

RED STORM

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

BANG! Blood and brains splatter on dirt.

An INDIAN kneels on the ground with a gaping hole in his forehead. His half naked body tilts and slumps to the side.

Several other INDIAN corpses lie in pools of blood outside a cave. The cliff overlooks an endless expanse of desert.

Three MERCENARIES stand amongst the slaughter. They look like cowboys. Hats, spurs, buckskins. The works.

They also look like filth. Grizzled beards, yellow teeth and blood shot eyes.

Two carry rifles on their backs. Three or four each.

The third stands behind the fallen Indian. He holds a smoking revolver. This is JUDD (40s).

JUDD

That'll teach you to steal government property.

Judd holsters his revolver with a quick flip of the wrist and turns to the others. He nods toward the cave.

JUDD

Anymore rifles in there?

They shake their heads.

JUDD

We're off then.

The other mercenaries follow Judd away from the cave. A whimper stops them dead in their tracks.

One of the mercenaries turns. The fattest and ugliest of the three. This is WILLIE (40s).

A naked INDIAN BOY (3) hides behind a small boulder outside the cave. He weeps softly.

JUDD

Well, that ain't right.

Judd reaches for his revolver.

WILLIE

Stop.

JUDD

Forgot what we came here for already?

Judd grabs his revolver.

WILLIE

I said wait!

JUDD

We ain't paid to let 'em go.

The boy recoils as Willie steps toward him and scoops him into his arms with one quick sweep.

WILLIE

Who said anythin' about lettin' him go?

JUDD

I don't like where this is goin'.

WILLIE

I could use me one of these.

The other mercenaries eye Willie with perplexed expressions.

JUDD

I'm not gonna have to shoot you, am I, Willie?

WILLIE

Ain't nobody gotta know about this.

After a moment, Judd holsters his weapon.

JUDD

This costs me my pay, I'll be puttin' you in the same hole as that boy belongs. Mark my words.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

A seedy bar cloaked in a miasma of cigar smoke.

A group of GAMBLERS sit at a table, play cards and smoke.

Willie drags a pile of winnings from the center of the table toward him. He cackles as the other gamblers groan.

The Indian boy sits on a bar stool beside Willie dressed in clothes that don't suit him.

Willie grabs a handful of cash and brandishes it in the boy's face.

WILLIE

You see that, son? That's why salaries are for suckers.

Willie sniggers in his face. Spittle flies from his mouth. The other gamblers look on with cold reserve.

DEALER

Willie, if I didn't know better and truth be told, sometimes I don't, I'd say you were cheatin'.

GAMBLER

Yeah and while we're at it, why's that boy always hangin' off your neck every time we play?

WILLIE

Don't start, fellas. The boy's dumber than a sack of mule shit. How do you expect him to cheat when he don't even know his own goddamn name.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

PATRONS move in and out of the bright saloon-like establishment. PROSTITUTES abound, dressed in lacy corsets.

A drunken Willie stands at the bottom of a staircase surrounded by prostitutes. The boy stands beside his protruding gut.

Willie waves a handful of cash in a BLONDE PROSTITUTE'S face. She turns and motions for him to follow. They both turn to the boy as she leads Willie up the stairs.

BLONDE PROSTITUTE

Don't worry, honey. They'll take good care of you.

The other prostitutes coddle the expressionless boy as Willie disappears up the stairs.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Gamblers gamble, more jovial than before.

The Indian boy sits on a stool next to a drunken Willie. The boy is older now (8).

WILLIE

Come on now. Deal me in.

DEALER

Now why would I do something like that?

WILLIE

I'll put my boy up to bet.

GAMBLER

That boy ain't worth nothin' to me.

DEALER

My boy, he says. That's how you know he's stupid enough to borrow money from Sheriff Black.

WILLIE

Now hold it right there-

GAMBLER

Face it, Willie. You're gonna have to pay the man. The sheriff ain't never been played for no fool.

DEALER

The only fools are the ones that tried.

The gamblers share a laugh at Willie's visible expense.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Willie and the boy emerge from the saloon. Willie picks up the boy and places him on the back of a horse.

WILLIE

Listen, son. We're gonna have to skip town for a little while.

Willie mounts the horse.

WILLIE

Willie's in deep shit.

Willie and the boy ride off.

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A single room with a bed, a table and a fireplace. As empty as it is pathetic.

A sudden force rips the door off its hinges and knocks it to the ground. SHERIFF BLACK (50s) and two LAWMEN enter.

Black is a big beefy man with broad shoulders and a no nonsense face. He looks tough rather than fat.

BLACK

Son of a bitch.

(to lawmen)

Tear this place apart. He's gotta have something in here.

The lawmen take the place apart. In seconds, they rip what little furniture there is to shreds.

BLACK

Willie, you little shit eating, gambling rat. When I find you...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Willie and the boy gallop across a sunset horizon.

BLACK (V.O.)

...you'll reap what you've sewn and then some.

EXT. RANCH - NIGHT

A small farmhouse across from a barn.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A RANCHER (70s) in a nightgown looks out the window of a small bedroom.

EXT. RANCH - NIGHT

One of the barn doors sways in the wind.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The rancher emerges from the farmhouse with a shotgun in hand and proceeds toward the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Willie and the boy lie asleep in a bail of hay. A shotgun cocks and awakens them. Willie and the rancher meet eyes.

RANCHER

What are you doin' on my property?

WILLIE

Hold on there, old man-

RANCHER

Don't you tell me to hold on. I tell you how it's gonna be-

WILLIE

We don't mean no harm. We just need a place to stay for the night.

RANCHER

Outlaws. That's what you are.

WILLIE

We ain't outlaws.

RANCHER

I ain't harborin' no fugitives. I ain't even harborin' no non-fugitives. I want you out.

WILLIE

Just one night is all we're askin'.
You'll never see us again. Honest.

The rancher glances at the boy. He stares back with expressionless eyes.

RANCHER

I'll let you stay on behalf of the boy.
I don't much care what happens to you.

WILLIE

Fair enough.

RANCHER

I want you out by sunrise or I swear
I'll geld you like livestock.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The rancher lies asleep in bed.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The boy lies asleep in the hay. Willie is wide-awake and on edge. His ears perk up at the sound of galloping hooves.

EXT. RANCH - NIGHT

A horse gallops onto the ranch grounds. Its rider dismounts in front of the farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

With one swift kick to the door, the BOUNTY HUNTER (50s) bursts into the entrance hall. The man is tall and dark with a brown trench coat and hat. His eyes are as cold as they are empty.

In seconds, the rancher is in the room with his shotgun. He recoils at the sight of the intruder.

RANCHER

Who the hell are you?

BOUNTY HUNTER
(gruff, guttural)
Where is he?

INT. BARN - NIGHT

One of the barn doors bursts open. Willie recoils as the bounty hunter points at him with a stiff index finger.

BOUNTY HUNTER
You!

The voice awakens the boy.

The bounty hunter storms in and shoves Willie to the ground. The rancher, shotgun in hand, trembles as he watches outside the farm.

Willie scrambles backward on his hands and feet. The boy watches mesmerized as the bounty hunter grabs Willie and pulls him upright.

BOUNTY HUNTER
You're comin' with me!

Willie yelps.

WILLIE
Hold on there just a minute. Maybe we can cut a deal-

BOUNTY HUNTER
No deals!

WILLIE
We can take this old man for all he's worth. You and me-

BOUNTY HUNTER
I'm already gettin' paid!

WILLIE
We don't know how much he's got-

The bounty hunter roars. He whirls around and hurls Willie toward the barn entrance. The rancher is so frightened, he drops his shotgun and runs back to the house.

The boy stands frozen on the spot and watches, entranced.
Willie whimpers as the bounty hunter stomps toward him.

BOUNTY HUNTER

All I want is what's comin' to me so I
can get away from people like you!

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shaking rancher stares through the window.

RANCHER'S P.O.V.

Only the boy is visible through the glass. He stares at
something O.S. with his jaw dropped.

WILLIE (O.S.)

I'm not an animal! I'm beggin' you-

The bounty hunter grunts O.S.

EXT. RANCH - NIGHT

Willie bawls like a child as the bounty hunter binds his
feet to a length of rope attached to the back of his horse.
Willie's hands are already bound.

The bounty hunter secures the binds and mounts his horse.
He turns and looks at the boy. The boy looks back with
matched intensity in his eyes.

BOUNTY HUNTER

Run along, boy. Ain't nothin' here for
your eyes.

The bounty hunter shouts as he whips his horse. It takes
off at top speed. Willie howls in pain as it drags him face
down through dirt and rocks.

The boy stands rooted to the ground as the bounty hunter
rides off into the night. Only dust remains in his stead.

INT. INN, GUESTROOM - DAY

Eyes snap wide open as if awakened from a dream.

RED STORM (40s) lies naked on a bed. He stirs and sits upright. Greasy matted hair hangs down over his chest. He scans his surroundings.

The walls are stained black with smoke. The sky glows a sickly orange behind tattered curtains.

Red Storm turns to a glass and a bottle of absinthe on a night table beside him. A grainy residue has settled at the bottom of the glass.

MOMENTS LATER

A spoon rests a top the glass. A sugar cube sits upon it.

Red Storm pours absinthe over it and lights it on fire with a match. He dumps the spoon's flaming contents into the glass and stirs them into the absinthe.

Red Storm drinks from the glass as the sugar dissolves. He takes a deep breath, shuts his eyes and leans back.

The sound of a heartbeat fills the room. The rhythm is intense and erratic. It grows stronger until Red Storm opens his eyes.

It's not a heartbeat. It's the door. Someone bangs on it with fury. A moment later, it bursts open.

EXT. INN - DAY

A group of TOUGH GUYS toss Red Storm headfirst through the inn doors. They toss his clothes after him.

TOUGH GUY

This ain't no boarding house, you sack
of shit.

The tough guys retreat back inside.

Red Storm gets to his feet and dusts himself off. He reaches down and picks up an article of clothing.

MOMENTS LATER

Red Storm stands fully dressed in a black trench coat and hat. He adjusts his hat and climbs onto a black horse

beside him. The horse starts to trot before he even grabs the reigns.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A TITLE SEQUENCE. Red Storm rides his horse at a dead pace across a desert drenched blood red by a crimson sun like something out of a drug-induced hallucination.

EXT. MARIGOLD, MAIN STREET - DAY

Red Storm rides down the main street of Marigold.

This town is no good. DRUNKS stumble out of saloons and vomit. Others engage in fist fights. Others lie passed out in the street and in front of the buildings. Then there're those with their eyes fixed on Red Storm.

INT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON, BAR - DAY

A whole bar filled with LOWLIFES. Some watch with mean eyes as Red Storm enters and takes a seat at the counter. The BARTENDER approaches him.

RED STORM

Whiskey.

The bartender fixes Red Storm a glass of whiskey.

Further down the bar, SHERIFF BOWER (50s) sits and watches Red Storm. Bower is short and stout with a bald head and bushy mustache. His right ear is missing. A gold star sticks out on his chest.

The DEPUTY (30s), young and muscular, sits on the other end of the bar. He also watches Red Storm.

A particular group of lowlifes watch him with a unified look of disdain. After a moment, one of them walks up and taps him on the shoulder.

LOWLIFE

Just what in the fuck do you think you're doin'?

RED STORM

Having a drink.

LOWLIFE

I take it you're not aware of our insurance policy here.

Red Storm shrugs and takes a swig of whiskey. The lowlife clears his throat.

LOWLIFE

That's no injuns. Everyone knows you can't your liquor worth a shit. If that be the case, your ass stays on the other side of those doors.

The lowlife points to the exit. Red Storm lifts his glass.

RED STORM

I got fingers, don't I?

LOWLIFE

You're outta here.

A few heads turn, including Bower's.

RED STORM

I don't think so.

The lowlife clamps both hands onto Red Storm's shoulders.

RED STORM

Get your fucking hands off me!

Red Storm turns and smashes his glass over the lowlife's head. Before he can react, Red Storm clocks him square in the nuts. He falls into a fetal position.

All eyes are on Red Storm as he kicks the lowlife in the gut. The sheriff and deputy are on their feet. The deputy is there first.

Red Storm turns around just in time to get nailed in the face. He stumbles backward into a bear hug from Bower.

Red Storm swings an elbow into his face. Two more and Bower releases him.

The deputy is on him again in. Red Storm takes a swing at his face. The deputy ducks and clocks Red Storm in the stomach. He doubles over in pain.

The deputy grabs him by the hair and knees him in the face. Bower pummels his back. The crowd hollers.

Red Storm raises his boot and drives a spur into Bower's foot. Bower stumbles backward in pain as Red Storm charlie horses the deputy. The deputy stumbles backward into the counter. The bartender dives for cover.

Red Storm lunges at the deputy. The deputy grabs a bottle off the bar and smashes it across his face. Red Storm spins around and collapses backward into the deputy's arms. His weight brings the deputy to his knees.

