

The Further Adventures Of Doc Holliday

by
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EXT. HOTEL GLENWOOD - DAY

Establishing of a nice hotel set in the mountains of Colorado. God's country.

GRAPHIC: HOTEL GLENWOOD, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.
NOVEMBER 8th, 1887.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Four rough looking cowboys, shove their way through the more refined folk. They're the Craven Brothers--John, Joe, Jerry, and Bob.

JOHN CRAVEN
Get yer dandy asses outta the
way...

Bob pulls a pistol for punctuation.

BOB CRAVEN
He said move!

BAM. Bob puts one the ceiling. The patrons scream and run--ceiling tiles and dust showers the brothers.

JOHN CRAVEN
Bob...what did I tell you about
doin' that?

BOB CRAVEN
Not to do it inside...

JOHN CRAVEN
Put the gun away, Bob.

They head for the massive staircase.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PHYSICIAN stands over a very sickly man in bed--the legendary DOC Holliday.

Doc coughs--BIG NOSED KATE looks on. Tears in her eyes.

PHYSICIAN
He'll shortly be moving on to a
better place...

BIG NOSED KATE
I fear *that* better place may not
be in his eternal itinerary.

Doc's timed cough says "heard that". The next sound he emanates, is in his THICK SOUTHERN DRAWL...

DOC

This is funny...

His famous last words. A spastic coughing fit, and Doc Holliday is silent. Just then, the Cravens burst into the room.

BIG NOSED KATE

John Craven, you get outta here!
You've done enough...

JOHN CRAVEN

That son of a rotten whore ain't
gettin' outta this, this time...

BIG NOSED KATE

He's dead, you Bastard. You and
these inbred idiots you call
brothers ran him to his grave.

Kate points at Doc laying on the bed.

PHYSICIAN

Passed on, just now.

JOHN CRAVEN

Mighty convenient. Bob?

Bob strikes a match...

BIG NOSED KATE

What are you doing..?

The other Craven Brothers aim pistols at Doc's body, and
cock the hammers.

John winks at Kate, as Bob waves the flame under Doc's
BARE FEET.

BIG NOSED KATE

Stop that...I said stop that right
now...

Every eye is on Doc. Not a hint of life.

BIG NOSED KATE

Happy? Now that you desecrated
his poor body, too?

JOHN CRAVEN

He owes us. You know what we
want...

BIG NOSED KATE

No, he owed you. Chasin' a sick
man all over hell and high water.

(MORE)

BIG NOSED KATE (CONT'D)

I'd say you've gotten all he's got
to give. You should all be
ashamed of yourselves.

John spots Doc's jacket on the back of a chair, and
plunders through it. All he finds is a SILVER FLASK--
which he promptly takes a snort from.

JOHN CRAVEN

Won't be needin' this anymore,
will he?

John drops it into his shirt pocket, and exits with his
brother--laughing.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

An UNDERTAKER drives a wagon, a pine coffin in the back.
The lantern by his side casting the perfect shadow--
OBSCURING HIS FACE.

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

A freshly dug grave. A GRAVEDIGGER leaning on his shovel
as the UNDERTAKER pulls up.

GRAVEDIGGER

Evenin'.

The Undertaker tips his hat. The filthy Gravedigger
pulls the coffin off the back of the wagon--drops it to
the ground with a bone jarring THUD.

Four figures ooze out of the shadows--The Craven
Brothers.

JOHN CRAVEN

(to Undertaker)

That there the alleged remains a
Doc Holliday?

The Undertaker nods.

JOHN CRAVEN

(to Coffin)

Hey, Holliday! See you in hell!
Boys..?

The Craven brothers PUMP THE COFFIN FULL OF HOLES--a man
screams from inside the coffin.

Guns are emptied. Screaming stops. Echoes fade...

Then, BANG BANG--The Undertaker pumps two rounds into the
coffin, too. The Brothers give him a look...

He shrugs--caught up in the moment.

The coffin seeps blood that gleams under the moon light.

JOHN CRAVEN
(to Coffin)
Nice try, Holliday.

BEAT.

UNDERTAKER
Yes, it was quite the ruse.

Something familiar about that voice...

The Undertaker pushes the brim of his hat up, revealing his face. It's DOC--pistols leveled at the Craven Brothers.

DOC
It would appear you gentlemen have
emptied your revolvers.
(BEAT)
Pity...

BAM BAM BAM BAM. Four shots--he drops the Craven Brothers like dominos.

GRAVEDIGGER
You! You're dead!

DOC
My Dear Fellow, I merely needed to
escape the attentions of these
gentlemen...whose fiscal concerns
seemed best addressed by my
premature demise.

The Gravedigger stares blankly at him, as galloping horses approach. Big Nosed Kate and a horse for Doc.

Doc tosses a few coins to The Gravedigger.

DOC
Plant the brothers in that hole.
And take this story to *your* grave.

With that, Doc and Kate ride off into the night.

The Gravedigger, stunned to the bone, pulls the lid off of the coffin--THE DOCTOR is inside. Dead.

EXT. CEMETARY - LATER

An owl asks his questions. A wolf serenades the moon. A FILTHY HAND struggles out of the loose dirt of the freshest grave...

Gasping for air, John Craven pulls himself out of the grave. His dirty fingers reach for his chest--checking his gunshot wound. But there isn't one...

Instead, John pulls out a BULLET DENTED FLASK--the one he took from Doc.

John growls a single word.

JOHN CRAVEN

Holliday...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

Doc coughs gently and leans on his cane--still a sick, sick man. Big Nosed Kate eyes him sadly.

People are boarding a train.

DOC

Be like old times, Kate. Good to see Arizona again, if only in passing. Hear good things about Old Mexico. Or, should we should go to Alaska and see Wyatt...

BIG NOSED KATE

I'm going to New York.

DOC

Splendid idea. We could even steam over to London. If there's a ship that could carry all that gold...

BIG NOSED KATE

Alone.

BEAT.

DOC

Say that again.

BIG NOSED KATE

I'm not coming with you, Doc.

DOC

If I were a man of lesser confidence, I'd think you were leaving me.

BIG NOSED KATE

I am.

DOC

Funny.

BIG NOSED KATE

Livin' on the run? Doc, I've done that before. I want a home. I want a man who isn't prone to being shot at any given time of the day...

DOC

I'm dead, Kate. You watch. Word'll spread. Them days are over, and we'll be set for the rest of forever. Money enough to take care of you after I'm gone...

He trails off into a cough.

BIG NOSED KATE

I love a man who is already dead. It's just a matter of when.

DOC

I've got some time before then and now...

BIG NOSED KATE

Five years?

DOC

Possibly...

BIG NOSED KATE

Six months? The little time left on the run and hiding? Every time I look at you, I know I've already lost you, Doc. I can't do this anymore...

DOC

Alright then. Goodbye. I won't miss you. Fact of the matter is I didn't care that much for you anyway. Your nose is too big, and your cookin' is atrocious.

CONDUCTOR (O.C.)

All aboard!

DOC (CONT'D)

And you snore. Loudly.

ACROSS THE STATION

A carriage moves, revealing a still filthy and bloody John Craven. THREE MORE BROTHERS at his side--JUNIOR, JD, and HUCK.

Murder in their eyes--guns in their hands. John and Junior head one way, JD and Huck head another--searching faces...

WITH DOC

BIG NOSED KATE

Goodbye, Doc.

She pecks him on the cheek and leaves him standing. He watches her till she's lost in the crowd.

DOC

(softly)

Goodbye, my sweet Flower.

John and Junior are all over Doc--but they don't see one another. The crowd too thick.

Mere feet apart--missing each other by seconds. Again and again.

Doc hobbles aboard a train--in plain view. JD and Huck spot him! They run across tracks and go in after him...

The train whistle blows, and it SLOWLY begins to chug away. But, as it pulls OUT OF THE FRAME...

We find Doc standing on the other side--watching it go with a smile on his face.

DOC

Cravens.

Doc about faces and gets on the train behind him.

ACROSS THE STATION

Junior and John meet up.

JUNIOR

Ya'll see him?

John doesn't reply--something else has his attention. He's spotted Big Nosed Kate...

Pistols cocked, he and Junior go after her. And Doc's train groans away.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The countryside slides by the windows--Doc is doubled over, coughing. He tries to compose himself...

A TICKET TAKER approaches him and notices a bit of BLOOD on Doc's handkerchief.

TICKET TAKER

Sir, the other passengers
are...concerned about your
condition.

DOC

You may assuage their fears. I
will not be dropping dead on your
fine conveyance.

TICKET TAKER

They'd like you to ride in another
car.

DOC

Another car...

TICKET TAKER

You're going to have to ride
elsewhere, Sir.

BEAT.

DOC

I see.

Doc stands. Sniffs. Straightens his jacket, and hobbles up the aisle with the Ticket Taker--making it a point to COUGH ON EVERYONE HE PASSES.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

TRACKING WITH THE TRAIN FROM THE REAR: Doc is sitting in the doorway of the caboose. Legs are dangling off end of the train--drowning sorrows from a silver flask.

DOC

View is better anyway.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The next day. We're at a stop. Doc is OUT COLD and still hanging off the caboose.

A horse, tied to the caboose rail, is gnawing on his belt buckle. Doc drunkenly opens his eyes--an eyeful of horse snout.

DOC
Why Kate, you've returned.

GRAPHIC: SUNSET, ARIZONA.

EXT. STATION - DAY

Doc drunkenly hobbles up to a RAIL WORKER.

DOC
Pardon me, my good man, is there a
train heading to Ash any time?

RAIL WORKER
Never heard of it. The next train
outta here is the midnight to
Yuma.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Doc eases along the dirt streets. Hung over--his hat
low.

A WOMAN, well dressed and beautiful, is having a hell of
a time dragging a HUGE TRUNK--a lengthy MAP TUBE hanging
off her shoulder. Her name is ALEX.

She slips, falling face first into the mud.

Mortified, she sees Doc and lifts a dainty hand for
assistance.

Doc steps right over her.

Pissed, she struggles to her feet and follows Doc.

ALEX
Excuse me.

Doc carries on.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I said, excuse me.

Doc stops.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Where I come from, it is proper
for a man to offer assistance to a
woman in need.

DOC
In need of what?

ALEX
Why, you stepped right over me...

DOC

In my condition, I felt walking around you to be too much of a feat.

ALEX

You may be dressed like a gentleman, but Sir, you are no gentleman.

DOC

You are astutely correct. Now, as I am not much for your gender, presently...

ALEX

My gender?

DOC

Women. Damnable lot. But, now that you are upright, and I glean from your incessant carrying on, in good health. I bid you good day.

Doc hobbles away, leaving Alex where she's stewing.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Gamblin'. Drinkin'. The doors sway open, and Doc sways in.

Doc hobbles to the bar--the greasy BARTENDER oozes over to him.

BARTENDER

What can I do ya for?

DOC

A rosy shot of anti-fogmatic, if you please.

Doc is overcome by a fit of coughing.

DOC (CONT'D)

Make that three.

The Bartender pours three shots of whiskey.

DOC

Where might a gentlemen procure the services of a wagon and a man with a strong back?

BARTENDER
Reckon that would depend on the
nature of the need.

DOC
The need is my business. But the
location is Ash, Arizona.

The Bartender goes pale.

BARTENDER
Never heard of it.

DOC
Come now. Was a boom rail town
not ten years ago.

BARTENDER
I said, I ain't never heard of it.

Doc is grabbed by the shoulder, and spun around--face to
face with a greasy, filthy, HOMBRE.

HOMBRE
You look familiar.

DOC
And you look in need of a thorough
scouring.

HOMBRE
What?

DOC
It was a pleasure meeting you.

Doc turns back to the Bartender, who has retreated to the
other side of the bar.

DOC
(to Bartender)
Barkeep, I'm not done discussin'
matters with you...

The Hombre spins Doc around once more.

DOC
You again.

HOMBRE
What's your name?

DOC
Agustus. Ceasar Augustus, of the
Virginia Augustus'.

HOMBRE
You ain't Doc Holliday..?

DOC
My dear man, Doc Holliday is ten
feet tall, has ice water for
blood, and drinks viper venom.

HOMBRE
Oh, he does not.

DOC
I've heard it from many a reliable
source. Besides, Doc Holliday is
dead.

HOMBRE
No foolin'?

DOC
Indeed.

HOMBRE
Hot damn. Someone finally gunned
that bastard down...

DOC
Perish the thought. Poor
scoundrel's heart gave out while
bedding four lovely lasses of ill
repute.

HOMBRE
Four?

DOC
Tell your friends. Now, I
apologize for my likeness to the
handsome rogue, but I do believe
our conversation is done.

Alex and her massive trunk enter--both filthy as floor
mats.

ALEX
Ahem...

She's ignored--stomps a boot.

ALEX
Gentlemen!
(all eyes on her)
My name is Alexandria
Coddington...

She pauses expectantly--nothing.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Of the Houston Coddingtons..?

Crickets.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I am an Archeologist post
graduate, and I have need for a
guide to take me to Ash, Arizona
where I intend to study the
ancient ruins of...

EXT. BEHIND SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

The Hombre and two of his BUDDIES drag a screeching Alex.
Half the saloon is out here cheering them on.

ALEX
This is not how civilized men
behave..!

The Two Buddies hold Alex down--the Hombre unbuckles his
belt.

ALEX
Gentlemen, let's discuss this.
There's no need to resort
to...what you plan on resorting
to...

The filthy Hombre licks her face--Alex SCREAMS.

HOMBRE
Oh, there's a gonna be some
resortin'. A whole mess a
resortin'...

A silver tipped cane ENTERS THE FRAME--taps the Hombre on
the shoulder.

DOC
By the slantindicular sway in your
posture, I glean you've enjoyed
your fill of fire water...

HOMBRE
Mind yer own, Augustus.

DOC
My dear fellow, there are few
things in this wretched world I
just cannot stand. You have just
discovered one.

HOMBRE
You threatenin' me?

DOC
Well, I had hoped to just talk you
out of this nonsense...

Doc eyes him hard--a killer's eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)
But...if you wanna wake snakes,
I'll oblige.

HOMBRE
Boys, I'm gonna kill me a Dandy.
You and me, Augustus. Ten paces.

DOC
In my weakened state...

BAM! Doc drops him.

DOC (CONT'D)
...that's nine too many.

You don't see Doc draw his gun, it's just there. FAST.

One of the Hombre's Friends goes for his gun--Doc
dispatches him, too. The Third gets gun butted to the
forehead.

ALEX
What have you done..?

DOC
Saved you from an unsavory
evening, I imagine.

ALEX
You uncivilized mongrel, I could
have talked my way out of it.
That is how refined people settle
their issues, you know...

DOC
Ma'am, if you are unclear on
matters of gratitude, this is
where one would commonly expect a
thank you of some sort. Now, as
much as I enjoy being
unappreciated by you, I should be
on my way before the Law happens
to...

Alex points at the Hombre and his dead Friend--badges
stick out from under vests...

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL HOUSE - NIGHT

Doc behind bars.

DOC
Damnable lot. All of 'em.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Doc looks out the small cell window of the back wall.
TOWNSFOLK are building a gallows under torch light.

A hand painted sign advertises "HANGIN' AT MIDNIGHT.
CHILDREN GET IN FREE."

Doc cranes his neck to look up the street at the TOWN
SQUARE CLOCK--11:57.

DOC
This does not bode well.

A man named LUCKY and a CHINAMAN are also locked up.

LUCKY
What'd they get you for?

DOC
I'd really rather not talk about
it.

LUCKY
Name's Lucky...

