

TWO BITS & A BROKEN PROMISE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. OKLAHOMA PLAIN - 1880'S

The sun is sets on the tall grass as it blows in the wind. A lone rider casts a long shadow as he passes through the prairie. He is DICK HARDIN, 38, husband, father and rancher.

Dick rides past row after row of dying crops before cresting the top of a hill. In the distance he sees a few cowboys and some horses.

EXT. HARDIN RANCH, PROPERTY LINE - DUSK

Dick is rounding the bend when he encounters four cowboys pushing a pack of horses. Everyone stops and the stare down begins.

DICK
Kinda late to be moving horses
isn't it?

COWBOY #1
Depends who you ask.

DICK
I'm asking you!

Dick forms a wry smile.

DICK (CONT'D)
How many did you get?

COWBOY #2
Six altogether.

DICK
That's too many. I told you to
take four at most.

Cowboy #1 spits tobacco on the ground.

COWBOY #2
He's livin' high on the hog.
What's another horse?

DICK
Greed is a wicked mistress. Just
stick to the plan.

Dick rides away from the cowboys.

EXT. HARDIN RANCH, FENCE LINE

A ranch hand works on an open part of the fence. He digs holes and struggles with the barbed wire. Dick approaches on his horse.

DICK
You got a lot finished.

The ranch hand looks up briefly and then goes back to the fence. Dick pulls a roll of barbed wire off his saddle. They begin to work together to mend the fence.

DICK (CONT'D)
I was thinking that after we get
this fence sorted - we could start
clearing the back 40 next week.
And get it ready for planting.

RANCH HAND
About that. I can't do Monday.

DICK
I reckon we could start Tuesday --
but I really need ya' Monday.
You're kinda leaving me high and
dry. Is it important?

RANCH HAND
I'm meeting Jeb Dillard on his
ranch.

DICK
Jeb Dillard? What in the hell for!

RANCH HAND
He's putting together a crew.
Promised me a spot.

DICK
You're on a crew.

RANCH HAND
This ain't no crew! Just you and
me and a bunch of dying cattle.

Dick pulls \$20 out of his pocket and hands it to the ranch hand.

DICK
Here. It's most of what I owe you.
(Beat) Well take it!

The ranch hand stands to his feet and looks Dick dead in his eye.

RANCH HAND
Looks like you need it more than me.

The ranch hand mounts his horse and rides off.

INT. HARDIN RANCH HOUSE

A beautiful woman in a skirt and apron stands in front of a mirror. She is ADELADE HARDIN, 42, loving wife and mother. As she stares at her reflection she unbuttons an additional button to show more cleavage.

ADELADE
Let's see if these mountains make him thirsty.

EXT. HARDIN RANCH HOUSE

Dick rides up to the house as Adelaide comes to the door.

ADELADE
Hey. Can I talk to you inside for a second?

INT. HARDIN RANCH HOUSE

Dick enters and Adelaide takes a step back before wrapping her arms around him and giving him a hard kiss. Adelaide walks backward leading Dick towards a table. She hops up on the table and spreads her legs as she begins to unbutton his pants.

DICK
Adelaide stop.

ADELADE
C'mon. Just let me bounce on it for a little. I'll do that thing you like.

Dick pushes Adelaide's hands away.

DICK
I have work to do.

Disgusted Adelaide pushes Dick away and begins to button her blouse.

DICK (CONT'D)
Don't be like that.

Adelaide looks away, clearly upset.

DICK (CONT'D)
Hey. We can fool around when I'm finished unloading--

ADELADE
Kids fool around, Dick. We're married, married people fuck.

A child's cough is heard in the room. Dick looks over to see two children laying in the bed, looking pale.

DICK
Just let me get these things sorted.

ADELADE
Whatever.

DICK
What is your problem?

ADELADE
Well. Dying children don't bring you home. So I thought maybe getting fucked by your wife would.

DICK
I had to mend the fence.

ADELADE
Your children are sick, Dick. The fence can wait.

DICK
What do you want me to do? I ain't no doctor!

ADELADE
So, you're just going to pretend like none of this is happening?

DICK

I can't buy the medicine if I don't have money. And I can't get money if I don't have crops!

ADELADE

But you got money for whiskey? I can smell it on you.

DICK

Ok. I had a drink. I'm doing the best I can Adelaide! What else do you want me to do?

Adelaide shakes her head as she walks over to the fire place. She picks up a tobacco pouch and papers and begins to roll a cigarette.

ADELADE

You become more like him every day.

DICK

(grabbing her arm) I don't want you smoking!

ADELADE

I'll quit smoking when you quit drinking.

Adelaide turns her back and walks outside.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. OKLAHOMA PLAIN

Dick rides a horse drawn wagon. He is pushing hard as he comes across a posse of 5 men on horseback.

POSSE LEADER

You seen some Injun's 'round here?

DICK

No Sir.

POSSE LEADER

Well if you do, fire off two shots. There was a bunch of horses stolen last night from Jefferson's place and we know it was them Injuns that done it.

Dick eyes the posse.

DICK

How do you know they done it?

POSSE LEADER

'Cause they Injuns. That's what they do. Steal.

DICK

That's not what I would call evidence.

POSSE LEADER

Evidence? Evidence? Horses got stolen. They are Injuns. They are runnin'. What more evidence do you need?

DICK

Did anyone see these horses get stolen?

POSSE LEADER

How the hell you gunna see Injuns stealin' when they be sneakin' around in the dark?

POSSE MEMBER

C'mon, let's check the ridges of the canyon. That's where the like to hide.

POSSE LEADER

Remember, two shots. A good Injun
is a dead Injun.

EXT. MAIN STREET, WESTERN TOWN

Dick stops at the general store. Across the street are two men wearing dusters and mountie cowboy hats pulled down low. They give him a stare as he dismounts the wagon.

INT. HUTCHINSON SUPPLY

Full of supplies, a balding old man with a thick beard folds shirts. He is JEFFERSON HUTCHINSON, 58, owner of Hutchinson Supply.

Dick enters, Jefferson doesn't look up. Dick begins to browse all the while peeking glances at Jefferson.

DICK

Man. It's going to be a cold
winter.

Jefferson continues writing. Dick glances at him again and then approaches. He removes a piece of paper and places it on the counter. Without looking Jefferson brushes it aside.

DICK (CONT'D)

Could you just look at it.

Jefferson gives a hard exhale and continues writing.

