

OAKWOOD

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE BULLSHEAD - NIGHT

A shabby, tattered saloon. Could be mistaken for a ratty shack with beer in it. A hand-painted sign adorns the wall reading Bullshead.

A trio of horses are tied up outside to a hitching post. Next to them is a casket on a make-shift cart. It is dinged-up and tied to a pole like a steed.

INT. THE BULLSHEAD - NIGHT

The BULLSHEAD BARTENDER (40s) cleans pint glasses behind a blood-stained bar. A pile of four revolvers lies near his cash register.

The guns belong to a group of four card players. Covering their table is a pile of money. They are the only patrons.

One man shuffles cards into bridges and arches. He the DEALER (30). A cowboy hat on his head and a smile on his face. He's been winning.

The three others watch his hands with every flick of the wrist to ensure an honest hand. He divvies out cards.

Directly to the right of the Dealer sits HEARSE (40). He sports a big beard and long hair. Eyes glazed but still functioning, he can handle booze better than the best.

Hearse doesn't look at his own cards. Instead he checks the faces of the men at the table.

Each man tries to hide their hand but fails. The dealer immediately looks to his money. Pupils enlarge; he has a good hand.

One other player holds his breath and stiffens. He's got nothing. The fourth covers his mouth with his hand. He'll fold.

Hearse knows all of this.

He finally checks his cards; a King and Queen, both spades. He's not concerned. He has something up his sleeve. Literally. An Ace of Diamonds.

The first two players check. Hearse raises. Dealer calls. The BLACK HAT PLAYER (30s) buys in. The HATLESS PLAYER (50) tosses his card in the middle, folding.

The Dealer drops the flop. Ace of Hearts. King of Diamonds. Four of Spades.

The Dealer already has cash in his hand. The Black Hat Player knocks on the table. Check. Hearse does the same. The Dealer throws his bet into the middle.

Black Hat folds. Hearse calls. The Dealer flops and Hearse makes his move.

He sacrifices the Queen for the Ace.

Cards swapped. His hole cards are now the King and Ace. He has 2 pair.

The flop card is a seven of diamonds. Both men check. Final flop. Jack of clubs. Hearse stares into the pot and at his few remaining dollars.

DEALER

Here's how it is. You can bet or
you can call. Time to act.

Hearse goes all in. The Dealer smiles and matches. He still has plenty left over..

DEALER

Let 'em lie.

Hearse tosses his cards for the players to see.

HATLESS PLAYER

Lookin' like two pair ace high.

DEALER

Not bad.

The Dealer tosses his hand out. He has pocket aces; clubs and spades.

DEALER

Three aces.

The Dealer smiles and laughs. He's won.

DEALER

Looks like this...

Hearse stares at the table. All four aces out on the table.

DEALER

...all belongs to me.

The Dealer reaches to the pot. Hearse grabs the Dealer by the hand, and gets to his feet.

DEALER

What the hell are you doin'?

Hearse scoops up the deck of cards.

HEARSE

Seems you been doin' some winnin'.
All four aces on the table. I ain't
gonna find another in this deck if
I look?

DEALER

No.

HEARSE

Seems I should look then.

Hearse grabs the deck of cards and unhands the Dealer, who sits back and folds his arms.

Hearse slowly flips the cards and tosses them face up on the table.

The other players look at each other tensely. Clench their fists. This isn't going to go well.

DEALER

I ain't never cheated you two, have
I? This son of a bitch shows up
from Lord knows where and suddenly
I ain't honest?

Hearse tosses cards faster. The Dealer stands.

DEALER

Stop!

Hearse stops chucking cards. Looks the Dealer in the eyes.

DEALER

Now I don't like being called a
liar. I think we aught end this
game.

HEARSE

I think you're right.

Hearse flips around the Ace of Diamonds.

HEARSE

I don't play with cheats.

DEALER

Now hold on just a --

Hearse cold-cocks the Dealer, sending him tumbling out of his chair. Fists fly. The Dealer can't defend himself.

Hearse pummels him. No one makes a move to help.

HEARSE

Lyin' piece of shit!

The Bartender runs over and separates the men. Tosses Hearse onto the card table.

The other men try to make a move but are held off.

Hearse stealthily pockets money from the table into his waistband.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER

Ya'll want to beat this man to death that's your business, but I'm not fixin' to have the Law in here. Do it outside.

BLACK HAT PLAYER

Leave him here to bleed. He ain't worth pickin' up.

The men all gather their individual stacks of money. What hasn't been stolen of the Dealer's pot by Hearse remains.

BLACK HAT PLAYER

What do you think about that?

HATLESS PLAYER

Seems fair to split an even three ways.

Hearse picks up the entire pile. Counts the bills into three piles.

HEARSE

Seems fair.

EXT. THE BULLSHEAD - NIGHT

Hearse drunkenly strolls to the casket. It is kept closed by a padlock. Wheels are shoddily attached to a makeshift cart that it rests upon.

He unhitches and leans into the casket to power it down the road. The wheels screech on each rotation just loud enough to announce his presence.

Curtains open from the street's buildings. TOWNSFOLK stare at the mysterious man pushing the coffin through town.

EXT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

A long pathway leads to a large barn. An average-sized home lit by candlelight sits an acre away from it.

Hearse is exhausted. He leaves the casket at the end of the path and trudges it alone.

He approaches the barn. Hears shuffling coming from inside.

HEARSE

Someone in there?

RED HARVEY (50) emerges from within. He's a bull of a man. His face red and covered in sweat, he wipes his filthy hands on his pants.

RED HARVEY

It's awfully late.

HEARSE

You're right about that. I need a horse.

RED HARVEY

Should'a come earlier.

HEARSE

Didn't need a horse earlier.

RED HARVEY

Sixty dollars.

Hearse pulls out a rumpled wad of money.

HEARSE

I got forty-eight. How's that?

RED HARVEY

Ain't sixty.

HEARSE

All I got's forty-eight.

RED HARVEY
Then you ain't got enough for a horse.

Red turns and moves back towards the barn.

HEARSE
I gotta get across the state to bury someone important to me. You can't do me a courtesy?

RED HARVEY
Your "courtesy" was me listenin' to you try to low-ball me.

HEARSE
I'll come back tomorrow with sixty.

RED HARVEY
Price tomorrow is seventy.

HEARSE
Excuse me?

RED HARVEY
Price tomorrow is seventy.

HEARSE
Now that's unfair.

RED HARVEY
I have a wife to provide for but you seem to think it's fair to offer me less than worth for a horse. So here we both stand being less than fair to each other.

Hearse pockets his money.

HEARSE
Where's the next nearest stable?

RED HARVEY
I concern myself with my whereabouts and no one else's.

HEARSE
You're a rotten son of a bitch, you know that?

Red moves towards Hearse. Gets in his face. Doesn't raise his voice or change his expression.

RED HARVEY

Price tomorrow is seventy-five.
Seventy-five's awfully expensive
for a man who can't afford sixty.

Hearse loses his temper.

HEARSE

How 'bout I take a horse for
whatever a bullet costs?

RED HARVEY

Get off my property. You ain't
welcome here a second more.

A brief stare-down. Neither man budes. Hearse nods.

HEARSE

Never seen a man so opposed to
earnin' a wage.

Hearse defiantly strides away from the stable. Red goes back
inside shaking his head.

Hearse darts behind a tree and keeps watch.

Red emerges from the stable holding an ax. He walks across
the yard towards a pile of logs. He chops firewood with his
back to Hearse.

CHOP.

Hearse eyes down the stable; he's getting a goddamn horse.

CHOP.

He tip-toes across the gravel silently towards the barn.

CHOP.

INT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

A dozen horses are tied up within and eat hay from troughs.
The place is packed with equestrian equipment. Hearse ducks
in and keeps low.

CHOP.

He cautiously circles the entire barn to ensure he's alone.

CHOP.

Carefully picks up a saddle from the ground and brings it to a brown horse.

HEARSE
(whispering)
What's your name girl?

CHOP.

He puts the saddle on its back. Pets its mane and smiles.

Sneaks over to a bin filled of hay with a small knife pulled from his pocket. Cuts pieces of hay and packs it into the saddlebag.

He rushes back to the horse and ties the saddlebag up. Stops. He just realized something.

The chopping stopped.

He looks to the entrance of the barn and sees Red standing there with the ax.

RED HARVEY
Last chance to make this right.
Leave now and I won't kill you for
bein' a horse thief.

Red stalks forward with hands glued to the axe handle. Hearse quickly leaps onto the horse and kicks his heels.

The horse lets out a loud neigh and hauls ass towards the open barn door.

RED HARVEY
Son of a bitch.

Red hurls the ax and towards Hearse but it is dodged. He runs to a work bench and opens a drawer. Pulls a revolver.

The horse gallops out of the barn and Red chases behind.

EXT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

Hearse pushes the horse to the limit. Red races from the barn and haphazardly aims his gun.

BANG!

The shot misses the mark but is still effective; the horse bucks in fear and Hearse is thrown to the ground.

His forehead slams into a rock.

His vision is dazed. Blood oozes down his face as he tries to get to his feet. Tries to run but can't maintain his footing.

Red continues towards him and lines up another shot.

BANG!

The bullet whizzes by Hearse's torso. Close call.

He dives to the ground and yanks his pistol from its holster. Scans for cover from fire nearby. Nothing.

BANG!

The shot hits the ground in front of him. Dirt flies up into his eyes.

Everything working against him.

He wipes his face with his shirt and rolls a few feet to his side. Finds himself deep grass. Crawls as fast as he can.

Red's view is obstructed.

Hearse takes a deep breath. Leaps to his feet.

The two men fire a few rounds at each other. Muzzle flashes light up the sky.

Red is blasted through the throat. He falls to the ground gripping his neck.

Hearse runs over to him and kicks the gun away.

Red lies in the grass gasping for breath but none comes to him.

Hearse runs back to the stable.

INT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

He grabs another saddlebag. Fills it with hay, apples, and other feed. Runs to another horse and saddles it up.

He leaps on and bolts out of the barn.

EXT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

No longer in danger, Hearse leads the horse back to the casket.

He jumps down and ties it to the horse's saddle. Tugs on the rope to make sure it's secure.

Climbs back onto the horse.

HEARSE

Off we go.

INT. HARVEY HOME - NIGHT - EARLIER

The moonlight provides a a glimpse of EMMA ELIZABETH HARVEY (25) as she lies naked in bed. She is being mounted by WALLY SCHULTZ (20). He is working hard to please her but she's not enjoying it.

A gunshot heard from outside belies that their sexual encounter happened during Hearse and Red's gunfight from moments ago.

Wally stops. Eyes dart towards the window.

WALLY

You hear that?

Emma grabs his face. Averts his gaze back to her.

EMMA

Focus.

He watches her body as he goes back to thrusting.

Another gun shot goes off. Wally again distracted. She grips his head and forces him to stare into her eyes.

EMMA

Only me.

He moves faster. Sweat drips from his forehead onto her face. She lets it drip. Still no joy; for her, this is work.

BANG!

He stops again.

WALLY

I can't --

Emma rolls him over and climbs atop him. Grabs a pillow and puts it around his head to shield his ears.

She bounces and grinds. She does everything she can to finish him.

It works. He moans in delight.

WALLY

Wow.

She springs off of him. Puts on her underwear. Grabs a blouse. She walks to the window and puts it on. A flurry of gun shots go off.

All she can see is the flashing lights of the firefight.

EMMA

Red...?

Emma turns and sprints out of the bedroom door. Wally hops to his feet and puts on his pants.

EXT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

Emma sprints from the house with her blouse unbuttoned. From her point of view she sees the horse dash from the barn and out of sight.

She stops and frantically searches for Red.

EMMA

RED?!

Wally comes running from the house wearing just pants.

A gurgling from nearby. Emma dives to Red's body. She cradles him in her arms.

EMMA

NO! No no no no no no! Red!
Please!

He tries but can't respond. Blood pours from his gunshot wound.

WALLY

You should've listened to me, Emma.
You should've --

EMMA

SHUT THE FUCK UP!
(Back to Red)
Don't go. Don't go.

There's no use. Red dies in her arms.

WALLY
I'm sorry. I'm really, really
sorry.

