

**The Marshal of
Revelation**

by

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1 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - WYOMING - 1877 - DAY

1

DANIEL CLINTON drags a log in his homespun shirt and trousers. His eight year old blonde blue-eyed son, JOHN, plays with a year old pointer pup with a ring around its left eye. REBECCA, Daniel's slender bright eyed wife, prepares a noon meal in a makeshift temporary outdoor kitchen. A stack of sod represents the beginnings of a cabin, as delineated by stakes and string. John and his pup walk inside the string floor plan.

JOHN

This here's gonna be my room, mutton.

DANIEL

Mutton best be tendin to his chores, as had you. Fetch the bale of wire.

John is embarrassed. He looks to mom who gives him a subtle nod. He picks up a wrapped coil of wire he can barely lift.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. GRAZING LAND - CLINTON HOMESTEAD - DAY

2

Daniel carries a shoulder full of four foot stakes and a maul. John struggles to keep up with his father's long stride while dragging the heavy wire. Mutton playfully trips him up in a game only he is playing.

Daniel releases his burden and begins to pace off the fence. John drops the wire. The pup tries to play but John will not be coaxed.

DANIEL

I didn't buy that dog to be your playmate. Y'agreed to school him as a shepherd. Shuck that wire.

John peels back the craft paper wrapping the coil of barbed wire.

JOHN

He's gonna be a heck of a shepherd, Pa.

DANIEL

He's a pointer. T'ain't in his nature to herd.

JOHN

He's smart, Pa. Smart enough to change his nature.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Mutton playfully nips at the barbed wire in John's hand.
Daniel notices.

DANIEL

GIT!

This scares the pup from the wire.

JOHN

He weren't gonna hurt hisself...

Daniel hears a DISTANT NOISE and takes a long BEAT.

DANIEL

Take yer little girlfriend on back to the
house. Maybe he can route the varments
out of mother's kitchen.

JOHN

But you said...

DANIEL

GIT.

No further argument.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - VAST ACREAGE - DAY

3

John walks "home" towards the string foundation layout. He
scolds Mutton.

JOHN

Yer gonna have to learn to herd, Mutton.
Else Pa'll turn you out.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. GRAZING LAND - CLINTON HOMESTEAD - DAY

4

Daniel slams a stake home with the butt end of the maul. He
unrolls the barbed wire. He stops.

There is a DISTANT RUMBLE. A waterfall? A stampede?

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - DWELLING AREA - DAY

5

Rebecca looks up from her cooking at John and the pup.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Well that was quick.

JOHN

Pa sent me back.

REBECCA

That's queer. He spoke all week of putting your strong back to work on that fence.

JOHN

He just turned. It's all cause of the dog.

He tosses a stone at Mutton who thinks it's a game.

Mother senses a ripple of peculiarity. She fondles her son's head.

REBECCA

Don't pay his mood no mind. He's took on a world of responsibility. You remember our talk about responsibility.

JOHN

I remember.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. GRAZING LAND - CLINTON HOMESTEAD - SAME

6

Daniel is playing out the wire. STOP. The noise. Hooves. Closer. He straightens and peers. Dust rises from a distant point. He looks around then reaches for a holster he knows isn't there.

CROSS CUT TO:

7 EXT. PARCHED PLAINS - SAME

7

CLOSE UP of six sets of galloping hooves lead by a SNOW WHITE HORSE. The SHOT is slightly OVERCRANKED, giving it the rhythm of a cresting wave.

CROSS CUT TO:

8 EXT. GRAZING LAND - SAME

8

Daniel tenses with adrenaline as he squeezes the haft of his maul, head resting on the earth.

(CONTINUED)

CROSS CUTS of the approaching horsemen finally reveal that they are GUNFIGHTERS of mixed ethnicity. Some Texans, a Chinese man, a Mexican, and a bald man, black as night. The LEADER is an older man with a WHITE HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE. He wears a loose silk shirt, knee high polished boots and an officer's sabre by his side. HE HAS A DEEP PURPLE SCAR IN HIS CHEEK.

A WIDE SHOT from behind the lone figure of Daniel reveals the slowing approach of the riders. They descend to a trot, then stop. One unarmed man on foot against a half-dozen mounted gunmen towering above him.

Daniel relaxes. There's nothing he can do.

The BLACK MAN sounds off. His skin is the color of coal and his frame is thick with the muscles only a life of slavery can yield.

BLACK MAN
Howdy, neighbor.

DANIEL
Howdy.

BLACK MAN
Buildin a fence?

DANIEL
Pacing off farmland.

BLACK MAN
With barb wire?

DANIEL
Keep the cattle on my stake.

BLACK MAN
Keeps em off as well.