DICK (CONT'D)

I have a list of supplies that I
need. Some feed, some more barbed
wire, 200 yards of rope...

Jefferson stands motionless.

DICK (CONT'D)

Will you look at me? I need your
help.

The men exchange a gaze.

JEFFERSON

How is your father?

DICK

(Exhale) He's good. He's fine.

JEFFERSON

How did Adelaide like that dress? I got them all the way from England.

Dick rolls his eyes.

DICK

I appreciate all that you done for me and my family. Now can we get back to business?

JEFFERSON

Business. That's a funny word your using.

DICK

I just need a little more time to get through to the harvest.

JEFFERSON

I can't front you no more, Dick.

DICK

Jefferson, I'm good for it. I got a bumper crop I'm about to harvest. Jefferson. I got kids --and they're sick.

JEFFERSON

I got kids too. And they like to eat.

DICK

How bout that filly outside. I'll throw her in till I'm square.

JEFFERSON

And what? You're going to pull the wagon full of supplies yourself?

Awkward silence.

DICK

If I don't make the harvest, I'll lose everything, and then I'm done for. I'm asking you for your help just this one time.

Dick studies Jefferson's face.

JEFFERSON

Comin' in here, beggin' like a goddamn Indian.

DICK
 Jesus Christ we're neighbors,
 Jefferson! I know you got it. I'm
 beggin'. Is that what you to hear?

Another deep stare is exchanged.

JEFFERSON
 This is the last time Dick, I mean
 it. This ain't no bank and this is
 ain't no charity.

DICK
 I know.

JEFFERSON
 So you say! Now you get that
 harvest and you settle your debts!
 A man's problems are his own and
 not the town's. No matter who his
 father is.

Dick nods slowly.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
 Right shame what you're doing to
 his name. --I need some time to
 assemble all this. Why don't you
 go over to the saloon, I'm sure
 they miss you.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON

The sunlit bar is full of whiskey and outlaws. Dick walks through the door and moseys up to the bar. A blonde woman with a no-nonsense look in her eye approaches him. She is CONSTANCE TURNER, 34, Madame and owner of the Ridgecrest Saloon.

CONSTANCE
 To what do we owe the honor of the
 presence of such a dedicated and
 diligent man?

DICK
 I see you haven't changed.

CONSTANCE
 Customers expects reliability, and
 that's what I deliver. We are a
 pivotal industry in this town.

DICK

A bunch of women making rent on their backs is not what I'd call an industry.

CONSTANCE

Oh? And how many buildings have the homesteaders built? How many churches, how many schools? My girls are the lifeblood of this town and you know it.

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Let me guess, whiskey?

DICK

Like I'm the only guy that drinks whiskey in this town.

CONSTANCE

...and ranchers sure as shit don't buy whiskey for the saloons.

DICK

Can I help you with something?

CONSTANCE

As a matter of fact yes. We need to come to an arrangement.

Dick looks over at the poker table and notices a man staring at him. They make eye contact.

DICK

I'm sure your "industry" can solve its problems without the help of a -struggling homesteader.

He walks over to the poker table and takes a seat.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON, POKER TABLE

Serious men with unfriendly looks sit around the table.

DICK

Gentleman.

The men at the table sit motionless, ignoring Dick.

DICK (CONT'D)
You playing poker?

OUTLAW #2
It's not you're type of poker.

DICK
I'll be the judge of that.

Two of the men look to a third man who is a large man with a scraggly beard and a piercing gaze. He is BOSS REESE, 49. He reluctantly nods to deal.

OUTLAW #1
I'll take two.

The outlaw #1 passes two cards to Outlaw #2.

BOSS REESE
One.

Boss Reese pushes a card to the dealer.

DICK
This is gonna be a good hand.

Everyone at the table stops playing cards and stares at Dick.

BOSS REESE
You think I come here for the poker?

DICK
No. I was just saying that--

BOSS REESE
You owe me a lot of money. So you best act like it, and stop pretending like we're friends.

DICK
About that. I got six more horse.

The two outlaws chuckle.

BOSS REESE
Six. How 'bout sixty. How bout six hundred.

DICK
Well. It's a downpayment.

BOSS REESE

I don't remember saying anything about installments. Ya'll remember anything about installments?

OUTLAW#1

No boss!

OUTLAW #2

No boss!

DICK

I'm good for it I just need a little more--

BOSS REESE

You know when you came to me, crying --about losing your ranch and them sick kids, I helped you.

DICK

I know and I'm really thankful.

BOSS REESE

Are you? I see you buying supplies at the store. I see you drinking whiskey and it makes me think you've forgotten your obligations.

DICK

I haven't

BOSS REESE

Good. Cause I'd hate to have to go over to your ranch and take it, all your live stock and that pretty little wife of yours for a turn or two in front of your kids.

Dick looks at the floor.

BOSS REESE (CONT'D)

Are we clear?

BARTENDER

Ya'll need more whiskey over there?

DICK

I could use another.

Outlaw#3 lights up a cigar while taking it all in.

OUTLAW #1

You just don't know when to quit, do you?

Suddenly there is a commotion outside.

JEFFERSON'S VOICE
Get your yellow hands off my horse!

Women scream and gasp. Dick follows the outlaws out of the bar into the street.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DUSK

Jefferson is in the street facing the two men in dusters that Dick saw earlier. Their hats are missing. They are both Native American.

JEFFERSON
(Removing his pistol) I caught them trying to steal from my store. Taking my horses last night wasn't enough I guess.

NATIVE AMERICAN #1
We try to buy from you. We bring things to trade. We no steal horses.

JEFFERSON
I don't need no pelts. Now you and your savage friend can get the hell off my property.

NATIVE AMERICAN #1
White man rapes the land, kills the animals and leaves his women to die. But we are savages.

Jefferson pistol-whips the first Native American and he goes down in the street. Constance runs out from the saloon to help the man.

CONSTANCE
What the hell is wrong with you?
He didn't steal any horses.

JEFFERSON
Bullshit! The posse is looking for him. That's why they are hiding under these normal clothes.

CONSTANCE
Does anyone know anything about stolen horses? Anybody--?

DICK
I don't think--

Jefferson shoots Dick and icy stare.

JEFFERSON

Wagon's packed. Ain't it bouts
time for you to be going? If you
gots times to stay, you gots time
to pay.

Constance stares at Dick with amazement.

DICK

It is getting late.

CONSTANCE

Dick Hardin, where are you going?
You're just going to leave? You
ain't going to say nuthin'? You
ain't going to say nuthin?!?