EMMA
Go inside.

WALLY
What... ?

EMMA
Pack what you need. And what you
need is a gun.

WALLY
I don't understand.

Emma rises to her feet. Buttons her blouse. Picks up Red's
gun and stuffs it into the waistband of her underwear.

EMMA
We're goin' after the horse thief.
And we're gonna kill him.

Wally shakes his head. Emma looks for any evidence she can
find.

WALLY
Well shit. I don't know, Emma, I --

EMMA
You care about me, Wally?

She finds the rock that Hearse bashed his skull on.

WALLY
Of course I do. You know that.

She bends down and looks closer. Scoops a pile of money into
her hands. It must've fell when he did.

EMMA
And all he's done for you?

WALLY
Yes, but --

EMMA
Then help me avenge my husband.

Wally nods his head. He hightails it back to the house. Emma
sits down next to Red's lifeless body and weeps.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - NIGHT

Hearse sits atop his newly-acquired horse trotting through wide-open plains. A forest far from reach.

LATER

They saunter up to a tree. Hearse jumps from the horse and ties it up. Feeds it an apple. Has one for himself.

Reaches into his waistband and pulls his revolver. Opens the chamber. Empty.

HEARSE

Shit.

Searches his pockets but they're coming up empty as well. His money has escaped him.

HEARSE

Shit.

He shakes his head. Pulls out another apple. Feeds the horse again.

LATER

He sits down by a simmering fire. Reaches into his jacket pocket and removes a worn photograph.

INSERT: A photo of Hearse in a tuxedo. No beard. Looks good. Next to an ELEGANT WOMAN. She wears a wedding gown.

He caresses the photo. Pockets it again. He lays down to get some rest.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Hearse rides through the streets. Local TOWNSFOLK faces turn aghast from the vision of a casket-dragging, blood-covered man with the squeakiest wheels in Texas.

He rides past a bar and inn on either side of the road, clocking their location. He skips past and heads directly to a gun store.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

A bell dings as Hearse enters. He waltzes directly to the front of the store. The GUN SHOP OWNER stands behind his counter cleaning a pistol.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Can I help --

The Owner notices the blood covering his new patron.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Jesus Christ.

HEARSE
I know.

GUN SHOP OWNER
How can I help you?

HEARSE
Was actually hopin' I could help
you.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Well money spent here goes to my
pocket, so that'd help.

HEARSE
The problem is I at one time had
forty-eight dollars. That's a damn
hefty sum ain't it?

GUN SHOP OWNER
Hefty enough.

The Owner reaches behind his back. Ensures his pistol is in
his waist band.

HEARSE
Well that sum has gone missin'. A
man can't eat without money. Can't
drink. Hell, can't do anything.

GUN SHOP OWNER
If you're asking for a handout
friend, that's not something I can
oblige.

HEARSE
I'm not asking for a handout. I'm
asking if you've heard of anything.

GUN SHOP OWNER
Anything like what?

HEARSE
Anything that pays.

GUN SHOP OWNER
I haven't heard about a thing.

HEARSE
Nothin'?

GUN SHOP OWNER
No sir.

Hearse looks around the store. No one else inside.

HEARSE
Ain't gotta be lawful.

GUN SHOP OWNER
I did say I haven't heard anything.

HEARSE
Somethin' always needs doin'.

The Owner nods.

GUN SHOP OWNER
I guess someone might be lookin'
for someone, and that someone might
need to be found and brought back
to me unscathed so I can scathe
them.

HEARSE
I can handle that.

INT. UNDISCLOSED HOME - DAY

A HUSBAND and his WIFE sit in chairs, each reading a book in their home.

The front door bursts open and Hearse steps in.

He charges the man and immediately assaults him. The WIFE screams blood murder.

INT. SCULPTOR SHOP - DAY

A SCULPTOR sits in a chair forming clay. He turns and Hearse, now covered in fresh blood, stands at the counter.

Hearse slams a handful of money down.

HEARSE
I need somethin' engraved. Needs to
be today.

SCULPTOR
What do you need?

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Emma and Wally arrive in town riding one horse. They scan their surroundings for any clues.

WALLY
Why don't we get ourselves a room?

Wally points to the Inn. Emma nods. They ride over and Wally ties their horses up at the hitching post.

As Emma dismounts, she spots the saloon and a clue; her husband's horse.

EMMA
Wally.

Wally turns. He sees the stolen horse as well. Moves to approach it but Emma stops him.

EMMA
Better wait. We don't know what he looks like. He's gonna have his last drink and his last breath in the succession.

Wally enters the inn and Emma treks towards the saloon. Loud music and yelling from inside. A raucous atmosphere.

She peeks inside through a window at all the different patrons. Scanning faces for any type of distinguishing feature.

Hearse is inside. She stares him down. No recognition.

She walks back to the inn and takes a seat on a bench outside. Lights a cigarette. Inhales. Stares at the horse.

Wally returns from within.

WALLY
All set for the night.

EMMA
Probably won't be staying. We'll need to get the hell out of here quick when it happens to avoid the law.

Wally looks to his hand. Shakes and trembles. He's not a killer.

WALLY

Will you be able to do it when the time comes?

EMMA

You know I'd do anything for him. Avenging him will be one of the easier things.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

A PIANO PLAYER happily plays a song. A BLONDE WAITRESS drops him off a drink with a wink.

It feels like a party inside.

The waitress approaches Hearse who sits at a table with a DRUNKARD.

She places seven shots of whiskey in front of Hearse. The Drunkard pulls out a revolver and opens the chamber.

DRUNKARD

Are, uh, you... you ready?

Hearse nods. Slides the first shot across the table. The Drunkard catches it and gulps it down.

The Drunkard slides one of his bullets across the table in return. Hearse catches it and puts it in the chamber of his empty gun.

They repeat this five times. A shot for a shot.

After the sixth trade, Hearse takes his own drink. Sucks it down like water.

HEARSE

We're gonna need some more to drink!

DRUNKARD

YES!

The Drunkard raises his empty glass.

DRUNKARD

MORE!

The entire bar raises their glasses and cheers. Hearse smiles and laughs a little. Actual emotion.

The Waitress returns to the table with a tray of shots. Hearse downs one. Two. Three. The Drunkard keeps up with him. The crowd cheers them on.

LATER

The Drunkard sleeps in his chair. Hearse does the same with his face flat on the table. The bar is empty. The Waitress slaps him a few times.

HEARSE

What is it?

BLONDE WAITRESS

We're closin'. Time to head out.

HEARSE

I'll go home. No. I need a place to sleep. Where can I sleep?

BLONDE WAITRESS

Across the street there are beds for rent. Head there.

HEARSE

I pay you?

BLONDE WAITRESS

You did.

HEARSE

How much is a bed?

Hearse sloppily searches his person for money. He's got a few dollars left.

BLONDE WAITRESS

That aught do.

Hearse gets to his feet. Stumbles a bit and bumps the table. The Drunkard moans in frustration.

HEARSE

Come on.

BLONDE WAITRESS

Don't worry 'bout him. He pretty much lives here.

Hearse nods and plods to the exit.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - NIGHT

Hearse navigates the steps in front of the bar. Slips on his ass.

HEARSE

Ahh shit.

He stares across the street at the inn. Sitting on the same bench is Emma, smoking a cigarette.

She sees him and leaps to her feet. Reaches to her waist for her gun. Time to strike.

He passes the horse. She frowns. Not him. Retakes her position on the bench.

Hearse ambles towards the inn and notices her on the bench.

HEARSE

What's a man gotta do --

EMMA

Nothin' a man can do.

Hearse plops down onto the bench beside her.

HEARSE

I ain't proposition' you, if that's what you think.

EMMA

What is it you want?

HEARSE

In life? A few things. Right now? A smoke.

Emma pulls a cigarette. Passes it to Hearse. Lights it for him.

HEARSE

Ever feel like life is either havin' a cigarette but no match or a matchbook and no cigarette?

EMMA

I've always had plenty of both...

Emma chucks her empty pack of cigarettes to the dirt.

EMMA

...but you just took my last one.

HEARSE

You sure you want to give it up?

EMMA

Ain't got a choice anymore. You already took it.

HEARSE

Well it was awfully kind of you either way.

EMMA

Got another itch that'll be scratched soon. This vice can wait.

HEARSE

What's that?

No reply.

HEARSE

You should go to bed. It's late.

EMMA

I ain't gettin' no sleep anyhow.

HEARSE

You wanna talk it out? Least I could do after what I've done.

Emma looks Hearse in the eyes.

HEARSE

Takin' from you and all.

Hearse lifts the cigarette into the air. Drags.

EMMA

Lost my husband recently. Unexpectedly.

HEARSE

He get sick?

EMMA

Healthy as a man can be. Murder.

HEARSE

I know that pain myself.

Emma finishes her cigarette. Tosses the butt to the ground.

HEARSE

My son.

Emma sees the casket by the bar. Puts it together.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Hearse, bearded, stands inside a home decorated lavishly. The Elegant Woman approaches him.

ELEGANT WOMAN
I'm pregnant.

Hearse nods. Not approvingly or disapprovingly, just acknowledging.

ELEGANT WOMAN
It might be yours.

Hearse lowers his head. Not what he wanted to hear.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - NIGHT

Back to the pair smoking on the bench near the inn.

EMMA
What happened?

HEARSE
A rotten son of a bitch killed him
...and now I gotta bury him.

EMMA
You ever think about... killin' the
guy that did it?

HEARSE
Every day.

Hearse takes a drag on the cigarette.

EMMA
You going to do it?

HEARSE
Eventually. Maybe not tomorrow.
Maybe the next day. Not sure when.
It'll happen.

He climbs to his feet. Drops the remaining smoke. Stomps out the butt.

HEARSE
When you find out who killed your
husband, I suggest doin' the same.

EMMA

I will. When he comes out of there.

Emma points to the saloon. Hearse looks up at it. Surprised.

HEARSE

He's in there?

EMMA

He is.

HEARSE

What's stoppin' you from doin' it now?

EMMA

Not sure what he looks like.

HEARSE

How do you know he's in there?

EMMA

That's my husband's horse.

Emma motions to the horse. A realization on Hearse's face; she's here hunting him.

EMMA

Not only did he kill my husband but he stole our horse. He deserves to die.

HEARSE

You might be right.

Hearse takes a few steps to the door of the inn.

EMMA

Good huntin'.

HEARSE

...Good huntin'.

He heads inside.

LATER

Emma asleep on the bench. It's been a long night.

The door opens and Wally emerges. He sits down beside her. Startles her awake.

WALLY

Didn't come out?

EMMA

Not yet.

WALLY

Go get some sleep. I'll watch.

EMMA

You sure you'll be able to do it?

His hesitation should tell the story but she needs to sleep.

WALLY

I can do it.

He helps her to her feet. She hands the gun to him and goes inside.

He sits down and examines it. He's never held one before. This is foreign to him.

Points it out in front of him. Tries to line up aim to the horse. He mouths the sound of shooting.

LATER

The door to the inn opens. Wally jerks awake; he fell asleep as well.

Hearse stumbles out and sees Wally sitting on the porch.

WALLY

Mornin'.

Hearse nods and walks past. Turns back to Wally watching the saloon. He heads back towards it.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

Hearse enters and finds only a handful of people. The Drunkard from last night still asleep at the table.

A stunningly-beautiful middle-aged brunette waitress SALLY now mans the bar.

SALLY

Can I get you a drink?

HEARSE

Tarantula Juice.

SALLY

You got it.

Hearse decides on a seat with a view of the inn. He watches Wally impatiently fiddles around with wooden bench he sits on.

Sally sets his drink down on the table. Hearse pulls out his last remaining couple dollars and hands one over.

Nurses his drink and counts his remaining money slowly. He's not much a counter. He has four dollars remaining.

The Drunkard continues to snore. Small talk among the awake patrons.

HEARSE'S POV: The door to the Inn opens and Emma emerges. She sits down on the porch next to Wally and chats. They clearly are discussing the saloon.

Hearse stands and walks to the Drunkard. Smacks him on the boot a few times.

DRUNKARD

What?

HEARSE

I need somethin' done. It'll earn
you four dollars.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Hearse causes a scene by forcefully swinging open the bat-wing doors on the saloon.