No answer. All he can muster is a dry swallow. CLOSE UP of the leader delicately running his gloved fingers through his white moustache. His icy stare chills Daniel's marrow.

BLACK MAN
Word is, there's rustlers about.

LONG BEAT. Daniel realistically weighs his options. The situation is grim. Finally he yells a warning to his family miles away.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

5.

8

DANIEL
RUUUNNNN!

MATCH CUT TO:

9 EXT. HOMESTEAD - SAME MOMENT

9

Rebecca and John hear the distant but unmistakable voice of Daniel. It is cut short by GUNFIRE.

MATCH CUT TO:

10 EXT. GRAZING LAND - SAME

10

Daniel lies dead, maul in hand, in a tangle of barbed wire. An earthen mist kicked up by the galloping horses settles on the father's lifeless flesh.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. HOMESTEAD - SAME

11

Rebecca, demonstrating the poise of a frontier wife, calmly pulls together a makeshift rifle pit. She loads a Springfield musket as she calls out instructions to John who is confused to the verge of tears.

REBECCA
Now you remember where we passed that
silver mine?

JOHN
Are they Kiowa?

REBECCA
I don't think it's Injun. Listen to me,
John. I want you to hide in the stove
until they're gone, then I want you to
high tail it to the mine.

JOHN
What about you?

REBECCA
Hush. Now listen to me. What you see
when you come out won't be your mother.

JOHN
Ma...

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Promise me that. What you see won't
be your mother.

JOHN

I promise.

REBECCA

You remember how to find the North Star?

JOHN

(through tears)
Little Dipper.

REBECCA

Right, baby. The handle of the Little
Dipper. Follow that to the Lonesome Spur
Mine. But don't come out the stove
for a long time.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. NEAR THE HOMESTEAD - SAME

12

The horsemen gallop toward the slain man's family.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - SAME

13

Rebecca hugs John and ushers the crying boy into the oven.
Before she closes the door she unclasps a cross from around
her neck and hands it to John.

REBECCA

Your father gave me this when he came a
courting. We'll both be with you
whenever you wear it.

He nods through sniffles as she clasps it around his neck.
She kisses his forehead, puts her forefinger to her lips,
then slowly closes the oven door with a warm smile.

CUT TO:

14 INT. OVEN - SAME

14

Light streams in through the door seam. John hears his
mother break down. He clutches his cross.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - DAY

15

Rebecca stands tall in the rifle blind as the horsemen approach. They close range and she shoulders the musket, taking aim.

MATCH CUT TO:

16 INT. OVEN - SAME

16

We are with John as he hears a firefight. His mother finally screams in pain. It's over.

Then it begins again. The horsemen are on foot, very close to the stove. They are laughing. His mother whimpers. She's alive. She screams. They laugh and howl as they violate the young boy's mother.

John is too young to understand, but he senses it would've been better if she had died.

Finally, a merciful bullet ends the torture.

The horsemen ride away.

Silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. OVEN - NIGHT

17

The blackness of night and the sounds of desert. John stirs from sleep.

JOHN
(to himself)
Mutton?

But heeding his mothers words, he sits tight until...

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. OVEN - MORNING

18

John is cramped as shafts of morning sunlight sneak in. He slowly pushes open the oven door to reveal his P.O.V. of Mutton, the ring-eyed pointer pup, sitting politely ten feet in front of the stove looking straight at it. John's face lights up.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

8.

18

JOHN
Mutton.

MATCH CUT TO:

19 EXT. CLINTON HOMESTEAD - SAME

19

A SIDE VIEW WIDE SHOT of the boy crawling out of the oven to greet the pup REVEALS the looming shape of a single horseman standing silently in the BACKGROUND not twenty feet from the boy.

After a BEAT the boy notices the lone rider on his white steed. It is the leader with the scarred cheek and thick white moustache.

The boy runs, but is effortlessly ridden down by the horseman who cleaves him from behind with his sabre. He is instantly killed. He continues riding off towards the horizon.

Mutton comes out of hiding and sniffs the lifeless corpse of his best friend. He lets out the faint whimper of a puppy who has never been alone.

FADE OUT:

BLACK SCREEN.

"THE MARSHAL OF REVELATION"

20 INT. BACK ROOM OF A PUBLIC HOUSE - CHICAGO - 1881 - NIGHT

20

FADE UP on ISAAC MEEK. He's smiling, talking shit, and shaking dice.

A CROWD of CITY TYPES are huddled around the felt as Isaac throws SNAKE EYES. A nubile young FEMALE tugs on his shirtsleeve.

FEMALE
C'mon Isaac.

ISAAC
Something big's coming. I can feel it.

FEMALE
You're out of money.

