

THE LONE RANGER

by

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FADE IN:

on blue-black shadows, dark as midnight. A TRAIN WHISTLE SCREAMS, an almost human cry, as white-hot letters burn across the screen --

SUPER: *"Return with us now, to those thrilling days of yesteryear..."*

Then the night explodes as --

A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE

blasts past in a blur of churning steel wheels and billowing coal smoke.

EXT. TEXAS PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Dark clouds scud across the moon as the Texas & Pacific No. 119 rides its single headlight across the black expanse of countryside.

INT. FIRST-CLASS CAR

Travel-weary PASSENGERS fill the First-Class car -- merchants and stockmen, traders from the East, Federal Bluecoats and corseted ladies with paper fans.

A NERVOUS SALESMAN jumps as the train whistle SCREAMS again. He clutches his sample bag tightly to his chest. Looks to a one-eyed sergeant, CONCHO, sitting with a group of BLUECOAT SOLDIERS across from him.

NERVOUS SALESMAN

It true what they say? 'Bout
all them hold-ups on this line?

The soldiers say nothing.

NERVOUS SALESMAN (CONT'D)

I heard they took forty
passengers off one train an'
scalp't 'em. Men, women an'
children. That's what I heard.

CONCHO

Y'heard wrong.
(a beat)
It was fifty. An' they skinned
'em alive.

The Salesman's jaw drops. Concho grins, showing off his big Smith & Wesson Schofield revolver.

CONCHO (CONT'D)

But don't you worry none,
little man. Ain't gonna' be no
hold-ups on this train.

QUICK CUT TO:

A PAIR OF MASKED EYES

gray and silent, glittering in the moonlight. We PULL BACK
to see --

EXT. TRESTLE

The DARK SILHOUETTE of a man stands atop a wood-frame
trestle, a quarter-mile down the track. As the train races
closer, he's illuminated by the approaching headlight --

JOHN REID

is tall and rangy, cloaked in the gray shadows of a long
duster. He's armed with a customized Colt Peacemaker and a
sawed-off Belgian shotgun slung across his back.

However, his most outstanding feature is the mask, covering
the upper part of his face, leaving his eyes exposed.

THE TRAIN

ROARS in towards him, headlight blinding, and then flashes
by underneath. Reid takes a step --

AND DROPS DOWN

onto the top of the speeding train cars, rolling and coming
up cat-like onto his feet.

INT. FIRST-CLASS CAR

The door suddenly SLAMS open and --

A DRUNKEN INDIAN

shuffles in, carrying a bottle of rye. He's dressed head-
to-toe in buckskin with pierced ears and long hair tied
back with a bandanna.

He's followed by a protesting PORTER --

PORTER
... I tole' you, you ain't
allowed. This here's the
First-Class car --

Concho suddenly blocks the Indian's path.

CONCHO
You git yourself lost, Cochise?

The Indian just stares at him with glazed eyes,
uncomprehending.

CONCHO (CONT'D)
'Cause this here don't look
like the reservation to me.

INDIAN
(a beat; halting)
Me... no look for trouble.

CONCHO
Well, you found it. Now you
best haul yer' sorry red ass
back to yer' tipi. Savvy?

Concho's comrades grin at the Indian's discomfort.

INDIAN
(backing down)
Me plenty sorry... No make
white chief angry.

The Indian turns and staggers away. Concho plants a boot
in his backside and sends him sprawling to the ground.

The other Bluecoats ROAR WITH LAUGHTER as the Indian crawls
after his bottle.

INT. FREIGHT CAR

Another PORTER winds his way through the bags and crated
goods. Suddenly --

REID

drops to the ground in front of him. Porter #2 staggers
back, terrified, his hands in the air.

PORTER #2
Don't... Don't kill me... Oh,
Jesus --

REID
Get your hands down.

PORTER #2
What --

REID
This train's 'bout to be
robbed.

PORTER #2
Take whatever you want --

REID
Not by me.

PORTER #2
(puzzled)
I... I don't follow --

SMACK

Reid lays out the poor Porter with a right to the jaw,
catching him and lowering him to the ground.

REID
An' I got no time to explain.

INT. FIRST-CLASS CAR

Concho checks a pocketwatch. He nods to his comrades.
They stand, pulling weapons, and --

THEY OPEN FIRE

around the train car. Passengers SCREAM as they're
showered with splintered wood and broken glass. They duck
down in the aisles and under seats.

One COWBOY reaches for his gun but a Bluecoat SLAMS him to
the ground.

CONCHO
Everybody on yer' feet!

The passengers slowly rise. The Nervous Salesman cowers,
offering up his sample case.

NERVOUS SALESMAN

Take it... There's cash money
inside...

CONCHO

Hold yer' water, little man.
We don't want yer' personals.

NERVOUS SALESMAN

Then... what do you want?

A beat. Concho's good eye sparkles.

CONCHO

Yer' train.

INT. TRAIN CARS - VARIOUS

The Bluecoated bandits move back through the train, shoving
passengers to the rear cars.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE

Other Bluecoats take over the engine car, pitching the
ENGINEER and FIREMAN over the side.

INT. CABOOSE

Passengers huddle in fear as five Bluecoats herd them into
the last train car. They SCREAM as a POCK-FACED BLUECOAT
pulls out a long machete. As Pock-Face advances --

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

All eyes turn to see a GLASS BALL, about the size of a
Christmas-tree ornament, roll into the car. A Bluecoat
picks it up, puzzled, and --

WHUMP

-- the ball EXPLODES in a blinding flash of sparks. The
Bluecoats stagger back, grabbing for weapons. And
suddenly --

REID APPEARS

moving with the violent grace of a natural predator,
viciously kneecapping a startled Bluecoat.

He grabs a second Bluecoat's gun arm and --

SNAP

breaks his elbow. Sidekicks another man in the groin.

A BLUECOAT

fumbles with his Spencer rifle, bringing it up to fire. Reid reaches into his coat and flings out --

A SILVER BOLO

It blurs through the air and wraps around the bandit's neck, hurling him off his feet.

POCK-FACE

comes at Reid, machete flashing. Reid whips the sawed-off over off shoulder and --

BOOM

He FIRES, spraying out tiny balls of shot, interconnected with GOSSAMER STRANDS OF SILVER NETTING. The netting spreads taut and entangles Pock-Face, sending him crashing to the floor.

It's over before the smoke settles. Injured Bluecoats lie MOANING on the floor. Amazingly, no one's been killed.

Reid steps back into the doorway. The passengers just stare at him, dumbfounded.

REID

This here's where you folks get off.

EXT. PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS

Reid reaches down and uncouples the link between the train cars.

WITH A CLANG

the caboose separates. It begins to fall behind as the rest of the train speeds onward.

CLICK

Reid stiffens as a big Schofield pistol is cocked at his head.

CONCHO (O.S.)
Reckon you picked the wrong
train, friend.

Concho drags Reid into the adjoining freight car.

INT. FREIGHT CAR

Concho backs Reid up carefully, keeping the Schofield
trained at his head.

CONCHO
Drop that widowmaker...

Reid undoes his gunbelt. Lets it fall to the floor.

CONCHO (CONT'D)
Scattergun too. Nice an' easy.

Reid unslings the shotgun and turns around. Concho stares
at him, suddenly uneasy.

CONCHO
I know you?

REID
Ain't likely. But I know you.

CONCHO
(smirks)
That right?

REID
That's right... Concho.

Concho is startled.

CONCHO
What -- How'd you --

REID
Got a simple question for you.
Answer it... Y'might get to
keep all your fingers.

CONCHO
Question, hey? I got one fer'
you... How long you figger'
it'll take you to git to hell?

He brings up the Schofield to fire and --

A DARK FIGURE

suddenly swings down on top of him from a roof hatch.

BLAM

Concho's shot is deflected wide as he's goes sprawling. He looks up to see -- the Drunken Indian.

CONCHO
Redskin 'sumbitch --

He raises the Schofield again but --

THE INDIAN STRIKES

fast as a viper, deflecting the gun's barrel. Concho FIRES, hitting nothing but air.

The Indian grabs the Schofield and twists it, butt-up.

CONCHO HOWLS

as his finger breaks in the trigger guard.

SMACK-SMACK

The Indian hits him in the head with the revolver. KICKS his feet out from under him. Concho goes down in a heap.

The Indian WHOOPS, grabbing Concho by the hair, pulling his scalping knife.

REID
Don't do it, Tonto.

The Indian, TONTO, turns alertly, not so drunk after all. He mimics Reid, in perfect English --

TONTO
"Don't do this, Tonto... don't do that, Tonto." What're you, my mother?

REID
Killin' ain't our way.

TONTO
Our way? Don't you mean your way, kemosabe?

REID

This ain't the time nor the place.

Tonto's eyes narrow but he sheathes his knife with a flourish. Turns back to Concho, mocking in his exaggerated pidgin --

TONTO

Me plenty sorry... White chief keep'um scalp... for now.

Concho just stares at him, stunned. Reid grabs Concho, pulling him close.

REID

I'm lookin' for a man...

CONCHO

Move to San Francisco -- Owww!

Concho shuts up as Reid SMACKS his head on the floor.

REID

... A big man. With long hair an' a cripple't right arm. Name of Cavendish.

CONCHO

Never heard of him.

REID

That's awful strange since you rode with him back in '78. Now whyn't you tell me where he's at?

CONCHO

Whyn't you go to hell?

He spits on Reid's boots. Reid and Tonto look to each other for a beat.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHT CAR - MOVING

A big freight door is thrown open. A struggling Concho has been hog-tied and strung up by his feet, hanging from a CEILING-MOUNTED LOADING-ARM.

Reid and Tonto give the mechanism a push and --

IT SLIDES OUT

Concho is left dangling upside-down over the rushing ground below.

REID

Whyn't we try it again? Now
where's Cavendish?

Concho's reply is unintelligible. He twists to dodge an approaching stand of sawgrass but gets dragged, SCREAMING, through the jagged foliage.

KA-PING-PING

Reid and Tonto duck back inside as bullets ricochet off the freight car around them.

ON THE ROOF

A PAIR OF BLUECOATS, fire at them from atop the moving train cars.

REID

Cover me. I'm goin' up top.

TONTO

Why?

REID

Why what?

TONTO

Why am I always the one givin' cover?

Reid can't believe it.

REID

'Case you hadn't noticed, we're gettin' shot at here.

TONTO

I'm jes' askin'...

REID

Fine. You wanna' go up top?
I'll cover you.

Tonto peeks out. He's driven back as bullets WHINE past.

TONTO

(a beat)

Naw, whyn't you go ahead.

Reid just shakes his head, exasperated.

EXT. TRAIN CARS

Tonto leans out of the open door and OPENS FIRE. As the Bluecoats duck back --

REID

swings his feet up like an acrobat, pulling himself up prone on the swaying train. The wind threatens to tear him off the freight car's roof.

Bullets WHINE around him. He pulls out his Peacemaker and OPENS FIRE.

UP AHEAD

The Bluecoats duck behind a RAISED PLATFORM. Reid's bullets bounce off harmlessly.

INT. HORSE CAR

Tonto works his way through a stock car full of nervous horses, pulling fearfully at their halters. Suddenly --

ANOTHER GROUP OF BANDITS

enter from the other end of the car, led by a BLUECOAT WITH HUGE SIDEBURNS. He spots Tonto.

SIDEBURNS

Git 'im, boys!

Tonto ducks down as the Bluecoats swarm toward through the crowded press of horses, pistols at ready. As they reach the opposite side --

BLUECOAT #1

He's gone.

SIDEBURNS

Hell you say...

Sideburns crouches and peers through the thicket of horse legs -- no sign of Tonto.

SIDEBURNS
Find that Injun!

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN CARS

Reid is a sitting duck as the Bluecoats take aim from behind the raised platform. He takes his Peacemaker. Presses a tiny lever and --

CLICK-CLICK

-- the barrel suddenly telescopes out, doubling in length, as a spring-loaded stock slides out the back, effectively transforming the revolver into a SHARPSHOOTING RIFLE.

Reid pulls out an ODDLY-SHAPED BULLET, sparkling silver in the moonlight. Loads it into his weapon and peers through the sight.

REID'S POV - SIGHT

Reid lines up the raised platform, then FIRES --

CRACK-BOOOM

The platform is obliterated as THE BULLET EXPLODES on impact. The Bluecoats are blown back, nearly tumbling off the speeding train.

BACK TO SCENE

One wounded bandit spots his rifle a few feet away. Pulls himself slowly toward it, reaching out with his hand. Suddenly --

REID'S BOOT

stomps down on his wrist. The Bluecoat looks up, terrified.

REID
Lefty, hey?

BLUECOAT
Wh... What --

Reid quickly pulls a knife from a boot sheath and --

SHIINK

-- SLASHES THE TENDONS on the back of the Bluecoat's left hand. The man SCREAMS in pain.

REID

Best learn to shoot with the right.

INT. HORSE CAR

Bluecoats fan out through the dark car, weapons at ready. TWO BANDITS pushes past a big Appaloosa, not noticing --

TONTO

hanging off the horse's side, legs wrapped around its neck. He grins, silently lowering himself to the ground between the searching Bluecoats. Taps them both on the shoulder.

TONTO

Hey!

Tonto ducks away as the Bluecoats spin and FIRE, hitting each other.

The other bandits OPEN FIRE, filling the cramped space with flying lead. Horses buck and rear in panic.

SIDEBURNS

Hold yer' fire!

The Bluecoats stop shooting and stare at each other, wide-eyed. Tonto is gone.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN CARS

Tonto pops up near the coal car. Grins as he sees Reid approaching across the top of the train. He doesn't see --

THE BLUECOAT

rising out of the open coal car behind him, bringing up his gun.

Like lightning, Reid draws the Peacemaker and FIRES, blowing a hole clean through the Bluecoat's hand, knocking him back into the coal car.

Tonto winces, gives Reid a look.

 TONTTO
 Woulda' been simpler to shoot
 him in the head.

 REID
 Not now, Tonto...

 TONTTO
 Or the body. Big target, the
 body...

Tonto stops, noticing Reid peering into the darkness up ahead of the train.

 TONTTO
 What is it, *kemosabe*?

The moon suddenly slips past the clouds to reveal --

A MOUNTAIN TUNNEL

looming up ahead in the train's path. Reid snaps around to see --

CONCHO

still hog-tied and dangling outside the freight car.

 TONTTO
 Aw hell, leave him...

Reid is already gone, racing toward the back of the train.

INT. FREIGHT CAR

Reid drops down into the freight car and yanks on the loading-arm. It won't budge. Stuck.

The tunnel is looming closer. Concho's good eye is wide with fear. Reid jumps up to the loading-arm and swings himself out over the tracks.