Emma and Wally notice. She locks eyes with Hearse. He nods to her slowly.

The Drunkard comes behind him into the streets. He opens the saddlebag of Emma's stolen horse and pulls out an apple.

Emma jumps to her feet. Wally rises. She rips the gun from his hand.

WALLY

That's him?

EMMA

That's him. That's definitely him.

The Drunkard feeds the horse the apple.

Emma and Wally zip across the street. Hearse checks out the surroundings.

Emma is trembling. The Drunkard doesn't notice the woman behind him with a gun.

Wally nudges her. Her eyes tear up. She can't do it.

Hearse gets edgy as he waits for the shot.

DRUNKARD
(to the horse)
You're hungry, ain't you girl? Yes.

She raises the gun. Aims to the back of his head. Hand shaking.

Lowers again. She's not a murderer no matter how bad she wants to be.

Wally looks into the saloon and sees the Brunette Waitress has spotted them. He quickly snatches the gun from Emma's hand.

He puts the gun to the Drunkard's head.

BANG!

Blood bursts from the front of his skull and covers the horse's mane as his body collapses.

The horse rears and neighs loudly. It's hooves squish the dead Drunkard's head. A sickening crunch.

Locals react. Some run. Some stare, mouth agape.

Emma stands comatose, completely zoned out. Wally shakes her back to life.

WALLY
I'll go get Scotch. Let's go!

Wally runs back to the inn and mounts the horse tied up outside.

Emma climbs on top of the brown horse. Hearse pets the horse's head. Blood on his hand.

HEARSE
What's her name?

EMMA
Brandy.

HEARSE
Goodbye Brandy.

Hearse winks to Emma and the horse.

EMMA

RIDE!

She hightails it out of Austin with Wally right behind her.

The saloon's patrons come from the bar and see the mess made of the Drunkard's head.

SALLY

Dead.

HEARSE

His brain is outside his head. Of course he's dead.

SALLY

(she motions to Drunkard)
I don't mean him.

She looks down the road to the horses riding off.

SALLY

I mean them.

Hearse realizes what she is saying.

HEARSE

What do you mean?

SALLY

This ain't no drunken idiot. Well, he is a drunken idiot and always was. I mean he ain't just *any* drunk idiot.

She walks back inside as Hearse heads back to his casket. He unhooks it from the post and begins to walk it down the street, horseless again.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - DAY

Emma and Wally ride hard southwest towards San Antonio, miles outside of Austin. Wally on top of Scotch slightly behind Emma and Brandy.

The horses are getting exhausted. So are the people.

WALLY

(yelling)

EMMA! STOP!

She doesn't pay him any mind. She continues forward.

WALLY
(yelling)
EMMA! GOD DAMN IT! SLOW DOWN!

She relents. The horse finally gets some much needed rest as she jumps down. She rifles through the saddle bag.

EMMA
Not long. They'll follow.

WALLY
Who?

She pulls a flask of water. None for herself. She lets the horse get its fill.

EMMA
The law?

WALLY
They don't know who we are or which way we went. We can slow down. We're safe. It's over.

EMMA
We can take a break. We need to get back home. Then we can slow down. Then it's over.

Wally pulls his own water out of the saddlebag. None for himself. He gives it to Emma. She swigs.

WALLY
We did it. We really did it.

EMMA
I didn't do nothin'.

WALLY
We. We did it. Okay?

Emma puts her head down.

EMMA
I couldn't pull the trigger. I'm weak, Wally. I should've been the one to do it, but you --

WALLY
You're a good person, Emma. It doesn't matter who pulled the trigger.

WALLY
What matters is Red's killer is
dead. We avenged him.

Emma smiles. Sips more water.

EMMA
Thanks Wally.

She gives him a large hug. A wave of relief comes over her.
As she lets go, he moves in for a kiss. She retreats.

EMMA
What are you doing?

WALLY
I'm sorry, I --

EMMA
Break's over. Let's go.

Emma jumps atop Brandy and rides.

WALLY
Son of a bitch.

He mounts the horse and takes off behind Emma.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

Sally sits at a table drinking a beer off-shift. She fiddles with the rim of the bottle nervously.

She sits across from SHERIFF CHARLIE TRUMAN, a mustachioed, no-nonsense lawman who gets off on his position.

Next to him at the table is his DEPUTY. He stares at Sally. She is used to it but seems unsettled - maybe the first time she's been gawked at for reasons outside her looks.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Now I've asked you a few times,
Sally. Not sure how many more I can
go over this.

SALLY
I didn't see anyone.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
That's what everyone seems to be
saying. Here's what doesn't add
up...

He reaches out and snatches her beer. Takes a drink.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

How does a gunshot that I heard
from two miles out, happen right
outside your bar and you don't see
a single thing?

SALLY

I was busy serving.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

You didn't even duck? Take a second
to compose yourself?

SALLY

I --

SHERIFF TRUMAN

Didn't look outside at all? You
just kept handing out drinks with
no reaction? No one inside stood up
and went out to look?

SALLY

Sheriff --

SHERIFF TRUMAN

That's baffling. And frankly?
Fuckin' assanine.

SALLY

You --

SHERIFF TRUMAN

That man could've walked in here...

The Sheriff stands. He points his fingers like a gun and
starts pretending to shoot the patrons.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

...and took out everyone inside...

The crowd stops drinking and gets quiet as he mouths a
noise with each shot.

He turns back to Sally and points his fingers at her. Aims
down the 'sights'.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

...including you.

He shoots her with his finger.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
I need another. Deputy?

The Deputy shakes his head no. The Sheriff walks to the bar.

Sally takes her drink back. Gulps as much as she can.

The Sheriff strikes up a conversation with the bartender.

Under the table, the Deputy puts his foot on top of hers and taps. She looks back up to him. He continues to stare.

He silently removes his badge from his shirt and places it on the table face up. She gazes at it and he flips it face down.

They lock eyes.

SALLY
Man and woman. Rode southwest. Not
sure where to. Another guy was out
there. He was talkin' to your
friend beforehand. He pushed a
casket the opposite way.

The Deputy stands. Grabs his badge. Storms out of the bar.
The Sheriff doesn't notice as he continues pouring back a
brew.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

The Deputy walks out of the bar. He looks at the bloody mess
that a couple people try to clean up. The body of the
Drunkard sits in a wheel-barrel nearby.

The Deputy crosses the street to the inn.

INT. AUSTIN CITY INN - DAY

A bell rings as the Deputy enters. Sitting in a chair across
the room is the INNKEEPER. He struggles to his feet and uses
a cane to walk to the counter.

The Deputy thumbs his badge in his hand before pocketing it.

INNKEEPER
Needin' a room?

The Deputy shakes his head.

DEPUTY
Do you know who I am?

The Innkeeper gives him a stare.

INNKEEPER
You're Jackson Dooley.

DEPUTY / JACKSON
You know why I'm here?

INNKEEPER
I do.

JACKSON
Who are they?

INNKEEPER
Never got her name. His name was
Walter. Wally for short.

JACKSON
Where did they come from?

INNKEEPER
San Anton'.

JACKSON
Wally from San Antonio?

INNKEEPER
That's him.

JACKSON
Nothin' on her though?

INNKEEPER
Nothin' at all. They was in room
three if you wantin' to look?

He nods and walks down the hall and into

ROOM THREE.

The Deputy tears the room apart looking for any kind of clue.
Nothing left behind.

EXT. HARVEY HOME - DAY

Emma and Wally ride back past the stable to the house. An
older couple sit on the porch. Emma dismounts the horse and
walks up. They are EMMA'S MOTHER and EMMA'S FATHER

EMMA'S MOTHER
We took care of all the
arrangements.

She smiles wide. It doesn't last long. Tears well up.

JACKSON (V.O.)
Wally and his bitch from San
Antonio.

She gives a large hug to the couple. All three cry.

Wally stands from afar watching.

INT. THE WINCHESTER SEVEN HIDEOUT - DAY

Jackson Dooley stands in front of a hand-weaved blanket adorned with a rifle. His badge lies face down across the room.

The group of OUTLAWS stand in a half-circle facing him.

JACKSON
The Winchester Seven lost one of
our old friends. One of our
founders. All because of Wally and
his bitch from San Antonio.

The Outlaws are just hearing the news about the death of the Drunkard. None look sad or depressed; only rage.

JACKSON
They disrespected us. They want to
take us out. They know who we are.
We won't let them.

The Winchester Seven roar and cheer their leader.

JACKSON
Austin belongs to us. Ain't no
little bitch and no son of one
gonna stop that. So let's stop
them!

Another cheer.

JACKSON
They killed one of our friends.
Whose gun gonna get vengeance?

One outlaw steps forward. This is ABRAHAM, burly and muscular, looks like he could punch a train and make it stop.

ABRAHAM
I'll be in San Antonio by the
morning.

JACKSON
Wally can bite the ground but bring
the girl. Got a special kind of
hell for her.

Abraham nods.

JACKSON
I'll get the Sheriff uninvolved.
Someone ride northeast after the
casket man. The rest of you wait to
hear from me.

ZACHARY steps forward.

ZACHARY
I'll handle the casket man.

JACKSON
HEAR HEAR!

The crowd pick up their rifles and point them to the ceiling
and yell.

JACKSON
Burn the breeze.

They all storm out.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - DAY

Hearse continues pushing the casket northeast. Stops with no
end in sight. Opens the casket and takes out some water.
Chugs.

INT. ELEGANT WOMAN'S HOME - FLASHBACK

Hearse, clean-shaven, stands beside the elegant woman. She
lies in bed screaming in pain. A DOCTOR stands at her feet.

She's giving birth.

CURRENT

Hearse puts the water back in the casket. Closes the top.
Pushes.

FLASHBACK

The Elegant Woman lies in bed and pushes. Screams. This birth isn't coming easy.

CURRENT

Hearse grunts a bit more as he pushes. He's exhausted.

FLASHBACK

She pushes as hard as possible.

ELEGANT WOMAN
IT HURTS!

DOCTOR
Almost there...

She screams loudly and pushes. A baby cries.

CURRENT

Hearse screams and cries as he pushes the casket.

FLASHBACK

The baby comes out, blood pouring from the new mother.

CURRENT

Hearse slips on a small rock and cuts his finger on a sharp wooden edge of the casket. Blood oozes from his finger.

FLASHBACK

The Elegant Woman lies lifeless in the bed. Hearse holds the baby by her side.

FLASHBACK END

Hearse stands next to the casket. Stares with cold eyes at the cut on his finger. Barely feels it.

He's jolted from his gaze from the sound of distant hooves.

He looks behind him and sees a horse riding his way.

HEARSE
God damn.

Hearse pulls out his revolver as the stranger continues the path towards him.

EXT. HARVEY HOME - DAY

Behind the house of Emma Harvey is a newly dug grave. A cross sits atop it reading 'Red Harvey. Beloved husband.'

Emma dressed in black stands near a casket housing her late husband.

EMMA

There ain't a day in my entire life since I met Red Harvey that he didn't do his damndest to make me happy.

A few smiles among the ten funeral attendees.

EMMA

Most the time it worked. Honestly. Everyone around town he ever met thought he was no good, but he was good. He was good even if he only ever showed it to me.

Wally stares at the grieving wife. He reaches for her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

EMMA

I won't say that I gave him everything in his life he ever wanted.

Wally pulls his hand back.

EMMA

Red wanted to be a father. That was the only thing he ever went to accomplish they didn't. That never happened.

Wally now puts his head down.

EMMA

I know he would've been a great dad too. He would do anything in this world he could to make sure the baby was fed and clothed. He'd have given his own life.

Some sniffing among the funeral goers.

EMMA

He would've been the father doin' the goo-goo, ga-ga baby sounds. Baby sounds right back to the baby.

EMMA

Wouldn't have cared if he looked
like less a man.

She rubs the edge of the casket.

EMMA

You could tell by the way he
treated them horses. He treated
them like family. Imagine that man
taking care of a child? My god.
Love ain't a word used lightly. But
he would have loved his child.

She pulls her hand back. Turning red in the face.

EMMA

But it was taken from him. We'll
never kiss a child. Never watch a
child grow into a strong,
independent person. It won't even
exist.

