout what went on at home.

MOIRA

You and him always did like a few drinks.

CREADY

Maybe I shouldn't be pryin'.

MOIRA

You shouldn't, no. Polly. Oscar. We've paid our respects, we're leaving.

She leaves the group, holding out her hand towards Polly and Oscar but not looking their way. They stand where they are, both crying, Oscar stood behind his sister.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I said we're leaving! Come here now.

OSCAR

Go home, mother. We're stayin' for Dad. He'd want us here.

MOIRA

No, you're coming with me!

OSCAR

No we're not! It's our Dad in there! We ain't ever seein' him again! You might 'ave gotten over his death, but we sure haven't!

Moira stampedes towards her children, slaps Oscar on the cheek, and forces Polly's hand out of his grasp.

MOIRA

Never speak to me like that again, Oscar, you hear?

She storms away from the group gripping Polly's hand. Polly stares back at Oscar, her eyes welling up with tears. Eliza goes to comfort him.

EXT. ALBANY MAIN ROAD - LATER

The procession is walking through the empty streets, each guest separating when they reach their house. Cready, Eliza and Oscar walk separately. The GOVERNOR of the town approaches Cready from the town hall.

GOVERNOR

Ah, Deputy Cready! I'm pleased to announce your promotion to the rank of Sheriff of Northern Oregon!

CREADY

W-what? Already?

GOVERNOR

Yes. I understand these are very sad circumstances. But Northern Oregon needs a Sheriff. We'll be announcing your promotion to the people tomorrow morning, but in the meantime...

The Governor takes the Deputy badge off Cready's chest and replaces it with Langley's Sheriff badge. He shakes Cready's hand.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Congratulations, my boy!

The Governor turns and heads back towards the town hall, only for his path to be cut short by the Sheriff's badge thrown in front of him.

CREADY

I don't want it, sir.

GOVERNOR

I'm sorry?

CREADY

I don't want it. The badge ruins good men. I ain't becomin' another Smokey Williams or Jack Langley.

GOVERNOR

Mr. Cready. We're not asking you to.

CREADY

I know you ain't. Thank-you, sir, but the job ain't for me. Hell, maybe it ain't for anyone.

GOVERNOR

Well, I must say I'm disappointed.
But if that's your decision...

The Governor picks up the badge off the floor and tilts his hat forward in farewell. Eliza, Cready and Oscar continue along the road alone, approaching a cross junction. A horse gallops towards them but we can't make out the man on-board.

ELIZA

You done the right thing, Cready.

The horse's hooves RATTLE on the ground, and as the three of them turn the corner, Smokey Williams rears his horse. His shoulder is heavily bandaged.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Did I miss anythin'?

CREADY

You've got some nerve showin' up here, Smokey.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Thank-you for the compliment.

OSCAR

Y-you killed my Pa?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

And who might you be?

OSCAR

Just answer the damn question!

Smokey casually lights a cigarette, takes a drag and blows the Smoke in Oscar's face.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

You got nerve, kid. You remind me of my own boy. Had the fire in his belly and the words of a man twenty years older. Langley is it?

Oscar nods, staring at Smokey.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

We was good friends, me and your father. He was almost like a brother to me, and he'd say the same.

ELIZA

Brothers don't kill, Pa! Why did you do it?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

'cause he would've done it to me if I hadn't killed him first!

ELIZA

Jack wasn't like that! He'd have tried to talk you 'round.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Bull shit. People ain't like that in this country, Eliza. Langley wasn't the saint you thought he was.

Oscar breaks from Eliza's grasp and runs at Smokey's horse. Smokey pulls his revolver on him and Oscar stops.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

No closer. I've shot a kid before.

ELIZA

Pa, what the hell happened to you!?

OSCAR

You're gonna pay for what you did!

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I'll admit, Langley done a good job raisin' you.

OSCAR

I'm serious!

Eliza pulls Oscar back and Smokey holsters his revolver.

ELIZA

Just go, Pa. I don't wanna see you again.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

That's what I'm here for. To say goodbye. Goin' to see if my services are needed in another state.

ELIZA

Why didn't you pull that trigger? When you put that gun to your chin, why didn't you shoot?

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

Suicide's a cowards way out.

CREADY

And runnin' away ain't?

Smokey laughs and he rears his horse around to face the road which leads out of Albany.

SMOKEY WILLIAMS

I ain't runnin'. You'll see me
again, that's for sure.

Smokey canters away on his horse and Oscar stares after him.

OSCAR

Cready, you got a bullet on ya?

CREADY

Well, sure. What you want it for?

OSCAR

Just give me a bullet.

Cready roots through his pocket, takes a bullet out and hands it to Oscar. Oscar flicks a knife and scratches the word 'SMOKEY' onto the bullet's casing.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I've got a bullet that's all
Smokey.

He smiles and turns. From behind him, his silhouette in the foreground, Oscar watches Smokey disappear on horseback and we...

FADE TO BLACK.