EXT. TOP OF FREIGHT CAR

Tonto arrives to see Reid, legs wrapped around the underside of the loading-arm, struggling to engage the mechanism.

He looks to the onrushing tunnel. Rolls his eyes.

TONTTO
White men...

He crawls out onto the top of the loading-arm.

CLOSE ON - THE LOADING-ARM

A wooden joint CRACKS and starts to give under their combined weight.

BACK TO SCENE

Reid and Tonto work furiously to retract the loading-arm. It starts to slide back -- then sticks again.

UP AHEAD

The locomotive enters the narrow tunnel, no room to spare on either side.

CLOSE ON - THE LOADING-ARM

As the wooden joint CRACKS FURTHER.

BACK TO SCENE

Tonto YELLS to Reid, over the rushing wind --

TONTTO
Leave him.

REID
No.

TONTTO
He ain't worth dyin' for.

REID
No one ask't you to.

Tonto looks to --

THE TUNNEL

Only seconds away and closing. He pulls his knife and SLASHES at the rope holding Concho. Grabs for Reid and YANKS them both off the loading-arm.

THEY TUMBLE

through the air, hitting the ground, rolling, as the freight car flashes into the tunnel and --

SMASH

the loading-arm is snapped off, splintering into a thousand pieces.

The train disappears into the darkness, its ECHO fading.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL - DAWN

The tracks are now swarming with lawmen. A TACITURN SHERIFF sifts through debris on the ground. He picks up an object and examines it curiously. Stands as his DEPUTIES approach.

SHERIFF

Any sign of that train?

DEPUTY #1

No, sir. They never made Hawks Junction. Jes' like them others.

SHERIFF

Three trains in six months. Gone. How the hell do forty tons of railroad steel vanish without a trace?

He looks over to see a battered Concho, still hog-tied, being dragged off by several deputies.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

He talkin' yet?

DEPUTY #2

Talkin' crazy, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

'Bout what?

The Deputies look to each other, uneasy.

DEPUTY #2

Says he seen the Masked Rider...

SHERIFF

The what?

DEPUTY #2

You know, the Masked Rider...
Phantom of the Plains...

DEPUTY #1

They say he only comes at
night... Shoots silver
bullets...

DEPUTY #3

They say he cut the hands off
them stage bandits up in Ocho
Rios...

DEPUTY #2

Naw, I hear it was rustlers,
an' he ripp't out their
hearts --

The Sheriff cuts them off.

SHERIFF

That's all a load of crap.
There ain't no Masked Rider.

DEPUTY #2

But Sheriff --

SHERIFF

I said there ain't no Masked
Rider!

(beat)

Now git back to work.

The Deputies scatter. The Sheriff watches them go, then
looks curiously to the found object in his hand --

A SINGLE SILVER BULLET

He places it in his pocket as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEXAS RANCH LAND - DAYS LATER

Thunder RUMBLES off in the distance as a weathered
cattleman, SOMMER, and his hired man, MCKEE, ride up a
rocky ridge. They're clad in slickers to ward off the
chill.

The thunder BOOMS again, this time closer. McKee glances
around nervously.

MCKEE

(in a thick Scottish
brogue)

We shouldna' be here,
Mr. Sommer. We're nigh onto
Injun country...

SOMMER
Strays cain't read no map,
McKee.

MCKEE
(still uneasy)
Yes, sir.

EXT. RIDGE TOP

They crest the ridge and stop, stunned. McKee's face goes white.

MCKEE
Fer' the love of Saint
Michael...

DOWN BELOW

A DOZEN HEAD OF CATTLE lie dead around a water hole, bodies bloated and reeking. Sommer and McKee ride grimly toward them, overcome by the smell.

MCKEE
Injuns, sir?

SOMMER
(shaking his head)
No arrow holes. Bullets
neither.

MCKEE
Then what?

Another DEEP RUMBLE and a BOOOOM, this time almost right on top of them. The horses skitter about, spooked.

MCKEE
Storm's comin'.

SOMMER
(puzzled)
That warn't no storm.

The RUMBLING picks up, joined by a KEENING WAIL. McKee looks about, wide-eyed with panic.

MCKEE
What is it, sir?!

SOMMER
(pulling his rifle)
Whatever it is, it's 'bout to
git itself kill't.

McKee pulls his weapon as well. They stand their ground as the unearthly noise rises to a ROAR, the very earth shaking beneath them.

MCKEE
(terrified)
Hail Mary, fulla' grace...

A WALL OF FLAME suddenly bursts up in front of them. They reel back, stunned, as --

AN UNHOLY APPARITION

materializes out of the fire, a nightmarish vision of smoke and shadows, grinding toward them.

Sommer's horse REARS BACK, throwing him to the ground.

A JET OF FLAME

darts out and consumes both man and horse.

McKee tries to flee, panicked, but he trips and goes sprawling.

CLOSE ON - MCKEE'S FACE

He opens his mouth to scream but no sound comes out as the flaming inferno overwhelms him and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLGOTHA, TEXAS - DAY

A grimy cattletown, stark and somber. Mean mud streets and sidewalks of raw lumber. Smoke from the tannery at the end of town casts a pall of gloom over the prairie sprawl.

INT. TIVOLI SALOON AND GAMBLING HALL

A crowded establishment for drinking, whoring, and gaming. Whiskey is poured. A keno cage in the shape of a golden goose spins round and round.

A grizzled prospector, BLANE, sits at the faro table, concentrating on a large stack of chips. He GROANS as the DEALER turns over a losing card and sweeps the chips away.

FARO DEALER

Sorry, Blane. Where's all the luck today?

BLANE

Wherever it is, it is.
Wherever it ain't... there I be.

UP AT THE BAR

An ANGRY GROUP OF CATTLEMEN confront an aging Federal Marshal, MAGRUDER. A well-to-do rancher, SIBLEY, gets in his face.

SIBLEY

... All I'm sayin' is, we need protection, Marshal. Gettin' so a man cain't ride after his own beef without runnin' into some Injun or 'nother.

MARSHAL MAGRUDER

An' all I'm sayin' is my hands're tied without no proof --

SIBLEY

Proof? Didya' see what them savages done to Sommer an' his hired man? Burn't 'em alive! Now what d'you aim to do --

MARSHAL MAGRUDER

Nothin'! I kill't my share of Injuns an' I'd gladly kill some more. But Federal law says I cain't. So I gotta' live with that.

SIBLEY

You might... But we sure as hell don't.

Magruder turns to him sharply.

MARSHAL MAGRUDER

I'll have no vigilantism --

SIBLEY

No, sir. But there's another kinda' law 'round here...

(beat)

Texas law!

Sibley and the cattlemen stomp off. Magruder hesitates.
Calls after them.

MARSHAL MAGRUDER

Ain't no need to bring the
Rangers into this!

They ignore the Marshal, BANGING out of the saloon.

IN THE CORNER

Blane watches them go, worried. He's overheard everything.
He grabs his remaining chips and heads out himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVER COUNTRY

Blane rides an old swayback mule through rocky foothills.
He stops to see if anyone is following him. Then heads
toward a SERIES OF ABANDONED DIGGINGS.

A DECREPIT SHACK

has been built into the mountainside. Little more than
three rotting walls and a sagging, tin roof. Blane leads
the mule inside.

INT. SHACK

Blane moves through the cobwebs, stopping at a section of
two dozen fist-sized ore-holes, bored into the rock wall.

BLANE

(reciting)

Third from the left, third from
the left...

(he hesitates)

... or was it third from the
right?

Blane reaches, arm deep, into the third ore-hole from the
right. He freezes as a SHARP RATTLE emanates from the dark
space.

Blane gingerly edges his arm out, holding his breath, as
the RATTLE intensifies. He jerks away at the last minutes
as --

AN ANGRY DIAMONDBACK RATTLER

lunges out after his hand, missing by a fraction of an
inch.

BLANE

Third from the left...
Stupid...

Blane reaches into the third ore-hole from the left
and PULLS.

WITH A GROAN

The floor of the shack starts to drop, mule and all.

INT. MINE SHAFT

Blane descends into shadowy darkness. Cabled
counterweights roll past as the elevator takes him down
into the bowels of the mountain.

The elevator hits bottom and Blane steps out into --

INT. SILVER MINE

It's a cavernous space carved deep into the roots of the
mountain. Kerosene lamps throw pools of light onto deep-
blue veins of silver in the walls.

A MASSIVE WORKSHOP

fills most of the chamber, with vials of chemicals and ore
compounds, fabricated weapon parts and smelting ovens. A
huge surveyor's map of the region lines one wall.
Suddenly --

A HAND

clamps over Blane's mouth. He's pulled to the ground with
a knife to his throat. Tonto WHOOPS, scowling
theatrically.

TONTO

White devil. Tell me why your
scalp shouldn't hang from my
lance?

Blane pushes Tonto away.

BLANE

Back off, ya' whiskey-drinkin',
squaw-lovin' heathen.

TONTO

Hey... that hurt my feelings.

BLANE

Never shoulda' let you people
off the reservation.

TONTO

Never shoulda' let you put us
there.

BLANE

Damn Injuns...

Blane stomps away in disgust, muttering. Tonto just grins.

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY

Blane enters a smaller cavern, set up as a shooting range. Reid stands there, unmasked, against a wooden backstop, facing a WHIRLIGIG CONTRAPTION, all pulleys and giant gears.

BLANE

John, there's trouble --

Reid holds up a hand, silencing him. Takes a deep breath and exhales. Then reaches up and pulls on a rope.

THE WHIRLIGIG SPINS TO LIFE

flinging sharp steel darts at Reid.

He moves gracefully, ducking and rolling, as the darts lodge into the backstop, rapid fire. Suddenly --

A LIFE-SIZED DUMMY

snaps up, red targets over its heart and head. Reid comes out of his roll, Peacemaker drawn --

HE FIRES

Six shots in the space of two seconds.

Hitting knees, elbows, shoulders. Finally blows the dummy's hands clean off.

As the ECHOES fade, the dummy's red-target vital areas are untouched. Reid stands, loading more silver bullets into his weapon.

BLANE

Waste of good silver, if y'ask
me.

REID
They shoot straighter. Heal
cleaner.

BLANE
So you say...

He notices a bloody cut on Reid's arm where a dart grazed him.

BLANE (CONT'D)
Losin' yer' touch?

REID
(grins)
I still got a few moves left,
old man.

BLANE
Then save 'em. Word is, Injuns
took 'ole Scotty Sommer an' his
hired man --

REID
I heard. Burn't 'em alive.
On'y don't sound like no
Indians I ever knew.

BLANE
I wouldn't put nothin' past
them savages --

He clams up as Tonto appears behind him.

TONTO
Who needs proof, right, Blane?
Hang the red bastards.

BLANE
(defensive)
Them bodies was found near
Injun land...

TONTO
They was also found near Musket
Creek. Maybe the fish done
it...

REID
Enough, you two. We'll ride
out tonight, soon as it's dark.
Have us a look around --

Reid GASPS suddenly, grimacing in pain, his right arm locked and paralyzed.

BLANE
John? You all right?

REID
(shaking it off)
Ain't nothin'.

He stalks off down a passageway. Tonto and Blane share a look, concerned.

INT. SILVER MINE - SWEAT LODGE

Reid sits motionless in a small rock chamber, deep inside the silver mine. He's stripped to the waist, his body dripping with sweat. Eyes closed, as if in meditation and we --

QUICK CUT TO:

REID'S FLASHBACK - YELLOW KNIFE DRAW

Clouds scud across a sickle moon as a DOZEN PALE RIDERS on phantom horses THUNDER down a narrow canyon in slow, balletic motion. Colors and sounds are exaggerated, slightly unreal.

UP IN THE CLIFFS

DARK SHAPES OF MEN wait in ambush, hidden behind rocky crags. The assassins sit, motionless, given away only by the fog of their breath.

DOWN IN THE DRAW

The Twelve Riders gallop headlong, oblivious, to meet their fate.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT LODGE

Reid's eyes are closed, eyeballs flicking back-and-forth beneath the lids.

QUICK CUT TO:

REID'S FLASHBACK - THE DRAW

The LEAD RIDER moves to the head of the pack as --

UP IN THE CLIFFS

A SHADOWY ASSASSIN peers down the barrel of a Henry rifle, moonlight glinting off the Texas Ranger badge on his lapel and --

DOWN IN THE DRAW

The Lead Rider charges ahead, glancing up at the steep walls of rock on each side of the draw and we see --

THE GAPING BARREL

of the Henry, ready to rain down death and --

THE LEAD RIDER

starts to pull up, sensing something's wrong, but he's too late as --

KA-RACK

the Henry rifle BARKS as the rest of the ambush party OPENS FIRE and --

THE TWELVE RIDERS

die in their saddles, reaching for weapons, trying to find cover from the shitstorm of bullets. Twisting, falling to the rocky ground.

And then we're CLOSE ON --

REID

SCREAMING in anguish, bringing up his revolver, pointing it at --

A BIG MAN

with long hair flying and a Texas Ranger badge, drawing his own weapon and --

THEY FIRE

and both are hit. And Reid goes down hard as the Big Man staggers back, clutching at his shattered right arm.

And then it's over. And the clouds part. And the grinning rictus moon peers down on the slaughter as we see --

REID'S BODY

lying twisted on the bloodsoaked rocks at the bottom of the draw. He takes a shallow breath, barely alive, as we pull up and away and --

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT LODGE

Reid's eyes snap open as Tonto pushes aside a flap and enters the sweat lodge, clad in a breechclout.

He sits across from Reid, saying nothing. Then --

TONTO

Plenty hot.

Reid nods.

TONTO (CONT'D)

My old granddaddy used to say
sweat purified the soul.
Hotter the better.

Reid takes a wooden dipper and leans forward to pour water over a pile of red-hot stones. As he does, he grimaces and Tonto sees the --

UGLY SCAR TISSUE

on Reid's chest -- the ancient bullet wound, gnarled and angry. Reid pours and a HISS of billowing steam fills the sweat lodge.

TONTO (CONT'D)

He once told me a story, 'bout
an old Potawatomí chief who was
losin' his eyesight. Didn't
tell his men for fear of
appearin' weak. But the next
time he led a war party, he
failed to see his enemy...

(beat)

No one from that war party ever
come back.

Reid gives Tonto a sideways look.

REID

Maybe they jes' got tired of
hearin' preachy Indian stories.

TONTO

All I'm sayin's, there ain't no
shame in knowin' when to hang
it up...

REID

I'll keep it in mind.

TONTO

Been seven years. Carryin'
'round a bullet that long
woulda' killed mos' men.