She pauses in reflection.

EMMA

Everyone thought he was a rotten
son of a bitch. But I'm gonna miss
that rotten son of a bitch every
day of my life until I die.

She had more to say but she can't continue. Breaks down.
Tears flow.

The casket is lowered into the ground.

INT. HARVEY HOME - DAY

The funeral-goers mingle with each other. Emma talks to the
guests. Wally sneaks away and goes upstairs to

THE BEDROOM

and sits down on the edge of the bed. He thumbs through Red's
closet. Looks at clothes. In

THE LIVING ROOM

Emma is talking quietly with a few people. She is approached
by the Bullshead Bartender.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER

Emma Elizabeth Harvey.

He grabs her close and hugs.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
I'm real sorry about Red.

EMMA
Thank you.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
Best customer I ever had. Not sure
how I'll stay afloat without him.

EMMA
(laughing)
He may have had a bit of a problem.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
Listen...

He pulls her aside and leans in close.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
(whispering)
You want to know who killed him, I
got some --

EMMA
(whispering)
That ain't necessary. I already
handled it. Justice done. We can
all rest easy.

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
(whispering)
The Hearse?

Emma is taken back.

EMMA
(whispering)
What?

BULLSHEAD BARTENDER
That's what they've been calling
him. The Hearse. Pushes a casket
everywhere he goes. He's like a
goddamn legend.

Emma's eyes widen.

FLASHBACK

Emma sits on top of the brown horse. Hearse pets the horse's
head.

He gives her a wink.

HEARSE
Goodbye Brandy.

THE BEDROOM

Wally has his shirt off. He is putting on one of Red's.
Anything to make her love him back.

EMMA (O.S.)
WALLY!

He darts out and runs to

THE LIVING ROOM

Where Emma stands. Face red with fury.

EMMA
We're going back to fucking Austin.
On Wally and his confusion.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - DAY

Hearse is ducking behind his casket for cover. A bullet rings off it. Zachary of the Winchester Seven sits on top of a horse firing his rifle.

ZACHARY
COME ON OUT NOW!

HEARSE
Yeah I'd love to get shot.

Zachary shoots again. No go.

Hearse leans out and fires. Misses. Five bullets remain.

ZACHARY
You're a wanted man.

HEARSE
I never wronged you.

Zachary starts to laugh as he reloads his rifle.

ZACHARY
Pretend all you want. We know you
killed one of our own.

HEARSE

Who do you think it is I killed?

Zachary cocks his gun. He's ready to fire. He rides on the horse in a circle around the casket.

Hearse moves with every step to keep the coffin in between them.

Another shot above the casket whiffs by Hearse.

ZACHARY

You and your friends killed a man
in Austin. You really think we
don't know?

Hearse leans out. Fires. Wide left. Four bullets remain.

HEARSE

You talkin' about that drunk that
got blasted outside the City
Saloon?

ZACHARY

So you do know what I'm talking
about? A killer and a liar.

Zachary aims. Fires. It ricochets off the corner of the casket. Hearse leans out. Fires again. No luck. Three remain.

HEARSE

I ain't gonna argue those
designations but I didn't kill that
fella from Austin.

ZACHARY

That's a bold-faced lie if I ever
heard one.

Hearse puts his weapon down on top of the casket.

Zachary aims his gun towards Hearse.

HEARSE

Now I ain't got nothin' to do with
it. But we put our guns down and I
can tell you everything you need to
know.

Zachary lowers his weapon.

ZACHARY

What do you know?

Hearse slowly rises into sight. Right hand in his pocket.
Pulls his pocket knife stealthily.

HEARSE

I know I can shoot that gun out of
your hand before you can react.

Zachary laughs. Shakes his head.

ZACHARY

For a man --

Hearse flings his knife at Zachary. Grabs and aims his gun.
Zachary ducks the knife.

BANG!

He blasts Zachary's hand clean off his arm. The rifle falls
to the ground. He falls from the back of the surprisingly
composed horse.

It trots away aimlessly as Hearse sprints towards Zachary.
Aims his revolver at him.

ZACHARY

WAIT!

BANG!

No hesitation or remorse. Blood and brain pools around the
dead man. Hearse ransacks the body and finds a small amount
of money.

He picks up the rifle. Examines it. Checks the butt of the
gun. 'ZF' inscribed.

HEARSE

Oh shit...

He walks over to the horse and pets it.

HEARSE

It's gonna be alright darlin'.
Don't you worry. I'll take care of
you. C'mon.

Hearse walks the horse back to the casket. He ties it up.

Another free ride.

INT. AUSTIN POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Truman sits at his desk behind a steaming bowl of soup. A bib covers his shirt.

Jackson Dooley, again in Deputy attire, enters the room.

JACKSON

Sheriff.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

Deputy. What'd you find?

JACKSON

A whole lot of nothin'.

The Sheriff puts his spoon in the soup and pulls it out. Intermittently blows on it.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

I asked you to find out who is
killing people in my streets and
you came back with nothing?

JACKSON

Well ain't no one seen nothin'.

Sheriff loudly slurps the soup from his spoon.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

You sure about that?

JACKSON

Sure as shit.

The Sheriff loudly drops the spoon back into the bowl and removes his bib. Gets to his feet. Paces.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

I gave you a job. You have to do
it.

JACKSON

Just ain't nothin' there.

Truman walks back to his desk and sits down. Puts his bib back on.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

If there ain't nothin' there, ain't
nothin' there.

JACKSON

Ain't nothin' there.

The Sheriff slurps his soup.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Except something is there. You know
what's there?

JACKSON
A body.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Fuckin' right. A body. And lies.
Someone is lying to us, deputy, and
I intend on finding out who.

Another slurp of soup.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Hit the streets. Question everyone
again.

Jackson is getting frustrated. Slides the bowl away from the Sheriff.

JACKSON
Sheriff. Listen --

The Sheriff gets to his feet again. Grabs the soup bowl.
Whips it to the ground. Soup spills, ceramic shatters.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
No you listen! I'm in fucking
charge here! I'm the Sheriff.
You're a fucking deputy! I'm in
fucking charge here. I gave you
this position. Do your job! I do my
job. Do your job!

JACKSON
Your job eatin' soup?

SHERIFF TRUMAN
My job is my business! Your job is
putting feet to street and finding
out who killed that man. I'm in
fucking charge here. You hear me?

The Sheriff removes his bib. Wipes his face off.

JACKSON
I'll head back to the bar. Get more
from the waitress.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
No. I'll go to the bar. I think
that waitress saw it. She won't
talk for some reason. Someone
intimidating her.

JACKSON
Maybe she's intimidated by you.

The Sheriff's face grows fierce.

JACKSON
(backtracking)
What I mean is you're a man in a
position of power. She might be
scared of your presence. You let me
talk to her.

The Sheriff nods.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
You're right. Power can be
intimidating. Go talk to her.

Jackson nods and walks off.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Oh, and deputy?

Jackson stops at the door.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
Get me some more soup.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Jackson exits the Sheriff's office.

JACKSON
Fuckin' idiot.

INT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

Wally is saddling up Brandy and Scotch for the ride. Emma is
packing food into bags for the trip.

Wally stops what he's doing. He turns to her.

WALLY
Emma...

She turns to him. Sees tears in his eyes. She continues packing.

EMMA

I don't get what you're so upset about.

WALLY

I killed an innocent man. He didn't do anything wrong. And I shot him.

EMMA

Ain't no one innocent. Don't think about it. Let's go.

WALLY

I don't want to.

She attaches the bags to the horse's saddle. He grabs her by the shoulder.

EMMA

I can't believe you're backing out on me.

WALLY

Emma --

EMMA

Do you remember the day Red said you could stay with us?

Wally takes a beat.

WALLY

Yes.

EXT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

Abraham stands outside the stable. He looks into a window and sees Wally and Emma having a discussion.

EMMA (O.S.)

How old were you then?

WALLY (O.S.)

Thirteen.

Abraham has a seat outside the window and removes his rifle off his back.

EMMA (O.S.)

You didn't want to come.

WALLY (O.S.)
I didn't want to live on a farm.

Abraham silently loads bullets into it.

WALLY (O.S.)
Then I saw you.

Abraham stifles a laugh. Shakes his head with disappointment.

EMMA (O.S.)
And you saw me.

INT. HARVEY STABLE - NIGHT

Wally pets the horse. Emma stands by him.

EMMA
You remember the first thing that
went through your mind? When you
saw me?

WALLY
(smiling)
I knew I loved you then and there.

She takes a step towards him. Grabs the lapel of his shirt.

EMMA
That's exactly how I felt when I
met Red.

Wally's smile disappears.

EMMA
You can still spend time with me.
See me. Love me.

Abraham silently enters the stable. He leans his gun against
a bale of hay out of sight of the others. He watches.

EMMA
Red is gone. A hundred years from
now no one would even know he
existed if it weren't for a sign
telling them he was buried beneath
their feet.

WALLY
Then why bother?

EMMA

When you love someone, you do
things for that person you don't
want for yourself.

ABRAHAM (O.S.)

That's sweet.

Emma and Wally spin to see Abraham hulking closer.

EMMA

Can I help you?

ABRAHAM

You own this stable?

EMMA

I do.

ABRAHAM

I need a horse.

EMMA

I'm sorry. I'm leaving.

ABRAHAM

I'd like to be leaving as well.

Abraham takes a few steps forward. Emma doesn't back away.
Wally fidgets in his spot.

ABRAHAM

(to Wally)

Sir.

Wally nods in return.

ABRAHAM

I need a horse to do so. Long ride
to Austin.

EMMA

You're going to Austin?

ABRAHAM

I am.

Wally inches his way in front of Emma. She looks down and
sees Wally has a pistol in the back of his waistband.

WALLY

Sixty dollars.

ABRAHAM
That's high, Mr...

WALLY
Schultz.

ABRAHAM
Mr. Schultz.

EMMA
That's the price. If you ain't got
it, you ain't got a horse.

Abraham takes another lumbering step forward.

ABRAHAM
Now I have a funeral to attend to.
In Austin. You two lovebirds can't
offer a deal?

Emma has caught on minutes ago but Wally has no idea what's
going on and wants to avoid conflict.

WALLY
We just had a funeral here
ourselves. We understand grieving.
What do you have?

ABRAHAM
I have a dead friend.

WALLY
I meant money-wise.

ABRAHAM
I know what you meant, Wally. You
ain't picked up the hints, but the
bitch has.

Emma reaches for Wally's gun. Abraham rushes forward like a
bull and tackles them both to the ground.

A quick boot breaks and bloodies Wally's nose.

He turns to Emma who grabs a pitchfork leaning against a
stall. He stalks her.

She begins moving towards him. A few lunges but he is agile
for a big man.

ABRAHAM
I'll bury you by your lover over
there.

She grabs the fork like a dart and vaults it his way. He ducks but she's already moved.

She kicks him right in the face and he topples backward. She dives towards him, digging her nails into his neck.

Blood pours but he counters. An elbow to the face levels her.

He picks up the pitchfork. Raises it above his head.

BANG!

Wally at his knees with a gun. He completely whiffed the shot but Abraham drops to the dirt.

He keeps low and runs for the exit.

BANG!

The bullet ricochets off the barn. Misses its mark.

Emma gets to her feet and runs to Wally. Ducks behind him.

Abraham returns with his loaded rifle.

WALLY

Move!

They run for cover. Abraham fires and hits nothing.

Emma weaves in and out of cover out of view of Abraham. Wally fires again and Abraham ducks behind a pole.

He turns to aim towards Wally but Emma is standing right there.

She stabs him through the heart with the pitchfork. Blood squirts from his body and covers her from head to toe.

The rifle drops to the ground.

Abraham takes a few steps. Losing blood and life. Tumbles to the ground.

He's bleeding out. Wally runs over with the pistol. Fires a shot through the Abraham's head.

WALLY

Jesus Christ.

He turns to Emma. She sits covered in blood in a pool of blood holding a bloody pitchfork. A vision of pure terror in her eyes.

WALLY

Emma?

No response. She stares at the blood dripping from the prongs and pooling in front of her.

WALLY

Emma.

She looks up to him.

EMMA

So... messy. And sticky.

