

THE OUTBOUND LIMITED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A wanted poster, torn and frayed, is tacked to the wall of the station.

The CHUGGING of a train is heard in the background.

A LITTLE OLD MAN hobbles out and rips down the poster.

The man turns just as a BLACK LOCOMOTIVE thunders by. UNION PACIFIC written on its cars. The wanted poster blows out of his hand.

The poster drifts high. We see that we are in the middle of nowhere. The train meanders off into the distance.

SUPER: Somewhere in Arizona.

INT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

GUARD 1 is asleep next to a large metal door with heavy locks.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. The guard jumps up and slides open a peep hole in the door -- It's BILL another guard.

GUARD 1
Hey Bill.

BILL
Got y'all some sandwiches.

Guard 1 CLICK CLANGS the five heavy bolts and yanks the door open.

Bill enters and hands off a sandwich to Guard 1. He passes the rest out to the other four guards in the car sitting around a LARGE IMPENETRABLE SAFE.

BILL
You suckers up for another game of Faro tonight?

The guards grumble.

GUARD 2
Jesus, Bill. Give it a rest.

BILL
Maybe you'll win this time.

GUARD 3
Not when you cheat.

BILL
Don't mistake luck for cheatin'.

GUARD 2
You must be one lucky bastard,
Bill.

Bill lays down between some crates where he has a cozy nest made and covers his eyes with his hat.

BILL
Luck always runs out sooner or
later.

INT. TRAIN/PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Stewards drift through the cabin checking on the passengers; Oil barons, mine owners, upper-crust sorts from the Old States.

A LADY PASSENGER flags one of the stewards down.

STEWARD
Yes Ma'am?

LADY PASSENGER
Excuse me, but do you know how much
longer it will be before our
arrival in Flagstaff?

The steward checks his pocket watch.

STEWARD
About another hour Ma'am.

She frowns. The steward moves on. The woman shifts restlessly.

LADY PASSENGER
You'd think with all the money the
rail roads take in they'd have
comfortable seats.

Her sleeping husband snores in response.

OUT THE WINDOW NEXT TO HER HUSBAND A GROUP OF HORSES WITH
EMPTY SADDLES GALLOP ALONGSIDE THE TRAIN.

She rouses her husband.

LADY PASSENGER
Hiram! Hiram! Look at those horses,
they have no riders!

Hiram grumbles but doesn't open his eyes.

HIRAM
Those are wild horses dear.

LADY PASSENGER
Sakes alive! I didn't know they was
born with saddles!

INT. ARMORED CAR - DAY

Guard 1 eats on his stool. BANG, BANG, BANG. He jumps up and slides open the peep hole. He's met by the desperate, puppy-dog eyes of a panicked young WOMAN.

WOMAN
(crying)
Bandits on the train -- they're
shooting everyone!

A GUN FIRES. The woman glances back towards the sound, then back to the guard.

WOMAN
Do something!

GUARD 1
Shit!

He fumbles for his keys, unlocks the five locks, opens it, and -- POW!

The guard falls back with a smoking hole between his eyes. The woman steps into the car, caps the other four guards before they even have a chance to swallow their food.

SIDNEY (SID) MCCUCHEON (30s) looks like she just had an explosive orgasm as she holsters her smoking Colt Navy. The rest of the GANG files in.

Sid ties her long auburn hair back up into a tight bun.

LEWIS WOLFINGER (50) hobbles in on a peg leg like he's done this a million times. He's fifty but looks a decade older. At one time he lived up to his reputation, but keeping one step ahead of the law on one leg has taken it's toll.

He gives Sid a quick peck on the lips then moves with the other gang members through the door at the end of the car, leaving her and ANDY behind to collect the payload.

Andy pulls out a stick of dynamite and sticks it on the large mechanical lock.

Sid checks the guard's body and finds the keys. She tosses them to Andy.

SID
Don't you know that stuff is
dangerous?

ANDY
This is just too easy.

He opens the safe.

ANDY
Hoo wee!

He begins to fill a sack with the money.

Sid takes out her gun to reload it. But she sees that there's still ONE BULLET left.

SID
Andy? How many guards does the
Union Pacific put in its armored
cars?

ANDY (O.S.)
Six, why?

She contemplates this, then - She swings around and shoots at Andy. Andy throws his arms up in defense. He turns around in time to see BILL drop dead with a pistol in his hand.

ANDY
Jesus, Sid!

SID
What's the matter, don't you trust
me?

Andy skips over to the side door and slides it open. The world rushes by. A TEAM OF HORSES pulling a WAGON race up alongside the train. The driver, BENSON, waves to them.

BENSON
All aboard!

Andy tosses the bags to the men standing in the wagon.

Sid stuffs another bag full, she stops -- something's wrong. She looks nauseous. She clutches her stomach and braces herself against the safe. Andy takes notice.

ANDY

Over two dozen trains and never
once you ever got motion sickness.

Sid dry heaves, covering her mouth.

SID

It's not motion sickness.

She locks eyes with Andy. Andy's face drains of color, his mouth goes slack. The only sound is the methodical CLACK, CLACK of the train.

ANDY

Does he know?

SID

Not yet.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Lady Passenger leans over her husband watching the horses.

The door to her car slides open, Wolfinger limps in with his gang behind him.

A steward makes a sudden move. Wolfinger shoots him dead. The passengers SCREAM.

WOLFINGER

Stay calm ladies and gentlemen and
you shall arrive at your
destination alive.

He moves straight to the front of the train. Behind him his men break off, two per car to relieve the passengers of their belongings.

INT. ENGINE - DAY

Wolfinger pushes his revolver into the back of the CONDUCTOR'S head.

WOLFINGER

Pull the break I pull the trigger.
Nod if you understand.

The conductor nods.

BURNETTE (30s), a Mexican wearing a dusty old red felt top-hat enters the engine.

Wolfinger pulls out a GOLD LOCKET and opens it.

BURNETTE
Still gonna go through with it?

Wolfinger's eye twitches. He presses his hand to his face to stop it.

WOLFINGER
Make sure we don't make any stops,
scheduled or unscheduled.

Burnette grins.

BURNETTE
Yessir.

Wolfinger exits.

INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Andy finish throwing the last bag into the wagon. It drops back out of sight. They turn around to see Wolfinger aiming his revolver at them.

SID
Lewis?

WOLFINGER
Take her irons, Andy.

Andy hesitates, looks to Sid.

WOLFINGER
You wanna to join her?

Andy reaches for her revolvers.

ANDY
Just following orders, Sid.

He moves away from the door leaving Sid alone. She shoots Wolfinger with a vengeful glare.

SID
What's wrong with you?

WOLFINGER
Sorry, Lamb Chop. There's only room
enough for one leader of this
outfit.

Sid's eyes blaze with betrayed fury.

SID
You son of a bitch, I swear --

POW! The bullet hits her in the abdomen. She stares in shock at the bullet hole as blood soaks through her clothes. She looks back up to Wolfinger for a moment, then falls backwards out the door.

Wolfinger clasps his hand over his eye as it twitches uncontrollably.

Another gang member named MARTY opens the door on the other side of the car.

Wolfinger notices Andy staring at him.

WOLFINGER
Problem?

Andy shakes his head and joins them. Marty WHISTLES. A team of horses appear alongside the car.

MARTY
Last stop. We thank you for making
Union Pacific your rail road of
choice.

As Andy passes Wolfinger:

ANDY
You better pray to God she's dead.

Just for a second Wolfinger hangs on those words.

One by one the men jump onto the backs of the horses, whooping and hollering.

EXT. POND - DAWN

SUPER: Five Years Later.

Early morning light begins to shake the sky. A small boat bobs in the middle of a placid pond.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN PRATT (30s), grips a fishing pole. He has a calm face, vigilant eyes. Right now they stare off into another place and time.

BRADLEY (O.S.)
We gonna kill 'em or throw 'em
back?

Pratt blinks, looks at his ten year old son BRADLEY sitting
across from him.

PRATT
That's up to you, son. You wanna
eat 'em or let 'em go?

BRADLEY
I thought killin' was wrong.

PRATT
Killin' humans is wrong.

BRADLEY
Why?

PRATT
We have laws, law says killin' is
wrong.

BRADLEY
If there wasn't a law then killin'
would be alright?

Pratt eyes his son.

PRATT
Civilized society's got to have
laws, people agree to follow those
laws to prevent chaos.

BRADLEY
But not everyone follows the law.

PRATT
That's why God created lawmen.

BRADLEY
Lawmen can kill people?

Pratt stares at him out of the corner of his eye.

PRATT
They don't murder, there's a
difference.

Bradley looks down, thinking, then looks back into his
father's eyes.

BRADLEY
Have you ever killed anyone, Paw?

Pratt stares at him hard. Then he catches something on the shore. A RIDER is galloping towards a CABIN.

PRATT
Reel it in, Brad.

Pratt grabs the oars.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pratt puts on his clothes in front of a mirror and adjusts a SHINY U.S. MARSHAL STAR on his chest. He wears it proudly. In the reflection his wife LAVINIA glares at him.

PRATT
Go back to bed honey.

Pratt straps on his holster.

LAVINIA
You promised him.

PRATT
Something's come up.

LAVINIA
Tetherow will just put you behind a desk again.

PRATT
We all gotta do our part.

Pratt moves in for a kiss. She turns her head and it lands on her cheek.

PRATT
See you tonight.

He exits the room.

EXT. PRATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pratt exits the house, passing Bradley still standing on the porch with his fishing gear. Pratt messes his hair playfully.

PRATT
See you tonight, partner.

He mounts his horse and joins JOSEY (30s), another marshal.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - MORNING

A WELLS FARGO and CO stagecoach sits overturned on the side of the road. Bodies strewn all over.

The other marshals look up as Pratt and Josey arrive on the scene. They roll their eyes and murmur resentments to each other.

CHIEF DEPUTY TETHEROW (50s; lethargy personified) finishes taking a leak, turns, spits tobacco juice, and greets Pratt.

TETHEROW

How you fittin' in 'round here,
Pratt?

PRATT

Feel like everyone thinks I'm
trespassin'.

TETHEROW

They're not used to someone with so
much moxie. Give it a month and
that'll be dust in the wind.

He laughs.

PRATT

I'm just trying to do my job.

TETHEROW

These boys have seen a lot out
here. They'll go out of their way
to avoid it if they can.

They walk over to the stagecoach.

PRATT

Where was she headed?

TETHEROW

Tucson.

PRATT

What'd they make off with?

TETHEROW

Couple grand. These coaches don't
carry the booty they used to.

Pratt stares down at a man with a bullet in his head.

PRATT

Then why bother?

Pratt bends down and inspects the footprints in the sand around the coach.

TETHEROW (O.S.)
Must be amateurs.

Pratt stands up and walks to the other side.

TETHEROW
Been at least ten years since I
seen a stagecoach robbery. Everyone
knows there's more money in banks
and trains.

Pratt notices some strange marks on the ground. He bends down for a closer look. All around the scene are ROUND depressions in the dirt. Pratt stands.

PRATT
Look at that.

Tetherow looks.

TETHEROW
Looks like a crutch.

Pratt looks up at Tetherow.

PRATT
Or a peg leg.

Tetherow almost swallows his tobacco juice.

TETHEROW
You think? What the Hell's he doin'
a small time job like this for?

PRATT
Think it might be part of somethin'
bigger?

TETHEROW
Real impressive work there Pratt.
Make sure you write that in the
report.

The words sting Pratt like tiny darts.

