

BROKEN JUSTICE

Written by

Christopher Francis

5 Copperfield Road
Ipswich
Suffolk
IP2 0JT
Email: Chrisfrancis23@googlemail.com
Mobile: 07544284675

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL - DAY

On a hill overlooking a railway line sits a man on a brown horse. Looking from behind, the man slowly raises his head, his stetson casting a shadow across his face. He turns to look at an approaching train making noise in the distance.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A steam train speeds down the railroad, smoke billowing out of it as it chugs along.

EXT. HILL - CONTINUOUS

The eyes of the man on horseback slowly narrow followed by him pulling the reins of his horse, directing the horse down the side of the hill towards the train.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train continues to travel, carriages rocking and rattling as the engine pulls it along at speed.

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

The man on horseback gallops perpendicular to the train's trajectory, before the two can meet in the middle the rider snaps the horse to the right to run parallel with the train as it speeds ahead.

The man watches the train move along as he prepares himself to dismount, standing on his horse's back. Before the train can completely pass him he jumps, grabbing the railing on the final carriage and hauling himself aboard.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The back door of the carriage slides open. The man's feet slowly step inside. More of him reveals the further he walks in, showing he's not exactly the most cinematic cowboy at this moment in time.

Clutching at a bottle of whiskey (that's more bottle than whiskey) and with such unkempt appearance our hero raises his head, revealing himself to be **THOMAS Carson** (Late 20s, rugged and dishevelled, many scores unsettled).

He drops the bottle on the floor and it rolls away, clinking. While attempting to hold himself up without falling he reaches for his six-shooter then shouts down the train.

THOMAS
WILLIAM MORGAN GET OUT HERE SO I
CAN KILL YOU!

Thomas whips back his longcoat to reveal his revolver, a Colt Single Action Army. He pulls it out of its holster and trudges down the car. Empty.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Come out here you son of a bitch!

The alcohol is showing signs of its hold on Thomas as we moves down the train, gripping at his revolver.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Thomas slides open the door at the end of the carriage to move to the next one. The speed of the train causes a blast of wind nearly knocking his hat off, but he holds onto it.

Thomas hiccups as he enters the next compartment.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

He continues to walk down the train.

THOMAS
(Shouting)
Where are-

Before he can finish his sentence a compartment to his left slides open and a henchman comes out, Thomas swiftly turns and fires three rounds into him, killing him. The henchman falls to the ground. Thomas surveys his work.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Goddamnit. What a waste of bullets.

He spins his gun on his finger as he turns his attentions back on making it down the train.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Bill I know you're on this damn
train! Just make this easier for
me!

He steps down the compartment, his boots tapping across the wooden floor. He hears a creak and swiftly turns to the source of it. Another henchman as peaked around a corner, armed with a shotgun. Thomas swiftly grabs the shotgun and redirects the shot up into the ceiling, blasting a hole in it. Thomas pulls the shotgun away and spins it in his hand, firing the second shot into the henchman.

Thomas shakes his head and chucks the shotgun onto the henchman's corpse.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Thomas slides open the door to step out onto the next carriage. It's a flatcar with several crates on it. Thomas opens his revolver, removing the spent shell cases and reloading from the bullets on his belt. He spins the revolving cylinder and snaps it closed with the flick of the wrist.

He continues his resolve as he moves across the train, still on his rampage. The combined efforts of the shaking and rattling train along with Thomas' stupor nearly take him off his feet a few times, but he holds it together. Relatively speaking.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Finally he makes it to the next carriage. He slides open the door to reveal a empty carriage. Empty that is, except for over a dozen large sacks and a chest sitting at the opposite end of the car. A man clad in black, red and gold has his back turned to Thomas as he speaks with one of his employees. Another two, twins, are moving some of the sacks while a fourth and final employee directs them.

The hammer of Thomas' Single Action Army pulls back with a click. The noise grabs the attention of the man in black, pricking his ears.

IN SLOW-MOTION:

He slowly swings around, spurs jangling. His coat ruffles as **BILL Morgan**, (Early 30s, moustached, sadistic, Big Bad) moves to properly face Thomas, raising his head to reveal a scar down his face and a mean look on him.

OUT OF SLOW-
MOTION:

BILL

Well well well! Look who's here!

Bill walks forwards, spurs jangling with every solid step.

BILL (CONT'D)

Looks like we got us here a ghost boys.

Thomas holds his conviction, seemingly shaken off his drunken stupor for the moment. He makes a few steps into the car.

THOMAS

I'm going to stop you Bill. Right here, right now. You've been breathing for too damn long.

Thomas raises his gun to fire at Bill but one of his henchmen tackles him, causing him to shoot into the wall. Bill laughs.

BILL

Did you really think you could just
waltz in here and shoot me?

Thomas and the henchman are locked in a grapple as Thomas tries to shoot him with his gun. The henchman holds his right arm down so he can't shoot. Thomas swings his left fist but the henchman catches it. After a bit of struggling, Thomas headbutts him, causing the henchman to let go of Thomas' fist.

With a flick of his pinned down wrist, Thomas chucks his revolver into his other hand and swiftly fires two bullets into the henchman, killing him.

Thomas kicks the body off him and he stands up. Bill claps his hands.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well that was a mighty fine show if
I do say so myself. A bit sloppy
but-

(Sniffs)

-Phew, in your condition it's a
wonder you could even fight back. I
didn't even know they made that
much whiskey.

Bill laughs as he wafts the smell of the alcohol from Thomas away from his nose. The rest of his men begin to laugh along with him.

Thomas raises his gun but Bill stands strong.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're going to shoot an unarmed
man?

THOMAS

After what you've done?
(Pulls back hammer)
Yes.

He's completely forgotten about the rest of Bill's men, specifically the two twins behind him. Before he can fire they swiftly grab him and pull him backwards. Another bullet is let off, this time imbedding into one of the sacks to Bill's right.

BILL

(Shaking head)
Nope.

The twins restrain Thomas effectively. Bill sighs and steps forwards, his right-hand man beside him. He continues to move until he is close enough to breathe on Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now you listen here and you listen good. Now I can understand you being a little upset, but that doesn't entitle you to come onto *my* train and try to kill me in front of my own men. That is not a clever move on your part.

Thomas spits on Bills face. Bill rolls his eyes as he pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his face.

THOMAS

You bastard! Don't you care about what you did?

BILL

I do not worry myself with the past my friend, you can't change what has already happened.

Thomas struggles.

THOMAS

You're gonna pay! In this life or the next!

BILL

(Smirks)
Sure I am.

THOMAS

(Struggling)
Why?! Why are you doing this?!

Bill continues to smirk but doesn't answer. He turns to his right hand man, **ESTEBAN Montoya** (Early 30s, Mexican, violent, loyal).

BILL

Esteban, take his gun.

Esteban steps forwards towards Thomas, wrenching the revolver from his hand. He hands it to Bill and then starts punching Thomas in the head and the stomach, making him bleed and feel real pain.

Bill admires Thomas' gun.

BILL (CONT'D)

The Colt Single Action Army! A fine gun indeed!

Bill listens to the click of the hammer and the whirl of the revolving cylinder. He opens the revolver to look at the current capacity. Two bullets. He clicks the cylinder into place.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's a gun that has served many a man very well.

(Spins gun a few times)

Such a shame it hasn't helped you at all.

(To twin)

His hand.

The twin to Thomas' right takes Thomas' wrist and pulls it as he struggles. Bill slowly puts the gun to Thomas' right hand, Thomas unable to do anything about it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Maybe this'll teach you a lesson.

Bill pulls the trigger. Blood sprays onto the wall of the carriage, punctuated by a loud scream. Thomas screams in pain. He can't go to tend to his wound because Bill's men still have him in a firm hold.

Bill snickers. He steps back towards Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)

(Loud enough for only Thomas to hear)

Now. You listen here and you listen well. What I did I have no regrets over. In fact, if I *could* go back in time, I'd do it all over again. I'm better now than I ever was.

(Shouting)

Esteban! Door!

Esteban nods and walks over to the side-door of the carriage. He slides it open. The train still speeds along the railroad, smoke drifting past the open door.

Bill indicates to the twins to bring him over to the door to throw him out, but not before he gets a few more words in. Bill signals the twins to let go. Thomas stumbles, still beaten and bloody from Esteban's punches and Bill shooting his hand.

BILL (CONT'D)

Well sadly my friend, this is your stop. It was awfully nice talking to you but I've got places to be and people to see.

Bill spins Thomas' gun and fires it at him, shooting his chest. The blast knocks Thomas back but Bill grabs him before he falls out the door.

BILL (CONT'D)

(Into ear)

You chose your path and I chose mine Thomas Carson. When you get to heaven tell them Bill Morgan having too much of a good time to join you.

Bill smiles and throws Thomas out of the door.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The train speeds along a bridge over a running river as Thomas is thrown out by Bill. Thomas' body drops the distance and crashes into the water.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bill smirks as he sticks Thomas' gun into his coat.

BILL

At last. That pesky thorn's finally out of my side.

Bill looks down at his hand. He's holding a bloodied sheriff's badge.

BILL (CONT'D)

Looks like your town's gonna need a new lawman...Sheriff Carson.

He throws the badge out of the train and slides the door shut.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The badge spins as it makes its journey downwards to the river below. It hits the water with a small splash. Moving slightly further downstream a hand suddenly shoots out of the water, holding said sheriff's badge. Blood trickles down both badge and arm.

Time-out.

OPENING TITLES

The opening sequence kicks in with your usual Spaghetti Western musical flair. Reds and golds and silhouettes are prominent features as the titles and opening credits go by.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Time-in. Thomas' head shoots out of the water as he gasps for air.

The river continues to carry him downstream and there's not much he can do about it, he doesn't have much strength in him.

Blood pours from his face from the wounds caused by Esteban, more gushing from his nose and down from his hand wound. It trickles into the river but the water is barely tainted as he continues to struggle and get control of the situation.

Thomas slowly lowers as he splutters and tries to breathe, the river dragging him down as much as it is dragging him down the river. Eventually he starts to be submerged as he bobs down river and eventually passes out.

His unconscious body continues to travel. He's not fighting this fight any more.

INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Thomas jolts awake in his bed by a bashing at the door. The tone and soundtrack indicates that this is indeed a flashback. The door continues to bash as Thomas jumps out of bed, fully dressed. It appears that this man rarely got the time to sleep. He slips into his boots and grabs his hat off the nearby table, putting it on. Candlelight flickers off his sheriff's badge left on the table as he strides across to the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sheriff Carson! Sheriff Carson!

THOMAS

(Trudging across to front door)

This better be worth waking me up at this ungodly hour woman...

He gets to the door and swings it open. The flicking violent light of a raging fire dances across his face. His eyes widen and his mouth opens slightly as he looks out at an unknown sight, sounds of screams echoing in the background.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(In disbelief)

No...

The screams continue before they are finally silenced with a BANG.

INT. DR. MORRIS' CLINIC - PRESENT DAY

Thomas is laying on a bed as this flashback plays out in his head. Thomas' eyes shoot open and he sits up.

THOMAS
(Still caught in
flashback)

No!

Thomas frantically reaches for his gun but it's an empty holster. Clearly he forgot that Bill took his revolver. A stranger's voice tries to calm him.

MAN (O.S.)
Whoa, whoa, whoa...Easy there.

The man comes to Thomas. It's a doctor. More specifically he's **LAWRENCE Morris** (Late 20s, blonde, bespectacled, strong but caring). He sits him back on the bed, stopping him from getting up.

The bang that woke Thomas was his bowl that he put down on a nearby table.

LAWRENCE
Be still friend. You're safe.

Thomas breathes as he looks around his surroundings, confused.

THOMAS
W-what?...W-where am I?

LAWRENCE
You're safe.

He walks back over to the bowl. The inside is full of bloodied water which Lawrence washes a rag in. Something tells you it's Thomas' blood that's swirling around.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
More specifically you're in the town of Gold Springs. Which makes next to no sense as whatever gold that was here's long gone...And don't even bother asking about the springs...The only body of water round here is...
(Turns to Thomas)
...well, the river they fished you out of, stranger.

Thomas looks around, still acclimating to the surroundings.

THOMAS
Who are you?...

Lawrence smiles as he chucks the rug into the bowl and walks back over to Thomas.

LAWRENCE

I'm Dr. Morris. Well. That's what they call me when I'm at work...But I'm Lawrence when I'm not.

(Chuckles)

I'm the Law! Except I'm a doctor!...Not a lawman...

Lawrence laughs. Thomas doesn't. The doctor bounces back from his bad joke.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Yeah...

(Beat. Changes subject)

I run this clinic all on my lonesome. I'm the only practising doctor in town. I haven't had to do much recently, what with the townsfolk keeping themselves out of trouble.

(Looks over glasses)

But you friend seem like you've gotten yourself into a lot of trouble.

THOMAS

You don't have to tell me that twice...

LAWRENCE

(Looking up)

Well, it's not my place asking you about your business and how you ended up washed up on a riverbank smelling of alcohol and covered in blood...I just fix you up and hope you don't do it again.

Lawrence offers his hand.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

But I digress. It sure is nice to meet you...

THOMAS

Thomas. Thomas Carson.

Thomas raises his right hand to shake Lawrence's before he notices his bandaged right hand. Clean.

LAWRENCE

Ah right, yes. Quite the nasty wound you got there.

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I managed to clean it and fix it up as best I could...But fact of the matter is you've lost a little bit of usage out of that hand. I'm sorry, but it's all I could do.

Lawrence pats Thomas on the back and moves back towards the front.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

You just rest up Thomas Carson. We'll soon get you back on your feet.

Thomas looks at his hand and at himself. Then in a moment of realisation he pats his chest and opens his shirt. Nothing. No gunshot wound.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way...

Lawrence reaches into his pocket and pulls something out. A hip-flask.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Alcohol does no-one any good Mr. Carson. Unless you want to die young.

He puts the hip-flask on the table. Light through a window shines on it, revealing that on a closer look it's been dented. A bullet is embedded in it.

He picks up the bowl from the table and walks out of the clinic.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Or not. I know you won't listen to me. I'm just a doctor. No-one ever listens to their doctor until it's too late. You all think you're invincible until proven otherwise.

Thomas leans back, glad that he didn't take a bullet to the chest. He looks at his right hand and slowly moves his fingers, slightly in mourning for the dexterity he's lost in that hand.

He rests his head back, exhaling, fingers wiggling. He then sits back up, looks around and gets out of bed, sliding his feet into his boots. Passing the table he picks up his hip-flask and passing a coat rack he picks up his hat and long coat, putting it on.

Thomas approaches the door of the clinic and pushes it open, stepping out into the town of Gold Springs.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

The sun glares across revealing your classic western town. Houses and shops on either side of a road travelling through it.

Lawrence chucks the bloodied water from the bowl he was using off to the side and places it on a nearby stool and brushes off his hands.

Thomas steps out into the town, looking around. Kids are running around, horses lap up water from a nearby trough, a man builds a coffin, other men try to advertise their goods and services while others lounge around or are in conversation.

A generally peaceful time. A harsh opposite to what Thomas has been used to. He surveys the town, hands on hips.

Lawrence turns and notices Thomas is up and out of bed.

LAWRENCE

Told you no-one listens to me. Up and out of bed already?

Thomas turns to Lawrence, coming over to him.

THOMAS

I needed to stretch my legs. This is a damn fine town you have here.

LAWRENCE

It's just a town Mr. Carson. Nothing special about it. I'm sure the town where you came from's better.

The comment hits Thomas hard, but he takes it.

THOMAS

I-I don't know about that doc...This seems like a hell of a place.

LAWRENCE

Please, just call me Lawrence. I'm only a "doc" if I'm cutting into you or something.

(Leans against wooden pillar)

And this town ain't perfect. We still get our troublemakers and our gamblers and what have you...But Sheriff Perkins keeps things under control.

THOMAS

(Leaning on wooden
railing, looking out at
town)

Sheriff Perkins?

LAWRENCE

Yup, got his office at the end of
the road over there.

(Points)

Likes to work alone. Unless it's a
particularly tough job that is. He
rounds up the best men he can get
when that's the case.

THOMAS

Including you?

LAWRENCE

Sometimes, sometimes.

THOMAS

You any good?

LAWRENCE

I was born on a ranch, not in a
hospital Mr. Carson. I can ride. I
can shoot.

THOMAS

Call me Thomas.

LAWRENCE

The world is full of bad people
Thomas. And I'll do my part to help
serve justice on those souls. No-
one around here deserves to be
messed around by some
troublemakers.

THOMAS

Who else around here helps the
Sheriff out when he's in a tough
spot?

LAWRENCE

(Standing up)

You sure do ask a lot of questions
Thomas. How about I just show you
around, maybe answer any more you
happen to have.

THOMAS

(Standing up)

Lead the way.

Lawrence walks down the steps of his clinic, onto the main
road of Gold Springs.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Thomas follows Lawrence as they walk down the street, getting a closer look of the passers-by as they look at Thomas. Thomas diffuses the fact he's a stranger in a small town by smiling and tipping his hat past people.