REID

One more of them stories of
yours oughta' do the trick for
me.

Tonto shakes his head.

TONTO

A man can't hide from himself,
kemosabe...

(beat)

Not even behind a mask.

He leaves Reid in the sweat lodge, alone with his thoughts,
and we --

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER MINE - QUICK CUTS

Reid and Tonto gird for action, loading weapons and
strapping on customized gear:

- a) Reid inserts silver bullets into his Peacemaker.
- b) Tonto shoves silver-tipped arrows into a rawhide quiver.
- c) Reid loads netting cartridges into his sawed-off shotgun
SNAPS IT shut.
- d) Tonto slides a wicked-looking Bowie knife into a sheath.
- e) Tonto strings sinew around the complex flywheels of a
massive recurve bow.
- f) Blane appears, leading two horses from the cavern's
subterranean stables -- SILVER, a high-strung, ghost-white
stallion, and SCOUT, a tobiano pinto.

SILVER SUDDENLY REARS

knocking Blane to the ground. Reid is there in an instant, grabbing the reins, whispering in the horse's ear --

REID

Easy, Silver... Easy, boy...

The horse nuzzles him. Blane looks up to Tonto --

BLANE

Y'ask me, he's entirely too close to that horse.

g) now we MOVE IN on Reid from behind as he ties something around his head, and he turns, and his eyes blaze from behind that infamous mask.

REID

(simply)
Let's ride.

INT. ESCAPE TUNNEL

Reid and Tonto THUNDER down an underground passageway on horseback, tripping a series of THICK, WOODEN BARRICADES. The barricades SNAP shut behind them as they race past.

EXT. SILVER COUNTRY - DUSK

Reid and Tonto ride out of an abandoned mine tunnel and speed off into the approaching twilight.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATER HOLE - NIGHT

Tonto crouches near the water hole, now a tortured landscape of cattle carcasses and scorched earth. He picks up a fistful of sand, sniffing it, feeling its consistency.

TONTO

Sand's all melted, fused together. Ain't seen nothin' like this here, outside of a lightnin' strike.

REID

Skies were clear last night. Lightnin' didn't do this.

TONTO
Neither did Indians.

REID
How d'you figure?

Tonto points to deep impressions in the dirt.

TONTO
These tracks. Ground's all
torn up but not by no man or
horse...
(beat)
My old granddaddy woulda' said
it was a Thunderbird.

REID
A what?

TONTO
You know -- giant eagle,
breathes fire, shits lightnin'
bolts...

Reid gives him a look.

TONTO (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
... Hey, you asked.

Reid looks out at the water hole. Notices something
shining in the moonlight. He dismounts and crosses to a
blackened rock outcropping --

A SYMBOL

has been scrawled onto its surface -- parallel lines set
inside a diamond shape.

TONTO
Looks like a cattle brand.

REID
Not from no ranch 'round
here...

Silver suddenly SNORTS from nearby. Reid turns to his
horse.

REID
What is it, boy --

KA-RACK

The stillness is shattered by a rifle shot. Reid and Tonto dive for cover as a bullet rips into the sand at their feet.

Reid silently points in the direction of the shot. Tonto nods. They melt away into the shadows.

CLOSE ON - A DARK FIGURE

approaching in a horse-drawn buckboard, Sharps rifle at ready. The water hole looks deserted. No sign of life, and then --

REID LUNGES

out of the darkness, tumbling the figure off the buckboard to the ground. He's up in an instant, wrestling away the Sharps, ready to fire.

REID

Let's see them hands --

He stops, surprised, as the figure rolls over to reveal --

AURORA "RORY" SOMMER

Pretty in a no-nonsense way, her hair tied back out of her face. A bouquet of wildflowers lie crushed and scattered around her.

RORY

(defiant, but scared)
Ain't nothin' left here to steal. They already took the bodies to town --

REID

Who said anythin' 'bout stealin'?

RORY

Gee, I dunno'. Man sneakin' 'round in the dark in a mask? You tell me...

She trails off suddenly, realizing --

RORY (CONT'D)

Wait... you're him, ain't you? The one they talk about? The Comanche call you the "Ghost Rider."

REID

An' what would you know 'bout
the Comanche?

RORY

Plenty. I run the Indian
clinic in town.

(beat)

I'm Aurora Sommer. "Rory" when
I ain't bein' held at gunpoint.

REID

"Sommer?"

He eyes the crushed wildflowers.

RORY

Scotty was my brother. On'y
fam'ly I had left. I come to
pay my respects...

A look of genuine sorrow crosses Reid's face. He tosses
the rifle back to Rory. She catches it, surprised, and --

CLICK-CLICK

levers in a round, pointing the Sharps at Reid's heart.

RORY

How d'you know I won't jes'
shoot you anyhow.

REID

'Cause he won't let you.

Rory looks puzzled. She turns slowly to see --

A GRINNING TONTO

perched in her buckboard, drawing down on her with his bow.

TONTO

Howdy-do, ma'am.

Reid moves to help her up.

REID

You oughta' get back to town.
It ain't safe for a woman out
here all alone --

RORY

(pulling away)
Maybe I like bein' alone.

REID

Maybe like it less if it got
you kill't.

RORY

That right? An' who died an'
made you Chief?

Tonto stifles back a laugh. Reid does a slow burn.

REID

Suit yourself.

He starts away. Tonto follows, giving her a nod.

TONGO

Been a pleasure not killin'
you, ma'am.

Rory watches them as they mount up.

RORY

Hey!... Look, I'm sorry 'bout
shootin' at you...

(beat)

I thought y'might be workin'
for Bass.

REID

Who?

RORY

Hiram Bass. No 'count
speculator outta' San Antone.
Been buyin' up grazin' land
like it's peppermint candy.

(beat)

He an' his bunch give Scotty a
hard time when he wouldn't sell
out.

Reid and Tonto share a look.

REID

Any idea where we might find
this Bass?

RORY

End of a rope, mos' likely. If
not, try the Cattleman's Club.
That's where all them lyin'
bastards hang out...

Reid and Tonto are already tearing off into the night.

RORY (CONT'D)
 (calling after them)
 Hey! You didn't even tell me
 your name...

Her voice is lost on the wind as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. CATTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

A Victorian Gothic mansion rises off the prairie like a medieval fortress. Torches illuminate the grounds as a pack of snarling dogs fight over scraps from the kitchen.

ON THE LONG PORCH

A group of ROUGHNECKS chew tobacco and pass around a bottle. The front doors suddenly BANG open and a drunken, old Indian --

IRONHEART

is tossed down the steps into the mud. A THICK-SET SALOON GUARD with a shotgun calls after him --

SALOON GUARD
 This here's a gentleman's club.
 Members on'y. An' that don't
 include no stinkin' Injuns!

IRONHEART
 (boozy)
 Just wanted a drink...

The Roughnecks SNICKER as the Saloon Guard heads back inside.

IN THE SHADOWS

Tonto watches in silence, his eyes cold, as Ironheart tries to stumble upright.

REID (O.S.)
 Let it go...

Tonto turns back to Reid.

REID (CONT'D)
 Cain't fight ev'ry fight.

TONTO

What -- yeah, sure.

Reid pulls a SMALL GRAPPLING HOOK out of a saddle bag. Swings it around and lets fly --

THUNK

It lodges in an open third story window.

REID

Be right back.

He shinnies up the rope and hoists himself inside. Tonto's gaze shifts back to --

-- Ironheart, pulling himself up out of the mud.

INT. CATTLEMAN'S CLUB

A monument to gilded extravagance. White-gloved Indian servants carry silver drink trays as middle-aged cattle barons cavort with scantily-clad "ladies of pleasure."

HIRAM BASS, blustering and red-faced, staggers down a lamp-lit hallway, a girl on each arm.

INT. CLUB ROOM

Bass and the girls enter into a dimly-lit room. As Bass fumbles to light a lamp, a MATCH FLARES in the darkness. One of the girls SCREAMS as she sees --

REID

sitting in an overstuffed chair, casually aiming his Peacemaker.

REID

Don't you ladies have somewhere else to be?

The girls back out of the room, terrified. Reid gets up and KICKS the door shut, jamming it with the chair. Bass tries to look brave but he's trembling.

BASS

You, sir, are trespassing. There'll be lawmen swarming this place in a matter of minutes --

Bass shuts up as Reid grabs him by his custom-tailored lapels, shoving him onto a buffalo-hide couch.

BASS
Please... I've got five hundred
dollars upstairs in a safe --

REID
I don't want your money.

BASS
(perplexed)
What -- what do you want?

REID
I want you to tell me a
story -- 'bout a man named
Sommer...

EXT. CATTLEMAN'S CLUB

Ironheart eyes the bottle being passed around by the Roughnecks. He straightens his muddy clothing, trying to assume a dignified air.

IRONHEART
Could you spare a drink,
sir?...

The HEAD ROUGHNECK smiles wickedly, taking a slug.

HEAD ROUGHNECK
What's that, Chief? Y'want
some firewater?

He holds out the bottle, tantalizingly close. As Ironheart reaches for it, he tosses it over to another Roughneck who takes a sip, then flips the bottle to the next man, who also drinks.

The Roughnecks CRACK UP as Ironheart tries to follow the bottle as it's tossed around, in a feeble game of "keep-away."

The Head Roughneck finally drains the last drop.

HEAD ROUGHNECK
Sorry, Chief, I'm plum out.
But tell you what...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a shiny silver dollar.

HEAD ROUGHNECK (CONT'D)
 This here'll buy you a whole
 bottle fer' yerself.

He tosses the coin which lands -- SPLINK -- inside a large,
 brass spittoon full of foul tobacco juice.

Ironheart hesitates, torn. Then he stumbles toward the
 spittoon as the Roughnecks ROAR WITH LAUGHTER.

TONTO (O.S.)
 'Scuse me...

The Roughnecks turn, surprised, to see --

AN UNARMED TONTO

standing behind them, a big shit-eating grin on his face.

HEAD ROUGHNECK
 (his hand on his
 pistol)
 You lookin' fer' trouble, boy?

TONTO
 No, sir. Jes' wonderin' if any
 of you fellas seen my lucky
 dollar?

The Roughnecks gape as Tonto marches right past them to the
 spittoon.

TONTO (CONT'D)
 Thought I left it 'round here
 somewhere...

He reaches right down into the spittoon, feeling around in
 the muck. Brings his hand up with the spittoon still on
it, stuck around his fist.

TONTO (CONT'D)
 Aw, for Pete's sake. Will you
 look at that...

He tries to shake the spittoon off, SPLASHING the rancid
 liquid on the protesting Roughnecks.

HEAD ROUGHNECK
 Hey, watch it, ya' dumb Injun
 'sumbitch --

SMACK

The Head Roughneck reels back as Tonto whacks him in the face with the heavy spittoon.

TONTO

Oops... Did I do that?

The Head Roughneck dabs at his broken nose. He goes for his pistol, enraged.

HEAD ROUGHNECK

Now you're gonna' die, boy --

Before he can clear his holster --

CRACK

-- Tonto hits him again. The Head Roughneck staggers back, going down in a heap.

TONTO FLAILS AROUND

with brutal precision, CLOBBERING a second Roughneck with the spittoon.

HE DUCKS

as another man goes flying over his back, CRASHING through a window.

A Roughneck rushes him. Tonto turns and swings --

CLANG

-- nailing him in the groin.

Another Roughneck brings up his rifle. Tonto frees his hand and --

SPLASH

-- hurls tobacco juice in the man's face. The Roughneck SCREAMS, clawing at his burning eyes.

OUT OF THE FRAY

Ironheart can only gape at the frantic action swirling around him.

INT. CLUB ROOM

Bass backs away, eyes full of fear, as Reid presses him.

BASS

... I represent a consortium of wealthy investors... They've instructed me to acquire certain parcels of land... at top dollar I might add --

REID

An' if someone don't want to sell... you jes' have 'em kill't.

BASS

No... What happened to Mr. Sommer is a tragedy... a terrible tragedy... but I swear, on my mother's grave, that I had nothing to do with it --

He's interrupted by a POUNDING on the door. The chair starts to give. Reid is suddenly behind Bass, whispering in his ear.

REID

I hear different, you're gonna' answer for it...

The door BANGS open as several saloon guards rush in. Bass turns quickly but --

REID IS GONE

The room behind him is empty. Just curtains flapping in the breeze by the open window.

EXT. CATTLEMAN'S CLUB

Injured Roughnecks lie bruised and bleeding around the porch. Tonto finally pulls the silver dollar out of the spittoon.

TONTO

Well, lookee here... Found it.

He flips it over to the battered Head Roughneck.

TONTO (CONT'D)

Buy yourself some bandages...
Chief.

He helps Ironheart to his feet.

TONTO

Let's get you home, old fool.

They disappear off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACHING GOLGOTHA - NIGHT

An ill-wind blows off the prairie as a DARK PROCESSION OF HORSEMEN ride into town, clad in dusty trail gear.

EXT. FEDERAL MARSHAL'S OFFICE

Marshal Magruder watches uneasily as the horsemen ride past, mocking him with hollow stares.

EXT. TIVOLI SALOON AND GAMBLING HALL

Drunks and saloon girls gape as the horsemen ride up to the saloon. They're a motley assortment of killers and cutthroats, all wearing the silver star badges of the TEXAS RANGERS.

One Ranger, ELLIS, removes his hat and a saloon girl GASPS. His head is a hairless mass of scar tissue -- remnants of an Indian scalping.

Now, the Ranger Leader turns and we see his face --

CAPTAIN BUTCH CAVENDISH

is the man from Reid's vision -- a big man with flowing hair and eyes that burn like cold steel. He wears a long cavalry saber. Favors his useless right arm as he dismounts.

He fumbles, one-handed, with the buttons on his duster. A pock-faced Ranger, PREACHER, helps him out of the coat as Sibley and the other elated cattle ranchers come spilling out of the bar.

SIBLEY

Texas Rangers! Finally, some
real law an' order 'round here.

Sibley extends his hand but Cavendish stares at it like he's being offered a fistful of shit. After a beat, Sibley withdraws his hand.

SIBLEY

Thank God you boys're here.
We're havin' us a helluva'
Injun problem --

CAVENDISH

Not any more.

Sibley hesitates for a beat, uncertain, then bursts out
LAUGHING. The other cattlemen join in, welcoming the
Rangers.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMANCHE RESERVATION - DAWN

Reid and Tonto ride through a desolate wasteland of barren,
windblasted rock. Ironheart is slumped over behind Tonto.

They turn and start through a field of withered, stunted
corn.

IN THE DISTANCE

Smoke rises from a cluster of threadbare tipis, glowing
like Chinese lanterns in the pre-dawn gloom.