The crowd cheers as the deputy holds the broken bottle to Red Storm's throat.

DEPUTY

It's curtains for you, boy.

Red Storm grabs the deputy by the arm and forces him to stab himself in the throat with his own weapon. Blood sprays over both of them.

Bower races up to Red Storm and floors him with a single boot to the face. The deputy slumps to the side.

BOWER

Come on, boys! He ain't so tough!

As if waiting for the invitation, several men rush forward and join the sheriff as he kicks Red Storm in the ribs.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Red Storm sits in a lone cell with only a small square hole in the wall for light to come through. His face is bruised and swollen.

A PRISON GUARD spins a key ring around one finger as he approaches the cell. Red Storm looks up.

PRISON GUARD

You're out. For now. The mayor wants to have a word with you.

RED STORM

The mayor?

The guard nods as he unlocks the cell.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Beautifully furnished. A massive window overlooks the main street of the town outside.

MAYOR THOMPSON (60s) sits in an armchair behind a massive desk. He's thin and well dressed with a combed mustache curled upward at its ends and small round spectacles that sit on his pointed nose.

The door opens. Red Storm and the prison guard stand on the other side.

THOMPSON

Ah, it's you. Come in.
(to prison guard)
You. Wait outside.

PRISON GUARD

Yes sir.

The guard shuts the door behind Red Storm.

THOMPSON

You're not nearly as dark and mysterious as you're made out to be.

Thompson gestures to an empty seat across from him. Red Storm sits down.

Thompson opens a box on cigars on the desktop and lights one for himself then slides the box toward Red Storm. Red Storm takes a cigar. Thompson reaches for a match but stops and frowns as Red Storm lights his own cigar.

Red Storm blows a cloud of smoke into the air. It wafts toward Thompson. The mayor snuffles and clears his throat.

THOMPSON

Do you know where you are?

RED STORM

I'm guessing Marigold.

THOMPSON

You were in Marigold. This is Thompson. I'm Mayor Thompson. As was my father before me and his father before-

RED STORM

You're dynasty. I get it.

THOMPSON

Do you know why you're here?

Red Storm shakes his head.

THOMPSON

Do you care?

RED STORM

Not particularly.

Red Storm takes another drag from his cigar.

THOMPSON

You're here because in Marigold, there is no law. But rest assured there is law in Thompson. You've killed a deputy. That's a serious crime with even more serious consequences.

RED STORM

I won't waste your time then.

THOMPSON

Not so fast.

Thompson pours himself a glass of brandy.

THOMPSON

For as long as anyone can remember, Marigold has been a haven for criminals. It has been ever since Lebeaux the Pimp took it over. He was

just a young man back then but he's always been a hellion. When I became mayor, my first course of action was to take him in. So I sent our Sheriff Bower after him. Lebeaux made a permanent example of him.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sheriff Bower bursts screaming out of the saloon and falls to his knees. He's covered in blood. A ragged wound gushes blood where his right ear should be.

BACK TO SCENE

Thompson takes a swig of brandy.

THOMPSON

Since then, Bower's been Lebeaux's own personal sheriff. Those who don't fit into his crowd, like yourself, get brought here. The rest are free to do as they please. Criminals pass in and out of Thompson, wreaking havoc on a regular basis. The citizens live in a constant state of fear. Some fled. Some tried and were cut down by Lebeaux's men. The rest are too afraid to act.

Thompson downs the last of his brandy.

THOMPSON

If Lebeaux goes, the rest will follow. I've exhausted all attempts to bring him to justice legally. Then all of a sudden, he drops a bounty hunter in my lap. I suspect that's fair incentive to fight fire with fire.

Thompson puts out his cigar in a marble ashtray and lights another.

THOMPSON

I'm a man of principle. But I'm also a man of precedent. Bring me Lebeaux alive and well for a public execution and I'll gladly pardon your crime

against this most useless deputy.

RED STORM
I don't get political.

THOMPSON
Excuse me?

RED STORM
That's when the backstabbing starts. I don't take my chances with hypocrisy. Not unless the money's right. Otherwise, I'd be more than satisfied to rot away in that jail cell you've fixed up for me.

THOMPSON
I'm afraid you're mistaken. They'll be no rotting away. If not for Lebeaux, there'll be a public execution waiting for you. Would you be more than satisfied to rot away at the gallows?

Red Storm and Thompson stare each other down.

THOMPSON
I didn't think so.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - NIGHT

Red Storm approaches the entrance of Lebeaux's saloon. Noisy chatter emanates from within.

Red Storm stops and glances off to the side. His horse is tethered to a trough of water at the end of the building.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Red Storm enters the rowdy bar. The room goes silent. All eyes are on him.

BOWER
Look who decided to come back.

Sheriff Bower gets up from the counter and approaches him.

BOWER

Let's see. It took about ten angry drunken bastards to take you down the last time. You think you're a match for the whole saloon?

Bower comes face to face with Red Storm.

BOWER

Or are you just here for your horse?

RED STORM

I'm here to see Lebeaux.

Several lowlifes share a laugh with Bower.

BOWER

The only folks that see Lebeaux are the folks that don't wanna see 'em. Obviously, you're a whole 'nother animal. Why don't you get lost before we have to kick your sorry red ass all over again.

RED STORM

I never said anything about wanting to see him. I don't much care to see him at all, to be honest. The fact is I need to see him.

BOWER

You're somethin' else. You know what? I want you to see Lebeaux. He'll know what to do with you.

Bower produces a revolver. He points it at Red Storm then lifts his arm and points it toward the back of the saloon.

BOWER

Right this way.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A lavishly furnished office lit by a hanging chandelier. Oil paintings and ornate wallpaper adorn the walls.

LEBEAUX (40s) sits behind a desk counting a small sum of money. He's a small man with long combed hair and a meticulously trimmed goatee. He wears a red pinstripe suit.

A knock at the door.

LEBEAUX
(Southern accent)
I'm afraid I am busy.

BOWER (O.S.)
There's someone here to see you, boss.

LEBEAUX
Well, would you kindly tell him to
come back another time?

BOWER (O.S.)
I don't think you're gonna be able to
sway this one.

Lebeaux groans. He opens a drawer and slides the money in with a sweep of his arm.

LEBEAUX
(mock enthusiastic)
Bring him on in.

The door opens. Bower shoves Red Storm in first. He enters behind him with two CRONIES.

LEBEAUX
And who might you be?

BOWER
He's the one that caused all the ruckus
yesterday.

Bower forces Red Storm into a seat across from Lebeaux.

LEBEAUX
You got a name, good sir?

RED STORM
Only the dead know my name.

Bower and the cronies snicker. Lebeaux puts up a hand to silence them.

LEBEAUX

I know who you are. There's about a hundred Johns out there and truth be told, I couldn't tell you one from the other. But I've only heard of one man without a name and that's you.

Lebeaux opens a drawer and produces a glass jar from it. Bower's severed ear floats in yellow liquid inside. Bower grimaces as a chill runs down his spine.

Lebeaux holds the jar next to his face.

LEBEAUX

A man with one ear can hear the same a man with one eye can see. But while an eye patch is not without character, one ear is just comical.

Lebeaux sets down the jar.

LEBEAUX

But this here ain't a symbol of my sense of humor. This is a symbol of my power. Tell me why I shouldn't take both your ears right now and add 'em to the collection? 'Cause let me tell you, this one gets mighty lonely.

RED STORM

They call you Lebeaux the Pimp, right?

LEBEAUX

They do indeed.

Red Storm leans forward.

RED STORM

I didn't see no tail when I walked through those doors downstairs.

LEBEAUX

I don't know what you're insinuatn', good sir, but I don't much care for it.

RED STORM

It's not like that. I've seen this sorta thing before. Something's wrong here. But it's not you. Hell, I've heard all about you. I'd tell you your reputation precedes you but I can't say that it does. Not to me.

Lebeaux white knuckles curl tightly around the jar.

RED STORM

But like I said. You're not the problem. So if you wanna make your problem go away, you best start talking to me.

Red Storm gives Lebeaux a moment to calm himself.

RED STORM

I always bring them in. That's all there is to it.

Lebeaux takes a deep breath.

LEBEAUX

Gentlemen, would you be so kind as to step outside so that the two of us may speak in private?

Bower signals for the cronies to leave. They do.

LEBEAUX

Mr. Bower, if you can't follow orders with one ear, you might as well give me the other one. I do believe I said the two of us.

Bower is somewhat taken aback by the order. He grunts with disapproval as he follows the cronies out of the room and shuts the door.

Lebeaux slides the jar to the side.

LEBEAUX

They call him the Barber. A rather sick individual if I do say so myself and I'm a sick individual. This one's been strollin' from town to town for some time now, choppin' up working girls.

RED STORM

Why do they call him the Barber?

LEBEAUX

Maybe it's because y'all got somethin' in common.

Lebeaux sniggers. Red Storm remains expressionless.

LEBEAUX

He takes souvenirs. It's beside the point, really. The point in the devil ain't afraid to hit the same place twice. Even thrice. We've lost two girls already. Now the rest are too scared to operate. To make matters worse, he's unpredictable. Back and forth between towns. No real pattern to speak of. You never know when he's really gone.

Lebeaux sighs.

LEBEAUX

But the show must go on. That's where you come in.

RED STORM

How much?

LEBEAUX

Surely you jest.

RED STORM

I don't. Cash isn't a luxury to me. It's a necessary evil and I can't afford to say it's beneath me.

LEBEAUX

Well then. I'm just gonna have to make an example of you, ain't I?

RED STORM

(sarcastic)

Have it your way. After all, you've got nothing to lose. It's all going to come back to you, isn't it?

Lebeaux's face droops. He growls.

INT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON, STAIRWELL

A banister divides the hallway outside Lebeaux's office from a staircase leading downstairs. The hallway curves around the corner where the banister ends.

The cronies stand off to the side as Bower listens at the office door. He darts to the side as it opens. Red Storm and Lebeaux step out.

LEBEAUX

Mr. Bower, I'm escortin' this gentleman to Loretta's room for a spot of conversation. Would you be so kind as to return his revolver and show him to his horse when they've concluded?

Bower drops his jaw, dumbfounded.

LEBEAUX

Close your mouth if you please. We don't wanna smell your supper.

Lebeaux produces a handkerchief and fans it in front of his face. Bower snaps his mouth shut.

LEBEAUX

You've ascertained correctly. We're in business with the bounty hunter.

INT. HALLWAY

A narrow corridor lined with doors.

LEBEAUX

Here we are.

Lebeaux stops in front of the last door before the hallway turns another corner. He wraps gently upon its surface.

LEBEAUX

Loretta, my dear. Are you decent? I've someone here I'd like you to meet.

LORETTA (V.O.)

I'm not in the mood.

LEBEAUX

Don't be shy now. Y'all will be closer than kissin' cousins after I've explained a thing or two. I promise.

After a moment, the door opens.

INT. LORETTA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A small bedroom with two mirrors and a vanity table.

Lebeaux and Red Storm enter.

LORETTA (20s) sits on the foot of the bed. She's a knockout with doe eyes, an hourglass figure and curly, golden locks so bright and shiny, they have to be synthetic. She wears a silk nightgown and matching ribbon around her neck.

LORETTA

What's this all about?

Lebeaux takes Loretta's hand and caresses it.

LEBEAUX

Loretta, I'd like you to tell our guest here about the Barber.

Loretta scowls at Red Storm then at Lebeaux.

LORETTA

You know I don't know no barber.

LEBEAUX

Oh, I beg to differ.

Red Storm steps forward.

RED STORM

I'm the one who's gonna stop him.

Loretta's scowl vanishes. She looks at Lebeaux.

LEBEAUX

That's right, Loretta. He's gonna get him for us and when he does, I'm gonna let do with him what you see fit.

Loretta's eyes grow wide. Red Storm nods.

RED STORM

I just need to know what to look for.

LEBEAUX

That's where you come in, my dear.

Lebeaux kisses Loretta's hand and releases it.

LEBEAUX

I'll leave you too alone. You need to get properly acquainted.

Lebeaux exits and shuts the door behind him.

Loretta pulls out a silver revolver and points it at Red Storm. He raises an eyebrow.

LORETTA

Don't mean to be rude. It's just a precaution and you best believe I know how to use it. Ain't it pretty?

Red Storm shrugs. Loretta lowers the revolver.

LORETTA

What do you wanna know?

RED STORM

Everything.

Loretta nods and takes a deep breath.

LORETTA

As I recall, it was a rough night.

INT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON, BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The bar is as loud and rowdy as ever. PROSTITUTES are plentiful.

Loretta is dressed for the job but her golden locks are gone. Her hair is a natural dirty blonde.

She strolls by a group of COWBOYS at the bar. One of them spanks her ass as she passes by. She whirls around and thrusts her finger in his direction.