ISAAC
You gonna stare at me jawin, woman? Now shut it and set, or go on home.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

She quiets. Isaac pulls a CHAIN out of his pocket. At the end is a GOLD WATCH. He shakes the bones.

ISAAC

Anyone care to fade me twenty on this here golden trinket.

The gamblers throw down bills and coins.

SEVEN- a winner. He shakes the dice.

ISAAC

That there's how you do it. Let it ride, brother.

SEVEN. The crowd reacts.

ISAAC

This is what you call a streak, son. Let it ride.

FEMALE

Isaac, you're ahead...

He throws her a look that chills the blood as he whips his fist to the table.

THREE- Craps.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ISAAC'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

21

Isaac broods as he pushes open the door. His female companion hangs on him.

FEMALE

I'm sorry, Isaac.

ISAAC

I was waiting for that goddamn streak all night.

FEMALE

I'm sorry.

She kisses him. He reluctantly drags her into the bedroom and closes the door.

CUT TO:

22 INT. ISAAC'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

22

Isaac squints as MARGOT enters unannounced. Margot is a lady of the evening and noticably older than Isaac. She has a mature beauty and moves with dignity. She looks at Isaac as he lay with his sleeping lover. She hides her dissappointment as she opens the shutters.

MARGOT

I knew you wouldn't remember. Play time's through, Isaac.

Isaac groggily sits up and slaps the sleeping beauty on the ass.

ISAAC

Get out.

(impatient)

G'won, git. Whatever the hell yer name is.

The girl seems hurt as she haphazardly pulls herself together and leaves.

MARGOT

Go on, sugar. Don't take it personal.

She's gone.

ISAAC

I'll have none of it.

MARGOT

I wasn't going to say a word.

ISAAC

(pulling his shit on)

What the hell time is it?

MARGOT

Where's your watch?

(beat)

It's almost noon.

ISAAC

I got a half hour...

MARGOT

I'm not leaving until I see you on your way. This wasn't an easy meeting to arrange.

(CONTINUED)

Isaac primps.

ISAAC

Jesus Christ, I'm going. Gimme a little room to breathe, woman.

MARGOT

Now his name is Jonas Scudder...

ISAAC

I know who the hell he is. G'won back to work, less'n you want your client starting without you.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET - 1881 - DAY

23

Isaac Meek stands against a wall rolling a cigarette. He's a tall drink of water in his early twenties. He's good looking with a definite sense of city style. His clothes hang just right, but they've never been dirty.

He tips his hat to a passing lady. She holds his look a little too long. He's real smug.

The wall sports a BILL posted to advertise "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." featuring a handsome drawing of the fringed Western hero.

Some KIDS try to engage Isaac in play. He viciously shoos them away.

He reaches into his empty watch pocket and cusses. He stops a woman and asks the time. He tips his hat and straightens his apparel.

He puts out his cigarette as he approaches the doorway of an elegant greystone. He knocks and is received by a formally dressed FOOT SERVANT

CUT TO:

24 INT. SCUDDER RESIDENCE - CHICAGO - SAME

24

Isaac enters the lavish parlor of cattle baron J. Scudder.

ISAAC

I'm here to seek an audience with Mr. Scudder.

(CONTINUED)

SERVANT

I'm afraid Mr. Scudder has been called away from the premises. Perhaps if you called again at a...

MRS. SCUDDER

(interrupting from o.c.)

... That won't be necessary.

Both Isaac and the servant turn to see Mrs. THEONA SCUDDER in the parlor doorway. Her mature beauty radiates through the burden of formal attire. She waves off the servant.

MRS. SCUDDER

I will entertain Mr. Meek in the foyer until my husband arrives.

SMASH CUT TO:

25 INT. FOYER - SCUDDER RESIDENCE - SAME

25

Isaac is being ravenously copulated from above by Mrs. Scudder on her husband's oak desk. They are both fully clothed as Theona has hiked her hoop skirt above her waist. Isaac tries in vain to muffle Mrs. Scudder's moaning by stuffing his silken cravat in her mouth, but to no avail. She kicks a ceramic urn of ashes which smashes to the floorboards with a puff of gray smoke

ISAAC

What was that?

MRS. SCUDDER

His first wife.

Articles of clothing are torn from Isaac's body and haphazardly thrown by Mrs. Scudder.

With a sweeping motion of her arm Theona launches a bronze miniature casting of a longhorn off of the desk.

They gracelessly roll off the desk and onto the floor.

Downstairs a servant reacts to the thud.

Upstairs they're still at it. Isaac is a little overwhelmed.

CUT TO:

26 INT. PARLOR - SCUDDER RESIDENCE - SAME

26

JONAS SCUDDER enters the parlor and is attended to by the servant.