PRATT
Sir, I was hoping to get into the
field on this one.

There's some muffled snickers from the other marshals. Tetherow places a hand on him and shakes his head.

TETHEROW

Relax son, men like Wolfinger
always got a price on their head.
Sooner or later some lucky bastard
will walk away with his own state.

PRATT

Bounty killers? You let vigilantes
do your job?

TETHEROW

Five years ago we coulda' whipped
up a lynch mob and gone ridin' off
into the sunset. Times have
changed. There's protocol.
Wolfinger is a pro. Time we get
everything in order he'll be long
gone.

Pratt can't believe what he's hearing. Tetherow is amused by
his dedication.

TETHEROW

Tell you what. We got one of his
locked up over in Flagstaff. It'll
get you out of the office and who
knows, maybe you can get some info.

PRATT

An interrogation? I transferred
here for the action.

Tetherow mounts his horse.

TETHEROW

Son, you're not ready for action.
Now get your ass to Flagstaff,
that's an order.

Pratt mounts his horse.

TETHEROW

Warden Rickett is a mean old goat,
just tell 'im I sent ya, he owes me
a favor or three.

Pratt rides off. The other marshals watch him.

JOSEY

You think she'll talk?

TETHEROW

To a green pea like him? She'll
chew him up and shit 'im out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A stage coach wobbles down a dusty desert road.

The DRIVER whistles. His eyes are dangerously green. If they stared too long, one could get distracted from how deadly he really is.

From behind some boulders a group of three MEXICAN BANDITOS ride out and block the road.

The wagon slows to a stop in front of the gang. The leader, ROBERTO, sneers at the driver.

ROBERTO
Afternoon.

DRIVER
Afternoon.

ROBERTO
What are we totin' today?

Driver looks at all three of them. Calculating. He long blinks and sets his hypnotic eyes back on Roberto.

DRIVER
(dour)
Special delivery for the Sheriff of
Cottonwood.

ROBERTO
Well ain't that fortunate for the
Sheriff of Cottonwood.

He turns to his men, they all laugh.

ROBERTO
About how much is that "special
delivery" worth señor?

Driver remains silent.

ROBERTO
I asked you a question. When
Roberto asks a question you --

DRIVER
(firm)
That's my business.

Roberto looks back at his men - *You believe the balls on this guy?* He draws his gun and lays it across his saddle.

ROBERTO
 Now that's not very polite señor.
 Especially since I've shown you the
 utmost courtesy.

He calls over his shoulder.

ROBERTO
 Am I right?

His men nod.

MEXICAN 2
 A perfect gentleman.

ROBERTO
 You see? Now what have I done to be
 regarded so crudely?

Driver is calm as a toad in the sun.

DRIVER
 Three thousand.

Roberto's eyes light up.

ROBERTO
 Three thousand dollars? Whew,
 that's a lot of green ain't it
 boys?

MEXICAN 1
 Yep.

MEXICAN 2
 Thousand, each way.

Roberto spits.

ROBERTO
 How 'bout we make a little trade
 señor? You give us the "special
 delivery" and we'll give you your
 life.

Instead of showing fear the Driver smiles like he just heard
 an amusing joke. He snickers, Roberto laughs, everyone
 laughs.

Driver tilts his head down. He back up with a dangerously
 SERIOUS FACE. His eyes glimmer like a snake about to strike.

Roberto and his posse cease laughing. There's a tense stare-
 off. The two posse members watch Roberto's actions very
 carefully.

SHERIFF
Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, three
thousand.

Lane rolls the money and stashes in his jacket pocket.

SHERIFF
I'll match that if you stop by my
house.

He laughs. Lane doesn't.

SHERIFF
Sure glad you're on our side L. V.

LANE
The only side I'm on is the one who
pays me more.

He turns to a WANTED POSTER on the wall. He and rips it down.
WANTED: Gabriel Jones, REWARD: \$5,000.

LANE
What do ya know about Jones?

SHERIFF
Likes to play Faro over in Sedona.
They call him the "Angel of Death."

Lane lights a cigarillo and smokes it as he considers this.

SHERIFF
He's a mean one.

LANE
A halo only has to drop a few
inches to be a noose.

He takes a few puffs, blowing the smoke into the Sheriff's
face.

LANE
Wire Sheriff Trent. Tell 'im get
five thousand ready.

Sheriff watches him leave.

RICKETT (V.O.)
There just ain't no justice in the
world no more.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Pratt stands in front of a desk with a pair of spurred snake skin boots resting on it. They belong to WARDEN RICKETT (80s) who studies *The Arizona Republic*. The front page reads "Borden Acquitted of Murdering Father and Stepmother."

Rickett tuts.

RICKETT

Just because she's a woman they think she's too delicate for such a thing.

He folds the newspaper and regards Pratt.

RICKETT

Can I help you, sonny?

PRATT

(reminding him)

I'm here about the prisoner?

Rickett thinks a moment, snaps his fingers.

RICKETT

Tetherow's boy?

PRATT

That's right.

His joints snap and crack as he struggles to stand.

RICKETT

Never get old son. Should'a been put out to pasture years ago.

He presses on his lower back, popping his back into an upright posture.

RICKETT

Guess the good Lord still got work for me.

INT. PRISON COORIDOOR - DAY

Pratt, and Rickett walk down the dark stone passageway escorted by a guard. They pass cells filled with withered lumps formerly branded as America's most wanted.

Pratt is appalled by the squalor conditions of the poor wretches living here -- and the stench. Rickett hums an up-beat tune as he JINGLES HIS KEYS.

RICKETT
 You know why they call it
 Flagstaff?

Pratt shrugs.

PRATT
 There was a flag pole here?

RICKETT
 Some fascinatin' history we got,
 huh?

Rickett notices Pratt watching the inmates.

RICKETT
 You can thank the Whigs in
 Washington for this.

PRATT
 Not a fan of the reform?

RICKETT
 Reform? I pine for the days when
 justice was settled by two men and
 two irons.
 (forms guns with his
 hands)
 One man walked away acquitted of
 all charges and no one objected to
 the verdict.

PRATT
 You and I would be out of a job.

The guard opens a locked barred door and lets them through.

RICKETT
 I always wanted to be a sailor.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

RICKETT
 You're the first visitor she's had
 in five years, but don't think for
 a moment she'll be happy to see ya.

PRATT
 She?

RICKETT
 Didn't Tetherow tell ya? She was
 Wolfinger's mistress.

Pratt stops dead. Rickett reads his eyes.

RICKETT
He turned on her.

He pokes Pratt in the stomach.

RICKETT
Shot her right in the belly, don't
know why, she never told us.

PRATT
No honor among thieves.

They continue on.

RICKETT
Was with child too.

PRATT
Did it survive?

RICKETT
When she was in labor she smashed a
bedpan over the midwife's head and
made a run for it. When they
finally caught up with her the baby
was hangin' halfway out.

PRATT
Jesus!

They begin to climb a flight of stairs.

RICKETT
We keep her up here, away from the
men. A prison can be a lonely place
for a feller.

EXT. ATTIC DOOR - DAY

They stop in front of the iron door. Rickett turns to face
Pratt as the guard unlocks the door.

RICKETT
She is a cold blooded murderess and
whatever humanity she had's been
stripped from her long ago. Give
her a chance and she won't hesitate
to slit your gullet six ways from
Sunday.

PRATT
Thank's for the advice.

RICKETT

I'll be in my office when you're finished. Oh, and whatever you do, don't mention her son. An angry bull is less dangerous than an angry woman.

Pratt enters and the guard slams the door.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

It's dark save for a small barred window that lets in a sliver of light. The room is stacked with crates and old broken artillery equipment. In the far corner is a CELL built into the wall.

Pratt peers inside. He sees a BED and a pair of legs. The rest of the person is consumed in shadow.

In a chair next to the bed is a DOLL carved out of wood dressed in rags.

PRATT

Miss McCucheon? My name is Brian Pratt, I'd like to ask you a few questions.

No answer.

PRATT

Miss McCucheon?

The legs cross over each other. Pratt approaches the bars.

SID

You're here about Lewis, aren't you?

Pratt is taken a little off guard.

PRATT

I understand you were part of the Wolfinger Gang.

SID

You think because of what he did to me that I'm gonna sing to you, a badge? Besides, Lewis has been in Mexico for years.

PRATT

We have reason to believe that the he's back.

Sid sits up, her face appears. She smirks.

SID
I can read you like a tombstone.

PRATT
Excuse me?

SID
Another shavetail from the big city, read too many dime novels, heard some stories. Your life was going nowhere, you wanted excitement. You went into law enforcement thinking you could change the world and save lives. Maybe that worked out fine back east, but you wanted more, you wanted to be like the heros in them stories, you wanted to tame the west.

In a flash Sid is at the bars, fingers wrapped around Pratt's collar.

SID
The west ain't like those fairy stories, Shavetail. Out here life has no value but death always has a price and the only law is the one strapped around your waist. You want to catch Wolfinger? You'll last as long as a fly on a horses ass.

Pratt pulls away and straightens his shirt.

SID
Where you come from? New York, Ohio...

PRATT
Illinois.

SID
Figures.

PRATT
(shaky)
You think you can scare me Miss McCucheon?

SID
Not tryin' to. Tryin' to show you
reality.

PRATT
It will look good on your part if
you cooperate.

She laughs.

SID
You must think I was born last
night.

She goes back to the bed.

SID
Go on back to Illinois, shavetail.
You don't belong here.

Pratt lowers his head and walks out of the room with his tail
between his legs.

INT. PRATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pratt eats dinner with his family.

PRATT
Tetherow had me interview a female
prisoner today -- tryin' to get
some info on a case we're workin'
on.

LAVINIA
It's better than desk work.

PRATT
It was a wild goose chase. She made
a fool of me -- think Tetherow knew
it too. Bet they all had a good
laugh about it.

LAVINIA
You just need to be prepared next
time. I know you can get her to
talk.

PRATT
Why would she? She has nothing to
lose or gain. She doesn't care
about anything.

Pratt rips a piece of bread with his teeth.

LAVINIA
Everyone cares about something.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pratt sits on the edge of Bradley's bed. The boy is asleep but Pratt watches him.

He pulls the blanket over him and kisses his head. He watches him sleep -- Then realization hits him like a train.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Pratt moves closer to the cell and glances at the doll.

SID
Well look who's back. I thought
you'd be on the next train to
Illinois.

PRATT
It's going to take more than that
to scare me, ma'am.

SID
Why are men so stupid and stubborn?

PRATT
Did he know you were pregnant?

Sid is silent, then:

SID
What the hell do you want from me?

PRATT
Any information you have on
Wolfinger or his gang, hideouts,
hangouts, anything.

SID
Just for my amusement, why should I
tell you anything?

PRATT
Revenge, redemption, justice, pick
one.

Sid says nothing.

PRATT

I know he hurt you. I can't even imagine what you must have felt and not just physically. Those wounds will heal. Being locked up in here, I'm sure you think about it every day. And those wounds are as fresh as they were five years ago.

Sid places her hands on her stomach.

SID

(soft)

I was going to surprise him.

PRATT

Where is he now, the boy?

SID

Phoenix, with his grandmother.

Pratt watches as Sid's rough exterior crumbles before him with the thought of her son.

Sid turns away.

PRATT

It's a shame he doesn't even know who you are.

Sid stares at the doll.

SID

If what you say is true -- if Lewis really is back, he's gonna find out sooner or later that he's got a son. He'll find him.