LORETTA

I told you once already! Hands off if you ain't got the cash!

COWBOY

Is that so?

The cowboy grabs Loretta's arm and jerks her toward him. She slaps him across the face. He releases her.

LORETTA

I'm warnin' you!

COWBOY

Fine. Get lost, whore.

The cowboy grabs a beer mug off the bar and splashes it in Loretta's face. She screams.

Bower is at the scene in seconds.

BOWER

What the hell's goin' on here?

COWBOY

Ain't nothin' goin' on-

BOWER

You little shit.

Bower grabs the cowboy by the shirt and yanks him off his chair. Loretta slinks away from the bar as a fight breaks out amongst them.

LORETTA (V.O.)
And that's when I saw him.

Loretta stops.

LORETTA'S P.O.V.

THE BARBER stands in a darkened corner across the room. He has a mustache and long black hair. He wears a black cloak and a bowler hat tilted forward to cover his eyes.

He motions for Loretta to come. She shakes her head.

He reaches into his cloak and produces a wad of cash. He waves it temptingly.

INT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON, GUESTROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A bedroom dimly lit by candlelight.

Loretta bathes herself in a steel tub of water at the far end of the room.

The Barber sets a black bag on the bed and opens it. He proceeds to unpack its contents and lay them out on the bed. The contents are not shown.

LORETTA
You don't know how much I appreciate
this, mister.

Loretta grabs a towel from off the side of the basin and stands to dry herself off.

LORETTA
I just couldn't stand havin' that
swill on me another second.

Loretta sighs.

LORETTA
You know how most men are.

Loretta steps out of the basin.

LORETTA
Don't get me wrong. You seem...

Loretta drops her towel in shock at the sight before her.

LORETTA
...different.

The Barber sets his bag on the floor. Several lengths of rope lie upon the bed.

LORETTA
I don't do that.

The Barber reaches into his cloak and tosses a handful of cash on the bed.

LORETTA
I said I don't-

The Barber tosses more cash on the bed. Loretta opens her mouth to speak.

LORETTA (V.O.)
I should've said no.

She shuts it.

LORETTA (V.O.)
But every girl's got her price.

LATER

Loretta lies on the bed with her arms and legs bound with rope. She tosses and turns in discomfort.

The Barber stands at the foot of the bed. He holds a dirty rag in one hand.

LORETTA
You're not gonna be able to pay me
enough, mister.

The Barber rounds the bed. He grabs Loretta's face and shoves the rag deep down her throat. She moans.

The Barber returns to the foot of the bed. He reaches into his cloak and produces a straight razor. Loretta screams through her gag at the sight of it.

The Barber climbs onto the bed. Loretta attempts to kick him away but to no avail. He's on top of her in seconds.

He gently caresses the flesh of her neck and breasts with the razor. It draws blood.

LORETTA (V.O.)

I couldn't breathe. The smell was too strong. It was perfume. He was swimmin' in it.

M.O.S. as the Barber speaks.

LORETTA (V.O.)

Then he started talkin'. 'Bout God and the Devil and other such things. I only remember the last thing he said to me.

Loretta's words and the Barber's lips sync up.

LORETTA (V.O.)

You deserve to die.

The Barber grabs Loretta by the hair and proceeds to scalp her. She screams. Tears flood her eyes.

She spits out the rag and wails like a banshee when the Barber is halfway through.

BARBER

Shut up!

The Barber carves frantically into Loretta's scalp. She screams at the top of her lungs.

Hurried footsteps approach.

The Barber roars. With one quick motion, he tears away Loretta's scalp and tosses it on the floor. Loretta howls in agony.

The Barber slices her throat with a swift flick of the wrist. Blood spurts from the wound.

Shouts and violent pounding at the door.

The Barber grabs his bag and dives through the window as the door cracks at its hinges.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Barber lands in the dirt with a shower of glass and tears down an alley behind the saloon.

LORETTA (V.O.)

When I get my hands on that fiend...

A lump of hair sits in the pile of glass beneath the window. It's the Barber's mustache. A fake.

BACK TO SCENE

Loretta looks up at Red Storm.

LORETTA

I'm gonna cut his balls off.

RED STORM

You do that.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - DAY

Bower and Red Storm emerge from Lebeaux's saloon. Bower gestures toward Red Storm's horse. Red Storm undoes its tether and mounts it.

Bower appears beside the horse and extends Red Storm his revolver. He takes it and holsters it at his side.

Red Storm picks up the reins and rides off into the distance. Bower spits in his direction.

EXT. THOMPSON, MAIN STREET - DAY

A stark contrast to Marigold. The town of Thompson is modest in appearance and the street is empty.

Bower rides a horse down the street at a steady trot. He wears a sheriff's hat to shield his eyes from the sun.

He dismounts in front of a general store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

MR. WHITE (70s), a small bespectacled man with a white mustache, sweeps the floor behind the counter.

Bower enters and walks up to the counter. Mr. White halts at the sight of him and sets the broom aside.

BOWER

It's that time of the month, Mr. White.

MR. WHITE

I thought it wasn't 'til next week.

BOWER

Never mind what you think from now on.

Bower tosses an empty sack on the counter.

Mr. White sighs and opens the cash register. He takes handfuls of cash from inside and stuffs them in the bag. He counts the money each time.

Mayor Thompson enters the store. He stops in the doorway.

THOMPSON

Bower?

Bower turns. He tips his hat at the mayor.

BOWER

Mayor.

THOMPSON

How are things?

Bower nods toward the counter.

BOWER

Business as usual.

THOMPSON

Care for a smoke?

Bower looks at the bag of money then at Thompson.

BOWER

Hell, I could go for a smoke.

(to Mr. White)

You. A box of cigars.

Mr. White stops counting money. He turns around and reaches for a box of cigars.

THOMPSON

That won't be necessary, Mr. White.

(to Bower)

My office?

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Thompson uses a match to light a cigar for himself then extends it across the desk to light one in Bower's mouth.

THOMPSON

So tell me. The Indian. Have you seen him again?

BOWER

I've seen that bastard, alright.

THOMPSON

I want you to keep an eye of him. He's proven himself to be quite useful.

BOWER

How is that?

THOMPSON

I won't go into details. But as you and I have both seen, staying out of trouble isn't one of his strengths.

BOWER

Is that why he's doin' a job for Lebeaux?

THOMPSON

What are you talking about?

BOWER

Lebeaux's sent him after The Barber.

THOMPSON

The murderer?

BOWER

Well, he certainly don't cut hair. Lebeaux says he's puttin' a damper on business.

Thompson gasps.

THOMPSON

No. Oh no, no, no.

Thompson puts his cigar out in the ashtray.

THOMPSON

This cannot happen. Will not happen.

BOWER

What are you talkin' about?

THOMPSON

Don't you see? The Barber. He's the key to taking down Lebeaux. Once the money is gone, Lebeaux will have to take his business elsewhere, so to speak. If all goes well, his competition will be forced to do the same. This isn't just about Lebeaux anymore. This could mean the end of criminals passing through Thompson. I can't believe I never saw it before.

Thompson shakes his head.

THOMPSON

The Barber must not be stopped. You, Bower. You have to stop the bounty hunter. He could undo everything.

Bower leans forward and turns his head to reveal a thick layer of scar tissue where his right ear should be. Thompson recoils at the image.

BOWER

You know what this is?

Thompson shakes his head.

BOWER

This is what Lebeaux calls mercy. If I cross him a second time, mercy ain't gonna be on the table anymore.

Bower leans back in his chair.

THOMPSON

You underestimate me. I'm a man of influence. I know which strings to pull. You do this for me and I'll pull some strings for you.

BOWER

What kinda strings?

THOMPSON

I'm offering you a way out from under Lebeaux's oppressive thumb. After this is over, you'll be in a safe place. Soon thereafter, Lebeaux's operation will dissolve.

Thompson offers Bower another cigar.

BOWER

How about this? The Indian kills Lebeaux. His cronies kill the Indian. The Barber lives and takes apart Lebeaux's competition.

THOMPSON

As of this conversation, it would appear the Indian cannot be trusted. He's a vessel to be used but he can also be swayed. What makes him sway remains a mystery to me. He's not a man of wants. He's an enigma. And that makes him all the more dangerous.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

Red Storm gallops across the frontier.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Where's he headed now?

BOWER (V.O.)

Springwood. That's the sight of the latest attack just two days ago.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Follow him. Capture him. Bring him back here. This town's in dire need of a hanging. Nothing lifts their spirits like the sound of cracking necks.

INT. SPRINGWOOD INN, BAR - NIGHT

Red Storm enters a moderately crowded bar and takes a seat at the counter.

RED STORM

Whiskey.

The BARTENDER produces a glass of whiskey.

HARVEY HILL (40s) appears in the entrance. He wears a bowler hat and pinstripe suit under a black cloak. Long black hair matches a thick mustache. He carries a black bag in one hand.

Harvey scans the room with a fox's eyes. They land squarely on Red Storm as he downs the last of his whiskey. Harvey smiles and proceeds toward him.

HARVEY (O.S.)

Make that two more.

Red Storm glances at Harvey as he takes a seat beside him. He sniffs the air in disgust.

Harvey removes his hat and sets it on the counter, allowing his slick hair to tumble down over his face. He brushes it back with both hands.

The bartender produces two whiskeys. Harvey reaches into his cloak pocket and lays a wad of cash on the counter.

HARVEY

It's on me, of course.

Red Storm nods curtly.

Harvey leans into his field of vision and extends a hand.

HARVEY

Harvey Hill.

Red Storm raises his glass and takes a sip.

HARVEY

You got a name, friend?

Red Storm glances at Harvey's bowler hat.

Harvey waits then shakes his head and laughs as he retracts his hand.

HARVEY

I understand. It's hard to trust a salesman in this day and age.

Harvey pushes himself further into Red Storm's personal space. Red Storm hides himself behind his glass.

HARVEY

You're not much of a social drinker, are you?

RED STORM

What do you think?

Harvey reaches down and rummages through his bag. Red Storm glances casually over his shoulder but the bag's contents remain indiscernible.

After a moment, Harvey produces a small bottle of dark molasses colored liquid.

Red Storm snorts.

HARVEY

I haven't even told what it is—

Red Storm snorts again. Harvey's face sinks.

He looks up past Red Storm at a pair of PROSTITUTES engaged in conversation across the bar.

HARVEY

Ha! Pay dirt.

Harvey grabs the bottle off the counter and returns it to his bag. He picks it up along with his hat and pats Red Storm on the shoulder.

HARVEY

Watch this, fella.

Harvey proceeds toward the prostitutes. Red Storm watches him as he forces himself between them.

HARVEY

Hello ladies. Harvey's the name. Harvey Hill. Can I interest you in some...
What have we got here...

Red Storm watches the two prostitutes as Harvey rummages through his bag. Both of them back away from him. One of them waves a hand across her nose with disgust.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE

Bower sits across from Lebeaux.

LEBEAUX

So what's this all about, Mr. Bower?
Where's my money?

BOWER

That old bastard, Mr. White's skipped town. I'd be willin' to bet he's taken your money with him.

LEBEAUX

I'd be willin' to bet the same. I'd also be willin' to bet he ain't got it all either. Just the same—

BOWER

Just the same, he ain't gonna get away with it. His neighbors can't stand confrontations. They were just beggin' to spill their guts.

LEBEAUX

Not literally, I presume?

BOWER

It wasn't necessary. Cowardice in Thompson runs deeper than quicksand. I know exactly where to find Mr. White.

LEBEAUX

And where might that be?

BOWER

That depends on whether or not he's made it there yet. If all goes well, we'll be crossin' paths before that time. He ain't got no need to rush, after all. He ain't expectin' his friends to sell him out.

LEBEAUX

Right you are, Mr. Bower. That's Thompson for you.

The two men share a laugh. Lebeaux is the first to regain his composure.

LEBEAUX

Might I inquire? You haven't spoken to that mayor again, have you?

Bower scoffs.

BOWER

That old man?

LEBEAUX

I figured y'all bein' old acquaintances and such—

BOWER

I wouldn't call it speakin' so much as humorin' him. He's the mayor of a town that don't belong to him and he still don't realize it.

Lebeaux stares intently at Bower. Bower clears his throat.

BOWER

I didn't see the harm is all.

LEBEAUX

I always knew I could trust a man whose countenance is aesthetically off balance. I'll be puttin' Alistair in charge in your stead.

Bower nods. Lebeaux eases back into his chair.

LEBEAUX

Now run along and bring me back my money. I grow weary waitin' so.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - DAY

Bower mounts a horse in front of Lebeaux's saloon. He adjusts his hat and picks up the reigns. He gives the horse a whip. It gallops ahead.

INT. SPRINGWOOD INN, BAR - NIGHT

The room is deserted.

Red Storm sits at the bar with a collection of empty glasses in front of him.