His face contorts. Unexpected response.

EMMA

Suppose we aught do somethin' with the body. Clean this place up before we go.

He puts out his hand for her. She sets the weapon down and takes it. Up to her feet.

WALLY

I'll handle that. You clean yourself up. Then we'll ride.

She walks towards the exit. Stops. Turns.

EMMA

I think we need to be a bit more careful who we put bullets in.

Wally nods in agreement. She leaves. He picks up Abraham's rifle and looks it up and down. Aims down it's sights.

His new weapon.

EXT. BELTON CITY - NIGHT

Creaking wheels of the casket. Hearse on horseback rides through the city. A smattering of concerned locals. He heads right to his favorite spot; the saloon.

INT. BELTON CITY SALOON - NIGHT

No door on the establishment; it never closes. Hearse walks in and takes a seat at the bar. Slams Zachary's money down. A kind-hearted bald-headed barman FREDERICK (50) takes his money.

HEARSE

Hard-earned money deserves a drink,
don't you think?

FREDERICK

Ain't nothin' more true.

HEARSE

Whatever you got that'll make my
face the reddest.

FREDERICK

You got it.

Frederick whips up a concoction. Slides it over. Hearse
drinks.

HEARSE

That'll work. Remember how you made
that, I'll be havin' as many as I
can afford.

FREDERICK

There's a cot in back. I'll be
carrying you to it when the night's
through.

HEARSE

Fine by me.

Hearse lifts his glass. The Barman pours himself a shot and
takes it.

FREDERICK

Celebratin'?

HEARSE

Yes sir. Tomorrow I finally get to
lift a weight from off my back.

FREDERICK

You owe some money?

HEARSE

Owe somethin'.

The Barman smiles.

FREDERICK

None of my business as long as that
business don't come in here.

Hearse raises his glass. Chugs his drink. Fred pours another.

HEARSE
To my son?

FREDERICK
To your son.

The Barman pours himself another shot. They drink.

FREDERICK
Name's Frederick and go by Fred.

Frederick puts his hand out. They shake.

HEARSE
Name's not important.

Fred smiles as another patron walks in and takes a seat at a table. He goes to serve him.

Hearse gazes into the bottom of his empty glass. Remembers.

INT. HEARSE'S HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Hearse, now clean-shaven, stands in front of a fireplace. He holds his baby. Looks down upon it.

No love. No attachment. Just a burden in his arms.

Hearse stares into the fire.

Bends down. Extends his arms.

INT. BELTON CITY SALOON - NIGHT

Hearse remembers.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Next day. Emma and Wally slowly ride through the streets.

WALLY
Where should we go?

EMMA
I talked to him outside the inn.
Was comin' from the saloon.

WALLY
I'll head into the inn and ask
about him.

EMMA

I'm gonna have a drink.

They tie their horses up at the saloon. She heads inside while Wally reaches into the saddlebag. Pulls out an orange.

As she is about to enter, the door opens and slams into her foot.

Jackson Dooley looks her in the eyes.

She doesn't know what to make of him.

He smiles.

JACKSON

Excuse me, ma'am.

She smiles. He holds the door. She enters.

As he walks out he sees Wally heading toward the inn. Something out of place.

Abraham's rifle.

Jackson crosses the street towards the inn.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

Emma walks in and has a seat. Sally walks over. Looks at her funky.

SALLY

You look familiar. I know you?

EMMA

Doubt it.

SALLY

What'll you have?

EMMA

I'm lookin' into a man that was in here recently. Tryin' to find him.

INT. AUSTIN CITY INN - DAY

Wally enters the inn. He is peeling the orange with a knife. The Innkeeper sits across the room.

INNKEEPER

You're back in town?

WALLY

I am.

INNKEEPER

Well we are full up. Ain't no room.
I think you should leave.

WALLY

Ain't here for a room. Got a
question for you.

The Innkeeper turns away.

INNKEEPER

Go. Now.

Wally is confused and frustrated.

WALLY

Just a simple question.

INNKEEPER

Simple or complicated ain't the
issue. I ain't talkin' to you. Get.

Wally drops the orange peels on the Innkeepers counter.

WALLY

Son of a bitch...

He turns and heads out.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Wally exits the Inn and the bell rings.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

Emma, seated where Hearse was when watching her, sees Wally
exit.

INTERCUT

Wally skips down the porch steps. Jackson Dooley is seated at
them.

JACKSON

'Scuse me?

Wally turns. Sees Jackson's badge.

WALLY

Yes?

Jackson gets to his feet and walks to Wally.

JACKSON

I just want to tell you that's one
of the finest weapons I ever did
see in my life.

WALLY

Thanks.

Wally turns but Jackson follows.

JACKSON

That a Winchester rifle?

WALLY

Uhhh... Yessir it is.

JACKSON

Damn fine shootin' machine, that
is.

WALLY

Sure is.

Jackson puts his hand on Wally's shoulder.

Emma gets up from her table and walks to the door. Watches
from afar.

JACKSON

I have one just like it!

WALLY

Do you?

JACKSON

I do.

Emma catches on. Wally doesn't. He's always been slow. She
leaves the bar and mounts the horse.

Wally has his back to her. Jackson doesn't notice her. She
silently rides the horse North East. She definitely knows
what is next.

JACKSON

Got my initials engraved on the
butt-end. I see you did the same.

Jackson grabs the weapon and tilts it. "AB" engraved on it.

JACKSON

A.B.? What's that stand for?

Wally has no response. He looks to the saloon and sees Emma's horse is missing. He turns back to Jackson.

WALLY

It. Umm. Stands for Allen.

JACKSON

That your name? Allen? What about the B?

WALLY

Bill.

JACKSON

Allen Bill. Allen Bill. Hell of a name.

Jackson massages the butt of Wally's gun.

WALLY

If you don't mind --

JACKSON

Abraham Burrows.

WALLY

I --

Jackson rips the gun from Wally's arms. Wally tumbles to his knees.

One fluid motion Jackson cocks the gun, shoulders it.

BANG!

Wally drops in messy heap of death. Another point blank gun shot in the streets of Austin send citizens running.

Wally's fruit goes rolling down the street.

Jackson shoulders the rifle and walks to the saloon.

INT. AUSTIN CITY SALOON - DAY

Jackson kicks the doors open. Sally is shocked.

JACKSON

Where is she?!

SALLY
Who?

JACKSON
THE BITCH FROM SAN ANTONIO!

SALLY
She jumped out of here in a hurry.

JACKSON
You wasn't gonna tell me she was
here?

SALLY
I ain't know it was her! I didn't
recognize --

BANG!

Jackson shoots Sally to death behind the bar. Aims the gun
at all the patrons within. No one makes a peep.

JACKSON
Anyone gonna miss poor ol' Sally?

No one moves.

JACKSON
Good.

Jackson exits.

EXT. AUSTIN STREETS - DAY

Jackson walks out of the bar and heads towards the body of
Wally. As he approaches it, Sheriff Truman comes from
nowhere.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
I heard a shot then ran out here
and heard another. Out of the bar
you come holdin' a rifle. The hell
happened here, Deputy?

JACKSON
Let it go, Sheriff.

SHERIFF TRUMAN
You kiddin' me? Let it go? You just
killed a man in my streets.

JACKSON
And an old hag in a bar, too.

The Sheriff can't hide his anger.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JACKSON

Just put down our murder suspects for the drunk in the streets the other day.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

You worked with me for three years and you said about the same number of words the entire time. Suddenly since this case began you can't stop talking. Seems you have some kind of connection to all this.

JACKSON

I just think some people don't realize when they ought not get involved in other people's business.

The Sheriff steps up to Jackson.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

Let it go?

JACKSON

Let it go.

SHERIFF TRUMAN

If I let this go what the fuck does that say about me? What does that say about Austin, Texas? If I let this go, everyone that's got a fuckin' bullet lookin' to shoot it into someone else is gonna come to our town, on our streets, to do it. Fuck no I can't let this go. This is my city. This is my home. These are my streets. I'm in control. I have the power. And I'm going to use my power to find the fuckers that did this. I have the fucking power.

JACKSON

You know what I find funny about men in positions of power?

Jackson stretches his neck out. Looks around. Sees a crowd of people watching the lawmen yell at each other by a body.

JACKSON

They are the only ones that realize
how little power they actually
have.

Jackson lifts the rifle.

BANG!

The Sheriff drops dead to the ground with a hole in his head.
The crowd gasps and yells. Starts to hide.

Jackson cocks the rifle and lifts it to the air.

JACKSON

(to the crowd)

The name is Jackson Dooley and I
hereby proclaim that Austin, Texas
is owned by the Winchester Seven!
You got a problem with that, you
step into these streets and show me
what you gon' do about it.

No one steps up. Some continue to run. Some cower in fear.

JACKSON

You find a woman that you ain't
never seen before, you bring her to
me. Alive.

He smirks. Puts the rifle over his shoulder. Steps over the
bodies.

INT. BELTON CITY SALOON - DAY

Hearse wakes up from a drunken sleep. A pile of vomit on the
floor near him. He's on a cot in a back room in the bar and
only half-dressed.

He walks into the main bar. Frederick is asleep on the bar. A
bottle of whiskey sits empty beside him.

Hearse quietly makes his way to the bar. Gets behind it.
Makes himself a drink.

Eyes the cash register and the passed out barman. Thinks
twice. Walks away.

He walks back to the cot and pulls on his clothes in between
sips.

FREDERICK (O.S.)

Oh shit.

Hearse chugs his drink and finishes dressing.

Walks back to the bar and Fred has sat up. He rubs his forehead. Hangover central.

HEARSE

Thanks for letting me sleep in the back.

FREDERICK

No problem. Glad to help a weary traveler.

Hearse walks up and tosses what little money he has left on the bar next to him.

FREDERICK

On the house.

Fred slides the money back.

HEARSE

I'm not going to steal from you, Frederick. You earned it. Take it.

Slides it back again. Fred takes the money and takes it back to the register. Slides it in.

FREDERICK

Not sure why I keep this place open all night.

HEARSE

You the only one that works here?

FREDERICK

I am.

HEARSE

When's the last time you been outside?

Fred takes a seat at a barstool. Spends time to honestly think about it.

FREDERICK

You count stocking barrels?

HEARSE

I don't.

FREDERICK

No idea.

Hearse looks back to the cot. Feels for the guy.

HEARSE

I'll be back in town in a couple days. Or could be. If you got work for a man.

FREDERICK

You want to work for me?

HEARSE

You got good booze and a place to lay my head. Better than I've got now.

Frederick laughs.

FREDERICK

When you lift that weight, come see me. I don't know what you've got goin' on now, but the last thing I want are bullets ricocheting around the place.

Hearse smiles.

HEARSE

I don't think you've got to worry about that.

EXT. BELTON CITY SALOON

Hearse walks into the street. Daylight blinds him. As his sight returns he walks to the casket and sees Emma sitting on it with a revolver in her lap.

EMMA

'Bout time!

Emma aims at Hearse. Fires.

Hearse dives back into the bar. Uses the door frame as cover. She fires again. Ricochets off the frame.

INT/EXT. BELTON CITY SALOON - DAY

He looks inside. Fred shakes his head. Another smile from Hearse.

HEARSE

Got another way out of here?

Fred points. A side door. Hearse hightails it. Goes out.

Hearse quietly slides through the back and dodges a few obstacles in his path. He peeks from beside the building and sees Emma rounding the corner to enter the bar.

She enters and points the gun at Fred.

EMMA

Where'd the son of a bitch go?

She raises the gun to the air. Fires. Frederick cowers. Points to the side door.

She cautiously continues towards the door but Hearse has entered from the front. He stealthily comes up behind her.

He grabs her from behind in a choke hold. She struggles. Fires the gun into the ground, aiming for his feet.

He uses his weight to pull her to the ground. The gun slides across the floor towards the bartender.

She fights to get loose but can't. He's got her around the throat. He's choking the life out of her. She passes out.

He lets loose. She falls to the ground out cold.

HEARSE

Jesus Christ.

He gets to his feet and brushes dirt from his clothes. Looks to Frederick. He is holding her gun and pointing it at Hearse.

HEARSE

I'm sorry about this. Didn't mean it to happen.