IRONHEART

Stop...

Ironheart stumbles off Tonto's horse and falls to his
knees, RETCHING into the cornfield. Tonto shakes his head,
disgusted.

TONTO

Oughta' give the whiskey a
rest, old fool.

IRONHEART

It is our punishment...

TONTO

Punishment? For what?

IRONHEART

For givin' up our birthright.
Tradin' our souls...

(he looks around at
the bleak landscape)
... For this place.

Reid and Tonto share a look.

REID
It ain't your fault.

IRONHEART
Ain't it? Nothin' lives
here... Nothin' grows here...
The spirits have cursed us for
making peace with the whites...

Tonto suddenly catches a movement in the cornfield.

TONTO
Kemosabe! Look out --

A BLOODCURDLING WAR CRY

cuts through the air as a YOUNG COMANCHE BRAVE comes at
Reid out of the corn, wielding a spiked war club.

REID
Silver... Hiii!

SILVER REARS

raising his body to protect Reid, but the Young Brave is
too quick. He tumbles Reid to the ground, bringing up his
war club for the death blow.

Reid brings his hands together, then SNAPS them apart to
reveal --

A THIN LENGTH OF SILVER CHAIN

SSSNICK -- the war club catches in the chain just inches
from Reid's face.

He twists the chain, trapping the Young Brave's wrist, and
PULLS, flipping him onto the ground.

Reid is on top of him in an instant but he stops suddenly
as he notices --

A MEDALLION

set in bone-pipe, hanging from the Young Brave's neck.
Engraved on it -- familiar parallel lines set inside a
diamond shape.

Reid YANKS off the medallion but stops short as --

A THICKET OF LANCE POINTS

emerge out of the corn from all sides, followed by a pack of COMANCHE BRAVES.

Reid and Tonto stand back-to-back, weapons drawn, as the Comanche encircle them.

REID

How's your Comanche?

TONTO

Rusty. Yours?

REID

Worse.

(a beat)

Say somethin' to 'em.

TONTO

Like what?

REID

I dunno'. Somethin' Indian.

TONTO

Wouldn't do no good. Comanche hate Potawatomi. Blood feud goin' back seven generations.

Reid gives him a look.

REID

You're tellin' me this now?

The Young Brave recovers his war club and starts toward Reid. Suddenly --

-- Ironheart BARKS at him in Comanche. The Young Brave REPLIES angrily. Ironheart snatches the war club away and --

WHACK

-- smacks the Young Brave upside the head, sending him staggering backward. Ironheart stumbles down as well, still dizzy with drink.

IRONHEART

(to Reid)

You must forgive our young warriors. They long to glorify themselves in battle... but there are no more battles to fight.

Reid holds up the medallion.

REID

Where'd he get this?

Ironheart SPEAKS again in Comanche. The Young Brave replies with a sullen GRUNT. Ironheart threatens with the war club again and the Young Brave RESPONDS quickly.

IRONHEART

He says it is *puha*... big medicine... He found it near a white man's ghost lodge, over New Canaan way.

REID

Ghost lodge? What's he talkin' about...

Reid stops as he catches something out of the corner of his eye. He holds up the medallion curiously.

CLOSE ON - THE MEDALLION

Tiny markings have been stamped around its border.

CUT TO:

THE TINY MARKINGS

are now magnified under a powerful microscope. They come into focus revealing themselves to be MINIATURE LETTERS, spelling out --

BLANE (O.S.)

(reading)

"Schenectady Locomotive Works?"...

INT. SILVER MINE - WORKSHOP - LATER

Blane steps aside and lets Reid peer through the microscope lens. Tonto sits nearby, dipping his finger in a beaker full of black powder on the workbench.

BLANE

(to Tonto)

Wouldn't touch that if I were
you... which, I'm glad to say,
I ain't.

TONTO

Why? What is it?

BLANE

Powdered nitro. Few grains'll
take yer' hand off.

Tonto face falls. He gently extricates his finger from the
beaker as Reid pulls the medallion out from under the
microscope.

REID

So what is it?

BLANE

Piston cap fer' a "McQueen"
engine...

(a beat)

A train engine.

TONTO

(puzzled)

... An' the "white man's ghost
lodge?"

REID

He musta' meant the rail
station.

TONTO

What station? Trains don't run
through New Canaan.

REID

No, but they was s'posed to.
They even started diggin' a
tunnel... Had to abandon it
when they hit solid Gunnison
granite.

He turns to Blane.

REID

Saddle up the horses.

TONTO

Where we goin'?

REID
To catch us a ghost.

Off Tonto's curious reaction, we --

CUT TO:

A BATTERED WOODEN SIGN

hanging cockeyed, CREAKING in the breeze. Faded lettering reads: "New Canaan Station."

EXT. NEW CANAAN STATION - DUSK

Reid and Tonto ride past the sign at the base of craggy mountains. Double lines of track run out of an ABANDONED RAIL TUNNEL and then stop abruptly, leading nowhere. A few stray cattle graze on the property.

They head toward the DERELICT STATION HOUSE, its windows broken and doors missing, exposed to the elements.

INT. STATION HOUSE

Reid and Tonto enter to find the station shrouded in cobwebs and layers of dust. Crows are nesting in the rafters. Suddenly --

-- HEAVY FOOTSTEPS sound from another room. They duck out of sight, arming themselves. A tense beat as the FOOTSTEPS get closer, then --

A SCRAWNY HEIFER

wanders into the room, LOWING quietly. Reid and Tonto share a look, then move on.

EXT. STATION HOUSE

Reid examines the weeds growing up between the unfinished tracks.

TONTO
Ghost lodge, hey? Maybe
there's ghost trains.

REID
Jes' ones that ride on real
tracks...
(beat)
Ain't no rust on these rail
tops.

CLOSE ON - THE RAILS

They're shining silver from recent use.

BACK TO SCENE

Tonto scans the open prairie, puzzled.

TONTO

Yeah, but these tracks don't
lead nowhere. Ain't no way to
get a train here...

He trails off as he notices Reid looking back down the
tracks toward the ABANDONED TUNNEL.

INT. ABANDONED RAIL TUNNEL

Reid and Tonto enter the dark tunnel. Reid pulls out a
chemical torch. Strikes it against the rock wall and it
flares with blue light, dripping sparks.

INT. ABANDONED RAIL TUNNEL - FURTHER ON

Reid and Tonto follow the rails deeper into the mountain.
The chemical torch SPUTTERS and goes out, plunging them
into darkness.

Reid lights another one. As the light comes up, they
suddenly see --

HUNDREDS OF EYES

staring at them from the gloom. Reid and Tonto look
around, stunned, at the PALE MEN standing before them --
MALNOURISHED CHINESE IMMIGRANTS, blinking in the light of
the flare.

An OLD MAN jabbars fearfully at them in Mandarin.

REID

How's your Chinese?

TONTO

Worse'n my Comanche.

Reid notices that the men are all in leg irons, chained
together. His eyes harden.

REID

We're gonna' need s'more
flares.

Tonto starts out of the tunnel. He stops suddenly, listening.

 TONTTO
Someone's comin'.

Reid extinguishes the flare, plunging them into darkness. After a beat, LANTERNS approach down the tunnel. Then --

BASS APPEARS

followed by the Roughnecks from the Cattleman's Club.

 BASS
Get them Chinees' moving. We
ain't got all day.

He heads off, further into the tunnel. The Head Roughneck, his broken nose swollen and purple, mocks Bass --

 HEAD ROUGHNECK
We ain't got all day...

The others CRACK UP. They fail to see --

REID AND TONTTO

hanging from crossbeams on the tunnel ceiling like giant spiders.

 HEAD ROUGHNECK
 (to the Chinese)
C'mon, ya' godless heathens,
git to work!

The Chinese scatter down the tunnel as the Roughnecks lay into them with billyclubs.

INT. ABANDONED RAIL TUNNEL - FURTHER ON

Reid and Tonto sneak down the tunnel, following the tracks. The CLATTER of pounding steel grows louder as they come upon a CHINESE SLAVE CREW, laying new track along the tunnel floor, moving at a breakneck pace.

UP AHEAD

another SLAVE CREW clears away a pile of boulders revealing --

-- the Texas & Pacific Railroad's main tunnel beyond.

INT. TEXAS & PACIFIC MAIN TUNNEL

The Chinese slave crews start laying track right into the Texas & Pacific line. Bass paces frantically.

BASS

Where in hell are they?

He's suddenly lit up by the screaming glare of a headlight as --

A TEXAS & PACIFIC TRAIN

approaches down the tunnel, slowing to a stop. Several bogus FEDERAL BLUECOATS lean out of the locomotive. We recognize them from the earlier train heist.

Bass shakes his head angrily --

BASS

Switch track!

A rail switch is pulled and the LOCOMOTIVE ADVANCES, veering off the main track and down the abandoned tunnel.

AS THE TRAIN DISAPPEARS

the Chinese crews begin pulling up the new track behind it, leaving no trace of its passage.

EXT. NEW CANAAN STATION - NIGHT

The Bluecoats hop off as the locomotive rolls to a halt outside the abandoned tunnel. A DOZEN EMPTY WAGONS are waiting in the harsh glare of the torchlight.

Chinese slave crews swarm over the cars with wrenches and hammers. It's like a giant chop shop as they begin to dismantle the locomotive. Other crews load large pieces of the train into the waiting wagons.

BEHIND A TRAIN CAR

Reid and Tonto watch the operation curiously. Reid points to the line of rail cars.

REID

(quietly)

I'm goin' inside. You circle 'round the back.

TONTTO
Why do I gotta' take the back?

 REID
Aw, for cryin' out loud --

 TONTTO
 (with a grin)
Don't mess yourself, kemosabe,
I'm goin'...

They split off in separate directions.

INT. TRAIN CARS

Reid moves quickly and quietly through the train's interior as slave crews scramble over the outside. Suddenly --

A CHINESE SLAVE

appears right in front of him. He throws up his hands, terrified.

Reid puts a finger to his lips -- "Shhhh." The slave lowers his trembling hands.

EXT. TRAIN CARS

The Head Roughneck walks down the line of cowering slaves, administering random kicks and shoves.

 TONTTO (O.S.)
Psssst!...

He turns quickly to see --

TONTTO

standing right behind him. His jaw drops.

 TONTTO (CONT'D)
'Member me?

SMACK

Tonto punches him right in his broken nose, laying him out flat. He quickly puts on the Head Roughneck's hat and coat and resumes the man's walk down the line.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

Reid peers into the engine car and finds a Roughneck standing guard, his back to the door. He pulls out a --

SMALL GLASS AMPULE

Moves in behind the Roughneck, cat quiet, then CLAMPS A HAND over his mouth. Crushes the ampule in his gloved hand and holds it under the struggling man's nose.

The Roughneck inhales the vapor and slumps to the floor.

EXT. TRAIN CARS

The Chinese slaves on the line stare at Tonto, shocked, as he walks past in his disguise. He nods to them as he passes --

TONTO

Hey there... Howdy... Doin'
some nice work, fellas...

FURTHER UP AHEAD

Bass angrily confronts the Bluecoats from the train --

BASS

You're late.

BLUECOAT LEADER

Couldn't be help't.

BASS

The Boss isn't gonna' like it.

BLUECOAT LEADER

Then that's his problem --

BLAM

All work stops as a GUNSHOT ECHOES. The Bluecoat Leader looks down, stunned, at the crimson stain spreading across his chest.

He falls as A MAN MATERIALIZES out of the smoky half-light, holding sawed-off Winchester hog-leg in his left hand --

IT'S CAVENDISH

CAVENDISH

I prefer to think of it as our
problem... This here bein' our
solution...

He expertly levers the Winchester one-handed and SHOOTs the Bluecoat Leader again. Several RANGERS appear behind him, including Preacher and Ellis.

CAVENDISH

Anyone else got a problem?

BASS

Uh... No, sir...

CAVENDISH

Then get the hell back to work!

The workers scramble back to their posts. Cavendish looks down on the Bluecoat Leader's body.

CAVENDISH

Preacher, say a few words...

PREACHER

(pulling out a
tattered Bible)

Bow yer' heads...

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

Reid looks out and stops, stunned, as he sees Cavendish for the first time.

HIS FACE GOES COLD

as the initial shock of recognition gives way to a burning anger. He reaches for the train throttle. SLAMS it forward. Grabs for the train whistle and --

EXT. NEW CANAAN STATION

WHOOOOOO -- The WHISTLE SCREAMS. Smoke BLASTS out of the stack as the half-scrapped engine wakens like some primordial beast.

THE LOCOMOTIVE JERKS FORWARD

Slave crews dive off the train as it starts to pull away.

BASS
What the hell --

TWO RANGERS race toward the moving locomotive and leap on board.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

The Rangers enter the cab, weapons drawn. One man goes for the throttle but suddenly --

REID IS THERE

jamming his gun arm, forcing it down --

BLAM

The Ranger FIRES in panic, shooting the second man in the foot.

Reid swings the first Ranger around, SLAMMING him into the open coal furnace.

THE MAN SCREAMS

as his clothes catch fire. Reid plants a boot in his chest and propels him in a flaming arc out of the train car.

EXT. NEW CANAAN STATION

Cavendish stands his ground as the locomotive bears down on him. He sees Reid up in the cab --

THEIR EYES MEET

and hold for a split second. Then, Cavendish brings up his Winchester and OPENS FIRE, levering in rounds one-handed.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

Reid ducks back as bullets RICOCHET around the open cab. No way out. He holds on for dear life as the locomotive reaches the end of the tracks.

EXT. NEW CANAAN STATION

Cavendish dives aside as --

KA-BANG

-- the train DERAILS in a SCREECH of tortured metal. The other cars accordion behind the engine in a massive pileup.

CHAOS REIGNS

as the Rangers swarm over the wreckage, weapons drawn. Fire FLARES UP from the coal car. The locomotive is on its side, wheels still churning.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

The Rangers peer into the mangled cab -- it's empty. No sign of Reid. Only the rising BOILER GAUGE, starting to red-line.

A white-blond Ranger assassin, QUINT, jumps down into the locomotive. Cavendish calls down to him --

CAVENDISH
Where is he?

QUINT
Who?

CAVENDISH
That Masked Man?

QUINT
Ain't no one here, Cap'n...

Quint trails off as he sees a DARK SHAPE materialize out of the flames of the coal car.

IT'S REID

singed but alive, a terrible vengeance in his eyes. Quint reaches for his gun but Reid is quicker.

He SWINGS with a coal shovel, SNAPPING Quint's elbow. Quint HOWLS in pain.

EXT. LOCOMOTIVE

Cavendish turns to the other Rangers.