Red Storm looks over his shoulder. The bartender attempts to gain his attention.

PETUNIA (30s), a brunette prostitute, sits with the Barber at an ill lit table across the room. His back is turned to Red Storm. They speak in hushed voices.

BARTENDER

Sir, are you waiting for someone?

The Barber takes Petunia by the hand and leads her up a staircase in a far corner of the room.

BARTENDER

Sir?

RED STORM

I'm always waiting for someone.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber and Petunia enter a candlelit bedroom. She breaks into a sad robotic strip tease as he shuts the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Red Storm stands up.

RED STORM

But sometimes someone's waiting for me.

Red Storm downs the last of his whiskey and slaps a handful of bills on the counter top.

He tips his hat to the bartender and proceeds across the room toward the staircase.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red Storm arrives at the top of the staircase. A long row of doors line one wall of the hallway.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber stands beside the bed and rummages through his bag as Petunia dances. She kicks off the last of her garments and whirls around to face her client.

The Barber introduces a length of rope from his bag.

PETUNIA

You're one of those, huh? That's gonna cost you extra.

The Barber produces a wad of cash from his cloak.

PETUNIA

That's more like it.

Petunia approaches the Barber with both hands extended forward, wrists together. The Barber binds them.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red Storm creeps down the hallway. He approaches the first door and presses his ear against it.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Petunia sits bound and naked at the foot of the bed. The Barber approaches her with the rag. She recoils slightly.

The Barber takes her chin in one hand and stuffs the rag into her mouth with two fingers. She looks up at him with a helpless look in her eyes.

Without warning, his gentle hand turns into a viselike grip around her chin. He shoves her back onto the bed.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red Storm breaks away from the door at the sound of a female scream further down the hallway.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber climbs on top of Petunia with straight razor in hand. She squirms and moans.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red Storm races down the hallway. He stops in front of the last door. A woman moans on the other side.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber grabs Petunia by the hair and positions the razor at the top of her forehead.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Red Storm arms his revolver and kicks in the door. More screams as it flies open.

Red Storm fires his revolver at the ceiling as he enters.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber freezes at the sound of gunshots from another room. Petunia takes the opportunity to headbutt his face and roll to the side. She lands on the floor.

INT. HARVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm stands frozen at the sight before him.

A BLONDE PROSTITUTE straddles Harvey Hill on the bed. She scrambles to dismount him as he and Red Storm lock eyes.

HARVEY

Just take it easy.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Petunia uses a nearby night table to get to her feet. The Barber rounds the bed to confront her.

She charges him. He pushes her back. The force knocks her over the night table and through the window behind it. She crashes through the glass and disappears beyond the frame. The Barber rushes to the window and looks out.

INT. HARVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm approaches Harvey with revolver in hand. He lies naked on the bed and trembles with his hands in the air.

The blonde prostitute squeals as she pushes past Red Storm with her clothes under one arm.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Barber bursts from one of the rooms just as the blonde prostitute races past him toward the stairs.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bartender watches confused as the naked prostitute run through the bar and out of the building.

After a moment, he turns back and jumps. The Barber stands before the counter. Switchblade in hand.

INT. HARVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm picks up Harvey's bag and empties its contents onto the floor. It's all medicine bottles.

HARVEY

I told you. I'm a sales-

RED STORM

Get the fuck out of here.

HARVEY

What?

Red Storm brandishes his pistol.

Harvey jumps out of bed and gathers his personal effects off the floor. He's out of the room in seconds.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD INN, ALLEY - NIGHT

Petunia lies in a pile of glass beneath the broken window. She shivers as blood pools around her body.

Footsteps approach. Her eyes focus straight ahead.

The Barber creeps down the alley toward her.

He crouches beside her and shows her the straight razor. She pleads with her eyes as they flick between him and the blade.

The Barber forms the sign of the cross over his chest with the razor. Petunia takes a deep breath and shuts her eyes.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm kicks in the door and bursts into the room. His eyes fall on the broken window.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Barber slices off Petunia's scalp and wipes the razor blade off on his cloak. He folds it shut and tucks it away in one of the pockets.

He removes his hat and sets it to the side.

He grabs a handful of his own hair and tilts his head to the side. The hair slips away in its entirety. Not a wig. A severed human scalp. The Barber tosses it aside.

He picks up Petunia's freshly cut scalp with both hands and slips it over his shaven cranium. He takes a moment to adjust it then fixes it in place under his hat.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm watches the Barber from the window.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Barber reaches into his cloak and produces a bottle of perfume with a long external tube. He sprays himself down with it until he's near drenched. He sniffs the air around him and gives a satisfied grunt.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Red Storm sticks his revolver out the window. His elbow brushes a piece of glass on the window sill. It falls.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The piece of glass lands in the dirt with a dull thud. The Barber looks up and sees Red Storm.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber darts down the alley as Red Storm fires a shot. It's a miss.

Red Storm races out of the room.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Red Storm hastens down the side of the inn. As he turns the corner, he is struck in the head with a blunt object. He falls to his knees.

The Barber appears behind him. He holds a club in one hand. He grabs Red Storm by the hair and hurls him forward. Red Storm falls to the ground.

The Barber comes up behind him and puts the razor to his throat.

BARBER

Have you found what you've been searching for?

RED STORM

You could say that.

BARBER

I know who you are and I know what you do. You may think you know what I do. But I'm telling you there are things at work here that are bigger than you and whoever sent you to stop me. Return to the place from whence you came and allow me to finish my work.

RED STORM

There's plenty more where you came from. I think the Lord'll manage without you.

BARBER

I leave for Whitechapel tomorrow. Whore's blood will spill there and so will yours should you decide to pursue me. I take no joy from what it is that I must do. So I beg you. Spare yourself.

RED STORM

If you think I'm gonna let you walk, you might as well—

The Barber strikes Red Storm's head with the club. He falls unconscious.

INT. BARBER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Barber enters and shuts the door behind him.

Petunia's clothes are strewn across the floor. The Barber rummages through them until he finds several bills tucked away inside one of the garments. He collects the cash in one wad. He sniffs it, grins and deposits it into his bag.

INT. SPRINGWOOD INN, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The INNKEEPER stands behind a desk in an otherwise empty entrance hall.

Bower enters. The innkeeper's eyes fall instantly on his gold star as he slaps both hands down on the desktop.

SPRINGWOOD INNKEEPER

I already told the sheriff everything I know. Who are you?

BOWER

I'm the only sheriff I know. You seen an Indian 'round these parts?

SPRINGWOOD INNKEEPER

What kinda Indian?

BOWER

Taller than most. Dressed in black. This one's a real piece of work. If he was in here, you saw him.

SPRINGWOOD INNKEEPER

I seen him. He left early this mornin'. Before we found the bodies. You can take a look in his room if you want. What town you from?

BOWER

Ain't no need for them details.

INT. SPRINGWOOD INN, RED STORM'S ROOM - DAY

Bower enters. His eyes fall on a note pinned to the wall a straight razor. He proceeds across the room toward it. He stops and reads it. It's written in blood.

BARBER (V.O.)

I speak only the truth. Seek me at the Whitechapel Inn if you doubt my words.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - DAY

Two LOWLIFES fly headfirst through the saloon doors. They land bloody and beaten in the dirt.

Two CRONIES emerge after them. One of them is ALISTAIR (40s), another cowboy scumbag with shaggy blonde hair and grey stubble. He reveals a gold tooth as he speaks.

ALISTAIR
Where's your horse?

One of the lowlifes points to a horse tethered beside the saloon. Alistair turns to the other crony as he approaches the animal.

ALISTAIR
Ride down to Thompson. If Mr. White's there, you come straight back.

The crony nods and takes off.

One of the lowlifes tries to get back on his feet. Alistair fixes a revolver on him. He freezes.

ALISTAIR
Your asses best stay where they're at.

Alistair opens a satchel hung from the horse's saddle. It's filled with cash.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Lebeaux sits at his desk. Alistair and the other crony stand on the other side. Alistair drops the satchel on the desk. Cash spills out across it.

ALISTAIR
I believe this belongs to you. Two robbers cleaned out Mr. White's shop yesterday on their way here. They would've gotten away with it if they hadn't decided to tell it to the world. They didn't know no better but rest assured they won't be showin' their faces around here again.

LEBEAUX
Pardon me but Mr. White? Yesterday? I do believe the good sheriff informed us Mr. White had skipped town.

ALISTAIR

That's why we made sure to check his shop. Mr. White said Bower picked up your cut just two days ago.

LEBEAUX

That would make Mr. Bower a liar now, wouldn't it? You wouldn't happen to have any idea where he might be at present time, would you, Alistair?

Alistair shakes his head.

Lebeaux slams a fist down hard on the desktop.

LEBEAUX

It's that yella devil, Thompson, is who it is!

ALISTAIR

You think we oughta pay him a visit?

LEBEAUX

Save yourself the trouble. You've done more than your part for today.

Lebeaux stands. He produces a cane with a fist-sized ruby set in its handle.

LEBEAUX

I'll do him the honors myself.

EXT. THOMPSON, TOWN HALL - DAY

Lebeaux dismounts a horse in front of the building. His cane dangles at his side. He looks up at Thompson's office window. The curtains are drawn.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The CLERK, a tiny bespectacled man, sits behind a desk. Portraits of past city officials adorn the walls.

Lebeaux enters, cane in hand. He approaches the desk.

LEBEAUX

I'm here to see the mayor.

CLERK

Is he expecting you?

LEBEAUX

I can't say for sure. But he most certainly should be.

CLERK

I think you're going to have to make an appointment. The mayor's a busy man.

LEBEAUX

Is he now?

The clerk nods.

LEBEAUX

Well then...

Lebeaux puts on his biggest smile.

INT. TOWN HALL, HALLWAY - DAY

Lebeaux proceeds down a narrow hallway. He rubs the handle of his cane off with his handkerchief. It's covered in blood when he returns it to his pocket.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE

Thompson sits at his desk. He dives backward into his seat as Lebeaux kicks in the door and bursts into the room.

LEBEAUX

Good day, mayor. I hope I find you well this afternoon.

Thompson quivers. He makes a poor attempt to keep his composure as he speaks.

THOMPSON

Lebeaux? What can I do for you?

LEBEAUX

You can start by informin' me as to the whereabouts of our mutual friend.

THOMPSON
Mutual friend?

LEBEAUX
The sheriff, of course.

THOMPSON
I haven't seen him.

Lebeaux slams the cane down on Thompson's desk with both hands. Thompson jumps back even further.

LEBEAUX
The cat's outta the bag, mayor. You and Mr. Bower had yourselves a little chat earlier this week. Now would you be so kind as to fill me in on the topics of conversation?

THOMPSON
It was nothing of consequence.

LEBEAUX
I highly doubt that. Last Mr. Bower strolled through these parts was to collect debts for me and to converse with you. Then all of a sudden, he's nowhere to be found.

THOMPSON
That's got nothing to do with me.

LEBEAUX
Allow me to make myself clear. Mr. Bower is my dog. I am his master. He does only as I say. He ain't gonna up and ditch these parts with a sack full of my money. That is not without incentive from another master.

Thompson stammers.

Lebeaux sighs. Without warning, he proceeds to pummel Thompson with the handle of his cane. Thompson attempts to shield himself with his arms and yelps with each blow.

LEBEAUX

Where the hell is he?!

THOMPSON

I'll tell you! Just stop—

LEBEAUX

You tell me now!

THOMPSON

The bounty hunter!

LEBEAUX

What about the bounty hunter?!

THOMPSON

Bower's following him!

LEBEAUX

What?! Why?!

Lebeaux ceases the beating. Thompson unfolds in his chair and straightens his crooked spectacles. Blood trickles from his nose and forehead.

THOMPSON

Bower told me everything. About the Barber. How he's hurting your business. About your deal with the Indian. So we made a deal of our own.

LEBEAUX

I see. You think if he stops the Indian, the Barber's gonna put me outta business. Why's he helpin' you?

THOMPSON

I told him I could make him safe.

LEBEAUX

Safe?! There ain't nothin' he needs to be safe from! Not while I'm—

THOMPSON

Safe from you.

LEBEAUX

Safe from me?!

Lebeaux roars. He levels the contents off Thompson's desk with one swing of his cane.

LEBEAUX

Well, he ain't safe no more, is he now?! You fail, good sir!

Lebeaux throws back his head and spits on Thompson's chest. A glob of phlegm drips down Thompson's shirt as Lebeaux stalks out.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Lebeaux steps over a puddle of blood beside the desk as he exits the building. The clerk lies dead on the floor with his skull caved in.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Lebeaux sits at his desk. Alistair and four other CRONIES stand on the other side.

ALISTAIR

You want us him back dead or alive?

LEBEAUX

I never said anythin' about bringin' him back. No, no. I've got a message I want y'all to deliver.