DOC
Your name is Lucky?

LUCKY
Well...I got it before tonight.
You got a name?

DOC
And an overwhelming desire to be
out of this place.
(extends hand)
Polo. Dr. Marco Polo, of the
Carolina Polo's. Your partner of
Oriental persuasion have a name?

LUCKY
Course he does. But damned if I
know what it is. Mute as a
doorknob.

KA-THUMP. Trap door of the gallows being tested with
sand bags--a DUMMY SWINGS IN THE BREEZE.

DOC
We absolutely, and I cannot
overstate the importance of this
enough, have to get the hell out
of here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alex is still dragging that massive chest of hers. Hair
akimbo. Dirty. Muddy. Dress torn and ripped.

Almost in front of the cell window...

ALEX
In all my days, I haven't seen the
like. I hate this place. You
hear me! Not a gentleman to be
found! The entirety of this town
can kiss my rosy...

Thump--she falls down again.

WITH DOC

DOC
I know that catterwail...

WITH ALEX

Dragging her trunk by the jail...

DOC (O.S.)
Psst.

She stops.

DOC (O.S.)
PSSSSSST.

Alex leaps on top of her trunk.

ALEX
Snake! Snake..!

WITH DOC

DOC
I am going to die.

WITH ALEX

She spots Doc, Lucky, and the Chinaman in the window, and
de-trunks.

ALEX
You.

DOC

Yes, Madam, me. The reason you do not find yourself in flagrante delicto at the hands of several unwashed ruffians, at this very moment.

ALEX

I think those bars suit you.

DOC

Have you met Lucky and his Chinaman friend?

LUCKY

Ma'am.

DOC

Innocent men, incarcerated...
(nudges Lucky)
Look innocent.

They lay on the puppy dog eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)

As I was saying, innocent men...

ALEX

Is that a fact?

DOC

Ma'am, sadly, said injustice is the fact of the matter.

ALEX

I heard they got caught robbing the Sunset Bank.

Doc shoots Lucky and the Chinaman a look--they shrug.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Good evening, gentlemen.

DOC

Wait! Wait, come now. Surely we can come to some agreement...

ALEX

For what?

DOC

For the Hangman to come and find we misunderstood gentlemen absquatulated.

ALEX

What?

DOC

Please, get us the hell out of here.

ALEX

Free three criminals?

LUCKY

Ma'am, you just find a way to put a hole in this wall, and we'll take care of the freeing.

DOC

Well said.

ALEX

I'll pray for your souls.

Alex tugs her trunk...

DOC

Gold.

ALEX

Gold?

LUCKY

Gold?

DOC

I might...maybe...possibly, have knowledge of a presently unused and unclaimed repository, that may, or may not, be significant in nature...

ALEX

I don't believe you.

Doc unrolls a wrinkled piece of paper from his jacket-- Alex looks at it between the bars.

ALEX

A treasure map?

BEAT.

DOC

It's a map. And it indicates, right there, the location of the...uh...

LUCKY

Treasure...

DOC

OK. Yes, it's a treasure map.
But I acquired it from a very
reliable fellow.

ALEX

Acquired it?

DOC

He gave it to me.

ALEX

Why would anyone give you a
treasure map?

DOC

You're failing to see the larger
picture here. There is a cave
full of Indian gold out there.

Alex squints for a closer look.

ALEX

Why, that's written in ancient
Navajo. Let me see that...

Doc rolls it back up.

DOC

Only when I see freedom, Madam.

LUCKY

Treasure map? This ain't
somethin' that's gonna be full of
adventure and eat up with danger
will it? Because...well, I'm
sorta what you'd call...uh...

ALEX

Cowardly?

LUCKY

Well, I was gonna say very, very
cautious...

DOC

Safe as mother's milk, my Dear
Fellow. Now, I could be persuaded
to take you on as partners.
For...say...ten percent for the
three of you...

ALEX

Fifty.

DOC

Twelve.

ALEX

Fifty.

DOC

Fifteen.

LUCKY

Don't I get a say in...

DOC

Shut up.

ALEX

Shut up.

ALEX

Forty-five.

DOC

Madam, be reasonable.

The Town Square Clock GONGS--midnight...

ALEX

Midnight already? Where does the
time go?

DOC

Fine. Forty-five...fifteen percent each, you petticoated jackel.

WITH ALEX

She opens her trunk--FULL OF EQUIPMENT. Beakers. Picks and shovels. Chemicals. Brushes.

She selects a bottle of liquid.

WITH DOC

Alex hands the bottle through the bars.

ALEX

Pour this on the iron bars.

The last STROKE OF MIDNIGHT. THE DEPUTY heads towards the jail.

ALEX

Hurry...

Doc hands the bottle to Lucky.

DOC

Get some horses and meet us behind
the saloon.

INT. CELL - CONTINUOUS

Lucky pours the bottle all over the cell doors. He, Doc,
and the Chinaman, eyes on the bars, expectantly wait...

...and wait...and wait.

The Deputy enters.

LUCKY

What are we gonna do?

DOC

Go to our graves cursing all
things female, I imagine.

DEPUTY

Gots a nice breeze for ya'll to
swing in.

The Deputy slides the key into the lock--pulls the cell
door...

THE WHOLE WALL OF BARS FALLS OVER ON HIM--eaten clean
through by Alex's chemical. Acid.

LUCKY

We should prob'ly...

DOC

...and hastily.

They stomp over the Deputy, load up on guns, and haul out
the door.

A BEAT later--Lucky comes back. Something on the wall--A
WANTED POSTER OF DOC HOLLIDAY.

He rips it down and takes off.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Alex waves them on.

ALEX

Come on. I found us some...

INT. STABLE - MOMENTS LATER

They stand before half a dozen braying...

LUCKY

Jackasses.

BEAT.

DOC

Well said.

DEPUTY (O.C.)

There they are!

The Deputy has spotted them, and he's got friends. Angry friends...

EXT. STABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Four donkeys plow through the coming crowd--one dragging Alex's trunk.

TRACKING WITH DONKEYS

Lucky hugs his donkey's neck, screaming all the way.

The others are bounced all over as the short little donkey legs run.

ALEX

We're gonna make it..!

Then, as donkeys are prone to do, the animals just stop.

LUCKY

Come on, Donkey. Pretty Donkey...

DOC

(to Alex)

Never, ever, say "we're gonna make it", until we've actually made it...

The ANGRY CROWD encircles our Heroes, as the Deputy and his cohorts come closer. Doc pulls his guns.

DEPUTY

You ain't ever gonna get all of us.

Doc aims into the Deputy's face.

DOC

Nope.

For TENSE moment, no one moves. Then, our quiet Chinaman climbs off his donkey. In the midst of the Angry crowd, he sizes them up, and cracks his knuckles.

DEPUTY

Well, lookee here, this little
feller thinks he's...

The Chinaman goes Kung-Fu. Dodging bullets. Leaping
through the air. Dispensing ass kickings for free...

He's leveled half the mob in seconds. Sailing through
the air once more, he grabs two pistols out of two hands,
and UNLOADS INTO ALEX'S TRUNK.

God only knows what chemicals are in there, because it
blows SKY HIGH.

The BOOM scares the hell out of the donkeys--they take
off like shots...

TRACKING WITH DONKEYS

A Bullet WHIZZES by Doc's head...and it's got friends. A
POSSE on horseback is hot on their heels.

LUCKY

Lynch mob...

DOC

Thanks in no small part to your
inability to distinguish horse
from ass.

ALEX

Don't yell at me. I knew better!
This is what I get for helping
common criminals...

DOC

Madam, I assure you, I am
everything but common...

A TRAIN WHISTLE.

DOC

The Midnight to Yuma...

Just leaving the station in Sunset--chugging slowly
towards our Heroes. They head towards it.

TRACKING WITH TRAIN

Picking up speed, it eases past the galloping donkeys.
Bullets ZING through the air--the POSSE closes in.

The Chinaman LEAPS from his mount to the CABOOSE--extends
a hand to Lucky, pulling him up.

DOC

Faster!

ALEX

I'm going as fast as I can!

The Chinaman and Lucky JUST get Alex aboard, as the train picks up a little more speed.

Doc is just out of reach--stretching for his life.

LUCKY

Give me the map!

DOC

What?

LUCKY

The map or the Lynch Mob.

Doc aims his pistol at Lucky's head.

LUCKY

(laughs)

You can't hit nothin' on the back
of that bouncin'...

BANG--Doc shoots Lucky's hat off.

LUCKY

When you put it that way.

Alex takes the MAP TUBE off her shoulder--hands it to The Chinaman, who leans way out, held by Lucky--Doc can JUST reach the end of the MAP TUBE, and is pulled aboard...

INT. TRAIN CABOOSE - MOMENTS LATER

As she puts the strap of the Map Tube over her head...

ALEX

My God. I've never done anything
like that before in my life. I
feel so alive...

DOC

Let us not come unglued just yet.
We're headin' away from Ash. We
have to stop this train...

Doc opens the door to the next car, and COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HUCK AND JD CRAVEN! Huck shoves a gun into Doc's face.

DOC

Huck. JD. What a pleasant surprise...if not damnable twist of fate.

EXT. TRAIN CABOOSE - CONTINUOUS

Huck and JD walk them back to the Caboose railing.

HUCK

You know what we want. Hand it over.

DOC

Whatever do you mean?

JD

The map, you thievin' coyote!

ALEX

You said someone gave you that map.

DOC

I may have taken certain liberties with the tellin'.

LUCKY

Ya'll can't just take that it. We each got twenty percent shares...

DOC

Fifteen. Fifteen percent shares...

JD grabs Alex, and puts a gun to her head.

JD

Hand it over, or the pretty girl gets it.

DOC

Oh, come now. The world is full of pretty girls. I'll get another...

ALEX

Whoa. Whoa. What the hell do ya mean get another? You don't have me.

DOC

Exactly my point, Madam.

(to JD)

So, shoot her.

ALEX

What! Give it to him!

Doc glances at The Chinaman.

DOC

If you insist.

BAM! Doc nails JD between the eyes--so fast, he never sees it comin'.

Same instant--The Chinaman jumps Huck. But the quarters are TIGHT--every move sends them slamming into someone else.

DOC

Hold 'em still. I'll plug 'em good one...

Doc aims his gun like he's got palsy, looking for a clean shot. Till, Alex decides to help...

She SWINGS, Huck Ducks--she nails Doc squarely in the forehead.

He teeters on the edge of the caboose for a hanging moment--then tumbles off.

ALEX

The map!

LUCKY

The map!

Huck SLAMS the Chinaman into Alex watching Doc tumble. She grabs Lucky, who grabs at nothing...and over they go.

The Chinaman finally gets Huck's gun, and blasts him with it. Satisfied, he turns to find he's all alone.

EXT. PLAINS NEXT TO TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Lucky extends a hand to Alex, who is struggling to get out of a small pond.

ALEX

Oh, this is just great. The one glorified mud hole in a hundred miles of desert...

Doc staggers up--prickly pear cactuses stuck in his hat and jacket.

DOC

I've been skewered.

ALEX

I'm wet. I'm filthy. My tools and books got blown up.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
(points at Doc)
And you almost got me killed!

DOC
Madam, my apologies, such a
rarified and beautiful flower such
as yourself should not be
subjected to such course
treatment.

Running a hand over her muddy clothes.

ALEX
You...you think I'm beautiful?

She looks like hell.

DOC
It does not cause me...displeasure
to gaze upon you. Go be pampered
like the Princess you are. I will
gladly pay all your expenses when
I return. A beauty such as yours,
deserves no less.

ALEX
Wait a minute...you must think I'm
really stupid. You want me to
leave, so you can keep my share.

DOC
Madam! You have wounded me most
grievously.

ALEX
Stuff a sock in it.

LUCKY
Well, I suppose we're walkin'.
Better'n hangin', I suppose.

The Chinaman walks up--not a scratch on him. A tidbit
not lost on the others.

ALEX
Let's get this out of the way--I
expect you all to act like
gentlemen. I am from proper
stock, and am not *that* kind of
woman. I don't want any untoward
business...

The others are already walking away.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (calling after)
 So don't make any funny moves!
 (chasing)
 I'm a pure woman and aim to stay
 that way..!

EXT. SUNSET UNDERTAKER SHOP - MORNING

The Deputy, John, and Junior Craven stare at the bodies of the Hombre and the other man Doc shot--propped up in pine boxes.

After a moment of silence, hats over hearts...

DEPUTY
 Just how many brothers you got,
 anyway?

JOHN CRAVEN
 Just tell me which way the
 sumbitch went, Earl.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

CLOSE ON LUCKY'S FACE: Asleep. He yawns. His eyes open and stare into...

LUCKY'S POV: A HUMAN SKULL--a foot from his face. He leaps up with a scream. The others are already taking in a chilling scene...

HUNDREDS OF HUMAN SKELETONS litter the ground. A field of sun bleached bones--they slept in the middle of it.

ALEX
 These poor people...

LUCKY
 Them? I'm the one what was damned
 near afeared to death. How daggum
 far did we walk last night?

Alex, archeologist she is, checks bones. Doc and the Chinaman pick up rusted guns and shell casings.

DOC
 Musta been ambushed. Not a single
 bullet left.

Doc eyes the surrounding area. No more bodies.

DOC
 Might funny place for a last
 stand.

The Chinaman points to an out of place LINE OF SMALL STONES, extending to the horizon in both directions.

The bones are all on one side of it.

LUCKY

I've ran away from a few battles
in my day, and there's always dead
horses. Ya'll not seein' what I'm
not seein'?

No horses.

ALEX

There's teeth marks on these
bones.

BEAT.

LUCKY

I'm leavin'.

DOC

Calm yourself. Surely it was just
scavengers...

LUCKY

Well, I don't aim to be scavenged.

As Lucky and Doc bicker about the finer points of cowardice, Alex notices NAVAJO CHARACTERS inscribed on the individual stones that make up the line.

Till a sound drifts to her attention--the trickling of water...

ALEX

Shh. Do you hear that?

Doc is taking a whiz on a feather covered skull.

DOC

Hear what?

Mid-zip, a horse NEIGHS in the distance. The Chinaman points--on a mound not too far off, an OLD NAVAJO MAN sits atop a pale horse.

A strong breeze kicks up, blowing his long white hair. Somewhere THUNDER peals, as the sky grows gray...

With a tug of the reins, he disappears over the mound.

DOC

Before you all say it...I'm sure
that was just a coincidence.

EXT. DESERT VALLEYS - EVENING

Jaw dropping vistas and plateaus. WE FIND our Heroes moving through an area known today as Canyon de Chelly.

Alex studies Doc's map.

ALEX

Where did you say you got this?

DOC

From a Craven Brother, misfit lot the all of 'em. As greedy as they come. Seems he whupped some Old Indian down in Tombstone somethin' fierce in poker. Gave him that map in payment.

LUCKY

It say how much gold there is?

ALEX

Hard to tell. Never seen this dialect before. There's a totem? A horse wide, and two men tall? And made of...well, that can't be right...

LUCKY

Made of what?

ALEX

Solid gold.

That even stops Doc in his tracks.

LUCKY

Why...that'll be a ton a gold if it's a pound.

Doc grabs Alex's shoulder for support.

DOC

I am suddenly overcome by a pronounced tingling in my sit-down-upons.

ALEX

How magnificent...

DOC

So you've heard.

Alex points over Doc's shoulder.

In the middle of a sheer cliff, are the ruins of ancient pueblos.

ALEX

Oh, this is why I wanted to come here. Isn't it beautiful?

DOC

Precisely the adjective that does not leap to mind...

