

**"GODLESS"**

Part III

Written by

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## CREDITS

7

INT. ASA LEOPOLD'S DRY GOOD'S STORE - MORNING

7

Bill McNue's two kids wander the store as Mary Agnes stands at the counter calling off items from a list for Asa Leopold to fill...

MARY-AGNES

Two pounds of flour. Pound a bacon.  
Another pound of coffee. Two Boxes  
of shells for the Winchester.

ASA

44-40?

MARY-AGNES

50-95. If you please.

ASA

(looks at her)

You huntin' buffalo?

MARY-AGNES

Why? You seen any?

He rummages through a cabinet, pausing long enough to wag a finger at Bill McNue's little girl as she reaches for a JAR of licorice...

ASA

You break that jar, girl, you gonna  
pay for it.

Mary-Agnes gives him a look, then gently shakes her head at the girl as he resumes looking for the shells.

ASA (CONT'D)

Where's your brother run off to?

MARY-AGNES

If he didn't tell you, then I'm  
certainly not gonna.

ASA

Time he gave up the star, don't you  
think?

She looks at him, but before she can speak, we hear A CRASH and he's once more yelling at the little girl who stands staring down at the broken jar on the floor:

ASA (CONT'D)

Goddammit, girl, I told you keep  
your hands off! Now I want you to--

He shuts up as Mary-Agnes pulls her gun and points it at him.

MARY-AGNES  
Go ahead. Yell at her again.

ASA  
She's not right in the head.

MARY-AGNES  
And neither will you be, you keep  
haulin' at her like that.

He looks at the little girl, forces a smile. Mary-Agnes puts her gun away.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
We'll take the licorice, too.

8

**EXT. ASA'S STORE - SAME**

8

As Mary-Agnes and the kids step outside with their purchases. They pause as the BLONDE WOMAN rides past on a horse, *naked*.

BOY  
Aunt Maggie, that lady ain't got  
hardly any clothes on.

MARY-AGNES  
No, she does not.

Charlotte pauses on her way into the store.

CHARLOTTE  
What does she think she's doing?

MARY-AGNES  
Airin' out her privates, looks  
like.

They watch as she rides up toward the shanties.

CHARLOTTE  
I hear she's worth a million  
dollars.

Mary-Agnes looks at her.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Husband had a brewery in Berlin.  
When he moved to Mexico to start  
another one, she lost her mind down  
there and run off.

MARY-AGNES  
Man was in *beer*?

CHARLOTTE  
So I'm told.

MARY-AGNES  
 Two bad it wasn't mining.  
 (starts off)  
 C'mon kids.

They start down the street. Passing John Doe. William grins at him--

WILLIAM  
 What's all this, then?

JOHN DOE  
 (looks at him)  
 What's all this, then?

WILLIAM  
 I asked you first!

MARY-AGNES  
 William--  
 (drags him away)  
 Jesus. Leave that man be.

William watches John Doe continue along repeating himself.

WILLIAM  
 Where's he live anyway.

MARY-AGNES  
 (come to think of it)  
 I don't know.

And then--

VOICE  
 Hey! Mary-Agnes!

And now she turns and sees SOMEONE WAVING AN ARM OUT THE WINDOW OF THE JAIL.

9

**EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - MORNING**

9

As Roy exits the barn and stretches. His wounds are healing. He rotates his head to get the kinks out of it, now takes a deep breath, all the while ignoring the powerful WHINNIE O.S.

Roy finally turns to see THE BLACK HORSE eyeballing him from the back of the corral, pawing the dust and making a racket.

Roy walks over and studies the animal a moment or two, really looks him over. Finally nods and says:

ROY  
 You'n me gonna have us our own  
 private rodeo.

10      **AT THE WELL**

10

Truckee works the windlass while Alice digs below. The boy watches as Roy pulls off his shirt, grabs a couple of ropes from the rail. From down in the well, we hear...

ALICE (O.S.)  
 Alright, pull her up...

Down in the well, Alice tugs on the rope, looks up.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 Truckee?

But the boy ignores her, moves away from the well...

11      **AT THE CORRAL**

11

Roy puts one rope over his shoulder and puts the other in a loop in his hand as he walks towards a calm-looking BAY...

Roy then quickly pivots and throws the rope round the neck of the BLACK horse. The animal tries to back up, but Roy digs his heels into the dirt and holds onto him as...

Alice climbs out of the well, watches as...

Roy eases his hand along the rope, reaches for the animal's muzzle when the horse suddenly rears up, swipes at Roy with its front feet.

Roy stumbles, hauls the rope to one side, narrowly avoids the pleasure of having his skull crushed.

Iyovi sits down on a stump, starts to roll a cigarette as Truckee climbs onto the fence, watches Roy whisper to the horse.

ROY  
 That's all for show, ain't it, boy?  
 We both know you ain't nothin' but  
 a cow with bad nerves...

Roy ties one end of the rope to a rail, then takes the lariat from his shoulder. He comes around the horse, quartering him from the rear. The horse pulls against the rope and rears up again, but this time Roy gets a loop on his front feet.

Truckee can't believe what he's seeing as Roy now jerks up with the rope and THE HORSE COMES CRASHING TO THE DUST.

Alice stands up straight and now even Iyovi stops what she's doing and watches. Something about the way he's doing this.

The animal struggles and Roy keeps the rope tight, keeps his forefeet cinched up and passed around to its back.

After a few minutes the horse exhausts himself and Roy now eases up on the rope, puts his hand on the animal's neck, just above the withers. The animal jerks around and TRIES TO BITE HIM.

Roy smiles, comes over its back and makes a half-loop around one of the horse's back legs. He takes another turn around his forefeet and pulls them together, buckling the horse down so that he can barely move.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You gonna stay this way 'till you  
get your attitude straightened out.

Roy then unties the rope around the animal's neck, and then comes back to take it off its head. The horse takes a fast swipe at him with his jaws.

Roy smiles at him, reworks the rope he had on the animal's neck into a jaw rope and moves closer to tempt the horse...

When the horse snaps at him, Roy slips the rope through his mouth and draws it up tight around his lower jaw. Then he works back by the animal's withers and leans into the jaw, pulling the horse's neck down into a curve while pulling his jaw wide open.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Here we go...

And now Roy eases around and puts a hand on the horse's mane. The animal trembles all over, his neck bowed tightly. Roy kneels/straddles the horse with one knee on the ground; the other, right along his shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Open the gate, boy.

TRUCKEE  
Wha-?

ROY  
Open the damn gate!

As Truckee quickly hops off the rail and moves to the gate, Roy loosens his pull on the rope he'd used to hog-tie the horse, shakes it free.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Okay, Boy...

It takes a moment for the horse to realize that his feet are loose. He lets out a deep grunt and leaps to his feet with Roy on his back, barely pausing to get his balance before he starts trying to unload him...

Truckee jumps back, watches as the horse swaps ends, begins to rear and plunge and pitch and buck... but Roy hangs on...

They all watch as Roy hauls back on the jaw rope, jerking and twisting the horse, giving him some competition, letting him know he's still aboard.

TRUCKEE  
Careful, mister!

And then the horse starts to jump his way through the gate. And then, once free, the jumps become a furious gallop.

Alice moves towards the field as Truckee comes running over and, together, they watch Roy fly across the pasture. They stand there watching until Roy disappears entirely from view. All grows quiet, the dust settles. Iyovi chuckles.

IYOVI (SUBTITLED)  
Good-bye, Stray Dog.

Iyovi lights her cigarette. Alice and Truckee stand there, staring off into the empty distance.

12      **ON ROY**

12

As he stays aboard the galloping horse, the ground sweeping past him, a smile on his face. The horse stretches out and runs and runs and runs...

When the animal finally starts to tire, Roy urges him into a wide circle, turning him around.

Roy pulls back on the rope and the horse slows to a trot, then a walk, then halts altogether. Roy pats him on the neck, rubs the now-shaking horse on the withers.

ROY  
Easy now... that's a boy... ain't  
no use fightin' it...  
    (whispers in the horse's  
    ear)  
Good to see you again.

Roy looks off, sees A DUST TRAIL over the hill.

13      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - DAY**

13

Alice stands there in the field. Hasn't moved. Finally:

TRUCKEE  
There he is!

We can see Alice relax ever so slightly as she now spots Roy cantering back towards the ranch. She watches thoughtfully as her son runs out into the pasture to meet him. Roy walks the horse back to Alice and before she can speak:



ROY  
Y'all got company.

Alice looks off across the field and sure enough, there's a cloud of dust. She glances at Roy -- how did he see that? -- then takes a step or two into the field for a better look...

14

**WHITEY WINN ON HORSEBACK**

14

Leads a procession of two wagons, one pulled by mules, the other by an old nag. In the first wagon sits Mary-Agnes, Callie, and Charlotte.

In the second rides the randy Sarah Doyle and Sadie Rose, who clutches her baby. Sarah Doyle sees Roy in the corral putting the horse away, his shirt off and her hand automatically goes to her chest...

SARAH  
Oh, my--

Whitey stops his horse and the procession comes to a dusty halt.

WHITEY  
We come for Mr. Ward.

CHARLOTTE  
The indecency of what you've done, breaking that man out of jail like that, is... well, unspeakable.

ALICE  
You're just mad you didn't think of it yourself.

She gapes at Alice. Mary-Agnes fights a smile. Whitey rolls his eyes at all of them.

WHITEY  
Now, don't gimme no kinda fuss, and we'll just forget what all happened last night.

MARY-AGNES  
Maybe you'll forget it, but I for one am gonna be laughin' about it for years to come.

Whitey ignores her, keeps his young eyes fixed on Roy -- who now walks from the corral to the group. Whitey tries to give Roy a good squint.

WHITEY  
Mr. Ward, I'm gonna ask you real nice to take your pick a these two wagons and climb aboard.