Dick exchanges a last glance with the two Native American men who are now being surrounded. He mounts the wagon and rides out of town as the assembled crowd continues to grow, they push and shove the men as the ordeal continues.

EXT. OKLAHOMA PLAIN

Dick rides down the trail, the town can be seen in the distance. Two guns shots ring out and echo across the plain followed by cheers from a crowd. Dick rides on, emotionless.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. OKLAHOMA COUNTRYSIDE

Dick rides and comes across a large group of people standing in a field. Dressed in black, several people whimper and cry. A preacher reads scripture as a child-size casket is lowered into the grave.

PREACHER

This sickness will not end in death. No, it is for God's glory so that God's son may be glorified though it.

Dick dismounts his horse, takes off his hat. An old man standing near Dick turns and looks at him.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

I am the resurrection and the life. The one that believes in me will live, even though they die; and whoever lives by believing in me will never die. Amen.

The crowd echoes amen and begins to take turns throwing dirt on the casket as a woman in her twenties weeps uncontrollably.

DICK

It's a right shame when he takes them young.

OLD MAN

Horrible thing that cholera is. That boy was barely old enough to open his eyes. You're better off shooting your child then watching them die like this.

The two stand watching the funeral proceedings.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

If you ain't a praying man you ought become one.

Dick takes a hard look at the crying mother. The child's father comforts her as he looks at Dick.

DICK
I'm not so sure the lord can save
us.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIM JUMPER BAR - FORT GIBBSON

The bar is crowded. More than half the patrons are African American. A celebration is underway and large groups of people stand outside the bar and mill about in the street.

INT. CLAIM JUMPER BAR - CORNER

Two Black cowboys lean against the bar eyeing the female patrons as they share a drink. They are CRAWFORD GOLDSBY, 18, cowboy and older brother. CLARENCE GOLDSBY, 16, cowboy and younger brother.

CLARENCE
When's payday?

CRAWFORD
Friday. Assuming that Bill don't
try to delay it.

CLARENCE
We need to reshod the horses. I
need new gloves.

CRAWFORD
I guess we know what we're doing
next week.

The brothers look around the room at the crowd.

CLARENCE
Sure is some pretty girls in here.

CRAWFORD
I guess.

CLARENCE
You guess. You been waiting all
month to come to this hoedown so I
don't know why you pretending.

CRAWFORD

It's just difficult. You can't say the kinds of things you want to say especially when--

CLARENCE

Look who just walked in.

A beautiful young Black woman in pretty dress wanders in. She kisses a few other women "hello" and hugs several people as she enters. She is PEARLE RICHARDS, 17, farmer's daughter and sweet girl.

CRAWFORD

She came.

CLARENCE

Of course she came. You thought she wouldn't? Guess you didn't see the gleam in her eye when you told her you were going.

CRAWFORD

That could have been the sun.

CLARENCE

I guess. If your middle name is the sun.

Pearl looks over at Crawford and waves hi.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Oh. I think that's your cue.

CRAWFORD

Oh Jesus. I don't know if I can.

CLARENCE

Barkeep. Two whiskey's

The bartender hustles over and quickly pours two whiskey's. The brothers knock back the shots with a satisfying swallow.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Now get over there and talk to her. We didn't ride all this way to hear a shitty piano player.

INT. HOTEL PROSPECTOR

The lavish hotel is decorated in rich red and blue hues with ivory paint on the walls.

A small statured man sits by the window, smoking a cigar. He is QUENTIN GLADWISH, 30, cattle baron, smuggler and Englishman.

Quentin sips his tea as he reads the paper. Dick walks through the door and takes a seat at Quentin's table.

QUENTIN

There's nothing quite like tea and a good cigar in the afternoon. Would you like some tea?

DICK

No thank you.

QUENTIN

That's right. You, frontier types, only drink whiskey and the blood of your enemies. So, what can I do you for Mr. Hardin?

DICK

I need more time to get the money. I almost have it, but--

Quentin sighs.

QUENTIN

Do you understand the laws of supply and demand Mr. Hardin?

DICK

Call me Dick.

QUENTIN

I prefer to keep the names formal, avoids the confusion of friendship with business.

Quentin takes a big puff of the cigar and exhales a valley's worth of smoke.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You see when there is limited supply, there is excess demand. Which means higher prices. I am leaving quite a bit of money on the table, waiting for you. And I am not sure how much longer I can wait.

DICK

I'm just asking for a few more days.

QUENTIN

How are your crops doing?

DICK

I've had better days.

QUENTIN

You and every other rancher on this plain. See, that's the thing. It has taken a great deal of time, and effort to grow the poppy flower and to harvest it. To make the opium and transport it to this god-forsaken land. And you expect me to wait to sell it?

DICK

I need it for my son.

QUENTIN

I don't care if your child is sick of if your grandmother wants to get high and dance in the moonlight. It is of no consequence to me.

Dick's face contorts into a mix of deep thought and anger.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You have until the end of the week. And then I simply can't be bothered. Good day Mr. Hardin.

Dick rises to his feet and walks out.

INT. CLAIM JUMPER BAR

Crawford walks up to Pearl and she hugs him instantly.

PEARLE

Well look at what the cat dragged in.

The women surrounding Pearle giggle and quickly disperse.

CRAWFORD

You look nice.

PEARLE

Well aren't you sweet. I see your momma raised you right.

CRAWFORD

So. What are you doing here?

PEARLE

Um. It's the fourth of July.
We're celebrating America's
birthday.

CRAWFORD

It took them 200 years and a war to
give us our freedom. Not sure I'm
celebrating that. Besides,
Oklahoma isn't even a state.

PEARLE

Isn't a state, yet. You have to go
forward, Crawford. Slavery is
over.

CRAWFORD

I guess. I was more referring to
the Town of Thomas, the Oklahoma
territory. There's nothing here
but horse thieves and land
speculators.

PEARLE

And homesteaders, farmers. I'm a
farmer's daughter.

A large white man enters the party and walks up to the bar
next to Pearle and Crawford. He is JAKE LEWIS, 35, cattle
rustler.

JAKE

Who the fuck do I have to shoot to
get a goddamn drink in this place?

Crawford is immediately put off by Jake and keeps an eye on
him.

BARTENDER

Relax there, pardner. The party
has us a little busy.

JAKE

When a man asks for whiskey he
should get a whiskey. Jesus
Christ!