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS (CLIFF FACE) - MOMENTS LATER

Our Heroes climb a rickety ancient ladder.

LUCKY

What possessed anybody to build way up here?

ALEX

Nobody knows. The Anasazi once lived in the plains and valleys, then they just left. They came here and built way up in the cliffs. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Then, they just vanished.

The climb over the edge, looking down into the valley below from the ruins' edge.

LUCKY

Only reason you'd build up here...is you're afraid of what's down there.

EXT. CLIFF TOP - CONTINUOUS

The OLD NAVAJO MAN sits atop his pale horse. Far below in the valley, he watches Doc and Company climb the ancient ladders into the ruins.

A PEAL of thunder reverberates through the valleys.

A smile eases across his lips.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - EVENING

A battle happened in here, long ago. Arrows, in great number, stick into walls, and lay broken on the floor.

Something that looks suspiciously like old blood is splattered over the walls.

DOC
 Pardon the vernacular, but there's
 gold in them thar hills. *That*
 way.

Alex rips a piece of her skirt off and wraps it around a
 stick for a torch.

ALEX
 I've come a long way for this.

She goes further in, Lucky and the Chinaman behind her.
 Doc hesitates--fidgeting.

ALEX
 Well, come on.

DOC
 Spiders.

ALEX
 What..?

DOC
 There...might...be spiders in
 there.

BEAT.

ALEX
 Spiders.

DOC
 I find them disagreeable.

Alex rolls her eyes--Doc follows slowly. Pulling his gun
 and keeping his eyes out for arachnids.

GROUND POV: Something watches them. Low to the ground.
 FAST. Silent...

INT. ANASAZI RUINS (BACK ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Hurriedly scribbled pictographs of people killing each
 other and Navajo Characters carved into the walls.

LUCKY
 Them pictures drawn on blood?

Alex nods. Lucky tries to run. Doc grabs him.

ALEX
 Something about the Evil of Ages?
 "

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

The Spirit that dwells in the stone, that feeds on the souls in the other, has awakened." Oh, I wish I had my books...

A FLURRY of bats scares the living hell out of all present.

ALEX

There's something about a...I don't know...a curse..?

LUCKY

Curse. You mean...curse? As in cursed? As in ain't no way I'm havin' nothin' to do with no curse..?

ALEX

I...I'm not sure. I've never read this dialect, and some of it is missing.

(resumes reading)

Buried long ago in a...protected place...uh...vault?

DOC

The gold...

ALEX

Something about the resurrection of the tribe with pure blood... "The Chief of Gold, is possessed by the spirit in the stones." Or, it says "Coyotes grow mittens in February."

DOC

Heathen mumbo jumbo. The nonsense of savages...

LUCKY

Look, I'm ain't one to go messin' around with curses. And I sure ain't prepared for coyotes in winter wear. Either way...

DOC

Lucky, be reasonable.

GROUND POV: Peeking around a doorway at them...

ALEX (CONT'D)

The unfortunate join the Evil of Ages, and his Shamans, in cursed death.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

He seeks to raise his tribe to
conquer creation, and the heavens
above. When he awakens, The Dead
shall...

LUCKY

The dead shall what?

ALEX

It...just kind of trails off after
that.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Doc unloads his pistol into a dark corner-
-scaring the hell out of everyone.

DOC

(sheepish)

Spider.

ALEX

I know selfishness is in your
nature, but do you mind? This is
important to me.

DOC

It was *huge*...

Alex pulls maps out of the TUBE, and distributes some to
Lucky and The Chinaman. She snaps off pieces of ancient
charred wood from a small fire pit.

ALEX

Put the map on the wall, and rub
it with the coal. Like this...

They make rubbings of the carvings on the wall.

ALEX

Oh, I can't wait to get these back
to the University. I bet they
name these after me.

(beaming)

No...they'll name this whole
canyon after me.

DOC

Pain In The Ash Canyon...

ALEX

You know, you *can* wait outside.

Alex places her hand over The Chinaman's as he rubs.

ALEX

No, no...firm, but gentle. There
you go. Even, rapid strokes...

With a smile in his eyes, The Chinaman shoots Doc a look and a wink, and eases a little closer to Alex.

Doc aims a scowl back at him--he opens his mouth to hurl an insult, but...

...A MOUNTAIN LION'S SKELETON JUMPS ON HIS BACK.

DOC
Help! Get it off! Get it off...!

Their backs to him...

ALEX
(over shoulder)
It's just a spider, for Heaven's
sake. Be a man about it.

Doc spins, arms waving--skeletal jaws SNAPPING inches from his face.

A SECOND SKELETON leaps onto Doc's leg! He yells--falling out the doorway.

ALEX
(sighs)
Just ignore him.

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

John and Junior Craven stand in the middle of the field of bones. Junior checks the ground--he's tracking.

JUNIOR
Went this way for sure, on foot.

JOHN CRAVEN
Keep yer wits about ya, Junior. I
hear tell a strange goin's on
round these parts.

Wind HOWLS--thunder cracks.

AS A SKELETON STANDS UP BEHIND THEM...

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)
All manner a weird shit that'd
turn a man's hair white.

Another Skeleton stands--looks at the first one.

As the Cravens move on, the ground comes alive--Partial skeletons prop themselves up. Full skeletons stand. Severed hands crawl across the ground like skeletal spiders...

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Doc's yells and curses reverberating--Lucky glances back and vapor locks.

He taps Alex on the shoulder, she turns...

ALEX
Holy freakin' crap!

A THIRD SKELETAL LION leaps for her--claws ready, jaws open. The Chinaman dives for it, grabbing it in mid-air--down they go.

Alex whacks it with a stick. Lucky runs out screaming.

HALLWAY

Doc grabs the tail of the one on his back--it snaps off. Wiggling like a bony snake in his hand...

WITH ALEX

The Chinaman's powerful Kung-Fu kicks take off the head of Lion #3--the skull keeps snapping on the ground.

Doc enters triumphantly, holding a lion leg bone--claw twitching.

DOC
Fear not. I dispatched both of
the nefarious...

Alex shoves Doc out of the way and plants a huge kiss on The Chinaman.

ALEX
You saved my life!

DOC
But, I...

The Chinaman puts comforting arm around her, and they exit--leaving Doc alone with this twitching lion leg.

DOC
No...no, I'm fine. Thanks for
asking.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

Our heroes stand at the edge of the ruins, overlooking the valley below.

Dead animals are everywhere...rather, their skeletons. Skeletal Buffalo roam by. The Skeletons of a Wild Horses gallop in the distance.

LUCKY

"When he awakens, The Dead..."

ALEX

Shall rise.

EXT. VALLEY - EVENING

Doc chases the others.

DOC

You are all over reacting.

LUCKY

(Eyeing a buffalo skeleton walking)

Really?

DOC

OK, it's curious to be sure...

ALEX

Skeletons are not supposed to get up and walk. I'm an archeologist. Trust me on that one. You don't care about anything but the gold.

DOC

Why that cuts me to the quick. I assure you I have nothing but your safety and well being in mind.

No sale.

DOC (CONT'D)

OK, fine. But in my defense, we are talkin' about an obscene amount of gold.

ALEX

When we get to Ash, I'm hiring a stage coach. To blaze with you and your obscene gold.

DOC

Oh come now. When we get to Ash, you'll have a hot meal. A hotter bath. A stiff drink. And, you'll ponder how you are ever going to spend all the money you'll soon to have. You'll see. Matter of fact, Ash is just over this...

Our Heroes crest a hill--Doc's face damned near falls off.

DOC (CONT'D)

...hill.

The town in the valley below is completely destroyed.

EXT. MAIN STREET, ASH - MOMENTS LATER

Doc and Company stand in the middle of an Main Street.

Every window in town is broken. Shredded curtains blow in the breeze. Half the buildings are burned down. A few living HORSES roam wild.

Wagons are flipped onto their sides, as make shift barricades for doors.

Weeds grow high over nearby train tracks. A RUSTED STEAM ENGINE and RAIL CAR rust beneath tumbleweeds.

ALEX

Where is everyone..?

LUCKY

Layin' out there in that desert.

INT. DESERTED SALOON - EVENING

Destroyed. Light oozes in as Doc RIPS boards off the door. He enters--pistols at the ready. Floorboards CREAK.

Doc finds and lights a lantern--BULLET HOLES pepper the walls.

Guns are scattered on the floor, glinting in the dancing lantern light. A last stand was made here.

Lucky pokes his head inside.

LUCK

Ya'll find anything..?

DOC

Uh...let's check the General Store...

Doc tries to block them from entering.

ALEX

What's in there?

DOC

Why nothin'. Nothing at all.

BEAT.

ALEX

You're hiding something. I can
see it in your beady little
eyes...

DOC

Madam, must you impugn my honor at
every turn?

The Chinaman jerks the lantern out of Doc's hand, looks
past him.

EXT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

Doc chases Alex, Lucky, and the Chinaman out the door.

DOC

Cowards..!

LUCKY

Damned skippy.

ALEX

Something very bad happened
here...

LUCKY

Happening. Somethin' very bad is
happening here....

DOC

Listen to you, discouraged by
every little thing...

ALEX

This is a ghost town!

DOC

(to Lucky)
Therefore nothing to be afraid of.

LUCKY

Well that scares the hell outta
me.

DOC (CONT'D)

Madam, I am appealing to your
rational mind. Lucky, you and
your Chinaman friend...give your
God givin' greed a moment's
consideration. A horse. A wagon.
And in a few hours' time, we will
all be rich.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

Then, we will ride out of this
insanity, on through the night
back to civilization. But we'll
ride as wealthy folk. What dya
say?

Silence.

DOC

(jazz hands)

Wealthy...

More silence.

DOC

Did I mention wealthy?

ALEX

Equal shares.

Doc almost has a stroke.

DOC

Great shakes of banditry, Woman!
Absolutely not. Forget it...

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

CLOSE ON: John and Junior Craven in the saddle--horses
plodding along.

There's an ever so slight CRUNCHY sound in the air.

JOHN CRAVEN

Junior..?

JUNIOR

Yeah, John?

JOHN CRAVEN

You hear that?

PULL BACK: The friggin' Skeletons from the bone yard are
following them! Some walk. Some limp. Some hop on one
leg. Those with no legs pull themselves along by hand.

Junior cocks an ear.

JUNIOR

Naw. But ya'll know I don't hear
so good after that thing with the
sheep and that cannon...

JOHN CRAVEN

Hold up for a minute.

They stop. The Skeletons stop. Silence.

JOHN CRAVEN
Hearin' things...

The ride on--the Skeletons follow.

John stops again. The sound stops. He and Junior share a quick look, then look over their shoulders...

JUNIOR
Holy...

The Skeletons jump them--the Cravens go down swinging, with guns a blazin'.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Lucky drives a wagon drawn by the world's sickliest horse. The Chinaman keeps vigil with a rifle and a torch. Alex and Doc are in the back--she, checking a map.

ALEX
Stop pouting. Equal shares are fair.

DOC
I'm the one on the little end of the horn here. Violated to my very innards.

Alex leans in close to Doc--speaks quietly.

ALEX
Doctor Augustus?

DOC
Who? Er...I mean, What?

ALEX
I...uh, I wanted to tell you I was sorry.

DOC
Oh?

ALEX
I shouldn't have kissed The Chinaman like that in front of you. I was overcome with fear and excitement. And, well, it was rude and inconsiderate...

DOC
It was?

ALEX

Well, yeah, 'cause I know you're sweet on me and all.

DOC

Pardon?

ALEX

I'm a woman. We know these things.

DOC

What you are is grievously misinformed.

ALEX

Oh, is that a fact?

DOC

As surely as water is wet.

ALEX

You're sweet on me and you know it.

DOC

Madam, your hair is flaxen gold. I hate that. Your eyes are blue. I detest blue. Your breasts are far too large for my liking, and your voice...

ALEX

What's wrong with my voice?

DOC

Other than being reminiscent of a cat with a head cold, performing an unnatural act on a violin? Why, nothing at all.

BEAT.

ALEX

I hate you.

DOC

Splendid. We agree on something.

Alex goes to the front of the wagon.

ALEX

(to Lucky)

Should be just ahead in that cliff face. A cave entrance...just wide for two men to crawl through...

She steals a GLARE back at Doc, smiling innocently.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - MOMENTS LATER

Our heroes stand before a HUGE GAPPING HOLE in the side of the cliff. Train tracks disappear inside--A deserted rail road tunnel.

LUCKY

Lord, ya'll don't tell me this is it.

ALEX

This is it.

LUCKY

They done put a rail road through it. We're too late...

ALEX

Well...no, we don't know that.

LUCKY

You think someone missed a twelve foot tall solid gold totem pole? 'Cause I'm pretty sure ya wouldn't overlook somethin' like that. It bein' twelve blazin' feet tall, and all!

They level furious glares at Doc.

DOC

May we confirm the absence of the artifact in question before ya'll string me up?

INT. DESERTED RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Doc lights old lanterns laying about, and our heroes descend further in. It's pitch black. Creepy. A hundred yards deep...and dead ends into a solid wall.

Doc and Alex both notice shovels, axes, guns, and lanterns scattered on the ground.

ALEX

Somebody left in a hurry.

LUCKY

Strikin' it rich'll cause that I hear...

The Chinaman spots something out of place--largish rocks stacked against the wall. He waves to the others to help him move them. Revealing a...

...dark entrance--about the size for two men to crawl through. A BAT SOARS out of it.

DOC

I...uh...I suppose we should
appoint a volunteer to go first.

The Chinaman doesn't hesitate--he grabs a lantern, cocks a pistol, and in he goes.

ALEX

Isnt' *he* brave?

DOC

Well, I had the courage to allow
him to go first.

ALEX

What...

DOC

Madam, if there's some manner of
beast in there, it will eat him
first. Then, I would dispatch it
directly. Where I come from,
killing anything with an empty
stomach is considered
ungentlemanly.

Alex jerks the lantern out of Lucky's hand--disappears into the hole.

LUCKY

I think she's sweet on you.

Doc hands him his lantern.

DOC

You're next.

INT. SMALL TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Gophers with lanterns--a tight 4 x 4 fit. Alex notices the NAVAJO pictographs on the walls, and the tool markings.

ALEX

Amazing. This was all carved out
by hand.

LUCKY

How far your reckon it goes?

THUMP--The Chinaman falls out the other end.

INT. THE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Dark--the lanterns are drowning in it. Our heroes SLOWLY make their way--the place so wide, the walls cannot be seen. An ocean of disorienting black.

Alex throws a rock--a LONG pause before it CLACKS off a wall...

ALEX

It's huge...

Doc's eyes are wide--gun ready. Lucky appears to be mere moments away from giving birth to a litter of kittens.

DOC

Correct me if I'm mistaken, but
wasn't there four of us?

The Chinaman is missing.

ALEX

What happened to him?

LUCKY

I can't even see his lantern...

Before the echo of Lucky's words has faded--WHOOSH.
Firelight races around the chamber.

The Chinaman has discovered a ledge that rings the chamber, a SHELF OF FIRE about waist high. The racing flame chases shadows away, revealing the enormity of the chamber.

Twenty yards deep, and easily that long. The ceiling is twenty feet high--walls are covered in ancient American Indian art and symbols...

ALEX

Oh. My. God.

LUCKY

It's ginormous...

ALEX

It's magnificent...

BEAT.

DOC

It's...it's empty...

LUCKY

What!

It is. A huge cavern of nothing.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

I told you they found it! They
done pilfered our plunder afore we
could do the pilferin'.