Roy looks at the wagons and Charlotte and Sarah Doyle both give him their best "Pick mine" looks. Both make room...

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
I ain't gonna ask you twice.

ALICE  
Ladies, I'll make you a deal. Let him stay here and help me break all these horses and I'll sell you all but six for forty-five hundred.

Everyone goes still.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
That's less than a hundred each.

MARY-AGNES  
And you're only gonna keep *six*?

ALICE  
When I'm done, I'm gonna pack up and go home to Boston.

And now Roy and Truckee are looking at her, too.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
This has never been my home... and, thanks to all of you, it never will be.

WHITEY  
Ma'am, I can't let--

MARY-AGNES  
--Forty-three hundred.

ALICE  
Done.

The two women shake hands.

CHARLOTTE  
Dammit, Mary-Agnes--

Mary-Agnes ignores her, looks off at the corral--

MARY-AGNES  
God, will you look at that bay?

Charlotte looks. As do the others.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
She's a beauty, ain't she?

Mary-Agnes then looks at the women, sees them all picking out horses.

WHITEY  
 Sheriff ain't gonna like this. Not  
 at all.

MARY-AGNES  
 Sheriff ain't here.

A moment. Whitey doesn't know what to do. Mary-Agnes stands  
 up in the wagon, faces Whitey..

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
 Whitey, you either go along with  
 this or we lock you up again.

Mary-Agnes lets her late husband's coat open so that she can  
 get a hand over her late husband's pistol. Whitey laughs...

WHITEY  
 Oh, what, you think you're faster'n  
 me?

MARY-AGNES  
 Oh, I know I am.

WHITEY  
 In a pig's ass--

He goes for his gun, stops as Mary-Agnes gets hers out first.

MARY-AGNES  
 Wanna try again?

Alice steps between them, gently lowers Mary-Agnes's gun.

ALICE  
 Can I offer you all some coffee?

The ladies all look at her, not used to her being so  
 hospitable. Callie climbs out of the wagon...

CALLIE  
 That sounds right nice.

They all head towards the house. Whitey finally holsters his  
 gun, looks hard at Roy for a long while. Finally...

WHITEY  
 I get one-- no-- two a them horses.

He then turns and rides off. Roy watches him go, then moves  
 through the rails into the corral, ropes another horse. He  
 senses something, looks off towards the mountains as we...

COOK (V.O.)  
 Frank Griffin was born in Arkansas,  
 but raised by Mormons in Utah...

15

INT. CAFE - HOTEL TAOS - DAY

15

J.J. Valentine tucks into fried eggs and bacon. Farnsworth sits across from him eating in silence. Marshal John Cook, a cup of coffee in front of him, briefs the Mining Men...

COOK

He come out with the Fancher Party when he was but a boy...

VALENTINE

That's them folks got massacred by the Indians back in '54?

COOK

Was the Mormon's done it, but they laid it on the Paiutes.

VALENTINE

So say the Paiutes.

COOK

Point is, Griffin seems to've lost all hold of hisself ever since Roy Goode left him.

VALENTINE

Not that he ever had much've a grip to begin with...

Valentine dabs at his mouth with a napkin and relights his cigar...

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Marshal, I appreciate your concern for my well bein', but as you may a noticed, I do got one or two good men with me.

He indicates a nearby table where Ed Logan and several other members of Valentine's security detail now work on breakfast.

COOK

I don't give a hoot in hell about your well bein'. It's them ladies down in La Belle that worry me.

Valentine looks at Cook now.

COOK (CONT'D)

As you know they only got the one law down there.

LOGAN

(chuckles)

If you could call him that...

COOK

(ignores him)

If I could ask you, sir, till I get a rope around Griffin, to keep your men nearby, that would sure relieve me a my concern.

VALENTINE

Nothing to worry about, Marshal.

(indicates Logan)

Mr. Logan there, my head of security, is presently rounding up all the necessary men.

COOK

(looks at Logan)

Looks to me like he's presently eating his breakfast.

VALENTINE

Marshal, The Quicksilver Mining Syndicate has now got a vested interest in the LaBelle claim, which I might add holds a rather considerable amount of ore. And we mean to look after it the way we do all of our investments.

COOK

Same way you looked after Creede?

Valentine regards Cook, then returns to his food.

VALENTINE

Good luck on your hunt, Marshal.

16 **EXT. HOTEL TAOS - DAY**

16

Cook walks to his horse, is about to get on when he notices the offices for THE DAILY REVIEW across the street. He sees Grigg in the window waving to him...

17 **INT. DAILY REVIEW OFFICE - DAY**

17

Cook stands with Grigg, covered in ink, the leaky eyed editor doing his best to keep it all casual--

GRIGG

I hear you're on your way up to Olegrande, see Colonel Lowell?

COOK

If you hear it, it must be true.

GRIGG

Good man, Jeff Lowell. I interviewed him once.

(MORE)

GRIGG (CONT'D)

(then)

Would this have anything to do with what all happened up at Creede?

COOK

You *interviewin' me* now, Mr. Grigg?

Grigg studies Cook a moment, then--

GRIGG

You wanna find Frank Griffin, you have to *know* him. You have to know how he thinks. You have to know how he and Roy started. And to know all that, you gotta go see Sister Lucy Cole.

COOK

Sister who?

GRIGG

Lucy Cole. She's in the town a Moses up near the Oklahoma border.

COOK

What all she got to do with anything?

GRIGG

She raised Roy Goode from the time he was a whelp 'til he was fifteen.

COOK

And you think he might go back there?

GRIGG

He already has. A nun saw him up there not more than a week ago.

COOK

Jesus, how many nuns are there in Moses?

GRIGG

Lucy isn't really a nun. Has just always called herself *sister* on account of her gifts have always been, well, more sisterly. If you know what I mean.

COOK

And you're offering up this free intelligence because...?

GRIGG

I offer nothing for free. There's a story afoot. And thanks to Frank, I'm smack dab in the middle of it.

Cook just looks back at the man as he now turns and writes something on a scrap of paper--

GRIGG (CONT'D)

Here's Lucy's particulars.  
(hands it to him)  
Perhaps next time you're in Taos you'll give me that interview.

COOK

Oh, I doubt I'll be back this way anytime soon. Air's just a little too thin for me.

Grigg just smiles, dabs at his eye. As Cook heads out:

COOK (CONT'D)

You see *Frank* again. You tell him John Cook's comin' for him.

18      **EXT. THE DAILY REVIEW - DAY**

18

As Cook moves to his horse, we hear...

VOICE

Marshal Cook!

Cook turns to see a BOY hurry over, hands Cook a TELEGRAM, hurries off as Cook stands in the street and reads it, his expression going grim.

19      **ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM INSIDE "THE DAILY REVIEW"**

19

As A.T. Grigg, covered with ink, watches a now disturbed Cook quickly get on his horse and ride out. Grigg bangs on the glass as the Boy now runs by his window on his way back to the telegraph office...

GRIGG

(knocks on the glass)  
Nathan!

The boy stops, looks back at Grigg who motions him inside.

20      **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**

20

As Bill McNue, on horseback, slowly picks his way through the canyon. He studies the ground a moment and dismounts. The sun is high and hot and McNue sweats through his shirt.

He moves through the grass, kneels down and examines a HUMAN SKELETON that's been mostly picked clean by coyotes. McNue's horse pulls his head up, backs away.

MCNUE  
(strokes the animal)  
You know this here's all bad  
business, don't you, boy?

He studies the ground a moment, then moves to his horse, his back to us as he pulls something out of his saddlebag. When he turns back around, he's now wearing THE SPECTACLES HE BOUGHT AT THE CAFE. One side already slightly cracked.

He turns, sees that the canyon ends in wall a few feet away.

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
You really that dumb, Mr. Goode,  
that you'd ride yourself into a  
wall?

He looks up at the sun, down low over the far end of the box canyon, looks at the bodies scattered about...

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
Or were you really that smart?

He walks towards the mouth a few steps and looks out at the whole "battlefield." Then crouches down and looks at some hoofprints...

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
Either way, they musta thought they  
had you cold.

21 **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - CLOSE ON LEGS OF A RUNNING HORSE - DAY**

We hear GUNSHOTS and TILT UP to see Roy running out his horse -- the animal blowing hard and flecked with bloody foam, pulling the pack horse --

BOOM UP to see Frank Griffin and his men a hundred yards behind chase him deeper into the box canyon.

22 **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**

22

McNue comes upon another dead horse-- this one with a bullet hole in its head.

MCNUE  
Way you had to run him, poor animal  
must've bottomed out, wasn't no way  
he was gonna make it.  
(crouches down beside it)  
So you set him free.



McNue looks out over its fly-infested belly at the field of death beyond.

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
But now it was *you*, had *them*...

23      **FLASHBACK: DOUBTFUL CANYON (BELOW)**      23

Roy glances over his shoulder, leans down to his horses ear.

ROY  
We'll meet again, boy...

Roy reins up his horse, draws his pistol, then swings both legs over to one side and SHOTS HIS OWN HORSE IN THE HEAD.

24      **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**      24

McNue studies an impression in the dirt behind the horse. He notes the seven empty cartridges beside it.

25      **FLASHBACK: DOUBTFUL CANYON**      25

As Roy pulls his rifle from its scabbard as his horse falls onto one side. Roy then forts up behind the dead animal and lays his rifle across its belly... and fires... blows a man from his mount--

26      **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**      26

The GUNSHOT ECHOES as McNue turns, sees blood on the rocks.

27      **FLASHBACK: DOUBTFUL CANYON**      27

Two more shots quickly knock two more men from their mounts. Griffin's men squint against the bright sun at their faces.

Another man makes it to Roy's position, SHOTS ROY AS HE LEAPS HIS HORSE OVER ROY'S POSITION.