SERVANT

Good afternoon, Mr. Scudder. A Mr. Meek called on you, sir.

He grunts and makes his way up the stairs, then...

SCUDDER

Meek? Who's Mr. Meek?

SERVANT

Mrs. Scudder is entertaining him in the foyer.

With that, Scudder turns and bolts up the stairs. The CAMERA follows him as he makes his way through the maze of rooms and into the foyer...

27 INT. FOYER - SAME

27

Scudder bursts through the door only to find Isaac and Theona fully clothed and having a polite conversation. Somehow the room has miraculously been straightened out.

MRS. SCUDDER

... I myself have never been to the Orient, but I've heard... Oh, there you are, Jonas. This gentleman came to call on you his name is...

ISAAC

... Isaac Meek.

Isaac stands and offers his hand. The portly Jonas Scudder is still catching his breath from the stairs. He also seems suspicious despite the ordinary appearance of circumstances. He shakes.

SCUDDER

Jonas Scudder.

ISAAC

As if I weren't aware. You are a man of great reputation and import.

As Isaac talks, Scudder makes his way to the side-bar. He routinely blows into a glass and is surprised by the cloud of gray ash that puffs out. Scudder examines it.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

... How in the Lord's name could any living being in the city of Chicago be unaware of the most prestigious of Midwestern cattle barons, son of the great...

SCUDDER

Who are you and what do you want?

ISAAC

... Which leads me to why I am here. Has there ever been a moment in your life when you found yourself...

SCUDDER

What are you selling?

ISAAC

I prefer to think of it as sharing an opportunity...

SCUDDER

What are you selling?

MEEK

Property.

SCUDDER

Property.

MEEK

Property.

SCUDDER

Property. The President of the United States just parceled and gave away every inch of grazing territory west of the Mississippi to any goddamn indentured servant who can swing a pick and you want me to pay you for property?

MEEK

Not just property, an opportunity...

SCUDDER

Get out.

MRS. SCUDDER

Jonas...

(CONTINUED)

SCUDDER

I'll deal with you in a moment.

ISAAC

That's all right, Mrs. Scudder. I will simply return at a time when Mr. Scudder's humours are more favorably balanced. Thank you for your time.

He stands and offers his hand to Scudder. He reluctantly shakes. Scudder then notices that Isaac has a familiar aroma. He leans in. It is his wife's perfume. That's all the evidence he needs.

SCUDDER

(explodes)

Motherfucker!

Isaac bolts for the second story window. Scudder launches the BRONZE BULL after him. It smashes through the open window as Isaac flees through it. Scudder pulls a revolver from his desk drawer and fires through the window as Isaac flees down the street.

SCUDDER

I know your name Meek! You're a dead man!

Mrs. Scudder pushes down his revolver and earns herself a vicious pistol whipping.

SCUDDER

You're protecting him!?! You vile whore! How many times do you think you can get away with...

CUT TO:

28 EXT. CHICAGO BACK ALLEY - DAY

28

Isaac catches his breath and regains his composure. He dusts off the BRONZE BULL FIGURINE.

ISAAC

Y'almost pulled it off, Meek.

A CUTE BOY calls to him.

BOY

Hey mister. Whatcha got there??

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Isaac throws the bull at the child that would've caused serious injury if it had landed. The boy runs in fear.

Isaac pulls out a GOLD LAPEL PIN and surveys it, polishing it on his vest. Isaac pockets the pin and carefully skulks his way to a back doorway and enters.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - "THE FRENCH QUARTER" - CHICAGO - SAME

29

MARGOT is entertaining a wealthy CLIENT who is partially unclothed. She fills a steaming brass bathtub with a copper kettle. Margot speaks with a sultry Louisiana drawl.

MARGOT

... Well, you can leave all that nonsense out there. Right now all you have to worry about is how hard I'm gonna scrub you and where.

There's a light knock at the door.

MARGOT

Hold on, sugar. I'll get rid of this annoying distraction. I want you nude by the time I return.

She gets up and crosses the the front parlor of her suite. She cracks the door. Isaac pushes his way in.

MARGOT

Oh, Isaac. Not now.

ISAAC

Lemme in.

MARGOT

I'm with a regular.

ISAAC

Say something.

BEAT.

MARGOT

This isn't fair.

She goes in the other room. Isaac goes through the client's pockets as he overhears the muffled conversation.

(CONTINUED)

MARGOT

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you.... Yes, sugar... Well, we'll just have to see how I feel about that at the time... You're bad...

She enters with the client, escorts him behind the dressing screen and hands him his trousers.