PRATT

Not if you help us stop him.

Sid grabs onto the bars in desperation.

SID

Let me see my son, and I'll tell you everything you want to know.

Pratt looks her square in the face.

PRATT

Then you need to give me something. Something I can show Tetherow you're on our side.

Sid thinks, considers the trap set before her, proceeds cautiously.

SID
Why are you doing this?

PRATT
To get Wolfinger.

Sid smirks.

SID
You want the reward don't you?

PRATT
Ma'am, I am not a bounty killer. My reward is justice.

SID
No, you want something out of it. You human aintcha? If it ain't the money then it's promotion.

She looks into his eyes, studying them.

SID
Or maybe you got some personal demons you wanna exercise.

Pratt stares at her hard.

PRATT
You and I both know Wolfinger is too big to rob a coach for no reason, he's up to something.

Sid cracks a smile and moves towards the bed.

SID
Lewis is pushing the life expectancy for an outlaw his age. He's slower, more cautious, and paranoid as ever. If he's back then he's planning the 'Big One.'

PRATT
The 'Big One?'

SID
All outlaws dream of it but few ever live to see it out. If he pulls it off you can bet your ass you'll never see hide or hair of him again.

PRATT
What's the job?

SID
How would I know? But if you were
in his boot would you risk pulling
something new or something that's
safe, something that suits your
talents?

Pratt stares off.

SOUND UPCUT - TRAIN WHISTLE

EXT. SEDONA/BAR - NIGHT

A TRAIN pulls away from the station behind LANE who pushes
into:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lane scopes the joint out. He looks to the BARTENDER who nods
to a table where a group of drunk men play Faro, a French
card game. Lane tips his hat to the helpful bartender and
strolls over to them. JONES has his back to Lane.

The men at the table cease their laughing when they see Lane
hovering over Jones. Jones doesn't look up.

JONES
You'll have to wait 'till the next
game, pardner.

Lane removes the cigar out of Jones' mouth and uses it to
light his cigarillo. All the men at the table marvel at the
balls on this bold stranger.

Lane unrolls the wanted poster next to Jones' head. He looks
from one to the other, puffing, comparing. Lane shows him the
poster and points to the printing at the bottom.

LANE
What's it say there?

JONES
(reads poster)
Dead or alive.

Lane rolls the poster up and puts it away.

LANE

Usually I make that call but since you gave me a light I'll let you do the honors.

Jones looks at him then bursts out laughing. His friends join in.

He stands up and gets close to Lane's face.

JONES

Is this your sorry way of threatening me?

Lane doesn't flinch.

The men at the table flee.

JONES

You know what happens when people threaten Gabriel Jones?

LANE

Regale me.

JONES

They gotta reprint them posters.

Jones laughs. Lane doesn't.

Jones goes for his gun. Lane grabs his arm, twists it behind him, the gun fires into the floor. Lane spins and pins him to the table with an elbow to the throat.

Jones struggles under his surprising strength.

LANE

We could flip a coin, let it decide.

JONES

Alive! Alive! God damn it!

Lane lets him up. Jones coughs and clutches his throat. Lane takes his gun from him, shoves it in his belt.

LANE

C'mon, I'll buy us a drink 'fore we go.

Every eye in the place follows him to the bar.

LANE

(to the bartender)
Two doubles.

The bartender pours two shots of whiskey.

BARTENDER

Damn Snake Eyes, you make an ordinary fight look like a prayer meetin'.

Behind him Jones steals a gun out of another man's holster.

Lane downs his drink.

Jones aims.

Lane slams the glass down, whips around, shoots Jones right between the eyes. The patrons watch Jones fall dead, then scream and stampede for the door.

Lane turns around, downs the second shot, and winks at the bartender before walking away.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

SHERIFF TRENT counts money into Lane's open hand.

TRENT

Forty-eight, forty-nine, five thousand.

Lane rolls the money and stashes it in his jacket pocket.

He tips his hat and turns for the door. Then, as if hearing the voice of heaven calling unto him, he turns to a WANTED POSTER on the wall.

WANTED: Lewis Wolfinger, REWARD: \$10,000.

Lane homes in on it.

TRENT

Thought that might interest you.

LANE

What do you know?

TRENT

Not much. He vanished five years ago after he left his lover for dead.

LANE

Lover?

TRENT

Wolfinger set her up, tried to kill
her but she's one tough bitch.
She's bein' held up in Flagstaff.
I'd hate to see what she would do
to him if she got her hands on him.

Lane folds the poster up, stuffs it in his pocket, and tips
his hat.

LANE

Appreciate it.

He exits.

Trent lays back in his chair and puts his feet up on his desk
with a lazy sigh.

INT. PRATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pratt pours over a stack of train schedules and a map of
Arizona. He doesn't notice Lavinia leaning in the doorway
with her arms crossed.

LAVINIA

(soft)

I put him to bed... he was asking
for you.

Pratt looks up at her for a second.

PRATT

I didn't realize it was that late.

LAVINIA

You've been at it for three hours.

Pratt is deep in a schedule.

PRATT

This has to be it.

Lavinia is getting irritated.

LAVINIA

I've never seen you look at me like
that.

Pratt looks up at her.

PRATT

What do you want from me, Lavinia?

LAVINIA

You, I want you back. Ever since we moved out here you cared more about outlaws than your family.

PRATT

You know we moved out here for my job.

LAVINIA

And I agreed because I love you, and I know you have your reasons for bringin' men to justice, but don't forget you have a wife and son.

PRATT

I'm trying to make a name for myself, secure good money so I can provide for you and Bradley.

He goes back to his work.

PRATT

Lavinia look at this!

She stomps over and looks over Pratt's shoulder.

LAVINIA

What is it?

PRATT

This is it, the 'Big One'.

LAVINIA

The 'Big One'?

PRATT

Wolfinger's retirement plan.

Lavinia looks at him.

LAVINIA

You're after Lewis Wolfinger?

PRATT

This could make me marshal of my own town.

LAVINIA

What are we supposed to do if you're killed? I thought you wanted to spare Brad the pain of growing up without a father.

PRATT
I need to do this, Lavinia.

LAVINIA
You can tell him that. I'm done
making excuses for you.

She storms out of the room.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

A group of men race into town on horseback led by BURNETTE,
shooting guns in the air and whooping.

Sheriff Trent scowls at them from out his window as they head
for him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The gang barges in, kicking over chairs. Marty points to the
poster of Wolfinger and laughs.

MARTY
Only ten thousand for Wolfinger?
He'll be worth a lot more come the
end of the week.

Burnette elbows him in the gut.

BURNETTE
Shut the hell up!

TRENT
Can I help you gentlemen?

Burnette cocks his Remington and points it at Trent's head.

BURNETTE
McCucheon.

EXT. MARHSAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tetherow sits out on the wooden sidewalk sipping a cup of
coffee. Behind him is a mural of wanted posters in various
stages of decay.

Pratt rides up and hitches his horse. Tetherow doesn't look
up.

TETHEROW
She give you any trouble?

Pratt steps onto the boardwalk.

PRATT
She'll help us if we get her transferred to a prison closer to her son.

TETHEROW
She's playin' that card?

PRATT
What card?

TETHEROW
We grant her the transfer and then her boys come to her rescue.

PRATT
She said Wolfinger is here to make one last withdrawal before vanishing forever.

TETHEROW
And...

Pratt hands him the train schedule.

PRATT
Two million dollars in California gold arriving in Tucson in three days.

Tetherow's eyes pop out of his head. He tosses his coffee in the street and goes inside.

INT. MARHSAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tetherow waddles over to his desk reading the schedule. He looks at a big map of Arizona on the wall.

TETHEROW
It's a special express, one stop in Phoenix before Tucson.

PRATT
If we grant her the transfer she will help us.

TETHEROW
How is this linked with the coach?

PRATT
I don't know yet.

Tetherow thinks a moment.

TETHEROW
It could be a trap.

PRATT
What?

Tetherow turns around to him.

TETHEROW
Doesn't it seem a bit too obvious?
She's trying to throw us off. We
chase after this train while they
go after what they really want.

PRATT
She's trying to help us, Sir. She
wants to see her kid.

TETHEROW
Does Wolfinger know he got a son?

PRATT
No.

Something clicks behind Tetherow's eyes. He crumples up the schedule and tosses it.

TETHEROW
She's only trying to help herself.
You'd do best to stay away from her
before she plants anymore lies
between your ears. Understood?

Pratt is trying his best to hide his rage. He turns and leaves. Tetherow watches him go then pulls the train schedule from the trash.

He moves to his TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

TETHEROW
Send a wire to Lee Von. Tell him I
want to talk.

The operator TICK, TICKS, on the telegraph.

PRATT (O.S.)
I'm sorry for getting your hopes
up.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Sid lays on the bed as Pratt looks in.

SID

The only hopes I had was that you were gonna' grow a pair.

PRATT

Excuse me?

SID

We're in Arizona for Christ's sake. There's a window of opportunity that's closing fast. The age of the outlaw is coming to an end. If you want to make a name for yourself this is your last chance. They'll be writing stories about this one.

PRATT

Sorry Ma'am but I took an oath.

SID

I hope you remember your oath when Wolfinger is sittin' high on a stack of greenbacks on a beach in Mexico nursin' one of them fruity drinks.

Pratt looks down.

BURNETTE (O.S.)

Warden Rickett! We've come for the girl! Now you just send her on out and we won't have us any trouble!

Sid looks to the window.

SID

Is that my old pal Burnette?

Pratt moves to the window that looks down on the town. He sees a group of men outside the prison on horseback. The one in the lead wears a red felt top-hat -- Burnette.

Unseen, Sid pulls a sharp piece of metal out from under her bed and stuffs it down the back of her pants.

Pratt backs away from the window.

BURNETTE (O.S.)

Warden, I'm givin' you one last chance or we're comin' in, and we ain't gonna knock!

SID

A few guards ain't gonna stop him?

PRATT
What does he want with you?

SID
He ain't here for a conjugal visit
I can assure you.

Pratt notices the keys hanging on a nail near the door. He grabs them and a pair of handcuffs.

SID
I'm impressed, Shavetail. Takin'
your first steps.

Pratt opens the cell door.

SID
Your boss ain't gonna be happy
'bout this.

PRATT
Give me your hands.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Lane stares out the window. A well-kempt businessman sitting across from him eyeballs his GUNS. Lane slowly turns his gaze upon the man. The man freezes and tries to make conversation.

BUSINESSMAN
Headed to Phoenix?

Lane returns his gaze to the window.

LANE
Flagstaff.

BUSINESSMAN
You're on the wrong train, my
friend.

Lane turns his icy gaze upon the man again. The man cowers.

BUSINESSMAN
I'm sorry, it's -- this train don't
stop at Flagstaff.

Lane looks out the window at the approaching STATION. He calmly lights a cigarillo, winks at the man, and stands up. He reaches up and pulls down hard on the emergency break.

The businessman topples into the aisle.

The other passengers are jolted in their seats.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

STEAM HISSES, WHEELS LOCK, IRON SCREAMS as the train grinds to a perfect stop in front of the Flagstaff station.

Confused passengers hang out the windows.

A DOOR slides open and Lane steps off onto the platform. A STEWARD jumps off the train and intercepts him.

STEWARD

Sir! Sir! This train don't stop in Flagstaff.

LANE

Looks stopped to me.

The steward looks into his eyes then backs away from him. He waves to the engineer.

STEWARD

Alright, let's move out!