28      **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON**      28

McNue looks at two more picked-over corpses...

MCNUE  
Seven men down in the time it takes  
to spit.

29      **FLASHBACK: DOUBTFUL CANYON**      29

Roy draws his pistol and shoots the man before the leaping horse hits the ground.

30      **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**      30

As McNue takes in the picked at corpse of one man, a HOLE in the front and back of his skull.

MCNUE

And all dead before they hit the ground.

He walks a bit, crouches down and examines a DRIED POOL OF BLOOD, but no corpse. He looks around.

MCNUE (CONT'D)

Except one.

31 **FLASHBACK: DOUBTFUL CANYON**

31

As Roy gets Frank in his sights. The shot explodes into Frank Griffin's arm, nearly blowing Griffin from his horse, but Gatz Brown reaches over and holds onto him... as the entire gang quickly realizes it's time to turn the fuck around.

32 **EXT. DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**

32

McNue looks off once more towards the mouth of the canyon.

MCNUE

I imagine, they became real  
disenchanted after all that and  
rode off.

He studies the ground again and spots more tracks behind the horse. He sees the SPLIT LIZARD lying on the dust. A mess of more tracks.

MCNUE (CONT'D)

But a course they came back.

MCNUE'S HORSE SNORTS and McNue looks up at the rim of the canyon where THE BRAVE sits on his mount watching him.

The Sheriff squints at him a moment, can really only see him as a DARK FIGURE, then gets on his horse.

33 **EXT. RIM OF DOUBTFUL CANYON - DAY**

33

As the BRAVE watches McNue pick his way up the side of the canyon. A DOG of indeterminate breed sitting beside him.

McNue keeps an eye on the Brave, slowly climbs the side of the canyon. He gains the rim, and the mongrel runs up to him and starts giving him tongue. The Brave looks out...

BRAVE

It was over before it started.

MCNUE

You saw it?

BRAVE

Enough of it.

MCNUE

And was it how it reads? One man  
run off the whole bunch?

BRAVE

If you'd a seen the man shoot,  
you'd a run off, too.

McNue nods, studies the Indian a moment, then--

MCNUE

You a Navajo?

BRAVE

Shoshone.

MCNUE

Shoshone? Hell you doin' down this  
way, besides sneakin' up on me?

BRAVE

Living. Game's all dried up on the  
reservation. And I didn't sneak up  
on you. You didn't see me. Can you  
even see me now?

MCNUE

I can see just fine.

BRAVE

That's why you almost fell over  
that dead horse down there.

MCNUE

(ignores that)

Man who did all the fancy shooting.  
You recall what he looked like?

BRAVE

He looked like Death.

MCNUE

Can you be any more specific?

The Brave considers McNue.

BRAVE

Hm.

MCNUE

What?

BRAVE

You lost your shadow.

With that, the Brave then turns his horse and rides off with  
the dog running along beside him.



**INT. BARN - NIGHT**

As Roy walks into the barn, looks once more off at the house when--

VOICE

You tell her about Sam Wright?

Roy turns and sees Frank Griffin sitting by himself in the dark, carving on a piece of wood.

ROY

Leave me be.

GRIFFIN

How you shot him twice in the same eye from across the street?

Roy doesn't look at him, moves to the other end of the barn.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Or about mean Dave Cutter? How you put a hole in his liver before his damn gun even cleared his holster? And them Peyton brothers, thought they was so sneaky. You sure taught them a lesson.

Roy leans on the gate at the end, looks out into the dark.

ROY

I ain't that person no more.

Griffin stands at the other end calling to him.

GRIFFIN

No? What are you? A rancher?

Roy keeps his back to him.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

A father? A husband?

ROY

(doesn't look at him)  
Go on now.

GRIFFIN

Oh, stop your damn poutin', son. I didn't make you into what you are. I only made you see what you already were.

ROY

You ain't real.

GRIFFIN

You think all them years ago, if you only just stayed behind, and waited for your sainted brother to come fetch you from that crazy nun, you'd have the same life you got here, out in California? With some other lady and some other boy look like them two inside? That what you think?

Roy turns and pushes past him, walking back toward the bed of hay. Griffin laughs so loud it seems to shake the barn.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Son, a snake'll still bite you whether you call it "Snake" or "Mr. Snake."

(walks back toward Roy)

You are what you are, Roy. Don't matter whether you play daddy or you play dead.

Griffin calls out from the dark.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You're a killer.

Roy looks up, but Griffin's gone. Roy stares into the dark where the man stood a moment ago as WE HEAR WOOD CHOPPING OVER...

JIM (V.O.)

You tired?

ROY

I am.

JIM (V.O.)

You let me do the rest then.

And Roy lies back...

37

**EXT. UNCLE DUNCHEE'S FARM - DAWN**

37

It's cold out, yet both boys are sweating as they chop and split what looks to be an endless pile of firewood.

MRS. DUNCHEE

You split that wood proper now. I don't want none a them pieces too big for the stove!

Roy looks at the woman filling the doorway. She wears what looks like a giant sleeping dress and sunglasses.

ROY

Damn. That woman's gotta be as big  
as a yearling steer.

UNCLE DUNCHEE (O.S.)

That she is.

They turn to where Uncle Dunchee sits nearby fixing a broken harness. Jim looks at Roy like he wants to kill him. But the man doesn't seem all that upset, just keeps working as...

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)

Got that way from eating her own  
cooking. Don't worry none, though.  
She'll mostly leave you boys be. I  
ain't seen her go outside goin' on  
five years now.

ROY

Prob'ly on accounta she can't fit  
through the damn door.

Jim now really wants to kill him but, Uncle Dunchee laughs at that, has himself a drink.

UNCLE DUNCHEE

That be true, boy.

Uncle Dunchee then looks over the harness, seems satisfied and moves off to the barn. Roy keeps looking at the house.

ROY

How'd she get in there in the first  
place?

Jim shoves Roy, knocks him off his feet--

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey--

--and straddles him.

JIM

I'm gone give you some council that  
you should heed best you can, else  
you wanna get kilt 'fore you turn  
eleven.

ROY

What kinda council?

Jim glances off at Dunchee, then says to Roy:

JIM

Just this: You're not someone who  
should talk. Ever. At all. To  
anyone.

ROY  
Why not?

JIM  
Because, little brother-- you're  
dumber'n a fuckin' hoof.

38      **EXT. UNCLE DUNCHEE'S FARM - THE FIELD - DAY**

38

As the two boys plow the cold, hard, rocky field behind a pair of straining mules. It's gruelling work.

A HORSE NICKERS and Roy looks off at the four animals in the far pasture. They all look up. He clucks his tongue.

ROY  
What's wrong, fellers?

He stumbles and goes face down into the soil. Jim hauls him up as the mules drag them along.

MRS. DUNCHEE (O.S.)  
You plow them rows straight now!

PAN to where Mrs. Dunchee sits in the doorway watching them.

JIM  
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. DUNCHEE  
Else you wanna do it all again!

JIM  
No, ma'am.  
(to Roy)  
Leave them horses be.

ROY  
They ruffled about something.

JIM  
Yeah. They gotta live in this  
fuckin' place.

ROY  
I don't think that's it...

Roy looks off, sees THREE KIOWA BRAVES making a run across the pasture.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Jim...

Jim looks up and the boys watch as the Braves run towards the pasture and Uncle Dunchee's horses.



The Braves leap onto three of the horses and start riding off with them, leading the others behind them...

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
Hey! GODDAMMIT!

The boys turn and look as Uncle Dunchee steps out onto on his porch, reaches into the doorway and comes out with a RIFLE.

He FIRES several shots, until one of them finally hits its target and--

--blows one of the Braves off his horse not too far from where the boys stand behind the plow, their mouths agape.

They drop the reins hurry across the field to where the horse now grazes peacefully, come around the other side, and stare down at the BRAVE -- a boy himself, no more than twenty, and just as skinny as they are -- rolling over and over, moaning like a mad dog, blood running from his ears.

ROY  
That's a real Indian.

He's shoved aside as Uncle Dunchee steps between them, raises the rifle to shoot him once more. But the hammer falls with a dead CLICK.

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
Shit.  
(lowers the rifle)  
I'm out.

He stares at the brave.

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
Well, I ain't gonna waste another round on him. He's already gone.

ROY  
He gonna die?

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
Soon enough.  
(kicks him)  
One thing I cannot abide is a damn horse thief.

He sees Roy standing there staring at the wounded Brave and pushes him away with the stock of his rifle...

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
Some things a boy your age shouldn't be lookin' at.

The MOANS of the dying brave can be heard as Roy and Jim sit on the porch, each with a plate of beans in his lap. Jim has no problem wolfing his down. But Roy stares out at the pasture where VULTURES now circle.

ROY  
Think he's dead yet?

JIM  
(looks off at the field)  
I hope so, for his sake.

ROY  
I seen two dead men already and I ain't even eleven. Pa'd say that's not a good sign.

Roy sees Dunchee's DOG, a large, mean-looking mutt of indeterminate lineage, watching him.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Here you go, boy.

Roy slides the beans over to him. And the dog gratefully starts lapping it up. Roy's suddenly KICKED OFF THE PORCH, looks up at Mrs. Dunchee--

MRS. DUNCHEE  
You don't wanna eat my food? Then you both can skip breakfast, too.

Roy picks himself up, can feel Jim glaring at him.

MRS. DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
Now don't sit there with your thumbs up our sitters, them cows ain't gonna milk themselves.

Roy watches her go back inside. Jim comes up beside him.

JIM  
The minute we get paid, we're gone.

As they head for the barn...

ROY  
We gonna go to the ocean?

JIM  
(nods)  
That's right. California.

ROY  
Where's that again?

JIM  
West.

ROY  
What all else is there?