Lawrence points out different buildings as they pass.

LAWRENCE

(Points)

That's the general store. Always well stocked, Old Davy does a good job keeping it up and running.

THOMAS

I'll keep that in mind.

They pass a store lined wall-to-wall with guns.

LAWRENCE

(Points)

There's the gunsmith. I noticed you're missing a gun from that holster. Maybe you might wanna go there to get a new one. Do you do much hunting?

THOMAS

From time to time.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Lawrence pushes the doors to the saloon open and walks in followed by Thomas. Piano music plays as the smoky happy environment hits them almost instantly.

LAWRENCE

And of course. The saloon.

Looking around the saloon they see all sorts of activity. The piano player jangling at the keys, the bartender serving drinks left, right and centre, prostitutes at the arms of people playing poker...The party never stops around here.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

It's not really my scene to be honest, but anyone who passes up a drink after a long day is a madman.

THOMAS

I'll drink to that.

LAWRENCE

I thought you would.

Lawrence pats Thomas on the back and they walk deeper into the saloon. The music gets louder as they walk towards the bar. The sounds of laughter and conversation surround the two of them as they make their way to the bar. The barman is cleaning a glass ("Cleaning" being used sparingly)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I'll have a whiskey and he'll have...

THOMAS

(Looking around)
The same.

BARMAN

It's the middle of the day doc, are you sure you should drink right now?

LAWRENCE

I've done enough patching up people for one day Joe. Pretty sure I can handle one drink.

The barman eyes up Thomas as he starts serving the two men their whiskeys.

BARMAN

Who's the new guy?

Lawrence taps Thomas' shoulder to get his attention away from soaking up the saloon environment. He turns around.

LAWRENCE

This is Mr. Carson.

THOMAS

I'm Thomas, nice to meet ya.

Thomas offers his bandaged hand. The barman looks at it, doing nothing more as Thomas slowly pulls it back.

BARMAN

What brings you to town Mr. Carson?

LAWRENCE

(Answering for him)
Mr. Carson here brought me a little extra work today after he was found a bit beaten up just outside of town.

The barman straightens up.

BARMAN

Is that so?

He slides the two glasses forwards for Lawrence and Thomas to take.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Well, you better not be bringing any trouble to this town Mr. Carson. Because we do well dealing with troublemakers.

Thomas takes a drink, tapping the tip of his hat back as he raises the glass.

THOMAS

Oh I wouldn't think you'd have a problem there. I'm just as passionate about dealing with troublemakers myself.

Thomas scans the room and hones in on the poker game going down. His eyes narrow as he catches one of them slipping a couple of hidden aces into his hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Thomas puts down his drink and walks over to the poker table.

Meanwhile, at said poker game, the cheater spotted a second ago sneakily tries to swap a few hidden cards into his hand. This doesn't quite work however, for when he reaches for his hidden cards they aren't there on his person. He pats the area but still. Nothing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Looking for these?

The man looks over to see Thomas, holding up a Jack and a Queen of Diamonds. He chucks them onto the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you even know how to play poker? Even with those cards you wouldn't have won.

Another one of the men playing poker at the table speaks up.

MAN #1

You cheating bastard!

The man defends himself.

MAN #2

Oh like you're any better!

MAN #3

Give me back my money you cheater!

The three men push back their chairs and stand up to confront each other.

MAN #1

Yeah! We should teach you a lesson
for trying to pull a fast one on us
you-

Man #1 grabs Man #2 by the shirt and pulls him towards himself. Man #2 struggles and tries to shake himself free of Man #1's grip. As he does so extra cards and chips begin to shake free from the man, revealing that he too has been cheating, stealing chips and swapping in better cards.

MAN #2

I knew I wasn't the only one.

Man #3 turns on Man #1 and goes to grab him, but Man #1 grabs his arm first.

MAN #1

Wait a minute...

Man #1 slowly pulls out an ace and a king from Man #3's sleeve.

MAN #2

Why you-

The three men end up angrily lunging and grabbing at each other, moving away from the table. Lawrence sighs, puts his glasses in his pocket and his drink on the counter after watching events unfold.

He and Thomas move forward to help separate the irate poker players from each other.

Pushing them away from each other's grip, the men start lashing out on Thomas and Lawrence. Aware he can't quite attack with his right hand at the moment, Thomas uses his right arm to block and uses his left arm to punch and chop.

Lawrence on the other hand raises his fists to box and does a good job fighting the poker players. It also helps that the three men have been drinking.

While these events are unfolding a man steps through the saloon doors followed by another younger man who both survey the situation unfolding.

Thomas and Lawrence go back to back as the three poker players move towards them.

LAWRENCE

(Behind him, towards
Thomas)

I didn't expect you to deal with
troublemakers hands-on!

THOMAS
 (Behind him, towards
 Lawrence)
 I'm all about being fair and
 honest, that's all.

Thomas ducks a swing at him and raises his fists, moving over to punch the man who attacked him.

LAWRENCE
 I knew you were going to be trouble
 Mr. Carson!

One of the men punches Lawrence in the face really hard, causing him to stumble.

THOMAS
 I told you! Call me Thomas!

Thomas wheels around and passes Lawrence as he kicks the man who punched Lawrence, sending him backwards to sit in a chair which he promptly falls out of.

LAWRENCE
 Thomas, look out!

Thomas spins around to the final man who has a bottle in his left hand which he was about to use to smash Thomas with. As the man swings, Thomas parries with his right arm, wrapping his arm around the armed man's and headbutts him, sending him to the floor.

Thomas dusts his hands and takes a couple steps back. A hand lands on Thomas' shoulder and he spins around to punch with his left fist.

The fist doesn't connect. Before it has a chance to it's halted in the grip of the man who just entered the bar.

MAN
 Oh I wouldn't do that if I were
 you.

Thomas looks at the man and then looks down to the man's chest. *A sheriff's badge.*

THOMAS
 Sheriff Perkins.

PERKINS
 Stand down, stranger.

Thomas does as he says. **Sheriff Bud PERKINS** (40s, experienced, authoritative, The Law) is a man you don't want to mess with. The sheriff relinquishes his grip on Thomas' fist and Thomas steps back. Perkins admires Thomas' handiwork.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Sure looks like you know how to control a crowd Mr...

THOMAS

Carson. Thomas Carson.

PERKINS

Carson, eh? Haven't heard of that name around here...

THOMAS

That's because I'm not from around here.

The Sheriff's younger Deputy, **ROBERT Evans** (17, young, stupid, reckless) steps forwards.

ROBERT

That's the man I found on patrol Sheriff! He looked a right mess when I brought him back.

PERKINS

Well he sure bounced back quickly.

Lawrence steps forwards, holding the right side of his face. He doesn't look great. Good thing he took his glasses off.

LAWRENCE

That would be thanks to me in some part.

PERKINS

Goddamn Lawrence, your face! You should see a doctor!

Perkins cracks a grin, Lawrence shakes it off.

LAWRENCE

Har, har, Sheriff...

The Sheriff is still interested in Thomas' handiwork.

PERKINS

So, Mr. Carson. Seems like you did a bit of public service here. I've been waiting for a good reason to chuck these guys in a cell to cool off.

He steps forwards, surveying the three beaten-down gamblers. He turns back to Thomas.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Wanna help me take these guys back to the office?

THOMAS

Sure.

The Sheriff, his deputy and Thomas walk over to a gambler and pick them up, restraining them accordingly and leading them out of the saloon.

LAWRENCE

Need any help Bud?

PERKINS

We'll take it from here Lawrence.
You just take my advice and go find
a doctor.

The three of them leave with their detainees. Lawrence sighs and walks back to the bar to his whisky. The barman leans on the counter to talk to Lawrence.

BARMAN

You know you're going to have to
pick up the bill on this.

Lawrence exhales loudly and rolls his eyes, taking Thomas' abandoned whisky and tipping it into his own glass.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

Perkins, Robert and Thomas lead the gamblers down to the end of the road to the Sheriff's office.

THOMAS

I thought the doctor said you
worked alone?
(To Perkins)
Who's this?

ROBERT

I'm Robert Evans. Nice to meet ya.
I'd shake your hand but I've kinda
got my hands full.

Robert chuckles and smiles, looking at Thomas as they walk.

PERKINS

He's my sister's kid. She left town
looking to earn more money not long
ago and here I am looking after
him. Might as well put his youth to
good use helping me catch
lawbreakers that might get past me.

ROBERT

And I do a great job catching all
the guys that slip past Uncle Bud.

PERKINS

You make it sound like you do it more than you actually do. Don't get cocky. I can still whoop your ass.

The three of them enter the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The cell door swings open. The three cheating gamblers are thrown inside the cell. The cell door swings shut. A key locks it. The key gets thrown onto the Sheriff's desk.

Perkins sits down at his desk, leaning back in his chair.

Robert sits on a chair on the opposite side and leans back, putting his feet on the desk.

PERKINS

Get your feet off there.

Robert quickly lowers his feet. Perkins puts his own up on the desk.

Thomas leans on the bars, looking at the gamblers.

THOMAS

You think it's wise putting them in the same cell?

PERKINS

Are you questioning the authority of a town's sheriff?

THOMAS

Oh god no.

(Turns to Perkins)

I'm just saying if I was sher-...

(Pause, taking a soft blow)

If I was sheriff...I'd at least keep an eye on them.

PERKINS

What do you think I'm going to make Robert do until they've sobered up.

ROBERT

Wait, what?...Oh come on Uncle Bud!

PERKINS

Don't argue with me, you need to learn more responsibility. And what better way of doing so than looking after these three drunkards for a night.

Robert looks down.

ROBERT
This is horseshit.

PERKINS
Hey, watch your mouth, boy. You might be my nephew but I'll still knock some manners into you. You hear?

ROBERT
(Mumbles)
Yes sir.

PERKINS
Good.
(Turns to Thomas)
Now.
(Leans forwards)
Thomas, was it?

THOMAS
Yeah.

PERKINS
Thomas...What the hell brings you to Gold Springs?

THOMAS
It was just a stop on my journey Sheriff.

PERKINS
Is that so...

Perkins opens one of his desk drawers and pulls out a bottle of alcohol and a glass. He pulls the stopper out of the bottle and pours himself a drink.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
...So you won't be staying for long then, I gather?...

He takes a sip of his drink. Thomas pushes up his hat, folds his arms and leans on the cell.

THOMAS
I guess I could stay for a little while.

PERKINS
At least stay until your wounds heal.
(Looks at bandage)
What happened?

THOMAS

Oh...

(Hides hand in folded arms)

I was thrown from my horse and fell into the river when the current caught me. Blacked out. Must have hit a fair few rocks on the way downstream.

(Looks at bandage)

Lord knows how I would have looked if your boy here didn't help me out of the river and taken me to that Lawrence man.

Thomas looks to Robert and smiles, diffusing the question.

ROBERT

Oh he sure looked horrible when I found him Uncle Bud. Blood everywhere. Not a pretty sight.

PERKINS

(Observes Thomas)

That Dr. Morris is a gifted man. He sure can fix anything.

THOMAS

He's a good man.

PERKINS

The world needs more of his kind. Someone who'll do good for his fellow man. Not someone who'll steal from them or cheat them like those cell dwellers over there.

Perkins nods to the cell and Thomas moves away to look at the three drunken gamblers completely out of it on the cell floor.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Looks like you've got an easy night ahead of you Rob.

ROBERT

(Sighs)

Looks like it Uncle Bud.

PERKINS

(To Thomas)

Where you staying?

THOMAS

At the moment? I need a place to stay.

PERKINS

Go back to the saloon and try and get the barman to help you there. I'm sure he'll help you out after clearing his bar of those troublemaking gamblers. If not, tell him Bud sent ya. He'll help you out.

THOMAS

(Lifts hat)

Thanks for the tip Sheriff.

PERKINS

Just don't be starting any more bar fights. I love doing my job but there's much more I could be doing than stopping stupid brawls.

THOMAS

I'll keep that in mind.

Thomas moves to leave.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Good day, gentlemen.

Thomas leaves the sheriff's office and the door closes.

SEAMLESS
TRANSITION TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas closes the door to his temporary room above the saloon. He takes off his hat and tosses it to the side and trudges over to the bed, sliding out of his boots. Moving to the window he draws the curtains and jumps onto the bed, rolling over to try and sleep as the sounds of the saloon continue on through the night.

INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - FLASHBACK

It starts as the same flashback from before.

Thomas jolts awake in his bed by a bashing at the door. The door continues to bash as Thomas jumps out of bed, fully dressed. He slips into his boots and grabs his hat off the nearby table, putting it on. Candlelight flickers off his sheriff's badge on the table as he strides across to the door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sheriff Carson! Sheriff Carson!

THOMAS

(Trudging across to front door)

This better be worth waking me up at this ungodly hour woman...

He gets to the door and swings it open. The flicking violent light of a raging fire dances across his face. His eyes widen and his mouth opens slightly as he looks out at an unknown sight, sounds of screams echoing in the background.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(In disbelief)

No...

The screams continue as Thomas runs outside of his house into the town.

EXT. TOWN - FLASHBACK

The entire town is on fire.

It's chaos. Women and children are screaming. Men are running around trying to extinguish the fires with buckets of water. Horses try to pull away from the posts they have been hitched to while others run out of the town.

Thomas turns all over to see the events unfold before his eyes, the rapidity slowly increasing as the flames and the screaming becomes more intense.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The screams carry over into echoes in the background of the present day as Thomas bolts up from his nightmare. He reaches around to try and find his six-shooter but obviously he's not in possession of one.

There is a bashing at the door that draws Thomas' attention.

THOMAS

Who's there?

PERKINS

Thomas, it's Sheriff Perkins. Open up.

Thomas gets out of bed, slipping into his boots and walking to the door, opening it. Sure enough, Sheriff Perkins stands in the doorway, torch in hand.

THOMAS

Sheriff? What the hell are you doing down here at this hour?

PERKINS

(Straight to the point)

I know you're still a bit banged up...But you think you've still got a bit of riding and shooting in you?

THOMAS

(Slowly opens and closes fingers on right hand)

Oh this is nothing. Riding and shooting's second nature, Sheriff. Why?

PERKINS

Wondering if you'd like to help me out once again. With Robert staying at the office tonight I need a couple spare hands to help me round up a few cattle rustlers.

THOMAS

I can do that.

Thomas walks over to grab his hat and he swiftly leaves with Perkins.

EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The two of them walk down the steps outside the saloon down towards the main street.

THOMAS

So, cattle rustlers? Where are they hitting?

PERKINS

The McOlsen ranch not too far out from here. Got the man courting Old John McOlsen's daughter coming down here in the middle of the night asking for help. Ain't no way he's gonna stop them all on his own.

The two men find themselves outside the saloon rounding the corner to some horses. Three horses stand before them. Two saddled and ready to go, another with a man already on it, leaning forward, distracted while petting his horse.

Perkins steps forwards and the man's attention shifts. He raises his head, leaning back to reveal himself as **MATTHEW Reeves** (Early 20s, attractive, keen eye, gifted) in the torchlight. He speaks.

MATTHEW

Where's Doctor Morris?

PERKINS

That man sleeps like a dead man.
Ain't no way you're gonna wake him
once he's out like he is right now.

MATTHEW

(Nods towards Thomas)
Who's the new guy?

PERKINS

(Turns to Thomas,
introducing him)
This here's Thomas Carson. He's new
to town. Helped sort out some
trouble at the saloon earlier,
thought maybe he'd be some use now.

MATTHEW

(Nods to Thomas)
Matthew Reeves. Pleasure's all
mine. You feel like taking down
some mangy cattle rustlers Thomas
Carson?

THOMAS

I'll always help out in stopping
people messing with an honest
family's business. That just ain't
right. Lead the way.

Perkins and Thomas both get onto their horses. Perkins
reaches into his saddle bag to pull out a Winchester Rifle.

PERKINS

Here.

He chucks the rifle to Thomas who catches it. Perkins pulls
out a second one, checking it before putting it away while
Thomas does the same with his.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Let's go rustle up some rustlers.

Matthew leads the way, swiftly getting the horse to galloping
pace as the three of them pile out of Gold Springs down the
dirt roads towards their destination.

EXT. HILL - LATER

After travelling across the uninhabited land between Gold
Springs and the McOlsen ranch, Thomas, Perkins and Matthew
find themselves looking at the ranch from a distance, torches
in hand.

PERKINS

Where are the McOlsen's?

MATTHEW

I told them to stay inside because that would be safer. John ain't getting any younger and if anything happened to Lucy there'll be hell to pay.

THOMAS

How about the rustlers? I don't see them.

Matthew quickly pans his head, eyes narrowing as he scouts through the dark. Suddenly he hones in on something.

MATTHEW

(Points)

There.

Perkins and Thomas squint to try and see. Sure enough, away in the distance, four cattle rustlers are leading away cattle from the McOlsen's ranch, faint torches illuminating them as they try to escape.