FREDERICK

Seems I aught rescind that offer of employment.

HEARSE

I understand.

FREDERICK

Local law gonna be comin' now. You better take her far from here.

Hearse nods. Grabs the girl by the arm and lifts her onto his shoulders. Heads to the side door. Turns.

HEARSE

Thanks again. For everything. You
didn't deserve this.

Hearse takes her out of the building through the side door.

Fred drops the gun. No interest in it anymore.

INT. AUSTIN POLICE STATION - DAY

Jackson sits at the Sheriff's desk. He is reorganizing and
throwing away random possessions of the deceased lawman.

Abraham's Winchester mounted on the wall behind the desk.

An OLD MAN walks in. Behind him is one of the Winchester
Seven, HANDSOME SAM. The name fits him; he's the best-looking
man in the west - and one of the most dangerous too.

HANDSOME SAM

Jackson. Someone here would like to
speak to you.

Jackson pulls a chair out.

JACKSON

Well that is good news. Please,
have a seat.

The Old Man sits down.

OLD MAN

I don't want no trouble.

JACKSON

The only way there would be trouble
is you knew somethin' and didn't
come to me.

Sam leans against the wall. His Winchester rifle in an over-
sized holster on his waist rather than over his shoulder.

OLD MAN

I saw a woman I ain't ever seen in
town.

JACKSON

It's a big town. Could be anyone.

OLD MAN

She was ridin' out. Had tears in
her eyes. Right before that young
boy got shot in the streets.

OLD MAN
Started losin' her composure when
she heard the shot.

JACKSON
Sounds like it could be her. You
get eyes on her?

OLD MAN
Pretty. Young. She definitely knew
him.

JACKSON
Which way she go?

OLD MAN
Northeast. Towards Belton.

Jackson turns to Handsome Sam.

JACKSON
Sam, you ride. Now. I'll get the
rest of the boys together and
follow. Be careful. She's
dangerous.

Handsome Sam laughs.

HANDSOME SAM
It blows my mind you think that
little girl is dangerous.

JACKSON
I know that little girl is a human
being. What I know about human
beings is you put them in certain
situations, they're all dangerous.

HANDSOME SAM
I don't buy it.

Jackson walks over to the wall. Pulls Abraham's rifle down.

JACKSON
Her and the boy took Abraham out.
They got his gun. That kid sure as
shit didn't do it. She did. Be
careful.

Sam nods. Leaves.

OLD MAN
Can I go?

JACKSON
Handsome Sam here is a bit busy.
I'll take you home.

OLD MAN
You gonna kill that poor girl?

Jackson picks the rifle up. Cocks it.

JACKSON
Poor girl? Poor girl? She killed
two of my friends. Two of my very
good friends. You say poor girl?

OLD MAN
I just don't think she deserves to
die is all. You killed that boy in
the streets. That should be enough.

Jackson sits on the table. Slowly points the gun at the man.

JACKSON
You God?

OLD MAN
What?

JACKSON
Are you God?

OLD MAN
No.

JACKSON
Then who are you to judge her,
innocent or guilty? I ain't judging
her. I ain't saying whether she
deserves death or not, I'm sayin'
she's gettin' it. I'm talkin' about
consequences for actions.

The Old Man starts to squirm in his seat.

JACKSON
(about his gun)
This making you uncomfortable?

OLD MAN
A bit.

JACKSON
Never had a gun pointed at you
before?

OLD MAN
Not in a long time.

JACKSON
Well then you aught head home and
tell whoever would mourn you that I
allowed you to come see them again.

The Old Man gets up. Hobbles out of the door.

Jackson puts the rifle back on the mount. Grabs his own.
Turns to the butt and sees 'JD' etched on it. Thumbs it.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - NIGHT

Emma awakens from being choked out. She finds herself hogtied
and leaning against a stone chimney without a house attached.

A fire burns in front of her. Across the fire sits Hearse.

HEARSE
Had a good thing going where I was.
You ruined it.

EMMA
You killed my husband. Seems fair.

HEARSE
So we're even then?

EMMA
We'll be even when you're dead in
the dirt.

Hearse laughs.

HEARSE
You know where we are?

She looks around. A few more chimney's without homes. One
stone building.

EMMA
Fort Phantom Hill?

HEARSE
That's right. Ain't a soul for
miles. Just you, me, and ashes. I
could do whatever in the world I
wanted and no one would ever know.

Emma smiles.

EMMA

Then do it. I don't want to hear
you yap about it.

HEARSE

I'm just trying to make a point.
You won't be killin' me today.

EMMA

Not today. No. But I will. I'm
gonna kill you.

HEARSE

Before we discuss who gon' be
killin' who, we need to talk 'bout
your friend. Where is he?

Emma remains silent.

HEARSE

Thought so. Means your all alone in
this horrible, cruel world.

EMMA

You started it all.

HEARSE

I ain't gonna deny killin' your
husband.

EMMA

Why?

Hearse taken aback.

HEARSE

Why won't I deny it?

EMMA

No. Why did you kill my husband?

HEARSE

I guess I don't have an answer.

Emma reddens. She wants answers.

EMMA

Why?

HEARSE

I really don't know.

EMMA

I want to know why!

Hearse pauses.

HEARSE

Because he tried to kill me.

She's not buying it.

EMMA

My husband tried killin' you?

HEARSE

That's right.

She shakes her head. Pulls at the ropes on her wrists.

EMMA

Five years back Red and I were out at the Bullshead. He had too many drinks. So did I.

HEARSE

I've been there. Had the same amount of drinks.

EMMA

I don't care where you've been. I'm telling you we were there and a man tried to get me to come home with him. Red and I weren't married at the time, didn't even know each other. I wasn't interested in this man. He wasn't very friendly about it. Called me some names. Slapped me. Put a gun in my face. I started to cry.

HEARSE

Sounds awful.

EMMA

It was the worst moment of my life up until you came into it. He beat me and beat me. I thought I was going to die, he just kept hitting me. I couldn't see through the blood on my face.

Emma pauses. Reflects. Struggles with the ropes around her wrists.

EMMA

No one helped me. That was the scariest part. No one wanted to get involved.

EMMA

But then Red stood up from the bar, walked over and put his hand on that man's shoulder. The man started yellin' and screamin'. Red never got mad. Never got angry. His tone didn't change at all. Just asked him to go talk outside.

HEARSE

What happened then?

EMMA

The bartender was a friend of mine. Helped me up. We both watched from the doorway. I don't know *what* Red said, but he said some words to that man, and that man turned and walked away. Never saw him in San Antonio again. Red and I married four months later.

HEARSE

Must've said somethin' to scare him.

EMMA

I have no idea. All I know is he saw a full-grown man beating a woman to death and he didn't even raise his voice. He just said some words... and that was the end of it. I ain't dared have a drink since.

Hearse gets the idea; she's calling him a bullshitter.

HEARSE

You were a stranger then. You were his wife when he and I tangled. Big difference.

EMMA

Not to him. He truly cared about people.

HEARSE

Sounds like an entirely different man than the one I met.

EMMA

He was abrasive. No non-sense. Could be misconstrued.

Hearse gets to his feet. Walks over to her. Loosens the rope around her wrist but keeps her restrained. Places an apple in her hand.

HEARSE

What about that boy? Seemed to me
he was more than your friend.

She chomps into the apple. She hadn't eaten in days. Hearse sits back down by the fire.

EMMA

In his mind, maybe. He was Red's
stable-hand. Took him in when he
was a boy. He loved me the moment
he saw me.

HEARSE

Red know?

EMMA

No.

Hearse nods. They each bite an apple.

EMMA

I was fucking him.

Hearse chokes on the apple a bit. Spits it out.

HEARSE

Ain't nothin' qualify you for more
than friends over that.

EMMA

It wasn't passion. It wasn't
feelings. It was...

She stops. Looks at him. No words come out.

HEARSE

It was what?

EMMA

I feel like I'm talkin' to a
friend.

HEARSE

I'm the closest to that you got.

EMMA

I assure you that you ain't. I
couldn't talk to Wally about Red
though. He'd get jealous so...

EMMA
it's kind of nice to be able to
talk about him.

HEARSE
Seems the way you loved your
husband you shouldn't have been
fuckin' someone else.

She looks him in the eyes. She needs to tell someone.

EMMA
For two years, Red and I were
trying to have a baby. It just...
wasn't happening. Don't know why.
Red told me he had everything in
his life he ever wanted in me
except a baby.

HEARSE
So that boy was --

EMMA
I'd have done anything to give Red
a baby even if it killed me. I
tried so hard. When it never
happened, I thought... maybe it's
me? Maybe it's him? I have no idea.
I've gotta do something.

Hearse finishes the apple off. Throws the core in the fire.

HEARSE
I'm going to make you a one-time
offer. You refuse? I leave you tied
up here and go about my life. You
accept? I'll give you a fair shake
at killin' me.

She takes another bite of the apple. Juice flows down her
chin.

EMMA
What's the deal?

HEARSE
I had a man come after me. He had a
rifle. Inscribed initials on the
butt-end. Sound familiar to you?

EMMA
It does.

HEARSE

They're called the Winchester Seven. They're the most dangerous men in Texas. I killed one of 'em man and left him lying in the dirt. I know they want me, and I know they want you.

EMMA

One came for me too. I killed him.

Hearse smiles.

HEARSE

Seems they're the Winchester Five now. They ain't goin' to stop until we're dead.

EMMA

What are you askin'?

HEARSE

If we go our separate ways, they're gon' kill you. Then kill me. We'll both be dead. That's all that's to it. It's how it is.

EMMA

I can't believe this.

HEARSE

You and I --

EMMA

You're gonna ask me ---

HEARSE

Together --

EMMA

Jesus Christ.

HEARSE

Two on five? Odds ain't good. But they're better.

EMMA

So we kill them, then I kill you, then I can finally get back to my life.

He smiles.

HEARSE
Well...you can try.

She shakes her head.

EMMA
No I'm killin' you, bottom line.

Hearse stands back up and walks to her. Kneels in front of her. Thumbs the restraints.

HEARSE
You can try.

She stares him in the eyes. He doesn't flinch from the eye contact. No emotion in his face.

EMMA
Deal.

Hearse nods. Pulls his knife back out. Cuts the ropes off. Bruises on her wrists.

HEARSE
I'm glad you agreed since I already made it well-known they can find us here.

He stands. Throws the rope in the fire.

EMMA
How long until they reach us?

HEARSE
A day. Two at most. We'll prepare tomorrow.

She nods. Looks into the fire.

INT. BELTON CITY SALOON - NIGHT

Frederick tends bar, cleaning glasses. The place is empty. A silhouetted man in the doorway steps forward. Handsome Sam.

HANDSOME SAM
Open?

FREDERICK
Never close. C'mon in.

Sam walks to the bar and has a seat.

FREDERICK
What'll you have?

HANDSOME SAM
Information.

FREDERICK
Has a price. Might as well have a
drink with it.

Sam smiles. Pulls the Winchester rifle from his holster and
sets it on the table.

HANDSOME SAM
How about a water?

FREDERICK
Water it is...

Frederick fills a glass up. Sees Emma's gun lying below the
bar. Hopes he doesn't need it.

HANDSOME SAM
I'm searching for a woman. Good
looking, young. Came this way
during the day.

FREDERICK
Problem is...

He slides the water glass over to Sam.

FREDERICK
... I got so many good looking
young women in my life that --

HANDSOME SAM
I'm going to stop you there. I
suggest we start over. My question
is the same. Your answer is
different.

Frederick eyes the weapon again.

FREDERICK
Would she be shooting my bar up
trying to kill the Hearse?

HANDSOME SAM
The Hearse?

FREDERICK
That's what they call him. Pushes a
casket around.

HANDSOME SAM
Hearse, huh? I thought they were
together?

FREDERICK
Considering the number of bullets
she put in the walls of my bar I'd
say no.

HANDSOME SAM
Where'd they go?

FREDERICK
Well, left a message for you.

Frederick motions to Sam's rifle and the initials on the
butt. Sam nods. Frederick reaches under the bar towards his
gun.

Sam cradles the weapon in his grasp.

Fred grabs instead a sheet of paper. Hands it over.