JIM  
Everything.

40      **EXT. UNCLE DUNCHEE'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

40

As Uncle Dunchee counts drops three silver dollars into Jim's palm.

JIM  
Three dollars?

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
That's right.

JIM  
For the whole month?

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
You earned it.

JIM  
That's less than ten cents a day  
for the two of us.

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
You can do figures I see.

Jim just glares at him.

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
Deal I made with your pa was just  
for one boy. Savvy?

JIM  
Yes, sir.

41      **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

41

Roy watches as Jim comes into the barn and kicks over wheel barrow and then flings a bucket into the wall.

ROY  
How much we get?

Jim looks off at Dunchee's prized horse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Jim?

Jim ignores him and grabs the SADDLE of the peg on the wall and carries it over to the stall.

Jim leads the animal out of the stall and ties it to a rail. He grabs the saddle and the horse immediately begins acting up. Won't stand still.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What are you doin'?

JIM  
(struggling)  
What's it look like I'm doing'?

He moves to swing the saddle onto the back of the horse, but it moves and the saddle hits the floor. Jim looks at Roy.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Can you help me?

ROY  
No.

JIM  
Why not? He likes you. He clearly don't like me.

ROY  
It ain't you, he don't like. It's the saddle.

JIM  
The *saddle*?

ROY  
It's *his*. Dunchee's.

Jim looks at the horse.

JIM  
How do you know that?

ROY  
He tole me.

Jim shakes his head as Roy comes over and strokes the animal's nose a moment. He then reaches for a bridle.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We can ride him bareback.

Roy steps on a bale, gently eases the bridle over the horse's head, gently gets the bit into his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Go ahead now. Get up on him.

Jim starts to, when Roy grabs him.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 He catches us, he's gonna shoot us.  
 Like he did that Indian.

Jim nods, thinks a moment, then says--

JIM  
 You're right.

42

**INT. UNCLE DUNCHEE'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

42

Dark. SNORING O.S. The front door creaks open and Roy and Jim stand there peering in. Jim steps inside and looks around the front room. He sees Uncle Dunchee's RIFLE in a rack by itself and takes it down. He picks up a box of shells, dumps a bunch in his pocket.

There's a gun in a holster and he grabs that, too, drapes the whole rig over his shoulder. He turns around, but Roy isn't standing there anymore.

JIM  
 (whispers)  
 Roy?

He sees Roy staring into the next room and moves up beside him. They both gawk for a second at the spectacle of Uncle Dunchee and his beefy missus asleep on the bed. It's kinda hard to say who's snoring louder.

Jim nods to SOME MONEY on a dressing table beside the bed. Not much space between Mrs. Dunchee and the table. Jim and Roy exchange looks. Jim's too big to get past her.

Roy vigorously shakes his head: *No way!* Jim vigorously nods back at him: *You gotta!* and now shoves him into the room.

Roy takes a step into the room. Freezing as the floor creaks. But the two in bed keep right on sawing wood. He looks back at Jim who motions for him to keep going.

Mrs. Dunchee signs and rolls over and loses the blanket, giving us a view of her lily white birthday suit as the woman, bless her heart, sleeps in the nude.

Roy stands there staring, positively mesmerized by her heavy heaving breasts.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 (whisper)  
 Roy!

Roy eases past her arm and carefully slides the money -- both paper and silver -- across the dressing table and into hand. He's putting it all in his coat pocket when a SINGLE COIN DROPS TO THE FLOOR. Roy and Jim stare in horror at--

As it ROLLS ON AND ON UNTIL IT'S FINALLY SCOOPED UP and we TILT UP TO MRS. DUNCHEE who glares at young Roy, grabs him hard by the balls and growls--

MRS. DUNCHEE  
What in God's fuck are you doin' in  
my boudoir, boy?

And now Uncle Dunchee wakes up, looks over at her and sees Roy standing there...

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
Well I'll be half a hundred. You  
wanna tell me, son, just what--

Gets that far when A RIFLE COCKS and they all three turn to face Jim in the doorway, pointing the gun at them.

JIM  
You could both die right now.

Uncle Dunchee does the math of the situation, understands or thinks he understands what's happening.

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
Let's talk, boys.

JIM  
Ain't nothin' to talk about. We  
just gonna get on our horse and  
ride on out.

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
On your horse? On what horse?

JIM  
On the horse we earned from doin'  
all the choppin' and milkin' and  
plowin' this past month.

UNCLE DUNCHEE  
What--

He leans over and sees his precious white stallion just outside the door.

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
Son, you're gonna do no such thing.  
You're gonna give me them guns, and  
we're gonna all set down and have  
ourselves a nice little--

Jim fires into the wall beside his head and then levers the rifle once more.

UNCLE DUNCHEE (CONT'D)  
 Now there's no need a that! You  
 know I can't just sit here and let  
 you run off with my best horse!

JIM  
 If'n you don't, you're dead. Up to  
 you.  
 (nods to Roy)  
 Come on out of there, Roy.

Roy stumbles away from the bed towards Jim.

MRS. DUNCHEE  
 They hang horse thieves in New  
 Mexico. No matter how stupid or  
 runted they are--

The wall beside *her* head now explodes and she stares back at  
 Jim and the rifle. So does Roy, for that matter. In awe as--

JIM  
 Ma'am, all due respect, you move or  
 say another word, and I'm gonna set  
 your damn sun.

44 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

44

As they back out of the house we hear A SOFT GROWLING. They  
 look at the DOG watching them.

JIM  
 Shit. I forgot all about *him*.

He keeps the rifle on the dog, but it doesn't move... just  
 watches as Jim gets up on the horse, then reaches down and  
 pulls Roy up behind him who looks down at the dog.

ROY  
 He wants to come with us.

JIM  
 I don't blame him.  
 (kicks the horse)  
 HA!

As they gallop off into the dark, the dog trots a few steps  
 after them before he finally sits down and, sadly, watches  
 them disappear into the night.

45 **EXT. HILLS SOMEWHERE - NIGHT**

45

As they quickly slip off the horse and duck behind some trees  
 to watch the trail.

JIM  
I don't think anybody's followin'.  
Still, we shouldn't make a fire or  
any kinda camp. We should just bed  
down under the leaves.

They lay down and stare up at the stars a moment.

ROY  
I couldn't believe how you talked  
to them folks.

JIM  
You don't approve?

ROY  
I was just surprised is all.

Jim turns and studies his brother a long moment, then...

JIM  
I will never let anyone hurt you,  
Roy. You hear me? I will always be  
right there whenever you need me.  
You believe me?

Roy stares back at his brother, then--

ROY  
I do. I believe you.

46

**EXT. SANTE FE TRAIL - DAY**

46

Bill McNue rides along past a couple of wagons. We recognize  
Nicholas Gustavson in the one and his brother, Jacob in the  
other. They eye McNue and the STAR on his vest warily.

MCNUE  
Afternoon.

McNue touches his brim and the brothers bring the wagons to a  
stop. McNue smiles at the children, one of the little girls  
is red eyed and coughing, clearly not well.

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
Was that your camp I saw a ways  
back?

No one says a word.

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
Speak English?  
(they nod)  
Looked like you had some company.  
(still no response)  
About thirty men?



Jacob's wife leans forward from the back of the wagon. Her eye is blackened. Presumably the handiwork of her husband. McNue nods to her.

MCNUE (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

JACOB'S WIFE

They're a day ahead of us.

Jacob barks at her in Norwegian and she barks back, then:

NICHOLAS

He said he would kill us if we ever spoke of him.

MCNUE

And you'd be wise to believe him.

NICHOLAS

Do you know these men?

MCNUE

I do.

NICHOLAS

(nods at the star)

Are you hunting them?

MCNUE

I am.

NICHOLAS

Just you?

MCNUE

(ignores that)

They say where they were going?

No answer. McNue takes in the sick little girl. Reminded of his own sick child. He smiles again at her, then...

MCNUE (CONT'D)

Your girl's likely got campcolic. I was you, I'd do her up in mustard, rub her in liniment, then dose her with some hot whiskey.

He starts to move on when--

JACOB'S WIFE

I heard one of them mention a town called Olegrande.

MCNUE

(takes them all in, then)

Thank you ma'am.



SADIE

(reaches into her pocket)  
I've got the telegram right here.  
(reads)  
*I will be shortly traveling by rail  
from Scranton, Pennsylvania to your  
environs. I look forward to seeing  
this country and to meeting the La  
Belle congregation upon my arrival.  
Yours prayerfully, Pastor Garrett  
Moore.*

WHITEY

Ain't that exactly what he said  
three months ago?

SADIE

It's the same telegram.

Whitey stands there not sure what to say.

SADIE (CONT'D)

It's a long way, Pennsylvania.

WHITEY

Yes ma'am.

SADIE

He did say he wanted to see the  
country. So he may've stopped off  
somewhere along the way to get a  
better taste of the wherever he  
was.

WHITEY

He may have.

He stands there not sure of what to say, so he finally nods  
to her, starts out...

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Well, I'll leave you to your work.

SADIE

You do think he's coming, don't  
you, Whitey?

WHITEY

(pauses)  
Yes, ma'am. I'm sure it's like you  
say. He just stopped off somewhere  
on the way. Good day to you, ma'am.

51

**EXT. WHITEY'S CABIN - DAY**

51

Sagging. Weeds out front. Horse out back. Whitey opens the  
rickety gate and heads for the door.

52        **INT. WHITEY'S CABIN - SAME**

52

Not much to speak of. Whitey enters, takes off his hat. He stands there a moment and looks around the lonely space.

There's a MUSIC BOX on the table and Whitey opens it up and listens a moment. A PHOTOGRAPH is fixed to the inside of the lid. HIS MOTHER. He looks at her as the music plays. Then crosses the room to a CHEST. He opens it and stares inside.