Jake turns to his side and catches a glimpse of Pearle and
immediately cracks a smile. He wraps his hands around her
shoulders.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, how much little filly? This boy don't look like he gots the money, let alone grit to make you happy.

CRAWFORD

You watch your damn mouth!

PEARLE

I ain't no fucking prostitute. So get your filthy hands off me.

Crawford pulls Pearle behind him and rests his hand on his six shooter.

JAKE

You wanna tussle, boy! I've killed more niggers than Injuns so it don't make no difference to me.

Pearle pulls Crawford away.

PEARLE

C'mon. Let's just go.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON

Dick walks in to see an impatient Constance standing by the bar.

CONSTANCE

Took you long enough.

DICK

I don't work for you.

CONSTANCE

Are you sure about that? (beat) I need him gone. He's bad for business.

Dick looks around the saloon to see a few concerned faces. An argument and the sound of breaking furniture can be heard coming from the upstairs rooms.

DICK

How long's he been up there?

CONSTANCE

(Grimacing) I don't know, two hours. Does it matter?

DICK
Matters to men.

Constance shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON, COMFORT ROOM

Dick enters to see a shirtless, visibly intoxicated man hurling a chair across the room near a terrorized prostitute.

DICK
That's enough. You've had your fun.
How's bout we pay the lady and go
on our way.

The man turns to face Dick. He is of similar build and age. He is BOB HARDIN, 45, gambler.

BOB
And why the hell would I want to do
that?

DICK
Because you promised me that you
wouldn't do this anymore.

BOB
No. I promised that I wouldn't
hurt any more whores. Did I hurt
you whore? Did I hurt your pussy?

PROSTITUTE
Fuck you!

Bob cackles with laughter.

DICK
That's enough. Where's your pants?

Bob motions towards the corner. Dick walks over to his pants and removes a wad of money.

DICK (CONT'D)
What does he owe you?

PROSTITUTE
Five dollars.

BOB
Five dollars?!? That's whore-
flation! It's not --ho-possible
that I owe that.

Bob attempts to lunge at the prostitute but Dick puts a foot in his chest and knocks him down into the chair and he falls back onto the floor.

DICK
I swear to God if you don't shut up I'll shoot you myself. (handing her money) Here's ten. Sorry for you trouble. My brother's an ass.

The woman gathers her clothes and quickly leaves. Bob stares at Dick as he uprights the chair and sits in it again.

BOB
You owe me ten dollars.

DICK
Why do you have to do this?

BOB
It's fun Dick. Remember fun?

DICK
You're supposed to be setting an example.

BOB
Ha. I'm not the one that's fucking Constan--

Thwack! Dick punches Bob square in the mouth. Bob and the chair fall backwards onto the ground again as he laughs.

BOB (CONT'D)
Damn you're getting faster. I didn't even get my hands up.

DICK
Get your shit together! This is not what dad wanted.

EXT. HARDIN RANCH - FLASHBACK

A cowpoke on a horse drags a man by his feet around the ranch. The man scream in pain. A tall man and two boys watch from the distance. The cowboy brings the dragged man to a stop in front of them. The tall man steps forward, he is JAMES HARDIN, 55, father and landowner.

COWPOKE
He can't take much more boss.
Another lap will probably kill him.

TIED MAN

Please. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

JAMES

Boys. There are things in life that you can forgive. You can forgive murder, you get over adultery, you can survive betrayal.

James unties the mans feet and drags him directly in front of his sons.

JAMES (CONT'D)

But thievery. There is nothing worse than a thief. You cannot trust a thief. You can never forgive a thief.

TIED MAN

I didn't know they were your horses. I swear I didn't know--

James draws his six shooter and puts four rounds into the tied man.

JAMES

This man stole from us. Without horses there is no farm. Without a farm there is no income. And without income --there is no family. (beat) The Hardin name commands respect because Hardin men lead by example. Do not forget that.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON, COMFORT ROOM

Dick kneels over Bob, lecturing him.

DICK

This is the last time, understand me?

BOB

Yeah. Ok. Now help me up.

Dick walks out of the room.

BOB'S VOICE

Please...pretty please.

EXT. CLAIM JUMPER BAR - LATER

Pearle is wrapped in Crawford's arms as they kiss and talk outside the bar. The party is winding down and drunk people mill about in the street.

CRAWFORD

You ever think about getting out of here?

PEARLE

And going where?

CRAWFORD

I don't know. To the plain. Getting a homestead. Making a go at it.

PEARLE

You want to make a go at it?

CRAWFORD

I want to make a go at it with you.

Pearle smiles. A very drunk Jake stumbles out of the bar.

JAKE

(yelling) And fuck you too! Your whiskey is cheap and your whore's are fat!

Jake gets his bearings and spies Crawford and Pearle embracing against the wall. He slaps Pearle's ass as he smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Damn your ass is round.

Crawford slugs Jake across the face and Jake shrugs off the punch.

CRAWFORD

I'll learn you some manners if it's the last thing I do.

Jake smiles as he squares his stance and punches Crawford. They exchange blows for several seconds before Jake nails Crawford hard in the face.

JAKE

Soft hands don't win no arguments, boy!

Jake attempts to kick, Crawford blocks it and strikes him again. Jake stumbles, before falling to his knees. He seems hurt then suddenly swings wildly and punches Crawford in the dick and then socks him with an uppercut sending Crawford to the ground.

PEARLE

Crawford!

JAKE

You got the balls of a 10 year old.

CRAWFORD

Listen fat man. If you want to learn a lesson I'm more than willing to teach you one.

Crawford lunges at Jake. Jake catches him in mid-air and throws him into the street. He climbs on top of Crawford and begins to pummel him. A crowd begins to gather and watch the beating.

PEARLE

Stop it! Stop it!

Jake is beating Crawford unconscious when Clarence --LEAPS and tackles him. Clarence is stronger, his blows break Jake's nose and close his left eye. Jake tosses Clarence, more athletic --Clarence gets to his feet first and kicks Jake in the face. Jake goes down.

CLARENCE

I love the sound of a whiteman's body hitting the ground.

JAKE

I'm going to beat you like the slave you--

Suddenly Crawford lunges forward and grabs Jake by the neck. He bashes his head against an exposed rock cracking his skull. Blood gushes from the wound.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

Murderer! You killed him! You killed him!

Confusion and terror reign in the crowd as people begin to yell and point fingers. Pearle looks sad and scared as she stares at Crawford with tears in her eyes.

CLARENCE

We gotta go.