THOMAS

(Impressed)

You sure have some eyes on you.

MATTHEW

Well this ain't the first time this has happened. You start getting used to keeping lookout. Come on.

(Kicks horse, pulling out rifle)

We're letting them get away.

Perkins and Thomas pull out their rifles and look out to the vague direction the rustlers are in as Matthew starts riding towards the thieves.

Perkins and Thomas look at each other and nod, following suit.

EXT. MCOLSEN RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The three men ride at speed towards the cattle rustlers. Initially seemingly unaware as they lead cattle further away from the ranch, they begin to turn around and slowly scatter as they become aware of their pursuers. Perkins trots closer, shouting at them to get their attention while looking down the sights of his rifle.

PERKINS

Stop what you're doing! You are stealing important cattle from the McOlsen ranch!

Thomas and Matthew flank Perkins, both also aiming.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Now stand down and no-one has to
get h-

No such luck. The rustlers pull out their pistols and start opening fire on the men. Thomas, Matthew and Perkins scatter. So do the rustlers. The cattle make noises and don't know where to go, dispersing all across the open plain.

Perkins' posse use their rifles to shoot at the hustlers who duck and dodge the rifle fire, riding around taking potshots with their revolvers.

One of the rustlers aren't lucky and clutches his chest, dropping his gun as he's shot a couple times. He falls to the ground. Dead.

Thomas, Matthew and Perkins ride towards the three remaining rustlers. One of the rustlers continues to fire as the other two start riding away. Perkins switches to his revolver and pumps a couple shots into the shoulders of the hustler, knocking him off his horse.

In a flash Perkins leaps out of his horse, grabbing some rope and hog ties the thief.

Thomas and Matthew canter towards the remaining rustlers, firing their rifles. Thomas' rifle clicks. Empty. Without bullets he looks around the horse and adapts, picking up a lasso. He picks up the pace and rides ahead of Matthew, lasso in hand.

Thomas swings the lasso above his head as he gets closer to the rustler.

THOMAS

(To himself)

You can try to run...

He throws the lasso. It flies over one of the rustlers. Thomas smirks and pulls back on the lasso, tightening it, pulling the rustler off his horse. The horse continues to ride off while the rustler is thrown across the dusty ground. After rolling around to a complete stop, the rustler lays motionless.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

Thomas reels in the rustler a little while on horseback, opting to lead him along the ground behind him rather than tying him up and putting him on the back of his horse. He wheels back around to see Matthew just sitting on his horse, looking outwards.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey Farm Boy, where the hell's your
guy? Expect us to do *all* the work?

Matthew's eyes narrow as he watches his target escape.

MATTHEW
He's too far out.

THOMAS
(Turning back towards
heading home)
Still. 2 out of 4 ain't bad I
suppose...

Matthew slowly raises his rifle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(Turning back, curious)
W-what are you doing?...

MATTHEW
Teaching rustlers not to mess with
this family.

Silence. For Matthew everything seems to SLOW DOWN. Matthew controls his breathing, closing his eyes, gun raised.

The final rustler throws a glance backwards to make sure none of the posse are still giving chase as he escapes. He begins to traverse over a hill, soon moving out of sight.

Matthew exhales. His eyes snap open as everything moves back up to speed. His finger slowly squeezes the trigger. A singular bullet flies out of his gun, zooming across the distance between them and the rustler.

Amazingly the shot hits the rustler, the shot and subsequent death noise reverberating across the distance as he flings his arms upwards, the gunshot throwing him from his horse. The body hits the ground, dust thrown from the impact of his body. Motionless. Dead.

Matthew sits on his horse, still in shooting position. Absorbing the feat that he just accomplished. Thomas is amazed by what he just saw. Matthew finally sits back up, rifle away from his sight. He ejects the cartridge.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Missed.

THOMAS
That was amazing.

MATTHEW
Rushed it. I was trying to take
down his horse so I could catch up.

THOMAS

You just took out a man on a horse from miles out in pretty much pitch black conditions with a Winchester rifle. Even if you didn't quite do what you wanted the fact you made that shot is some damn fine shooting.

Matthew reloads his gun.

MATTHEW

Whatever you say Mr. Carson. I'm just doing my job as much as you're doing yours. Thanks for the assist anyway. I owe you.

THOMAS

Happy to offer help to those who need it.

Perkins rides up to the two of them, his detainee hog-tied on the back of his horse.

PERKINS

We better round up these cattle for Mr. McOlsen before they end up halfway to Tombstone.

MATTHEW

I can do that Sheriff, don't you worry about that. It's my job after all.

PERKINS

So you're not just professionally courting young Lucy? You sure do a lot of that.

MATTHEW

(Smiles)

Oh I've done more than enough of that today Bud. Right now I better do this for Old John so he knows he can count on his future son-in-law.

PERKINS

You've got loads of time before that Matthew. You're still a kid.

MATTHEW

(Chuckles)

What ever you say old man.

Matthew rides away to start rounding up the cattle as Perkins shakes his head, turning his horse around ready to head back.

PERKINS

If he weren't so humble about his shooting and riding he'd make a great lawman. But all he thinks about is that McOlsen girl. Shame. You got a girl Thomas?

Perkins and Thomas both begin to ride.

THOMAS

No. No I don't...

PERKINS

There's a lot of things you don't seem to have Mr. Carson.

THOMAS

(Shrugs)

Having things means there are things to lose.

PERKINS

A man having nothing to lose is a man who hasn't lived enough to gain anything in the first place.

THOMAS

I'd rather live without the pain of loss. I've seen it break many a man.

PERKINS

You're a curious character, my friend. I can tell you that.

(Looks to the sky)

We better get going.

Perkins kicks his horse into gear and rides ahead, rustler bobbing up and down on the rear of Perkins' horse.

Thomas looks back to see Matthew rounding up the cattle, a beautiful brunette woman walking towards him in the background. Thomas smiles at the couple as they reunite and turns his attention back on heading home. He kicks his own horse into gear and slightly picking up speed to catch up with Perkins on the ride back home.

Cattle rustler trailing behind him, pulled along by the lasso rope tying him up.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

The cell door closes on the two arrested cattle rustlers. Both are still tied up glaring as the door is locked by Perkins.

He chucks the keys on his desk and walks back to Thomas and Robert who are looking at the cattle rustlers.

PERKINS
 (To rustlers)
 You're lucky you two are still
 breathing.
 (Leans on bars)
 Too bad your friends didn't share
 that same luck.

The rustlers don't say anything as Perkins, Thomas and Robert look at them.

THOMAS
 Awful lot of cattle you were trying
 to steal from that ranch...It makes
 me wonder...
 (Also leans on bars)
 ...Who's really behind this? All
 that cattle's too much for just the
 four of you...Who were you stealing
 for?

RUSTLER #1
 We don't need to tell you nothin'.

PERKINS
 (Authoritative,
 straightening up)
 You do unless you wanna end up with
 your friends. Answer the man's
 question or we'll get to hanging
 you sooner than expected.

RUSTLER #2
 Bullshit. You're gonna kill us
 either way.

Perkins pulls his revolver and aims it through the bars.

PERKINS
 I'll shoot you right now if you
 don't co-operate. Tell us why the
 four of you tried to rob the
 McOlsen ranch and make off with all
 that cattle.

ROBERT
 Whoa, Uncle Bud.

PERKINS
 (Breathes)
 I shall give you to the count of
 three.
 (Calmly)
 One.
 (Pulls back trigger)
 (MORE)

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Two.

(Beat)

Thr-

RUSTLER #1

Stop! Stop! It was Bill Morgan!
Bill Morgan! He's the one that's
got us stealin' cattle for him!

Thomas' eyes widen. The words "Bill Morgan" ignite a reaction in his head.

INT. TRAIN - FLASHBACK

Flashes of Thomas' experience on the train go by. Bill Morgan revealing his face with an evil grin.

RUSTLER #1 (O.S.)

It was Bill Morgan!

Thomas being held and punched in the face while Bill examines Thomas' Colt Single Action Army revolver.

RUSTLER #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bill Morgan!

Bill shooting Thomas in the hand and chest and throwing him out of the train.

RUSTLER #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's the one that's got us stealin'
cattle for him!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Thomas lunges forwards.

THOMAS

(Interrogative)

Bill Morgan? Where is he?!

The rustlers recoil at Thomas springing to life with his questioning.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Tell me where he is!!

Perkins and Robert grab a shoulder and pull him away from the cell.

PERKINS

Whoa, whoa, whoa Thomas. What the
hell has gotten into you?!

THOMAS

Bill Morgan, Sheriff. He's a bad man. The worst.

PERKINS

(Attempting to calm the beast)

Easy. Easy.

Thomas takes Perkins' revolver and walks back to the cell, aiming it at the rustlers.

THOMAS

Tell me where he is!

Thomas pulls back the hammer with a loud click. The rustlers know that he means business.

RUSTLER #2

Th-The old Confederate Fort up near Ridgewood. He's got a bunch of men holed up there. Money, women, the whole lot. The cattle's for food and trade. Please don't shoot me.

Thomas points at the other rustler.

THOMAS

How many men does he have? Guns? Horses?

RUSTLER #1

(Raises hands)

He's got a lot of men. And the fort's fortified. Tall walls, gate, everythin'. Calm down man, we're just rustlers, we don't know nothin' more.

Perkins grabs Thomas and pulls him back, putting a hand on the gun in Thomas' hand, taking it off him.

PERKINS

What the hell is going on in your head?!

THOMAS

(Conflicted)

I wish I could explain. All I can say is that you have to stop this Bill Morgan. He needs to be hung. He needs to be removed from this world.

PERKINS

I don't know anything about this Bill Morgan person.

(MORE)

PERKINS (CONT'D)

I know you're a good man Thomas but I can't just take your word on a man I've never even seen!

(Breathes)

Hell, that fort's out of my jurisdiction anyway. It's suicide going down there, that fort was built for war.

THOMAS

(Ultimatum)

If you won't help me Perkins I'll just do it myself. I'll bring a war to them.

PERKINS

(Surprised)

I wouldn't take you for a man with a death wish Mr. Carson.

THOMAS

(Serious)

I died long ago Sheriff.

PERKINS

(Calm)

I think you should get some sleep before you do something stupid.

Thomas stands his ground.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

That's an *order* Thomas. Or am I going to have to arrest you too?

Perkins aims his revolver at Thomas.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Go. *Home*.

Thomas turns around and leaves.

THOMAS

I don't have a home...

Perkins silently watches Thomas leave, lowering his gun. Robert steps forwards.

ROBERT

(Breaking the silence)

That was...Wow...

PERKINS

I don't know what that man could have possible done to Thomas, but he better be ready for the storm he's invited.

Perkins opens his revolver, revealing that there were no bullets at all in the gun. He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a speedloader to load all the chambers of his gun. Perkins reloads and with a flick of the wrist locks his gun back into place, putting it back into its holster.

EXT. TOWN - FLASHBACK

Once again Thomas has a flashback. He stands in the middle of a town, outside his house.

And the entire town is on fire.

Chaos. Women and children screaming. Men are running around trying to extinguish the fires with buckets of water. Horses try to pull away from the posts they have been hitched to while others run out of the town.

Thomas turns all over to see the events unfold before his eyes.

THOMAS

This can't be happening.

Suddenly a group of horses come riding through the town. From the group laughter and other noises roar from them. Men sit on them as they ride through the town chuckling and shouting to each other as they continue to cause the chaos.

Some take aim with their revolvers shooting at the men trying to put out the fires. Others ride up and snatch up screaming women. A couple men ride away from the bank with their horses dragging a safe behind them.

Guns are fired into the air as Thomas tries to get a grip on the situation. All of a sudden a horse steps forwards.

A man clad in black, red and gold sits upon a black horse. He turns to look at Thomas, sporting a grin as the light of flames lick across his face. He begins to laugh.

Bill Morgan.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Shocked)

Bill.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

It's morning of the next day. Thomas puts on his gun holster and his hat.

THOMAS

Bill. I'm gonna get you.

Thomas moves to leave.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

Thomas walks down the steps outside the saloon onto the main street. He walks past shops and people, raising his hat to the women passing and nodding to the men.

Lawrence spots him from across the street, dusting the porch of his clinic. He nods and Thomas returns it before entering the gun store.

Lawrence looks up curiously as the gun store door closes.

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas steps into the gun store, looking through what they have in store. Handguns, shotguns, rifles and more adorn the shelves. He examines some of the wares.

THOMAS

(To store owner)

For a small town you sure do have a lot of guns.

Thomas turns to look at the man at the back of the store behind the counter.

The man is busy using some oil on a revolver, spinning the chamber and clicking it into place. He looks up, revealing himself as **CHARLIE Walters** (Late 20s, cocky, gun-nut, dexterous). He spins the gun on his finger and slides it into a holster.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you could call me a collector. I love 'em. A lot of this stuff comes from the war.

Thomas walks over to the counter.

THOMAS

So I've come to the right man it seems.

CHARLIE

It seems so. I ain't seen you around town before stranger...You new?

THOMAS

Fate seems I needed to make a stop here. And apparently fate also determined I should lose my gun.

CHARLIE

Well fate's done well to bring you here, friend.

(Offers hand)

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Name's Charlie. Charlie Walters.
 You've found yourself in the best
 gun shop for miles around.

Thomas shakes his hand.

THOMAS
 Thomas. Thomas Carson.

Charlie notices Thomas' bandaged hand.

CHARLIE
 Something happen there, friend?

THOMAS
 (Looks at hand)
 It's nothing, your doctor across
 the street patched me up.

CHARLIE
 Dr. Morris? That man's a saint. But
 anyway, guns! That's what you're
 here for, right?

Charlie smiles and walks around to another counter, unlocking
 it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Now, what can I do you for?

THOMAS
 I need a new revolver. It just
 ain't right not to have one on me.

CHARLIE
 What did you have?

THOMAS
 Colt Single Action Army.

CHARLIE
 (Laughs)
 Of course. The ol' Peacemaker.

THOMAS
 Beg your pardon?

Charlie just chuckles and shakes his head, reaching into the
 counter to pull out a new Colt.

CHARLIE
 You did strike me as the kind to
 favour the Colt.

Charlie spins it on his finger, aiming it off to the side and
 checking the chambers.

THOMAS

Oh yeah, how did you figure that one?

CHARLIE

I know my men Mr. Carson, and a man like you who stands like you and with that air of authority that you give off I can tell that you're an ex-military man.

(Places gun on counter)

Or maybe a lawman?

Thomas listens to Charlie, but rather than let on he says-

THOMAS

It was my father's gun. Used it in The War. Hasn't done either of us wrong.

CHARLIE

And I'm sure it did an honourable tour of duty. But I find it isn't as good and accurate as some of these-

Charlie looks under the counter and produces a few other guns and puts them on the counter. He picks up a Remington New Model.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How about this Remington?

He hands the gun to Thomas who takes it, examining it. Thomas looks it over and spins it on his finger. He pulls the hammer back and forth with his thumb, he looks down the barrel. Charlie explains the suggestion.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's much more accurate than the Colt, plus it'll last longer. Does a lot better against wear and tear, plus you can quickly swap out cylinders when six bullets just isn't enough.

Thomas shakes his head.

THOMAS

I've used one of these before and I'll tell you I feel more confident in the Colt doing me well.

He hands the gun back to Charlie.

CHARLIE

(Shrugs)

If you say so.

He puts the gun on the counter and picks up a Smith and Wesson Schofield .45.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
But if anything, this gun'll give
the Colt a run for its money.

He hands it to Thomas who looks at it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The Smith and Wesson Model 3. This
old Schofield is one hell of a gun.

Thomas opens the top-break cylinder, looking at it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It's a top-break revolver which
means it is much faster to reload
than the Colt.

Thomas closes the cylinder and listens to the barrel revolve and click.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It has some great stopping power
behind it and it's favoured by
lawmen and outlaws alike.

Thomas spins the gun on his finger and points it, looking at the straightness of the barrel.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Billy The Kid loved to use it,
Jesse James loves to use it, Wyatt
Earp used it down in
Tombstone...The gun certainly has
it's endorsements on both ends.

Thomas spins the gun and holsters it.

THOMAS
Can I try it out?

CHARLIE
(Excited)
I thought you'd never ask.
(Grabs a box of bullets)
Let's head out back.

Thomas hands over the gun.

THOMAS
After you.

Charlie leads the way out back.

EXT. BEHIND GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie leads Thomas out behind the gun store where multiple targets are set up. Wooden painted targets of people, bottles and standard targets sit across the back spread all over.

Charlie opens the revolver and slides in six bullets, closing the gun and spinning it on his finger as he hands it over to Thomas.

CHARLIE

Show me what you've got.

Thomas takes the gun and holsters it. He looks over the targets and draws. He winces at a slight amount of pain in his right hand that Charlie picks up on. Thomas slams his left hand down on the hammer to fire quicker, shooting randomly across three of the human-shaped targets. The spread is random but still accurate.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hmm. Not bad.