53        **EXT. WHITEY'S CABIN - DAY**

53

As Whitey carries something wrapped in a blanket to his horse. He ties the bundle to the back of the saddle.

VOICE

Where you off to?

Whitey starts, and looks guiltily at MARY-AGNES who walks towards him with a dish covered in cheese cloth.

WHITEY

No place. Thought I'd go for a ride. I get stir crazy in this place.

She eyes the cloth, but says nothing about it. Instead--

MARY-AGNES

Can't say as I blame you. But you gotta eat first.

He looks at her. Before he can protest...

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

You're gettin' too damn skinny.

54        **INT. WHITEY'S CABIN - SAME**

54

As Mary-Agnes uncovers the plate of food she's prepared for Whitey, looks around...

MARY-AGNES

You got anything clean to eat with?

She finds a fork on the floor, wipes it off on her shirt and gives it to him. Then sits down at the table with him.

She looks out the window, sees JOHN DOE poking through the weeds, examining some broken wagon parts...

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

You know where he lives?

WHITEY

(looks out the window)  
John Doe? No, I don't. Guess I  
never really thought about it.

MARY-AGNES

Me neither.

WHITEY

Sad feller, ain't he?

MARY-AGNES

Ain't we all.  
(nods to the plate)  
Eat.

She watches as he tucks into the meal. He nods. *Good.*

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

Was that you I saw coming out of  
Phil Hay's place this morning?

WHITEY

I like to go check on him least  
once a week.

MARY-AGNES

Why you bother with that man?

WHITEY

Man ain't got a single friend.

MARY-AGNES

Never really thought of Phil as a  
man that had friends or enemies.  
Save maybe the bottle.

WHITEY

He don't drink much. Just takes a  
little for medicine when he has a  
cold.

MARY-AGNES

You think he has a cold right now?

WHITEY

I think he's got one every day.

She smiles at him, watches him eat.

MARY-AGNES

Bill say anything to you before he  
left? About what all he's up to?

WHITEY

Not much. Just that he was going  
after Frank Griffin.

MARY-AGNES  
That's all he told me, too.  
(then)  
He's lost his damn mind.

WHITEY  
He's just tired a feelin' useless  
is all.  
(looks up)  
You worried about him?

MARY-AGNES  
Course I am. Aren't you?

WHITEY  
(thinks about it)  
He shoulda brought me with him...

He pulls his gun from under the table and points it at the door--

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
...to watch his back.

She watches as he makes a big show of re-holstering it.

MARY-AGNES  
I heard about you and those two  
cowboys the other night.

WHITEY  
(grins)  
People talkin' about that, are  
they? Well, it was some fancy  
shootin', if I don't say so.

MARY-AGNES  
So what now, you gonna paste  
everybody makes a smart remark?

WHITEY  
I needed to get their attention.

MARY-AGNES  
And if you got more than that? Say  
you shot one in the head instead a  
the arm?

WHITEY  
Never happen else I wanted it to.  
Too much skill on my end.

MARY-AGNES  
Say one of 'em shot you?

WHITEY  
 (grins again)  
 Too much *luck*.

MARY-AGNES  
 You think you're *lucky*?

She looks around the squalid little house.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
 Whitey, I hate to break it to you,  
 but your clover don't exactly run  
 deep.

WHITEY  
 I'm lucky I got *you*.

She looks at him. He means it.

MARY-AGNES  
 You let me outdraw you the other  
 day?

WHITEY  
 No ma'am. I would never let anyone  
 do that.

MARY-AGNES  
 Cuz we both know I'm faster than  
 you without any a your charity.

WHITEY  
 I do know it.

He smiles. She's almost heartbroken by it, by this lonely  
 boy's motherly love for her.

MARY-AGNES  
 You bring that plate back to me  
 when you're done. Washed.

She stands, kicks something on the floor, notices the CHAMBER  
 POT by the bed, and winces.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
 And Christ almighty, empty that  
 Goddamn thundermug.

And then she's gone. Whitey waits another moment, then bolts  
 up from the table and moves to the door. He cracks it a bit,  
 and watches her walk around the corner out of sight. He then  
 grabs his hat and hurries out the door.

55           **EXT. HILLS OUTSIDE OF LA BELLE - DAY**

55

As Whitey comes over a rise and stops his horse in front of a crude SIGN on the trail that reads "BLACKDOM." He looks out at the flat land below...

THREE SOD HOUSES with a divided corral with some stock. A few wooden coops. A PLOWED FIELD beyond. Not a soul in sight.

Whitey pulls one of his pistols and fiddles with it a moment. He then pulls the other one and puts both away in his saddle bag.

56           **EXT. BLACKDOM - DAY**

56

As Whitey comes down the hill into the "town." He takes in the stock kicking at the dust in the pens -- most of which are pretty scrawny and unimpressive. CREAKING WOOD, and he turns to see--

--A FIGURE STANDING IN A DOORWAY. Well armed. Watching. And now ANOTHER FIGURE in the shadows of another doorway, also armed. As we get close, we see these men are both BLACK.

Whitey looks around and sees a DOZEN BLACK FACES watching him. Some women, some children.

Whitey stops his horse and, ever so slowly, dismounts. He takes the WRAPPED BUNDLE from the back of his saddle as--

VOICE

You can just hold it right there.

Whitey nods and stands there. Raises his hands. One of the men, tall, bearded with a shaved head steps forward with a shotgun.

MAN

You lost, boy?

WHITEY

I don't believe so, sir. I have business with Louise.

Now the man's eyes narrow and for a second, we think he might very well shoot Whitey.

MAN

What sort of business?

WHITEY

My lesson.

MAN

Your *what*?



GIRL'S VOICE  
That you, Whitey?

And now a YOUNG GIRL steps out of one of the houses. Whitey's age and beautiful beyond any lame screenplay description, she smiles at Whitey whose legs by way of response nearly fold up out from under him.

LOUISE  
Well? Did you bring it?

Unable to speak, he starts to unwrap the bundle, hesitating as all the GUNS POINTING AT HIM NOW POINT THAT MUCH HARDER. Whitey looks at them all, carefully finishes unwrapping the bundle and holds up A VIOLIN. A *fiddle*. The girl smiles--

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
Well, come on in then!

57        **INT. ALICE'S RANCH - BARN - DAY**

57

As Roy finishes putting on the clothes that Alice left for him... the clothes that belonged to her late husband. It's all a bit ill fitting. He tries the hat. Takes it off. And then puts it back on... not sure.

58        **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - LATER**

58

Iyovi emerges from the house, looks off at the corral where Roy works a horse. She squints...

Iyovi sees that he's wearing *her late son's* clothes and now angrily marches off to the well.

Truckee, sitting on the rail so he can watch Roy, turns and watches as his grandmother now marches out to the corral--

TRUCKEE  
Uh-oh.  
    (to Roy)  
You best stay up on that horse.

Yelling now, Iyovi climbs over the rail and comes right into the corral scaring the horses. She jumps up and grabs hold of Roy and PULLS HIM RIGHT OFF THE HORSE--

ROY  
Whoa-

--and starts to pulling at Roy's/her son's clothes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Easy, ma'am--

That's about the time she takes a swing at him. Stuns them both. She says one last thing to Roy, then spits into the dust, turns and marches back to the house.

TRUCKEE

She says it's bad luck for you to wear her dead son's clothes.

ROY

Should I take 'em off?

TRUCKEE

Too late. Now that you've put 'em on, they're *yours*, and she can't ever have 'em back.

Roy stares at the house as she makes a racket in there. Then looks off at the well.

ROY

Everybody's mad at me today.

Truckee watches Roy walk back to the horse and get back on him, settle him into a prancing trot around the corral.

TRUCKEE

He's a beauty.

ROY

(riding by)  
Sure is...

Roy takes the animal around the corral once more, makes sure the fight's gone from him, then stops beside Truckee.

ROY (CONT'D)

Why'n't you climb up on him?

Truckee looks at the horse, scared at the thought of ever actually getting on him. Roy once more slides off.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's okay, he blowed his wind, he ain't got so much oomph no more.

TRUCKEE

I can't ride *him*. Maybe a smaller one, or one that's a little older.

Roy looks down at Truckee a moment, then...

ROY

What kinda Indian are you, you can't ride a horse?

The kid shrugs. Roy sees Iyovi once more barking angrily at a muddy Alice as she now climbs out of the well, and lowers his voice.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Exactly how long you been alone  
 with them women?  
 (Truckee shrugs)  
 Long enough to forget who you are?  
 (nods to the fence)  
 Use the rail, I'll hold him.

Truckee tentatively climbs up on the rail, then from there gets on the back of the black horse. Roy holds the horse steady, keeps whispering to the animal.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Easy, boy...

Alice, ignoring Iyovi, watches nervously as the horse shies. Roy hangs onto him. Truckee sits terrified in the saddle.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Take him around the fence.

Roy quietly closes the gate as the boy gently kicks the horse. The horse doesn't move.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 You the boss a that animal, son?  
 Or's he the boss a you?

The boy gives the horse a kick and the horse starts moving forward. First at a walk, then a trot. Truckee starts to relax, smiles at Alice.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 That's it. Don't be kickin' him too  
 much, that just nettles him.  
 Squeeze him with your legs.

And now the horse starts into a lope around the corral. Truckee let's out a "YEE HA."

Alice laughs. Iyovi shakes her head, but is pleased despite herself.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 No more mules for you, son.

And then as Truckee kicks him, the horse regains some spunk and bucks, THROWING THE BOY FROM THE SADDLE.

Alice starts to come over, but Roy stops her -- without looking at her -- with an outstretched palm and a quick shake of his head. He keeps his eyes on the boy. Then--

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Get yerself up.

A dazed Truckee picks himself up from the dust.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now get back on him.