Clarence tugs hard on Crawford's arm. Dazed and still staring at Pearle he follows Clarence as they run to their horses. They ride off in a cloud of smoke.

WOMAN IN THE CROWD

You can't just let them go. They has to pay for this. They gotta hang.

Suddenly Jake regains consciousness.

WOMAN #2 IN THE CROWD

It's a miracle. A miracle!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BOX CANYON - NIGHT

Clarence and Crawford sit near a campfire, talking.

CLARENCE

Now what we gonna do?

CRAWFORD

We keep riding. This is Indian territory they don't have jurisdiction.

CLARENCE

As if they care about that. We need money, Crawford! We need supplies. We gonna die out here.

CRAWFORD

Just calm down. I'll figure something out.

EXT. WESTERN STREET

Dick walks down the street when he sees a group of boys bullying a young boy with blonde hair. He is JASPER, 7, curious and argumentative.

BULLY BOY#1

I thought I told you never to come 'round here.

JASPER

Leave me alone. I'm just walkin' by.

BULLY BOY#1

I don't think this boy know's how to listen.

BULLY BOY#2

He sure don't

As Dick crosses the street towards the boys he notices Clarence and Crawford on the side of the general store. They nod to each other before Crawford goes inside.

DICK

What seems to be the problem here?

BULLY BOY#1

Ain't no problem mister. This kid just needs to learn some manners.

JASPER

You're the one that ain't got no manners.

DICK

Alright now, that's enough. (beat)
I get it. You guys want to be tough, you want to be outlaws. But, outlaws aren't good people. We gotta live together and help each other. That's what life on the plains is about. Do you understand?

Dick looks through the window of the general store and sees an animated discussion between Jefferson and Crawford. Constance exits the Rigecrest and walks towards Dick.

BULLY BOY#1

I guess.

DICK

Good. Now all y'all shake hands. Don't need more fightin' than usual 'round here.

The boys shake and then scatter. Jasper runs to Constance and she kneels and smiles before embracing him.

JASPER

When can we go home Mommie?

CONSTANCE

Soon Jasper. I just need to finish a few things. Did you thank Mr. Hardin.

JASPER

Thank you Mr. Hardin

DICK

It was my pleasure son. You have a good day.

Jasper runs off after another group of boys across the street.

CONSTANCE

That was nice, but what Jasper really needs is a father.

DICK
Him and every other boy on this
plain.

Constance gives Dick a cold stare as Dick walks off.

INT. GENERAL STORE

Jefferson is standing at the counter yellin' at Crawford.
Dick enters.

JEFFERSON
I don't know who you are! You come
in here with no money, barking
orders.

CRAWFORD
I have money sir. I'm just a
little short.

JEFFERSON
Then you ain't got no money, boy!

DICK
What seems to be the problem?

JEFFERSON
This --cowpoke I ain't never seen
is comin' in here being all uppity.
Asking for credit.

CRAWFORD
I did not ask you for credit. I
just said I was a little short.

JEFFERSON
That's called credit, boy. Lincoln
was out of his Goddamn mind.

Crawford gives Jefferson a hard stare.

DICK
Whoa, whoa. Hold on gentleman.
(to Crawford) Why don't you step
outside and let me talk to him.
He's a friend.

Crawford stares at Jefferson harder and then leaves.

JEFFERSON
Why do you care so much?

DICK
 Just trying to keep everyone happy.
 Now what did he want?

EXT. GENERAL STORE - SIDE

Crawford and Clarence stand in the shadows looking anxious when suddenly Dick emerges carrying a holster and a new belt and some blankets.

DICK
 Is this what you needed?

CLARENCE
 We don't take no charity sir.

DICK
 None offered. I just fronted you
 for a little bit. Maybe we can
 work something out.

CRAWFORD
 And what would that be?

DICK
 I help you, you help me. I'm a
 homesteader, you're cowboys. I
 think we can come to some sort of
 deal. If you don't mind workin' a
 little.

The brothers stare at Dick suspiciously.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DUSK

Dust billows up the street as Dick approaches. People in the street make way as a haggard dog scampers to safety.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE, DARK - POORLY CONSTRUCTED

A frail man with wire rim glasses quickly transcribes Morse code as it clicks through the speaker. The door to the office opens flooding it with daylight.

DICK (CONT'D)
 What does it say?

OFFICE ATTENDANT
 Just a minute.

Dick closes the door and remains silently anxious. The clicking stops and the attendant scribbles a few seconds more before handing it to Dick.

Dick slowly takes the transcription and stares at it for several seconds. Sensing his difficulty the attendant stands to his feet.

OFFICE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Would you like me to read it to--

DICK
You tryin' to say I can't read?

OFFICE ATTENDANT
No Sir! Just --that if you don't read Morse code a lot it can be-- difficult --with the stops and all.

Dick hesitates and then tosses the message at the attendant.

DICK
Git to readin'.

The attendant is frazzled. His hands shake as he reads.

OFFICE ATTENDANT
More cattle dead. Stop. Jimmy not good. Stop. Need you home. Cholera is worse. Stop. Bank says note due. Stop. You promised. Stop.

Dick stares into space. Dust particles float through the air as time seems to stop.

DICK
Did I tell you to stop reading?

OFFICE ATTENDANT
(shaking) That's it. That's the end of the message.

Dick rubs his face.

OFFICE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Lost my son last year. You need Opium.

DICK
I know. But who can afford it?

OFFICE ATTENDANT
Bankers, cattle bosses. People that don't need it.
(MORE)

OFFICE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

But you got to do what you got to do. Man has to provide.

DICK

Are we providing? Or are we just keeping up?

OFFICE ATTENDANT

I ask myself the same thing everyday. Is it even worth trying?

DICK

Sometimes, sometimes I think I'm just wasting my time. I can't never make it better.

OFFICE ATTENDANT

None of us can. The world is changing. Men of old don't have a place in it. Father time is coming for us.

DICK

Yeah, well --I'm not going without a fight--

SUDDENLY --another patron enters. Dick and the telegraph operator make eye contact. Dick composes himself and quickly leaves.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Dick exits and notices that the street is mostly clear. He looks up at the sun and then hops on his horse and rides off.

EXT. OKLAHOMA PRAIRIE, DAY

A steam engine barrels through, billowing smoke. The fireman is shoveling coal into the furnace when he stops suddenly and looks at the engineer.

ENGINEER

What?

FIREMAN

Elizabeth is pregnant.

ENGINEER

Well Goddamn.