CAVENDISH
Kill him.

ELLIS
But Quint's down there --

CAVENDISH
Then kill 'em both!

The Rangers draw weapons and prepare to fire into the cab when --

SSSSSHUNK

Ellis CRIES OUT as a silver-tipped arrow buries itself in the meat of his shoulder.

The Rangers dive for cover as Tonto lets loose with another arrow that --

CLANG

-- ricochets off a brass fitting near Cavendish's head. The Rangers turn and OPEN FIRE as Tonto ducks away, retreating over the line of wrecked train cars.

Cavendish pulls his cavalry saber left-handed. Looks to Preacher --

CAVENDISH
Get that Injun! I'll finish
this 'un.

The Rangers move off after Tonto as Cavendish drops into the locomotive.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

Cavendish moves back through the tangled wreckage, past the ROARING boiler. He senses something and brings up the saber to block as --

THE SHOVEL

WHISTLES out of the darkness, meeting his blade.

Reid SWINGS the shovel again but Cavendish parries the blow easily and goes on the attack, driving Reid back toward the flaming coal car.

EXT. ATOP THE TRAIN WRECK

Tonto is pinned down in a fierce Ranger CROSSFIRE, unable to get off a clean shot. He strings another arrow. Gauges the distance to his target but aims high up into the air.

Tonto RELEASES and the arrow streaks upward into the night sky.

TONTTO
One, Mississippi... Two,
Mississippi...

The arrow drops out of the darkness and --

SSSSSHUNK

-- skewers Preacher's leg. The Ranger YELPS in pain as
Tonto WHOOPS and scrambles away.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE CAB

Reid is engaged in heated battle amid smoke and flames but
he's at a severe disadvantage. Cavendish's saber FLASHES
as Reid struggles to block the blade with his shovel.

Reid jerks back as --

SHHINK

-- Cavendish cuts him. He stumbles down by the coal car.
Starts up but finds Cavendish's saber at his throat.

 CAVENDISH
Never did much care for men in
masks. Cowards, the lot of
'em. 'Fraid to die like men.

 REID
All men die the same. Ain't
that right, Cavendish?

Cavendish looks at Reid curiously.

 CAVENDISH
I know you?

 REID
Ain't likely... but I know you!

Reid suddenly SNAPS the shovel forward, flinging a load of
hot coal on Cavendish. The Ranger Captain recoils, blinded
by burning embers.

Reid is on him in an instant, SWINGING the shovel like a
man possessed. Cavendish staggers back as Reid wades into
him. Suddenly --

REID GRIMACES IN PAIN

his right arm locked and paralyzed. The shovel falls from
his grasp, CLATTERING to the floor.

Cavendish tries to move in but COAL FIRES erupt and drive him back. He quickly pulls himself out of the cab, leaving Reid to his doom.

CLOSE ON - THE BOILER GAUGE

as it fully pegs into the red.

BACK TO SCENE

Reid clutches at his paralyzed arm, trapped in a burning iron coffin. No way he can get out. And then --

A HAND REACHES DOWN

Reid looks up to see Tonto, leaning in through an open hatch, grabbing for him. He reaches up and Tonto hauls him out.

EXT. TRAIN WRECK

Tonto leaps from the locomotive, dragging Reid as --

KA-BOOOOOM

-- the boiler EXPLODES in a fiery blast, flinging them to the ground.

The flames spread, consuming the New Canaan station as Tonto helps Reid up onto his horse and together they flee the blazing inferno.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLGOTHA - NIGHT

A few STRAGGLERS and DRUNKS walk the streets. Tonto appears out of the shadows, supporting a semi-conscious Reid. He moves quickly down a back alley to a low building --

THE INDIAN CLINIC

Tonto RAPS on the door. A beat. Then, Rory peeks out, leading with her big Sharps. She sees who it is. Quickly sets the rifle down and helps them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN CLINIC - LATER

Reid lies, eyes closed, on a narrow Army cot. A CLOUD OF TOBACCO SMOKE is blown into his nostrils. He COUGHS slightly, then blinks open his eyes, disoriented, to see --

IRONHEART

crouching over him, puffing on a medicine pipe. The old Indian is daubed in white clay, wearing a brightly-painted headdress.

He takes a slug from a bottle of whiskey. Holds up a raven's-claw totem and starts CHANTING SOFTLY. Then he grabs Reid's arm and SCORES HIM with the sharp claw, drawing blood.

REID

Hey!... Ow!

Ironheart LAUGHS, continuing the CHANT. Reid turns to see Rory watching them.

RORY

I'm sorry. It's s'posed to be big medicine. He insisted on comin' when he found out you was here --

Reid's hands suddenly fly up to his face, realizing he's unmasked.

RORY

It's all right. No one else knows.

REID

Where am I?

RORY

The Indian clinic.

(beat)

This here's Ironheart. He's a Comanche healer.

REID

We've met. An' I don't need no more of his healin'...

Reid tries to sit up and grimaces in pain. He collapses, dizzy, back onto the cot.

RORY

You was sicker'n a dog when your Indian friend brung you in here. I couldn't find no serious wound, though...

(beat)

... 'Cept for that there.

She touches the GNARLED SCAR TISSUE of his old bullet wound. Reid jerks back, covering it with his shirt.

REID

Ain't nothin'. My horse did that...

RORY

Then your horse must be pretty-fair shot with a pistol.

REID

Yeah, an' he's hell with a rifle too.

RORY

Look, I cain't help you if you don't trust me --

REID

Don't recall askin' for your help...

(looking to Ironheart)
... Or his.

RORY

You got a problem with me? Or is it people in general?

REID

On'y the helpful ones.

Rory stares at him, eyes blazing. She turns and SPEAKS to Ironheart in Comanche. He nods in agreement, continuing the CHANT, as she starts away.

REID

Hey... What'd you say to him?

RORY

Told him you need s'more bleedin'.

Reid jerks his arm away as the old healer LAUGHS again.

EXT. INDIAN CLINIC - PORCH - DAWN

Rory storms out of the clinic, SLAMMING the door behind her. She finds Tonto sitting there, bundled up against the chill, tending a small fire in an outdoor stove.

RORY

You can come inside, y'know.

TONTO
Don't much like white men's
buildings. Reminds me of the
Indian Bureau school...

RORY
(surprised)
You were there?

TONTO
Buncha' nice white folks took
me when I was a boy. Five
years, I wasn't allowed to
speak my own language... wear
my own clothes... pray to the
Gods of my fathers...
(dryly)
But I did learn to do a mean
foxtrot.

Tonto glances back toward the clinic.

TONTO (CONT'D)
He gonna' be all right?

RORY
If I don't kill him myself.

Tonto smiles at that.

TONTO
Kemosabe can have that effect
on folks.

RORY
Why d'you call him that?

TONTO
Kemosabe? It's an old
Potawatomi term, kinda' hard to
translate...

RORY
How in the world did you two
end up together?

TONTO
Bad luck, I guess. His or
mine, I haven't decided yet...

He stares into the fire for a beat. It flickers and shifts ominously.

TONTO (CONT'D)
'Bout seven, eight years back,
the local tribes revolted.
Refused to stay on the
reservations...

QUICK CUT TO:

TONTO'S FLASHBACK - THE MASSACRE

Fires are now everywhere as Indian lodges are burned to the ground by MARAUDING HORSEMEN.

TONTO (V.O.)
They sent out the Texas
Rangers to bring 'em in
peacefully...
(beat)
Only it weren't so peaceful...

Panicked INDIAN WOMEN and CHILDREN scatter as the Rangers cut them down, firing at point-blank range. Several INDIAN WARRIORS try to put up a fight but they're brutally slaughtered.

And now we see Cavendish, leading the charge, wiping his bloody saber on his horse's flank.

TONTO (V.O.)
The worst bunch was led by a
Ranger Captain named Cavendish.
He saw wipin' out the tribes as
his personal mission...
(beat)
On'y the Governor didn't see it
the same way...

Now we CUT TO --

YELLOW KNIFE DRAW - NIGHT

And we see the TWELVE PALE RIDERS from Reid's flashback, THUNDERING down the narrow canyon, as the clouds scud across the sickle moon.

TONTO (V.O.)
He ordered out his own personal
Militia to bring Cavendish in,
so's he could stand trial for
murder...

(MORE)

TONTO (V.O. CONT'D)

(beat)

But Cavendish got wind of it...

UP IN THE CLIFFS

DARK SHAPES OF MEN wait in ambush, hidden behind rocky crags. They sit, motionless, given away only by the fog of their breath.

TONTO (V.O.)

He set up an ambush east of here... at a place called Yellow Knife Draw...

DOWN IN THE DRAW

The Militia Riders gallop headlong, oblivious, to meet their fate.

TONTO (V.O.)

The Governor's Militia was led by two men -- John Reid and his brother, Dan...

The LEAD RIDER moves to the head of the pack but now we see his face --

IT'S JOHN REID

A younger version, followed by a similar-looking man with a mustache, DAN REID.

UP IN THE CLIFFS

A SHADOWY ASSASSIN peers down the barrel of a Henry rifle, moonlight glinting off the Texas Ranger badge on his lapel and --

DOWN IN THE DRAW

Reid charges ahead, glancing up at the steep walls of rock on each side of the draw and we see --

THE GAPING BARREL

of the Henry, ready to rain down death and --

REID

starts to pull up, sensing something's wrong.

TONTO (V.O.)

Twelve men rode into the draw that night...

(MORE)

TONTO (V.O. CONT'D)

(a beat)

They never knew what hit 'em.

KA-RACK

The Henry rifle BARKS as the rest of the ambush party OPENS FIRE and --

THE MILITIA RIDERS

die in their saddles, reaching for weapons, trying to find cover from the shitstorm of bullets. Twisting, falling to the rocky ground.

And then we're CLOSE ON --

REID

SCREAMING in anguish, bringing up his revolver, pointing it at --

CAVENDISH

his long hair flying, drawing his own weapon and --

THEY FIRE

and both are hit. And Reid goes down hard as Cavendish staggers back, clutching at his shattered right arm.

And then it's over. And the clouds part. And the grinning rictus moon peers down on the slaughter as we see --

REID'S BODY

lying twisted on the bloodsoaked rocks at the bottom of the draw. He takes a shallow breath, barely alive.

And now we CUT TO --

THE DRAW - DAY

as a younger Tonto rides past the sprawled corpses of the dead Rangers. He passes by Reid's body, but then catches a movement out of the corner of his eye. Tonto dismounts and crouches over him.

TONTO (V.O.)

That's where I found him the nex' day. More dead than alive...

(beat)

The bullet cut deep but he survived...

And we CUT TO --

THE DRAW - DAYS LATER

as Reid, still weak, and Tonto finish digging fresh graves.

TONTO (V.O.)

We dug graves for the others,
includin' his brother. Dug an
extra one so's Cavendish would
think John Reid was buried with
'em...

Reid stands over the last, empty grave. Tonto watches from
a respectful distance as --

REID STOOPS

over the open pit, almost as if he were placing something
inside. After a beat, he rises and starts shoveling in
dirt.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN CLINIC

Tonto looks away from the fire --

TONTO

... And that was the first day
he put on the mask.

Rory is silent for a moment.

RORY

An' the bullet? How'd you get
it out?

TONTO

Didn't.

RORY

(stunned)

You mean it's still inside him?

TONTO

Too close to his heart.
Woulda' killed him takin' it
out.

RORY

It's killin' him now. Them
spasms're jes' gettin' worse --

IRONHEART (O.S.)
 (cutting in)
 Ain't 'cause of no bullet.

Tonto and Rory turn to see the old healer coming out of the clinic, carrying his medicine bundle.

TONTO
 What do you mean, old fool?

IRONHEART
 He's come from a dark place.
 Walked too long in the land of shadows.

TONTO
 So what's wrong with him?

IRONHEART
 (matter-of-factly)
 His soul is lost.

Tonto and Rory look to each other, puzzled, as Ironheart wanders off.

INT. INDIAN CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

We see --

REID

lying awake on the cot, his face a mask of conflicting emotions as the healer's parting words ring in his ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASS RANCH - CORRAL - DAY

A terrified CHINESE SLAVE stands stock-still, holding a melon over his head. He's shaking, scared to death as galloping hooves THUNDER toward him.

A SABER FLASHES

slicing the melon in two. The slave is splattered with the pulpy mess as a furious Cavendish races past on horseback, wielding the saber left-handed.

The slave picks up another whole melon with trembling hands and resumes the position as Cavendish wheels his horse around for another charge.

AT THE CORRAL FENCE

Bass approaches several Rangers, watching Cavendish's display. Quint has his elbow in a crude splint while Ellis' shoulder and Preacher's leg are heavily-bandaged.

BASS

What's all this?

QUINT

Cap'n's piss't

BASS

'Bout what? That masked fella'?

IN THE CORRAL

With a CRY, Cavendish spurs his horse forward, swinging up his saber. He rides down on the slave and

THWACK

-- decapitates another melon.

QUINT

(to Bass)

Jes' be glad it ain't you.

Cavendish comes tearing up to the fence, reining in hard.

CAVENDISH

I want him dead! Y'hear me?
Dead!

QUINT

Yes sir, Cap'n, but how do we find him --

CAVENDISH

I don't care how! Jes' kill that masked sumbitch an' bring me his scalp to hang on my wall!

QUINT

But we don't even know who he is --

CONCHO (O.S.)

I do.

All eyes turn to see --

CONCHO

the one-eyed bandit from the train heist, standing behind them. Cavendish rides over to him.

CAVENDISH

Heard you was in jail.

CONCHO

Heard right, Cap'n. Thanks to our masked friend. Lucky fer' me them jailhouse walls was fulla' dryrot. Dug myself right out.

CAVENDISH

Awful lucky...

Concho flinches as Cavendish brings the point of the saber to his heart.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

... Or maybe somethin' more'n luck?

CONCHO

(sweating bullets)
You don't wanna' do that, Cap'n. You'll never git him without me...

CAVENDISH

Get who?

CONCHO

(a beat)
John Reid.

Cavendish stops, his face going cold.

CAVENDISH

Reid's dead.

CONCHO

He ain't. I seen him on the Texas'n Pacific, wearin' a mask. Didn't hardly recognize him at first... but jail give a man lots of time to think.

Cavendish leaps off his horse, eyes blazing. He grabs Concho by the throat, crushing him in an iron grip.

CAVENDISH
You lie to me, I might jes'
take out that other eye...

CONCHO
(strained)
It was him, Cap'n, I swear
it...

Cavendish releases Concho. He absently rubs at his
crippled right arm.

CAVENDISH
Seven years of hell... Of bein'
half a man... An' the on'y
thing got me through it was
knowin' he was breathin' dirt.