Truckee looks warily at the horse who snorts back at him.

TRUCKEE  
Maybe later.

ROY  
Get back on him, *now*.

Truckee looks at him. Sees Roy's dead serious.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Grab him by that jaw rope and haul him to the rail, and climb back on top of him.

Truckee looks warily at the horse. Tears are in his eyes.

TRUCKEE  
I don't wanna--

ROY  
If'n you don't, he ain't ever gonna respect you. And worse yet... you ain't gonna respect yourself. Now go on, get back up there. And this time, keep him under you.

Truckee looks at his mother, then slowly approaches the horse who snorts and rears up. Truckee keeps coming, grabs hold of the jaw rope...

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now pull him over here.

Truckee digs in and pulls the horse to the fence. He climbs back up onto the rail. He hesitates, takes one look at Roy, then quickly hauls himself onto the back of the horse... who immediately tries to shake him loose...

ROY (CONT'D)  
Haul back on that rope! Keep your heels down, so he don't throw you!

Truckee stays in the saddle a few seconds before he's thrown again. He lies there in the dust a moment, then slowly gets up, and pats at his britches. Tears run down his face as he looks at Roy whose own expression remains unmoved.

TRUCKEE  
Roy, please--

ROY  
Get back on him.

Truckee moves once more to the horse who rears up and knocks the boy on his ass.

But this time, when Truckee picks himself up, he's angry. He marches straight for the horse and before the animal can react, grabs the jaw rope with one hand, grabs a fistful of mane with the other and swings himself up onto its back.

And this time he keeps hauling on that jaw rope until the horse stops all his Goddamn hoppin' and shakin' and finds himself a trot. The boy then puts him into a lope for a moment before stopping him in front of Roy who nods.

ROY (CONT'D)  
He's *your* horse now.

59

**INT. BILL MCNUE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

59

The two kids are asleep. Mary-Agnes watches them a moment, then comes over and joins Callie Dunne beside the fire.

MARY-AGNES  
I don't know how anyone can sleep like that.

Callie looks at her as she sips coffee a moment, then--

CALLIE  
You ever want children a your own?

MARY-AGNES  
Couldn't. For whatever reason.

CALLIE  
But did you want them?

MARY-AGNES  
I did and I didn't. Wasn't sure I'd be any good at it. Then just when I thought I might be... it was too late.

(looks off at the kids)  
I look at them children sometimes, they're not even my own, but I get this kinda feeling... I couldn't believe I could ever have. It's a hard to thing to put into words.

CALLIE  
Oh, I think I understand.

Callie reaches over and turns Mary-Agnes' face to hers and then leans over gives her a long sweet kiss.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
I don't believe I ever felt *this* way.

MARY-AGNES  
And what way is that?

CALLIE  
(smiles)  
You really wanna be like that?  
Because best I could tell, there  
were two of us in that kiss.

MARY-AGNES  
Maybe there was.

CALLIE  
Let me take care of you.

MARY-AGNES  
Take care a *me*?

CALLIE  
I've saved some money.

MARY-AGNES  
Have you now.

CALLIE  
I've got almost twenty thousand  
dollars. We could go anywhere.

Okay, that gets Mary-Agnes looking at her.

MARY-AGNES  
Twenty thousand?

CALLIE  
Don't you know? Whores are always  
the richest people in town.

MARY-AGNES  
I had no idea.

CALLIE  
Seems to me you're not getting out  
of life all it ought to give you.  
(looks at her)  
All what you *deserve*.

MARY-AGNES  
You want to make me a kept woman?  
(laughs)  
Ain't that the sweetest.

CALLIE  
I started with nothing. I lost  
everyone and everything on my way  
out here.

MARY-AGNES

You gonna tell me that sad story again? About how you come all the way from Virginia with you husband Walter?

CALLIE

Warren.

MARY-AGNES

Warren. Died a fever.

CALLIE

Appendicitis. And then I was here in this place all alone.

MARY-AGNES

As I recall you weren't all *that* alone.

CALLIE

I didn't know you even saw me?

MARY-AGNES

Oh, I saw you. Everybody saw you.

CALLIE

Well, I remember that first time I saw you. It was one afternoon, I'm on Magdalena's porch reading the paper when you come galloping into town on that bay mare you used to have. As usual you were all mad at something or other. Well, I watched you glide off that horse in a big flurry of skirts and hair, and that was it for me.

Mary-Agnes is struck by this. Callie smiles.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I still watch you. All the time. I know everything about you. How you feel. How you taste. How you smell. Hell, lady, I could find you in the dark.

Mary-Agnes stares back at this incredible woman. She kisses her again, long and deep until SOMEONE CLEARS THEIR THROAT.

They both part, turn to see that the door to the house is open and NARRIENTA stands in the room with them. A HORSE nickers and now they see two BRAVES stationed outside.

They're both dressed like Narrienta, in mostly western garb, but with blankets over their shoulders. And, of course, they carry rifles.

NARRIENTA

Ladies.

She's about to ask him how the fuck he got there, but stops. What's the point? Narrienta looks at Callie, looks at Mary-Agnes, is trying to do the math. Finally--

MARY-AGNES

Coffee, chief?

He nods, still looking at Callie. Mary-Agnes goes over to pour him a cup. Callie helps, feeling all eyes on her.

NARRIENTA

Where's Bill?

MARY-AGNES

Up around Colorado by now, I imagine.

NARRIENTA

On what errand?

MARY-AGNES

He's hunting a *vicious outlaw*. Or putting it another way-- getting himself killed.

NARRIENTA

I dreamed of him. Of his death. I came to see if the dream was real.

Narrienta turns and sees THE LITTLE GIRL standing there. He crouches down and smiles at her. Starts to sing.

MARY-AGNES

Just so happens, I was gonna come out your way tomorrow.

He looks up at her, *Oh?* He scoops up the little girl in his arms and sits down, waits.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

I have a proposition for you.

She sets two coffee cups on the table and sits down across from him.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

As you know, we got ourselves into a fettle with our mine.

NARRIENTA

A fettle? You folks bore and blast through mountains, put deep scars in the earth, then wonder why she stops giving.



MARY-AGNES

The ore ain't gone. It's more like as my husband used to say-- *it's one of those mines that's too poor to pay, too rich to quit.*

(then)

The mining company wants to be our partner. If we let them, La Belle will be a company town.

NARRIENTA

As it always has been.

MARY-AGNES

I'd like to think there was more to it than that.

(then)

See, I'm thinking, with this deal, we get on the right train, but the wrong track, if you follow.

(then)

What I mean is, I think we just have the wrong partners is all.

Narrienta glances out the door at the two braves, then looks down at the little girl.

NARRIENTA

I think you forget. The Paiute people have worked in the mines before. We have been *flunkies*. We have picked up dung after your men's mules. We have retrieved their dropped tools, or run to the top for anything that they might have forgotten below. We have done many things down in the dark, but we were never *partners*.

MARY-AGNES

That would change.

Narrienta considers Mary-Agnes, a moment, then--

NARRIENTA

I have love for your brother and his children. And I have respect for you. But it has always been our hope that one day the people of this town will dry up into dust, and blow away.

He stands up. Passes the little girl to Mary-Agnes.

NARRIENTA (CONT'D)

When all of your men die in a single moment, it's no accident. It's an omen.

60           **EXT. BLACKDOM - NIGHT** 60

A few lights on and now THE WORST FIDDLE PLAYING YOU'VE EVER HEARD OVER. Louise's father ELIAS and her mother JUNE sit on the porch looking at one another...

61           **INT. ELIAS HOBBS' HOUSE - BLACKDOM - NIGHT** 61

As Whitey murders a *tune* on the fiddle as LOUISE HOBBS, the beautiful teenager, politely listens, makes adjustments to his posture and hand position.

LOUISE  
Keep your chin up, like so. And the  
note's just there... that's it...

As Whitey continues slaughtering music as we know it, we...

62           **WIDEN TO REVEAL THE WHOLE HOUSE** 62

As VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS including Louise's old grandfather DAMON and her Uncle JOHN and her little brother stand around on the dirt floor trying not to smash their heads in with a skillet so to escape the aural torture.

63           **ON THE PORCH** 63

Elias shakes his head.

ELIAS  
Boy's 'bout as musical as a trout.  
Waste a time, give him lessons.

JUNE  
(quietly knitting)  
That boy's not here for no lesson.

That gets Elias looking at her, then inside the house...

64           **IN THE HOUSE** 64

As the grandfather, Damon grabs his guitar.

DAMON  
I need some real music to wash that  
awful garbage outta my head.

LOUISE  
*Grandpa.*

WHITEY  
No, he's right, I'm terrible. I  
don't have no natural ability  
whatsoever. Not the way my mamma  
did. She could play anything.

Well, that just softens everyone up in the room. Louise puts a hand on Whitey's...

LOUISE  
You'll get it. Just takes some time  
is all.

And she leaves that hand there long enough to melt Whitey.

ELIAS  
Louise.

She turns to see her father now standing in the doorway.

ELIAS (CONT'D)  
Say good-bye to your *student* and  
help your ma get supper goin'.

LOUISE  
(to Whitey)  
Have you eaten your supper?

WHITEY  
N-

ELIAS  
(before Whitey can answer)  
I'm sure the folks of La Belle are  
gonna be missin' their deputy fore  
too long. Wouldn't you say, son?

WHITEY  
Yes, sir. They can't do anything  
without me.

Whitey grabs his fiddle, quickly rewraps it, nods to Louise.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Thank you. When should I come  
back... for my next lesson?

LOUISE  
Whenever you want. I'll be here.

Whitey nods, lingers because he can't not linger in this young creature's presence when--

ELIAS  
Whitey, it's been a real pleasure.

65 **EXT. ELIAS HOBBS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

65

As Whitey steps outside, shakes Elias' hand.