He walks over to Thomas and takes the gun off him. Thomas nurses his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

THOMAS

(Brushes off)

Yeah. Yeah I'm fine. Just a bit rusty.

CHARLIE

You sure? You seem alright shooting, but that hand's gonna mess you up.

Charlie reloads the revolver.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can you shoot lefty?

THOMAS

Not well.

CHARLIE

Maybe you should try getting better. That hand ain't doing you no good.

THOMAS

I think the trigger's a bit heavy. I find it a bit stiff to pull.

CHARLIE

Really?...

Charlie clicks the revolver back into place and slides into his own holster. He puts the box of bullets down. His fingers twitch as a beat of silence passes. Suddenly he quick draws at high speed and fires a spread of six bullets across six bottles standing on a bench. Six perfect shots.

Charlie blows the smoking gun and spins it back into the holster.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Seems fine by me.

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie slams the gun on the counter along with the box of bullets.

CHARLIE
So, are you interested in the Schofield?

THOMAS
I think I'll just stick with the Colt. That gun's done me well.

CHARLIE
Suit yourself. I know when my expertise isn't wanted.

Charlie puts away the rest of the guns, leaving the Colt out. He pulls out a rag and shines it, also pulling out a box of bullets to reload it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
That'll be \$150.

THOMAS
\$150?!

CHARLIE
It's a high-quality model. I wouldn't try to sell you chicken shit, even if the Colt ain't that great in my eyes. What, does a man like you not have that money?...

THOMAS
Not right now...

Charlie sighs and puts the gun away, disappointed at the lack of a sale.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
...But, what if we came to a deal?

Charlie's interest is piqued.

CHARLIE

Go on.

THOMAS

I'm looking to deal with a few...Undesirables a way out from here at an old Confederate Fort. You sure as hell can shoot. If you let me borrow the Colt and help me out maybe I can make it worth your while.

CHARLIE

(Reasons to himself)

There could be a nice hidden stash of Confederate weapons up there...

(Intrigued)

How many people have you got?

THOMAS

Including you and me...Two.

Charlie puts the gun down.

CHARLIE

Nope, no thank you. You can't expect the two of us storming a fort on our own. Pleasure doing business with you.

THOMAS

What if I said I could make it worth your while?

CHARLIE

I'm a fairly successful store owner Mr. Carson, I earn quite a bit of money doing what I-.

THOMAS

What if I said there's \$10,000 in this one job.

Beat.

CHARLIE

(Sold)

Would you like a box for your new Colt? Any bullets?

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

Thomas leaves the gun store, sliding his new Colt into his holster.

THOMAS

Thanks Charlie, I'll see ya later!

The door slowly closes behind him as he walks down the steps, where Lawrence stands waiting for him.

LAWRENCE

Getting a new gun I see.

THOMAS

Yup, that Charlie knows his stuff. But I just got a replacement Colt Single Action. Does the job.

LAWRENCE

(Looking over glasses)

I hope you're not looking to get yourself into any trouble Thomas. I recall the state you were in the last time you got into trouble.

Thomas starts walking, Lawrence walking alongside him down the street.

THOMAS

Don't worry Lawrence, I'm all about stopping trouble. Got wind of some bad people doing bad things a few miles out of here at an old Confederate Fort, trying to round up some folks to help out.

LAWRENCE

You mean Fort Esten?...That to do with those rustlers from last night? Sorry I weren't around to help but apparently you did fine without me.

THOMAS

Don't worry about it, that Matthew kid ended up doing most of the work anyway. Got a hell of an eye on him.

LAWRENCE

I hope you don't think you can round him up to help you deal with these people. He's young. He's courtin'. Got his whole life ahead of him.

Thomas makes it to a horse who he pets and unhitches.

THOMAS

I need all the help I can get Lawrence.

He gets onto the horse.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And I was hoping you'd help me out too, Doc.

LAWRENCE

(Looking up, blocking sun with hand)

I'm a doctor, not a vigilante.

THOMAS

Please Lawrence. I can use you by my side. You said the world is full of bad people. And these are the absolute worst. Help me serve justice on those who have caused fear and suffering.

LAWRENCE

I don't know Thom-

THOMAS

(Leaning forwards, almost begging)

Please.

Lawrence bites his lip and looks off to the side, light reflecting off his glasses. He looks down.

LAWRENCE

You get together some more people as stupid as you and I'll think about it. You could use someone with medical experience who'll help stop you from falling dead.

(Turns back to Thomas)

And Thomas?

THOMAS

Yes?

LAWRENCE

You promise that McOlsen girl you'll make sure her boyfriend comes back in one piece. If he doesn't there will be hell to pay.

Thomas tips his hat.

THOMAS

I'm a man of my word Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

You better be right my friend. Because you've got to be a fool to storm Fort Esten if it's got the bad men you say holed up in it. No guarantees on things going smoothly.

THOMAS

Guess you're going to have to trust me. I'll get the best men for the job. Because we need to take these men down if it's the last thing I do.

LAWRENCE

Well I guess you better go on then.

Thomas nods and starts to ride away.

THOMAS

You better not make any appointments Doc, in three days we ride!

Thomas kicks his horse into gear and gallops out of Gold Springs.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

Thomas rides through the plains as the sun shines across from above, his horse kicking up dust as he passes stagecoaches and other men on horseback while on his travels.

EXT. MCOLSEN RANCH - LATER

Thomas arrives once again at the McOlsen Ranch. He slows his horse down to a trot. His eyes squint in the light of the sun as he blocks it out with his hand. Looking around he notices Matthew dressed down, chopping wood.

Thomas smiles and trots down to him.

The sweat glazes Matthew as he is concentrated at his wood chopping. Wiping his brow after a while as he slams his woodaxe, splitting the logs he's chopping.

Thomas rides up to him and dismounts his horse. As he walks up to him Matthew looks up.

THOMAS

Matthew?

MATTHEW

(Still chopping)

Hello there Thomas, what can I do for you?

Matthew slams down his axe, cleaving a log in half with one swing.

THOMAS

I came down to see how you're doing.

MATTHEW

I'm doing the same as I always have.

He takes another log and swings at it.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

But I suppose I should thank you again for helping out with the rustlers. How are they doing?

THOMAS

They're nice and locked up.

MATTHEW

Learn anything from them?

Matthew chops another log in two.

THOMAS

(Moves closer)

That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about. I've got a job for you.

MATTHEW

I have no need for job, I do more than enough here.

Matthew gathers up the chopped wood and piles it up.

THOMAS

It's a job that would benefit from the impressive skills you showed last night.

MATTHEW

I was just protecting the ranch doing what I could.

THOMAS

And I'd like you to do the same by helping me with something.

Matthew prepares another log.

MATTHEW

I'm listening.

THOMAS

Fort Esten. Heard of it?

MATTHEW

Of course I've heard of it.

Matthew chops the log.

THOMAS

I'm putting together a team of men to bring down the outlaws holed up in it.

Matthew stops in mid-swing.

MATTHEW

Excuse me?

THOMAS

I'm pulling together a posse of the best people around to help me bring down the outlaws.

MATTHEW

You realise that's a suicide mission.

THOMAS

Without you maybe. I've seen you shoot. You have a good pair of eyes on you. We need someone like you to help spot their patrols, spot their defences.

Matthew shakes his head and goes back to chopping.

MATTHEW

You're talking crazy Mr. Carson. I ain't gonna risk my life and my future with Lucy helping you take down some outlaws holed up in an old fort.

Matthew looks up and over to the house where Lucy, Matthew's beautiful brunette girlfriend is taking a break from work, having some lemonade.

Thomas turns and looks at her too.

THOMAS

She sure is a beautiful girl.

MATTHEW

That she is Thomas, that she is. I'm not going to break her heart dying like a fool trying to help some stranger.

THOMAS

You said you owed me one.

MATTHEW

There's owing you one and there's being a fool playing against the odds. There's too much risk for no reward.

THOMAS
 (Putting cards on the
 table)
 What if I said that there's \$10,000
 in helping me out?

MATTHEW
 I'd say bullshit.

THOMAS
 I shit you not. \$10,000.

Matthew puts down his axe as he looks over at Lucy, who turns to look at him. He smiles and waves and she reciprocates.

MATTHEW
 (To Thomas)
 \$10,000?...Lucy and I could be well
 on our way having a life together
 with a slice of that...

THOMAS
 You help me out, and you'll get a
 nice cut.

Matthew watches as Lucy comes towards him, glass of lemonade in hand.

MATTHEW
 What's the catch?

THOMAS
 We ride out in three days. But I
 need you back in Gold Springs to
 help prepare with the others. Bring
 your horse. Bring your gun. I
 promise to bring you back in one
 piece. It's the least I can do.

MATTHEW
 I'm in. But if something happens
 and Lucy's heart gets broken,
 there'll be hell to pay.

Lucy makes it to Matthew and Thomas, smiling. **LUCY McOlsen**
 (19, bright, beautiful, cheerful) hands Matthew a glass of
 lemonade and kisses him.

LUCY
 Thought you could use something
 refreshing after all this hard
 work.

She smiles and Matthew kisses her cheek.

MATTHEW
 (Smiles)
 Thank you so much Lu.

Lucy looks to Thomas.

LUCY
Who's this?

THOMAS
(Offers hand)
Thomas Carson, ma'am.

Thomas and Lucy shake hands.

LUCY
Oh! You helped us with those pesky
cattle rustlers! Thank you so much!
Would you like a glass of lemonade?

Thomas tips his hat.

THOMAS
No thank you ma'am, I was just
passing a message onto Matthew
here.

He moves back to his horse, getting onto it.

LUCY
Are you sure you don't want to stay
for dinner or something?

THOMAS
I would be honoured ma'am but I've
already made plans.
(To Matthew)
Matthew. Hope to hear from you
soon.

Matthew raises his glass.

MATTHEW
I'll see what I can do.

THOMAS
I'll be at the saloon tonight.
Maybe I'll see you there.

MATTHEW
Maybe.

Thomas raises his hat, turns his horse around and rides off while Matthew takes a sip from his lemonade and Lucy curiously turns to him to ask what's going on.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

The sounds of the saloon fill the night once again with the infectious noise of Gold Spring's residents having fun laughing and drinking and taking in the tickling of the ivories from the resident pianist.

Smoke fills the room as does the sounds of clinking glasses. Things open out to a table off to the side where Thomas presides over Lawrence, Charlie and Matthew who are in attendance.

The bartender walks over to them with a tray of drinks and places them on the table. Almost at once the three guests followed by Thomas take a drink.

THOMAS
(To bartender, smiling)
Thanks.

Charlie leans back in his chair. Lawrence leans forwards in his, both hands on his glass. Matthew sits up straight, looking over his glass at Thomas as he drinks. Meanwhile Thomas stands at the head of the table, drinking and looking around.

Finally Matthew breaks the silence.

MATTHEW
So. Tell us more about this job.
Why exactly should I trust you and
storm an old fort, risking my
health and my happiness?

Charlie sits up.

CHARLIE
And how are we getting paid? I
heard there's \$10,000 dollars in
it.

Lawrence looks up.

LAWRENCE
I haven't.

Thomas takes a drink, still looking off to the side. He puts down his glass and turns to the men, leaning on the table.

THOMAS
I'm putting together a posse. There
are a bunch of bad people down in
that Fort Esten place, and I want
you gentlemen to help me out.

CHARLIE
What bad people?

THOMAS
Very bad people. Thieves,
arsonists, murderers...

CHARLIE
How do you know-

THOMAS
(Snaps)
I know. Charlie.
(Sighs)
I just know.

Thomas surveys the men at the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The cattle rustlers. The ones that
hit the McOlsen Ranch which Matthew
here helped protect.

Matthew takes a sip of his drink.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Back in the sheriff's office once
we locked them up, one of them let
on that they were under the employ
of Bill Morgan.

MATTHEW
Bill Morgan? Never heard of him.

THOMAS
And I wouldn't be surprised. He's
not from around here.

LAWRENCE
How come you've heard of him?

THOMAS
You hear things when you travel. I
heard of the things he did and I
knew if I ever came across him I
would make him pay for the things
he's done.

MATTHEW
So you're a bounty hunter?

THOMAS
Not exactly. I just want to serve
justice to those who deserve it
coming to them.

Thomas and Lawrence make eye contact. Lawrence nods.

CHARLIE

That still doesn't quite answer how you know there's \$10,000 in stopping this man. I mean, Jesse James' bounty's \$10,000. And I've heard of Jesse James. I ain't never heard of this guy.

THOMAS

That's because that's not his bounty. And we're not just bringing down this guy, we're bringing down his entire gang.

CHARLIE

Hardly sounds worth the risk for \$10,000 split four ways.

Thomas smiles and leans forwards.

THOMAS

It's \$10,000 *each*.

Silence. The sounds of the saloon continue but nothing comes from the table for a while as they all process this information.

MATTHEW

\$10,000...*Each*.

THOMAS

(Confirming)
Each.

LAWRENCE

But...

CHARLIE

How?

THOMAS

The war.

(Drinks)

During the war, miles out from here, the Confederates managed to capture a sizable chunk of Union gold. \$100,000, something like that.

(Paces)

Now this gold, still in Confederate hands, was not destined to be in their possession. In fact, they were ambushed by Union forces while transporting said gold across water.

(Stops)

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They were stopped, their boat overturned, and the entirety of the boat's contents were lost. Never to be seen again.

Lawrence, Charlie and Matthew are all listening intently.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That is until, miraculously, around half of the haul managed to find itself washed ashore many miles downriver.

(Leans on table)

This was long after the war, mind you. But it pretty much made the nearby town rich. A very prosperous, very rich town...

Thomas stares into space, thinking of said town. He shakes his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

To cut a long story short Bill gathered a gang and eventually made off with that town's money. He eventually hijacked a train and ran as far as he could away from there. While on my travels I got wind of what he's done and the chaos and destruction in his wake. And eventually I find myself in this town, learning how he's made it to this Fort Esten, sitting on a pile of money, seemingly stopping in his tracks.

Thomas sits down.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So I figure, this man needs to be punished.

(Looks around table)

And if I can make a sizable reward off it too, well that's a damn fine bonus.

Thomas pretty much finishes stating his case. Lawrence, Charlie and Matthew nod along as they hear the story.

Thomas picks up his drink again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But obviously, I can't do it alone. I need help making it to the fort and subsequently clearing it out of both gold and the evil men who inhabit it. And who better than you gentlemen.

Thomas points to Matthew.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Matthew. You have the eyes of a hawk and can take a man out from a distance I didn't even think a Winchester could hit. At *night* no less.

Thomas points to Charlie.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Charlie. You have guns. Lots of guns. And boy do you know how to use them. Plus I could definitely stand to learn a thing or two about shooting with my hand like this.

Thomas shows his hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And not to mention Lawrence.

(Turns to Lawrence)

Something goes wrong, I trust Lawrence can fix it. The man has a heart of gold and knows well of what's right and wrong. If anything, he'll make sure we won't get in too much trouble.

Matthew speaks up.

MATTHEW

What about you?

Thomas stops and looks to Matthew.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

What can you do? I can be a good lookout, Charlie over there's the weapons guy, Lawrence can be a medic...But what do you bring to the table other than an offer that's too good to be true?

A loud scream pierces the establishment. People look to the source of the scream: upstairs. The four men look to each other and they look at the rest of the saloon. No other active reaction.

The screaming continues. The four men push out of their chairs and rush over to the stairs, Thomas leading them upstairs to where the noise is coming from.

INT. SALOON UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Upstairs, Thomas and the others turn into a corridor. They walk down it, checking each door they pass. With each door they open, they barge in on prostitutes and their clients in many different configurations and situations. Eventually they make it to the end of the corridor.

Thomas checks the door and then steps back, kicking the door open.

A beautiful blonde prostitute cowers, screaming in the back of the room, flailing her legs, kicking away the man towering over her with a knife. She's already been cut a few times on the hands, arm and face.

PROSTITUTE

(Begging, pleading at
Thomas and the others)

Help me!

Without much more Thomas quickly rushes into the room, grabbing her attacker. He pulls him away, the man still wildly swinging at her.

MAN

Ain't no-one laugh at me you
fucking bitch!

(Swings knife)

I'm gonna cut you up you fucking
whore!

Thomas spins the man around.

THOMAS

That's no way to talk to a woman!

Thomas punches the man who in response angrily swings at him. Thomas narrowly jumps away, the knife grazing him, cutting his shirt. Lawrence and the others step back as the man continues to swing at Thomas. Thomas continues to dodge around him before going to grab the man's wrist.

Thomas twists the man's wrist, causing him to drop the knife in pain. Thomas kicks him backwards. The man stumbles backwards, stabilising himself on the wall.

The man steps forwards, reaching for his revolver. Before he can grab it however Thomas pulls out his own revolver, quickly firing 4 bullets into the man.