He whirls back toward Concho --

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
You find him! Take as many men
as you need...

BASS
(clearing his throat)
I don't think that's such a
good idea, Captain... What with
our investors're comin' in any
day now --

CAVENDISH
The hell with 'em...

And we MOVE IN CLOSE on his face --

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
I want John Reid!

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN CLINIC - LATER

Reid wakes with a start to find himself alone in the
darkened clinic. He sits up, wincing in pain. Stands on
shaky legs and walks to the door.

EXT. INDIAN CLINIC - DAY

Reid throws open the door and is hit by a blast of
daylight. He recoils, shielding his eyes like some Western
vampire. God knows how long it's been since he's seen the
sun.

He steps out, a bit uncertain, as TWO LITTLE BOYS, about five or six, run down muddy street, playing shoot-em-up. One of them SMACKS right into Reid's leg. The boy turns, aiming his toy gun.

LITTLE BOY #1
Bang! Bang! You're dead,
mister!

Reid hams it up, clutching at his chest, staggering back. The little boy smiles. Reid smiles back.

MOTHER
Ezra! Git back here!

The boy's MOTHER comes running, grabbing her son away, a look of fear on her face. Reid's smile fades as he realizes how he must look, pale as death, his shirt stained with blood.

IRONHEART (O.S.)
Ain't your world no more, is
it?...

Reid turns to see Ironheart, sitting in the shadows, nursing a whiskey bottle.

REID
What would you know 'bout it?

IRONHEART
Ain't my world neither. Though
the white man would have me
believe it was...

He takes a slug from the bottle. Offers it to Reid, who shakes his head.

IRONHEART (CONT'D)
Times change. Men don't.
I seen visions...

REID
Visions, hey? Any of 'em come
from the inside of that bottle?

IRONHEART
Naw, big visions -- lightnin'
an' thunder from clear skies...
spirits of the dead walkin'
like men... I even seen a
vision of you...
(a beat; quietly)
... with death comin'.

REID
I ain't afraid of that.

IRONHEART
(smiling sadly)
You don't understand. It ain't
comin' for you... it's comin'
from you. An' to all those
around you...

A sober beat, as Reid takes this in.

IRONHEART
That's all I got to say.

Ironheart drains his bottle. Gets to his feet and staggers
off. Reid watches him go, vaguely unsettled.

REID
(to himself)
Lightnin' an' thunder from
clear skies?...
(calling out)
Hey!... Where exactly'd you see
these visions?

IRONHEART
On'y one place to see visions.
Follow the sun... to the Canyon
of Souls.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE GOLGOTHA - DUSK

Away from town, Rory watches as Tonto and Reid, now wearing
his mask, saddle their horses.

RORY
... I'm tellin' you, the Canyon
of Souls is jes' an' old
campfire tale. Mos' Comanche
don't even believe in it...

REID
Then we prob'ly won't find
nothin'.

RORY
An' you shouldn't be ridin'
anyways. That bullet could
kill you dead as Sunday. You
need to get to a doctor --

REID
That right? An' who died and
made you Chief?

Rory's eyes narrow.

RORY
You are the most ignorant, pig-
headed, excuse-for-a-man --

She turns and storms off toward town. Reid watches her go.

TONTO
Helluva' woman.

REID
Is she?

TONTO
Feisty... smart... pretty,
too...

Reid gives him a look.

TONTO (CONT'D)
An' that gleam in her eye when
she called you "ignorant"...

REID
Don't start with me...

TONTO
I'm jes' sayin' --

REID
Don't say.

He turns and starts away from town. Tonto grins and
follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMANCHE RESERVATION - SUNSET

The desolate landscape is painted blood red as Reid and
Tonto ride toward the setting sun. As it disappears over
the horizon --

TONTO
"Follow the sun," hey? I think
that old fool's cracked --

He stops short as --

A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT

suddenly bursts out of the hills in front of them. They ride closer to find a NARROW GORGE, hidden from view, barely wide enough to ride a horse through.

REID

An' you were sayin'?

Tonto just MUMBLES to himself as they ride, single-file, into the gap.

EXT. CANYON OF SOULS

Darkness is falling as Reid and Tonto push ahead through the shadowy gorge. The air is dead still, eerie, in the silence. They stop suddenly as they see --

A SCAFFOLD

of rotting lodge poles atop the cliff wall. A GRISLY INDIAN CORPSE lies on the platform, wearing a painted death mask. Tattered eagle feathers hang limply from his war lance. Flies BUZZ around the decomposing body of a horse, accompanying his master to the great beyond.

UP AHEAD

A ragged line of burial scaffolds is visible in the gloom.

REID

The Canyon of Souls...

EXT. CANYON OF THE SOULS - FURTHER ON

Reid and Tonto wind their way past the gruesome display. Painted eyes stare down at them from the masks of the dead.

TONTO

(uneasy)

Remind me to come here again
real soon...

BOOOM

A FLASH OF LIGHT flares up ahead, followed by a DISTANT RUMBLE shaking the canyon, sending trickles of rock down the steep walls.

REID
 Lightnin' an' thunder from
 clear skies?...

TONTO
 Yeah, but what about all that
 "spirits of the dead" stuff?

Reid and Tonto spur their horses onward. As they ride
 ahead --

A "DEAD" INDIAN

suddenly sits upright on a platform behind them. He looks
 over to ANOTHER DEATH-MASKED CORPSE, who also rises,
 reaching for his weapon.

EXT. CANYON OF THE SOULS - FURTHER ON

The gorge suddenly opens up into a wider valley, encircled
 by burial scaffolds up on the cliffs. Reid and Tonto stop,
 stunned, as they see that --

A MONSTROUS FACTORY

has been built in the center of the valley, bristling with
 GRINDING machinery and twisting rail tracks. Outlet pipes
 spew great JETS OF FLAME from the ground, accompanied by
 DEEP RUMBLING. It's a vision of hell come to earth.

They dismount, weapons drawn, and make their way through
 the mechanical tangle.

REID
 Never seen nothin' like this
 before.

TONTO
 I have...

Reid gives him a look.

TONTO (CONT'D)
 Okay, it was durin' this peyote
 ceremony...

He stops as --

A BLACK SHAPE

suddenly hurtles toward them out of the darkness. They
 bring their weapons up to fire but stop, surprised, as a
 WHEELED ORE CART zips past on tracks, no driver in sight.

They relax for a moment. Then --

TONTO

Kemosabe!

Reid snaps around to see --

THE DEAD INDIAN

standing behind them with a six-foot war lance. The Indian charges with a HIDEOUS CRY as --

-- MORE DEATH-MASKED INDIANS swarm out of the darkness.

REID SIDESTEPS

but he's tumbled to the ground by another MASKED INDIAN IN A HEADDRESS.

TONTO

comes out with a DOUBLE-HEADED TOMAHAWK, blades on both ends --

SSHUNK

He splits the mask of ONE ASSAILANT. Drives ANOTHER back with the whirling blades.

REID

grapples with his attacker against an outlet pipe. He hears a DEEP RUMBLE and shoves the man in front of the pipe's gaping mouth --

A BURST OF FLAME

comes out of the pipe, setting the Indian's headdress on fire. He rolls away, SCREAMING.

TONTO

upends his man, slicing at his Achilles tendon with the tomahawk. He rips off the death mask to reveal --

A WHITE MAN

dressed in an Indian shirt and leggings. Reid recognizes him --

REID

He's one of Cavendish's...

TONTO

But why --

He's suddenly cut off as --

A FUSILLADE OF ARROWS

rains down on them. Reid and Tonto dive behind a huge outlet pipe for cover as --

UP ON THE CLIFFS

A DOZEN MORE MASKED CORPSES have come to life, firing down from their burial platforms.

DOWN BELOW

Reid and Tonto RETURN FIRE with their own weapons, but they're caught in a deadly crossfire.

Reid ducks back down behind the pipe to reload. Notices his gloved hands are covered with BLACK GOOP from the pipe's surface. He sniffs at it.

REID

Petrol oil...

TONTO

What?

REID

Oil. This here's a refinin' operation.

They pop up and OPEN FIRE again, ducking back quickly as arrows strike all around them.

TONTO

There ain't no oil in Texas.

REID

But if there was, a man could get rich.

TONTO

(realizing)
Cavendish...

REID

On'y one problem...

(beat)
Why's he need to steal them trains...

Suddenly --

ANOTHER ORE CART

rumbles out of the darkness toward them. Reid sees an opening.

REID

Cover me.

TONTO

(shaking his head)

Again with the cover...

He doesn't have time to finish as Reid sprints out for the ore cart. Tonto manages to scatter off a few shots as Reid DIVES inside the moving cart, arrows CLANGING off its metal sides.

IN THE CART

Reid peeks out toward the horses. He WHISTLES twice.

SILVER'S EARS

snap forward at his master's call. He gallops toward the racing ore cart.

As the horse comes up alongside, Reid leaps out onto his back. He wheels around toward Tonto, still pinned down.

REID

Silver... Away!

The white horse lunges forward, heedless of the arrows WHISTLING past him. Reid ducks low across his neck as they race ahead.

TONTO

sees what's coming. He grabs for Reid as he flashes past, hooking Reid's arm and swinging up onto Silver's back behind him.

Scout joins them and Tonto leaps across to his own horse. They gallop, headlong, back up the canyon, leaving the ambush behind.

CUT TO:

INT. BASS RANCH - BARN

Bass stands before a group of WEALTHY TEXAS INVESTORS -- nouveau-riche cattlemen and land barons. Cavendish is at his side.

BASS

... so there it is. We're sittin' on top of the biggest oil reserves this side of Pennsylvania. An' we own it all, 'cept, of course, for the Injun land.

WEALTHY TEXAN #1

An' what about them Injuns?

CAVENDISH

(speaking up)

My boys'll take care of that.

WEALTHY TEXAN #2

Federals ain't gonna' like it.

CAVENDISH

(with a smile)

Well, they ain't gonna' have too much to say 'bout it...

He nods to one of his Rangers, who swings open the barn doors. A familiar RUMBLE rises outside. The entire barn begins to shake.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I give you the future...

The investors stare, goggle-eyed, as they see --

A MASSIVE VEHICLE (THE WAR-WAGON)

roll into view. It's a Jules Verne nightmare, squat and ugly, fabricated from used train parts -- locomotive wheels, iron boiler plating, gleaming brass fittings. A FIELD CANNON with attached FLAME THROWER juts from the nose while GATLING GUNS peek out of armored slots on the sides.

Cavendish nods and war-wagon lurches into the barn, CLANKING hideously

CAVENDISH

It don't need no horses. No train tracks. Runs on petrol from our oil fields 'stead of steam. An' this here's jes' the beginnin'. We're buildin' us an army --

WEALTHY TEXAN #1

In God's name, what for?...

CAVENDISH

The Republic of Texas! Over eighty years now, we been fightin' for what's rightfully ours, 'gainst the Spaniards, the Mexicans, the Injuns... now the damn Federals!

(eyes blazing)

It's a revolution, gentlemen, no less. An' we won't quit 'til there ain't one stinkin' Bluecoat left 'tween the Bravo del Norte an' the Red River!

The investors look to each other, aghast.

WEALTHY TEXAN #2

You mean to take on the entire United States military?

CAVENDISH

Not all at once. Cut off the head an' the rest'll follow.

WEALTHY TEXAN #1

(getting to his feet)

Well, I got no love fer' the Union, but I didn't sign up fer' no revolution...

The investors MURMUR their assent. Cavendish looks them over, eyes cold.

CAVENDISH

Is that the way y'all feel?

There's no reply.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Then I'm sorry I wasted your time...

He turns and starts out.

WEALTHY TEXAN #2
Hey!... How 'bout our money?

CAVENDISH
(turning)
Money's so impersonal. I'll
make it up to you in trade.

WEALTHY TEXAN #1
Trade? What the hell kinda'
trade?

CAVENDISH
(a beat)
How 'bout lead?

He nods toward the war-wagon and the GATLING GUNS suddenly
swivel forward --

BRAAAAAAAP

they open up, mowing down the investors like spring wheat.
Bass cowers as the Texans fall in twisted heaps, dying with
their boots on.

As the guns finally stop spinning, Bass looks out over the
carnage, horrified --

BASS
My God... You are crazy...

He stops as Cavendish's saber tickles his throat.

CAVENDISH
Say that again, I'll mount your
head on a pike an' march it in
the Republic Day parade. You
follow?

Bass nods, a trickle of blood running down his starched
collar. Cavendish stops suddenly as he sees --

CONCHO

standing in the barn doorway behind them. He shoves Bass
aside.

CAVENDISH
Reid? Didya' find him?

CONCHO
Nex' best thing.

Cavendish stalks off after Concho, leaving Bass in their wake.

CUT TO:

INT. TIVOLI SALOON AND GAMBLING HALL

Blane sits at his usual spot at the faro table, concentrating on his chips. He hardly notices as the Dealer is suddenly yanked away, a NEW DEALER taking his place.

DEALER'S VOICE (O.S.)
Place your bets...

Blane snaps up to see --

CAVENDISH

sitting across from him in the dealer's chair. Blane's eyes go wide. He tries to get up but Concho and Preacher appear on either side of him, forcing him back down in the chair.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Long time, Blane...

BLANE
Not near long enough.

CAVENDISH
You feelin' lucky? How 'bout
we play some cards?

He picks up a deck and starts dealing, one-handed.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
I'm lookin' for a mutual friend
of ours... Maybe you seen him?

BLANE
Didn't think you had no
friends. Live one's anyway...

CAVENDISH
Whyn't we make this easy?
Where's John Reid?

BLANE
Six feet under, last I heard.

CAVENDISH
You disappoint me, Blane...

He lays down a winning card.

CAVENDISH
Twenty-one the hard way. Show
him what he's won, boys...

The Rangers hoist Blane out of his seat, dragging him out of the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLGOTHA JAIL

Cavendish reclines in the Sheriff's chair, eyes closed, as Blane is brutally beaten inside a nearby holding cell. Sheriff Magruder listens, teeth clenched.

SHERIFF MAGRUDER
Cap'n, I cain't approve of
this. It's torture, pure an'
simple --

CAVENDISH
This man knows the whereabouts
of a dangerous vigilante. An'
if I want your approval,
Sheriff... I'll be sure to let
you know.

Concho comes out of the holding cell, holding a bloody cudgel.

CONCHO
That's one tough, old coon,
Cap'n. He ain't talkin'.

CAVENDISH
Didn't expect he would.

CONCHO
(puzzled)
But then... why --

CAVENDISH
There's more'n one way to skin
a coon, Sergeant...
(a beat)
Bring 'im along!