EXT. MARIGOLD, MAIN STREET - DAY

The five cronies ride on horseback down the street. A cloud of dust remains in their stead as they leave the town.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

An isolated field of grass enclosed by two rock faces.

SAUL and ANGUS (both 50s), armed lowlifes, force an Indian family to their knees. Saul is thin and sallow with a walrus mustache. Angus is fat with a beard that's long overdue for a trim.

The family consists of a MOTHER and FATHER (both 30s), a SON (5) and GREY ELK (70s), the grandfather. They're dressed in animal skins.

Saul paces behind them with a revolver.

SAUL

Let's see now...

The son clings close to his mother. The father holds them both in his arms. Grey Elk is a pillar of composure. His stern gaze is fixed directly ahead.

SAUL

Who's first?

Hooves approach. Angus glances behind him.

ANGUS

Saul.

Saul groans.

SAUL

What is it, Angus?

The hooves grow louder.

ANGUS

We got company.

Everyone turns as Red Storm appears over a nearby hill. He slows his horse as he approaches the gathering.

SAUL

What'chu you stoppin' for?

Red Storm's face becomes visible under his hat as he raises his head. Saul realizes he's an Indian. In an instant, his stance becomes more aggressive.

SAUL

Get lost.

RED STORM

Not until I've said my piece.

SAUL

You can hold your piece. We're killin' these injuns and takin' their food. We ain't got none left and we're starvin'.

RED STORM

There's a town not far from here.

SAUL

Much easier this way.

Saul sneers at the family.

RED STORM

I think you should know. I wouldn't think twice about wasting you vermin where you stand.

SAUL

That's funny. From where I'm standin', you're the vermin.

Saul turns his revolver at Red Storm and fires. Red Storm shoots him dead within a second of the action.

ANGUS

Shit!

Angus fumbles for his own revolver. Red Storm shoots him in the stomach as he juggles it in both hands. It sails through the air.

Angus spits up blood and turns his head toward his revolver. It lies several feet away. He reaches for it.

Red Storm jumps off his horse and fires on Angus's revolver until it's out of his reach. Angus moans in frustration.

Red Storm grabs him by the shoulders. He cries out as blood soaks his shirt.

RED STORM

I'm looking for a man headed to Whitechapel. I intend to catch him before he makes it there. I need to know if you've seen him and more importantly, how long ago.

ANGUS
(strained)
What kinda man?

RED STORM
The kinda man you'd remember if you saw
him. You wouldn't have seen his face
but he's got a strange look about him.

Angus nods.

ANGUS
Yeah. We saw him alright.

RED STORM
When?

ANGUS
I don't know—

Angus squeals as Red Storm inserts the hot end of the
revolver into his belly wound.

ANGUS
We rode past him just a few hours ago.
He's headed the other way around the
rocks. He'd be well on his way to
Whitechapel by now. You ain't gonna
catch up with him.

RED STORM
I guess not.

Red Storm retracts the revolver from the Angus's gut and
points it at his head. Angus shuts his eyes.

ANGUS
Please don't kill me.

Red Storm glances at Angus's wound.

RED STORM
You sure about that?

Angus looks at the wound himself and turns away in disgust.
He shakes his head.

ANGUS

Please. Not in the fa-

Red Storm shoots Angus in the face. He walks past him and picks up his revolver. He removes Angus's holster from his body and proceeds back toward his horse.

He stops beside Saul's body. He shuts his eyes for a moment then opens them again.

RED STORM'S P.O.V.

Willie's body lies in place of Saul with bullet wounds in all the same places.

BACK TO SCENE

Red Storm whirls around as Grey Elk grabs the sleeve of his coat. Red Storm shakes him off.

RED STORM

Get away from me!

Red Storm glances down at the body at his feet. Saul still lies before him.

Red Storm looks back up as Grey Elk comes toward him with gnarled outstretched hands. Red Storm holds up his revolver but doesn't aim it.

The Indian family watches them both.

RED STORM

I said get-

Grey Elk reaches inside Red Storm's coat and touches his shoulder. The two stare at each other for a moment.

Grey Elk retracts his hand. There's blood on his fingers. Red Storm looks down and realizes he's been shot.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Darkness all around.

Bower sits with his back against a pile of belongings and tends to a small fire as his horse paces behind him.

Hooves approach. Bower looks out into the darkness but sees nothing.

He gets to his feet as the hooves grow louder. A band of riders appear in the distance. Lanterns dangle from the sides of their horses.

Bower steps away from the fire to get a better look at the riders. They slow their horses as they approach his camp. In seconds, they surround him.

BOWER

Shit.

Lebeaux's CRONIES dismount their horses and approach him. Bower backs away from them as they do.

Alistair steps forth from the group. He reaches for a canteen at his side.

Bower trips over his belongings and falls onto his back.

ALISTAIR

Fancy a drink, sheriff?

Alistair unscrews the canteen and dumps the entirety of its contents onto Bower. He spits and curses as the liquid drips from his ears and nose.

BOWER

What the fuck is that?!

ALISTAIR

Horse piss.

Bower roars in disgust and rubs his face with his hands and forearms.

BOWER

A fine drink for a man of your stature.

The cronies cackle at his torment.

BOWER

Fuck you all!

ALISTAIR

Grab him!

Bower attempts to regain himself at the order but the cronies pin him down in seconds.

Alistair produces a knife. Bower kicks and squirms at the sight of it but to no avail. The cronies tighten their grip as Alistair approaches.

BOWER

Wait! No!

Alistair crouches in front of him.

BOWER

Let me explain—

ALISTAIR

That won't be necessary. Lebeaux's got this one all figured out.

Alistair raises the knife in front of his face. He twirls it around several times between his fingers. Bower winces at the sight of it.

ALISTAIR

As you can imagine, he's mighty upset.

Alistair rests the tip of the blade right next to Bower's left eye. He whimpers as he shuts it tight.

ALISTAIR

He fancies your eye this time.

Alistair drags the blade along the edge of Bower's eye socket. It draws blood.

ALISTAIR

He says if you think a man with one ear is funny, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Alistair completes the bloody half circle under Bower's eye and retracts the knife.

ALISTAIR

But you can hang on to it for the time being. There's still someone out there Lebeaux hates more than you right now.

BOWER

The Barber?

ALISTAIR

The Indian, of course. Killin' that deputy's really upset the command structure in town. You know how Lebeaux hates upsets. Yet the Indian's gettin' off scot-free.

BOWER

What's this gotta do with me?

ALISTAIR

The Barber's gotta go. That much still stands and the Indian's still gonna track him down. You just gotta be the one who gets him first. Otherwise...

Alistair brandishes the knife in Bower's face. Bower recoils within the cronies' grip.

BOWER

So all I gotta do is catch the Barber?

ALISTAIR

That's just if you don't wanna die. Lebeaux's still gonna take your eye. That is unless you can kill the Indian while you're at it.

BOWER

I gotta do both?! That ain't fair! I barely done anythin', really! I got the money! It's right there on my horse!

Bower nods behind him.

Alistair glances at Bower's horse. He walks up to it and removes a sack from its saddle. He looks inside. It's filled with cash.

ALISTAIR

I take it it's all here.

Bower nods.

ALISTAIR

You best hope so. That aside, you've greatly inconvenienced the boss. That ain't nothin'. You've still got atonin' to do.

Alistair walks back to Bower and hurls the knife into his thigh. Bower yelps.

ALISTAIR

That's just for good measure.

Alistair nods at the cronies. They releases Bower. He sobs as he struggles to remove the knife from his leg.

The cronies mount their horses.

ALISTAIR

Oh and I know we're lettin' you and all, technically speakin', but don't you try to run away or nothin'. We'll be on you flies on a corpse and when we're finished with you, a corpse is what you'll wish you were.

The cronies ride off.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

The mouth of the cave is situated in a rock face and looks out over the field beyond. Red Storm's horse stands tethered to a rock beside it.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Red Storm sits with the Indian family around a fire in the center of a small cave. His shoulder's been tended to.

His coat and hat sit beside him. He reaches inside his coat and produces a flask. He unscrews it and takes a swig.

Grey Elk and the father tend to venison cuts roasting on sticks over the flame.

Grey Elk removes one of the sticks and extends it toward Red Storm. Red Storm sets his flask to the side, reaches out and grabs a piece of venison from the stick.

He takes a bite. Grey Elk nods with approval.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL INN - NIGHT

The Barber rides up to the inn. He's changed his mustache to match his new brown hair. He dismounts his horse and enters the building.

INT. WHITECHAPEL INN, BAR - NIGHT

The Barber enters a relatively docile bar. He scans the room. His eyes lock on DELILAH (20s), a lone redheaded prostitute, as she makes her way through the crowd. The Barber makes his way toward her.

MOMENTS LATER

The Barber and Delilah stand in a corner of the room. She takes a handful of bills from him as he leans in to whisper in her ear.

BARBER

I'd like to go somewhere private.

DELILAH

(sarcastic)

That's usually how it works.

BARBER

Not my room.

DELILAH

You wanna take me out back or somethin'? Is that it?

BARBER

I said private.

The Barber reaches inside his cloak and produces a string of rosary beads wrapped covertly around his neck. He holds

them up and rubs them in between his fingers. A crucifix dangles in front of Delilah's face.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The chapel is white, as the town name would suggest.

It stands isolated on a small hill with its walls illuminated by the moonlight. A bell tower overlooks the front of the building.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

A single iron bell is suspended high from the ceiling. Thick lengths of rope hang down from beneath it. The doorway leads to the top of the staircase.

Delilah looks out the bell tower window.

The Barber rummages through his bag behind her.

DELILAH

I'm not all sure how I feel about this.

She backs away from the window.

The Barber removes a length of rope from his bag.

DELILAH

I mean it's awful...

Delilah trails off as she turns around to face the Barber. He holds the rope in one hand. Her eyes lock on it.

DELILAH

No.

Delilah shakes her head as she backs away. The Barber raises a finger to his lips.

DELILAH

It's you.

He approaches her. She starts to cry.

DELILAH

I'm so stupid.

The Barber reaches out to her as she cowers in the corner.

DELILAH
I'm not gonna let you do it.

The Barber is close enough to touch her.

DELILAH
Not to me.

Delilah makes a break for it. The Barber grabs her. She slaps him across the face. His fake mustache flies off to reveal his upper lip. It's smeared with dried blood.

Delilah screams. The Barber grabs her by the arms. A struggle breaks out.

INT. PASTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A PASTOR (60s) sits at a cluttered desk in a cramped office. He rummages through a pile of documents.

A distant scream. The pastor stops to listen. Another scream followed by a muffled thud.

INT. BELL TOWER, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A square stairwell several stories high and moonlit.

Delilah scurries down the stairs. A piece of rope dangles from one wrist. The Barber follows close behind. He reaches out as he gains on her.

His hand grabs the end of the rope. Delilah lurches forward and yanks the rope out of his hand. Her head strikes the stone wall hard. She falls down and strikes one of the steps. The blow knocks her out cold.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Delilah lies unconscious on the floor. Her arms are bound behind her back. The Barber binds her legs.

PASTOR(O.S.)
What are you doing...

The pastor stands at the top of a stairs. He recoils as the Barber turns to meet his gaze.

BARBER
This is not for your eyes.

The pastor tears down the stairs. The Barber sighs.

BARBER
No more running.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The pastor races down the stairs. The Barber follows one story up. His voice echoes down the stairwell.

BARBER
You wouldn't run, preacher! Not if you knew what I was doing!

The pastor arrives at the bottom of the stairs. The Barber leaps over the railing and lands several feet behind him with straight razor in hand.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Pews are fashioned with sharp wooden points at each end. Stained glass windows reflect on the flagstone floor.

The pastor runs across the chapel toward a set of double doors. The Barber tackles him to the floor in seconds.

The pastor throws a fist backward. His wrist catches the Barber's rosary beads and breaks the string in half. They scatter across the floor.

The Barber stabs the pastor in the side. The pastor bellows in pain.

BARBER
Forgive me.

The Barber gets to his feet and forms the sign of the cross over his chest.

The pastor moans as he rolls onto his back and clutches his bleeding side.

PASTOR
(strained)
How can you ask for forgiveness when
you defile the house of God?

BARBER
I don't defile.

The Barber drops to his knees.

BARBER
I cleanse.

The Barber proceeds to stab the pastor in the abdomen in rapid succession.

BARBER
I purge! And if you're too weak to
understand...

The Barber ceases and stands. He wipes off his blade and bloody hands on his cloak.

BARBER
I purge you.

The pastor mouths words in a feeble attempt to speak. Blood pools around his body and dribbles out of his mouth.

The Barber returns the razor to his cloak pocket. He reaches into another pocket and produces a Bible. He takes a moment to flip through it.

BARBER
Ah. Here we are.

The Barber tears a page from the Bible and crumples it into a ball. He kneels beside the pastor as he sets the book aside. He grabs the pastor's chin.