MARGOT

This here is my brother Isaac. Isaac, this is an old acquaintance of mine whose name escapes me as a professional courtesy.

He's done dressing and she whisks the unhappy client out and whispers something decadently encouraging through the cracked door as he leaves. She shuts the door.

MARGOT

Isaac, Isaac, Isaac. What am I going to do with you.

She grabs him and tries to suck out his tonsils. She smells.

MARGOT

French perfume?

CUT TO:

30 INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - "THE FRENCH QUARTER" - CHICAGO - LATER

30

Isaac sits in the bathtub. His back is being scrubbed by Margot.

ISAAC

I mean I was so close. I had the wife completely sold.

MARGOT

I'll bet you did.

ISAAC

That little bastard looked at me like I was a nobody. Let's have a snort.

She crosses and brings him a flask. He takes a pull.

MARGOT

Did he walk in on you?

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

All but. I nicked his gold lapel pin.
That should cover it. Fetch it from my
watch pocket.

Margot crosses to his vest and looks for the pin.

MARGOT

Why is there no watch in your watch
pocket.

ISAAC

When you give a man a gift, what that man
chooses to do with it is of no
consequence.

She sees the PIN. Fear.

MARGOT

Where did you get this?

ISAAC

(takes a belt)
From the fat man.

MARGOT

This is the seal of the Cheyenne Club.

ISAAC

What's it worth?

MARGOT

Isaac, He's a member of the Cheyenne
Club.

ISAAC

I don't care who the hell he's a member
of. What do you figure it weighs?

MARGOT

I'm not joking around, Isaac. You
screwed the wrong man's wife. Does he
know who you are?

ISAAC

I suppose.

MARGOT

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. You fornicated
with the wife of Jonas Scudder.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Well, it's done. Ain't no way to take it back.

MARGOT

This is bad. This is very bad. He's a member of the Cheyenne Club.

ISAAC

It's done.

MARGOT

They kill people, Isaac. Not just people, towns. They accuse homesteaders of being rustlers and then send in their own hired army. They wipe out Christian families as though they were Indians. These are bad men.

ISAAC

I'll lay low.

MARGOT

You'll leave town.

ISAAC

Nobody's planting Isaac Meek. The gypsy woman told my mother I was destined for greatness.

MARGOT

If you stay you will die.

He finally sees it in her eyes.

MARGOT

These cattlemen fester in the whorehouses of Chicago. You wouldn't last a day.

ISAAC

But... where? New York?

MARGOT

No good. Somewhere where the cancer of politics has not yet spread. Somewhere young.

ISAAC

I'll head West.

(CONTINUED)

MARGOT

San Francisco. And, listen to me Isaac, you have to keep a low profile. At least for a while.

(stuffing a wad of bills in his pocket)

I mean it. You're a face in the crowd.

ISAAC

I'll try, but you can't fight the stars, Mademoiselle Margot.

CUT TO:

31 INT. SCUDDER'S OFFICE - CHICAGO - DAY

31

Scudder sits behind his desk. A huge set of longhorns is mounted above him on the wall. Certificates of honor and political affiliation paper every square inch of the huge office. Scudder puffs a large cigar and speaks with the well dressed EZEKIEL TAFT.

SCUDDER

I don't care what you do I want him dead.

TAFT

He will be killed resisting arrest.

Mrs. Scudder enters meekly with a tray of tea, head held low.

SCUDDER

I don't want the Chicago police involved.

TAFT

I assure you they would be delighted to assist you in your endeavor.

SCUDDER

I want to keep this one very quiet for...

The light catches Mrs. Scudder, illuminating her grotesque facial bruising.

SCUDDER

... obvious reasons.

Mrs. Scudder leaves.

TAFT

A woman is never the same after such brutality.

(CONTINUED)

SCUDDER

That's because they know in their hearts
that they brought the rape on themselves.

Taft is not comfortable with the conversation.

SCUDDER

I want him dead and I want it quiet.

TAFT

Shall we brand him a rustler?

SCUDDER

Leave the Cheyenne Club out of this.
This one's personal.

TAFT

I see no other options.

SCUDDER

I'm telling you, Taft, the Cheyenne Club
will have no hand in this one. They're
monsters, I can't control them. They'll
destroy a town to get him. I don't want
another Johnson County on my hands.

TAFT

Perhaps one of the McCleran boys.

SCUDDER

I thought they were dead.

TAFT

They took nine bullets.

SCUDDER

Christ.

TAFT

Do you want the sniper or the knife?

SCUDDER

Both.

TAFT

Either one's sufficient.

SCUDDER

Both.

TAFT

Meek's a harmless gutter rat.