WHITEY  
Nice to meet you, sir.

Elias nods and the door is shut. Whitey stands there a moment, then walks to his horse. He's tying the bundled fiddle to his saddle when he hears...

THE MOST EXQUISITE FIDDLE INTRODUCTION.

He drifts back to the house as now THE GUITAR KICKS IN. Whitey moves to the window peers in as...

Louise plays with her Grandfather. The whole family gathered around. And all at once they both stop and she lowers her fiddle and begins to SING "Long Hot Summer day."

Whitey cannot move. He listens as she sings the first verse, seems to be staring right at him. Whitey's feet are nailed to that porch. The place could go up in flames and he wouldn't be able to move.

And then once more Louise puts the fiddle to her chin and she and her Grandfather play on.

Whitey turns and sees ANOTHER MAN now standing beside him, giving him a look. Whitey slips out of his trance and turns all the way around to see A WHOLE OTHER FAMILY as they all now go inside. The little kids looking up at him.

Dazed, Whitey stumbles off the porch, back towards his horse as THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER...

66      **EXT. HILLS ABOVE THE RANCH - HIGH ANGLE - DAY**      66

Roy and Truckee ride side by side, pulling three of Alice's stray horses.

67      **EXT. THE HILLS - SAME**      67

As they get into some trees and rein up.

ROY

We gotta be real careful in here.

TRUCKEE

Why? On account a there might be Grizzlies and Cougars'n such?

ROY

No, not on account a *cougars*, on account a the damn trees.

He shakes his head, points to a stand...

ROY (CONT'D)

Them up there are called Quaking Aspens or "Quakies." They got a lotta ferns around 'em, cover up everything.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
 So the ground around 'em tends to  
 be full of deadfalls where a horse  
 can get into trouble, hurt itself.

Truckee looks around, sees the broken limbs on the ground  
 around the trees. Roy looks at the ground...

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Looks like we ain't the first along  
 this piece of trail. A few a your  
 ma's ponies been through here  
 already...

TRUCKEE  
 How come you don't carry a gun no  
 more?

ROY  
 You listenin' to me?

TRUCKEE  
*Don't ride under the Quakies.* How  
 come you don't carry a gun?

ROY  
 I don't need one, less your ma  
 plans on shootin' me again.

TRUCKEE  
 What was it you *used* to carry then?  
 Big pair a forty-fives like Whitey  
 Winn?

Roy doesn't particularly want to have this conversation. But  
 the kid keeps looking his way. Finally--

ROY  
 I carried a thirty-eight.

TRUCKEE  
 Just one?

ROY  
 One's all I needed. Plus I never  
 was much with my other hand.  
 (indicates the tracks)  
 Looks like they went up this way...

TRUCKEE  
 How come you didn't carry a forty-  
 five like Whitey?

ROY  
 Thirty-eight's lighter, can get it  
 out faster and there ain't much of  
 a kick.

TRUCKEE

But it's not as powerful.

ROY

It ain't so much the power you got,  
but how accurate you are. A thirty-  
eight'll kill what you want it to,  
but you still gotta shoot straight.

TRUCKEE

And what's that like?

ROY

Shootin'?

TRUCKEE

Killin'.

Roy stops his horse. He sits there a moment, points...

ROY

Them trees over yonder are called  
Blue Spruce.

But Truckee is looking off in a direction now. And now we see  
SEVERAL FIGURES moving through the trees some distance away.

TRUCKEE

Roy--

ROY

I seen 'em. Pay 'em no mind.

Roy casually pulls his canteen, takes a drink. The other  
riders stop as well.

TRUCKEE

Who are they?

ROY

Boys from the mining company, looks  
like.

TRUCKEE

Whatta they want?

ROY

Just lookin' us over.

TRUCKEE

They gonna come over here?

Roy sees the glint off a field glass, and turns his head to  
hand the boy his canteen.

ROY  
 They decidin' that right now.  
 (then)  
 Now, nothing grows under a Spruce  
 which makes 'em good to ride under  
 on account of there ain't no  
 deadfalls and you don't have to  
 duck under any low limbs.

The boy doesn't answer, still nervous, and Roy turns to him.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 You hear what I said?

TRUCKEE  
 You can't ride under the Quakies,  
 but you ride under the Spruce.

ROY  
 That's right.  
 (then)  
 They gone now.

Truckee looks off and, sure enough, the three riders are moving away now. He turns back and watches Roy start his horse walking again. He calls after him.

TRUCKEE  
 You didn't even look.

ROY  
 I looked.

Truckee shakes his head and follows after Roy...

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Let's check the creek.

68

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

68

As Roy and Truckee get to the bank and sure enough, on the opposite bank are a half dozen more of Alice's horses.

ROY  
 Now don't they look happy?

Roy rides down a steep hill to the river. He gets to the bottom, sees that Truckee is still up at the top sitting aboard his horse and staring down the hill.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 What's the matter?

TRUCKEE  
 It sure wouldn't do to have him  
 somersault down, would it?

ROY  
No, it sure wouldn't.

Truckee keeps staring down the slope. Afraid to go.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's alright. Let him have his  
head. He'll find the way down.

But Truckee doesn't move. Looks around.

TRUCKEE  
Is there another way?

ROY  
Sure, maybe your horse'll grow  
wings and he'll *fly* down.

Truckee gives Roy a look and then urges his horse forward. Sure enough, the horse picks its way down just fine. The boy's delighted--

TRUCKEE  
I did it!

ROY  
You sure did.

They now ride into the stream head towards the other side and Alice's stray horses. But just as they get there, THE STRAY HORSES SUDDENLY BOLT DOWNSTREAM.

Roy stops and now watches as Logan and his men emerge from the trees, head their way.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Goddammit, Roy.  
(then to Truckee)  
Get off your horse.

They both dismount. Roy calmly tosses a canteen to the boy.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Take some water.

TRUCKEE  
I'm not thirsty--

ROY  
Take some anyway.

Truckee drinks, watches the men come.

TRUCKEE  
Same bunch?



ROY  
Looks like.

Roy keeps his back to them.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We're just a pair a hunters,  
stopped to take a breather.

Roy watches them come. The man in the lead, LOGAN, is whipping and kicking his horse to get him to the river.

TRUCKEE  
Shouldn't we at least be on our  
horses, case we gotta run?

ROY  
We can't outrun 'em, so we might as  
well stay on the ground. Let 'em  
talk down to us.  
(watches Logan)  
Make 'em feel more confident.

As they ride up, Logan and his *compadres* take in Roy in his ill fitting clothes and the young Indian boy shaking at his side.

LOGAN  
Well now, what have we got here?

ROY  
Howdy.

Logan spits a puddle of tobacco juice at Roy's feet. Roy just keeps smiling.

LOGAN  
Howdy.  
(then)  
Where you two headed?

ROY  
Nowhere special. Just doin' some  
huntin'.

He looks at their horses.

LOGAN  
Don't got much to show fer it.

Chuckles from the other men.

ROY  
No, sir. We haven't had much luck.

LOGAN  
Sure you know how to use a rifle?

ROY  
(smiles)  
Sometimes I wonder.

The men look at Truckee, make the boy uneasy. Logan's horse shies at something and Logan kicks him hard and straightens him out.

LOGAN  
Fuckin jackass...

Roy looks at the blood on the flanks of Logan's horse and his expression darkens.

ROY  
Sir, you ain't careful, you gonna rowel the life outta him.

Red Beard stops, looks down at Roy. It's suddenly very still.

LOGAN  
You tellin' me how to ride my horse, boy?

Truckee looks to Roy, sees it there in his face.

ROY  
No, sir. Just seems to me your animal's in some distress is all. And if you got a ways yet to ride--

LOGAN  
We don't got much farther, so don't you concern yourself none with this animal.  
(looks hard at Roy)  
He just don't *mind* is all.

Roy finally smiles, nods. Logan studies Roy and Truckee a little harder.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Where you come from?

ROY  
Ranch, just outside LaBelle.

LOGAN  
You a hand out there?

ROY  
Yes, sir.

LOGAN  
And that one?

ROY  
 (hand on Truckee's  
 shoulder)  
 My son.

LOGAN  
 (laughs)  
 I bet you and his mama make a fine  
 pair.

Roy laughs right along with him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 You ain't followin' us, are ye?

ROY  
 Mister, I don't even know who you  
 are.

LOGAN  
 Let's keep it that way. You get on  
 with your huntin' and stay out've  
 our sight. Unnerstand?

Logan spits a mouthful of juice straight onto Truckee's head  
 now. Truckee looks up at Roy in humiliated shock.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 Now don't you bawl none, boy. No  
 one will even notice it. Blends  
 right on in with the smell you  
 already got.

More laughter from the others. HE THEN SPITS ON ROY.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 You too, partner.

Roy doesn't look at him, just looks at Truckee, sees the  
 juice running down the side of his face, down his arm. Sees  
 that he wants to cry, but keeps hold of himself.

ROY  
 We'll stay outta your way.

Logan gives him a long look before he and his men move off  
 down the river.

Truckee is staring at Roy who just calmly dips his head into  
 the water and washes out his hair. Truckee then quietly does  
 the same.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Let's go fetch those horses.

69        **INT. ALICE'S CABIN - DAY**

69

Alice goes through a trunk, along with some of Truckee's old clothes, she finds some OLD ALPHABET BLOCKS and a A SCHOOL NOTEBOOK. She grabs them, is about to close the trunk when she sees something else at the bottom...

She reaches down and pulls out a RUINED YELLOW DRESS. Still covered in dirt, and something else -- BLOOD.

She looks into the other room where Iyovi sings to herself while she draws something on a sheet of paper.

We hear HORSES and Alice replaces the dress in the trunk and shuts it. She then moves to the window, sees Roy and Truckee ride in with the rest of her horses.