HANDSOME SAM
"Tell the Winchester Seven to come
to Fort Phantom Hill as the intent
is to put bullets in each of their
heads."

He looks up to the bartender smiling.

HANDSOME SAM
Jesus Christ. That's most certainly
a death wish.

FREDERICK
I'd say.

Sam stands. Holsters his weapon. Pulls a small amount of cash
and places it on the bar. Walks out.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - DAY

Emma lies in the grass asleep. Eyes open. She awakens.

She looks up to find Hearse with the casket open. He turns to
her and slams it shut. Locks it. Walks over with water.

He drinks and hands it over. She drinks as well.

HEARSE
It's time we come up with a plan.

EMMA

You got somethin' in mind?

HEARSE

Kill 'em all. That's about it.

She smiles.

EMMA

Sounds good.

Hearse turns and points southwest.

HEARSE

They'll come from that way. We could hide. Pop out. Light 'em up.

EMMA

When they approach they'll be on edge. Ready. Doubt we can surprise 'em.

He nods. Turns. Points north. In a sea of brick-made fireplaces and chimneys, one building stands tall.

HEARSE

Shack up there. Wait for them to come. Try to pick 'em off through the windows and door.

She nods.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY

Hearse and Emma stroll through the building. Small and cramped. A couple tiny windows.

HEARSE

Only way in and out is that one door.

She pushes her shoulder into the window. Too big to escape.

EMMA

If they block off the door, we ain't gettin' out.

He nods.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - DAY

Hearse leans against an upright chimney near the building. Puts his weight into it a few times. Doesn't budge.

HEARSE
Could hide behind a few of these.
Use 'em as cover.

She looks southwest.

EMMA
It's still 5 of them and 2 of us.
If we don't get 'em down early,
they can surround us and we won't
have cover.

Hearse nods.

HEARSE
I'm not sure we got many more
options.

Emma scratches her head. Studies their surroundings. Determined. Strategizing.

HEARSE
And you ain't exactly a war
machine.

She turns to him. Grabs him by the shirt. Slams him against the chimney.

EMMA
I could change my mind right now
and kill you where you stand with
my bare fuckin' hands. But I ain't.

Hearse doesn't fight. He reaches into his holster. Grips the gun handle.

EMMA
We need to kill these boys. Ain't
much choice, like you said. So shut
the hell up and let me think.

She lets go with a final push. He takes his hand off the weapon.

INT. THE WINCHESTER SEVEN HIDEOUT - DAY

Jackson Dooley stands in front of the remaining 3 of the Winchester Seven. A smile across his face.

JACKSON

I got word from Handsome Sam. Our enemies have decided to give their lives up. They want to meet us face-to-face. They want war.

The three men look among themselves. None smile but Jackson.

JACKSON

No more bullshittin'. No more sneak attacks. No more funny business. It's gonna end either way.

One man stands forward. LUCAS SMITH.

LUCAS

Let's end this.

JACKSON

I've got a shot of whiskey for whoever kills the Hearse.

LUCAS

I ain't sayin' that, Jackson.

Jackson's smile turns to a scowl.

LUCAS

I'm sayin' we took out the kid. They ain't comin' back.

Jackson walks towards a bar. Pulls a bottle of whiskey and pours himself a drink.

JACKSON

Lucas, you been one of us for damn near twenty years. That about right?

LUCAS

About.

Jackson takes a shot. Fills his glass again.

JACKSON

Twenty years. This city belongs to us. It is terrified of us. We own it. We run it.

Another shot. Another refill.

JACKSON

Twenty years ago when you joined up, you know who was there?

Lucas puts his hands up as if to stop Jackson.

LUCAS

Now --

JACKSON

David. He was there. Now he's dead.
Drinkin' at a bar and walks
outside. Bang. Dead.

LUCAS

I know, but --

Another shot. Another refill. He walks away from the bar and
gets in Lucas' face.

JACKSON

What if someone walked up to you
and shot you dead?

Lucas has no response. He knows.

JACKSON

I'll tell you. David's seventy-
year-old ass would've dusted off
his rifle and kill't anyone who
ever met whomever killed you.

LUCAS

I know that, Jackson.

JACKSON

Then why the hell wouldn't you do
the same for him?

Lucas nods.

LUCAS

Alright. Let's do it.

JACKSON

That's what I wanted to hear. We
all agree?

The other two remaining Winchesters nod.

JACKSON

We ride. Now.

The men all make towards the exit. Jackson stops and grabs
Lucas by the collar.

JACKSON
I swear to Christ himself you ever
question me again, I'll rip your
tongue outta your head and eat it.

Lucas nervously nods. Jackson lets go of his shirt. They exit.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - DAY

Emma is walking towards the guard house again. She passes a couple chimneys as she approaches.

Hearse, from inside the chimney, drops down quietly. Rolls out. Aims his weapon at the back of her head.

HEARSE
Bang.

She turns around.

EMMA
You heard me?

HEARSE
I did.

EMMA
I didn't hear you.

Hearse nods. Looks back to the chimney.

HEARSE
That could work.

EMMA
You there. Me there --

She points back to the guard house. Tied up next to the window is the horse and the casket.

EMMA
-- I think we've got this.

HORSE HOOVES.

She quickly spins to see. A horse approaches from afar.

EMMA
Shit! They're already here!

Hearse doesn't move or react.

EMMA

I need a gun. NOW!

She shakes him.

HEARSE

Calm down. You think five men gonna
ride here on one horse?

She pauses. He's right.

The horse comes closer. Riding it is a familiar face.
Frederick, the bartender from Belton.

He approaches. Jumps from his horse.

HEARSE

Thought you didn't get days off?

FREDERICK

I usually don't. I got someone in
my employ drinkin' money out of my
pocket as we speak.

HEARSE

Must be important.

FREDERICK

I came to tell you that your
message has been received.

HEARSE

And?

FREDERICK

You should expect company tomorrow
morning. They're already riding
this way from Austin.

Hearse nods.

HEARSE

You stayin'?

FREDERICK

Hell no. I ain't got a death wish
even if you do.

Frederick goes to the saddlebag of the horse. Pulls out some
bread and a half-filled bottle of booze. Hands it over.

HEARSE

Thank you.

He reaches back in. Hearse rips the bread in half and hands it to Emma. Both eat.

FREDERICK
This one is for her.

He comes out of the saddlebag holding her pistol. He hands it over. He also has some ammunition.

FREDERICK
Figured it might help even the odds.

EMMA
Thank you.

She shoves the loaf of bread in her mouth and drops to her knees. She starts loading the weapon immediately.

Hearse gets nervous. Sets the bottle down and puts his hand on his weapon.

She finishes loading it. Puts the gun in her waist band. Starts eating again.

FREDERICK
I should get back. Good luck.

EMMA
Thank you, sir.

FREDERICK
It's Fred.

Fred gets on the horse. Trots away. Hearse follows behind at a distance.

HEARSE
Hey.

He runs and catches up. Walks alongside him.

HEARSE
You didn't have to do that.

FREDERICK
I know that. Listen...

Frederick stops the horse. Hearse stands alongside him.

FREDERICK
You didn't tell me you were in bad with the Winchester Seven.

HEARSE
You know 'em?

FREDERICK
Shit, man, everyone does that ain't
livin' under a rock.

HEARSE
I ain't that concerned.

FREDERICK
They're gonna kill you. If they
don't, you're the luckiest son of a
bitch alive. I really hope you got
a plan?

Hearse looks back. Emma eats the bread. Aims the gun towards
the windows of the guard house. She's planning.

HEARSE
I got a plan.

FREDERICK
Good.

HEARSE
I appreciate all you've done for
me. Since my son --

FREDERICK
Say no more. Ain't no need.

Hearse nods. Puts his hand out. They shake.

FREDERICK
If you survive this, you come see
me. Drinks are on me.

HEARSE
You got a deal.

Frederick rides off.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma and Hearse sit on the cement ground. Nothing to help
cushion the hard floor. Each leans on the ground.

Emma gets to her feet and looks out the window. Sees the
horse and casket. Scans for any movement.

HEARSE

You ain't gotta get up every ten minutes.

EMMA

I don't want them to get a drop on us.

HEARSE

You heard the man. Tomorrow morning. Get some sleep. Be rested.

EMMA

I can't sleep.

HEARSE

I got somethin' for that.

Hearse goes outside. Emma watches him reach into the casket from the window. She can't see inside.

Hearse come back in. The bottle of booze from Frederick in hand. He tosses it to her.

EMMA

I ain't a drinker.

She tosses the bottle back. He quickly opens it.

HEARSE

I know that. You told me once before.

EMMA

You remember that?

HEARSE

I do. I just don't understand.

He takes a swig.

HEARSE

You're stuck in an abandoned military base --

He takes another.

HEARSE

With a man you hate --

She nods as he takes another.

HEARSE

Layin' on a cement floor --

Another.

HEARSE
With nothing of comfort --

One more.

HEARSE
The night before a gunfight.

A final swig.

HEARSE
And you ain't a drinker?

She smiles.

EMMA
I ain't.

HEARSE
This might be the last night of
your life. I think that calls for
at least a sip.

She puts her hand out. He slides the bottle across the floor.
It tumbles and spills a little. They laugh a bit.

EMMA
You ass.

She grabs the bottle. A deep breath. A sip. Her face squints.

HEARSE
That don't even count as a sip.

EMMA
Shut the hell up! Yes it does!

She gets to her feet again. Hands the bottle over and goes
back to the window. No one out there.

HEARSE
After all of this, you still plan
on tryin' to kill me?

She pauses and gets angry as she realizes he hasn't thought
about killing him in a while.

She stares out the window. Back to the horse and casket.
Turns to him.

EMMA
Yeah.

Hearse puts his head down. Takes a much bigger drink.

EXT. BELTON CITY - NIGHT

Frederick ties his horse up at the hitching post as storm clouds roll above head. Rain drizzles down lightly.

He hears a commotion coming from inside the bar. More business than usual.

INT. BELTON CITY SALOON - NIGHT

He walks inside.

The remaining five members of the Winchester Seven are all having drinks. A GUITARIST strums a song and they all sing.

THE WINCHESTER SEVEN

(singing)

There was a fair lady who lived on
the plains. She helped me herd
cattle through hard stormy rains.

Frederick removes his jacket. He tosses it on the bar.

THE WINCHESTER SEVEN

(singing)

She loved the red liquor which
serves a man so. She was a fair
lady as white as the snow.

Frederick walks behind bar and opens the register. Opens it. No money. He grabs a bottle and has a drink.

THE WINCHESTER SEVEN

Mid lightnin' and thunder and the
downpour of rain, in come a bullet
and dashed out her brains!

Jackson notices that Frederick has returned. He stands from his seat, and puts his hand across the guitar, abruptly stopping the song.

JACKSON

(singing)

In come a bullet and dashed out her
brains!

The group all laugh. They turn to Frederick and watch as Jackson walks to the bar and plops down in a stool. Eyes glazed. Drunk.

JACKSON

Wasn't no one here tendin' bar. We thought we'd help ourselves.

FREDERICK

You keep tabs on what you've had so far?

JACKSON

We thought a personalized concert might be payment enough. We're just a group of weary musicians!

The Winchesters all laugh. Frederick doesn't.

Handsome Sam to his feet. Walks to the bar. Jumps up and has a seat on it.

HANDSOME SAM

You know, I was talkin' to Jackson here. Told him what you told me, about the message, and then somethin' funny happened.

JACKSON

This is a riot. You'll love this.

HANDSOME SAM

I saw you ride towards Fort Phantom Hill.

JACKSON

Interesting.

HANDSOME SAM

Funny.

Frederick doesn't respond. Walks behind the bar and to the cash register. Opens it.

FREDERICK

Music ain't money. You'll need to pay.

JACKSON

I know you told them we was comin'. Now we have to ride tonight to catch them off guard.

FREDERICK

It's already five-on-two. That ain't enough advantage?

Jackson rises from his seat. Comes around the bar and starts pouring a drink.

JACKSON

I had a friend named Abraham. You never met him, but he's the biggest, baddest son of a bitch I ever met. He looked at you the wrong way, you pissed yourself guaranteed.

Jackson hands the drink to Sam. He starts pouring another.