(CONTINUED)

SCUDDER

Both! I want it done. Fast and quiet.
Wire Sam and Luke McCleran. And tell
those Rebs they don't have to send me his
goddamn ear this time.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DOWN SOUTH - DAY

32

The air is thick with humidity and mosquitoes. Two
silhouettes on a porch. There's an awful howl of a small
animal. Awful. CUT CLOSER to the MCCLERAN BOYS torturing a
cat by skinning him alive. No emotion on their faces, blood
everywhere. Their eyes and hair are jet black. They could
be twins, about twenty-six years old.

Luke hangs the cat gut for curing.

SAM

What's the scalawag's name?

LUKE

Meek.

CUT TO LONG SHOT. The cat howls.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

33

Isaac is westward bound on horseback. He comes upon a
roadside canteen. He dismounts. Three military mounts are
lashed to the rail. He enters.

34 INT. CANTEEN - DAY

34

Isaac cautiously enters the dusty establishment. Pickings
are slim. He's a long way from the city and looks very much
out of place. A lone BARTENDER looks up at his entrance. A
group of three UNION SOLDIERS play five card stud and pull at
a bottle of redevye. One of them, #1, is big, mean and drunk.
They are too self-involved to notice his entrance. Isaac
eyes them like suckling pigs.

SOLDIER #1

(throws cards)

You can take your two queens and stick
them in your arse.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER #2

Wouldn't be the first time he had a queen in his arse.

SOLDIER #3

If I'm not mistaken, that's the last of this month's pay and you're out of resources.

SOLDIER #1

Not quite. Here's a marker for next month's pay.

SOLDIER #3

Now, Frank, we may as well play for matchsticks if we're gonna play for I.O.U.'s. You're wastin' my time. I thought you were gamers.

SOLDIER #1

You'll take it and you'll like it.

Isaac pulls out a wad of greenbacks to pay for his whiskey.

ISAAC

(interrupting politely)

This here game open to civilians?

Soldier #3 hides a carnivorous smile as they all look with glee.

SMASH CUT TO:

35 INT. CANTEEN - DAY - LATER

35'

Isaac has all but cleaned them out. The mood is much more tense than earlier in the day. The bartender is riveted. The hands are revealed.

SOLDIER #3

How's about two pair? Aces over eights.

ISAAC

Three threes, and I'll call it a day.

He pulls the pot. Soldier #1 loses his shit.

SOLDIER #1

My arse you'll call it a day. That's the fifth goddamn three of a kind you pulled. In stud! Twice you cleaned out someone with two high pair. On your deal.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

I am insulted by what one may infer you are insinuating.

SOLDIER #2

No one's insinuating nothing.

SOLDIER #1

As long as you sit and play.

Soldier #1 pushes back his coat, revealing the heel of a revolver.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

36

The wounded MEXICAN rides full tilt, leaving a trail of blood and looking over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

37 INT. CANTEN - DAY

37

Isaac is tense. Most of his money is now in the pot. Isaac and Soldier #1 are head to head over a huge pot. Soldier #1 has no money in front of him. The others have already folded. Soldier #2 deals them their fourth card down. Isaac slowly thumbs open his cards close to his vest. NINE... EIGHT... SEVEN... FIVE. Isaac throws in a ten dollar bill.

ISAAC

Ten.

SOLDIER #1

I think the city boy's bluffin.

ISAAC

It'll cost you ten dollars to verify your hypothesis, and it looks like you ain't got it.

SOLDIER #1

Let me explain somethin to you, City Boy. You can't bluff a man who's looked death in the eye. While you was sittin by the hearth in Momma's parlor I was eatin rats in Andersonville.

ISAAC

I'm sorry. I thought I was paying to see my next card, not to hear your memoirs.

(CONTINUED)

The other soldiers chuckle. Soldier #1 is livid.

SOLDIER #1
Call. I'm putting up my horse.

Isaac cocks his head and smiles. He prays for the SIX, and that elusive inside straight.

The dealer slides him his last card. He pulls them apart.

NINE... EIGHT... SEVEN... FIVE... KING.

King high.

Just then, the DOOR FLIES OPEN. The BLOODY MEXICAN bursts in in the throws of death.

MEXICAN
The Reb! The crazy Reb killed the whole camp!

He collapses and writhes from the last twist of a gut shot.

SOLDIER #2
What Reb? Who d'ya mean, Mezcan?

SOLDIER #3
A Reb? The James boys?

SOLDIER #1
Who the hell cares what Reb. I killed me nearly a comp'ny of Johnny Rebs. Let him come and find out what Lee already knows. Last round of bettin, Chicago.

Soldier #2 stands in the doorway and calls to his partners.

SOLDIER #2
Take a gander, Luke.

Soldier #3 walks to the door and looks out.