BARBER
As you fades away...

The pastor puts up no fight as the Barber opens his mouth and stuffs the Bible passage inside.

BARBER

Contemplate.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Delilah remains unconscious.

The Barber enters and walks to the center of the room. He kneels down and picks up his fake mustache by a thin, almost invisible piece of broken twine.

He fixes the mustache on his upper lip and ties the two ends of twine together behind his head. He takes a moment to adjust then proceeds to the window and looks out into the night sky.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Red Storm mounts his horse and reaches for the reins. A hand grabs him by the wrist. He looks down to see Grey Elk standing beside him.

Red Storm grabs Grey Elk's hand. They stare into each other's eyes.

RED STORM

I'm not like you. Maybe I could've been
but I'm not.

Grey Elk nods. Red Storm nods back and releases Grey Elk's hand. He picks up his reins and rides off.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Red Storm gallops across the field.

BOWER (V.O.)

I'm right behind you, injun.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bower rides across the same field.

INT. WHITECHAPEL INN, ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Red Storm enters and approaches the innkeeper's desk. The INNKEEPER looks up at him.

RED STORM

I need a room.

WHITECHAPEL INNKEEPER

You already got one.

The innkeeper produces a key and extends it forward. Red Storm hesitates to take it.

WHITECHAPEL INNKEEPER

The man was right. He said I'd recognize you from a mile away.

Red Storm takes the key.

INT. WHITECHAPEL INN, RED STORM'S ROOM - DAY

Red Storm enters. A note written in blood lies at the foot of the bed.

BARBER (V.O.)

As you are read this, know that it's not too late to turn back. But if you dare cross paths with the righteous, meet me at Chapel Hill at sundown.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

The Barber sits in front of the window looking outside. In daylight, the town is visible in the distance at the bottom of the hill.

Delilah cowers bound and gagged in the corner. She whimpers. The Barber turns.

BARBER

It's not your time yet.

Delilah's eyes flick toward his bloodstained hands. He looks down at them.

BARBER

He was in my way. I had no choice.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The pastor is nowhere in sight. The crumpled Bible passage sits in an abandoned pool of blood.

BARBER (V.O.)
He's in a better place now.

A bloody trail leads from the pool to the double doors, one of them ajar, and continues onto the dirt beyond.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL, MAIN STREET - DAY

Bower rides his horse at a steady trot down the street. A group of TOWNSPEOPLE gather in a circle up ahead. Bower whips his horse and gallops up to them.

The townspeople disperse at the sight of Bower. An object lies in the center of the circle. Bower slows his horse to look at it.

It's the pastor. He lies dead covered in blood and dirt.

Bower looks up. His eyes fall on the distant chapel. He rides off toward it.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

The Barber and Delilah look up in unison at the sound of approaching hooves. The Barber leans out the window.

A horse and rider approach in the distance.

BARBER
Who is this?

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bower arrives in front of the chapel.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

The Barber looks down at Bower from the window, careful to stay out of sight.

BARBER
The sheriff?

Delilah perks up and moans through her gag. The Barber whirls around and brandishes his razor in her direction.

BARBER

Quiet!

Delilah whimpers and curls into a ball. The Barber lowers his weapon.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bower dismounts his horse and walks out in front of the chapel.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

The Barber peaks the window.

BARBER

What is he doing?

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bower looks out into the distant town.

BOWER

Where are you?

INT. WHITECHAPEL INN, RED STORM'S ROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 1) Two revolvers and a box of bullets lie at the foot of the bed. Red Storm stands in front of them. He picks up one of the revolvers.
- 2) Red Storm loads one revolver.
- 3) Red Storm loads the other one.
- 4) Red Storm holsters both of them at the same time.
- 5) Red Storm shoves two handfuls of bullets into his pockets.
- 6) Red Storm takes a shot from his flask.

7) Red Storm bites down on a long brown cigarette and puts on his hat.

EXT. WHITECHAPEL INN - TWILIGHT

Red Storm emerges from the inn. The main street is deserted.

He strikes a match, lights the cigarette and exhales smoke without removing it from his mouth.

INT. BELL TOWER - TWILIGHT

BARBER'S P.O.V.

The Barber watches Bower from the bell tower. He stands in the exact same spot as before.

The Barber's gaze shifts to the bottom of the hill where Red Storm rides his horse toward the chapel.

BARBER (O.S.)

There he is.

EXT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Bower's eye locks on Red Storm as he approaches.

BOWER

There he is.

Red Storm arrives at the top of the hill, cigarette between his teeth. He dismounts his horse.

He takes a few steps and stops so that he stands directly across from Bower with several yards' distance between them. They lock eyes.

BOWER

Didn't expect to see me here, did you, you redskin son of a bitch?

RED STORM

Makes no difference.

BOWER

I believe it does. The Barber's mine,
injun, and so are you.

INT. BELL TOWER - TWILIGHT

The Barber shakes his head.

BARBER

What?

He leans further out the window to better hear the
conversation.

BOWER (O.S.)

After I kill you...

EXT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Bower points to the chapel.

BOWER

...I'm gonna go inside this church and
kill him right in front of God and all
the angels. Because that's what they'd
have me do.

INT. BELL TOWER - TWILIGHT

The Barber scoffs.

EXT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Bower narrows his eyes.

Red Storm exhales smoke.

In typical Mexican standoff fashion, both men finger the
air at their weapons as they stare each other dead in the
eye. A long moment of silence passes.

Very slowly, Red Storm's gaze shifts past Bower, up the
bell tower and lands squarely on the Barber.

BOWER

You just had to go and take the fun
out of it, didn't you?

Bower grabs his revolver.

A WIDE SHOT of the chapel as a gunshot tears through the air. Too far to see the shooter.

A horse whinnies.

INT. BELL TOWER - TWILIGHT

A sinister grin appears beneath the Barber's fake mustache.

EXT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

A revolver falls to the ground.

Bower's hat follows.

Bower falls to his knees. His ring finger is gone. His middle finger hangs from a thread. He stares at his bloody hand with his mouth agape.

Bower's frightened horse gallops past Red Storm. He holds his smoking revolver in place for a moment before he returns it to its holster. He spits out the last of his cigarette and proceeds toward the chapel doors.

Bower drops to his belly and reaches for his revolver with his unwounded hand. Red Storm steps down hard on his hand as he arrives at the doors. Bower screams.

INT. BELL TOWER - TWILIGHT

The Barber breaks from the window. He grabs Delilah by her hair and pulls her toward the stairs.

INT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Red Storm walks through the mess of blood and rosary beads.

INT. STAIRWELL - TWILIGHT

The Barber drags Delilah behind him as he descends the staircase. He looks down to see Red Storm climbing up toward him.

They come to meet halfway. The Barber pulls Delilah in front of him and puts the straight razor to her throat.

BARBER

You will watch her blood spill-

Red Storm shoots the Barber in the shoulder. He yelps and drops the razor. Delilah collapses onto the staircase beside him.

Red Storm holsters his weapon.

RED STORM

I'm taking you alive.

BARBER

Like hell you are!

The Barber lunges at Red Storm. A struggle breaks out.

Delilah watches the fight as she fingers the air blindly behind her. Her hands close around the straight razor. She opens it and proceeds to saw through her binds.

EXT. CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Bower gets to his feet. He holds his revolver in his unwounded hand.

INT. STAIRWELL - TWILIGHT

The Barber has Red Storm on the railing. He ducks a few punches before Red Storm grabs him by his cloak collar and pummels his face. His mustache flies off.

Further up, Delilah saws through the binds on her ankles. She looks down at the fight.

Blood gushes from the Barber's nose. His fake hair is lopsided beneath his bowler hat.

RED STORM

You about ready to quit?

The Barber grabs one of Red Storm's revolvers and smashes the butt into Red Storm's temple. He falls backward over the railing and strikes the flagstone about a story below. Bullets fly out of his pockets.

BARBER

Never.

The Barber tosses Red Storm's revolver after him.

Delilah, free from her binds, races past the Barber. He reaches out to grab her but tears away a lock of her hair instead. He gives chase.

Bower arrives at the bottom of the stairwell. He stares at Red Storm on the floor. He's unconscious.

Delilah scurries down the stairs and past Bower. His eyes follows her scantily body as she runs away.

Bower shakes his head. He turns just as the Barber appears on the bottom stairs. The Barber freezes halfway down. Bower fires at him. He misses.

The Barber takes off back up the stairs. Bower gives chase. He continues to fire at the Barber but is a poor shot with his other hand. The Barber outruns him in seconds.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

The sun has completed its descent beneath the horizon.

The church bell rings. The ropes swing back and forth. The Barber is nowhere in sight.

Bower arrives at the top of the stairs. He stops and realizes the Barber is gone then rushes to the center of the room. The Barber drops on top of him from above. Bower drops his revolver. The Barber kicks it out of the way.

The Barber comes up to Bower and slashes his shoulder with the straight razor. Bower growls and swings at him. He jumps out of the way and counters with a second slash to his forearm.

Bower continues to swing on the Barber. The Barber dodges every blow and slices him back each time. An attempt to provoke rather than wound.

It works. Bower becomes furious and can't land a punch for the life of him.

BOWER

Come here, you little shit!

Bower grabs the Barber by the hair and pulls the severed scalp clean from under his hat.

Bower stares at it for a moment.

BOWER

Well, I'll be damned.

Bower looks up. The straight razor slices clean through his right ear.

Bower stumbles back. He fingers at his ear. It falls away. Blood spurts from the wound.

He stares at the Barber, silhouetted by moonlight from the window behind him.

Bower explodes. He charges at the Barber. The Barber leaps out of the way, whirls around and kicks Bower in the small of his back. The sheriff sails out the window.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Bower screams all the way down until... IMPACT!

Bower's ankles crack under his own weight as bones explode through his legs. His face collides with the dirt so hard, it bounces back. The blow decimates his nose and embeds jagged pebbles in his soft flesh.

Bower howls in unfathomable agony.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

The Barber's face is not shown as he picks up his grotesque human wig and fixes it back in place under his bowler hat.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The Barber peers down the stairwell. Red Storm is gone.

MOMENTS LATER

The Barber arrives at the bottom of the stairwell. He stares amongst the scattered bullets at a spot of Red Storm's blood on the floor. His revolver is also gone.

An indistinct thud. The Barber snaps up his head.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The Barber enters with his blade held at eye level. He scans his surroundings.

A wooden clunk. The Barber looks to a pulpit at the end of the room. A large wooden cross hangs over it. The Barber proceeds toward it.

He glances in between pews as he traverses the room. Stained glass reflections dance over his countenance.

He stops to observe a splash of blood on the pulpit steps before he climbs onto the platform. He slows as he approaches the pulpit, confused. He stops in front of it and turns to look out over the chapel.

A faint scratching sound at his feet. His face sinks as he looks down.

A sickening crunch. The Barber cries out as he stumbles backward holding his crotch.

Red Storm climbs out from beneath the pulpit. He holds a revolver backwards in one hand. The Barber's back strikes the wooden cross as their eyes meet.

BARBER

You—

The cross tilts forward and strikes the Barber in the back of the head before it slams against the pulpit. He falls to his knees.

Red Storm holsters his revolver and proceeds to kick the Barber in the ribs. The Barber slices his thigh. Red Storm stumbles backward and topples over the platform railing.

The Barber is on his feet in seconds. He leaps over the railing and slashes Red Storm twice in the abdomen as he gets to his feet.

Red Storm doubles over in pain. The Barber prepares to strike. Red Storm slugs him hard in the gut. The Barber falls to his knees.

Red Storm throws back a second fist. The Barber ducks and stabs at Red Storm's stomach. Red Storm catches the Barber's wrist.

The Barber forces the blade closer. Grazes flesh. Red Storm shoves his attacker back.

The Barber swings the razor across Red Storm's face. Blood spills from his brow. He stumbles and falls onto his back.

Red Storm scrambles backward in the center aisle as the Barber approaches him. He stops, out of breath, and leans back to rest his head on the flagstone.

The Barber stops at his feet.

BARBER

I suppose neither of us can be named
quitters after all.

RED STORM

If you say so.

A gunshot. Bone fragments fly from the Barber's ankle. He cries out in pain.

He keels over at an awkward angle. One of the pew points pierces him deep in his side. He opens his mouth and utters only the slightest vibration of vocal chords.

Red Storm holds a smoking revolver in his hand. The Barber gurgles and droops his head in response. His hat and makeshift wig fall away to reveal his shaven scalp. The straight razor slips from his fingertips and lands on the floor with a metallic ping.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The Barber sits bound and gagged faced backward on the back of Red Storm's horse. His wounds have been wrapped tightly in cloth.

His true face is revealed for the first time. His wrinkles indicate mid-50s. His cold eyes stare straight ahead.