The engineer jumps up from his seat and hugs the fireman. He unclips the noisy keys on his belt and throws them to him.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)
Go check in the boxcar. I think
there's a case of cigars in there.

INT. STEAM ENGINE

The engineer feverishly shovels coal into the furnace as his brow drips with sweat. The door to the back of the car opens and an outlaw in a wide brim hat with a bandana covering his face enters.

ENGINEER
Did you find them?

The engineer turns around and is startled by the outlaw.

OUTLAW#1
Gimme the keys to the strong box!

The barrel of a .45 is pointed directly at his head. The engineer and the outlaw make hard eye contact.

ENGINEER
This isn't the bank delivery train.

OUTLAW#1
I ain'ts going to ask you again.

ENGINEER
We just have the school--

INT. COACH CAR

GUNSHOT! --all the passengers jump and look around. The conductor runs towards the front of the car.

EXT. TRAIN - ROOF

The Fireman hops from car to car running towards the steam engine.

INT. STEAM ENGINE

Blood and skull fragments decorate the engine's furnace. The outlaw removes his bandana to reveal he's Clarence.

A second outlaw, also a black man, quickly enters the engine compartment and has a look of bewilderment on his face. He removes his bandana to reveal he's Crawford.

CRAWFORD
Why'd you kill him?

CLARENCE
He was stallin'. We don't have
time for games.

CRAWFORD
You made it worse. You made it
worse!

CLARENCE
As if killing another man is going
to matter now.

EXT. OKLAHOMA PRAIRIE - DAY

The engineer-less steam engine begins to brake itself. Two dark figures jump from the train and mount two horses tied to a tree. They bolt off into the dust.

EXT. NOWATA TRAIN DEPOT - LATER

The train sits in the station. Barking dogs and lookee-loo's mingle among terrified passengers.

A man sells apples from a cart in the center of the platform. A pack of young boys (8-10ish) has gathered several yards from the cart and eyes the fruit suspiciously.

Bob Hardin looks on with a mouthful of chew as he approaches a witness. He is flanked by Dick Hardin. They both wear Marshall stars on their chests.

Suddenly, one of the boys makes a break for the apple cart. He steals an apple and takes off running. As he passes Bob, Bob trips him and the boy goes down hard. Bob yanks the boy off the ground by his left arm

BOB
Come here!

YOUNG BOY
Ow! --Stop!

BOB
There's nothing worse than a thief!

DICK
Let him go, he's just a boy.

YOUNG BOY
C'mon Mister, I'm hungry.

BOB
There's plenty of hungry people on
this plain. You don't see them
stealing!

DICK
Hey. We have more important things
to attend to.

Bob snatches the apple from the boy with his off hand and
drops him to the ground.

BOB
Gimme that. Now git!

Dick and Bob exchange a hard glance.

INT. STEAM ENGINE

The Lawmen stand and survey the murder scene.

BOB
Well ain't this a pretty scene.

DICK
I'm thinking he should have just
given up the key.

BOB
(beat) You can't blame a man for
taking his job seriously.

DICK
But you can excuse him for getting
killed and leaving his wife and
kids to starve?

BOB
If a man can't do his job, then
what good is he? That's all I'm
sayin'.

DICK
Sometimes a man has more than one
job. That's all I'm saying.

An older man with white hair and a disposition of respect
struggles to enter the locomotive.

The old man's clothes are clean and new. He is TOM HARRISON, 58, hanging judge and all around horrible person.

JUDGE HARRISON

Jesus Christ! All of this for a key?

DICK

School salary actually. But we reckon they were looking for the bank delivery. But that train's not 'til tomorrow.

BOB

Wouldn't surprise me if they rob tomorrow's train. It's not like the next engineer is going to put up a fight.

JUDGE HARRISON

I cannot have this lawlessness where men are supposedly to settle the land! (beat) Outlaws -- they're worst than Injuns and nigger half-breeds. (beat) I'm issuing an order to bring these men in, dead or alive. Set the bounty at \$500 each and get your posse together.

DICK

That's barely enough to get horse thieves found let alone track some outlaws.

Judge Harrison shoots Dick a hard stare.

JUDGE HARRISON

Then triple it! I want these men to swing by the end of the week. Do you understand me?

BOB

Yes. Judge!

DICK

Yes. Judge!

Judge Harrison staggers to the edge of the car, stumbles and falls off, face-planting with a thud. Bob and Dick both tilt their heads slightly to look the injured Judge. They exchange a sly look at both try not to laugh. Judge Harrison struggles to get to his feet. Bob is slowly shaking his head as he fights a smile.

DICK
You all right, Judge?

JUDGE HARRISON
Fuck you!

Judge Harrison walks away with a look of disgust. Bob and Dick another exchange a look.

BOB
He's a cheery guy.

DICK
I guess all that hanging is bad for your balance.

Bob takes out a pouch of tobacco and rolls a cigarette.

BOB
So. They robbed this train just like the train that was robbed last month.

DICK
Yeah, well. It's probably the same guys.

BOB
But those guys weren't killers.

DICK
It's Oklahoma. Doesn't take much for things to go wrong.

BOB
We should question the telegraph operator, station agent. Anyone that might have seen them.

Dick begins to place things into his saddlebag.

BOB (CONT'D)
Going somewhere?

DICK
I have to return to the ranch. Adelaide needs me.

Bob just stares at Dick.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON

Dick sits at the bar drinking whiskey. Constance descends the long staircase and approaches him. She waves at a fellow patron and drops a room key next to Dick and continues to say her hellos.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON, COMFORT ROOM

Constance enters the room, Dick sits on a chair waiting. Constance walks over to Dick and puts a passionate kiss on him.

CONSTANCE

It feels like forever since I've seen you.

Constance begins to unbutton her blouse.

DICK

Constance...

CONSTANCE

Yes, lover.

DICK

I can't stay.

Constance stops mid unbuttoning with an astonished look on her face.

CONSTANCE

What do you mean you can't stay? I've been waiting all week to see you.

DICK

I gotta go back to the ranch. Adelaide needs me.

CONSTANCE

I don't give a fuck about that woman.

DICK

She's the mother of my children.

CONSTANCE

As if you don't have another child.

DICK

Just because you say he's mine, don't make him mine.

Constance stares at Dick with anger in her eyes.

CONSTANCE

Why do you even bother? The ranch is going under. You don't love her. Your kids are dying--

Dick slaps Constance across the face.