A SOLITARY FIGURE on horseback slowly approaches the canteen. The blazing sun is behind his silhouette. As he comes closer, a long coat and wide brimmed hat can be made out. His dark approach is INTERCUT with SHOTS of the burning sun and details of the bar. EXTREME CLOSE UPS of the reactions of all the bar patrons. A SERGIO LEONE electric guitar reverberates through the SCORE. This is the RIDER'S THEME.

(CONTINUED)

The rider disappears around the side of the building. Soldier #1 keeps a close eye on Isaac while the others look for the stranger.

SOLDIER #1

Well. Bet's to you.

SOLDIER #2

Frank, there's a dead Mezcan on the floor, the game can wait...

SOLDIER #1

Bet's to you.

The other soldiers sit and watch the call. Isaac just wants out. He is interrupted by the hulking figure of the stranger appearing in the doorway. They all turn to look at the intimidating silhouette blocking the sunlight from the entranceway. He steps into the room.

In the light of the room it becomes apparent that he is not a high plains drifter, but a HASIDIC JEW in a long coat and wide brimmed hat. His hair is wild and his clothes ragged. He has a curly black beard, pais, and round spectacles. The soldiers smile with relief.

SOLDIER #3

Jesus Christ. It's a goddamn Shaker.

SOLDIER #2

... a Mormon...

SOLDIER #1

Y'all was scared of a goddamn Quaker Shaker. What's the bet, Big City?

ISAAC

Check.

SOLDIER #1

Like hell. This here's the last hand and we're gonna bet. I'll raise you against your horse.

SOLDIER #2

Now, Frank, If he wants to let you walk with that fat pot, you'll be well ahead. You can't take a man's horse.

SOLDIER #1

Are you interfering with my business?

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER #2

No, Frank, it's just...

SOLDIER #1

Then shut yer goddamn mouth!

He takes a deep pull of whiskey. His friends start to look at him sideways. He's crossed the line, but he's big and mean and who's gonna stop him?

The Jew sits at the bar, drops a coin and points to a bottle. He pulls out a folded photograph, points to it, and quietly says something to the bartender in a deep voice.

JEW

Russian.

Soldier #1 looks over at him and sees a SKULLCAP as the Jew removes his hat to wipe his nape.

SOLDIER #1

And who let the goddamn Hebrew in the bar. That's what y'are, ain't it? Y'ain't no Pilgrim, that's for shit sure. I may've fought to free the niggers, but I'll be damned if they make me drink with a Jew.

The Jew looks at him for a moment, then down to his drink.

SOLDIER #1

Well now, I guess it's to me. What I got left worth a horse?

He pulls out a gold chain, at the end of which is a solid gold POCKETWATCH etched with baroque scrollwork. ISAAC LIKES THE WATCH.

SOLDIER #1

I pulled this off the corpse of a reb colonel. It's worth twice what you got in front of you, your cuff links, and your mount, but I'll settle for that just to shut yer mouth. We're both in it to the hilt, City Boy. Now let's see them cards, unless you can't back up that mouth when y'aint dealin from the bottom.

Isaac looks ill. He just wants to leave with his life.

(CONTINUED)

JEW
(to bartender)
Russian...

SOLDIER #1
Will you shut yer goddamn mouth and
get your horn-ed head back to Boston or
New York or wherever the hell you
hatched. Let's see them cards. I got a
pair of shooters. If you got any kind of
hand, you get to walk with everything,
but if you're bluffing...

JEW
(to bartender)
Russ...

SOLDIER #1
(SNAP)
Are you still here? He's sucking my
luck away. If I lose, it's cause a this
goddamn Christ killer. Hey, Jew! Jew!

The Jew refuses to look. He don't want no trouble. Soldier
#1 gets up and approaches The Jew.

SOLDIER #3
Easy, Frank.

SOLDIER #1
I want him out before Big City flips his
cards. I got a bad feeling about him.
He's dark. Now git!

BARTENDER
(to Jew, like to a child)
I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

He don't budge. He just stares into his drink.

BARTENDER
He don't understand.

SOLDIER #1
Oh he don't, do he?

The huge soldier rises, PULLS OUT A DERRINGER, and presses it
to the back of the Jew's head.

Isaac looks for the door. He's scared. He ain't never seen
this in Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER #1

I bet he understands a lot more'n he lets on.

The pistol gets COCKED with a deafening ratchet. The Jew is motionless.

The BARTENDER SLOWLY DUCKS BEHIND THE BAR, fearful of stray lead and eye-witness status.

The Jew's RIGHT HAND slowly slips from around his glass and under the bar.

SOLDIER #2

You made your point Frank...

The soldier turns to answer...