Alex studies the walls, as the bickering intensifies.

DOC

This has Craven subterfuge written
all over it...

LUCKY

Know what I see written on it?
Nothin'! Because there's no *it*,
for anything to be written on!

DOC

Well, that's just dandy comin'
from a man named Lucky. Pray
tell, is that just galactic irony,
or has anything good ever befallen
any poor soul in your presence...

LUCKY

If I actually knew what the hell
you just said, I'd poke ya one.

ALEX

Boys..?

DOC

Well, Sir, you just go ahead and
try.

LUCKY

Yeah?

DOC

I'll be compelled to break this
here cane off in your...

ALEX

Boys.

DOC

What!

LUCKY

What!

Alex pushes down on the end of one fire shelf--THE ENTIRE
SHELF PIVOTS DIAGONALLY.

The light now casts a shadow that wasn't there before--
the edges of a passageway at the far end of the chamber.

ALEX
It's an illusion.

Lucky whips up his guns.

LUCKY
Where? Where..!

DOC
A trick of light, you grand
imbecile.

LUCKY
Oh...*illusion*. Right.

Alex is grinning from ear to ear.

ALEX
How clever.

They make their way to the end of the chamber--Doc pokes
his head and lantern into the passageway.

A BLANKET OF SPIDERWEBS stretches across the passage.

DOC
Of course.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doc leads the way--stepping down carved steps. DESERT
TARANTULAS creep along the walls. SCORPIONS as big as
your hand skitter across the floor.

Alex is tip toeing gingerly.

ALEX
Ew...ew...ew...

Subconsciously, she grabs Doc's shoulders. A smirk--he
don't mind.

Lucky is practically on top of the Chinaman's head.

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four lanterns walk in, and there it is...

THE GOLDEN TOTEM. Twelve feet tall. Two foot wide. But
the faces...the faces are bone chillingly evil. Vacant
twisted eyes stare into oblivion--except for the top
face. Those eyes are closed.

DOC
You were mistaken, Sister Mary.
God does not hate me...

Alex touches it.

ALEX
Hello, tall, shiny, and gruesome.

DOC
Lucky...I take it all back.
Fortuity is indeed your name...

LUCKY (O.C.)
Actually...

The sound of TWO HAMMERS COCKING. Lucky aims pistols at them.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
...it's Myron.

INT. ALTER ROOM - LATER

Lucky finishes tying a rope around the Totem--it runs across the room and down the passageway. No doubt, the other end is tied to the wagon.

The others have their hands bound behind their backs.

ALEX
You're never going to get away
with this.

LUCKY
Why's that, Ma'am?

DOC
Kinda like to hear that myself.

ALEX
Because...because it's just wrong!

BEAT.

DOC
(to Lucky)
Well, there you have it. Ready to
give up now?

ALEX
What are you going to do with us?

Lucky pulls a wrinkled piece of paper out of a pocket.

He unfolds the paper--WANTED: DOC HOLLIDAY \$5000 dollar reward.

DOC
Now, Lucky...what's five thousand
measly frog skins when you have
this thing?

LUCKY
Oh, I don't give a hoot 'bout the
money. But I do care about the
reputation...

DOC
You don't have one, Sir.

LUCKY
Will when I'm known as the fella
who brought in the infamous Doc
Holliday.

ALEX
Wait a minute. Who?

DOC
What dya mean who? Me.

ALEX
You're Doc Holliday?

DOC
The one and only.

ALEX
Should that ring a bell, or
something?

Doc is mortified.

DOC
Tombstone? The Earp Vendetta
Ride..?

She shrugs.

DOC (CONT'D)
Shootout at the OK Corral?
Fastest gun in the west...

ALEX
Sorry...

LUCKY
Listen, the point is a lot of
folks do know who he is. And
soon, so will I.

BEAT.

ALEX

What?

LUCKY

I mean...soon, a lot of
folks...you know what I meant!

(to Doc)

But, I heard you was dead. Ya
fake you're own death or
somethin'?

ALEX

Oh, that's just what I'd expect.
You lied about your name. You're
a wanted man. And, what kind of
man fakes his own death? A coward
running from justice...

DOC

As much as I enjoy your
disapproval, Madam...would you
kindly shut up?

(to Lucky)

You do realize, I will have to
kill you for this.

LUCKY

It just dawned on me...I *could*
just shoot ya. Tell everybody I
got the drop on ya. Yessir, Lucky
Finmeister was faster than Doc
Holliday.

DOC

I will be damned to infernal
hades, before I am killed by a man
named Myron Fenmeister.

Lucky smiles...till someone sticks a gun in his temple.

JOHN CRAVEN (O.C.)

Put that down before you hurt
yourself.

John and Junior, clawed up, beat up, and limping--sneer
at the ends of their pistols. Till they spot the gold
Totem.

The face on the top of the Golden Totem slowly OPENS ITS
EYES. Two Rubies gleam. No one notices.

JOHN CRAVEN

You killed my family, Holliday. I
don't like that sorta thing.

ALEX

(to Doc)

Does everyone want to kill you?

DOC

Cravens. I thought I detected a
foul stench about.

(BEAT)

Didn't I shoot you?

John pulls the dented flask out of his shirt with a grin.

DOC

Why you thievin' fice dog. Gimme
that back.

JOHN CRAVEN

Junior, tie up Myron.

He does.

JOHN CRAVEN

I had planned on speechifyin' a
bit before I plugged ya,
Holliday...

John sticks the barrel to Doc's head.

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)

Then I remembered, I'm a man of
few words...and many bullets.

ALEX

You can't just shoot a man in cold
blood in front of us.

JOHN CRAVEN

Witnesses and all...you got a
point, Ma'am. Best plug 'em all
Junior.

Low CHANTING creeps into audio focus. Echoing. Deep.
The sound of many voices.

John looks to Junior.

JUNIOR

I hear'd it, too.

LUCKY

What is that..?

Alex goes pale.

ALEX

Ancient Navajo.

JOHN CRAVEN
Keep an eye on 'em, Junior.

John heads into a tunnel entrance on the other side of the room.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

John has his pistol at the ready--lantern in hand. A faint orange glow not far ahead...

Cautiously, he creeps towards it.

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The chanting seems louder.

ALEX
Junior? Was that your name?

JUNIOR
Yes, ma'am.

ALEX
We have to get out of here,
Junior...

JUNIOR
Naw, I can't let you go, Ma'am.

ALEX
We have to go now. Something very
bad is about to happen...

LUCKY
Bad?

ALEX
Very bad.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

John notices BLACK SMOKE--serpentine and unnatural, slithering along the roof of the tunnel...

There's an opening into another chamber. He peeks in...

The Inner Sanctum. Pillars of fire burn--twenty feet from floor to ceiling.

Skeletons, HUNDREDS OF THEM, in rotted and decaying Navajo clothing, sit on the floor. Above them, high upon a stone bridge, a dozen UNDEAD SHAMANS chant.

We can't see much of them from here, but from the look on John's face, they're TERRIFYING.

John recoils, tripping--THUMP. The chanting STOPS. Two hundred Skulls turn in his direction...

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LUCKY

It stopped...

ALEX

I heard enough!

DOC

What were they sayin' woman?

ALEX

That...

A shape rises behind Junior...

JUNIOR

That what?

ALEX

That *he* was coming!

The top head of the Totem is missing--now worn as a headdress, RUBY EYES GLOWING, by THE GOLDEN CHIEF.

His face is twisted into an eternal sneer. His golden skin gleams in the lantern light. RED MIST emanates from his eyes...

The Golden Chief grabs Junior, and SUCKS HIS SOUL OUT THOUGH HIS EYES--Junior falls down dead.

THE CHINAMAN

What the hell is *that*!

No time to notice that The Chinaman actually spoke, because Junior GETS BACK UP! His face an inhuman sneer--Red mist oozing from his eyes, too.

The others freak out --hands still tied behind their backs, as the Golden Chief closes in...

Till a SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER John Craven barrels through the Alter Room--BLASTING with his pistol. He knocks The Golden Chief and Undead Junior over, and keeps on truckin'. Never slowing down.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

John blows by us. The rest of our Heroes hot on his trail...

DOC
Craven! Cut us loose..!

ALEX
For the love of God, untie us!

SOMETHING is coming after them. Ancient Navajo, spoken
in GRAVELY DEEP VOICES...

INT. SMALL TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Alex, Doc, The Chinaman, and Lucky can't crawl with their
hands tied. They're running on their knees--
frustratingly slow.

LUCKY
Get outta the way...

ALEX
I'm going as fast as I can!

THE CHINAMAN
It's coming!

DOC
Faster, woman! Faster!

There's the end of the tunnel, almost there. WE CAN HEAR
"them" coming into the tunnel at the other end...

INT. RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

John Craven leaps into the wagon, and grabs the reins.

JOHN CRAVEN
Giddy the hell up!

The horse takes off, only to be JERKED to a violent stop
ten feet later. It's still tied to the Totem!

The others catch up.

DOC
John Craven, you son of a..!

JOHN CRAVEN
Cut the wagon loose.

The Chinaman is the first to get in the wagon. John cuts
him loose--hands him the knife, as the others jump on
board.

The Chinaman leans over the edge of the wagon to cut the
rope, as snarling Shadows are coming down farther down
the tunnel.

THE WAGON IS PULLED VIOLENTLY BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL--
jarring the wagon and knocking the knife out of The
Chinaman's hand.

ALEX

Hurry up!

THE CHINAMAN

I know...

He feverishly tries to untie the knot.

LUCKY

They're comin'!

THE CHINAMAN

That isn't helping.

DOC

John, cut me loose and gimme my
irons.

Craven locks eyes with Doc.

DOC (CONT'D)

You and me'll square up later, you
got my word.

JOHN CRAVEN

No time like the present,
Holliday...

THE CHINAMAN

Go...go...go!

John shoves Doc off the wagon, who slams into Alex on the
way off--she teeters...

JOHN CRAVEN

Giddyup!

...The Chinaman lunges for her, too late. Alex falls off
as the wagon races away.

THE CHINAMAN

Ms. Alex...!

TRACKING WITH WAGON:

Lucky holds The Chinaman back.

LUCKY

Don't be a darned fool! They're
gone.

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

A pitch black moonless night, not that it matters--black clouds cover the stars. LIGHTENING flashes. Wind HOWLS.

The wagon is just a bubble of bouncing light from the one meager lantern in Skip's hand.

BEHIND WAGON:

Doc's jacket collar is caught on the back of the wagon. Arms behind his back--dragged sitting down.

Alex is straddling his lap--legs wrapped around him.

Alex glances down.

ALEX

That better be your gun!

DOC

Oh you flatter yourself, Madam!

They're barely in the light of the lantern--Doc's legs in shadow. SOMETHING GRABS ONE.

Doc screams. Which makes Alex scream...

IN WAGON

THE CHINAMAN

Ma'am..?

DOC (O.C.)

Down here you grand buffoons!

BEHIND WAGON

The Chinaman pokes his head over the edge of the wagon. Alex is trying to climb up Doc in a panic. Kneeing him in the crotch, stepping on his head...

ALEX

Pull me up. Pull. Me. Up!

DOC

Disembark me this instant, you screeching banshee...

ON WAGON

We can HEAR the snarls of their pursuers...

LUCKY

They're comin'! Oh, Lord, they're comin'...!

JOHN CRAVEN

Take the reins.

John shoots Lucky loose to take the reins. As The Chinaman pulls Alex aboard, and shoots her binds off.

Just ten feet of claustrophobic lantern light surrounds the wagon. Glimpses. Shapes. Growls. If it moves, it's shot. A rolling shoot out into the night...

BEHIND WAGON

And poor Doc is still stuck back here being dragged. Yelling blood murder, kicking at things only he can see.

FINALLY, The Chinaman pulls him aboard, frees his wrists, and slaps a gun in his hand.

DOC

Damn your infernal carcass, John Craven.

JOHN CRAVEN

Not now, Holliday...

The THINGS are everywhere. A claw, a glimpse of a snarling face...

The wagon BANGS into rock after rock.

THE CHINAMAN

(to Lucky)

If you tried *harder* could you hit every rock in Arizona?

LUCKY

You told me you was mute!

THE CHINAMAN

I *told* you I was mute?

LUCKY

Two years and you didn't say a word...

As he puts two rounds into a SNARLING face...

THE CHINAMAN

Can we not do this now?

LUCKY

Not a single word!

And another in a claw raking the wagon...

THE CHINAMAN

OK. You're a lousy
conversationalist! You do nothing
but whine. You're incapable of a
thought that isn't
completely...uh...

ALEX

Self centered.

Gunshot, after gunshot, after gunshot. No video game has
ever been this intense. These things just keep coming.

THE CHINAMAN

And I'll tell ya somethin' else.
Stop callin' me Chinaman. I'm a
person, and I got a name. Skip.
Got it?

And so we'll call him.

LUCKY

Your name is...*Skip*?

SKIP

Don't stereotype me!

JOHN CRAVEN

Ammo...!

Out of the black, something leaps onto the wagon, pinning
John--damned if it isn't...

JOHN CRAVEN

Junior...?

His snarling face and elongated fangs snap at John--
uttering Anasazi/Navajo between snaps.

BOOM--Skip blows Junior off the wagon with the shotgun.

The wagon hits a huge rock, knocking John off his feet--
he hits the wagon floor hard. BOOM! His gun goes off,
SHOOTING LUCKY and blowing him clean out of the wagon.

SKIP

You shot Myron!

Doc scrambles for the reins, grabbing them just in time
to see a rapidly approaching...

DOC

(meekly)
Cliff...

SKIP
Did you say..?

DOC
Cliff!

Over the edge they go. SCREAMS. A CRASH. Silence...

Shapes stop at the edge of the cliff--a dozen SILHOUETTES against the night sky. Snarls and a forgotten language.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

WE MOVE DOWN THE CLIFF: Our heroes hang on to rocks for dear life.

DOC
(to Alex)
Seriously...you've never heard of me?

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Lucky and a lit match stumble over everything in the ravine--he's SHIVERING.

LUCKY
Critters gettin' up outta the ground. Stuck out here in the middle a no-where. Gettin' shot in the back. Don't know what I did to deserve all this.
(eyes Heavenward)
Lord, I can see you may be tryin' to tell me something. So, I'm a changin' my ways. Yes, Sir.
Lucky Fenmeister is a changed man. So help me. Or, you can strike me down right now...

THUMP-Lucky falls down a hole.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Four tiny specks run across the plains--screaming...

TRACKING WITH: Doc, Skip, Alex, and John Craven beat feet--getting the hell out of Dodge.

Just ahead is the LINE OF STONES reaching out into the horizon...

EXT. LINE OF STONES - CONTINUOUS

Our Heroes run into the left side of the frame, over the stones, and out the right...

A BEAT later--they, AGAIN, run into the left side of the frame, and out the right...

Another BEAT--The same thing again!

Screams trickle to silence. The run slows to a halt. The fourth time, our Heroes stop at the stones. Baffled.

SKIP

Is it just me, or...?

DOC

It ain't just you.

Skip picks up a stone--throws it as hard as he can ahead of them over the stones.

A BEAT later, it hits him in the back of the head--FROM BEHIND.

Furious, John Craven sticks his gun in Doc's face and pulls the trigger.

CLICK--Empty.

Just as furious, Doc does the same to John.

CLICK--Empty.

JOHN CRAVEN

What the hell have you gotten me in to, Holliday?

DOC

Your brother is the one who procured this damnable map. Typical, all my sufferin' orbits a Craven in some manner...

Alex picks up a stone--there's Navajo writing carved in it.