Constance takes the blow and lets the pain marinate before looking Dick, dead in his eye.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

So. That's it, then. I'm just a thing to you. And afternoon toss when you want a different pussy to fuck.

Dick sighs and then tries to embrace Constance but she pushes him away.

DICK

You know that I love you. I just have --things I need to take care of before we can be together.

CONSTANCE

You made me promises too.

DICK

Adelade--

Constance gasps. Dick catches himself.

CONSTANCE

Oh. That's just grand.

DICK

It was an honest mistake.

Constance stares at Dick, contemplating his words.

CONSTANCE

Oh dear, that was no mistake. I am just another woman serving you. Humoring your desires. Partially filling that void that your mother left when she abandoned you. It's no wonder you think we are one in the same. We all serve the same purpose.

Dick lets out an exhausted exhale.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
 You know. I prefer your brother.
 His violence and --disdain for
 prostitutes is honest and
 predictable. Unlike the depths of
 your lies.

Constance walks quickly towards the door.

DICK
 Constance. Constance, stop.

Dick grabs Constance's arm but she snatches it away and exits.

INT. RIDGECREST SALOON, COMFORT ROOM HALLWAY

Constance walks quickly towards the staircase. She wipes a tear away from her eye as she walks.

EXT. HARDIN RANCH HOUSE

Dick rides up to the house. The property is quiet.

INT. HARDIN RANCH HOUSE

Dick enters to see Adelaide kneeling beside the bed, cradling their son and rocking him slowly as he sleeps. His younger daughter coughs as she lay in a bed on the far side of the room.

DICK
 Adelaide.

Adelaide doesn't respond. Dick steps forward and touches Adelaide's shoulders. Adelaide stops rocking and puts their son Jimmy on the bed.

The child's eyes and mouth are open. Dick gasps when he realizes his son is dead.

DICK (CONT'D)
 When did he die?

ADELADE
 Does it matter?

DICK
 Adelaide...

ADELADE

Where were you? I sent you a telegram days ago.

DICK

I had to take care of a few things.

ADELADE

Our son is dead. Dead! And you had to take care of a few thing?

DICK

There was another train robbery. I had to investigate the--

ADELADE

Just stop. Please just stop. If you are going to go, just go. Just leave us. If I have to do this by myself, if you aren't going to come back here to protect this family...then I want you gone.

DICK

I was trying to buy opium. Ok. That's the only cure, and we can't afford it. So I'm doing whatever I can to get the money.

ADELADE

Jimmy is dead, Dick. Opium ain't gonna do him no good.

DICK

But Jess is still alive.

Adelade takes a long, deep breath.

ADELADE

Oh. So I see. As long as one of your children survives it's ok?

DICK

I couldn't save them both. We didn't have enough money. So I had to choose.

Adelade stares in amazement.

ADELADE

And this is just your decision? I don't even get to know about it? I don't get to vote.

DICK

I needed you to take care of them.
I needed you to be focused.

ADELADE

You truly are your father's son.

DICK

I will keep my promise. I will
save this family--

ADELADE

We are not a family! You killed
our family.

The daughter breaks out in a fit of coughing and Adelaide
rushes to her aid.

DICK

I just need a little more time and
I can fix it, Adelaide. I promise.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. NOWATA TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

The train from the robbery sits in the station. Dick and Bob survey the area as they approach it. The train conductor exits the station house.

CONDUCTOR

Heard you guys wanted to talk to me.

DICK

Do you remember anything strange about the outlaws?

CONDUCTOR

Uh. Not really. I mean they got on and just took a seat.

BOB

Did they get on early or right before the train left?

CONDUCTOR

They scampered on last minute. Took some seats near the back.

DICK

Did they say anything? Talk to anyone.

CONDUCTOR

No. No one even noticed them till after the shooting started.

BOB

Carrying luggage?

CONDUCTOR

Nope.

DICK

Can you take us to the passenger car?

INT. PASSENGER CAR

Dick and Bob enter the train followed by the Conductor.

CONDUCTOR

It hasn't moved since the robbery.
Need me for anything else?

BOB

Nah. Thanks.

DICK

They sat in the back so they could
watch the other passengers.

BOB

I suppose. But they weren't
robbing passengers so why even sit
in this car. They could have just
jumped on the roof at a crossing.

DICK

Who knows. Maybe they are new at
this.

EXT. BOX CANYON

Clarence and Crawford count the money from the lockboxes.

CLARENCE

This is it? It's just a few
hundred dollars.

CRAWFORD

Whatever. We can make up it on the
next one.

CLARENCE

I told you to grab that other box.

CRAWFORD

It was taking too long. Besides we
got most of the boxes

CLARENCE

We needed all of the boxes.

CRAWFORD

We can make it up on the next one!

CLARENCE

I didn't come all this way to waste
my time.

EXT. NOWATA TRAIN DEPOT

Dick and Bob talk to the fireman.

FIREMAN

I was in the box car for just a few minutes before the shooting started.

BOB

Do you normally go to the box car during a trip?

FIREMAN

No. I never leave the locomotive.

DICK

Then what were you doing there on this day?

FIREMAN

I told Jack, the engineer, that my wife was pregnant. I was getting some cigars to celebrate.

BOB

Did you walk through the passenger car or run the roof?

FIREMAN

I walked through the passenger car to get there and ran the roof on the way back.

BOB

Did anyone look at you funny or anything.

FIREMAN

No. Not especially. But there was these two Black guys. They looked kind of suspicious.

BOB

What was suspicious about them--

DICK

Is that all that you remember?

Bob stares at Dick.

FIREMAN

Yeah. I mean. It happened so fast. I didn't really have time to notice much.

DICK

Alright. Thanks.

The fireman leaves the car.

BOB

So what the fuck was that about? I had more questions.

DICK

We already got all those answers.

BOB

How do you know? You're making assumptions.

DICK

We don't have the time to listen to ever story from every employee. We're trying to solve a murder.

BOB

This ain't the ranch, Dick. This ain't about impressing Dad.

DICK

Oh, will you give it a rest.

BOB

We're Marshalls. We have a job to do.

DICK

Oh, I'm sorry. When you're not beating up hookers and getting blind drunk you care about justice?

BOB

We took an oath and I take it seriously. I'm here to do my job. To uphold the Hardin name. What are you doing?

Dick shakes his head.

DICK

I'm sorry, ok. It's been a long week.

INT. BOX CAR

Bob and Dick inspect the box car that is full of broken strong boxes and packages. Debris and broken bits of lock are strewn across the floor.