He stumbles backwards, wounded. The man trips over his own feet, falling back into the window and *through* it. Glass shatters and rains down to the ground outside as the man swiftly follows, hitting the ground with a loud solid thud. Dead.

Gun smokes from Thomas' gun as he slowly holsters it in front of the men.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(To Matthew)

I bring that to the table. I bring the justice.

Thomas walks out of the room past them. Lawrence turns to the injured prostitute and rushes up to her.

LAWRENCE

Don't worry! I'm a doctor! Let's get you out of here...

Matthew watches Thomas leave. Charlie hits Matthew's chest with the back of his hand.

CHARLIE

Hell, he's got my vote.

Matthew folds his arms and leans on the doorway, Charlie leans on the wall as Lawrence tends to the injured prostitute.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Thomas sits at the bar. He calls over the bartender.

THOMAS

Another whisky.

BARMAN

Right away.

The bartender pulls out a bottle of whisky and a glass. As he begins preparing it a man comes past Thomas and sits at the bar next to him. Sheriff Perkins.

PERKINS

Just saw someone with his pants half undone covered in blood and glass as I came in here. That wouldn't happen to be your doing, would it?

The bartender serves Thomas a drink which he accepts, pays for and takes a drink.

THOMAS

No, sir. Probably just fell out on his own, drunk as a skunk trying to have a good time.

PERKINS

And what would explain the gunshot wounds? Fell onto some bullets?

(MORE)

PERKINS (CONT'D)
(To bartender)
Whisky.

The bartender nods and serves Perkins a whisky from the same bottle. Perkins nods and downs it. He pats Thomas on the back.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
I've caught wind that you're
putting together a little posse.
That true?

THOMAS
I'm...Banding people together, yes.

PERKINS
You better not be thinking about
hitting that Fort, Thomas.

THOMAS
That is exactly what I'm thinking
of, Sheriff.

Thomas takes a sip of his whisky.

PERKINS
You're going to lead your men to an
early grave.

THOMAS
You don't understand how much those
men need to be punished.

PERKINS
I won't support this.

THOMAS
You don't have to, Bud.

Thomas turns to Perkins.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
In a few days we ride. I would love
to see you there, we could use your
help...But whether you like it or
not, we are going to go to Fort
Esen. And we are going to stop
Bill Morgan. And the world will be
without one bad guy.

PERKINS
Hundreds more where he came from.

THOMAS
It doesn't matter.
(Downs drink)
He's the worst.

Thomas slams his glass on the bar and slides it forwards. He gets up and walks away. Perkins looks up and his gaze follows him. He shakes his head and looks back to the bartender.

PERKINS

Give me another whisky.

As Thomas walks away Lawrence stops him before he can leave.

LAWRENCE

The lady you saved would like to thank her hero.

THOMAS

I'm no hero.

LAWRENCE

Not according to her words. She's fine, a few cuts. Nothing too deep. She won't scar. She'll be fine. But she wants to thank you in person.

Thomas sighs.

THOMAS

I-...Guess I can see her. Where is she?

LAWRENCE

I took her across the street to the clinic. Get her away from this environment. You should go over and see her.

THOMAS

I...guess I can do that. Where's Matthew and Charlie?

LAWRENCE

Charlie went home, Matthew went to rent a room. I guess we'll pick this all up tomorrow.

THOMAS

I guess we will.

Thomas leaves the saloon.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stumbles out of the saloon and walks down the street towards Lawrence's clinic.

INT. DR. LAWRENCE'S CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Thomas opens the door to the clinic, walking in. There isn't a lot of light other than a few lamps. Thomas steps forwards.

THOMAS

Ma'am?

Nothing. Thomas steps in a little further.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The good doctor told me you wanted to thank me for saving you. I mean, it's nothing really, I hear trouble I come running to help.

The woman speaks.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Like you always do.

THOMAS

Excuse me, ma'am?...

The woman steps forwards into the light revealing herself. **EMILY Rosenberg** (Mid-late 20s, blonde, beautiful, mysterious) at your service. Thomas looks as though he recognises her.

EMILY

That's my Thomas Carson. That's my sheriff.

Thomas steps backwards, bumping into one of the lamps.

THOMAS

You...

Emily slowly walks towards him, looking down. The bandaged cuts are a minor inconvenience to her beauty. Elegantly dressed she certainly looks contrary to most images of a prostitute of the era.

EMILY

What's the matter, Tom? You look like you've seen a ghost.

THOMAS

Emily Rosenberg. But...how?...

EMILY

Oh come on now Tom, we know each other better than to use our full names.

THOMAS

Em...

Emily is almost completely against Thomas.

EMILY
My sheriff...

She slowly kisses him. She pulls back afterwards, Thomas pushing her further away.

THOMAS
I don't understand...

EMILY
You weren't the only one without a place to call home, Tom.

Emily walks around the clinic.

EMILY (CONT'D)
After what happened a lot of us were without a town. Without anything. So we wandered. I found myself miles away, helping some rich buffoon con-man sell his snake oil. Managed to hitch a ride on his dollar before he ditched me in Gold Springs...

Emily strokes her arm, bandages wrapped around it.

EMILY (CONT'D)
...So I set up shop here. Made a living. Settled down.

THOMAS
As just another whore.

Emily swiftly steps back towards Thomas, getting in his face.

EMILY
I am *not* 'just another whore'. You know that all too well.

THOMAS
What are you then?

Emily's defences lower.

EMILY
(Breaking)
Alone. I'm...
(Beat)
Alone.

They look into each other's eyes. There's history here. Too much to even explain. Emily retreats, stepping back.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Is it true?...All this talk going around town...Is it true?

Thomas doesn't answer.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You found him. You found him,
didn't you?

THOMAS
Yes.

EMILY
And you're roping in this poor
innocent men to aid in *your*
vendetta.

THOMAS
Yes.

EMILY
When are you going to tell them?

THOMAS
About what?

EMILY
About everything. About Bill. About
home.
(Turns away)
About us.

THOMAS
I've told them enough.

Thomas walks towards Emily.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I've told them that Bill Morgan is
a son of a bitch that deserves
what's coming to him. I try not to
burden them with too much
background. That's all in the past.

EMILY
"That's all in the past"?

Thomas stands behind Emily, putting his arms around her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Even us?

Thomas slowly leans down and kisses Emily. The two pull away
from each other.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Bill Morgan is a dangerous man.

THOMAS
And I'm the one that needs to put
him down.

EMILY

No. Don't do it. Leave him. He's gone. Going after him won't bring anything back.

Thomas slowly steps back.

THOMAS

I've lost a lot of things. He needs to be face up to his part in that.

EMILY

You haven't lost me. Look! You found me!

She looks at her bandage on her arm again.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You saved me.

THOMAS

But I didn't save you back then. I didn't save anyone.

Emily turns around and puts her hands on Thomas' chest.

EMILY

Please stop doing this to yourself. Please stop this obsession with getting your revenge on him.

Thomas brushes away and moves to leave.

THOMAS

I'm sorry Em. But I need to do this. For me. For home.

Emily rushes over to him. She places her uncut hand on Thomas' shoulder.

EMILY

I might not be able to stop you Tom...But don't go. Not yet. Stay with me.

Thomas looks at the delicate hand on his shoulder and slowly takes it off him. Emily looks down. She looks back up as she realises Thomas is still holding it. He caresses it and softly kisses it.

THOMAS

I thought you were gone.

EMILY

(Smiles)
I'll never leave.

Thomas kisses up her arm and neck. Reaching her lips he kisses her softly, before Emily draws him in to kiss him deeper. They put their arms around each other and kiss with intensity, stumbling over against the door and the wall before slowly moving to the floor.

SLOW FADE TO
BLACK

EXT. SERENITY - FLASHBACK

It's day in Serenity, Thomas' old hometown. The town is bright and prosperous. Much larger than Gold Springs, Serenity is a town where everything is in order. Businesses are booming, people are cheerful and happy, this is a very rich and reliable town.

A clean-shaven Thomas smiles as he rides his horse through town. Sheriff's badge shining in the light, Thomas tips his hat to passersby. Thomas' Colt Single Action Army sits proudly on his hip. This is a Thomas in a world where everything was once shiny and happy.

He hears some horse hooves from behind trying to catch up with him. He turns his head back and shouts behind him.

THOMAS

I was wondering where my deputy had
ran off too! Where the hell have
you been?

The horse finally catches up to him. Sitting on the horse is none other than *Bill Morgan*.

BILL

Sorry Sheriff, I'm still getting
used to this 'deputy' business.

Bill's deputy badge also shines in the sunlight. Bill wipes it with a cloth. Thomas picks up the pace.

THOMAS

Come on now, I've gotten a tip
about some Mexicans holed up in the
mountains preparing some sort of
robbery.

He rides ahead, Bill is unprepared, distracted by cleaning his badge. He reaches for the reins again.

BILL

Hey! Wait up!

Bill rides to catch up with Thomas.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

Thomas and Bill dismount from their horses on a ridge looking down on a shack. The sheriff and his deputy take caution looking down without being spotted. Two Mexicans keep patrol outside, one wearing a coat of red, black and gold.

BILL

How do you want to approach this Tom?

Thomas looks around at the options.

THOMAS

I dunno Bill, I dunno. We've gotta take this nice and slow, who knows what could happen.

Bill moves to try and get a better look. He accidentally knocks over some rocks that tumble down below, alerting the Mexicans.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Like that.

Bill and Thomas scatter, moving down the ridge. They run down to the shack, Thomas pulling out his Colt Single Action Army as Bill pulls out his Smith and Wesson Model 3 as they move down to the Mexicans' level.

The Mexicans also split, taking one each. Thomas does well to push his back while the one on Bill seems to get the upper hand, pushing Bill back to take cover behind a rock.

Looking over, Thomas checks he's safe and takes steady aim with his Colt over at the other Mexican, taking him out with a head-shot.

Bill looks relieved, he pops up from behind the rock.

BILL

Thanks!

His relief shifts focus as he notices Thomas hasn't paid attention to the Mexican approaching him. Bill quickly fires out three fast shots, slamming his hand on the hammer with each pull. He gets him.

Two down.

They nod to each other and run towards the shack. The door is kicked open and a man fires at them with a shotgun, they simultaneously slide to the floor, taking cover behind a couple of crates.

They look around both sides of the crate and reload at the man slowly walking up to them. He starts to reload his shotgun.

Bill leans back, pressing against the crate. He turns to look at the crate and notices something. He pats Thomas' shoulder to try and get his attention.

THOMAS
(Looking away)
What?

BILL
Errm...Thomas?...

Thomas turns to look at what Bill is referring to. It's what's printed on the crate.

Dynamite.

THOMAS
Oh shit.

Thomas looks out at the man approaching them. He has finished reloading and he pumps the shotgun. Thomas and Bill spring to life.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Go, go, go!

They roll off their respective sides away from the crate as the man shoots at the crate.

The crate explodes as Thomas and Bill escape. The explosion throws them across the ground a little bit, leading the man with the shotgun to be torn towards which target to go for.

Thomas and Bill both pull themselves up as the shotgun man slowly approaches and they pull up their revolvers and aim. Right before the shotgun man pulls the trigger both Thomas and Bill pump him full of bullets. The shogun man is thrown backwards as a shot fires out into the sky from his gun. He falls onto his knees, blood seeping out of his chest before he falls to the ground. Dead.

Thomas and Bill slowly stand up, looking to each other and nodding. They raise their guns and double-time it to the shack, crossing over and reloading as they go.

They stack up on the doorway of the shack. Thomas nods and they both storm the shack, making noise and aiming their guns. No shots are fired.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

There isn't much to the shack. A few cots, crates, maps, food...Thomas and Bill slowly walk forward past all of it moving deeper into the shack.

They approach a table where one solitary Mexican sits, eating a plate of something.

His fork scrapes at the plate as he looks down, seemingly uninterested and unphased by the two lawmen aiming guns at him.

MAN

Good afternoon, officers.

The man looks up. It's Esteban Montoya.

THOMAS

Esteban Montoya I presume.

ESTEBAN

The same.

He puts his plate down on the table with a clang. Suddenly a spring-loaded derringer slides out of his sleeve about to fire when Bill shoots it out of his hand. Esteban reacts, slowly pulling back.

THOMAS

(Impressed)

Nice shot.

BILL

I missed. Tried to get his hand.

Esteban raises his hands.

ESTEBAN

Please. Don't shoot.

THOMAS

I have a source saying that you're conspiring to commit a big crime down in the fine town of Serenity. And by the way your boys look, not to mention all that dynamite you have out there...seems like that is indeed the case.

ESTEBAN

Please don't kill me like you killed my men. I'm unarmed.

THOMAS

So are the people of Serenity. Would you spare them like I would you?

ESTEBAN

You're an officer of the peace, sheriff. Arrest me. I'll go to jail.

BILL

(Reasoning)

We should arrest him sheriff.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
 He's not going to do any more
 damage without his gang.

Thomas considers and lowers his gun. He takes out some cuffs.

THOMAS
 Esteban Montoya, you're under
 arrest. But if you resist I *will*
 kill you. You're more dangerous
 alive than dead.

Thomas moves over to handcuff Esteban and he does manage to
 go quietly.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Esteban leaves the shack in Thomas' custody. Bill follows
 close behind.

THOMAS
 Bill, round up this dynamite. It's
 too dangerous to be left around in
 the mountains, some kids will
 probably find it and we'll have a
 hell of a mess to clean up.

BILL
 Gotcha, Tom.

Thomas continues to lead Esteban to his horse while Bill
 moves a few crates. He looks over to the dead Mexican wearing
 the coat of red, black and gold. He walks over to it and
 takes it off. After looking it over he shouts over to Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)
 (Shouting over)
 Hey! Do you think I could keep this
 jacket?

Thomas doesn't look, too busy sorting out his horse.

THOMAS
 (Shouting back)
 As long as you remember to do your
 job and bring all that dynamite
 back...Maybe I'll overlook robbing
 a dead man just this once.

Bill smiles and puts on the jacket. He looks over himself,
 dusting the jacket making sure the coat works for him. He
 nods appreciatively to himself before going back to pick up
 some of the smaller boxes of dynamite.

INT. SERENITY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The cell door closes on Esteban, sitting on a cot.

Bill piles up the boxes of dynamite in the corner of the sheriff's office. He dusts his hands and walks around to Thomas who is surveying the cells.

The cells in the Serenity Sheriff's Office are much more populated than the ones at Gold Springs. A rogue's gallery of thieves and other outlaws sit and stand and pace around their cells, some interested in the newcomer.

The inmates heckle and make noises at Thomas and Bill, but they ignore it all.

A pair of twins lean on the bars from the cell next to Esteban, leaning against them. Thomas bangs on the bars.

THOMAS

Hey! Bolan twins! Get off the bars!

The twins slowly let go of the bars and step back in retreat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That's better.

Thomas walks back to his desk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now, I hope you all play nice for Deputy Morgan over here. He's on duty tonight, try not to give him too much work to do.

Esteban smirks and leans forwards.

ESTEBAN

(To Bill)

Hey Deputy. Why don't you let me out, let me stretch my legs. I'm sure that won't give you too much trouble.

He laughs, as do the other inmates.

THOMAS

Ha ha...Laugh it up. You're not going anywhere Esteban. You're gonna hang tomorrow.

ESTEBAN

Tomorrow am I? Well I better get my suit ready.

He laughs once again. Thomas shakes his head and goes to leave.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna escape by tomorrow afternoon.

THOMAS

Well we'll just have to hang you in the morning then.

ESTEBAN

And your little deputy is going to let me out.

Thomas makes it to the door.

THOMAS

I seriously doubt that, Esteban. Bill's a good guy.

ESTEBAN

Will he still be a good guy if I offer him the chance to make thousands of dollars?

Bill turns to look at Thomas. Thomas rolls his tongue in his mouth and looks back to Bill.

THOMAS

(To Bill, shaking head)

Don't listen to him. He's going to try and get into your head. Never trust an outlaw.

ESTEBAN

What if I offer this fine gentlemen incarcerated with me the chance to make thousands of dollars?

The inmates make all sorts of noise. Esteban looks deadly serious but Thomas shakes his head as he goes to leave.

THOMAS

Don't you let any of these men out, ya hear? He's gonna try and get into your head with his lies. When you let him out he's just gonna slit your throat.

Thomas opens the door.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm counting on you deputy.

BILL

Don't worry Sheriff! I won't let you down!

Thomas leaves through the door. Bill throws a cautionary glance at Esteban. Esteban smirks and leans back, the inmates throwing questions at him.

INMATE #1

Is it true? Can we really make thousands of dollars?

INMATE #2

Bullshit. How are we going to make money behind bars?

INMATE #3

What have you got up your sleeve?

TWIN #1

How can we help?

TWIN #2

Why should we trust you?

INMATE #4

When-

Bill bashes on the bars.

BILL

Shut up! The lot of you!

Bill looks back at the door Thomas left through. He might have more on his hands than he bargained for.