ALEX

(reading)

It's a spell. Nothing can leave...

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Lucky curses his Luck over pitch BLACK. After a moment's grumbling, a MATCH is struck...

He is face to face with TEN FILTHY PEOPLE--armed with guns, pitchforks, and clubs.

Lucky screams like a white woman.

An elderly couple, MA & PA FITZHUME slap him.

MA FITZHUME
Boy! Shut yer pie hole.

PA FITZHUME
You one a them sons of motherless
goats what went and set them
critters free again, ain't ya?

Before Lucky can reply, another guy, BILL BOWIE, spins him around.

BILL BOWIE
Say yer prayers, Stranger.

BAM--shoots point blank. Lucky hits the ground, rolling about in overly dramatic death throws.

Pa slaps Bill in the back of the melon.

PA FITZHUME
Now what did ya go and do that
for?

BILL BOWIE
Well, they set 'em free. They
gots to pay.

MA FITZHUME
Nobody's disputin' that, Bill.

After the worse death scene mankind has ever witnessed, slowly, Lucky gets to his feet.

LUCKY
Wait a minute. I ain't dead.
Shot twice and I ain't dead...
(rejoicing)
I'm some kind of...super...man!

MA FITZHUME
No...you undead, dumb ass.

BEAT.

BILL BOWIE
Guess it's a burnin' then.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Back in the Ash Saloon, Alex pulls the wall rubbings she made out of the map tube, and slaps them onto a table.

She tries to piece them together, as Doc, Skip, and John bar the doors and windows with tables--pick up guns and ammo from the floor.

ALEX

OK...I think I got it.

The Boys pause to check out her butt as she scrambles across the floor...

SKIP

I'll say.

JOHN CRAVEN

Amen.

ALEX

It didn't say "buried long ago, in a vault." It was prison. Buried long ago in a prison...

DOC

Where you schooled at the University of Mighty Damned Conspicuous? Why didn't you tell us that before...

ALEX

Hey, don't yell at me! OK? I'm scared to death. And this corset is killing me. So just you watch yourself...

Skip pokes Doc in the chest with his finger.

SKIP

Yeah, watch yourself.

ALEX

There are two stones. An evil spirit...no *The Evil Spirit* is trapped inside the Spirit Stone. An ancient weapon of sorts. It feeds on...

(trailing off)

Souls...

BEAT.

DOC

So it's female.

ALEX

Could you not be a complete lout for two minutes?

(continues)

Souls it traps in the Soul Stone. The spirit possesses whoever has the stones.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

On this plane, the evil can only
work through a mortal...

JOHN CRAVEN

That gold son of a gun...them two
rubies in that headdress...

ALEX

But it says he needs the power of
his Shamans, I guess those thingys
that chased us, to raise the rest
of the tribe.

SKIP

Hold on. Stop. Back up. Did you
say, "*rest* of the tribe?"

JOHN CRAVEN

I saw 'em. Back in that cave.
Hundreds of 'em. Just skeletons
though...

DOC

I'll wager that's what they aim to
change.

A lantern LIGHTS behind them--scaring the hell out of
everyone. Our heroes turn to find THE OLD NAVAJO MAN.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

You desecrated a sacred talisman
and freed an ancient evil. Now
the violator must be sacrificed to
the Great Spirit of the East to
return balance to creation.

Chills run up spines.

DOC

Please let it be Craven.

JOHN CRAVEN

Please let it be Holliday.

The Old Navajo Man tosses down the FEATHERED SKULL Doc
took a whiz on.

DOC

Oh.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

(laughing)

Ah, I'm just screwin' with ya!
But seriously, you're boned. You
set 'em loose when you desecrated
this thing. Nice goin'.

SKIP
Who are they?

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Anasazi.

ALEX
I knew it.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE ASH - NIGHT

The black clouds in the sky swirl in a vortex. The Undead Anasazi Shamans dance and chant around a massive fire.

The Golden Chief speaks, his voice like the growling of dead wolves. The flames soar higher, rising and falling in crescendo with the chants...

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

The Old Navajo Man takes a swig from Doc's bottle.

JOHN CRAVEN
You look familiar, Old Man. Who are you?

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Just an Old Shaman, who walks to and fro.

ALEX
They destroyed this town, didn't they? When these people set 'em free blasting that rail tunnel.

The Old Navajo Man has his eyes buried in Alex's boobs.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey! Eyes are up here.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Hmm? Oh, right. About ten years ago was the last time.

DOC
Well, how'd they get 'em back in their hole back then?

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Same way they have every time...

ALEX
(reads)
"Pierced heart of a selfless hero..."

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Smart and stacked. I like that.

ALEX
Someone has to sacrifice their
life to save the others...

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Righteous blood undoes any black
mojo. Any takers?

Dead silence.

OLD NAVAJO MAN (CONT'D)
There's a shocker.

JOHN CRAVEN
Hell, I'm leavin' ya'll to it.
There's gotta be a way around that
mumbo jumbo wall out there in the
desert...

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Sorry, Cowpoke. Put that there
for a reason. Keeps the souls in,
so to speak...

ALEX
That's your spell?

Doc and John both level guns at the Old Man.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Oh, that's swift. Ya gonna shoot
me if I don't let you out?

DOC
Yes.

JOHN CRAVEN
Yes.

The Old Man picks up a lantern and paces around the room--
casting odd shadows upon his face.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
I could take it down. But,
imagine every dead thing ever,
coming to life instantly all over
the world. The dead, literally
crawling out of their graves.
They wouldn't be monsters like the
Undead Shamans and the Tribe,
because the Spirit didn't take
their soul. No, they'd be exactly
who they were in life. Only dead.
Decayed. Awful. I mean, I'm a
Shaman, OK?

(MORE)

OLD NAVAJO MAN (CONT'D)
I do weird for a living, and *that*
would seriously freak me out.

BEAT.

DOC
Must you hold the lantern like
that?

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Is it really creepin' you out?
Cause that's what I was goin' for.

Faintly, a familiar voice floats into focus...

LUCKY (O.C.)
Help...they're tryin' to kill me
again. Help!

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Our heroes step out of the saloon to see Lucky running up
main street for his non-life.

The ten or so people from the cave chasing him--torches
and pitch forks at the ready.

BILL BOWIE
Come back here you undead bastard.

MA FITZHUME
Burn 'em.

PA FITZHUME
Burn 'em good.

INT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

Lucky explodes through the door, followed by the others.
They bar it up with tables again.

BILL BOWIE (O.C.)
Ya'll come on outta there now!

LUCKY
I fell down a hole. And it was
full a them crazy folk outside...

ALEX
You don't look so good.

LUCKY
They shot me!

DOC
Like this?

BAM! Doc plugs him one.

LUCKY

Damnit. Stop shooting me! I'm sorry, alright? It was the gold fever.

ALEX

The dead rise. Lucky, you're living dead...

LUCKY

Yes, thank you very much. I figgered that out...oh, I dunno, the *second* time I got shot!

EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The angry little mob shakes their fists in the air.

BILL BOWIE

Dang you all to hell, you set 'em loose. Come on outta there and get what's comin' to ya!

DOC (O.C.)

No.

BEAT.

MA FITZHUME

Well...why not?

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Doc peeks at them through a window.

DOC

Wily bunch, aren't they?

ALEX

(to Old Man)

They've trapped in this ghost town for ten years?

OLD NAVAJO MAN

You'd think they'd slap a fresh coat of paint on the place or something, wouldn't ya? Maybe a little landscaping...

DOC

As much as I approve of anyone trying to kill Lucky...

LUCKY

Hey!

DOC

Can we get back to the matter of
stopping the beasties of ill
intent. What do they want with
us?

SKIP

Flesh eating, you heard him. They
want to eat us!

JOHN CRAVEN

Nobody eats John Craven.

ALEX

(reading)

No, they want pure blood. A
sacrifice of pure blood to raise
the tribe...

OLD NAVAJO MAN

That don't say pure blood, Honey.
It says *Virgin* blood.

All eyes go to Alex.

OLD NAVAJO MAN (CONT'D)

And they sense one in our midst.

ALEX

Oh crap.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE ASH - NIGHT

The Anasazi dance in a frenzy--voices rising ever higher.
Crescendo.

The fire ROARS, the fingers of flickering flame take
shape, ever higher--coalescing into a FIERY HUMAN SKULL.

It SCREAMS A WAR CRY, as STALLIONS OF SMOKE appear out of
thin air. The Anasazi, led by the Golden Chief, leap
onto the backs of the Smoke Stallions and scream off
towards...

EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The Angry Mob huddles--comes up with a plan. Pa Fitzhume
delivers the verdict

PA FITZHUME

Alright, ya'll. We're given ya
till the count a ten, and then
we're gonna burn that saloon down.

BILL BOWIE
One...three...uh.

PA FITZHUME
Eleven.

BILL BOWIE
Eleven...

A war cry echoes in the distance.

The Angry Mob is now the Scared To Death Mob--they bang
on the Saloon door.

MA FITZHUME
Open the door...open the door..!

DOC (O.S.)
Who is it..?

BILL BOWIE
Ya'll know damned good and well
who it is!

INSIDE

ALEX
I think we're gonna need every gun
we can get.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
No, don't..!

They open the doors--the Mob storms in.

OLD NAVAJO MAN (CONT'D)
Aw...damnit...

PA FITZHUME
Which one of ya is the damned fool
that set these critters loose
again?

Doc tries to look innocent. They spot the Old Navajo.

BILL BOWIE
You! Curse you, Old Man...I
shoulda known you had somethin' to
do with this. Keepin' us locked
up in this hell hole. I ought cut
you good.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Now see, I hate confrontation...

MA FITZHUME

We know what they after. Which
one a yours is the virgin?

Everyone stares at Alex.

ALEX

Do you realize how rude it is to
stare?

BILL BOWIE

She's what they want. Throw her
out.

JOHN CRAVEN

Helluva fine idea.

LUCKY

Yeah, yeah...they're here for
living flesh and a virgin let's
give it 'em.

MA FITZHUME

Hush up, Dead Boy.

ALEX

Hey, I'm not an "it". And, you
can't just throw me out there with
those things.

Skip comes to Alex's defense.

SKIP

I ain't havin' it.

ALEX

Thank you, Skip.

(eyes Doc)

At least someone here is a
gentleman.

DOC

Oh, is that a fact?

(to others)

Now listen here. I've done things
in my life I wouldn't force on a
mule...and that includes forcing
things on mules. But, I ain't
allowin' this...

BILL BOWIE

Throw 'em all out!

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Do you know what's going to happen
if...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Doc, Alex, Skip, and the Old Man are thrown out the door
and land in the dirt street.

The Old Man picks his face up out of the dirt.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
*Every time somethin' involves the
white man, I get the shaft.*

THUNDERING hooves approach--so much louder than they
should be...

The ANASAZI GALLOP DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS THEM.

WE can finally see them clearly atop the Smoke Stallions.
Red mist seeps from their eyes. Teeth elongated into
fangs. Caricatures of humans.

Mouths agape, the Quartet stare for a hanging moment.

DOC
I believe prudence calls for us
to...

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Haul ass!

Doc hobbles trying to keep up with Alex and Skip on his
cane--even the Old Navajo leaves him in the dust.

WITH ANASAZI

One by one, Smoke Stallions evaporate mid-gallop--the
Anasazi Shamans hit the ground running and leaping...

TRACKING WITH ALEX, SKIP, & OLDMAN: Running for all
they're worth.

A BEAT later, Doc blows past them, cane in his hand, and
striding like Jesse Owens...

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

John Craven peeks out a boarded window--spots the
Anasazi.

JOHN CRAVEN
Sumbitch.

He cocks his guns.

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)
 Man the winders! Get rifles
 upstairs. Move...!

The Mob does, as Lucky looks in desperation for any way to get out of this.

EXT. BURNED DOWN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Doc, Alex, Skip, and the Old Man LEAP behind a large overturned wagon. Guns are blazin' inside the Saloon up the street. Screams. Yells.

Peeking over the wagon, they watch the Anasazi Shamans attack--leaping from the ground onto the second floor. Punching through windows and walls.

Gunfire blows them away, only to find them getting back up and attacking.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

It's a chaotic free for all. Old school saloon bar fight gone supernatural. Everyone is shooting.

Body parts are strewn about. A couple of Anasazi Shamans EAT Pa Futzhume. The Golden Chief SUCKS THE SOULS out of a few.

The others that die are eaten by the Shamans.

Lucky hides under a table.

John Craven shoots, stabs, breaks barstools...

EXT. BURNED DOWN STORE - CONTINUOUS

The screams. The din. The Anasazi war cries. It all wafts down the street--sounds of horror and heartbreak.

Skip frowns. The Old Man frowns. Alex is near tears.

ALEX
 (to Old Man)
 Do something. Use your...magicky
 hocus pocus.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 Hey Legs, I'm a Medicine Man, not
 a friggin' wizard.

Doc grins from ear to ear.

DOC
 Couldn't happen to a nicer lot.
 Cosmic comeuppance deftly
 dispensed, I say...

Small TENDRILS OF SMOKE waft into their midst--a horse
 SNORTS behind Doc.

DOC
 They're behind me, aren't they?

They are. Three Anasazi on Smoke Stallions.

Our heroes come up shootin'...

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The place is on fire. Flames dance between battling
 Anasazi and terrified humans.

Flaming timbers are falling.

John and Bill Bowie are back to back in the middle of the
 room.

JOHN CRAVEN
 We gotta get outta here!

Then, people laying lifeless on the floor GET UP--those
 who lost their souls to the Golden Chief.

JOHN CRAVEN
 Now!

Lucky, his cowboy hat on fire, runs screaming through the
 room, barreling over everyone in his path.

LUCKY
 Put it out! Put it out! Put
 it...

John grabs Lucky, throws him out a boarded up window, and
 dives out behind him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Skip is Kung-Fu and six-guns on the Anasazi that have
 attacked he, Doc, Alex, and the Old Man.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 Screw this noise!

The Old Man beats feet.

SKIP
 Help...

These Undead Shamans have their undead hands full with Skip.

DOC
That's right. Give 'em hell.

SKIP
I said *help*!

Doc leaps onto the back of a Smoke Stallion--drags Alex up with him.

DOC
Calvary's comin', hang on...

SKIP
I can't keep this up all night!

DOC
We're comin', Skip. You may consider the day saved.

Doc hauls ass in the other direction.

TRACKING WITH DOC:

ALEX
You can't just leave him!

DOC
I am not *leavin'* him. I'm *runnin'* away.

WITH SKIP

Skip knocks the Anasazi for a loop, leaps on a Smoke Stallion, and follows Doc...

EXT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The saloon is an inferno--John, Lucky, and the few townfolk left haul ass up the street--including Bill Bowie and Ma Fitzhume.

Most of the Angry Mob are now Undead things. Snarling and drooling--giving chase alongside the other Anasazi...

EXT. BURNED DOWN STORE - CONTINUOUS

The Four Anasazi Skip knocked screwy leap up--One utters a SINGLE WORD...

TRACKING WITH DOC:

Skip races up next to him...

ALEX

Skip!

DOC

Evenin', my dear fellow. I never doubted you...

SKIP

Holliday, you dirty, rotten, low down, son of a...

POOF! The Smoke Stallions evaporate beneath them--our Heroes tumble ass over tea kettle across the road.

EXT. BURNED DOWN STORE - CONTINUOUS

The three Undead Shamans are flattened by a screaming stampede of John, Lucky, and the remaining Towns Folk...