He hops back on the train and it pulls away from the station.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF - DAY

Lane leans against a post. His green eyes study the town. He notices a ten year old BOY looking up at him. Lane looks back to the street.

LANE

You know the town?

The boy speaks in a thick Spanish accent.

BOY

Si.

LANE

Is there a prison in this town?

BOY

Maybe.

Lane looks back to him. Catching his drift, he tosses him a silver dollar.

BOY

Si, on the edge of town.

He scratches his head.

BOY
 There was some commotion here
 today. I can't seem remember what
 it was all about...

Lane flips him another dollar.

BOY
 Some strangers lookin' for a woman.
 Real tough looking hombres.

LANE
 How many?

BOY
 Diez.

Lane tips his hat and begins to walk away.

BOY (O.S.)
 It's an awful long walk, señor.

Lane stops and stares down at the grinning boy.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Lane steps through the debris strewn floor. Bodies of guards lay everywhere. He hears a MOAN drift from Rickett's office.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

Lane enters. The room seems empty. He moves around the desk and sees Rickett laying in a pool of his own blood gasping like a fish.

Lane kneels down close to his face.

LANE
 They take her?

RICKETT
 Marshal took her.

LANE
 What marshal? His name!

Rickett lets out a final gasp and dies. Lane releases him. He spots the ledger on the desk. He opens it and runs his finger down the list of visitors until he sees the last name entered: Brian Pratt.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF - DAY

Lane mounts an old bent horse who's riding days are years behind it. The horse grunts under his weight.

He kicks his spurs, the horse drags its hooves and begins to move.

INT. PRATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The table is set for three. Lavinia sets down a bowl of potatoes.

PRATT

Could you set one more place?

Lavinia looks at him.

EXT. PRATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid waits outside, tied to the porch.

Twisting her body towards her hands, she reaches into her pants and pulls out the metal piece. She's about to saw through the rope when:

LAVINIA (O.S.)

You brought a criminal to our home?

PRATT (O.S.)

She's helping the marshals in an investigation.

LAVINIA (O.S.)

I don't believe this! You trust her not to cut our throats in our sleep?

PRATT (O.S.)

We made a deal. I trust her.

LAVINIA (O.S.)

Oh what a relief, you made a deal with an outlaw. Her word must be her bond.

PRATT (O.S.)

It's only one night. I'll put her up in the barn.

LAVINIA (O.S.)

Anything that happens will be on you.

FOOTSTEPS come towards the door. Sid hides the contraband.
Pratt out and unties her.

SID
You lied to your wife?

PRATT
How so?

SID
You said you trust me.

Pratt leads her into the house.

PRATT
Any sudden moves and I will shoot
you.

INT. PRATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid stuffs her face with food.

SID
(mouth full)
This is wonderful Ma'am! I haven't
had a meal this good since I was a
little girl.

Lavinia forces a fake smile.

Sid looks to Brad who smiles at her. She opens her mouth
showing him her food. He laughs.

Pratt smiles, looks at Lavinia's cold glare, goes back to
eating.

Sid slurps a glass of milk then lets out a loud belch.

SID
Sorry.

Brad laughs.

LAVINIA
Brad, eat your food.

BRADLEY
Are you an outlaw?

Sid stops chewing, looks to Pratt, then to Brad.

SID
I was, but that was a long time ago.

BRADLEY
My dad says outlaws are bad people.

Sid swallows hard.

PRATT
Brad! Mind your manners!

SID
They didn't always start out that way. They just made bad choices.

BRADLEY
Why did you become an outlaw?

Pratt is interested in this answer.

SID
I grew up on a small farm in Indiana. My father was a drunk. He would come home and hit me and my mom. He was not a very nice man. One night after one of his violent mood swings, I snuck into his room with a pair of sheep shears...

She looks at Pratt.

SID
He never hit me or my mom again. My mom got angry so I ran away. I was twelve.

BRADLEY
Where did you go?

SID
Here and there. I made money the only way a teenage girl could...
(looks to Pratt)
...Doing favors for people. Did that until I was sixteen. By then I had made my way to the New Mexico Territory. I met and fell in love with a fella. He was a very bad man but at the time I was a stupid girl. I joined him and did many bad things.

BRADLEY
What kind of bad things?

LAVINIA

Bradley!.

SID

It's ok. I robbed and hurt people.

Brad is fascinated. Pratt notices and it makes him uncomfortable.

BRADLEY

Did you ride a horse and shoot guns.

SID

Yes I did.

BRADLEY

Wow!

SID

Anyway, the man I was with hurt me. Now I'm helping your paw find him.

She smiles to Lavinia who immediately looks down at her food.

BRADLEY

Did you kill people?

Everyone goes silent and stares at Brad.

Sid tongues food in her teeth as she looks around the table. She leans close.

SID

Yes and I regret it everyday. I had a long time to think about the bad things I done. Don't you never kill no one, do you hear me?

Brad nods.

SID

When you kill someone you don't realize all the people it hurts. He had goals, plans for the future, and you just threw it all to the wind, and for what? A few bucks you blow on whiskey in a ratty saloon. A man's life gotta have more meaning than that.

She takes a drink of her milk.

SID
You got a good paw. Better than
mine. I'm sure you'll grow up to be
a good man just like him.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The barn door opens. Pratt leads Sid inside carrying a blanket. He tethers her to a post.

PRATT
You should be comfortable in here.
We leave at dawn.

He starts to go.

SID
You got a good family there,
Shavetail.

PRATT
Thank you.

SID
Take care of 'em. Don't do
somethin' stupid and throw it away.

He shuts the barn door.

Sid lays on a pile of straw. She reaches into her pants and pulls out the shard of metal. She looks at it -- her ticket to freedom. She angles it against the rope on her hands, stops.

She closes her eyes tight. Then she puts it back into her pants.

INT. BARN - DAWN

The barn opens.

PRATT
Time to go.

He helps Sid to her feet and leads her out of the barn.

EXT. ABANDONED MISSION - DAY

The old crumbling building sits in the middle of nowhere. A bunch of horses tied up outside is the only sign of life.

INT. ABANDONED MISSION - DAY

Tough and raggedy men laze about the open courtyard.

Wolfinger sits in an old pew with his good leg resting on a brick that has fallen. He dangles the open locket in front of his face. Whatever's inside is filling him with emotion.

Burnette enters the mission and maneuvers around the snoozing gang members sprawled out on the floor.

Wolfinger doesn't look up.

WOLFINGER

Tell me she's taken care of.

BURNETTE

Can't do that.

Wolfinger snaps the locket shut with a twitch.

WOLFINGER

We had one loose end to tie up and you couldn't do it?

BURNETTE

She left with a U.S. Marshal for Phoenix.

WOLFINGER

Phoenix? What the hell is she goin' there for?

BURNETTE

She made a deal -- a deal with the marshal.

WOLFINGER

What kind of deal?

BURNETTE

Info on you in exchange to be closer to her kid -- your kid.

Wolfinger sits up.

INT. PRATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Lavinia pours tea into a cup.

LAVINIA

I'm sorry you missed him. He left this morning with the girl.

She brings the tea over to the table and sets it in front of LANE.

LANE
Appreciate it. Did he say where he
was headed?

LAVINIA
Phoenix I think.

Lane sips his tea.

Lavinia sits across from him.

LAVINIA
Is she dangerous?

LANE
Oh yes ma'am, very dangerous.

LAVINIA
Oh my, and I had that woman in my
house.

LANE
You are very fortunate she didn't
murder you all.

LAVINIA
Brian assured me she wouldn't harm
us because of the deal.

Lane sets the tea down.

LANE
What deal?

Lavinia studies him.

LAVINIA
Who are you?

Lane pulls out his gun under the table. He sees Brad standing in the doorway watching him and holsters the gun.

LANE
I'm going to need the details of
that deal ma'am, for the safety of
your husband.

EXT. PRATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Lane exits the house and hops on his decrepid horse.

Lavinia out and watches him go.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

Sid and Pratt lay on the edge of a rocky cliff. Pratt peers through a pair of binoculars.

PRATT
Who is he?

He hands the binoculars to Sid whose hands are cuffed.

We finally see who they're looking at. In the valley below a man snoops around the ground. His HORSE stands nearby, it's LANE.

PRATT
Why he's following us?

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Lane takes out a cigarillo and sticks it between the burnt logs of the camp fire. It lights. He takes a drag, scanning for signs.

EXT. RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

SID
I forgot to cover our campsite.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

As if hearing her, Lane glances up at the ridge.

EXT. RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sid looks right into his face.

SID
(gasps)
Snake Eyes!

She ducks behind the ridge.

PRATT
You know him?

SID
A bounty hunter. Word musta got out
about our little escape.

They hop on the horses and ride off into the mountains.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

The horses splash through a shallow river in a deep valley and climb up the other side.

When they reach the top they hide the horses out of sight and peek around some trees.

LANE and his plod down the side of the hill.

PRATT

How'd he know we were out here?

SID

Snake Eyes can track a hawk in a thunderstorm.

They move away from the trees.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Sid stops her horse.

PRATT

What is it?

SID

Can you shoot?

PRATT

What?

SID

Can you hit what you point at?

PRATT

Of course!

SID

Prove it. You are the only one with a gun.

PRATT

He's going to hear us.

SID

He already knows where we are.

She gets off the horse and gets a can of beans out of her saddle bag.

SID

Hit that.

Pratt grabs his rifle off his horse. He aims, shoots, the can spins and falls off the rock.

SID

Anyone can take their sweet time.
Shoot from the hip, cowboy.

Pratt smirks. He puts his rifle away and unclasps his holster, hand hovering inches about the butt of his revolver.

Sid grabs another can, as she reaches out to place it:

WHOOSH, POW! The can explodes.

Sid looks at Pratt -- beans dripping down her front.

SID

Impressive.

She looks around.

SID

Now let's get he hell outta here.

MONTAGE

-- They walk the horses downstream in a shallow river.

-- They climb a steep hill.

-- Sid breaks some twigs, leaving a false trail.

-- They drag long branches behind their horses to cover up their tracks.

END MONTAGE

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Pratt sits in a tree with the binoculars and looks out over a vast swath of mountainous terrain.

Sid waits below feeding the horses.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS he scans the hills for movement.

What was that? -- Just a deer.

Then he spots him. Trotting along the ridge across the valley from them.

PRATT

There he is, let's see if he takes it.

He stops and gets off his horse where Sid left the false trail. He studies the broken branches.

PRATT

Yes, yes, go that way!

He mounts his horse and steers the animal down the hill towards them.

PRATT

He didn't take it!

SID

Of course he didn't

PRATT

Who is this guy?

Pratt climbs down from the tree.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - LATER

The horses froth at the mouth.

PRATT

Horses are getting tired.

Sid glances back. LANE is gaining on them but he can't see them.

PRATT

Doesn't he get tired?

SID

Not when there's money involved.

PRATT

Think it will matter if he knows I'm a U.S. Marshal?

SID

Yeah, he'll make sure you're dead first.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Pratt walk their horses down a steep trail.

Suddenly, Sid CRIES OUT.

SID

AHHH!

The iron jaws of a bear trap clamp firmly on her ankle.

Pratt runs over and pries the trap off her foot but the damage has been done.

SID

Son of a bitch!

Pratt helps her to her feet. She tries to put weight on it.

PRATT

You can't walk.

SID

Forget it, get me on my horse. We can't stay still long.

He helps her on her horse. They move on.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Lane leads his horse down the same trail. The old horse sounds like it has bronchitis.