Red Storm mounts his horse and in seconds, they are off.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Bower lies in a pool of dried blood under the hot sun. He's barely alive.

Vultures squawk as they swarm overhead. Bower recognizes the sound and whimpers.

The vultures swoop down and surround him in seconds. One of them squawks right beside his head.

BOWER

(weak)

Go away...

More vultures come. They gather around his arms, legs and face and sniff him out.

The vultures peck at his wounds. Others tug at his flesh. He moans, too weak to scream.

The vultures tear away bits of his flesh and eagerly gobble them up. One of them grabs a hold of Bower's eye and tugs a piece of it out of its socket.

Hooves approach. A gunshot. The birds disperse.

The hooves slow and cease. Footsteps and clinking spurs follow. Shadows appear over Bower. Bower turns.

Lebeaux's cronies gather around Bower. The sight of him is too much for some of them. They turn away in disgust. One of them vomits.

BOWER'S P.O.V

Alistair appears beside Bower.

ALISTAIR (M.O.S.)

This is too much. But just as well.
Truth is we were gonna kill you no
matter what. If there's one thing
Lebeaux don't tolerate, it's betrayal
and seems to me, you've betrayed just
about everyone involved in this debacle.

BACK TO SCENE

Bower stares at Alistair, puzzled.

ALISTAIR

I was gonna shoot you. But right now,
I'm sure Lebeaux would agree it wouldn't
be right, him bein' a Big Easy gent and
all. I'll tell you what I'll do.

Bower speaks in unnatural speech due to his lost hearing.

BOWER

I can't hear a word you're sayin'. I
don't have any fuckin' ears, you moron!

Alistair kneels down and examines Bower.

ALISTAIR

Indeed, you don't.

Bower spits in Alistair's face. Alistair bolts upright. He
wipes off his face and produces his knife. He lets Bower
see it before he tosses it on the ground.

ALISTAIR

I think you know what to do with that.

Alistair turns around to face his subordinates.

ALISTAIR

Alright, boys! Let's move on out!

Alistair and the cronies mount their horses and ride off.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE

Lebeaux leans back in his chair with his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

A knock at the door. Lebeaux groans.

LEBEAUX
(annoyed)
Come back later.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)
Boss, you ain't gonna believe this.

Lebeaux whines.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)
It's the bounty hunter.

LEBEAUX
What?

Lebeaux straightens up. A PROSTITUTE'S head pokes up from his lap.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)
He's back and he's got the Barber.

Lebeaux gives the prostitute a spank.

LEBEAUX
(to prostitute)
Get on outta here.

The prostitute scurries off.

EXT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON - DAY

Red Storm sits bloody and disheveled on top of his horse as it carries him toward the saloon.

Lebeaux and Alistair emerge from the saloon.

LEBEAUX
Well, I'll be damned.
(to Red Storm)
Is he alive?

At this, the Barber turns his head. His glazed eyes meet with Lebeaux's.

Lebeaux chuckles. Twice. The third time, he bursts into an elated cackle. He walks up to the horse as it comes to a halt and looks at the Barber.

LEBEAUX

I do declare...

Lebeaux grabs the Barber by the chin and forces him into eye contact.

LEBEAUX

...your whore killin' days are over.

Lebeaux guffaws with glee as he slaps the Barber on the cheek. The Barber grunts in displeasure.

Lebeaux looks at Red Storm.

LEBEAUX

You look somethin' of a mess.

(to Alistair)

Take him inside. Have the girls draw him a hot bath and tend to his wounds. Find him some clean clothes. While you're at it, get the rest of the boys out here. I ain't layin' a finger on this dead dog, lest he soil my attire.

Lebeaux laughs. The Barber groans.

Alistair eases Red Storm off his horse and leads him inside. Moments later, Lebeaux's cronies emerge.

LEBEAUX

Take him to the attic.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

A musty attic housing various crates and barrels. A lantern on the floor illuminates dark bloodstains in the wood.

The Barber sits bound, gagged and naked in a chair in the center of the room. The gash in his side is caked with dried blood.

Lebeaux rummages through the Barber's bag on top of a crate. He grabs the straight razor by its handle and lifts it up with his fingertips. It falls open.

LEBEAUX

So this is what you've been usin' to
butcher my girls?

Lebeaux scoffs.

LEBEAUX

The Barber, indeed. Those savages are
scarier than you are.

Lebeaux approaches the Barber with the razor. He squirms anxiously in his chair. Lebeaux throws up a hand.

LEBEAUX

Calm down. I said I ain't layin' a
finger on you.

Lebeaux kneels in front of the Barber so that the two of them are face to face.

LEBEAUX

Now don't get me wrong. I would
absolutely relish it.

Lebeaux brandishes the razor in the Barber's face. He doesn't flinch.

LEBEAUX

Matter of fact, I'd love it so much, I
don't think I could leave this room.

Lebeaux snaps the razor shut right in front of the Barber's eyes. Not even a blink.

LEBEAUX

But I've reserved someone that pleasure
for someone else.

Lebeaux stands.

LEBEAUX

Now if you've got anythin' to say, you best say it now 'cause in a few minutes, you ain't gonna be makin' much sense at all. Then again, nothin' you've done thus far in your, might I say, pointless existence has made all that all much sense to me.

Lebeaux removes the rag from the Barber's mouth. He sneers.

BARBER

Pointless? You're a petty merchant of greed. You couldn't possibly fathom my purpose as your own is so insignificant. So... pointless.

LEBEAUX

That's some tongue. Let's see how long you hang onto it.

Lebeaux looks up.

LEBEAUX

Loretta, my dear!

Footsteps. The Barber looks up as Loretta appears at the top of a staircase behind Lebeaux. She wears a blonde wig that resembles her original hair and a new ribbon around her neck.

Lebeaux turns to address her. He takes her by the wrist and kisses her by the ear.

LEBEAUX

My gift to you.

Lebeaux places the straight razor in her hand and releases her wrist.

LEBEAUX

And my sincere apologies. His condition is not what you'd call pristine.

LORETTA

I don't care.

Loretta approaches the Barber.

LORETTA
You remember me?

BARBER
You harlots all look the same to me.

LORETTA
How about now?

Loretta undoes the ribbon around her neck. It falls away to reveal a hideous scar running straight across her throat. She removes her wig and drops it on the floor to reveal a dome of twisted sinew and scar tissue.

The Barber spits on the floor.

BARBER
Vile slut! Do your worst!

LORETTA
Now why would you say a thing like that? You've no idea what my worst is.

Loretta opens the straight razor and steps forward.

LEBEAUX
(to Barber)
Tata.

Lebeaux proceeds toward the staircase.

BARBER
(to Lebeaux)
You fool! I'm doing God's work—

LORETTA
And I'm undoin' it.

Loretta takes the Barber by the genitals and proceeds to carve them off. He shrieks in pure anguish as his blood streams onto the floor.

INT. LEBEAUX'S SALOON, GUESTROOM - DAY

Red Storm's bloody clothes sit in a pile on the bed. A fresh set of clothes sit in another pile.

Red Storm sits naked in a steel tub filled with bloody water. He holds a floating whiskey bottle by its neck. His eyebrow bears a line of stitches. His shoulder's redressed.

Four PROSTITUTES surround him. One of them tends to his head with a needle and thread. Another completes dressing his wounded knee which hangs over the edge of the tub. The other two rinse his body with wet rags.

Red Storm groans as the needle pricks him.

PROSTITUTE

Hold still.

The prostitute steadies his head and continues to stitch. After a moment, she clips the thread with a minute pair of scissors.

PROSTITUTE

All done.

The prostitute leans in and whispers in his ear.

PROSTITUTE

Maybe there's something else we can do for you?

RED STORM

Maybe later.

The prostitutes bathing him drop their rags into the water and follow the others out of the room. The door shuts behind him.

Red Storm takes a long swig of whiskey and sinks into the water up to his chin.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Red Storm child weeps behind the small boulder outside his family's cave.

WILLIE (O.S.)

Thought you could hide from us?

The child watches as Willie and the other mercenaries shoot and kill his family on their knees.

JUDD (O.S.)

If you haven't noticed, we ain't to
keep on this talk of reservations.

A gunshot. The child shuts his eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE

Lebeaux sits at his desk.

The door opens. Red Storm and Alistair enter. Alistair
shuts the door behind them.

Red Storm wears new clothes underneath his hat and trench
coat. He looks clean and refreshed.

He takes a step toward Lebeaux. Alistair grabs his shoulder
to stop him.

ALISTAIR

Hold it right there. Them guns—

LEBEAUX

That won't be necessary, Alistair.
(to Red Storm)
Have a seat.

Red Storm takes a seat.

LEBEAUX

I'm not a vain man. But I do admit, I
consider myself impressive. Truth be
told, I ain't ever met a man who's
impressed me as much as myself. That is
until you came along. I'll be honest. I
had my reservations about you. You made
your first impressions as a
troublemaker. Now look at you. Damn
near everyone's tried to kill you,

myself included, and yet here you stand. Alive and well and a man of your word. The Barber is indeed no more and from what I hear, you even took care of that one-eared, no-brained sheriff.

Lebeaux reaches under his desk.

LEBEAUX

You have proven yourself a formidable force. I do believe you deserve this.

Lebeaux produces a bulky sack and drops it on the desktop. Red Storm looks at the sack.

LEBEAUX

Well, ain't you gonna look inside?

RED STORM

I hate the sight of it.

LEBEAUX

Ain't nobody out there that hates the sight of money. It's like you said. It's a necessary evil.

RED STORM

All I want is what's coming to me...

INT. RANCH, BARN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Young Red Storm stands at the front of the barn and watches the bounty hunter descend upon Willie. As the bounty hunter speaks, it's Red Storm's voice that emits.

RED STORM (V.O.)

...so I can get away from people like you.

BACK TO SCENE

Lebeaux's face droops.

LEBEAUX

I think you had best take your leave.

Red Storm picks up the sack of money and swings it over his shoulder. He stands and heads for the door.

Alistair steps aside to allow Red Storm to pass. Red Storm stops beside him and swings the sack of money hard into his chest. He doubles over in pain.

Lebeaux ducks behind his desk.

Red Storm swings the sack down upon Alistair's back. Alistair slumps against the wall.

Red Storm grabs his revolver and turns. A shotgun blast tears through the air. A wall of pellets drops both men to the ground.

INT. BAR - DAY

The shotgun's thunderous bang silences the bar.

Close to a dozen of CRONIES stand and draw their weapons. The rest of the crowd swarms toward the exit in terror.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Lebeaux stands behind his desk. He holds a smoking double-barreled shotgun. A crater of singed wallpaper smolders in the wall.

Red Storm and Alistair lie on the floor. Scarlett welts cover their faces and necks. They stir in pain and confusion. Pellets spill off their clothes.

LEBEAUX

Alistair?

Alistair groans.

LEBEAUX

Alistair, are you alright?

He sputters and coughs up blood.

LEBEAUX

Alistair!

He wheezes. His body goes still.

INT. STAIRWELL

The armed cronies gather outside Lebeaux's office.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Red Storm rolls onto his back.

LEBEAUX

You.

Lebeaux turns the shotgun on him.

LEBEAUX

You come into my house and disrespect me and I, being a gracious man, grant you the opportunity to redeem yourself. You just had to go and insult me again.

Lebeaux lays the shotgun on the table and reaches under the desk. He produces his cane.

LEBEAUX

I'm gonna kill you myself. Right here in my office.

Lebeaux grabs the middle of the cane and pulls away to reveal a small sword underneath. He tosses the sheath aside and rounds the desk.

INT. STAIRWELL

One of the cronies steps forward from the group and fixes his revolver on the door.

CRONY

Boss? What's goin' on in there?

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE

Lebeaux approaches Red Storm.

LEBEAUX

Y'all stay where you are!

Lebeaux stops beside Red Storm as he twitches and moans.

LEBEAUX

I got this one.

No sooner have the words left his lips does Red Storm drop the act and grab Lebeaux by the Achilles' tendon. Lebeaux screams as Red Storm tears it away with his bare hand.

INT. STAIRWELL

Lebeaux screams on the other side of the door.

CRONY

Boss!

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Lebeaux and Red Storm lie side by side on the floor.

LEBEAUX

I said stay where you are!

Lebeaux lunges at Red Storm with his sword. Red Storm catches him by the wrist. The blade hovers inches above his throat. Lebeaux growls as he fights Red Storm's grip.

Red Storm twists Lebeaux's wrist backward until it breaks. The sword falls out of his hand.

Red Storm stands and puts his foot on Lebeaux's chest. He picks up the sword and points it at Lebeaux's throat.

LEBEAUX

You ain't gettin' outta here, savage.

RED STORM

Then neither are you. Call them off.

Lebeaux spits on Red Storm's leg.

RED STORM

I only give so many chances. Call them off or I kill you right here and now.