EXT. SERENITY - NIGHT

Thomas walks across the streets of Serenity away from the sheriff's office and around a corner. The path he enters is empty, other than a person.

Emily.

She smiles and walks up, her flawless beauty highlighted by the distant lights in the town. Thomas smiles as he walks towards her.

THOMAS

Me and Bill did good today. Took down a small ring of people planning some sort of robbery. Dynamite and everything.

EMILY

(Smiling)

That's my Thomas Carson. That's my sheriff.

They kiss. The passion, the intensity. This is love. Ilicit love. Emily breaks away.

EMILY (CONT'D)

When will you ever let the world know of our love.

THOMAS

Em...I...

EMILY

I know I'm just another whore, but-

THOMAS

(Interrupting)

You are *not* "just another whore".

EMILY

What am I then?

THOMAS

Mine. You're my Emily.

Thomas strokes her back with his strong hands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

My guardian angel.

They kiss once again.

EXT. SERENITY TOWN CENTRE - THE NEXT DAY

The hangman's noose. A crowd of people have gathered around to watch Esteban be hung in front of them. This is the morning's entertainment.

Below the gallows sits in wait a coffin, ready for quick transportation of the soon-to-be-dead body of Esteban. The coffin sits on a horse-drawn carriage where two men in black sit ready to ride.

Esteban is standing with a noose around his head as Thomas and Bill trot their horses towards the him. They dismount and preside over the crowd. Thomas raises his hands to get their attention.

THOMAS

Ladies and gentlemen! You are here today to witness the hanging of Esteban Montoya!

Esteban bows with a sneer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Mr. Montoya here conspired with his allies on a plot to commit a horrible robbery in our fine town! Along with his plans he was also caught in possession of illegal firearms and dynamite, the amount of which could surely blow up a town.

Thomas turns to Esteban for a moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 This is a dangerous man! And he
 deserves to be brought to justice!
 He-

Bill coughs loudly and steps forwards.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 (To Bill)
 Yes?

BILL
 (To Thomas)
 I think I'd like to say a few
 things.

THOMAS
 S-Sure...Go ahead.

Thomas steps back to let Bill have his say. Bill slowly steps forwards, his new jacket billowing in the wind.

BILL
 Sheriff Carson...Is a fool! He's an
 incompetent sheriff!

The crowd disagrees. They boo and shout.

CITIZEN #1
 You don't know what you're talking
 about!

CITIZEN #2
 Sheriff Carson is a great man!

Thomas steps forwards, putting his hand on Bill's shoulder.

THOMAS
 (Awkwardly laughs)
 What the hell are you doing?

Bill shrugs off Thomas and steps away.

BILL
 Sheriff Carson does nothing but
 lock people up and throw away the
 key when really he should be
 getting rid of *all* this scum.

He whips around and points at Esteban.

BILL (CONT'D)
 He may hang this man, but there's
 more like him out there! But our
 Sheriff wants to lock them up, not
 kill them!

The citizens don't buy anything Bill is saying.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's true! He thinks he is god's gift to our town...But deep down, he's nothing a sinner! A bad example!

Bill points at Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)

He sleeps with whores! I see him running off with that Rosenberg woman! That is not right!

Thomas moves to grab Bill.

THOMAS

Bill, you better calm the fuck down before I knock you out.

BILL

You're pathetic. Look at you.

Thomas pushes him backwards.

THOMAS

What's gotten into you?

BILL

I finally opened my eyes!

Bill steps towards Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)

I can see past your bullshit! You're driving this town into the ground and you can't stop.

Esteban grins.

THOMAS

I told you not to listen to Esteban. I knew he was going to try and get into your head. No-one in his position and stance chooses to go as easily as he did. This...This is my fault. I should have been more careful.

BILL

You only thought of yourself leaving me on duty while you go fucked your whor-

Thomas grabs Bill.

THOMAS

You shut your mouth! Shut your goddamned mouth!

Emily watches from the crowd.

BILL
Make me.

Thomas fights the urge and chucks Bill backwards.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm going to be this town's
reckoning.

Bill pulls out his revolver. The crowd scream and retreat from the events going down.

BILL (CONT'D)
The town will be punished for
inability to save it.

Thomas steps back, his hand hovering over his revolver. Bill points his gun at Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Bill steps up to the gallows and removes the noose from Esteban's neck.

BILL (CONT'D)
Esteban here has told me about a
prospective business venture. It is
very tempting. So tempting I
couldn't help but take him up on
it.

He smirks. Esteban jumps down into the coffin on the horse-drawn carriage. The two men driving the carriage reveal themselves to be the Bolan twins. With a pull of the reins the men escape, leaving Bill with Thomas.

Bill slowly leaves the gallows, walking towards the horses.

THOMAS
Bill. Let them leave. You're a fine
deputy.

BILL
I am not playing second string
anymore. With my resources and his
know-how, Esteban and I will create
the perfect partnership.

THOMAS
He'll just stab you in the back one
day.

BILL
I don't think you're in a position
to judge another's character.

THOMAS

You're making a huge mistake.

BILL

You made the mistake. You're far from saving this town Tom. You can't protect it.

Bill moves over and climbs onto his horse.

THOMAS

I will shoot you Bill, don't think that I won't.

BILL

You're not gonna shoot Tom. You don't have it in you.

Bill kicks his horse into gear and starts to trot away.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'll be off now. But you'll be seeing me soon. *Real* soon.

Bill starts to gallop away. Thomas fights with himself before pulling out his gun, aiming it at Bill as he rides away.

He can't do it.

Thomas holsters his gun and breaks his composure. The scattered members of the crowd watching this unfold start turning on him.

CITIZEN #1

Did you see that? He just let them get away!

CITIZEN #2

Maybe Deputy Morgan is right, maybe he *is* incompetent.

CITIZEN #3

Think of all the murderers he probably still has locked up. What is he going to do, let them escape?

CITIZEN #4

A criminal is a criminal. He should hang them all.

CITIZEN #5

Did you know about his affair with that prostitute?

Thomas, still locked in watching his deputy and outlaws escape eventually turns away. He walks, alone, through the sea of people all looking at him, turning on him.

At one point he raises his head and sees Emily before he slowly turns his head away and continues walking.

EXT. SERENITY - THE NEXT NIGHT

Finally, the complete flashback. Thomas stands in the middle of a town, outside his house.

And the entire town is on fire.

Chaos. Women and children screaming. Men are running around trying to extinguish the fires with buckets of water. Horses try to pull away from the posts they have been hitched to while others run out of the town.

Thomas turns all over to see the events unfold before his eyes.

THOMAS

This can't be happening.

Suddenly a group of horses come riding through the town. From the group laughter and other noises roar from them. Men sit on them as they ride through the town chuckling and shouting to each other as they continue to cause the chaos.

Some take aim with their revolvers shooting at the men trying to put out the fires. Others ride up and snatch up screaming women. A couple men ride away from the bank with their horses dragging a safe behind them.

Guns are fired into the air as Thomas tries to get a grip on the situation. All of a sudden a horse steps forwards.

A man clad in black, red and gold sits upon a black horse. He turns to look at Thomas, sporting a grin as the light of flames lick across his face. He begins to laugh.

Bill Morgan.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Shocked)

Bill.

Bill opens his arms.

BILL

Didn't I say I'd be this town's reckoning Tom!

Another explosion goes off. Bill laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)

Whoo, all that dynamite sure goes a long way!

Thomas reaches for his hip, but he hasn't got his gun on him.

BILL (CONT'D)
No gun, sheriff? That's too bad!

Bill pulls out his and shoots at the ground near Thomas' feet, making him step around trying to avoid the gunfire.

BILL (CONT'D)
I tell ya, you're not a good
sheriff but hot damn can you dance!

Some of the other men gun down those who try to resist. Others flee, running into the darkness. The men laugh and chuckle and cheer as they rage destruction on the town. Dynamite is lit and thrown, gunfire continues to ring out.

The men with the safe ride up to Bill. It's the Bolan twins.

BILL (CONT'D)
Thomas! You remember the Bolan
twins?

They sneer. Thomas looks at the safe as they carry it over to a horse-drawn carriage.

BILL (CONT'D)
Ah good! You nabbed the safe! Gotta
be oh...\$50,000 of gold in there?

Esteban rides up.

ESTEBAN
Something like that boss.

THOMAS
Boss?

BILL
Yes! *All* of these men work for me!
I'm sure you recognise all of them
Tom!

Thomas looks around. They are all the inmates that were once locked up in the sheriff's office.

THOMAS
No...

BILL
This is why you needed to bring the
justice more Tom! Otherwise you
live with the risk that all of
these men might someday walk fr-

Bill turns his head and stops, distracted.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey you! Get away from her!

Bill's attention has shift to one of the outlaws on foot, trying to get his hands on a woman. Emily. Bill pulls out his pistol and shoots the man, his blood spraying Emily.

BILL (CONT'D)
Let the sheriff have his woman.

THOMAS
She's not my woman.

BILL
And this isn't your town.

Bill looks around.

BILL (CONT'D)
If you can even call this a town anymore.

He laughs. Esteban and the Bolan twins start laughing as well.

BILL (CONT'D)
Good luck with looking for a new town to ruin Sheriff.

Bill lifts his hat and signals to his men to follow. He gallops away, followed by Esteban, the Bolans and others.

THOMAS
No!

Thomas runs after them but they speed away. Thomas looks around trying to find someway to help. Women and children are crying. Men lay dead in pools of blood. Thomas wheels around as flames engulf the town, buildings blown to pieces by dynamite. He can't do anything.

Serenity has fallen to anarchy. He looks at Emily, who rushes towards him.

EMILY
Tom! Tom!

Thomas says nothing. He turns away from her and walks to his house, relatively untouched except for a burning roof. He comes out with his jacket and gun.

Thomas puts on his gun, the silver of the Colt Single Action Army shining in the flames. He throws his jacket on, flapping in the air, speckled with the ash from the fires.

Walking towards his horse he nabs a stray bottle of whisky sitting on some steps. He pulls out the cork with his teeth and drinks.

Emily rushes over to him as he gets onto his horse.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Going after them won't bring the
town back.

Thomas takes another swig of whiskey as his horse starts to
move.

THOMAS
I'm not doing this for the town.

He chucks the bottle of whisky into one of the fires. The
flames increase.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm doing this for justice.

Thomas gallops away at top speed, leaving Emily, Serenity and
its people behind. The chase has begun.

INT. DR. LAWRENCE'S CLINIC - PRESENT DAY

And now the chase is almost over. Thomas and Emily lay on the
floor of the clinic, Thomas' coat draped over them. His eyes
shoot open.

Thomas gets up, taking his jacket with him. Emily's dress
certainly looks like it has gotten more wear and tear since
the night before. She stirs.

EMILY
Ow...My back...

Emily wakes up on the floor. She tries to get her bearings.

EMILY (CONT'D)
W-What happened?...

Thomas puts on his jacket and helps her up. He grabs his hat
that he finds on the floor.

THOMAS
I was reminded of the world I gave
up.

EMILY
And? Do you miss it?

Thomas thinks for a moment.

THOMAS
Yes. I miss it all.

Thomas goes to leave.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
But that's all in the past. Things
have changed. People have changed.

Thomas pulls out his revolver, examining it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to kill the traitor Bill Morgan and the men that helped destroy our town if it's the last thing I do. And if I ever see Bill in the afterlife I'm going to kill him again. Then maybe I'll be halfway towards doing some right.

Thomas holsters his gun and opens the door. Emily watches helplessly as her hero leaves her once again. She gathers herself and turns away.

Sunshine shines through the doorway as Thomas steps out.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - DAY

Thomas leaves the clinic and walks down the steps. Outside Lawrence, Charlie and Matthew stand around at the bottom of the steps, waiting for him.

LAWRENCE

Rough night?

THOMAS

Yeah, it was.

MATTHEW

We figured.

CHARLIE

(Smirks)

We could hear you from the saloon.

Thomas walks up to them, putting on his hat.

LAWRENCE

What now?

THOMAS

We prepare. I want us to hit Fort Esten tomorrow. And if we even have a chance at succeeding we're going to need to bring our skills together.

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie puts up a 'Closed' sign on the door of the gun shop and walks towards the middle of the store where the other three men are gathered.

THOMAS

Now...I know for a fact that Bill is riding with at least three other very dangerous men.

He slides over a few wanted posters, relics from days gone by.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

A dangerous pair of inseparable brother, The Bolan Twins.

He slides forwards a poster of Esteban.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And Esteban Montoya.

Charlie takes a particular interest in Esteban.

CHARLIE

This guy looks like trouble.

THOMAS

That's because he is. Very manipulative, very dangerous.

CHARLIE

I can take him.

THOMAS

We'll see about that. But we can't go rushing off alone if we're going to do this right. It's as a team or not at all, okay?

Matthew and Lawrence nod.

CHARLIE

Fine. But he's mine, okay? I've been wanting to test out the Remington New Model for a while now, and he looks like the perfect target.

MATTHEW

We've got the twins.

LAWRENCE

We've got the twins.

Matthew and Lawrence turn to look at each other and nod.

THOMAS

And Bill Morgan's all mine.

Thomas slides the wanted poster of Bill Morgan's sneering face to the middle of the other posters.

MONTAGE:

The four men begin their preparations for the mission.

- A) They practise their shooting at the shooting range behind the gun store.
- B) Charlie helps Thomas practise quick-drawing and shooting with his left hand.
- C) Matthew hones his long distance shooting skills shooting birds from long distance.
- D) Lawrence gathers up medical supplies as well as getting out a rifle he has stashed in the clinic.
- E) Thomas spends some time with Emily.
- F) Charlie practises his super-fast quick-draw
- G) Matthew herds some cattle at the McOlsen ranch, casting a look back at a smiling Lucy. He casts his head down.
- H) The four of them put saddles with their horses, pack their rifles and check their revolvers outside the gun store.
- I) Sheriff Perkins and Deputy Evans watch the four men from the porch of the Sheriff's office. The sheriff shakes his head and walks back into the office.
- J) The four of them get on their horses and ride.

EXT. PLAINS - MORNING

Thomas leads, Lawrence riding next to him. Charlie and Matthew follow. They ride at a steady pace.

LAWRENCE

How are we even going to get inside the fort? It's all well and good getting all ready for the attack but...How...

THOMAS

Well, I've been brewing this plan for a while now, but...Matthew. I'm going to need your help.

MATTHEW

Me? Why?

THOMAS

You have access to a little leverage to get those doors open.

MATTHEW

What?...
 (Thinks)
 No. No no no...

EXT. MCOLSEN RANCH - LATER

LUCY

(Continuing)
 No no no no no!

Lucy shakes her head, taking a stand in front of Matthew with Thomas, Charlie and Lawrence milling around behind.

MATTHEW

Lu, I wouldn't do this otherwise
 but I need to borrow your cattle.

LUCY

I can't just let you run off with
 all the cattle!

MATTHEW

Lucy please, we need to borrow
 them. Trust me. It's going to be
 worth it.

Matthew smiles, stroking Lucy's face.

LUCY

This better not be one of those get
 rich quick schemes...

Matthew looks away.

MATTHEW

It's erm...Not...We just need
 them. But I promise. You'll be
 happy when I come back.

LUCY

I'm *always* happy when you come back
 darlin'.

They kiss. Lawrence turns to Thomas.

LAWRENCE

(Quietly)
 He better make it back.

THOMAS

(Quietly)
 Don't worry. I'll keep my promise.
 He'll get back home in one piece.

Lucy and Matthew pull away from their kiss. Lucy silently nods and steps back. Matthew walks back to the others. Thomas steps forwards, lifting his hat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Thank you so much ma'am. We'll take good care of your cattle.

LUCY
You better now, ya hear?

Thomas nods, and the four men mount their horses.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(To Matthew)
I love you.

MATTHEW
I know.

Matthew and the other four ride over to the cattle.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
And I love you too Lucy McOlsen!

Matthew opens the gate of the pen and the cattle spill out of their confines. Matthew and the others round them all up as they begin to lead the herd away from the ranch.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

The four of them continue to ride, galloping along with herd of cattle in tow.

CHARLIE
(Shouting)
You really think this is going to work?

THOMAS
(Shouting)
He sent four of his men down to steal some cattle. None of them are yet to have came back. For all he knows, maybe they got sidetracked or something. Fact is, he's got his cattle now, he's got no reason to care about how long it took!

MATTHEW
I hope you're right Mr. Carson!

THOMAS
Come on guys, call me Tom!

The four men all look at each other and continue to ride on, the sun shining in the distance.

EXT. FORT ESTEN - AFTERNOON

The four men and their herd of cattle slow down. Fort Esten stands in the background. A mound of white stone with tall wooden gate doors.

Thomas signals them to halt. Thomas leans forwards, looking at it.

THOMAS

There it is gentlemen. Fort Esten.
Where Bill Morgan and his band of
outlaws are holed up.

(Turns to Matthew)

Matthew. See anything?

Matthew rides up to see. His eyes squint as he views the walls of the fort.