He spots the sprung trap and sees the fresh blood on the metal. His eyes gleam.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Sid and Pratt have moved off the beaten path. Now they wander aimlessly through the trees. They're looking tired.

PRATT

If this guy doesn't catch us we'll die of exhaustion.

SID

Shh!

PRATT

What?

SID

Hear that?

They listen.

DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE.

SID
A train!

Sid races off towards the sound. Pratt follows.

EXT. GORGE - DAY

They come to a rocky ridge where a train track cuts through the mountain. The tracks aren't far below, maybe thirty feet.

To the left the TRAIN chugs towards them.

Sid looks behind them to the woods. No Lane yet. She cringes as she climbs off her horse and limps to the edge of the gorge.

PRATT
You can't be serious!

SID
It's the only way outta here.

PRATT
But your foot?

SID
I'll be fine. Just make sure you roll when you land.

PRATT
I don't know if I can do this.

The train thunders into the gorge.

Sid extends her cuffed hands.

SID
Un-cuff me!

PRATT
But --

SID
I need my hands to land proper, quickly now.

Pratt un-cuffs her.

The train moves below them.

SID
Ready?

Sid runs, jumps, lands, and rolls. She clutches her foot in pain.

Pratt gets up the courage. It's like standing on the diving board of a pool and you have no idea what the temperature of the water is.

SID

Jump!

The end of the train enters the canyon.

He glances behind him. He can see Lane's horse through the trees. He looks back to the train.

He takes a deep breath and jumps. He lands and rolls right over the side.

He clings to the edge of the train. His back millimeters from the rocky wall.

Sid helps him up. They sit on the car and look back as the tiny figure of Lane reaches the edge of the gorge.

Pratt laughs.

PRATT

We beat him!

Sid isn't so optimistic.

SID

For now.

PRATT

How's your foot?

SID

Meh, it'll be fine, just bruised the bone is all.

The train winds through the mountains with the two sitting on the roof.

INT. STOCK CAR - DAY

Pratt stands in the hay looking up at Sid dangling from the open hatch.

PRATT

Come on I'll catch you.

Sid drops and Pratt catches her.

He looks at her a moment as he holds her.

SID
Put me the Hell down!

Pratt lets her down. She limps passed some horses to a pile of hay and slumps down. Pratt sits next to her. He lays back and closes his eyes, letting out a heavy sigh.

PRATT
Finally. Can we get some rest?

SID
So what traumatizing event made you run off to be a marshal?

Pratt opens an eye.

PRATT
Excuse me?

SID
We all have our story. No one just wakes up one morning singin' "I think I'll be a marshal today."

PRATT
I believe in the law and I want to rid the world of criminals.

Pratt rolls over.

SID
Like me?

Pratt sits up, giving up the possibility of sleep.

SID
There's more to it than that.

PRATT
I don't wanna talk about it, so just let it be.

In a flash Sid grabs Pratt's colt and points it at his head.

SID
You may be a marshal but you're in my world now, and if you wanna survive you're gonna have to learn the ways of the west.

PRATT
Ways of the west?

SID
Number one.

CLICK -- she cocks the hammer.

SID
A Colt has the power to make anyone
honest.

PRATT
You're not goin' to shoot me.

SID
You want me to stay? You want me to
trust you? Let's start with a
simple question and remember, it
knows when you lie.

Pratt stares down the barrel.

SID
How old are you?

PRATT
Thirty six.

Sid opens the cylinder, CLICK, takes out ONE BULLET, closes
it, COCKS the hammer.

PRATT
You're joking.

Sid's face is dead serious.

SID
Where were you before Arizona?

PRATT
Chicago.

Sid chuckles as she removes another bullet. Pratt studies the
gun.

SID
Have you ever cheated on your wife?

PRATT
What? Of course not!

SID
Okay, okay, it just seemed tense
between you two.

She removes another bullet and returns the gun to Pratt's
head.

SID
Have you ever killed anyone?

Pratt stares at her hard.

PRATT
No.

Sid lowers the gun.

SID
Really? I'm not surprised but I
kind of expected a U.S. Marshal to
have pulled the trigger at least
once.

Pratt motions for the next question.

Sid obliges and removes a bullet.

SID
What's your biggest regret?

Pratt is feeling less tense. He looks down at his feet.

PRATT
I haven't spent much time with my
family lately. I've been busy
trying to be the man *I* want to be.
Someone my son can look up to.

SID
Your son adores you.

PRATT
I saw the way he was lookin' at
you. He never looked at me like
that.

SID
At least your son knows you.

She removes the bullet.

SID
Last question. Why did you become a
marshal?

Pratt's face gets serious as he reaches deep into his heart.

PRATT
My father left me and my mother
when I was seven. The rush of '67.

SID
Virginia City.

PRATT
One morning we woke up and he was gone.

SID
And you never heard from him again.

PRATT
We heard he struck it rich.

SID
But this don't sound like a story with a happy ending.

PRATT
Me and my mother went out to visit him. Three days by train. I was excited the whole way. It was my first time on a train. When we arrived we learned he'd been killed by outlaws and robbed of all his money. We took his body back with us. It was the longest ride of my life.

SID
Sorry.

PRATT
Every time I'm on a train it takes me back to that trip.

There's a pause.

CLICK -- Sid pulls the trigger.

Pratt looks up at her and smiles.

PRATT
I knew there was only five bullets.

SID
And yet you continued to volunteer.

Pratt grabs his gun and rolls over.

EXT. BLACK CANYON CITY - DAY

A simple frontier town with a train station.

SUPER: Black Canyon City

The train pulls into the station. The passengers begin to disembark.

Railroad workers open the door of the stock car. They step back in surprise when Pratt and Sid jump out. Pratt points to his badge.

PRATT
U.S. Marshal, official business.

The railroad workers scratch their heads as they watch them walk away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sid lays on the bed redressing her wound. Pratt stares out the window.

SID
What are you lookin' for?

PRATT
For what's comin'.

Sid sits up.

SID
You're too paranoid. He doesn't even know what we look like.

PRATT
And I don't know what he looks like.

SID
When you see those eyes, you'll know.

Sid looks into the bathroom and sees a tub.

SID
Since this might be my only chance, would it be too much trouble to run a bath?

Pratt turns from the window.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pratt and Sid look at the steaming water in the tub. Sid holds up her bound hands.

SID
Can't get undressed with my hands
cuffed.

Pratt unlocks the cuffs.

Sid undoes her bun, letting down her long auburn hair. Pratt is captivated. She starts to strip. Pratt turns around, sweating bullets as Sid slips her soft, supple body into the water. She lifts her hands.

SID
You can turn around.

Pratt turns around and tries not to stare. He handcuffs one of her hands to a handle on the tub, keeping his eyes off her body.

PRATT
I'll go check the train schedule.

Sid is amused at Pratt's embarrassment.

SID
Hurry on back. I'll need someone to
dry me off.

Pratt exits the bathroom.

EXT. TICKET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LANE REFLECTS IN THE WINDOW OF THE TICKET BOOTH. A lazy and bloated STATION CLERK chews on a toothpick and watches him approach.

The clerk pulls out a ticket book and stamp pad without looking up.

STATION CLERK
Where ya headed?

LANE
Did a marshal come through here,
with a prisoner?

He stares up, unimpressed.

STATION CLERK
Don't know. Where ya headed?

Lane notices the WANTED POSTER for Wolfinger. He takes it down and shows it to the clerk. The clerk shrugs and turns away.

Lane reaches his hand through the opening in the glass, grabs the clerk's shirt, and slams his face hard into the glass window. The clerk clutches his bleeding nose and screams.

Lane presents the poster again.

STATION CLERK

(nasal)

His men stay at the Sundown Hotel.

Lane rolls the poster and tips his hat.

LANE

Appreciate it.

The clerk clutches his bleeding nose.

EXT. BLACK CANYON CITY/MARKET - DAY

Pratt finishes up a purchase of bread and dried meat.

PRATT

(to the salesman)

Is there a telegraph in this town?

SALESMAN

Train station.

PRATT

Thanks.

EXT. TICKET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The station clerk holds a bloody cloth over his nose.

PRATT

What happened to you?

Station Clerk utters muffled curses through the cloth.

STATION CLERK

(nasal)

That fuckin' burnt-boot faced
bounty hunter.

The words stop Pratt's heart.

PRATT

Bounty hunter?

The clerk nods, then notices his badge.

STATION CLERK
Think he was lookin' for you.

Pratt sprints back towards the hotel.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sid hums as she sponges herself down. CREAK. She freezes and looks at the closed bathroom door.

SID
Shavetail, is that you?

No Answer. She can hear the door to the bedroom jiggle.

Sid sits up, her long hair covers her breasts. She pulls her chained hand.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Pratt runs back to the hotel but stops dead when he sees the old white horse hitched out front.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sid waits, not making a sound. CRASH the door to the room is kicked in. Sid jumps. She can hear someone with spurred boots clinking around the room.

She notices the bathroom door is unlocked.

She tries to pull her hand through the handcuff. She splashes it with water, but it's too damn tight.

Finally, she reaches up to the lock with her foot. Her toe grazes the lock.

The FLOORBOARDS CREAK right outside the bathroom door.

She takes a breath, slides under the water, giving her the extra inch she needs to flip the lock.

The DOOR KNOB turns, then jiggles. Sid desperately tries to free herself, pulling with all her strength.

Suddenly a KEY RING sails through the open window and lands beside the tub.

The bathroom door is kicked from the other side but doesn't open.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Pratt waits below the bathroom window.

PRATT
Miss McCucheon!

Nothing.

PRATT
Sid!

Sid pokes her head out the window, clutching her clothes to her bare body.

PRATT
Jump! I'll catch you!

SID
The hell you will!

PRATT
Now ain't the time for fear! Trust me.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE BATHROOM DOOR IS KICKED OPEN.

Sid glances behind and sees Lane.

LANE
Hello Sid. Between you and Lewis you got a fortune on your heads. You two been giving me the slip for too many years.

SID
L.V. Still haven't retired yet?

LANE
Oh, I'm plannin' on it. Tell you what. You tell me where he is and I'll forget all about your reward.

SID
Come on L.V. I know you better than that.

LANE
Worth a shot.

He goes for his gun.

Sid jumps out the window.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She lands on Pratt and they fall to the ground in a heap. Lane leans out the window.

Sid gathers her clothes around her as curious people who witnessed a naked women jump from a window, stare.

Pratt glances up at the empty window. He pulls Sid.

PRATT

Come on!

INT. STABLE - DAY

Sid is in an empty stall getting dressed as Pratt keeps watch.

SID

His name is L.V. Lane. Everyone who knows him calls him Snake Eyes. He's after Wolfinger.

PRATT

That's good.

SID

Is it? This man is a two birds one stone kinda guy. The only language he speaks is money and if you ain't a native speaker, you're dead.

PRATT

So what do we do? We can't let him follow us all the way to Phoenix.

GRAVEL CRUNCHES -- Sid grabs Pratt's gun and aims at the entrance where a bewildered STABLE BOY looks at them. Sid lowers the gun.

SID

Shouldn't sneak up on people, boy.

She buttons her pants then exits the stall.

SID

We're gonna be taking two horses.

The stable boy just stares at her.

PRATT

What? We can't steal them.

Sid picks out a horse and saddles it up.

SID

Why not?

PRATT

You're going to get us in trouble.

SID

Like we already ain't? Pick your favorite color and shut up.