JACKSON

That girl killed that man.

The rest of the Winchesters and the guitarist come to the bar and start collecting drinks being poured.

JACKSON

Had another named Zachary. He been with us 'bout fifteen years. He been in bar-fights, gun-fights, fist-fights and any other fight you can imagine and always came out unharmed. Not a scratch.

Jackson empties the bottle of booze into one final glass.

JACKSON

He ain't come home. Ain't seen him in days. He's likely dead.

Jackson takes a large drink.

JACKSON

Two of the most dangerous men on the planet are dead and two more have taken their place. And we have to go against 'em.

Another drink. Finishes his glass.

JACKSON

So you can understand why we'd want to take any advantage we can get. What'd you tell 'em?

Frederick looks around. Outnumbered. No one to help.

FREDERICK

Six drinks. Plus the ones you had when you got in.

FREDERICK

I'll give you a discount 'cause of
the song and assume those were your
first. I think ten dollars aught
cover it.

Jackson shuts the cash register abruptly and punches
Frederick across the mouth. He goes down to the floor.

Fury runs through Jackson as he stomps and punches and kicks
and breaks bottles across the bartender's head, face, body -
anywhere that can cause bodily harm.

Sam finishes his drink and watches.

HANDSOME SAM

Sober up. We ride tonight.

Jackson stops the assault. Blood covers Fredericks entire
head. He lies unconscious. Can't tell if he's alive or dead.

He takes one more shot.

JACKSON

No. We ride now.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - NIGHT

Thunder booms and echoes.

Water trickles down leaves of a tree.

Lightning slams the ground of a plain.

Horse hooves ride through the night.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma is fast asleep in the guard house. Uses the empty
whiskey bottle as a pillow.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - NIGHT

The five remaining Winchesters descend from their horses.
They tie them to a fence that sits on the perimeter. A boom
of thunder causes one of the horses to neigh loudly.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma opens her eyes. The horse and thunder awaken her. She
gets to her feet and looks out one of the windows.

She sees the five Winchesters in the darkness walking towards the guard house brandishing their rifles.

EMMA
(sotto)
Oh no.

She looks back. Hearse is nowhere to be found. She looks back out the window and to the chimney he is going to descend from.

Jackson is in front. He nears the chimney. Walks past. No attack. Handsome Sam now. No attack. The remaining three walk past.

No attack.

EMMA
What the fuck?

She turns to the opposite side of the house and runs over. Looks out the window.

Hearse's horse and casket are gone. No sign of him.

He has abandoned her to save himself.

EMMA
No. No no no no.

She retrieves her gun. Checks to see if it is loaded. It is.

EXT. THE WILD WEST - NIGHT

Hearse rides in the night through the rain. Casket tied to the horse. A small town lit up in front of him.

Oakwood.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma is panicking.

EXT. FORT PHANTOM HILL - NIGHT

The Winchesters close in.

INTERCUT:

INT. GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

She inhales deep. Holds the gun to her chest. Exhales. She leans out the door. Aims. Sam sees her but no one else.

HANDSOME SAM
FIRE NOW!

The men all aim their guns at the guard house.

Emma fires a shot. One man gets blasted through the neck. The blood squirts out into Sam's face.

Jackson, Lucas, and the rest all fire. Bullets ricochet off the brick walls. She has taken cover.

Chunks of brick are falling off the door frame. She gets dust and mortar on her.

She keeps low. Leans out again. Aims. Fires. Another Winchester hit in the leg. He goes down.

JACKSON
Get to cover!

Jackson, Lucas, and Sam hide behind a standing chimney.

Emma checks her chamber. Four bullets left. Four Winchesters. She knows she can't miss.

Jackson pulls the men close.

JACKSON
You see the windows? She ain't
gettin' out of there.

Emma leans out. Aims. No open shots except the Winchester who was blasted in the leg who is yelling for help. She breaths deep.

BANG!

A bullet ricochets off the brick near her. A chunk flies and hits her in the eye. She falls to the ground.

EMMA
FUCK!

She is in agony. She uses her blouse to try to clean blood out. Doesn't matter. She can't see out of it. No vision from that eye.

Jackson leans out a little and looks in the building.

HANDSOME SAM
Did I get her?

JACKSON
Can't tell.

He leans back in.

Blood streams down her cheek. She has to fight on. She leans in again. Aims at the chimney. They aren't popping out.

Aims back at the yelling Winchester. Fires. Right through the head. She leans back in.

JACKSON
God damn it. This fuckin' bitch.
Sam stay here and cover us. Lucas
and I will go to either side of the
house and go through the windows.

Sam nods. Readies his gun. Pops out. Can't see her but keeps his sights trained on the door.

HANDSOME SAM
Ready...

Both men nod.

HANDSOME SAM
Now.

Lucas and Jackson run out from each side of the chimney. Sam fires on the door. Cocks the gun. Fires again. His partners hug the wall on either side of the door.

Emma is standing inside. She still dabs her eye with her shirt. Can't clear it. She's getting dizzy. Vision getting worse.

She drops to her stomach. Crawls to the door and peeks out. She can't see them. She notes some grass looks stomped on.

She realizes their plan. She runs to one of the windows and slides into the wall below it. Aims her gun at the other window across the room.

Jackson and Lucas slowly inch around the wall to the windows.

Thunder crashes. The storm gets worse. Rain starts to pour in place of trickling.

Emma waits.

Lucas gets to his window. He aims his gun in. The end hangs over Emma's head. She looks up and notices.

She jumps up and grabs the barrel and points it to the wall. Lucas fires. She puts her pistol in his face. Fires. His head rocks backwards and his body goes limp.

She pulls the rifle in through the window. Drops to the floor and aims it at the opposite window. Jackson aims.

She pulls the trigger. Click. The rifle is empty.

Jackson fires but she moves. She rolls to the side. Picks up the pistol again. Shoots it at the window but Jackson ducks. She looks to the door.

Her only chance.

She jumps to her feet and sprint out the door.

As she gets outside, Handsome Sam grabs her around the throat. He was waiting at the door.

Her speed pulls them both to the ground. Each drop their gun.

They wrestle around. She kicks and punches but can't land a good hit. He holds one of her arms down and punches her in the injured eye.

She screams out in pain. She feels around the grass and finds the pistol and aims it his way. Fires without looking.

The bullet rips through his cheek. He falls off of her and rolls on the ground in pain.

She grabs his rifle and runs to the chimney they were previously hiding behind.

BANG!

A bullet rips through her shoulder. She falls to the ground and rolls behind the cover.

Jackson lowers his weapon. He got her.

JACKSON

You ain't makin' it out of here!

He keeps his rifle aimed on the chimney and slowly circles it to try to get a shot. She moves with him.

JACKSON

This is it for you!

She tries to lift the rifle while she crawls but her arm is too weak.

JACKSON
You ain't ever goin' home!

Emma continues to circle and is at the front of the chimney. Where she planned on attacking from.

A burst of adrenaline. She scurries to the chimney and climbs up the base inside.

One foot hold for her to stand on. She leans against the other side with her good arm and dangles the rifle with the other. She's a couple feet off the ground.

Jackson is none the wiser. He continues circling.

In the chimney, her arms begin to shake. She can't hold out much longer.

Jackson jogs now around the chimney. He suddenly realizes she isn't circling too.

JACKSON
Where did she go?! Where is she?!
SAM! Do you see her?!

Sam lies in the grass. He's not moving. Jackson notices.

Jackson starts to nervously spin around. Rifle aimed out at nothing. He is the one now panicking.

BANG!

Jackson drops in a heap, rifle at his side. The bullet rips into his kidney. He drops to the grass.

JACKSON
Help. I need help.

Emma stands behind him. Her one good arm holding the rifle. Blood pouring from her eye and her shoulder. Body covered in mortar, blood, and dirt.

She trudges over to him and stands above him. Pushes the rifle into the back of his head.

BANG!

She drops to the ground. Bullet in her back. Sam is at his knees. She rolls back and shoots again while off balance. It hits him in the elbow and he falls back.

All three lie in the grass mortally wounded.

Jackson coughs up blood.

Handsome Sam cries.

Emma stares into the sky. She thinks of Red and smiles.

EXT. OAKWOOD INN - DAY

Hearse walks out of the inn. Stretches. A comfortable night for him.

He walks to the hitching post and no horse to be found. The casket sits there. The rope between them has been severed. He grabs it.

HEARSE

Shit.

A STRANGER walks by.

STRANGER

Somethin' wrong, stranger?

HEARSE

Someone stole my goddamned horse.

STRANGER

Gotta be a monster to do that.

EXT. OAKWOOD STREETS - DAY

Hearse walks down the streets of Oakwood. He pushes the casket. Wheels squeaking louder than ever. People stare at him as he goes.

In the distance, the cemetery comes into view.

EXT. OAKWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

The gate screeches open loudly making the wheels of the casket seem silent. He pushes the casket a few feet in and stops. Pulls a handkerchief. Dabs the sweat from his brow.

He pushes the casket deeper into the cemetery. Stops. Leaves the casket and kneels down before a pair of graves.

INSERT: Grave with the names of Cindra and Geoffrey Daniels.

Hearse rubs his fingers on the name plates. Gets to his feet. He opens the casket, our view inside still obstructed.

Pulls out a shovel.

Stabs it into the ground and walks to a grave.

INSERT: Headstone of Gregory Lawrence.

Hearse bends at the knees. Lifts the headstone out. Drags it a few feet over. Lets it fall.

Grabs the shovel. Digs. Deeper and deeper.

The sun scorches. Hearse is getting more exhausted.

CLINK.

He's reached the end. He stands atop the unearthed casket. Swings the shovel and breaks the lid into pieces.

A mostly-decomposed body of a man lies inside.

Hearse haphazardly pulls the body out. He holds his breath. Rotting pieces of flesh fall from the corpse.

The grave is empty. Hearse sits for a moment and stares into it. Tears well in his eyes.

Jumps to his feet. Grabs the casket and pushes it near the grave.

Pauses.

Face reddens with anger now. He walks to the side of the casket and pushes it over. It crashes to the ground. Wood cracks and splinters from the force of the fall.

The body rolls out to the foot of the grave.

Wrapped in chains. A burlap sack tied around the head.

Hearse bends over. Pulls the sack from the head of the body. Backs up a few steps. Rubs his forehead.

The CORPSE stands.

The person inside was alive the entire time.

We see his face.

IT IS HEARSE.

This version of Hearse doesn't have a beard and has a shorter hair cut. Our flashbacks from earlier now tell a different story; we were watching two different people the entire time.

Hearse stands before his likeness. He pulls out his revolver. Opens the chamber. One bullet left.

CORPSE

What are you doing?

Hearse stands in front of him. He is angry. Sad. Tears of rage and depression. He looks at this man with regret

CORPSE

You gonna kill me?

Hearse's expression is of a scared little boy. An apprehensive nod as he lifts and points his gun at Corpse.

CORPSE

Ain't gotta do that.

HEARSE

Yes I do.

CORPSE

Why?

HEARSE

You know what you did.

CORPSE

That boy was the devil.

Hearse lowers his gun. Closes his eyes. Anguished.

HEARSE

Don't say another word.

Corpse looks around. Spots the graves nearby.

CORPSE

Here?

Hearse nods. Lifts the gun again. Lowers it. So many lives have been ended but he can't end the last one.

CORPSE

You think ma and --

HEARSE

I said not another word.

He checks the chamber again. Bullet is still there. He takes a deep breath. Silence around him. Corpse's lips move but Hearse can't hear.

Focused.

He raises the gun. Points. Pulls the trigger.

BANG!

Blood shoots from the back of Corpse's head. His body falls backwards into the grave.

Hearse takes one more deep breath.

He walks to the edge of the grave and looks inside. The body lies inside motionless. Dead as intended.

He walks back to the broken casket he lumbered across Texas. Rifles through the remains.

Finds the headstone he had made in Austin.

He carries it over to the grave. Places it in at the head of the grave where Corpse lies.

INSERT: The headstone states Joseph Daniels.

Hearse pulls the handkerchief and wipes the sweat from his brow and tears from his eyes.

He grabs the shovel. He digs and digs as he fills the grave of his brother.

FADE OUT.