MATTHEW

Ain't no way we can barge in.

He looks at the top of the walls.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Armed patrols along the walls.

Matthew examines the gate.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

The only way in is through the
gate.

Matthew tilts his head. He sees an identical gate on the other side.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Gates. There are two gates. One on
both side.

CHARLIE

Any cannons?

Matthew looks. There are a few cannons but they don't look they've been given much care and attention.

MATTHEW

The cannons need maintenance. We
won't have to worry about them.
Just the sentries on the walls and
whatever is waiting for us inside.

LAWRENCE

Are you still sure you want to do
this Tom?

THOMAS

Oh I am more than sure Lawrence.
We're going to bring this fort down
and serve justice to the evil it
contains. You want to turn back?
You're still able to.

LAWRENCE

(Shakes head)

You're an idiot Thomas, but you're
my kind of idiot. Besides, without
me you'll probably catch a bad case
of death. I'm in.

MATTHEW

So am I. The less people like this
Bill Morgan and his men the safer
world will be for me and my Lucy
and the family I want to raise.

CHARLIE

Hell, I'm in too. And not just for
the reward. From what I've heard,
these men don't deserve the life
they've been having. They should
have been punished long ago. Guess
we'll just have to be the ones to
administer it.

THOMAS

Justice shall finally be served.
Now...

Thomas wheels around, figuring out a plan.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

With there being two gates I say we
split in two. Me and Charlie will
hit the front gate, Lawrence and
Matthew, you hit the back gate.

They nod.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now Matthew, I want you to snipe
the sentries and Lawrence I want
you to assist. I've seen you shoot,
you can do it. Also if any of us
are wounded Lawrence I want you to
bring us to cover to try and fix us
up.

Thomas turns to Charlie.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Charlie, you're the best gunman I
know. It will be an honour
breaching the front with you.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Together I know we can take down
 opposition.

Thomas looks at the Fort.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Now, remember, there might be women
 and children in there so watch your
 fire. And also remember that Bill,
 Esteban and the Twins are bad news
 so watch your guard. Don't do
 anything stupid.

Thomas looks at his saddle bags.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Now. Have we got everything?

Matthew, Lawrence and Charlie nod.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Okay. Let's do this. Matthew,
 Lawrence, take your split of the
 herd and go around back. It's go-
 time.

MATTHEW
 Gotcha.

LAWRENCE
 Gotcha.

The four men nod and go their separate ways to prepare.

Thomas and Charlie ride towards the front gate while Matthew
 and Lawrence ride towards the back one, both pairs followed
 by cattle.

At the front gate Thomas and Charlie are stopped by one of
 the guards atop the wall.

GUARD
 Who are you?

THOMAS
 (In a different voice than
 normal)
 We got some cattle for the fort
 like Bill asked us to! A lot of it
 too! They don't like being dragged
 along...But we got 'em here!

CHARLIE
 (In a different voice than
 normal)
 Yeah, they're fine cattle! Well
 worth the wait!

GUARD

Took you guys long enough! We were beginning to wonder you ran off or got captured by Indians or something!

(Looks away)

Open the gates! We got cattle coming in!

The gates slowly open on both sides, and the four men ride in along with the McOlsen ranch's cattle.

INT. FORT ESTEN COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The cattle pile into the middle of the fort while the four men spread across to the four corners of the courtyard, dismounting and picking up their guns.

The Bolan Twins walk out into the courtyard.

TWIN #1

About time you got back.

TWIN #2

The boss hates it when people keep him waiting.

Thomas speaks while looking down.

THOMAS

Well boys, you better give the boss a message.

(Looks up, aiming revolver at them)

I've been waiting to get revenge for Serenity. And today I'm gonna have it.

He pulls the trigger. A bullet flies and strikes one of the twins in the chest, sending him backwards. The other twin shouts.

TWIN #1

We're under attack! Sound the bells! Kill them! Kill them all!

The guards ring the bells drawing everyone's attention. Thomas and Charlie scatter to cover from above while Matthew and Lawrence move forwards. Matthew pulls out his rifle and quickly aims down the sights at the guards on the wall. He pulls the trigger, taking one out who subsequently falls down to the ground floor.

The remaining Bolan twin rushes inside the fort while a group of men run out to attack Thomas and his posse.

Matthew leads Lawrence up the stairs to the walls, Lawrence picking off men while Matthew continues to use his eagle eyes and marksmanship to take out other guards on the walls trying to shoot at Thomas and Charlie.

Charlie takes his revolver and quickly fires shots along a line of men, taking them all out. He moves into cover, quickly swapping out chambers to reload.

As Charlie reloads, Thomas pops out and takes out a few more with his Colt.

CHARLIE
How's the Colt?

Thomas moves back into cover and reloads.

THOMAS
She shoots like a dream.

Charlie spins the cylinder of his revolver.

CHARLIE
You get them all?

THOMAS
I think so.

Charlie pops up from cover, faced with two more of Bill's men. Charlie doesn't have time to react, but is ultimately fine, as the two men are shot and go down. Charlie turns and looks up, seeing Matthew and Lawrence standing side by side, rifles smoking.

CHARLIE
(Shouts to them)
Thanks!

The two men nod and look up as they see more men run along the top of the perimeter wall. They rattle off a few more shots in quick succession, taking down a few of the men.

Back with Thomas and Charlie, the two men leave their cover, guns fully reloaded. They run out, shooting guards as they run across the courtyard. Charlie shoots one above them, causing the guard to fall and drop his revolver. Charlie catches it out of the air and quickly spins, using both of his guns to take out a couple more men.

Thomas sneaks up to one of the doors into the fort and waits, putting his gun into its holster while Charlie looks around the courtyard for any more men while reloading.

A man runs out of the fort door with a shotgun. Thomas quickly grabs the barrel and pushes it to the side, causing the man to shoot on reflex. Thomas swiftly punches the man and snatches the shotgun from him. He quickly kicks the man, pumping the shotgun and shooting him.

Thomas pumps the shotgun again and as another man runs through the door Thomas quickly shoots him. Peering in through the doorway, Thomas quickly kneels down to pick up some more ammo from the owner of the shotgun.

He stands up and reloads the shotgun, pumping it and turning to look at Charlie. They nod and run into the fort.

Meanwhile Matthew and Lawrence are cleaning up shop taking out the last of the guards on the walls. They reload as they carefully approach the fort, stepping over bodies and kicking away guns.

Matthew reloads and is distracted as one last man from the other side of the fort slowly aims at him down the sights of his rifle. His finger on the trigger, he's about to pull before-

Boom. Head-shot.

Lawrence looks from above his rifle, smoke coming from the barrel. He lowers his gun.

Matthew finishes reloading and looks at the guy Lawrence just took out.

MATTHEW

Whoa. That was a hell of a shot.

LAWRENCE

Just because I wear glasses doesn't mean I can't nail a shot like that.

Lawrence pushes up his glasses, sunlight reflecting off them.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Come, we better hit the fort.

MATTHEW

After you hot-shot.

Lawrence smirks and jogs forwards, Matthew cocking his reloaded rifle.

They enter the fort, ready for whatever's in store for them.

INT. FORT ESTEN GROUND FLOOR INTERIOR- CONTINUOUS

Back to Thomas and Charlie. The corridors of the fort are quiet. A little too quiet. They slowly step further in, Charlie raises his revolver, Thomas holds his shotgun.

Doors from either side fling open and the two men quickly react, shooting across each other to take out the men coming out of the rooms.

Thomas cocks his shotgun. They nod to each other. Double-timing down the hall they make it to a corner. The two of them slowly edge up to it, peering around the corner. Around the corner there is a large room that has stairs going up to the upper floor at the back of the room. But that's not all that's in the room.

There's also quite a lot of armed men in reserve that Thomas and Charlie have gotten the drop on. Thomas gulps and looks back to Charlie. Charlie nods and slowly and quietly reloads his guns, bullet by bullet. The men in the room are armed but haven't been given orders or anything. Spread out across the room in conversation it can be seen they haven't yet gotten organised.

THOMAS

You ready for this?

Charlie checks his guns.

CHARLIE

Now more than ever.

Thomas nods and quickly spins out of cover. Charlie runs around to follow him. Thomas pumps a few more shotgun shots out of his gun, taking out a couple men. The rest of the armed men begin firing. Charlie runs forwards firing from both his guns, one after the other, taking out a few more men.

Thomas runs out of shotgun shells after a few more shots, chucking the shotgun at one of the men, distracting him. While the man is distracted Thomas quickly draws his revolver and fires two shots into him.

Thomas shoots a few more shots in different directions at some of the other men before ducking behind some barrels to reload.

Charlie on the other hand tosses one of his guns away and runs up to one of the men, shooting him in the chest at close range and spinning him around to use as a human shield. Several bullets hit his human shield and Charlie grabs the dead man's rifle, kicking his body towards the attackers. Charlie quickly cocks the rifle and takes out a few more men.

Reloaded, Thomas steps back out from cover and the two of them work on clearing the rest of the room. Eventually they find themselves in the middle of a massacre, relatively unscathed. Blood pours from the dead bodies as Thomas and Charlie slowly make their way further into the fort.

All of a sudden laughter begins to echo down the room. Thomas and Charlie quickly stop, raising their guns.

At back of the room, on the top of the stairs, stands Esteban. He continues to cackle as he slowly steps down the stairs, spurs on his boots clanging in the silence.

Thomas' grip on his revolver tightens as Esteban smiles.

ESTEBAN
Sheriff Carson.

THOMAS
Esteban Montoya.

ESTEBAN
You clean up well for a dead guy.

THOMAS
I died in Serenity. And now I've
come to bring you all with me down
to hell.

Esteban laughs, stepping forwards. He looks at the bodies
littering the ground.

ESTEBAN
You sure are the angel of death my
friend. You've changed.

THOMAS
I guess in a way I have you to
thank for that.

Esteban smiles.

ESTEBAN
I guess you do.

Thomas moves to step forwards, but Charlie stops him.

CHARLIE
Remember. *I* have this guy.

Esteban raises his eyebrows and chuckles.

ESTEBAN
Is this your new deputy, Sheriff?

CHARLIE
I'm the man who's going to beat you
in a duel.

ESTEBAN
How honourable.
(To Thomas)
I see the world will never be rid
of people like you Sheriff.

THOMAS
I'm not a Sheriff anymore, Esteban.

Thomas steps away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And the world will never be rid of people like you. But this is a start.

Charlie holsters his revolver.

CHARLIE

What do you say to a duel? I hear you're pretty dangerous.

Esteban sneers.

ESTEBAN

You'll be dead before you even touch that gun.

(To Thomas)

Mr. Carson. You're an honourable man. Would you preside over this occasion?

Thomas walks over to the middle of the two, aiming his gun at Esteban.

THOMAS

You cheat and I will gun you down.

ESTEBAN

If you're fast enough.

Esteban winks. Thomas takes off his hat, stepping away from the two of them.

Charlie and Esteban eye each other. Charlie wiggles his fingers. Esteban uses his thumb to crack his knuckles. Thomas chucks his hat into the air. Charlie presses his tongue into his cheek and Esteban checks his footing.

The hat hits the ground.

In the blink of an eye Charlie pulls out his gun and fires off a few shots at Esteban. Esteban draws his gun but is too late. He fires off to the side as the bullets hit his chest.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

That was fucking...fast.

Esteban falls to the floor, back slamming onto the ground.

Charlie is even surprised with himself, his gun smoking. He looks at Esteban and then to his gun. He smiles and holsters his gun.

CHARLIE

And *that* is why you let me have him! Goddamn. I surprise even myself.

Thomas nods in approval.

THOMAS

Yeah. You're pretty good.

Thomas walks over to his hat picking it up and dusting it off.

CHARLIE

Pretty good? Did you not just see what happened?

Esteban's right hand pulls backwards. A spring-loaded derringer slides into Esteban's hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I mean I-

Bang.

The air is knocked out of Charlie's chest as the bullet strikes him. He's thrown backwards, gun leaving his hand, falling to the ground and sliding a few feet away.

Thomas rushes to him to see what happened. Blood drips down Charlie's body. The bullet went straight through the heart. Charlie tries to hold on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(Surprised)

The son of a bitch shot me...

Thomas watches as the life leave Charlie as he is unable to do anything.

He turns to look at Esteban, who is barely holding on himself, grinning as he slowly dies, the derringer in his hand.

ESTEBAN

See you in hell Carson. At least you'll have a friend waiting for you.

He finally lets go of his desperate grip on life and dies. Thomas stands up and walks over to Esteban's body.

THOMAS

No no no no no!

Esteban's corpse is smiling.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You didn't win!

Thomas shoots him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Wipe that grin off your face you
bastard!

He shoots him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You haven't won! You haven't...

Thomas kicks the body.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
FUUUUUUUUCK!

A voice echoes from down the corridor on the floor above.

BILL
Little Thomas Carson. The small-
time Sheriff from a big old town.
Always in over his head. Always
afraid to do the dirty work.

Thomas stands up.

THOMAS
(Shouting)
Bill Morgan! Your punishment has
been a long-time coming! I hope you
said your prayers, because justice
is finally gonna catch up with you!

BILL
I'm waiting~!

Thomas reloads his gun and spins the revolving cylinder. He
looks back at Charlie, laying dead on the ground across the
room.

THOMAS
I'm gonna get him back for you
Charlie. I'm gonna get him back for
everyone.

Thomas holsters his gun and runs up the stairs, moving
further into the fort.

INT. FORT ESTEN UPPER FLOOR INTERIOR - MINUTES EARLIER

Meanwhile, Lawrence and Matthew infiltrate the upper floor,
looking for the gold. Their rifles ready, they jog down the
corridors, looking through the doorways they pass, women and
children cowering from the gunfire.

LAWRENCE
There are families here. Children.

MATTHEW
Families of the men?

LAWRENCE
Maybe. Who knows. Maybe some were
kidnapped?...

MATTHEW
Should we free them?

LAWRENCE
No-

The two of them hang a right around the corner.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
-We've got our mission. In and out.
Find the stolen gold, steal it
back...and deal with the Bolan
Twins.

All of a sudden a gunshot from behind them is fired. The bullet travels straight through Matthew's back and stomach, sending him flying forwards, knocking down Lawrence in the process. Lawrence's glasses slide across the ground.

TWIN #1
"Deal with the Bolan Twins"?

The remaining Bolan Twin steps forwards from down the corridor, cocking his rifle, shell casing ejecting from the gun.

TWIN #1 (CONT'D)
Well I'm right here. Deal with me.
Your boss already killed my
brother. That rat bastard son of a
bitch.

The twin slowly steps forwards. Lawrence looks over at Matthew. He's a bit blurry through Lawrence's eyesight, but it's unmistakable that there's blood coming from him.

LAWRENCE
Oh my god, Matthew.

TWIN #1
I'm waiting, four-eyes.

The twin continues to walk down the corridor. Lawrence slowly slides forwards, patting the ground to find his glasses.

TWIN #1 (CONT'D)
Deal!
(Shoots)
With!
(Shoots)
(MORE)

TWIN #1 (CONT'D)

Me!
(Shoots)

The bullets hit the ground around Lawrence who curls up to avoid the gunfire. The twin continues to approach as Lawrence finally finds his glasses and puts them on, spinning around on the ground.

LAWRENCE
Well okay then.

Lawrence pulls the trigger and shoots the twin through the eye, sending him flying back. Dead. Lawrence tosses his rifle away and looks down at Matthew.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Oh god, Matthew!

He quickly rolls Matthew over and gets out his medical supplies.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
We're going to get you back home in one piece. You're going to get back to your girl and you're going to live a long life, ya hear?...

Lawrence takes out his tools and a glimmer of light hits the corner of his eye. He turns to see what it is.

It's the gold. Several sacks of it in the room just off the corridor they're in. A few spilt coins are scattered on the ground but it looks like there's more than enough there.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)
Looks like we're going to keep up our end of the bargain at least.

Lawrence puts pressure on the wound as he begins trying to clean the wound.

INT. DEEP INSIDE FORT ESTEN - LATER

Thomas runs down the corridor deeper into the fort.

THOMAS
(At top of his lungs)
Where are you?!

Bills laughter echoes around the fort.

BILL
Getting closer old friend. You're almost there.

Thomas rounds the corner and stops. He enters the room in front of him. Support beams flanking either side of him, Thomas walks deeper to lay his eyes on his target.

Bill Morgan has appeared before him, his coat flapping as he walks towards Thomas.

BILL (CONT'D)

(Walking)

I blow up your town, I beat you up, shoot you, and throw you out of a train *off a bridge*...

(Stops)

...And yet here you are.

THOMAS

Maybe it's a sign I should listen to your advice and actually do something rather than trying to lock you up like I did everyone else.

(Steps forwards)

Which is exactly why I'm going to kill you. Justice will be served. And it's going to be at my hand. With this gun.

BILL

That gun? Looks familiar.