Pratt turns to the stable boy.

PRATT

Sorry about this.

He hands the boy some money. Sid shakes her head.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Sid and Pratt dismount and tie their horses to a hitching post.

PRATT

What are we doing here?

Sid looks up at the CHURCH in front of them.

SID

We need some divine protection.

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - DAY

The partition window slides open. The filtered profile of FATHER BISSONETTE (60s) appears.

BISSONETTE

What is your sin my child?

SID

Where should I start? I had sex with men out of wedlock -- a lot of men, I've robbed, I've killed --

Father Bissonette peers through the screen.

BISSONETTE

Sidney?

INT. CHURCH/CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Bissonette exit the booths. Pratt turns from his seat in a pew.

BISSONETTE
How are you, my child? I thought
you were in prison.

SID
Technically I still am.

Bissonette clasps her hands in his.

BISSONETTE
Is it true, you had a boy?

SID
He's in Phoenix, we're going to see
him.

She nods to Pratt.

SID
But we ran into trouble and need
some help.

Bissonette wags a finger at her.

BISSONETTE
I know just what you're speaking
of.

He shuffles towards the altar. He takes out a key and unlocks the sacristy door.

BISSONETTE
No one has touched it since you
left.

INT. SACRISTY - CONTINUOUS

The room is a gun cache, a holy armory; SHOTGUNS, REVOLVERS, REPEATERS, and BELTS OF AMMO slung over a statue of the Virgin Mary.

Pratt scans the room in awe.

PRATT
Jesus!

Sid pushes by him.

SID
Jesus saves.

She grabs some clothes and tosses them to Pratt.

SID
Change.

Sid picks up a Colt Walker, places it to her ear, and spins the cylinder listening to it click.

SID
Beautiful.

She shoves a pair down her pants.

SID
Few persuaders always come in handy.

Pratt finishes getting dressed and turns to Bissonette.

PRATT
What kind of man of God are you?

BISSONETTE
A wise man once told me, "Here's a Bible to protect you, and here's a Colt to protect you from everything else."

Bissonette laughs.

BISSONETTE
Go on, take a gander.

Pratt scans the arsenal. He spots a statue of Jesus wearing a BLACK SHOULDER HOLSTER.

Bissonette tosses Sid a shinny new shotgun. Sid looks at.

SID
I don't remember havin' shotguns.

BISSONETTE
I added a few things over the years.

Sid shoves it in a burlap bag.

Pratt takes off his old holster and tries on the shoulder holsters. He crosses his arms over his chest and pulls out two spankin' new Remingtons. He looks like a child who got the one thing he really wanted for Christmas.

Sid looks at Pratt and smiles.

SID
That suits you.

She closes the bag. Then spots something. She grabs a stick of DYNAMITE. She looks to Bissonette for an explanation. He smiles and shrugs. She stuffs a few sticks into her bag.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Lane trots up to the church and dismounts.

INT. CHURCH/CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Pratt each shoulder a heavy bag loaded with guns and ammo. Pratt proudly wears his new holsters. They cross to the door. Pratt opens the door a crack then closes it.

PRATT
(whisper)
He's here!

SID
Shit!

BISSONETTE
You two hide, I'll take care of
him.

He buries a revolver in his robes.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Lane is examining the horses when Bissonette opens the door.

BISSONETTE
Good day to you my son.

LANE
You seen the riders of these
horses?

Bissonette scratches his head.

BISSONETTE
Haven't had any visitors today. A
church isn't exactly an attraction
in these parts.

He laughs. Lane studies him.

LANE
You mind if I take a look inside?

Bissonette motions for him to enter.

BISSONETTE
You do not need permission to enter
a house of God.

Lane brushes by Bissonette and up the steps. Bissonette reaches his hand into his robe and COCKS the revolver.

INT. CHURCH/CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Lane scans the pews. Bissonette moves behind him.

BISSONETTE
Are you looking for someone in
particular?

Lane advances towards the confessionals at the back.

BISSONETTE
Well, like I said, there have been
any visitors today.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Sweat drips down the side of Pratt's face as he points both his Remingtons at the door. He glances through the screen at Sid who places a shotgun against her door.

INT. CHURCH/CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Lane approaches the confessionals then stops.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Sid can see Lane through the screen. She cocks the hammer of her shotgun. CLICK.

INT. CHURCH/CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Lane's eyes shoot to the CRUCIFIED CHRIST hovering over him. It stares down at him. He takes a step back, taking one final look at the confessional. Then he turns, pushes passed Bissonette, and exits the church.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Sid and Pratt mount their horses. Bissonette hands Sid the bag.

BISSONETTE
Go to the Kettle, ask for Barclay,
tell him I sent you. He will fix
you up with transportation to
wherever you want to go. But it
will cost you.

SID
How much?

BISSONETTE
Two hundred.

SID
Damn!

Bissonette pats her leg.

BISSONETTE
God be with you both.
(to Sid)
Especially you child.

SID
It's not me God needs to protect.

They ride off. Bissonette looks Heavenward.

BISSONETTE
Forgive me.

He shuffles back into the church.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The two pull up in front of a bank.

PRATT
So what's the plan? I don't have
two hundred dollars.

Sid stares up at the Bank. Pratt follows. He shakes his head.

PRATT
You're a fugitive, it's bad enough
I'm helping you!

SID
Do you want to get Wolfinger or
not?

She rips his badge off and hands it to him.

SID
This will get you killed out here.

Pratt puts it in his pocket and watches Sid head for the bank.

PRATT
Son of a --

He runs after her.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Sid reaches for her gun but Pratt stops her.

PRATT
No!

Sid stares at his hand.

SID
That's dangerous, Shavetail.

PRATT
I can't be part of this!
(realizing he's loud)
Shh!
(soft)
I can't be part of this.

SID
Then spectate.

She tries to pull her gun. Pratt grabs it with both hands.

PRATT
No!

Sid tries to pry his hands off.

SID
Don't make me shoot you.

PRATT
No!

SID
You're gonna make a scene!

Pratt doesn't let go.

PRATT

No!

WHAM! She punches Pratt in the jaw, he goes down, shocked, hurt.

Sid points her gun into the air.

SID

Everyone on the ground, now!

The patrons scream and drop to the floor. Pratt rolls onto his stomach and watches Sid go behind the cage.

Pratt lays on the floor. He spots a HERO pulling out a gun.

HERO

(to himself)

Today ain't your day, bitch.

Pratt puts a hand on him and stops him. He flashes his badge. The man looks at him.

HERO

Well, what are you waiting for,
Marshal?

Pratt pulls out his Remingtons and proceeds to the cage where Sid is. He has no idea what he's going to do.

PRATT

You're gonna owe me for this.

Sid has her back to him as she fills a bag with money.

PRATT (O.S.)

Alright, drop it!

Sid turns around.

PRATT

I said drop the gun!

Sid smiles and drops the gun into the bag. Pratt grabs the bag of money and motions for her to move to the exit.

SID

What do you think you're doing?

PRATT

(whispering)

Saving your ass.

Pratt grips her by the back of the shirt as he pushes her to the exit

PRATT
It's alright folks, all under control. This money is evidence and shall be returned.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

SID
What the hell was that?

PRATT
Some hero was gonna put one in you.

SID
You're the hero, you saved the man's life.

Pratt shoves the money at her.

PRATT
That should be enough for Barclay.

SID
That was impressive Shavetail, maybe I pegged you all wrong.

INT. KETTLE SALOON - DAY

Sid and Pratt enter the Kettle. It's a rowdy place packed with gamblers, prostitutes, and cutthroats.

They make their way to the bar.

PRATT
We're looking for someone goes by the name Barclay.

The bartender regards Pratt and Sid with an unamused look.

BARTENDER 2
Upstairs, third door.

INT. KETTLE/SECOND FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Pratt and Sid stand outside a closed door. Inside they can hear moans from at least three different people and slapping sounds.

PRATT
How many people are in there?

SID
Just knock.

PRATT
Maybe we should come back later.

SID
We don't have time.

She moves to the door and knocks. There's some stifled whispers from inside.

BARCLAY (O.S.)
Who the fuck?

Sid motions Pratt to stand to the side of the door.

KABOOM! A hole explodes in the door.

SID
Bissonette sent us!

A HUSKY HAIRY MAN sticks his head out of the hole covered in sweat and panting.

BARCLAY
Forgive me ma'am, I have a tendency
to shoot prematurely.

He notices Pratt.

BARCLAY
We always have room for more.

Sid pulls out her gun and sticks it under his chin.

SID
Are you Barclay?

Barclay groans in excitement.

BARCLAY
Depends on who's askin'?

She shoves the gun deeper into his sweaty neck rolls, causing him to choke.

BARCLAY
Yes, Barclay.

She releases him.

PRATT
Bissonette says you'll take us to
Phoenix.

BARCLAY
You got money?

Sid hands him two hundred dollars. He counts it.

BARCLAY
Meet out back after dark.

He pulls his head back in. The giggling and slapping resumes.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

SUPER: San Francisco

Men load up a train with freight. A door slides closed showing the name emblazoned on the side: Outbound Limited.

An armored stage coach pulls up next to the armored train car.

Men open the coach, it's stacked high with gold bars. The gold is loaded into the safe.

PASSENGERS board the train. We follow one SUSPICIOUS MAN. He's alone. As he gets on the train we spot a gun under his coat.

INT. STAGE COACH - NIGHT

Sid and Pratt rock with the motion of the carriage.

PRATT
The train will pass through Phoenix
tomorrow.

SID
They'll take it before Phoenix, out
in the desert where there's no one
around.

PRATT
How are we going to stop him?

SID
We? The deal was I see my son then
I give you information. I didn't
say I'd help you chase the bastard.

PRATT

You don't want to see him brought
to justice?

SID

All I care about is my son.

Pratt sets his jaw.

PRATT

Fine, after we see your son then
I'll talk to the prison about
moving you in.

SID

You, against the Wolfinger gang?
Your son will be visiting you in
the bone orchard.

PRATT

Not if you help me.

SID

Anyone one of his men can shoot a
sparrow outta the sky blindfolded.

PRATT

You know what I think? I think
you're scared.

SID

You are off your mental
reservation.

PRATT

That's it! He broke your heart, and
a little piece of you still loves
him.

Sid whips out her gun and shoves it in Pratt's face.

SID

Way of the west number two: An open
mouth gathers no boots.

BANG! A gun fires from outside.

Sid looks out her window. A group of four men ride alongside
the coach.

Sid recognizes one of the men.

SID

Andy.

PRATT

Who?

SID

An old friend.

ANDY (O.S.)

Stop the coach!

Sid leans forward.

SID

Don't stop!

BARCLAY

Sorry folks, this is where I get off.

EXT. STAGE COACH - CONTINUOUS

The coach slows to a stop. Barclay jumps off and runs into the night.

Andy and his men gather on the right side of the coach.

ANDY

Alright now Sid, come on outta there. We don't wanna hurt ya. Just following orders.

INT. STAGE COACH - NIGHT

Sid grabs her bag and pulls out a stick of dynamite. She breaks the fuse to make it shorter.

PRATT

What are you doing?

SID

Just shut up!

EXT. STAGE COACH - NIGHT

ANDY

We'll give you to the count of three then we're comin' in --
One... Two...

A stick of lit dynamite flies out the window and lands at the horse's feet.

ANDY

Shit!

They try to ride away. BOOM! Dirt, smoke, and ass goes flying everywhere.