DICK
They shot the lock off and threw
the money out the door.

BOB
Looks like they've got a routine.

DICK
It's definitely the same guys.
They've just decided to start
killing.

Bob moves some boxes and debris and finds a lock box that was hidden from view.

BOB
Looks like they missed one.

Dick stares at the lockbox.

DICK
There was confusion. They probably
realized this was the wrong train.

BOB
And they still killed the engineer?

DICK
A witness is a witness.

Bob stares at Dick.

BOB
But why this train? Why now?
Seems a bit strange to just rob a
train out of the blue.

DICK
Since when do outlaws need a reason
to be outlaws? They saw an
opportunity and they took it.

BOB
Still seems funny to me.

DICK
What's funny about it?

BOB
This train has been delivering
payroll for months without
incident. And then, just out of
the blue, two outlaws decide to rob
it?

DICK
Would you be asking these questions
if it was a stagecoach?

BOB
Well, no.

DICK
Why not?

BOB
Cause stagecoaches get robbed all
the time.

DICK
So do trains. Just not normally
around here.

Bob look off into the distance.

BOB
(beat) You'd think these guys
would check things out more if
they're so desperate. (beat) It
would save some killing.

DICK
If the train company would spend a
measly two-bits on a door lock that
would save some killing too.

Bob draws his six shooter and points it dead at Dick.

BOB
How did you know the locks were
cheap?

DICK
Look at them. (Beat) What's gotten
into you?

BOB
I should ask you the same thing
since you're the one that's robbing
trains.

Dick moves his hand slowly over the handle of his gun.

DICK
What are you on about?

BOB
How did you know what train they
were looking for?

DICK
I didn't know what train they was
lookin' for.

BOB
You sure? Cause you seem to know a
lot about all this.

DICK
It's just common sense. Now put
your gun down.

BOB
Common sense that this is an inside
job.

Dick draws his gun with the quickness. Bob and Dick stand inches apart staring at each other's gun barrels.

BOB (CONT'D)
You gonna shoot me? Frank will
drop dead when he hears that his
sons had a shoot out.

DICK
Leave Dad out of it! You're always
bringing him up.

BOB
Seeing as you're the favorite son,
I just thought I would remind you
of your --responsibilities.

DICK
Just shut up! Shut the fuck up!

BOB
Oh, there he is. There's that
brother of mine. You play all calm
and peacemaker-like, but there
ain't no different between me and
you. You just as angry. You just
hide it, that's all.

DICK
Hush!

BOB

Or what Dick? You gonna shoot?
You're a lawman, Dick! This ain't
right!

DICK

You're one to talk! What about
them men you killed in Utah? They
did you no wrong.

BOB

We had business to settle. And
Utah is a territory - ain't part of
the U.S. Them's Indian laws out
there.

DICK

Killin' is killin', this ain't no
different. And this is a territory
too. So what's your point?

BOB

What happened to you? You used to
stand for something. You used to
fight back. Now you just take it
and take it. Look at what it's
done to you.

DICK

(beat) Do have any idea how
difficult homesteading is? Do you?

BOB

How hard can it be? You got a wife
to fuck, a farm, kids to help out.
The government gave you the land--

DICK

Ha. That's nothing, that's the
bait! (beat) The only way you can
keep the land is to make
improvements. You need horses,
cattle, fences, you gotta clear
brush. I had to borrow money!

BOB

So hire a farm hand.

DICK

And pay him what? Horse feed?
Sunshine? I had to do everything
from sun up to sundown.

BOB

Dad raised us better than this.

DICK

Dad's not here! I already lost Jimmy. What do you want me to do?

BOB

You took an oath. We took and oath. So you can't--

DICK

Ok fine Bob! I did it ok. Is that what you want to hear? You're right. I let down you and I let Dad down. And I let my family down. I broke every promise I ever made. I became the one thing--

GUNSHOT! --The sound of rustling horses, shooting, running and screaming. Footsteps run across the roof of the box car.

Suddenly, two outlaws jump into the car wearing bandana's. Bob trains his gun on one of the outlaws.

CLARENCE

Relax. We just want the lockbox. Nobody need get hurt.

BOB

These your boys! These men on your payroll?

DICK

Shut up!

BOB

What's your cut? How much do you make to sell out working men and murder them.

Crawford removes the bandana from his face and steps inches from Bob's face.

CRAWFORD

It ain't wise to talk about things that don't concern you.

BOB

You gonna kill a lawman, boy?
(beat) You'll hang for sure.

CLARENCE

We already gonna hang, so what's one more?

CRAWFORD

You ain't no kinda lawman. (beat)
I was in Utah. I seen your handiwork. We'd be doing the world a favor.

BOB

I never thought I'd see the day when my own brother throws in with a bunch a black as midnight outlaws --to kill me.

DICK

Will you shut up.

CRAWFORD

Hmm. Guess you didn't tell your brother here that this was your idea. Did ya?

Looks get exchanged.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

So what's it like being a white man, with all the privileges and still not being able to provide for your family?

DICK

You shut your damn mouth!

CLARENCE

Imagine what your life would be like if you was Black. Or if you was an Indian.

CRAWFORD

Oh I bet he likes Indians. Takes himself a squaw from time to time. Thinking it's the whiteman's right.

BOB

You just don't know when to quit, do ya?

CRAWFORD

See. We didn't choose this life. We can't homestead without the Klan trying to burn your house down.

(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

Ain't allowed to do nothing but be cowboys and as soon as a white woman screams, you're an outlaw. So what's your excuse?

CLARENCE

Yeah. Why'd you want to rob a train?

Dick suddenly points his gun at Crawford in slo-motion, STUMBLES on debris as he shoots --and hits him in the ELBOW. Crawford scrambles --OPPOSITE way, shooting as he moves - BAM! Crawford takes one in the gut and he goes down.

Clarence shoots Dick in the hip in slo-motion. Dick STUMBLES --backwards catches two more as his shots miss --WILDLY. Dick goes down. Bob TRAINS on Clarence but he doesn't have it cocked. Clarence SHOOTS him --square in the eye. The back of his head EXPLODES!

Dick lands on the floor --SCREAMING in slo-motion as he crawls towards Bob. Clarence drags Crawford out the box car door leaving a TRAIL of blood.

INT. BOX CAR

Dick holds Bob's body, crying, screaming as blood is everywhere.

DICK

No, no. Bob I'm sorry. No...

FADE TO BLACK.