LEBEAUX

You ain't gonna kill me. I know for damn sure Thompson wants me alive.

RED STORM

If I can't take you one way, I'll take you the other. It's like I said. I always bring them in. That's all there is to it.

CRONY (V.O.)

Boss-

LEBEAUX

You shut your goddamn mouth!

(to Red Storm)

You see that? You ain't never gonna get outta here alive. Not now. It don't matter if I call them off. One of them's still gonna put a bullet in your brain. That's called loyalty. That's what I've earned. What have you earned, savage? Nothin'. 'Cause you ain't nothin'. You ain't even got a name.

Red Storm raises the sword slightly so that it points at Lebeaux's head.

RED STORM

Everywhere I go, it seems to rain blood. It's like you people wouldn't have it any other way.

LEBEAUX

So be it.

Red Storm points the sword back at Lebeaux's throat.

RED STORM

My name...

INT. STAIRWELL

A brief pause before Lebeaux cackles on the other side of the door. The cronies back away, confused.

Lebeaux's laughter peters out.

LEBEAUX (V.O.)

You go straight to he-

A swift whoosh cuts off Lebeaux's voice. Indistinct commotion follows.

CRONY

Boss?! Boss!

More commotion behind the door.

Another crony looks down and whimpers.

CRONY

What?

The other crony points. The one in front follows his finger to the base of the door. Blood pools around it.

The crony looks up and raises his revolver.

CRONY

I'm gonna give you 'til the count of three. Then you know damn well what's gonna happen. One...

The crony steps away from the door.

CRONY

Two...

The rest of the group raises their weapons. A crack as the crony sends a swift kick to the door. It swings open.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

An empty room.

The crony takes a cautious step across the threshold.

CRONY

Where are you?

The crony takes another step and peers around the door. Lebeaux's decapitated corpse lies on the floor.

CRONY

Bleedin' Christ!

The crony stumbles backward over the threshold.

A round object flies out from behind the desk. The men fire at it as it sails through the air toward them. It lands at the crony's feet. It's Lebeaux's head, shot to shit.

The crony looks up as Red Storm rises from behind the desk with Lebeaux's shotgun. He barely takes a breath before Red Storm fires.

The shotgun blast tears the crony's jaw and explodes another's head directly behind him. Pellets and splattered gore take down the rest.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Red Storm tosses the shotgun aside and leaps over the desk. He draws one of his revolvers as he grabs Lebeaux's sword off the floor.

A blood drenched crony dashes across the threshold and fires blindly through the air. Brain matter in his eyes inhibits his vision. Red Storm shoots him in the chest.

Two more cronies enter and fire at Red Storm. He drops to one knee as shots fly over his head and fires back.

The first crony drops. Red Storm shoots the second in the stomach. The crony stumbles backward into a fourth entering the room. Both collapse into the stairwell.

STAIRWELL

The cronies collapse against the banister as two others take cover nearby.

CRONY

Get off me, you idiot!

The crony shoves his wounded cohort to the ground. He turns just in time to watch Red Storm riddle him with bullets. A gold tooth flies out the back of his head and tumbles down the staircase.

One of the other cronies breaks cover and dives in front of the doorway.

INT. LEBEAUX'S OFFICE - DAY

Red Storm looks up to see the crony fire his revolver. A bullet takes off his hat and misses his head as an unseen force drags him to his knees.

Red Storm looks back to see a wounded crony holding his leg. He gives him a swift kick to the teeth and scrambles to his feet.

Red Storm turns his revolver on the crony in front of him. His opponent fires first. Red Storm roars as the shot strikes his already wounded shoulder in the same spot.

He lunges forward and slashes the crony across the torso with Lebeaux's sword.

STAIRWELL

The wounded crony stumbles into the stairwell and falls against the banister. The wood snaps under his weight. He falls onto the stairs below.

Red Storm bursts into the stairwell and turns his revolver on the last standing crony. The crony mirrors the motion.

Red Storm fires first. He cries out as the recoil throws back his wounded arm. He drops his revolver and ducks as the crony fires back.

One shot clips Lebeaux's sword in half. The crony's revolver clicks empty. He growls and tosses it aside as he approaches Red Storm.

The crony swings on him. Red Storm takes the punch and stabs him in the eye with the broken sword. He releases the ruby handle as the crony falls.

Red Storm jumps over the broken banister and lands on the staircase.

Another crony races up toward Red Storm. Red Storm unsheathes his other revolver shoots him in the chest. He falls backward into the arms of another crony.

The other crony shoves his cohort aside. Red Storm races toward him and kicks him in the chest. He trips over the dead crony and tumbles down the stairs.

BAR

Red Storm steps over the unconscious crony at the bottom of the stairs and heads around the bar. Gunfire fills the air the second he steps past the counter. He ducks for cover.

Three more cronies crouch behind an overturned table. They exchange gunfire with Red Storm for an extended period of time.

Red Storm clicks empty first.

All three cronies stand and fire at Red Storm's hiding spot until they're empty too.

They turn to each other.

CRONY

Let's get him!

The cronies break cover and charge at Red Storm. He does the same. The cronies pin him against the counter and unleash a hail of fists upon his face. His stitches split open and bleed all over.

Red Storm throws his left leg over one of the stools and sends his right into the air. His spur slices open the middle crony's cheek.

As soon as his right foot hits the ground, Red Storm kicks another crony in the chest with the left and shoves the last one off of him.

The wounded crony lunges at him. Red Storm grabs a shot glass off the counter and splashes its contents in the crony's face. The crony howls and paws at his cheek.

Red Storm steps forward and belts him three times in the mouth. He goes down easy.

Red Storm clutches his wounded shoulder. The other cronies take advantage, grab him and hurl him into the air. He

lands on a table. It splits in half. The cronies are on him in seconds.

Red Storm tosses a table leg at one and drives his spur into the fleshy part of the other's knee. The crony drops. Red Storm lays the fist upside his head.

Red Storm turns just in time to receive a swift kick to the face. The other crony yanks him back on his feet.

The crony hurls him on top of a pool table covered in balls. Red Storm lands on top of the balls, rolls across the table and falls onto the floor.

The crony rounds the table.

Red Storm grabs a cue off the wall and swings it across his face. It snaps in two. The crony falls to his knees and clutches his bleeding face.

Red Storm slams the blunt side of the cue into his temple. He falls into a fetal position.

Red Storm drops the cue in pain. Blood trickles from his wounded shoulder.

He turns as the other crony approaches the table. He grabs a ball and hurls it at the crony. The crony blocks the ball with his forearm but then lowers it in pain.

Red Storm grabs another ball and hurls it at the crony's face. It strikes him in the eye socket. Instant hemorrhage. The crony keels over like a falling tree.

Red Storm yelps and collapses onto the table. The other crony crouches beside him. He holds a broken piece of cue in Red Storm's leg. He retracts it.

The crony punches Red Storm in the back of the neck as he attempts to regain himself. Red Storm goes limp. The crony proceeds to stab him in the back with the broken cue.

CRONY

Die, you red scum!

Red Storm grabs another ball off the table and swings it blindly backward. It strikes the crony in the shoulder. He drops his weapon.

Red Storm turns around and smashes the ball into his face. He spits out a mouth full of teeth and falls down.

The crony with the wounded cheek gets up near the bar. Red Storm limps after him.

The crony turns as Red Storm throws a punch. Red Storm ducks and grabs the crony's cheek. He digs his nails into the wound. The crony lets out a tortured cry. Red Storm releases his face.

Before the crony can recover, Red Storm grabs him by the hair and slams his head onto the counter. He goes limp.

Red Storm grabs a bottle off the counter and tries to smash it over the crony's head. The crony slips his head out from under it, turns and punches Red Storm in his wounded shoulder. He yelps.

The crony grabs Red Storm's shoulder and sinks his thumb inside the wound. Red Storm screams through gritted teeth as the crony brings him to his knees with ease.

The crony releases him and punches him in the throat. That shuts him up.

The crony kneels down and opens his mouth to speak. Red Storm swipes his hand across the crony's face. Blood forms in the crony's mouth.

He looks down and sees the broken bottle in Red Storm's hand. His mouth falls open in a Glasgow smile. Blood gushes out. The crony falls to the side.

Red Storm collapses against the counter and gasps for air.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Thompson sits behind his desk.

Red Storm bursts into the room, covered in blood. Thompson recoils at the sight of him.

THOMPSON
What in God's name—

Red Storm walks up to the desk and drops Lebeaux's bullet ridden head on top of it. Thompson screams and falls out of his chair.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
What have you done?! I said bring him back alive!

RED STORM
It wasn't in the cards. I did the next best thing.

THOMPSON (O.S.)
The next best thing?!

Thompson stands and slams his hands flat on the desk.

THOMPSON
You cut off his head!

Thompson looks at Lebeaux's head. He wails and recoils against the wall.

THOMPSON
When the people find out what you've done... What I've done—

RED STORM
They'll be glad he's dead.

THOMPSON
You think this is a favor to me?

Thompson scoffs.

THOMPSON
You're a criminal.

Thompson nods toward Lebeaux's head.

THOMPSON
No better than he was.

RED STORM

Then I'm a criminal who's done your
dirty work for you.

THOMPSON

No! This is not what I wanted! I have a
reputation to consider! I ought to hang
you for this!

RED STORM

Maybe. That depends. Are you a man of
principle or a man of precedent?

THOMPSON

You think you have principles?

RED STORM

I have debts and this one's my last.
Our business is finished. I've had
enough of your so-called society.

Red Storm exits.

EXT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

A lone cabin in the forest, illuminated from within.

INT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

The cabin interior is completely empty except for a lone
figure sitting in front of a lit fireplace. He reaches into
a sack beside him and tosses its contents into the fire.

EXT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

Leaves crunch under approaching footsteps.

INT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

A wad of cash burns in the fireplace. The image reflects in
Red Storm's eyes. The side of his face is covered in scars.

He takes a swig from a whiskey bottle in front of him and
reaches into the sack beside him. He produces another
handful of cash and lobs it into the flames.

EXT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

STRANGER'S P.O.V.

A twig snaps under foot as the stranger approaches the cabin door.

INT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

Red Storm turns around as the door bursts open.

Three figures enter and become visible as they step into the light. It's Alistair and two CRONIES. Alistair throws up a hand telling the cronies to stop.

One of the cronies has a huge black eye. The other is missing some teeth. Scars on Alistair's face match those of Red Storm. All three hold revolvers.

Alistair locks eyes with Red Storm.

ALISTAIR

We finally found you, boy. We've been lookin' for you for a long time now.

Alistair brandishes his weapon at Red Storm.

ALISTAIR

Get up!

Red Storm takes his time to get to his feet.

TOOTHLESS CRONY

What's he doin'?

The crony spots the money as it burns in the fire.

TOOTHLESS CRONY

Burnin' money?

The crony looks at Red Storm and shakes his head.

TOOTHLESS CRONY

You sick son of a bitch.

ALISTAIR

Not all of the boss's men were ready to let you get away with murder.

Alistair spits on the floor.

ALISTAIR

You coward.

A moment of silence passes as Red Storm just stares at Alistair. The cronies look at each other in confusion.

ALISTAIR

Ain't you got nothin' to say?

BLACK-EYED CRONY

Waste him, boss!

ALISTAIR

Not yet.

(to Red Storm)

You're comin' with us. We're gonna take a little walk. Don't even think about runnin'.

RED STORM

Do I look like I'm running?

Alistair lowers his weapon slightly.

ALISTAIR

Why aren't you running?

RED STORM

I had to become you just to get away from you. Now I wish one of you'd come along to take my life sooner.

Alistair frowns. He doesn't know what to make of this.

Without thinking, he shoots Red Storm in the head. He falls to the floor. Red mist floats in his stead.

Alistair looks at his pistol with a perplexed face.

ALISTAIR

Let's go.

The two cronies make a move for the money.

ALISTAIR

Leave it.

They stop in their tracks.

TOOTHLESS CRONY

He was gonna burn it all-

ALISTAIR

I said leave it.

Alistair turns to the door.

ALISTAIR

Somethin' ain't right about this. It ain't the money. Truth be told, I don't know what it is. But somethin' ain't right. Let's go.

Alistair heads for the door. The cronies follow.

As soon as Alistair crosses the threshold, the toothless crony turns and makes a dive for the cash. Alistair turns and shoots him in the back.

He turns to the black-eyed crony, gives him a look and disappears O.S. The crony glances at the toothless crony dead on the floor then turns to follow Alistair.

The room is left silent except for the crackling of the fire as the last of the money burns.

EXT. FIELD - TWILIGHT

Grey Elk stands alone in the middle of the field. He picks a dandelion from the grass and blows on it. The flower comes apart and floats away in the wind.

INT. CABIN - TWILIGHT

CREDITS ROLL as blood pools around Red Storm's body. His lifeless eyes stare up at the ceiling.

FADE OUT.