Marty's leg is blown off. He crawls backwards screaming when Sid out of the dust wielding her new shotgun. He puts his hands up.

MARTY

No!

BANG!

ANDY climbs to his feet. His horse is dead but he's unharmed. He looks around, lost in the swirling cloud.

BANG!... BANG! Andy looks in the direction of the shots, draws his weapon but it's gone. One of his men stumbles out of the dust towards him, a HOLE blown through his abdomen. He drops dead. Andy spots his gun. He goes for it -- BANG! The ground in front of him explodes.

Sid materializes out of the dust like a vengeful spirit.

ANDY

Whoa, Sid, come on, let's talk about this. I was only following orders. We're old friends, remember?

She aims at his foot -- BANG! No more foot.

Andy falls on his back screaming. Sid presses the barrel to his head. His skin hisses as the hot barrel brands him.

ANDY

Ahh!

SID

What's Lewis doing robbing a stage coach?

ANDY

The key!

SID

What key?

Andy is hysterical.

ANDY

Son of a bitch -- the key for the safe, the Outbound Limited!!!

SID
The train headed for Tucson?

ANDY
Yes! Then he's escapin' to Mexico!

SID
He's so predictable. What else?

ANDY
The kid! He -- he want's the kid.
Hired some guys to find him.

SID
Snake Eyes and who else?

ANDY
I don't -- Sid, please, I was --

SID
Just followin' orders, I know.

EXT. STAGE COACH - CONTINUOUS

Pratt is waiting near the coach. BANG! He jumps. Sid back.

SID
The coach was transporting a key
for the safe on the train. New
security measures. But they didn't
figure on Lewis doin' the robbin'.

PRATT
So the train robbery is for sure
happening.

SID
That ain't all. Snake Eyes isn't
lookin' for Wolfinger, he was HIRED
by Wolfinger to find my son.

Sid detaches the horses from the coach.

SID
We got six hours until the train
passes Phoenix.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Sid knocks on the door.

SID
I hope she hasn't moved.

Sid's MOM answers the door. She looks scared.

MOM
Sidney?

SID
Hi, Ma.

MOM
What are you doing here?

SID
Nice to see you too.

She looks to Pratt.

MOM
Who's he?

Pratt flashes his badge.

PRATT
U.S. Marshal Brian Pratt, Ma'am.

SID
I'm here to see my son.

MOM
(to Sid)
Now's not the best time, Sidney.

SID
What are you talking about? I came
all the way from Flagstaff to see
him.

She pushes by her mother and enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sid sees JASON (5) sitting at the table playing with a wooden train. She stops, scared.

SID
Hi.

Jason looks up to her then goes back to his toy.

JASON
Hello.

Sid's eyes well up. Pratt joins her.

SID
What's your name?

JASON
Jason.

Sid moves to the boy's side. She just stares at him. She's killed countless men without hesitation yet right now she can't find the words to speak to this kid.

SID
Do you know who I am?

He shakes his head.

SID
I'm your mommy.

Jason looks at her for a moment then goes back to playing.

SID
What you got there?

JASON
A train.

SID
It's very pretty, did Grandma get it for you?

He shakes his head.

JASON
No, the man gave it to me.

She looks to her mother.

SID
What man?

Suddenly, Lane appears in the kitchen with his gun drawn.

LANE
Hello, Sid.

SID
Ma!

MOM
I told you now was not a good time.

Pratt reaches for his guns but SOMEONE pushes a barrel to his head.

TETHEROW (O.S.)

Don't.

Pratt turns his head to Tetherow.

PRATT

Sir?

TETHEROW

Hand over the guns.

Pratt does what he's told. Lane takes Sid's guns.

Tetherow pushes Pratt over by Sid.

TETHEROW

You should have listened to me,
Pratt. I told you to let it go.

PRATT

What are you doing?

TETHEROW

Wolfinger's asking a big price for
the return of his son. Me and Lane
here are splittin' the reward.

PRATT

But you're a lawman!

TETHEROW

After today I'll be a retired
lawman.

SID

You're soft in the head if you
think he's going to split the
reward with you.

Tetherow tosses Lane some handcuffs. He cuffs the pair.

TETHEROW

Move!

INT. JAIL - DAY

A BARRED DOOR slams shut with a loud CLANG.

Sid relaxes on the bed.

Pratt clings to the bars.

PRATT

What am I being charged with?

TETHEROW

Breaking a prisoner out of jail and harboring a fugitive.

PRATT

You don't deserve to wear that badge! You belong behind bars, and I will see to it that you do!

TETHEROW

Good luck with that.

He turns to TOM, the disgusting jailor that looks like he could grab an apple through a fence.

TETHEROW

I'll be back for them after I finish my business.

Tom nods.

TOM

Yes, sir.

Tetherow leaves.

Pratt slumps in the corner

PRATT

That's it, it's over. Wolfinger's gonna get away.

SID

Told you, you don't belong out here.

PRATT

Don't you care? The plan's gone to shit! He's got your son!

Sid just broods in the corner.

Pratt stands up.

PRATT

Right, I held up my end of the bargain, now you gotta hold up yours.

Sid opens an eye and stares at him.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Lane and Tetherow ride through the desert with the boy on Lane's horse.

TETHEROW

We should ask for twenty thousand instead of the fifteen -- easier to split.

Lane gives him a skeptical look.

TETHEROW

It's his son after all. I'm sure he'll pay whatever we say.

LANE

Unless you insult the man and he kills us both.

Tetherow smiles and wags his finger at Lane.

TETHEROW

You're the professional L.V.

Lane keeps looking on ahead.

LANE

Yes, I am.

Lane pulls out his gun and shoots Tetherow's horse. Jason screams. Tetherow falls to the dirt, pinned under the weight of the horse.

TETHEROW

You crazy bastard!

LANE

Thank you Chief Deputy, but your services are no longer required.

TETHEROW

You son of a bitch!

Tetherow tries to reach for his guns but they are trapped under the animal.

LANE

I thank you for getting me this far, but I can take it from here.

He spurs his horse. Behind him Tetherow hurls curses at him.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Tom struts back and forth in front of the bars, swirling the keys on his fingers.

TOM
What an exciting turn of events for you marshal. How's it feel to be on the other side of the law?

Pratt ignores him.

Tom's eyes move over Sid.

SID
You wanna lose them eyes?

TOM
She's a sassy one ain't she marshal. Bet she's a real wild cat in bed, am I right?

Pratt doesn't look up.

TOM
Oh come now, you mean you were out there all them days and you never once took a bite outta that? Not even a little nibble?

He laughs and clangs the keys on the bars. He stares at Sid the way a dog eyes food.

TOM
Yep, bet its been a long time since someone opened you up proper, huh?

Tom grabs the bars and licks his dry, chapped lips.

TOM
Bet you're lobster pot's nice n' hot.

Sid hurls a stool at the bars. It shatters against Tom's knuckles. Tom howls in pain.

TOM
You stupid bitch! Now you done it!

He fumbles for his keys. Spittle dripping down his face.

TOM
I'm gonna teach you a lesson you won't soon forget.

Pratt stands up.

Tom slides the door open and goes for Sid. Pratt tries to intercept but he's met by Tom's gun.

TOM
Sit down marshal, this don't
concern you.

Pratt looks at Sid and backs off.

Tom grabs Sid by the hair and pulls her out, slams the door.

Pratt watches as Tom bends Sid over his desk.

PRATT
Marshal, please!

Tom snaps his head to him.

TOM
You shut the fuck up or you're
next!

Sid reaches back and pulls the metal shard out of her pants.

Tom drops his pants and starts to pull Sid's off.

TOM
You watching marshal? I'll show you
how it's done.

Sid struggles. He punches her hard in the side.

TOM
It ain't time to squirm yet, bitch!

He flips Sid onto her back and grinds his groin into hers.

TOM
Oh, you like that, don't ya?

His eyes go wide, jaw drops. He staggers back with the metal shard sticking out of his groin. He falls into a fetal position on the ground, whimpering.

SID
Oh, yeah honey. Was it good for you
too?

Sid grabs their guns off a nail. She points her gun at Tom, then reconsiders.

SID
I'm going to let you live. Just so
every time you look at a woman and
can't get it up you wish I had
killed you.

Tom gurgles in pain.

She grabs the keys and opens the cell.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Sid and Pratt exit the jail.

SID
We need to catch that train.

Pratt spots some horses hitched up outside a store. He runs
over and unhitches them.

PRATT
Come on!

Sid looks at him.

SID
Are you sure?

Pratt mounts the horse.

PRATT
I'm already a criminal, what do I
have to lose?

Sid mounts the horse.

SID
That's the spirit, Shavetail.

They race off.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tetherow drags his feet, head hung low. He looks up and sees
something shiny on the ground, dancing in the heat.

As he gets closer he realizes its a rail road track. He
laughs out loud. He runs over to the iron road and starts to
follow it, running and laughing.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP - DAY

Wolfinger sits on the ground across from his son.

WOLFINGER
What's your name little man?

JASON
Jason.

WOLFINGER
Jason? Do you know who I am?

Jason shakes his head.

WOLFINGER
I'm your paw.

Jason looks up at him.

JASON
Grandma said you were dead.

WOLFINGER
No, I'm alive. Don't you want a
daddy?

Jason nods his head and smiles. Wolfinger smiles.

WOLFINGER
I'm going to take you someplace
fun. You like beaches?

JASON
I never been.

WOLFINGER
Well you're in for a treat. You can
go swimming in the ocean every day.
The Pacific Ocean, you can't even
imagine something so big. How's
that sound?

JASON
Will Mommy be there?

Wolfinger's eye twitches.

WOLFINGER
No, Mommy won't be there.

Wolfinger stands up and addresses his crew.

WOLFINGER

Alright men, move out, we got a train to catch.

INT. TRAIN ENGINE - DAY

We are looking out the front of the engine as the train chugs down the tracks.

The CONDUCTOR watches some gauges. Then a gun is jammed in his back. It's the suspicious man we saw board in San Francisco.

MAN

Stop the train.

The conductor pulls the break.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train SQUEALS to a stop. The passengers hang out the windows and stare at the Wolfinger gang gathering around the train.

Wolfinger hobbles along the train.

WOLFINGER

Get your heads inside if you want to keep 'em.

The gang boards the train.

WOLFINGER

All aboard boys, next stop, Tucson.

Wolfinger boards.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Wolfinger's men approach the armored car. They crouch below the peep hole. Burnette motions for a stick of dynamite. He cuts the fuse short and knocks on the door. The peep hole slides open, Burnette lights the dynamite and jams it through the hole.

INT. ARMORED CAR - CONTINUOUS

The dynamite shoots through the hole and lands in the middle of the six dumbfounded guards.

GUARD
Open the door!

A guard works frantically at the locks. He tries to open the door but something's blocking it.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Burnette barricades the door with his body as the guards scratch and claw on the other side.

BOOM -- Silence.

Burnette HOOTS.

He opens the door, a cloud smoke escapes.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train hisses back to life. Inside Wolfinger's men HOOT and HOLLER.

LANE emerges from behind a rock and chases after the train. He jumps on the back and pulls himself up. He slips into the caboose.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Tetherow, sunburnt and dehydrated, shuffles down the tracks. He spots something up ahead. A MAN on a mule.

TETHEROW
Hey!

He breaks into a slow trot.

He catches up to the man. An old Mexican miner.

TETHEROW
Agua!