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Alex, Doc, and Skip run by, the Old Man leans out the door.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Hurry up! In here.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

This place, like every other in this town, is a wreck.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Keys. Find the keys...

They tear the place apart.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Running and shooting for their lives, John spots Doc and his group run into the Jail House...

He makes a beeline.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOC

Well, where the blazes are they?

SKIP

They're not here.

ALEX

They gotta be here!

DOC
The one time I volunteer for
incarceration...

Alex spots the crazy train coming down the street.

ALEX
Guys...they're coming...

DOC
I know...

ALEX
Hurry!

DOC
I know!

EXT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John Craven and Company bolt into the jail house.

INT. JAIL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

To find...

Doc, Alex, Skip, and the Old Man safely locked up in the cell. Doc smiles like a cat--twirls the cell keys.

DOC
Evenin', John.

JOHN CRAVEN
Open that door, Holliday.

The remnants of the mob toss a desk in front of the door for a barricade.

MA FITZHUME
You can't just leave us out here!

ALEX
Oh...oh! What about what you did to me? Huh?

BILL BOWIE
Well, that was different.

LUCKY
Skip...come on. It's me. Lucky.
Your pal...

SKIP
You're the one that threw me outta the saloon!

LUCKY

The Lord teaches us to forgive,
you know.

JOHN CRAVEN

This is low, Doc. Even for you.

DOC

I pride myself on being able to
handle any adversity...long as
it's happenin' to someone else.

The Anasazi arrive. BANGING on the door. Trying to
climb through windows.

JOHN CRAVEN

Open that damned door, Doc!

DOC

Hark, is that John Craven's demise
I hear comin'?

About then, the back wall of the cell EXPLODES in--THE
GOLDEN CHIEF PUNCHES THROUGH THE WALL.

Doc is knocked into the bars--the keys sail out of his
hand, and slide across the floor to Craven's feet.

Alex, Skip, and even the Old Man fight the thing for all
they're worth--Doc reaches for the keys, now in Craven's
hand.

JOHN CRAVEN

Well, now...

DOC

Open the door, Craven!

JOHN CRAVEN

Ain't this just the worm turnin'?

Alex is slammed into Doc, squishing him against he bars.

DOC

John, it was a misunderstanding...

The Old Man reaches into a medicine pouch, Navajo words
of a spell on his lips--he's slapped goofy before he gets
more than two words out.

Other Anasazi finally bust through the front door.

Game over, as the survivors on both sides of the cell
doors back up against the bars.

The Anasazi move in on Alex.

ALEX

No. Oh, God, no...Doc, don't let
them take me!

Before he can help himself, Doc goes for the Golden
Chief.

DOC

Damn you, let her go...

Doc is slapped across the jail, as Skip plays the same
card--same result.

The Golden Chief tosses Alex to an Undead Shaman--moves
in on Doc and Skip. Their souls soon his.

Skip and Doc--eyes drift over to the BONE DAGGER hanging
on the Old Man's belt. They scramble for it--racing each
other, or racing the Golden Chief?

As Alex screams in the clutches of an Undead Shaman, and
The Golden Chief reaches for Skip, Doc yanks the dagger
free...

...AND PRESSES IT INTO HIS CHEST, over his heart.

The Golden Chief stops cold.

DOC

(to Golden Chief)

Maybe one righteous deed by an
unrighteous man is enough...

The Golden Chief backs up.

ALEX

No! Doc, don't do it. There's
another way!

Doc locks eyes with the Golden Chief--whose gaze drifts
over to LUCKY out of the corner of his eye...

ALEX (CONT'D)

You can save me, Doc! Please,
don't do it. You can save me..!

For a single blink, Lucky's eyes RED MIST over. The
Golden Chief leaves, dragging Alex into the night.

ALEX (O.C.)

(receding)

The Spirit Stone. Save me and
destroy the Spirit Stone..!

No one speaks for a long moment--just silent winces at
Alex's fading voice.

JOHN CRAVEN

Damn, Holliday. You were really gonna do it, weren't ya?

Doc drops the dagger--surprised it's in his hand at all.

DOC

Don't be ridiculous.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Alex is in the ninth ring of hell, and falling fast.
Laid across a Smoke Stallion, flailing for her life.

The Undead Shamans sneer and taunt her. Pieces of her clothing are ripped off. The Golden Chief lifts her head by the hair, growling into her face.

Alex's terrified screams Doppler into the RAIL ROAD TUNNEL...

EXT. DYNAMITE HUT - NIGHT

Bill Bowie leads Doc, Skip, and the Old Man to a tiny shanty on the outskirts of town.

BILL BOWIE

Don't know how much is left after
blastin' through that mountain...

He opens the door.

INT. DYNAMITE HUT - CONTINUOUS

Dusty, cobweb encrusted, and packed to bursting with crate after crate of DYNAMITE and BLACK POWDER.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Sweet baby Moses.

SKIP

Could launch a mountain to the moon with this much explosive.

BEAT.

DOC

Or, bring one crashing down.

SKIP

Cave it in...

DOC

Collapse that whole thing.
Tunnels, caves, and all. Bury the bastards.

SKIP

That'll destroy the stones for sure.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Can't let ya do that, Muchachos.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Doc and Skip follow the Old man.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Because! Listen, destroy the Soul Stone, and you set all the souls imprisoned in it free. But, and here's the part that's a huge steaming pile of "Oh Crap!"...

SKIP

We'll set the Evil Spirit free if we destroy the Spirit Stone...

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Correctamundo. This thing was imprisoned a thousand years ago by man. It is gonna have a royal case of the ass if it gets loose, lemme tell ya.

SKIP

We gotta do somethin'.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Steal the stones. Then, cave it in.

JOHN CRAVEN

(laughs)

Steal 'em? From that?

OLD NAVAJO MAN

I got the medicine to banish the bad mojo forever. We'll bury the rest of 'em.

DOC

Save the girl. Steal the treasure. Don't get eaten by the monsters. Why does this sound familiar?

Bill Bowie and Ma Fitzhume sheepishly approach.

MA FITZHUME

We...uh, me and Bill been talkin' about things.

BILL BOWIE

We wanna help. Figger this is our last chance.

DOC

Much obliged.

All eyes drift expectantly over to John Craven, who's leaning on a post, turning up a bottle of rock gut.

He feels the eyes on him.

JOHN CRAVEN

When pigs fly.

EXT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

Skip, Ma Fitzhume, Bill Bowie, and the Old Man load dynamite, kegs of black powder, ammo, and guns onto the wagon. The thing is already over flowing.

Doc joins John Craven on the porch of the Saloon--takes a swig from his bottle.

DOC

Could use your guns, Craven.

JOHN CRAVEN

I came here to kill you, Holliday. Ya'll ride into that dark beyond, ya ain't comin' back. And I ain't got to lift a finger...

DOC

You heard 'em, John. We fail, whole world is doomed.

JOHN CRAVEN

Ain't that rich? Do the right thing, Johnny...know how that sounds comin' from the likes a you?

DOC

Alright then...there's still a five thousand dollar bounty on my head down in Tombstone. Come with me. Help me pull this off...I'll let ya take me in.

JOHN CRAVEN

Yer bluffin'.

DOC

I'll go quietly. Five thousand dollars, *and* you'll get to see me hang. Just...help me.

JOHN CRAVEN

You'll stab me in the back first chance you get.

Doc coughs violently.

DOC

My days are numbered, Craven. No matter which way the wind blows tonight. Man should face his grave knowin' he did at least one good thing. You have my word.

The enemies shake on it.

Skip comes up.

SKIP

Ya'll seen Lucky?

DOC

The rat has deserted the ship? I knew that coward would up and run.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Alex is dragged into Hell. The skeletal hands of the Undead Tribe, hundreds of them, grab at her as she is dragged through their midst.

Bony fingers pull at her clothes and her hair. From the sea of monstrous Skeletons, four emerge and grab Alex.

From their decaying garb, they're women--Skeletal and fanged smiles right in Alex's face. She screams, as the FOUR FEMALE SKELETONS drag her kicking and screaming up the stairs to the...

STONE BRIDGE

With bony claws and daggers of bone, they cut and rip Alex's clothes away.

ALEX

Get away from me!

She kicks the skull clean off one of the skeletons and SLUGS the Shaman.

It laughs at her, barring fangs in a sneer...

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

The wagon is loaded. Our heroes are loaded for war.
Bandoliers of bullets. Pockets bulging with bullets.
Guns over shoulders, and stuffed into belts.

Doc and Skip sit in the seat, the others atop the
ordnance.

SKIP

Everyone ready?

Solemn nods all around.

DOC (CONT'D)

Steel your nerves, my dear
Confederates, for into the jaws of
hell we ride!

Doc whips the reins--the horse rears up, let's out a loud
neigh, and takes off...

...without the wagon.

Our heroes watch it disappear into the night without
them.

DOC

Did...

SKIP

Yeah.

DOC

Without...

SKIP

Right.

DOC

(sneer)

Myron.

Lucky steps out of the shadows, a couple sawed off double
barrel shotguns leveled and looking REALLY dead.

LUCKY

Fellas, I'm sorry about that.
Really, I am...

BAM! Doc shoots him.

LUCKY

(sighs)
Would you *please* stop doing that.

SKIP

Lucky, you traitor!

MA FITZHUME

If ya'll just woulda let us burn him. But, no...

LUCKY

Did you really think the Chief was gonna just walk away without dealin' with you? Ya'll, he's Undead, not stupid. Besides, If you go muck things up...I'm done for. Worm food.

Lucky cocks the shotguns.

SKIP

Lucky, you idjit. You shoot us, we're just gonna end up like you.

LUCKY

Damn fine point, Skip...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

Our heroes are tied to the wheels of the wagon--five pissed off pairs of eyes glare at Skip...

A FUSE BURNS across the ground--leading to a powder keg in the wagon full of dynamite.

LUCKY

Now I hate to leave ya'll like this, what with all that impending doom fizzin' there in front of yer faces, but since I can't just shoot ya...smithereens it is.

Lucky rides away--giggling.

DOC

Boy is gonna force me to perform unspeakable horrors on him.

SKIP

How 'bout you focus on more pressin' matters.

As the fuse burns in front of them, they try to stomp it--feet kicking.

MA FITZHUME

Somebody do somethin'!

OLD NAVAJO MAN
I am. I'm panicking. Guys, if I
go boom, the spell comes down.

SKIP
If you go boom, we won't care.

JOHN CRAVEN
To hell with this, nobody blows up
John Craven.

John pulls against the wagon wheel--face red, veins
bulging. No dice.

Doc kicks off a boot, and kicks it to Craven.

DOC
Pardon me, Samson...there's a boot
knife in there. You can grab it
with your teeth.

John glances over Doc's crusty, holey sock--big toe
sticking out.

JOHN CRAVEN
I don't think so...

SKIP
Just do it already.

JOHN CRAVEN
I will be damned before I stick my
face in his nasty boot.

DOC
John, we are all going to die.
Now come on, I bathed not a week
ago...

Cursing under his breath, John closes his eyes and shoves
his face into the boot. After a moment, he comes up
gasping and gagging...

JOHN CRAVEN
Ain't no damn knife in there.

BEAT.

DOC
You know, I think it's in my other
pair...

JOHN CRAVEN
You did that on purpose!

Bill's hands come free.

BILL BOWIE

I'm loose!

MA FITZHUME

Praise the Lord. Untie us!

SKIP

No! The Powder Keg...

BILL BOWIE

Right...

Bill, intellectual giant he is, tosses the powder keg on his shoulders and takes off--fuse dragging behind him.

JOHN CRAVEN

Boy aint' all there, is he?

OLD NAVAJO MAN

And we lost to the White Man...

Bill throws the Powder Keg down a well, and scampers back. Damned proud of himself.

BILL BOWIE

Who saved the day? Ole Bill
Bowie, that's who.

Our Heroes share a look as Bill begins untying them.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

OK, I'll say it. Why didn't you
just put the fuse out?

BILL BOWIE

I threw it down a dry well.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Yeah...I saw that. But, you
coulda just...

(wets fingers)

Tsst.

SKIP

Can we stop flappin'? Ms. Alex
needs us!

OLD NAVAJO MAN

He's right. We better...

DOC

Wait. Dry well..?

FA-BOOM--the keg blows. Flames shoot twenty feet straight out of it, launching pieces of FLAMING KEG like a Trident Missile...

Our heroes watch the pieces gracefully arc through the air, as Bill works on Ma's ropes.

You guessed it. The fiery keg pieces hang for a moment in the air, then streak towards the wagon.

Our Heroes SCATTER. No one has to say it--running for all they're worth in any direction that isn't here.

Ma is still tied to the wagon wheel, Bill struggling with the knot--the keg debris ROCKETS like a comet into the back of the wagon...

MA FITZHUME

Bill...

(sighs)

You dumb son of a...

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

KA-FUCKING-BOOM. A mushroom cloud rises on the horizon...

The glow illuminates Lucky, riding a horse down the tracks.

He snickers--till a few of his teeth fall out.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Alex is dressed in NAVAJO BUCKSKIN--her hair has been braided and adorned with bones and beads. Her face painted LIKE A SKULL. Prepared for the sacrifice.

A HUSH falls over the chamber--PILLARS OF FIRE flare.

From out of the Alter Room, the Alter FLOATS through the Sanctum--The Golden Chief standing atop. All of the Undead kneel--Alex is shoved to her knees.

The Alter floats to a gentle stop on the bridge--Alex is grabbed and dragged to him.

He presents to Alex a HUGE BONE DAGGER, encrusted with ancient blood.

ALEX

Oh...crap.

EXT. ASH - NIGHT

The whole place has been leveled--19th century Hiroshima.

Our remaining Heroes, Doc, Skip, John, and The Old Man are the tallest things left standing.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

If anyone has a plan B, now would be the time.

SKIP

Well, come on, what are we standin' around here for?

JOHN CRAVEN

Cause we ain't stupid, Boy. Take on an undead army with a pocket full of bullets and a few guns?

SKIP

Yes!

OLD NAVAJO MAN

I hate to rain on your parade, since things are going so gosh darn fine and all...it's too far.

SKIP

No it isn't...

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Not a pony alive...or dead now that I think about it, could get us there fast enough.

SKIP

Well...we have to try.

JOHN CRAVEN

He's right, Kid. It's too far.

SKIP

So just give up? Let Alex be sacrificed? Let evil take over the world?

JOHN CRAVEN

And get absolutely, stinkin' drunk, yeah.

Doc spots something--a snake's smile oozes over his face.

DOC

Gentlemen, defeat has not quite claimed us yet...

INT. INNER SANCTUM - NIGHT

Alex is fighting for her life with the Golden Chief. But, it's doing her no good.

She's wrestled down onto the alter--ROPES OF RED MIST bound her hands and ankles to it.

The Chief slices his own wrist--blackish, red mist steaming, blood oozes out of the wound. He holds it over the Alter--the blood runs down grooves carved into it, onto the stone bridge floor and through more grooves...

To fall like rain on the Undead Skeletons below. They chant.

The Undead Shamans above open their palms--fiery skulls appear over their hands...fiery skulls that chant in unison with the Skeletons below.

ALEX

Oh, Doc Holliday, where are you at..?

EXT. PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

That rusted, hunk of junk STEAM ENGINE that sat outside Ash, is now CLANKING down the tracks--dragging a rickety rail car behind it.

INT. STEAM ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

John and Skip shovel coal into the furnace...

DOC

Shovel my dear Fellows! There's a day that needs a savin'.

JOHN CRAVEN

She could blow...this old hulk.

SKIP

We get too much steam, we'll never stop this thing.