Bill whips back his coat, revealing he has Thomas' old Colt Single Action Army on his hip.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shows you can't let go. You replaced your old gun just like you replaced me with those men of yours and you replaced Serenity with wherever poor town you're holed up in.

THOMAS

I haven't replaced anything Bill. The past is dead and buried. Just like you once I'm finished.

BILL

Why don't we stop all this talking and get down to business?

THOMAS

Why don't you look down at what's rolling towards your feet.

Bill's eyes narrow and he looks down.

Dynamite.

His eyes bulge and he darts up to look at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You men and your dynamite. Some things never change.

Thomas pulls out his revolver and pulls the trigger as Bill tries to step away.

KABOOM. The dynamite explodes, sending Bill flying backwards. Thomas holsters his gun and stumbles as the room begins to rumble. The supports holding up the roof have become unstable by the explosion. Thomas steps back little by little, chunks of the roof falling down to the ground.

He runs backwards as the entire roof collapses on the room, covering Bill's body as Thomas looks back, leaving down the corridor.

INT. FORT ESTEN LOWER FLOOR INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas exits the inner-fort and back into the room where Esteban and Charlie died. He looks back at the corridor he just left.

THOMAS

Hope I did good Bill you son of a bitch. Say hi to your boys for me.

Thomas exhales and turns around, his eyes drifting from the body of Esteban and then over to Charlie's.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(To Charlie's body)

You'll be rewarded for what you've done today my friend. And you have earned a hero's burial, partner.

Thomas walks down the stairs and over to Charlie's body. He tips his hat and picks him up, putting him over his shoulder, carrying him out of the fort.

INT. FORT ESTEN COURTYARD - LATER

Lawrence sits Matthew on the back of his horse. He's in a lot of pain, but he's gonna make it.

Many sacks of gold sit around the courtyard, Lawrence trying to put as many as he can on the horses. As he hears Thomas approach he looks up.

LAWRENCE

(Slowly looking up)

You made it back in one piece then I take i-

Lawrence drops one of the sacks he's carrying as he sees Charlie's body.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh no...

Lawrence runs over to Thomas and Charlie.

THOMAS

It was that fucker Esteban. Took him out with a cheap shot...The bastard just couldn't die without getting the last word...

Lawrence frowns, looking at Charlie's wound.

LAWRENCE

Straight through the heart. There wouldn't be much I could do anyway. Goddamnit.

Lawrence kicks up some dust.

THOMAS

He took out Esteban though. And many more of Bill's men. He died fighting, and it was an honour to be by his side.

LAWRENCE

And what of Bill?...

THOMAS

I got him.

Lawrence nods in respect.

LAWRENCE

Come. Let's go home.

Lawrence and Thomas carry Charlie over to the horses.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(While walking)

We got the gold. All that we could see.

Thomas looks at Matthew.

THOMAS

(Walking)

What's wrong with him?

LAWRENCE

The other Bolan twin shot him clean through his back. It's okay though. He's patched up.

(Smiles)

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

He'll live. Not *quite* in one piece,
but his girlfriend'll be happy to
have him back.

(Turns to Thomas)

All in all a successful mission.

Lawrence looks at the bodies scattering the courtyard as they get the horses ready and starting to load them.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Except for a few casualties.

Lawrence looks to Matthew who is half-unconscious through the pain. He then looks to Charlie's body that Thomas puts on his horse.

He looks down in respect and says a quiet prayer to himself, and then picks up another sack of gold.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

The men silently hide across the plains back home, the sound of the horses and the wild west being the only sounds that can be heard. They lead back the McOlsen cattle as well as their two spare horses, Charlie and Matthew riding back on Thomas and Lawrence's horses instead.

EXT. MCOLSEN RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

The cattle are led back into the pen at the McOlsen ranch. Thomas and Charlie hit tight as Lawrence slowly trots Matthew over to the outside of the house where Lucy is.

Lawrence gets off the horse and helps Matthew. Lucy is a cross between furious and crying, angry at Lawrence for getting him hurt in such a way. Thomas watches the inaudible conversation from a distance, Lucy shouting at Lawrence and hitting him, pushing him backwards. She cries and hugs Matthew and leads him away to go inside.

Lawrence takes one of the sacks of gold and chucks it on the floor near Lucy. She turns around to see as it tips and spills gold across the floor. Lawrence walks away without looking back, getting onto his horse.

Lucy looks at Lawrence and then over into the distance at Thomas who tilts his head away and turns his horse around. As Lawrence rides up to Thomas they begin to ride home.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

The two of them silently ride home. Lawrence tries to turn to say something, but the words escape him. Instead he just turns away and continues to ride.

EXT. GOLD SPRINGS - NIGHT

They've made it back. Thomas and Lawrence slowly ride their horses into town. They decide to ride around the back of the clinic so they can off-load Charlie's body for the night.

INT. DR. LAWRENCE'S CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Laying Charlie's body down respectfully on one of the beds, Thomas takes off his hat.

THOMAS

Tomorrow, we shall bury you a hero
my friend. I'm sorry. I'm so so
sorry.

LAWRENCE

You were a good man. A talented man
Charlie. We won't forget you.

The two stand in silence for a moment, bowing their heads. Thomas raises his after a while.

THOMAS

I need a drink.

Thomas turns and walks away from the bed where Charlie has currently been laid to rest. Lawrence raises his head.

LAWRENCE

I could go for a drink myself.

Lawrence looks at Charlie, taking a bedsheet and putting it over him.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Thomas sits at the bar. It's like nothing ever happened. The saloon is still full of lively piano music. There's still laughter and smoke billowing from tables. People are having conversations and arguments while the bartender continues to serve everyone drinks.

Lawrence sits down next to Thomas.

LAWRENCE

So what next, Thomas? You stopped a
dangerous man and his gang, you've
found yourself a few thousand
dollars richer...What does the
mysterious Thomas Carson do to
follow up this little adventure?

THOMAS

Drink.
 (To barman)
 Whiskey.

The barman nods and goes to get some whiskey.

LAWRENCE

I would have thought you'd have something more to do.

THOMAS

Nope. My job's done. Now I just want to drink-

He hears a noise on the stairs of the saloon. Emily walks down the stairs, smiling as he sees Thomas sitting at the bar.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

-And watch the world go by.
 (Turns to Lawrence)
 I'm finished with the search for justice. Done with the employ of others working towards a good cause.

The barman serves Thomas his whiskey. He nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(Takes drink)
 I'll only put them in danger.

Thomas starts his drink as Emily comes over to them.

EMILY

You're back! You're alive!

Emily hugs Thomas. Thomas doesn't exactly jump out of his seat.

THOMAS

Yup.

EMILY

Did you do it? Did you...get him?

THOMAS

Blew him to bits.

Emily smiles a little.

EMILY

The bastard really did have it coming.

Emily looks around to try and see the others.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Where's the rest of your group?

LAWRENCE
Matthew's back at the McOlsen ranch
with young Lucy McOlsen.
Charlie's...

Thomas slams his glass down.

THOMAS
Charlie's dead.

Thomas stands up and pays for the whiskey - with some of the stolen gold and moves to leave.

As he does, he comes face to face with the Sheriff and his Deputy as they walk towards him.

PERKINS
So you're back in one piece then.

Thomas steps backwards.

THOMAS
Yeah. I am.

PERKINS
Did you...

Perkins looks at Thomas and Lawrence.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
Did you do what you wanted to do?

THOMAS
Yes. We did.

PERKINS
Where's the rest of your posse?...

THOMAS
They're not here Sheriff.

PERKINS
So I can see...In fact, Deputy Robert here saw you drop ol' Charlie from the gun shop off at the doctor's clinic.

Lawrence stands up and walks towards Thomas.

LAWRENCE
(Trying to lie)
Yes, he was injured, and-

PERKINS
 (To Lawrence)
 Don't lie to me doc.
 (To Thomas)
 He's dead.

Thomas looks away.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
 I told you I didn't support this
 one bit. I told you you were going
 to lead your men to an early grave.

THOMAS
 Yeah, well, sheriff...Maybe if you
 came to help us out we wouldn't be
 having this conversation.

PERKINS
 If you didn't go on this stupid
 mission we wouldn't be having this
 conversation.

Thomas shakes his head and tries to push past the sheriff and his deputy. Sheriff Perkins has other plans. He puts his hand out and stops him.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
 Not so fast gunslinger.

Perkins removes some of the gold from Thomas' person.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
 This looks like gold.

He looks over the gold.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
 That's a lot of gold. Did you steal
 this from your antics today?...

THOMAS
 Maybe I did. It doesn't deserve to
 be theirs so we took it.

PERKINS
 Well, we better take it into our
 possession, shouldn't we Deputy?

ROBERT
 (Confused)
 Uncle Bud?

PERKINS
 You heard me. Go find their horses
 back at the clinic and bring in
 whatever they looted from that
 fort.

Robert nods and leaves the saloon following his uncle's orders.

LAWRENCE

Come on sheriff, we're not looters...We're-

PERKINS

You're what?

Perkins looks back and forth at Thomas and Lawrence.

PERKINS (CONT'D)

An old Civil War fort is the host of a garrison of supposed outlaws. Your posse of four men storm the place, kill the outlaws and loot the fort. If they were outlaws, that gold is stolen gold. And that gold doesn't now belong to you gentlemen...It belongs to-

There is the sound of a few gunshots outside the saloon. The three men and the rest of the saloon turn to the sound. The patrons of the saloon slowly back away from the door as silence fills the air.

Soon the saloon doors crash open. It's Robert, and he's been pumped full of bullets. He wheezes but collapses without saying a word. Lawrence rushes over to his body. More gunshots are heard and Lawrence hurriedly pulls Robert's body away from the door.

Sheriff Perkins and Thomas look to each other and move towards the door, waiting at the door to try and get a peek outside.

A bullet strikes the exterior saloon wall and Thomas and Perkins retreat.

BILL (O.S.)

Thomas Carson!

Thomas' eyes widen.

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Bill stands around outside the saloon. He's alive. He looks a mess, his coat blown half to bits and covered in dust and remains of some of the ceiling that fell on him...But he's alive.

And pissed.

He reloads his gun.

BILL
THOMAS CARSON GET OUT HERE SO I CAN
KILL YOU!

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff looks at Thomas. Perkins speaks up.

PERKINS
This is Sheriff Perkins of Gold
Springs! I-

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Bill angrily fires bullets at the saloon again.

BILL
I don't care who you are! Give me
Thomas Carson!

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The patrons retreat further into the saloon. Perkins looks to Lawrence who is trying to tend to Robert.

PERKINS
How is he?

Lawrence looks up and to Perkins. He slowly shakes his head and looks down. Perkins straightens up.

PERKINS (CONT'D)
That son of a bitch. I don't care
who he is, he's gonna pay for what
he did to my nephew.

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Bill reloads his revolver and looks up as Perkins storms out of the saloon, gun in hand.

PERKINS
I'm gonna kill you you
motherfucker.

Bill sighs.

BILL
What did I say? I wanted Thomas
Carson, not some old-time lawman.

Bill finishes reloading with a click and quickly raises his Colt Single Action Army. He pulls the trigger several times before Perkins can even react and pumps him full of bullets.

He reloads his gun again, looking down.

BILL (CONT'D)
 You ever gonna crawl out of hiding
 my friend?...

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Thomas looks to Emily and then to Lawrence.

BILL (O.S.)
 Or are you going to send out more
 people for me to gun down?

Thomas turns to the door, a look of determination on his face. He pushes through the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Bill smiles as he sees Thomas slowly come down the steps.

BILL
 Well, well, well. Don't you look
 like you've seen a ghost.

THOMAS
 I'm going to stop you Bill. Right
 here, right now. You've been
 breathing for too damn long.

BILL
 (Mocking)
 Did you really think you could just
 waltz into my fort and blow me up?

THOMAS
 I knew I should have just blown the
 entire fort up.

BILL
 (Laughs)
 I know you don't have *that* in
 you...You've surprised me today,
 but you wouldn't have the balls to
 get revenge on Serenity by blowing
 up an entire fort.
 (Shakes head)
 You'll always be too soft for that.

THOMAS
 There are innocent women and
 children in that fort.

BILL
 Like I said, you're still too soft.

Bill smirks and paces, putting his gun into the holster. Thomas moves towards him with caution, into the road.

THOMAS

Make no mistakes, I will kill you.
Ever since Serenity.

Images of the horrors of Serenity flash by in Thomas' head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

And for everything else since.

Flashes of Charlie being shot and killed and Matthew with his wounds flash by.

Bill sneers as he wheels around to see Thomas. They both get into duel positions.

BILL

I'm going to kill you with your own
gun.

Their eyes narrow as they look at each other. Their hands prepare to draw. A beat of sweat slowly travels down Thomas' nose and drops, falling to the floor.

The drop hits the ground and disappears into the dirt.

The two men quickly draw. Thomas side-steps and fires at almost the same time Bill does. Thomas' bullet strikes Bill in the hand, causing him to drop Thomas' old Colt Single Action Army. The bullet from Bill's gun just barely misses Thomas.

Bill sh outs in pain, grabbing his hand to try and stop the bleeding. Thomas walks towards him.

THOMAS

It's the end for you Bill.

Bill tries to reach for the dropped gun with his other hand. Thomas shoots it. Bill shouts in even more pain. Both hands have been clipped.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Time to stop your reign of terror.

Thomas shoots both of Bill's kneecaps, sending him onto his knees. Thomas continues to walk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Out of the ashes of Serenity came
vengeance. While it may have been a
long time coming...This is the
final destination.

Thomas slowly picks up his old Colt Single Action Army away from the harmless Bill. He holsters his new one to examine it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Right here. Right now. I, Sheriff Carson of the town of Serenity sentence you, William Morgan...Serenity's former deputy and wanted outlaw...To death.

He holds the Colt against Bill's head.

BILL

(Spits)

Do it. Let's see if you finally have the balls.

THOMAS

May God have mercy on you soul.

Thomas pulls the trigger.

BANG.

Bill's body falls to the ground. Dead. Dust swirls in the night following the impact of the body. Thomas walks away and back to the saloon, tossing his Colt Single Action Army away.

Thomas enters the saloon without a single look backwards in silence.

EXT. CEMETERY - A COUPLE DAYS LATER

Three graves have been erected for Charlie, Perkins and Robert.

Thomas, Lawrence and Matthew stand looking at the graves.

THOMAS

This town lost three great men too soon.

LAWRENCE

They will never be forgotten for their bravery and dedication.

MATTHEW

They shouldn't have been taken from us, but they'll continue to protect this fine town from beyond.

The three of them put their hats to their hearts and bow in respect. Following that they turn around and walk to leave.

LAWRENCE

How are you feeling Matthew?

MATTHEW

I feel like I got shot in the back...But other than that I'm great.

He smiles, showing his newly engaged ring finger.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I'm to marry my Lucy soon. All that gold we got is more than enough to keep things stable. And you?

LAWRENCE

There has been a surprising lack of the need for my services as a doctor. I might have to pick up a new trade...Maybe gunsmithing.

Lawrence turns to talk to Thomas.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

How about you Tom-

Thomas isn't there. Lawrence looks around for him.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Where did he go?

They finally spot him. He's a distance away looking at another grave in the graveyard. It's unmarked.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

(To Matthew)

Wait here.

Lawrence walks towards Thomas.

At the unmarked grave Thomas says nothing. He just looks at it, all of the burden on himself being released. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

He was more than just an outlaw wasn't he?

Thomas turns to see Lawrence standing a few metres away

THOMAS

He was a lot of things. A friend, an enemy, a partner, a rival. The darkness to my light.

Thomas looks back at the grave.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But now he's gone. I'm a free man with no more direction in life. I've fulfilled my mission.

Lawrence puts his hands into his pockets.

LAWRENCE

You don't have to be done Tom. This is a new beginning.

He looks to the town of Gold Springs.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

A new town.

He indicates himself and Matthew.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

New friends.

(Smiles)

It's a brand new day in a brand new world. And hey. This town needs a new sheriff.

They look over to the graves of Perkins and Robert.

THOMAS

I'm not cut out to be sheriff Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Bullshit. In my time knowing you and seeing the things you have done you have swiftly shown that you are indeed sheriff material Thomas. You are a man that knows justice and a man that truly knows what is right and what is wrong and exactly what to do to achieve balance.

(Straightens up)

You are a hell of a man Thomas Carson. The town of Gold Springs needs a man like you keeping it in order.

(Beat)

You just think about it.

Lawrence walks away from him. Thomas considers Lawrence's words for a moment. Lawrence stops in his tracks.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah.

(Turns around)

That day, when you washed up from the river? And you woke up in my clinic? I completely forgot.

Lawrence pulls something out of his pocket and throws it towards Thomas who catches it.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I found this. Sorry it took so long
to return it.

He smiles and puts his hands back into his pockets and walks
away, catching up to Matthew again.

Thomas nods as he watches the two men leave and he looks down
to what's in his hand.

His old sheriff's badge from Serenity.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END