The man sees his badge and hands him his canteen. Tetherow gulps down the water. Then he spots something on the mule. A SLEDGE HAMMER.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Tetherow swings the sledge hammer. CLANK! He's busting up the rails on the track. One of them is already bent to shit.

He drops the hammer and laughs.

TETHEROW

You ain't gettin' away on my watch
you son of a bitch.

He's fucking crazy!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The train speeds onward.

Pratt and Sid race after it.

They pick up their speed, getting closer to the caboose.

SID

Can you do this?

PRATT

I don't know.

A bullet whizzes by.

SID

They seen us!

Sid and Pratt return fire.

They get right behind the caboose.

Sid jumps for it. She makes it. She motions for Pratt to jump.

SID

I'll catch you.

Pratt gives her a doubtful look.

SID

Remember what you told me? Now
ain't the time for fear. Trust me!

Pratt pulls his right foot out of the stirrup and positions himself so he's on the left side of his horse. He looks to Sid's outstretched hands. Then -- Jumps.

PRATT

I hate trains!

He grabs Sid's hands but he didn't jump far enough. His feet scrape the ground.

Sid pulls him over the rail. He is white as a sheet.

SID
Get your legs Shavetail. I need
you.

She pulls out her two Navies.

INT. CAR - DAY

Three of Wolfinger's men walk the isles, keeping the passengers calm. The dividing door slides open but no one's there.

They move towards it like curious cats.

Sid pops out BANG! BANG! BANG! They fall like dominos. The passengers scream.

Sid and Pratt enter and move towards the other end.

PRATT
It's okay everyone, U.S. Marshal,
just stay calm.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Wolfinger leans his head out the window.

WOLFINGER
What the hell is goin' on back
there?

Burnette rushes into the car.

BURNETTE
It's Sid and the Marshal.

WOLFINGER
I always admired her spunk -- Make
sure she's dead this time.

Wolfinger takes Jason and head into the next car.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Wolfinger's men pull out the pin connecting the cars.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Sid opens the door and sees the train pulling away.

SID
We need to jump!

PRATT
Again!

She jumps.

Pratt takes a running start from inside the car and lands on the edge of the train. He wobbles as he tries to keep his balance. Sid grabs his shirt and pulls him on.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Through the windows Sid and Pratt shoot their way through the car.

They reach the armored car but Wolfinger's men have locked it.

Sid points to the roof.

SID
Up here.

EXT. TRAIN/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Sid and Pratt move from car to car. Up ahead hatches are thrown open and men pour out like angry ants.

SID
Uh oh.

They run back the other way dodging bullets. Sid shoots as she runs.

Pratt isn't paying attention. He falls right through an open hatch.

INT. TRAIN/CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pratt gets to his feet and looks up through the hole. He can hear shots being exchanged.

PRATT
Sid!

The door at the other end of the car opens. Burnette smiles at Pratt.

BURNETTE
Afternoon, Marshal.

Pratt reaches for his guns, aims, and -- CLICK. He's out of ammo.

Burnette takes out his guns and throws them down.

BURNETTE
I'm for a fair fight.

He charges Pratt like a bull. Pratt tries to open the door behind him but it's locked. He turns back to Burnette barreling towards him.

INT. TRAIN/CAR - CONTINUOUS

A REVOLVER drops from the heavens and lands in his hand. He doesn't have time to think. He points and -- BANG!

Burnette is blown away.

EXT. TRAIN/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Sid shoots with one gun as more men make their way towards her. CLICK -- CLICK -- she's out. The revolver flies up in front of her. She snatches it out of the air and shoots, BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. TRAIN/ROOF - DAY

Sid and Pratt reach the last car before the engine.

SID
They have to be in here.

She bends down and puts her hand on the handle of the hatch. She looks to Pratt.

SID
Ready?

Pratt nods.

She rips the hatch open, Sid and Pratt shove their guns in.

They peer over the edge.

PRATT
No one home.

BANG! A bullet hits Pratt in the shoulder. He falls back, Sid tries to reach for him but he rolls right off the edge of the train.

SID

No!

Behind her WOLFINGER emerges from the hatch with his gun trained on Sid.

WOLFINGER

Hey, Lamb Chop.

Sid whips around. Her eyes ignite with hate.

SID

Where's Jason?

WOLFINGER

Safe. Get up.

Sid get's up and tries to go for her gun but Wolfinger cocks his gun and motions with his free hand for her to slide over the gun.

WOLFINGER

Uh, uh.

Sid slides the gun to his foot. He picks it up and aims it at her.

WOLFINGER

I missed you Sid, really.

SID

Fuck you.

WOLFINGER

Did you honestly think you and some marshal could stop us? You know how we work.

SID

Give me Jason and you can take the money and go to Mexico. I won't chase you.

WOLFINGER

I have a legacy now.

SID

You almost killed him!

WOLFINGER

Because you were keeping secrets.

SID

I was going to surprise you, you asshole!

WOLFINGER

He looks like you, you know. He's got those sparkly eyes of yours.

Sid shakes her head.

SID

Why, Lewis?

WOLFINGER

Don't you get it? The boys were looking up to you more than me. You were a threat to my leadership. It was only a matter of time before you turned on me, and with this leg it wouldn't take much.

SID

You have always been paranoid.

WOLFINGER

And it saved my life more than once.

He takes a step towards Sid.

WOLFINGER

Well Sid, this is where you get off.

He raises the gun to her head.

WOLFINGER

This time I'll make sure I do it right.

Sid closes her eyes.

LANE (O.S.)

Wolfinger!

Sid opens her eyes. Lane is standing on the next car. Guns on Wolfinger.

WOLFINGER

You can never trust a bounty hunter. Their greed is like a disease.

Wolfinger steps back.

LANE

Two wanted outlaws in one place, train full of gold -- must be my lucky day.

Sid starts to back away from Wolfinger.

LANE

Dead or alive. What's it goin' to be?

Wolfinger stares at Lane then back to Sid. He considers something.

He takes out Sid's gun, tosses it to her, nods. She holsters her gun.

Wolfinger looks to Lane. A sly smile spreads across Lane's face as he reads them. He holsters his weapon.

The shooters move into position. It's a three-way standoff on the roof of a moving train.

WOLFINGER -- eyes darting from Lane to Sid.

LANE -- Calm, his sharp eyes cut from Sid to Wolfinger.

SID -- Looks scared for the first time. She glances from one to the other, trying to catch the first giveaway twitch.

LANE'S FINGERS rub the bullets on his ammo belt, inches from his gun.

WOLFINGER'S HAND hangs next to his gun, fingers twitching.

SID'S HAND rests against her leg, inching closer to her gun.

All three stand like statues as the train chugs on across the barren landscape.

WOLFINGER blinks sweat out of his eyes. His nervous eyes shoot back and forth. His breathing quickens.

LANE -- keeping them both in his sight.

SID -- Waiting, watching.

Wolfinger's HAND shoots for his gun. BANG! A shot rings out.

Sid whips out her gun and points it at Wolfinger. Lane whips out his gun waving at the two. No one knows who shot who.

Wolfinger's GUN is still in its holster. His eye twitches. BLOOD runs down his hand and drips off his fingertips.

He staggers back then falls off the train.

Sid looks behind her to PRATT hanging on the side of the train. His gun resting on the roof, shoulder bleeding.

She looks to Lane -- he's gone. She rushes to help Pratt up.

SID
Nice shot, Shavetail! I thought you
joined the great majority.

Pratt groans as Sid helps him to his feet.

SID
Oh come now! It's only a flesh
wound.

Pratt shakes his head and points up ahead.

PRATT
Look!

Sid turns her head and spots the BROKEN RAILS. Her eyes shoot wide.

SID
Inside!

She shoves Pratt through the hatch. She looks up just as the train reaches the destroyed track.

BLACK

SCREECHING SOUNDS OF RIPPING STEEL AND GRINDING METAL.

EXT. STARRY SKY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Millions of stars sparkle in the desert sky.

SID (O.S.)
I haven't seen a night sky in five
years.

Sid sits next to Pratt in front of the fire staring up at the sky. Her hands are cuffed and she's tethered to Pratt.

SID
I spent most of my life under these
stars. Reminds me of how wild a
free I once was.

She looks down at her cuffs. Pratt stares into the fire.

SID
The gang's gonna stop every train
from here to Phoenix lookin' for
me.

Sid struggles to help herself to some beans but she drops her tin cup into the fire.

SID

Shit!

She shakes her hands.

SID

Do ya think I could eat my beans like a civilized person?

PRATT

Are you serious?

SID

Hey, you're the one who broke me out.

PRATT

Nonetheless, you are in my custody, I am responsible for your protection.

Sid laughs.

SID

My protection?

The firelight hitting her auburn hair makes her look like a fair beauty instead of a murdering outlaw.

SID

You think by catching Wolfinger it'll make you a man or somethin'? A cowboy like your stories?

PRATT

Let's get some shut eye, got a big day ahead of us.

Sid eyes his revolver.

SID

Let me tell you somethin' shavetail, a man isn't born a cowboy, he becomes one.

Pratt rolls over and closes his eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Pratt opens his eyes. He touches his head, it's bleeding. He pushes debris off of him and stands up. The car is on its side. He moves to a broken window and climbs out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Pratt looks around at the heap of twisted metal.

Horses from the stock car graze around the crash.

PRATT

Sid!

He moves from car to car and peeks his head inside the wreckage.

Passengers wander around, screaming and calling for loved ones.

PRATT

Sid!

She's nowhere to be seen.

He looks south and sees something moving. It looks like a couple of horses.

Pratt jumps on the closest horse to him and chases after it.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Pratt catches up to the person just as they are splashing their way to the other side of a river. Pratt stops on the river bank.

PRATT

Sid!

The horse stops. Sid looks back at him. She has Jason on the front of the horse and another horse loaded with sacks of gold.

Sid smiles.

SID

I knew you'd make it out alive.

PRATT

What are you doing?

She pats the sacks of gold.

SID
Starting my new life. You should
get started on yours.

PRATT
What do you mean?

SID
Look at you, cowboy. You killed the
biggest outlaw in the southwest.
You're a hero. I bet there's an
opening for a new Chief Deputy.

Pratt doesn't care about that right now.

PRATT
What happens now?

SID
We both got what we wanted. Now we
go our separate ways. Or... you can
arrest me.

PRATT
I can't do that.

SID
Well, well, well, letting a
fugitive escape. Not the lawman I
thought you were.

Pratt nods to the river.

PRATT
You're in Mexico. I couldn't arrest
you if I wanted to.

Sid smiles.

SID
You got a family that's probably
worried about you.

PRATT
Thank you, Sid. For everything.

SID
Number three: A cowboy always helps
someone in need, a stranger, an
enemy, or even a friend.

Sid tips her hat.

SID
Take care of yourself, Pratt.

She turns and trots off towards her new future.

Pratt watches, feeling a piece of him go with her.

He feels his pocket and pulls out his badge. He pins it proudly to his chest.

We pull back on the two going their separate ways.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

In the SKY Buzzards circle overhead.

Back on the ground we follow close on a trail in the dirt, like something is being dragged.

A BODY wrapped in a sheet dragging through the dirt. Then a leg and a wooden leg tied together by a rope being pulled by none other than LANE.

The sheet blows off. Lane drops the legs and goes to replace the sheet. He sees the gold locket hanging around Wolfinger's neck. He takes it off and opens it.

Inside is a photo of a young Wolfinger and an even younger Sid.

He puts it in his pocket and proceeds.

We pull back, watching Lane drag his prize across the limitless desert.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END