DOC

There's the genius of it all, Boys. We're not going to stop her. Full steam right into that wall.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

That's solid rock.

SKIP

It ain't solid, there's a tunnel behind it.

JOHN CRAVEN

This old girl'll blow clean through it.

EXT. PLAINS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH STEAM ENGINE: Fire shoots out of the smoke stack. Steam BURSTS out of seams in the steel, as she ROCKETS down the tracks--pieces falling off here and there.

John Craven and the Old Man climb out of the steam engine, and into the rail car behind it...

INT. STEAM ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Skip tosses another shovel load of coal into the furnace.

DOC
You get done shovelin' that coal
on the quick. See you in the rail
car.

Doc turns to go--Skip grabs his arm.

SKIP
She likes you, Doc.

DOC
She likes you too, Skip.

SKIP
What d'ya reckon we ought to do
about that?

For a tense BEAT, they eye each other. Then, Doc smiles.

DOC
We save the Damsel. Beyond
that...
(extends hand)
May the best man win.

SKIP
Fair enough.

They shake on it.

EXT. RAIL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doc hops over the HITCH and onto the Rail Car.

DOC
And since I consider myself the
best man...

He leans down, grabs the hitch lever...

SKIP (O.C.)
You no good lyin' dog!

Busted--Skip is standing on the back of the Steam Engine.

DOC
Thank God you're here...I was
just...it was loose. You see...

Skip turns on the Kung-Fu mojo--a spectacular spinning
flip off of the Steam Engine, right next to Doc.

DOC
You're going to over-react about
this, aren't you?

Skip nods.

Doc hightails it up a nearby ladder.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Lucky still trotting along the tracks on his horse. He
stops. What is that sound..?

He sticks his finger in his ear--his ear falls off.

LUCKY
Aw, dagnabbit...

Suddenly, his horse rears up--throwing him off. Lucky
scrambles to his feet, shaking his fist.

LUCKY
Consarn you blasted varmint..!

SMACK--The Steam Engine PLOWS over Lucky at Mach 3.

INT. RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

An old dinner car. John Craven finds a bottle of whiskey
and turns it up...

ZIP--A bullet comes through the ceiling and shatters the
bottle in his hand. Thumping and banging follow across
the roof.

Doc's face appears in the window--upside down. Silent
screams for help...

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Seems like we should do somethin'
about that.

John opens another bottle. Raises it to Doc's screaming
face, and takes a swig.

JOHN CRAVEN
How was that?

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Works for me.

John hands the bottle to the Old Man.

EXT. RAIL CAR (TOP) - CONTINUOUS

Doc slides across the car on his back--staggers to his feet, as the Train races on...

DOC

My apologies. Scoundrel's in my blood. You wouldn't fault a man for how he was born, would you..?

SKIP

She called out to you, Doc.
You...

DOC

What..?

SKIP

When they took her!

DOC

Skip.

SKIP

I couldn't believe it...

DOC

Skip!

SKIP

What!

Doc points--The Rail Tunnel is ahead and closing rapidly.

EXT. RAIL CAR (FRONT) - MOMENTS LATER

Skip pulls for all he's worth on the hitch that connects it to the Steam Engine.

SKIP

It's stuck...

DOC

Stuck? What do you mean stuck?
It can't be stuck.

Doc grabs it and tugs.

DOC

(doomed)
It's stuck.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

The train, fire still roaring out of the stack, rockets towards the Rail Road tunnel...

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Alex grits her teeth, as the Golden Chief wipes the BONE DAGGER across his own blood.

Red mist seeping from his eyes, he approaches Alex. The chanting becomes feverish, reaching a crescendo. He raises the dagger high...

EXT. RAIL CAR (FRONT) - CONTINUOUS

John and the Old Man are out here now--they're all pulling on the lever with all they got.

SKIP

Pull!

JOHN CRAVEN

Put some ass into it!

The Old Man peeks around the engine--nothin' but cliff.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Aw...nuts...

ZING! A bullet ricochets.

LUCKY (O.C.)

For Pete's sake, didn't I just
blow ya'll up? I'm startin' to
get powerful riled, now...

Lucky, looking like road kill, standing atop the Steam Engine.

Doc plugs Lucky four or five times, knocking him down.

DOC

Skip.

SKIP

Be a pleasure...

As the others struggle with the hitch...

EXT. STEAM ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Doc gave him the time he needed--Skip is on Lucky before he even gets up.

LUCKY

Skip, hold on. We was pals.

Skip doesn't reply, he just commences to kicking Lucky's ever lovin' ass--wind whipping them both.

They end up at the very front of the engine, just as Skip is about to give the Coup de Grace...

EXT. RAIL CAR (REAR) - CONTINUOUS

CLANG--the hitch gives way! The Steam Engine jerks away from the Rail Car.

EXT. STEAM ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The lurch knocks Skip off balance--he falls over the front of the Steam Engine! Lucky looks down.

LUCKY

(laughing)

How ya like them apples, Chinaman?
Reckon that fixed yer flint, Huh?

Lucky turns around--Skip is standing behind him.

LUCKY

(stunned)

Seriously, you got a rabbit's foot
jammed up yer butt?

Skip gives Lucky a right hook that knocks the bastard off the train.

EXT. RAIL CAR (FRONT) - CONTINUOUS

The Steam Engine pulls farther and farther away, as Skip runs across the top of it...

He leaps! Barely grabbing the Rail Car's railing. The others pull him aboard...

EXT. TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH STEAM ENGINE: It roars into the Rail Tunnel, flames licking the ceiling as they shoot out of the stack...

FRONT OF STEAM ENGINE

Lucky clings to the front, staring at the wall RAPIDLY APPROACHING wall...

LUCKY

That's gonna hurt.

The Steam Engine CRASHES into the wall at the end of the line.

Barrelling through the small tunnel, all the way into the Alter Room...

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Alex SCREAMS bloody murder--the Golden Chief brings the dagger down!

Mid-plunge, the whole cavern quakes. Dirt and rocks fall from the ceiling, crushing some of the Skeletons.

A boulder as big as a beach ball CRASHES right between Alex's legs, SHATTERING the Alter.

The Golden Chief snarls.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

Doc...

The ropes of mist evaporate. Alex leaps up, grabs the Bone Dagger out of his hands as he's distracted, and stabs the Chief with it.

EXT. RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Our Heroes hoot and holler as the engine explodes--fire rolling out of the tunnel.

The Rail Car rolls on....and on, and on...

OLD NAVAJO MAN

(still smiling)

We can't stop this thing can we?

SKIP

(also still smiling)

No...no we can't.

Screaming for their lives, they turn tail and run...

INT. RAIL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Screaming through the rail car...

EXT. RAIL CAR (REAR) - CONTINUOUS

And leaping out of the back, just as it sails into the flaming tunnel...

INT. RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Something crawls out of the wreckage--Lucky. Charred.
Just a head, a torso, and an arm.

The poor bastard sees the Rail Car racing towards him.

LUCKY

Oh, for cryin out loud!

BOOM. It slams into Lucky and the destroyed Steam
Engine.

That'll be all we hear from Lucky Fenmeister.

EXT. RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Our Heroes pick themselves up off the ground.

Dust off.

Straighten hats.

DOC

Gentlemen...

Pull their guns...

DOC (CONT'D)

Let's whoop undead ass.

...and run into the flaming tunnel.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Alex is shuckin' and jivin'--bobbing and weaving.
Running for her life in Keystone Cops fashion.

The Golden Chief pulls the dagger out of himself, and
barks to his Shamans in Navajo--the message is obvious,
"Stop playing with her, and go see what is going on."

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Doc, Skip, and John Craven ease past the steaming remains
of the Steam Engine. The Spiders and Scorpions are
EVERYWHERE...

They stare into the Alter Room.

DOC

(to Skip)

Alright...I'll be right behind ya.

SKIP

The hell you say. You go first.

DOC
In my sickened state?

SKIP
You know, I gotta feelin' you
ain't half as sick as you let
on...

DOC
You callin me a liar?

SKIP
A big fat liar.

DOC
Sir, them's is fightin' words.

John shoves past them.

JOHN CRAVEN
Dandelions...

A BEAT later, he pokes her head back out.

JOHN CRAVEN
Now if anything happens, ya'll are
gonna save me, right?

BEAT.

SKIP
Well, yeah...

DOC
Of course.

JOHN CRAVEN
I'm serious. Anything at all
happens...

SKIP
I'll be there.

DOC
Absolutely.

A little less cocksure, John heads in.

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few Undead Shaman legs twitch and kick from under the
front of the Steam Engine.

SKIP
Doc...

DOC
What dya want, Chinaman?

SKIP
Something on your shoulder...

DOC
You must think I'm as daft as they
come to fall for such an infantile
prank.

A HUGE TARANTULA crawls over Doc's shoulder.

SKIP
Fair enough.

Skip moves on.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

The Golden Chief has Alex by the scruff of the neck.

ALEX
Alright, I didn't wanna do this,
but you're leaving me no choice.
(clasps her hands)
Please! Please, let me go..! I'm
not what you think. I'm a tart.
I'm a trollip. I'm a tarty
trollip.
(sobs)
I *am* that kind of girl...

Even the Golden Chief isn't buying--Alex opens an eye to
see if it's working. Her sobs end like a light switch.

ALEX
Lemme go..!

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skip is the first to notice that...

SKIP
Where's the Old Man?

He's gone.

DOC
Blast his cowardly old skin. I'll
double back on the quick...

John and Skip nod--but rather than go forward, Skip
follows Doc.

And BASHES him in the back of the melon with his pistol--out cold. Skip pulls a stick of dynamite out of his pocket and shoves it into Doc's belt--lights the fuse.

SKIP

Just the best man winnin', Doc.
Nothin' personal.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

At the mouth of the tunnel leading into the Inner Sanctum--John peeks around rocks as Skip joins him.

Hundreds of Skeletons dance below the stone bridge, around a massive fire pit. ALEX SCREAMS--our boys spot her up on the bridge with the Golden Chief.

John has to hold Skip back.

JOHN CRAVEN

Boy, don't be ignorant. We gotta think this through. How many a them boom sticks you got?

SKIP

Two.

The UNDEAD SHAMANS the Golden Chief sent out, appear out of the shadows behind them!

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)

OK. What we got here is what ya'd call the element a sue-prise, ya see.

SKIP

The what..?

JOHN CRAVEN

Element a sue-prise. *Them* clueless bastards don't know we're comin'.

Skip glances over his shoulder and freezes--taps John on the shoulder...

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

At the tunnel entrance...Shaman parts and dust blow out of the tunnel from an explosion. Gunshots a plenty.

John and Skip spill out, fighting for all they're worth with guns, fists, and Kung-Fu...

Only to realize, they're now surrounded by TWO HUNDRED PISSED OFF SKELETONS. Sorta takes the steam out of them.

John holsters his gun, squares his hat.

JOHN CRAVEN

Well...that went all cattywampus,
didn't it?

Skip holds a LIT STICK OF DYNAMITE over his head.

SKIP

Back off!

The Skeletons keep their distance.

WITH ALEX

The Golden Chief peers down on the situation from the stone bridge--Alex in one claw, the dagger in the other.

ALEX

Well it's about time!

WITH SKIP

SKIP

Ms. Alex! Hold on, we're comin'
to get you.

Skip and John move towards the stairs, the sea of Skeletons opening up for them--Skip waves the dynamite for effect.

John shoots one--blows the skull clean off.

INT. STONE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The remaining few Undead Shamans step back, as John and Skip walk right up to Alex.

The Golden Chief's hideous face unreadable.

ALEX

Skip, thank God. I knew you'd
come for me.

SKIP

(to Golden Chief)
Here's how it's gonna be...we're
leavin' with her, and you don't
get...

The Chief drops Alex--Unseen forces yank the dynamite out of Skip's hand into the Chief's.

SKIP (CONT'D)

...blowed up.

The Chief puts out the dynamite--tosses it aside. With another gesture, Skip and John are jammed to their knees.

ALEX

Well, *that* was impressive.
Thanks, alot fellas. Knew I could
count on ya...

JOHN CRAVEN

Ain't that gratitude for ya.

ALEX

They didn't get Doc, did they?
He'll save me.

BEAT.

JOHN CRAVEN

Did you say me?

ALEX

What?

JOHN CRAVEN

You said Doc will save *me*. Not
us...

ALEX

I meant us.

JOHN CRAVEN

Didn't sound like you meant us.

ALEX

He'll save *us*, OK?

SKIP

Guys, funny thing about that...

INT. ALTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc comes to, covered in spiders. But, he's too pissed
off at the moment to care about that.

With only a half an inch left on the dynamite fuse...

DOC

Bad form, Skip.

Doc crushes it out between his fingers.

DOC (CONT'D)

Bad form, indeed.

INT. STONE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

ALEX

Damnit, Skip.

SKIP

Well...he...he tried to kill me.
Yeah. He was jealous 'cause you
kissed me.

ALEX

I *knew* he was sweet on me.

SKIP

What?

ALEX

I mean, that bastard.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Doc, gun at the ready, peeks around the edge of the rocks
into the inner sanctum. He takes in the Skeletons. The
fire. The Undead. The Golden Chief...

DOC

Well, just to hell with all that.

Doc turns to run away, but a reverberating scream from
Alex stops him cold.

DOC

(sighs)
Damnable lot. All of 'em.

He turns around.

INT. INNER SANCTUM - CONTINUOUS

Alex claws and fights with the Golden Chief as he drags
her back to the Alter--she lands a solid one to his face.

The Golden Chief BACKHANDS her. Hard. Alex's head snaps--
a single DROPLET OF BLOOD sails through the air...

TRACKING WITH BLOOD: The glistening droplet falls,
splattering onto the forehead of an Undead Skeleton
below. And then...

...absolutely NOTHING happens.

WITH ALEX

The Golden Chief looks over the edge, then back at Alex.
He wipes her bloody lip--glares accusation at her.

ALEX

I am so!
(beat)
Kinda...

The Golden Chief roars in fury, the RED MIST pours from his eyes, as Alex scampers away on all fours.

He summons the unseen forces--John and Skip are pulled, screaming, across the bridge to him.

Cursing in Navajo, the Chief digs his claws an inch deep into Skip's chest, drawing blood--he licks it off his fingers. Curses and again--tosses Skip aside.

Craven's turn--shoves his claws into Craven's chest and licks the blood...and smiles.

JOHN CRAVEN

Whoa now...hold on! You got it
all wrong...

The Chief drags John towards the Alter.

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)

I get more ass than an outhouse I
tell ya!

DOC (O.C.)

Pardon me, my dear fellow...

The Chief turns with a snarl--Doc is at the end of the bridge.

DOC (CONT'D)

But I must insist you drop that
virgin.

ALEX

Doc..!

The Chief yanks Doc across the bridge with Unseen forces, and stretches his hand over Doc's face...

ALEX

Your soul! Doc, he'll take your
soul...

But nothing is happening--The Chief looks at his hand, and back at Doc. Who shrugs...

DOC

Lost it in a poker game.

...and SHOVES HIS STICK OF DYNAMITE INTO THE CHIEF'S EYE!

The Chief drops John--Doc dives back, and opens fire with his six-gun. He nails the dynamite--BOOM!

The Chief explodes--the Headdress sails through the air, and lands amongst the Skeletons below, as does pieces of monster.

JOHN CRAVEN

(to self)
Poker game!

Our Heroes try to haul ass. Shamans and Skeletons race up the steps. Skip meets them with Kung-Fu.

It's the only way up, and narrow--he's sending them flying. But it's only a matter of time...