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Thunder clouds loom over the dark plains as Reid and Tonto ride toward the silver mine. They stop as they come upon --

A RING OF FIRE

burning a distance from town. Bundles of brush are ablaze around the FIGURE OF MAN, strung up in the center. As they ride closer --

REID

(stunned)

No...

IT'S BLANE

badly beaten and tied to a gnarled mesquite tree. A TORN PAGE has been pinned to his shirt.

Reid and Tonto spur their horses forward. THEY LEAP over the fire in a shower of sparks. Reid dismounts and rushes to Blane, cutting him down with a knife.

The old prospector collapses in Reid's arms, only half-conscious.

BLANE

(mumbling weakly)

Cavendish...

REID

(devastated)

I know, old man... I know...

The torn page flutters away and Tonto retrieves it. A passage has been circled --

TONTO

(reading)

"And the Lord said unto Cain,
Where is thy brother? And he
said, I know not: Am I my
brother's keeper..."

(a beat; puzzled)

Genesis, Chapter Four...

Tonto looks up to see Reid, shaking with anger. The first time we've seen him losing control.

TONTO (CONT'D)

What's it mean, *kemosabe*?

REID
Nothin'.

TONTO
But then why would he --

REID
(snapping)
I said it don't mean nothin'!

Reid lifts Blane, hoisting his body onto Silver's back. He swings up onto the horse behind Blane and heads off. Tonto watches Reid go, puzzled, as he rides away from the fire ring.

TONTO
(to himself)
My brother's keeper?... My
brother's --

Tonto is suddenly seized by a terrible thought. He wheels Scout around and gallops off in another direction, away from Reid.

QUICK CUT TO:

A SPYGLASS VIEW

of Reid and Tonto, riding off separately.

EXT. TEXAS PRAIRIE - A DISTANCE AWAY

Concho folds up his spyglass and smiles to himself. Leaps onto his horse and follows after Reid.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS PRAIRIE - FURTHER EAST

Thunder RUMBLES off in the distance. Tonto pulls his coat tight to ward off the bitter wind as he races across the plains.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS FOOTHILLS - FURTHER EAST

The flat countryside has given way to rocky defiles, slick with ice. Lightning CRACKLES as Tonto skids to a stop before --

THE DRAW

We recognize it from Reid's flashback -- a narrow canyon, dark and forbidding. Tonto CLICKS his tongue, spurring Scout ahead.

INT. YELLOW KNIFE DRAW

The draw has a closed-off, suffocating feel. Tonto looks up as --

BOOOM

-- lightning illuminates the steep cliffs, towering on each side. He pushes the horse faster.

INT. YELLOW KNIFE DRAW - FURTHER ON

Tonto reins in as he comes upon the site of the ambush -- the blood-soaked ground long since washed clean.

A LINE OF WEATHERED GRAVES

sits to one side of the draw, lonely and unmarked. Tonto looks at them, as if seeing them for the first time.

He dismounts and scrambles over to the last grave in the line -- the one dug by Reid.

Tonto claws at the frozen ground, half-crazed, as LIGHTNING FLASHES again. His fingers dig into the cold earth, probing deeper, finally coming up with --

A SMALL OBJECT

no bigger than the size of his palm. Another LIGHTNING FLASH as Tonto stares down at the object in stunned disbelief and we --

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER MINE

Blane is lying, unconscious, on a small cot below the surveyor's map. Reid sits beside him, unmasked, strangely subdued.

He turns suddenly to see -- Tonto standing behind him, his face grim. Tonto tosses the object from the grave to the ground by Reid's feet.

Reid looks down to see --

A TEXAS RANGER BADGE

Tarnished and soiled by the elements but still recognizable. Reid's body sags visibly, the weight of his dark secret before him.

TONTO

"Twelve men rode into the draw..." That's what you always told me. But there are *thirteen* graves. Includin' your own. With that there badge inside...

REID

(looking away)
Some things are best left buried...

TONTO

Like the truth, kemosabe?

Reid looks up, his face etched in pain.

REID

You want to hear the truth?

(beat)

Twelve men did ride into the draw that night. Governor's Militia, with orders to bring in Butch Cavendish an' his Rangers for the murder of Indians...

QUICK CUT TO:

REID'S FLASHBACK - YELLOW KNIFE DRAW

And again we see the TWELVE PALE RIDERS, THUNDERING down the narrow canyon, as the clouds scud across the sickle moon.

REID (V.O.)

Cavendish got wind of it, though. Set up an ambush. On'y he didn't bother to tell his men who was comin' after 'em...

UP IN THE CLIFFS

DARK SHAPES OF MEN wait in ambush, hidden behind rocky crags. They sit, motionless, given away only by the fog of their breath.

REID (V.O.)
Not that it woulda' mattered.
They'd have rode straight to
hell with him if he ask't it...

DOWN IN THE DRAW

The Twelve Militia Riders gallop headlong, oblivious, to meet their fate.

The LEAD RIDER moves to the head of the pack and now we see his face, only this time --

IT'S DAN REID

riding hell for leather, leading the charge.

UP IN THE CLIFFS

A SHADOWY ASSASSIN peers down the barrel of a Henry rifle, moonlight glinting off the Texas Ranger badge on his lapel and --

DOWN IN THE DRAW

Dan Reid charges ahead, glancing up at the steep walls of rock on each side of the draw and we see --

THE GAPING BARREL

of the Henry, ready to rain down death and --

DAN REID

starts to pull up, sensing something's wrong as --

UP IN THE CLIFFS

The Shadowy Assassin turns slightly and we see his face for the first time --

IT'S JOHN REID

wearing a Texas Ranger badge, lying in wait with the ambush party.

He sights down the barrel of the Henry rifle at the dark shapes of the unsuspecting Riders below. Expertly leading the first man and --

KA-RACK

The Henry rifle BARKS as the rest of the ambush party OPENS FIRE and --

THE TWELVE MILITIA RIDERS

die in their saddles, reaching for weapons, trying to find cover from the shitstorm of bullets. Twisting, falling to the rocky ground.

And as the dust settles --

REID LOOKS DOWN

seeing the faces of the dead for the first time. CRYING OUT as he recognizes his DEAD BROTHER, staring up from the bottom of the draw.

REID

Nooo!...

Reid spins, eyes dark with hate, to see --

A GRINNING CAVENDISH

moving toward him like some malevolent angel. Cavendish's grin fades as he sees Reid's face, sees what's coming. Time stops, frozen for an instant.

And then we're CLOSE ON --

REID

SCREAMING in anguish, bringing up his revolver, pointing it at --

CAVENDISH

his long hair flying, drawing his own weapon and --

THEY FIRE

and both are hit. And Reid goes down hard as Cavendish staggers back, clutching at his shattered right arm, and --

REID

tumbles down into the draw, end-over-end, as --

THE OTHER RANGERS

drag a badly-injured Cavendish up onto his horse, racing away from the ambush site.

And then it's over. And the clouds part. And the grinning rictus moon peers down on the slaughter as we see --

REID'S BODY

lying twisted on the bloodsoaked rocks at the bottom of the draw. He takes a shallow breath, barely alive. And we --

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SILVER MINE

As Reid's eyes stare back into the past, locked in awful memory.

REID

"... An' the Lord spoke: Now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath received thy brother's blood from thine own hand... An' Cain said, My punishment is greater than I can bear..."

SMACK

Reid goes sprawling as Tonto punches him full in the face.

TONTO

(seething)

Your punishment? How' bout all them you butchered! Innocent women an' children, whose on'y crime was to be born on this land before you!

REID

(struggling up)

We done what we was told to --

TONTO

An' that made it right?!

REID

No! But the tribes were in revolt --

TONTO

I know...

(a beat)

.. One of 'em was mine!

Reid reacts, stunned, as Tonto comes at him with a FLURRY OF BLOWS. He fends them off, ducking and weaving, until --

CRACK

-- one shot catches him full in the chest, staggering him.

TONTO

I shoulda' left you there that
day. Left you to die like a
dog!

REID

John Reid did die, remember?
You helped bury him.

TONTO

An' now I aim to do it
again!...

TONTO LAUNCHES

into Reid, knocking over a workbench full of chemicals.
Glass SHATTERS around them as they tumble to the floor.

Tonto gets his hands around Reid's throat but --

REID KICKS UPWARD

flipping Tonto over onto his back.

Tonto is up in a flash, coming at Reid relentlessly --

PILEDIVING HIM

into the smelting oven. Molten silver SPLATTERS as the two
men grapple, locked in mortal combat.

REID HAMMERS AT TONTO

struggling to loosen his grip. He finally breaks free and
lunges for a pistol but Tonto sweeps his feet out from
under him --

CRASH

Reid goes sprawling to the floor as Tonto grabs for a
tomahawk. He hurls it at Reid, who ducks aside as --

THUNK

-- the blade bites into a workbench directly behind him.

Reid tries to scramble up but Tonto is on him again,
sending them FLYING across the weapons table.

Tonto comes up with a HAND-TOOLED BOWIE KNIFE. He brings it up overhead, eyes filled with terrible vengeance.

REID

Go 'head. Do it...

Tonto hesitates for a moment, looking down on Reid, bloody and battered beneath him.

WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY.

He brings the Bowie knife down two-handed, burying the blade in the wooden table, inches from Reid's head.

TONTO

No... Death is too easy...

(beat)

... Your punishment is to live.

Tonto pushes away and crosses the demolished workshop to the stables. He leads Scout out and leaps up onto his back.

TONTO

But if our paths cross again,
kemosabe... I will kill you.

With a CRY, he takes off down the escape tunnel to the outside. Reid calls after him --

REID

Tonto!...

Reid races for the mine shaft elevator --

EXT. SILVER MINE

Reid comes bursting out of the decrepit ore shack, looking for Tonto. He runs out past the diggings but the Indian is long gone.

Reid slumps down, distraught. Then --

KA-PING-PING

He dives for cover, startled, as rifle fire ricochets off the rocks around him.

Reid pulls his Peacemaker. Sneaks a peek out to see movement in the dark hills around the silver mine --

TEXAS RANGERS

lying in ambush. Cavendish calls out to him --

CAVENDISH (O.S.)
Jes' like old times, ain't it,
John? Me an' you, together
again...

Reid OPENS FIRE into the hills and BOLTS toward the shack.
He dives behind a rock formation as RIFLE SHOTS pepper the
ground around him.

UP IN THE HILLS

Cavendish and his men reload.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
We was gonna' show 'em all.
Texas for Texans, remember?...

DOWN BELOW

Reid closes his eyes, aiming the Peacemaker, trying to get
a read on Cavendish's voice.

UP IN THE HILLS

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
You can still be part of it,
John. Join us. Help us drive
out them damn Federals --

KA-PING

Cavendish recoils as a silver bullet glances off a rock by
his head.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)
Still a right-fair shot, I see.
But then you always were. Your
brother could testify to that,
couldn't he?

DOWN BELOW

Reid's jaw tightens.

REID
Hey, Cavendish... How's that
arm? You puttin' on your pants
by yourself yet?

UP IN THE HILLS

Cavendish's gaze darkens. He turns to Quint --

CAVENDISH

Kill him.

Quint lets go with a SHRILL WHISTLE.

DOWN BELOW

Reid looks out over the open ground between himself and the shack. He's distracted by a DEEP RUMBLING, rising out of the hills, rising to an earth-shaking ROAR

Reid turns, stunned, as -

THE WAR-WAGON

appears like some nightmarish hell train, grinding it's way toward him. He OPENS FIRE but the silver bullets just PING off the armored hull.

Reid dashes toward the shack, diving inside as the war-wagon's Gatling guns swivel toward him.

INT. SHACK

Reid hits the deck as --

BRAAAAAAAP

-- the ore shack is riddled with bullets. Reid covers up as he's showered with splintered wood and rock chips.

EXT. SHACK

The war-wagon pivots toward the shack and --

WHOOOOSH

A JET OF LIQUID FIRE bursts out from its flamethrower, igniting the dry timbers.

INT. SHACK

Reid struggles up as the shack fills with smoke and flame. He lunges for the elevator switch and the floor DROPS beneath him.

EXT. SHACK

The war-wagon rolls right through the burning shack, leveling it. Cavendish and the others come running up to see --

THE GAPING MINE SHAFT

at their feet. Cavendish looks to his men --

CAVENDISH

Dynamite.

INT. SILVER MINE

Reid quickly leads Silver from the stables. He throws Blane over the horse's back. Turns as --

THUMP-THUMP

Bundles of dynamite, fuses HISSING, come raining down the mine shaft, bouncing into the cavern.

Reid sees what's coming. Leaps onto Silver bareback --

REID

Silver... Away!

-- and races away down the escape tunnel.

INT. ESCAPE TUNNEL

Reid charges ahead, ducking low over Blane's body as --

INT. SILVER MINE

The dynamite fuses burn down to the core and --

KA-BOOOOOOOOOM

-- detonate in a BLINDING FLASH.

INT. ESCAPE TUNNEL

Reid glances back, eyes wide, as the SHOCKWAVE comes speeding down the tunnel toward him. He holds on tight as --

WHOOOOOSH

Men and horse are flung through the air, blown down the tunnel in a hurricane of dust and debris.

EXT. SILVER MINE

Cavendish and company watch from cover as the mine shaft implodes, sending an avalanche of rock cascading down into its depths.

As the dust settles, Cavendish rises --

CAVENDISH

Preacher...

PREACHER

(pulling out his
Bible)

Bow yer' heads...

INT. ESCAPE TUNNEL

A pall of dust hangs over the ruins of the tunnel. Silver WHINNIES nervously, struggling to his feet. Suddenly --

A HAND

reaches out, clawing through the rubble. Reid painfully pulls himself upright, cut and bruised, but alive.

REID

Blane?...

Reid searches frantically through the debris. Finally finds --

BLANE'S BODY

lying motionless on the tunnel floor. Reid listens for a heartbeat. Look up to see that Blane's eyes are open, watching him.

REID

Hey, old man...

BLANE

(weakly)

Gotta'... stop Cavendish...

Reid turns away.

REID
(a beat)
I cain't. Not alone...

BLANE
John...

REID
Tonto was right. Maybe it's
time to hang it up --

Blane grabs Reid's arm, surprisingly strong.

BLANE
No! This here's yer' time...
Cavendish, he's... he's...

The light starts to fade from Blane's eyes. Reid crouches over him.

REID
What? He's what?...

BLANE
(a beat; whispered)
Jericho...

Blane's body slowly goes limp as he dies in Reid's arms. Reid just cradles the old prospector, heartbroken.

A long beat. And then --

REID LOOKS UP

clear fire in his eyes.