70        **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - DAY**

70

As they put the horses away.

ROY  
Let's keep this bunch away from the ones already broke.

No answer. Roy spats the horses into the corral, closes the gate, sees the boy won't look at him.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Nothing scarier than a man with a gun.  
(as the boy turns to him)  
And nothing so helpless as a man without one.

TRUCKEE  
That's why you should carry one.

ROY  
Should I?

TRUCKEE  
Then you coulda shot that man. You wanted to, I could tell. You had a look.

ROY  
A look?

TRUCKEE  
Same one as you had, you shot that snake.

Truckee starts to go. Roy stands there a moment, then:

ROY  
That what I shoulda done? Shot him?

TRUCKEE

(pauses)  
You didn't have a gun.

ROY

Say I did. Say you did, too. Say the six of them with their guns and me with my gun and you with your gun all commenced shootin' at each other. Then what?

TRUCKEE

(looks at Roy)  
You'd a killed 'em all.

ROY

Maybe. But like as not you'd be dead, too. And if we was all standing in a street somewhere, some other folks, too.

TRUCKEE

But we weren't in a street.

Alice appears in the doorway to the house.

ALICE

You boys gonna come in and eat or what?

ROY

Be right there, ma'am.  
(to Truckee)  
You should eat no man's dirt. But sometimes, once in a while, it's better to go home with a grudge, your pride sullied some, than to get yourself kilt.

Roy turns to go when--

TRUCKEE

What if I wasn't there? Would you've done something then?

ROY

Once upon a time, I might've. But I was a different sorta man then.

TRUCKEE

A killer, you mean.

ROY

I don't know what *I* was, but I know that the killers I've known are all cowards.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I know that folks put too high a value on the ability to take the life of another man.

Roy glances at the house, then comes back to Truckee.

ROY (CONT'D)

I've sat in saloons where I wasn't known and watched fellas come in and pretend to be me. For a while they'd enjoy the free drinks and all the elbow room they had at the bar. But sooner or later, some angry soul would come in mean drunk or soakin' wet and pick a fight and all the fun went out of it.

TRUCKEE

They wanted to be you.

ROY

They wanted my name. But a name without a real life behind it ain't nothin' but a reputation. Just somethin' you wear like a hat or a pair a boots. It ain't a real life. A life's what you've got with your ma and that onery old lady who keeps glarin' at me all the time.

(then)

Hell, I'll take *your* name any day.

(starts for the house)

Comin' ma'am...

Truckee takes that in, watches Roy walk up to the house.

71 **EXT. LA BELLE - DAY**

71

As Ed Logan and his half dozen men ride past the mine on their way into town.

CALLIE (V.O.)

*Frank Griffin made a surprise appearance in Grand Junction this past Monday evening and gave this reporter an exclusive interview.*

72 **EXT. "MAGDALENA'S" - DAY**

72

Callie Dunne sits on the porch of the old whorehouse, now converted, as we know, into the schoolhouse. Callie reads from *The Daily Review* to an assembled group including Mary-Agnes, Charlotte, Sarah Doyle and Sadie Rose with her baby.

CALLIE

*Griffin informed A.T. Grigg that Roy Goode was to blame for the deaths in Creede and several other mining towns throughout New Mexico and Colorado.*

The women look up as Ed Logan and his men ride into La Belle.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

*Griffin said, "I aim to take care of those poor devils who treat me with the respect any man deserves. But Roy Goode has betrayed me and I will kill any man, woman or child who harbors him..."*

She realizes that no one is listening to her and looks off at the approaching men.

SADIE

That doesn't look like the new preacher...

73

**EXT. ASA'S STORE - DAY**

73

The men ride up to the center of town and look around. They watch as Whitey crosses to the store now. Logan takes in Whitey. The badge pinned to his shirt. Shakes his head.

LOGAN

Town fulla women protected by a little baby with a badge.

His associates show their appreciation for the comment while Logan looks off at Mary-Agnes and the other gathered women and touches the brim of his hat.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Ladies... I'm Ed Logan, chief a security for Quicksilver Mining, the new owners a this here town.

(then)

And from here on, it's we gonna be lookin' after you.

He sees the blacksmith, Hiram, in his apron walking over...

LOGAN (CONT'D)

We'll need the whole livery as I expect more of my men in the next few days.

HIRAM

Yes, sir. It's two dollars a day for the whole place.

Logan looks at Hiram and for a minute we think he's gonna shoot him or spit on him, but instead he just smiles.

LOGAN  
A fair price. Thank ye.

Sarah stands off with the other women counting the men...

SARAH  
Thought there'd be more of them.

CHARLOTTE  
There will be.

MARY-AGNES  
I don't like this.

CHARLOTTE  
Of course, you don't.

Logan looks at Whitey and smiles at him now.

LOGAN  
And we'll be needing the sheriff's office as well.

WHITEY  
You'll have to take that up with the Sheriff.

LOGAN  
And where might he be?

Whitey glances at Mary-Agnes, can't answer that.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought.  
(to everyone)  
As of now, I'm the new Sheriff. And these man are all my deputies.  
(looks at the ladies)  
If you need anything, anything at all, we're here to help.

Whitey wants to say something to that, but Hiram puts a hand on his shoulder and he holds up. Logan turns back to Hiram.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
We'll leave our horses with you, sir, while we go check ourselves into that fine hotel.

They all dismount, turning to watch as ALICE now walks her horse past the assembled group, wondering what's up. Logan tips his hat.



LOGAN (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

Alice nods, keeps walking her horse past, towards Magdalena's.

Mary-Agnes and Callie watch as she dismounts, ties her horse to the rail and approaches the group.

MARY-AGNES

Now what do you suppose she wants?

ALICE

Miss Dunne? May I speak with you?

(then)

Privately?

CALLIE

Of course.

74

**INT. SCHOOLHOUSE ("MAGDALENA'S") - SAME**

74

The red-velvet walls are still here, but the parlor where bidding customers once sat and watched the parade of women on overstuffed sofas is now crammed with a dozen LITTLE DESKS and a BLACKBOARD. Callie watches Alice study the room.

CALLIE

What is it I can help you with, Miss Fletcher?

ALICE

Alice. Please.

(then)

I was wondering if I could borrow a primer? If you have an extra one.

CALLIE

As I recall, your boy can already read and write.

Alice doesn't say anything. Callie doesn't push it--

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Of course.

She opens a desk and takes out a SCHOOL BOOK and hands it to Alice.

ALICE

I'll get it back to you.

CALLIE

Take your time.

Callie sits down on the desk, watches Alice head for the door, taking a moment to look at a portrait of a WOMAN.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
That's Magdalena, the old Madam.

Alice studies the portrait. The woman is BLACK.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
You know, you could have made a lot  
a money in here.

Alice pauses, looks back at her a moment.

ALICE  
How much?

CALLIE  
Least two hundred a month.

ALICE  
That's a lot, alright.

CALLIE  
Twice what my brother makes as a  
bank clerk in Austin. And tough as  
you are, you could be a Madam, open  
up your own place and make even  
more.

ALICE  
(beat)  
How much more?

CALLIE  
Few thousand.

ALICE  
Really?

CALLIE  
Whore's life isn't so bad, you play  
it right. I mean, who do you think  
bankrolled half the businesses in  
this town?  
(smiles)  
Hell, who do you think's payin' for  
your horses?

Alice smiles back at her. A lot more to this one.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
There's more words for "whore" than  
there is for Doctor or Lawyer.

ALICE  
Really? Tell me some.

And now Callie smiles. Alice then glances one last time at  
the portrait, then holds up the reader--

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

CALLIE  
Any time.

75

**INT. HIRAM'S LIVERY - DAY**

75

Whitey helps Hiram tend to Logan's horses. He sees the marks on the flanks of Logan's horse and shakes his head.

WHITEY  
Man's gonna kill this poor horse.

HIRAM  
If the horse don't kill him first.

Whitey looks at Hiram who wipes down another animal.

HIRAM (CONT'D)  
You push a creature far enough, it will eventually push back. Some men, though, they not smart enough to know when they tempting fate.

Whitey just nods. Another moment, then--

HIRAM (CONT'D)  
I seen you riding out to Blackdom the other day.

Whitey looks up over the horse at him.

HIRAM (CONT'D)  
Them folks have their own ways.

WHITEY  
I know that.

HIRAM  
They can be dangerous, them Buffalo Soldiers.

WHITEY  
Them what?

HIRAM  
Buffalo Soldiers. That's what they all are out there.

WHITEY  
They hunted Buffalo?

HIRAM  
They hunted *men*. For the 10th Cavalry. Right after the war.

WHITEY

What men?

HIRAM

Cheyenne mostly, but also Comanches and Apaches. They good gunfighters. Better than most white men.

WHITEY

Why they call 'em Buffalo Soldiers?

HIRAM

Well, John Randal, Uncle of the girl you so sweet on out there?

WHITEY

I ain't--

Hiram stops him with a look. Continues.

HIRAM

He once all by himself held off seventy Cheyenne with only his pistol and a few rounds of ammunition. By the time help from the nearby camp came, thirteen of them Cheyenne braves were dead and John Randal had a gunshot wound to the shoulder and a dozen lance wounds. But he made it.

WHITEY

Jesus.

HIRAM

The Cheyenne went and spread word of this new kinda soldier who fought like a cornered buffalo. A man who like a buffalo suffered wound after wound, but didn't die. A man who like a buffalo had him a thick curly head a hair.

WHITEY

And *that's* Louise's Uncle?

HIRAM

And her father. And the other men out there. Or that's what they were anyhow. Now they just wanna farm.  
(looks at Whitey)  
They just wanna be left *alone*. They certainly don't want no white boy riding out there and bringing all his white troubles with him.