Alex SLAPS the hell out of Doc.

DOC

What the blazes woman?

ALEX

That's for tryin' to kill Skip. I kiss who I want to.

DOC

But...

ALEX (CONT'D)

And this is your rescue? What are we gonna do now? We're trapped up here!

DOC

But...

The Skeletons and Shamans are pouring up the steps like ants. John peeks over the edge and notices the really bad news...

JOHN CRAVEN

Ya'll Ole Gruesome ain't done yet...

Damned if the Golden Chief's body isn't trying to come back together.

SKIP

Whatever yer gonna do, do it now!

John and Alex stare at Doc expectantly.

DOC

Well, I...uh...I didn't really have a plan past that last part.

ALEX

God, do I have to do everything?

Alex grabs the stick of dynamite laying on the ground--the one the Chief took from Skip.

ALEX

Give me a match...

JOHN CRAVEN

Holliday, I finally remembered
where I saw that Old Man.

John finds a match--takes the dynamite and lights it.

But Doc has discovered something odd in his pocket while match hunting--he pulls it out. It's THAT BIG DAMNED TARANTULA!

JOHN CRAVEN (CONT'D)

It was...

Doc screams--flinging the spider. It lands squarely on John's face.

Craven freaks. The dynamite goes flying. And he teeters on the edge of the bridge. Doc dives for him--but, rather than grabbing John, he reclaims his dented flask out of John's pocket...

DOC

Won't be needin' this anymore.

John topples over.

JOHN CRAVEN

(falling)

Damn you, Holliday..!

Doc and Alex grimace as they watch the Skeleton's below dog pile John. Alex glares at him.

DOC

Whoops.

Like a wave, THE SKELETONS TURN--the Virgin Blood. Flesh grows over their bones. Sinews...

ALEX

Oh, we gotta go. Now!

They run towards Skip--just in time to see him go down. The monsters are getting past him, and coming onto the bridge.

Doc and Alex share a look--there's no where left to go. Nothing left to do. No way out.

BELOW

The Chief is mostly back together--the Headdress back on his head. His arms spread. He chants an evil spell.

Red Mist exudes from him--coalesces into a THIRTY-FOOT TALL RED MIST VERSION OF HIMSELF. The entire room trembles...

ABOVE

Alex grabs Doc's hand--the thirty-foot Mist Chief glares at them...

CLOSE ON: The stick of dynamite John flung! Stuck in a crevice on the bridge, fuse burning...

Doc turns to Alex--against the backdrop of the Red Mist Chief's hideous face, jaws opening.

DOC
(tenderly)
Alex...I...

KA-BOOM--the dynamite explodes. Dropping the stone bridge, crashing below--Alex and Doc screaming all the way down...

Right on top of The Chief--SQUISH. His thirty-foot red mist self poofs into nothingness...

Only his RUBY-EYED HEADDRESS pokes out from underneath the stone.

ALEX
You, what?

DOC
What?

ALEX
You, what!

DOC
Not now, Woman!

The fallen bridge is a clear path to the exit, and Anasazi Undead are climbing up it fast.

Alex spots the headdress--Doc drags her away from it.

ALEX
The rubies...

DOC
No time.

ALEX
But...

DOC
No time!

Our Heroes haul bolt for the exit--the room shaking,
rocks falling...about to cave in.

They make it to the tunnel.

ALEX
Skip! Where's Skip..?

He's still up there! Hanging on for dear life to the end
of the rock stairs, as the Anasazi tumble off--the whole
thing quaking.

DOC
Come on.

ALEX
We can't leave him.

Skip's voice echoes over the rumble.

SKIP
Go! Get outta here...run!

Two hundred pissed off Undead Anasazi are coming...

EXT. RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - MORNING

Doc and Alex run out of the tunnel. Eyes adjusting to
the light.

There's nothing but desert plains, and dead Buffalo
Skeletons roaming in the distance.

Doc looks about frantically for something, ANYTHING, to
help.

ALEX
What are we gonna do now...

DOC
I don't know.

ALEX
Well think of something!

DOC
I'm tryin' to! Would you cease
yer nagging, Woman...

That noise! Coming down the rail tunnel. Hooves. The
Thundering of Hooves...

EXT. DESERT HILL - DAY

Quiet. Serene. A sloping hill before us...

Doc and Alex come charging over the hill on the back of
an UNDEAD BUFFALO SKELETON!

Screaming their heads off--they ride past us.

A long BEAT later, two hundred Undead Anasazi THUNDER
over the same hill on the backs of Smoke Stallions.

TRACKING WITH ALEX AND DOC:

ALEX
They're gaining!

DOC
I noticed.

ALEX
It can't end like this! We can't
die here...

DOC
We won't.

ALEX
Really?

DOC
Most likely it'll be over yonder
someplace...

BEAT.

ALEX
Doc, The Ruins!

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - MORNING

The Buffalo Skeleton gallops to a halt. Doc and Alex
scamper up an ancient wooden ladder--pulling it up behind
them.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Doc tosses Alex a gun belt.

DOC

Don't waste 'em. Shoot when
you're certain you'll hit
somethin'.

ALEX

We're not gonna make it, are we?

Doc shakes his head. Alex kisses him.

ALEX

I wish I hadn't waited till now to
do that.

DOC

Timing's never been my thing
either.

They lock and load.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS (ACROSS PLAINS) - CONTINUOUS

Gunshots ring out from the cliff. Snarling Anasazi are
blown off their mounts, only get back up.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Doc does what Doc does best--shoot. A slight smile on
his lips. His jaw set. He never misses.

Alex does her best. A tear falls from her eye--fury on
her face.

Last stand and they know it.

EXT. RAIL ROAD TUNNEL - MORNING

An Undead Anasazi sails out of the cave entrance, and
lands on its back.

Then, another.

A BEAT later, SKIP BLOWS OUT OF THE CAVE on a Smoke
Stallion!

He's bloody. Beaten up. Cut up. Clawed. Clothes torn
to shreds. Half-dead and smiling.

There's a leather strap in his hand, the RUBIES dangle
from it--red mist swirling violently within them.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - DAY

The Undead throw ropes of smoke--trying to climb up into
the ruins.

Doc and Alex blow them away. But, there's just too many of them. It's only a matter of time.

ALEX

Doc?

Doc glances over between shots.

ALEX (CONT'D)

They make it up here...you know what to do, right?

DOC

Save a bullet for yourself, Madam. We won't give the blasted things the satisfaction.

A WRINKLED HAND points over Doc's shoulder.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Hey, I think you missed one...

DOC

You cowardly, Old Coot...you left us!

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Whoa, indoor voice, OK? Gotta tell ya, I'm impressed. Didn't think you'd make it out of there.

ALEX

We haven't.

OLD NAVAJO MAN

Did you get the stones?

Doc shoots him a look--keeps firing.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Skip rides through the Anasazi, shooting as he goes.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Alex spots him.

ALEX

Skip!

DOC

Well, I'll be dipped...

An Anasazi pokes its head over the edge of the ledge--Doc puts a boot in its face.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Claws dig into the side of sheer rock, the Undead climb like spiders--Skip plows into their midst...

He never slows. Leaping off of the back of the Smoke Stallion, Skip lands on the back of an Undead Anasazi--up he goes, using heads and shoulders as ladder steps...

INT. ANASAZI VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Alex pulls Skip over the edge--he collapses in her arms, as Doc fires at, swats, and kicks Undead thing after Undead thing off the edge...

DOC

Welcome to the Ball, Chinaman.

Skip, panting, holds up the RUBIES.

ALEX

You did it! You got 'em..!

She helps Skip to his feet with one hand, fires with the other.

They're being overrun...

DOC

Fallback..! Hurry!

The Old Navajo Man grabs the rubies and scampers into a building behind them--Alex drags Skip, hot on his heels.

Doc is tripped up by an Anasazi that grabs his ankle. He unloads into its face and crawls for his life...

INT. ADOBE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doc slams the ancient wooden door--throws himself against it.

The Old Navajo Man is already working his mojo--setting a small fire from splinters of wood and chanting to spirits.

BOOM--the Anasazi slam into the door en masse. Skip and Alex lend their weight to Doc's...

DOC

(to Old Man)

Whatever you're doin', do it faster...

His chanting grows louder. The wood of the door splinters--claws and hideous faces poke through. Our Heroes back up--firing into the door...

The door gives. They're in. Pistols run dry. Knives, fists, and boots VS. Undead claws and fangs...

ALEX

Today Old Man! Now would be nice..!

Alex is SLAMMED into a wall.

SKIP

Alex..!

Skip, already wounded, tries and fails to beat them away from her.

Doc crumbles into a heap after being thrown into the ceiling and crashing into the floor...

Defeated. Broken. Wounded. Our Heroes crawl backwards into a corner--a wall of Undead Anasazi close in.

Doc loads the LAST BULLET he saved himself.

ALEX

I forget to save my bullet...

Doc's eyes meet hers, then Skip's--he puts his gun down.

DOC

We go to our fates together.

Claws reach for them--screams of defiance...

Then, the Anasazi STOP--claws mere inches from faces, the Undead stop their attack and take a step back.

For a BEAT--disbelieving eyes stare widely at the Undead things. Then...

DOC

Hot damn, Old Timer! You did it.

ALEX

We did it...

BEAT.

OLD NAVAJO MAN (O.C.)

Yes, you did.

Blood runs cold when they lay eyes on The Old Man--RED MIST seeps from his eyes.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 You don't know how long I've
 waited to get my hands on these.

He ties the rubies around his neck.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 Oh, come on. What's with the
 shocked faces? Haven't ya ever
 been had before?

DOC
 I'm usually on the other end of
 that pointy stick...

ALEX
 (dawning)
 You're the one that drew the map.
 Who the Cravens won it from...

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 Are you doin' anything later?
 Cause yer sharp as a whip, and may
 I say, the whole ripped blouse
 thing? Lovin' that.

Alex covers the cleavage.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 They didn't win anything. You
 know how many of those maps I've
 made? Hopin' one day some greedy
 fool might actually make it outta
 there alive...

ALEX
 You big jerk!

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 I can make you a goddess.

ALEX
 I'd rather die.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
 It wasn't an offer, Hotstuff.

The Old Man gestures--the Anasazi move in again.

Doc stares deeply into Alex's eyes. He yanks the Bone
 Dagger off the Old Man's belt once more--holds it over
 his heart.

DOC
 Pierced Heart of a Hero, right Old
 Man?

OLD NAVAJO MAN
Yeah, right. You don't have it in
you. You couldn't do it last
time, and you can't do it now.

DOC
I'm a dead man anyway.

Doc ain't bluffin'--he glances at Skip.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
(to Anasazi)
Kill them.

Doc pulls back the knife--Skip grabs it out of his hand
mid-plunge.

SKIP
Who's the best man now?

Skip SHOVES THE KNIFE INTO HIS OWN HEART.

ALEX
Skip..!

The Anasazi turn on a dime--headed back the their
underground prison. Skip's Hero's blood spilling...

The Old Man tries to stop them--it's no use. His face
contort into hideous anger--Red Mist steaming from his
eyes.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
No! Damn you..! You will pay for
this. You'll suffer for twelve
forevers...

Doc aims his pistol at the Old Man.

DOC
Afraid in my weakened condition,
that's eleven too many.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
You idiot. Bullets can't hurt me.

DOC
I ain't aimin' for you, jackass.

Too late, The Old Man realizes what he is aiming at--BAM.
Doc shoots one of the Rubies.

The ruby shatters, releasing the EVIL SPIRIT within.

OLD NAVAJO MAN
No...oh, no, no...

Red Mist swirls around the Old Navajo--he SCREAMS as his flesh is dissolved--his bones pulled apart by the furious spirit.

Wind HOWLS. The Mist grows and grows, splintering the very rock of the cliff.

The mist ebbs up into the sky, and coalesces into a shape as clouds go black, and LIGHTENING rips apart the heavens.

It's a hundred feet tall. Hideous. Its wings stretch to the horizon...

When it speaks, the earth shakes.

EVIL SPIRIT

Free...!

DOC

Uh-oh...

It aims its demonic face towards Doc and Alex.

EVIL SPIRIT

Weep for your world.

With the slightest flap of it's wings, HURRICANE FORCE WINDS pummel Doc and Alex. The Evil Spirit's laughter echoing.

Alex shouts over the gale, as they hold on for dear life.

ALEX

The stone!

DOC

What?

ALEX

The *other* stone!

Doc spots it. Laying in the pile of bones that was the Old Man.

Struggling against the wind, Doc picks up a rock, and BASHES IT.

A BRILLIANT FLASH...

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS (ACROSS PLAINS) - CONTINUOUS

As the The Undead Anasazi retreat--they explode into red mist! Their decayed bodies crumble to the ground...

In the place of the monsters now stands their souls freed from the stone. Translucent silvery Anasazi. Proud. Regal. Restored...

And pissed off. With an otherworldly WAR CRY, they attack--racing into the sky.

The heavens are filled with Ancient Warriors ripping the Evil Spirit apart.

With a final anguished roar, it's defeated. Clouds open up--sunlight pierces the black sky.

The souls enter the light--a thing of beauty. Righteousness.

Then, silence--the dark clouds evaporate. Alex and Doc are thunderstruck.

ALEX

Did..?

Doc nods.

ALEX

Wow.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - LATER

Doc and Alex crawl down the ladder.

Alex stops Doc--gazes into his eyes.

ALEX

You were really gonna do it,
weren't you? Lay down your life
for me...

Doc lays a knee buckler of a kiss on her.

DOC

Two day's walk back to Sunset.

He climbs onto the back of the Old Man's Pale Horse.

ALEX

What..?

(BEAT)

Doc Holliday, you *are not* leaving
me out here...

Doc tips his hat.

DOC

Madam, it has *almost* been a
pleasure knowing you.

ALEX
Don't you do dare...!

With a wink, he rides off--leaving Alex FUMING.

ALEX
Damn you, Holliday! Doc..?

INT. SALOON - EVENING

Back in Sunset. At the Saloon that started Alex and Doc's adventure.

It's full of the same CUT THROATS and COWBOYS. Alex staggers through the front door.

Filthy. Ripped clothes. Hair akimbo. Looking exactly like a woman who has just walked two days, after battling the forces of the Undead.

She plops down at the bar. The Barkeep slides over.

BARTENDER
What can I get for ya, Little Lady.

ALEX
Whiskey. All of it.

A DRUNKEN COWBOY sitting next her eyes her up and down.

Alex GLARES at him. He shrinks a foot, and sits someplace else.

The Bartender pours her a shot--tries to put the bottle away. Alex grabs his wrist.

ALEX
I'm going to do very bad things to you if you try to take that bottle.

He leaves it. Alex downs her shot. As she pours another, a ROUGH COWBOY slaps the bar next to her.

A Wanted Poster of Doc under his grimy hand.

ROUGH COWBOY
Hey, Barkeep. Ya'll seen this fella, Holliday? I hear tell he was through here a few days ago.

BEAT.

ALEX
Holliday? Doc Holliday?

ROUGH COWBOY
You know somethin' 'bout him,
Ma'am?

ALEX
Yes, I do...

Alex downs her shot--cracks a small smile.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Doc Holliday is dead. I thought
everybody knew that...

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - EVENING

A perfect sunset.

Doc is riding into it.

On a SMOKE STALLION--laying on its back, his hat over his
face and whistling.

A ROPE OF SMOKE tied to the saddle--dragging something
behind him...

A BEAT after Doc rides past us, the GOLDEN TOTEM is
dragged into the frame, and on into the sunset...

FADE TO BLACK.