INT. SILVER MINE - QUICK CUTS

a) Reid works quickly, like a man on a mission, salvaging material from the demolished workshop.

b) He pulls a crucible out of a red-hot smelting oven, brimming with liquid silver. Pours the molten metal into bullet molds.

c) Reid carefully adds powdered nitro to the bullet cartridges, sealing them carefully.

d) He slides gleaming silver bullets, still hot to the touch, into a huge Volcanic Arms rifle.

e) He stows away several silver bolos beneath his duster and slides a knife into his boot sheath.

f) Now Reid ties on the mask, his mood dangerous. He spots something on the cavern floor and picks it up -- his TEXAS RANGER BADGE.

He HURLS the five-pointed star across the room and -- THUNK -- buries it in the surveyor's map.

CLOSE ON - THE MAP

We MOVE IN CLOSE to see that it's impacted on a spot marked: "Fort Jericho"

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT JERICHO - DAWN

The sun rises through the prairie fog over a massive Federal stockade. BLUECOAT SENTRIES walk along the thick walls of adobe and brick. Suddenly, a DEEP RUMBLING rises out of the mist.

SENTRY #1 peers out from his post. His jaw drops as --

THE WAR-WAGON

materializes, CLANKING across the open field. It's flanked by a SECOND WAR-WAGON, then a THIRD.

Now there are a HALF-DOZEN MECHANIZED TANKS moving in on the fort. Sentry #1 turns to his watch-partner in panic --

SENTRY #1
Git the Colonel!

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Cavendish rides up in the turret of the lead war-wagon, calling out to his men --

CAVENDISH
Fort Jericho, boys -- the
Federals' central armory. Take
it an' we break their backs.
For God an' Texas!

The Rangers throw up a TRILLING REBEL YELL as the war-wagons surge ahead.

EXT. FORT JERICHO

A BLUECOAT COLONEL, half-dressed, races up to the lookout post. He peers out over the field to see the Ranger juggernaut approaching. His face goes white.

BLUECOAT COLONEL

What in the name of God --

He wheels on his men --

BLUECOAT COLONEL (CONT'D)

Get ev'ry rifle on this wall!
Move!

AROUND THE FORT

Soldiers scramble to form up along the defensive wall, SLAMMING bullets into Springfield rifles.

BLUECOAT COLONEL

Fire!

The Bluecoats fire a volley at the oncoming war-wagons.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Bullets bounce harmlessly off the war-wagons' armored plating as they GRIND their way closer.

CAVENDISH

Let em' have it, boys!

BOOOM-BOOOM-BOOOM

The war-wagons open up with their twelve-pound cannons, blowing gaping holes in the fort walls, sending Bluecoat soldiers flying.

EXT. FORT JERICHO

The Colonel looks around in desperation.

BLUECOAT COLONEL

Where in hell're our cannons?

A group of Bluecoats come running, wheeling HEAVY FIELD CANNONS into position. They turn them to the wall and start ramming in loads.

Suddenly -- a HIGH-PITCHED WAIL fills the air like a swarm of angry hornets. The Bluecoats look up, mouths agape, as --

A FLYING MACHINE

buzzes in over the fort. It's a rudimentary biplane, not unlike the Wright Brothers model, powered by motorized propellers.

The Bluecoats duck in fear as the flying machine swoops in low.

EXT. FLYING MACHINE

Concho pilots the craft, lying prone, peering down on the terrified cannon troops with his good eye. He drops a lit bundle of dynamite in their midst and --

EXT. FORT JERICO

BOOOOM -- the Bluecoats are blown into the air as cannon are upended by the blast.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Cavendish clenches his fist in victory as the war-wagons close ground on the fort.

CAVENDISH
... An' the walls come tumblin'
down.

Then --

CRACK-BOOOM

A huge hole is suddenly blown through a war-wagon's turret. Cavendish spins to see --

A LONE HORSEMAN

up on a hilltop, aiming a rifle -- IT'S REID.

EXT. HILLTOP

Reid looks down on the field of battle. Levers another explosive bullet into the big Volcanic.

REID
Hii-yo, Silver!...

Silver rears up, silhouetting Reid against the rising sun.

REID (CONT'D)

... Away!

AND THEY CHARGE

down the hillside into the fray.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Cavendish turns to his war-wagon drivers --

CAVENDISH

Turn 'em around!

QUINT

But Cap'n --

CAVENDISH

I said turn 'em!

Quint signals and the other war-wagons pivot to meet Reid's charge.

EXT. FORT JERICO

The Bluecoats watch Reid's solo assault in amazement.
Sentry #1 looks to the Colonel --

SENTRY #1

What's he doin', sir?

BLUECOAT COLONEL

Committin' suicide, mos'
likely.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Reid sweeps down the slope at a full gallop, one man
against an army, FIRING as he goes.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

A war-wagon tries to line up its Gatling guns on a speeding
Reid. He ducks low as --

BRAAAAP

a stream of bullets fly overhead. Reid takes careful aim
and FIRES into the THRUMMING ENGINE --

KA-BOOOM

The war-wagon blows sky-high in a towering ball of flame.

The other war-wagons try to maneuver into firing position but Reid is too quick.

HE FIRES AGAIN

blowing the steel wheels off another war-wagon. It tilts crazily, going over nose-first.

CAVENDISH

Kill him!

Suddenly --

BOOOOOM

a dynamite charge nearly knocks Reid from the saddle as the FLYING MACHINE buzzes past overhead. Silver rears in fright.

REID

Easy, boy...

As the biplane circles for another pass, Reid spurs Silver and tries to run for a stand of trees.

IT'S A RACE TO THE DEATH

as Silver THUNDERS ahead, but the flying machine is closing ground.

EXT. FLYING MACHINE

Concho grins, lighting the fuse of another dynamite bundle.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Reid glances back as the biplane swoops in right behind him. They're not going to make it.

REID

Silver... Down!

The white stallion stops on a dime, crouching low to the ground as Reid tumbles away.

The flying machine flashes by overhead, barely missing them as Reid flings up a SILVER BOLO --

SKRIIIIIIT

-- It tangles in the spinning propellers. The biplane LURCHES, going into a steep dive.

EXT. FLYING MACHINE

Concho SCREAMS in terror as --

CRUNCH

-- the flying machine IMPACTS in a tangle of balsa wood and wire.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Reid leaps back up onto Silver. He starts to turn back to the battle as --

KA-BOOOOM

A twelve-pound shell DETONATES nearby, blowing him off the horse's back.

As the dust settles, Reid looks about, dazed. He's cut and bleeding from a dozen shrapnel wounds. His face falls as he sees Silver lying nearby, motionless.

REID

No...

Reid drags himself over to the white horse. A SHADOW suddenly falls over them. Reid turns to see --

CAVENDISH

up in the turret of his war-wagon, manning a nasty-looking Gatling gun. Gazing down on Reid with a mixture of anger and pity.

CAVENDISH

It's a cryin' shame, John. You coulda' been here at my side, leadin' the way to the future...

(beat)

'Stead of dyin' here like some used-up, old relic.

REID

I'll take dyin' over any future led by you.

CAVENDISH

So be it...

Cavendish swings the Gatling gun around to fire and --

SSSSSHUNK

He CRIES OUT as an arrow pierces his shoulder, knocking him out of the turret. He looks up to --

EXT. RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Tonto sits astride Scout, drawing another arrow into his big recurve bow. At his side is an aged Comanche warrior, resplendent in an iron Conquistador breastplate --

IT'S IRONHEART

magnificently painted, carrying a war lance. Ironheart BARKS out a command in Comanche and --

A HUNDRED WARRIORS

ride out onto the ridge on painted horses, armed for battle.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Cavendish sees that he's been flanked. He SCREAMS out orders to his panicked troops --

CAVENDISH

Regroup! Form a perimeter!

The Rangers mill about in confusion, trying to turn the ungainly war-wagons.

EXT. RIDGE

The Comanche are massed, waiting for the charge. Ironheart starts to sneak a sip from a small bottle of whiskey. He turns and catches Tonto watching him. Looks to the bottle.

IRONHEART

Aw, hell with it...

He throws down the bottle, DASHING it to pieces. Raises his lance and lets out a BATTLE CRY. The other warriors pick up the CRY, chanting a hundred strong.

Ironheart brings down the lance and --

THE INDIANS CHARGE

ROARING down the ridge line like their forefathers of old.

EXT. FORT JERICO

The Bluecoats watch, stunned, as the Comanche come racing onto the field of battle.

BLUECOAT COLONEL

Prepare to fire!

The soldiers start turning the cannons, aiming them out at the charging Indians.

BLUECOAT COLONEL (CONT'D)

No, you idiots, not at them...

(he points down toward
the war-wagons)

At them!

EXT. OPEN FIELD

The Indians are closing ground, sweeping forward on a wave of sound and fury.

BOOOM-BOOOM

The war-wagons OPEN FIRE with their twelve-pounders. Horses tumble as several charging Comanche go down.

REID

stumbles toward a war-wagon on foot. He leaps up onto the metal beast, pulling out a handful of glass vials.

He tosses them into a gunport and jumps off --

WHUMP

The war-wagon suddenly billows with choking smoke. A hatch flies open and Rangers spill out, GAGGING.

THE COMANCHE

reach the war-wagons and penetrate the Ranger line.

Several Indians overtake an empty war-wagon, WHOOPING in victory, climbing inside.

EXT. FORT JERICHO

The soldiers see the battle turning. The Colonel looks to his men --

BLUECOAT COLONEL
After 'em, men! Charge!

The Bluecoats fix bayonets and go charging out from the fort, closing the circle around the Rangers.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

The battle is now being fought hand-to-hand. Tonto wades into the fray, swinging with his double-headed tomahawk.

A war-wagon lines up a shot on him. Suddenly --

IT'S RAMMED FROM BEHIND

by another war-wagon, full of Indians.

INT. INDIAN WAR-WAGON

The braves SHOUT at each other in Comanche as they try to work the war-wagon's controls, unsure of how to run the damn thing.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

The Rangers are in full retreat, throwing down their weapons, as the Bluecoats and Comanche converge in the middle of the field, unlikely allies.

Reid looks about in the confusion, searching for someone. Finally, he sees --

TONTO

across the field of battle. He eyes Reid for a moment, unsure, then starts forward.

As the two men approach, a figure suddenly rises up behind Tonto --

IT'S CAVENDISH

REID
Tonto! Look out --

It's too late as Cavendish wraps his arm around Tonto, holding a huge blade to his throat.

REID

draws his Peacemaker, lightning-quick, but Cavendish swings Tonto around, using his body as a shield.

TONTO

Do it, kemosabe! Kill him!

CAVENDISH

Go 'head, John, kill me. On'y you're gonna' have to kill your Injun to do it...

(beat)

But that shouldn't matter much, you've kill't plenty of 'em.

Reid hesitates, his eyes clouding. A beat, then --

HE HOLSTERS HIS PISTOL

Cavendish grins, then starts to LAUGH, long and hard.

REID

Don't move an inch.

CAVENDISH

An' where would I go --

REID

Not you...

(he looks to Tonto)

... Him.

Cavendish's grin falters. His eyes narrow as he jerks the blade toward Tonto's neck and --

REID DRAWS AND FIRES

Six shots in the space of two seconds.

Hitting Cavendish where he's barely exposed behind Tonto -- the heel of his boot, the kneecap, the back of his arm, the wrist, finally shooting off a piece of his ear.

Cavendish is staggered back, CRYING OUT as he hits the ground hard, bleeding from a half-dozen wounds.

A beat, as Tonto stands there, unscathed. He looks at a hole in his shirt where one of Reid's bullets passed through.

TONTO
Couldn't jes' shoot him in the
head, could you?

 REID
Not now, Tonto...

 TONTO
Or the body. Big target, the
body...

Reid just smiles and shakes his head. Suddenly --

HE FALTERS

then collapses to one knee, the world spinning around him.
Tonto rushes to over as he keels over and blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. FORT JERICHO - INFIRMARY - LATER

Reid's eyelids flutter open as he comes to. He's lying
among the wounded Bluecoats and Comanche in the fort's
infirmary. His wounds have been bandaged.

He looks up to see Tonto watching over him.

 REID
Hey...

 TONTO
Hey.

 REID
Thought you was gonna' kill me.

 TONTO
I still might.

An awkward silence. Reid tries to find the words.

 REID
I ain't sure what to say...
Sorry don't seem to be enough.

 TONTO
It ain't...
 (a beat)
... but it's a start.

Reid looks over and notices Rory helping tend to the
wounded. She sees Reid and approaches.

RORY
You're damn lucky to be alive.

REID
(looking to Tonto)
More'n lucky, I guess.

RORY
No. I meant 'cause of this...

She pulls something from her pocket and holds it out for Reid to see --

IT'S AN ANCIENT BULLET

flattened and misshapen from seven years inside his body.

RORY (CONT'D)
We found it when we were
pullin' shrapnel outta' your
other wounds. Musta' worked
its way out somehow.

Reid just stares at the bullet, amazed.

REID
Somehow...

RORY
Reckon you're gonna' be all
right now.

IRONHEART (O.S.)
'Course he is...

They all look over to see Ironheart watching them. The old shaman grins --

IRONHEART (CONT'D)
His soul has returned.

Off Reid's surprised reaction, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT JERICHO

Reid hobbles out of the infirmary, stiff and sore. He looks up, surprised, to see --

A FAMILIAR WHITE STALLION

saddled and ready to ride. His hind end has been heavily bandaged.

REID

Hey, Silver!...

He rushes over to the horse, who nuzzles him affectionately. Rory and Tonto watch the happy reunion.

RORY

That's one tough horse.

TONTO

He didn't get hurt too bad.
Jes' took a hit in his
kemosabe.

Rory gives him a look, surprised.

RORY

His kemo -- what'd you say?

TONTO

Gotta' go....

He starts off toward the horses. Rory calls after him --

RORY

Old Potawatomi term, hey? Hard
to translate?

Tonto just smiles as he pats Scout on the rump. He mounts up as Reid swings up onto Silver's back.

TONTO

So...what now, *kemosabe*?

REID

Hadn't thought too much about
it, now that Cavendish an' his
bunch are finished...

TONTO

You're the last of 'em. Reckon
that makes you...

(beat)

... the Lone Ranger.

Reid thinks about it for a moment.

REID

"Lone Ranger," hey? I kinda'
like the sound of that.

He pulls back on the reins --

REID
Hii-yo, Silver...

The white horse rears up.

REID (CONT'D)
... Away!

Reid tears off as WE PULL BACK, high over the plains.
Tonto races up alongside him and they gallop off into the
Texas sunset as we --

FADE OUT.