The distraction was all the Jew needed, HE MOVES IN A BLUR. He lifts a SAWED-OFF STOCKLESS WINCHESTER CARBINE from under his coat presses it into the soldier's gut. He unloads a round through the soldier's trunk, blowing open the back of his uniform with a flab-muffled pop.

In SLOW MOTION the other two get up and DRAW while sidestepping from their seats. The two are green and scared. They're hung up on their holster flaps.

He SHOOTS the other two from the hip in a flurry of superhuman speed, dexterity, and precision. They don't even get off a shot. Isaac is in shock as he sits alone at the table, and finds the muzzle of the smoking carbine trained between his eyes. He raises his hands with a salesman's smile.

Isaac sighs in relief as the Jew walks out of the saloon, sparing him.

He then picks up and pockets the GOLD WATCH, then examines the derringer.

The bartender rises from behind the rail and sees Isaac, gun in hand, surrounded by bodies.

BARTENDER

What the hell happened?

Isaac's face goes from confused to cocksure.

CUT TO:

38 INT. CANTEEN - NIGHT

38

The canteen is now a bustle of activity as Isaac Meek holds court at a poker table, whore on his knee.

ISAAC

... so these here crooked soldiers jest keep jawin away. And I know that there big one, the one who jest come up on me and looked at me like that way, he's gonna come lookin for it. I jest look at him like I'm here for it. So he don't pick on me. He knows I'll come for him, cause I'm looking at him like I'm here for it. So he goes up to that there little Jewish fella. Ain't that right?

BARTENDER

That's right.

ISAAC

So that there bastard, the big one, he pulls out just about the biggest pistol I ever seen. Mind you, he's got two backshooters eyin me. So he comes up on it, just like this here...

BARTENDER

(brings a round)

From the two Johnnies.

Isaac raises the drink to the McCleran brothers. His smile freezes with fear as his eyes fall upon the two evil brothers. They wear worn out woolen grays. One has on a gray kepi, the other a Confederate slouch hat. Sam fondles an Arkansas toothpick, Luke a British Whitworth sniper's rifle with scope. They stare at him like a Squaw tied up behind the shed.

Isaac tries to shake it off.

ISAAC

It's getting late, Darling. Let's head to the back for a few hands in private.

She giggles. He stands. He's interrupted by a drawn out drawl of a threat that throws a damper on the bar.

SAM

Y'ain't too good to drink our liquor, but it's below you to toast with us.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Here's to ya.

LUKE
We call the toast, Meek.

ISAAC
As you like it.

SAM
To Appomattox

A hush. The bar is confused. Whispers. A gunfight's coming.

ISAAC
Didn't you lose at Appomattox?

LUKE
Lee lost. I killed me thirteen yanks.

He holds up a string of DRIED EARS. The bar is sickened. The bar looks to Meek to right the wrong. He stands and the bar parts.

ISAAC
I can see where this is headed. As you can see, not only is it two on one, but I am without my pistol. Now, if you don't share General Lee's yellow streak, you'll wait for a moment while I go to my room and fetch my revolver.

SOME GUY
Here, Meek, use mine...

ISAAC
I'm afraid that won't do. A gunfighter's tools are as unique as his personality...

WHORE
I'll fetch it...

ISAAC
I'm afraid that won't do. A gunfighter organizes his belongings in a way as unique as...

SAM
(fed up with the stalling)
Fetch your iron!

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I'm counting to ten. One...

Isaac walks to his room, nonchalant.

LUKE

Two... Three... Four...

The bar waits. Anticipation.

LUKE

Five... Six... Seven... Eight...

The brothers approach his door.

LUKE

Nine... Ten!

He kicks the door open. The crowd gasps. His curtains are blowing out the open window. Isaac gallops off into the distance on a stolen horse.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

39

Isaac comes upon a BLOODBATH on the road. At least THREE DEAD and one bleeding from a slug to the shoulder, BLINDED by the powder burn of a misfire. Isaac dismounts and runs up to the WOUNDED SURVIVOR. The survivor writhes with fear as Isaac nears.

SURVIVOR

(weeping)

No! No more! I ain't seen him. I never even met a Russian my entire life!

ISAAC

Shhh... I'm here to help. Which way did the evil Pagan go?

SURVIVOR

Who are you?

ISAAC

Isaac Meek, the Chicago Kid, and I'm on the trail of the Godless Hebrew.

SURVIVOR

(panicky)

Thank Christ in heaven. I told them not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SURVIVOR (cont'd)
to pull on him. I knew it... I saw it
in his eyes...

ISAAC
Shhh... Which way did he go?

SURVIVOR
I'm blind. My damn Colt Navy blew back
past the hammer. I think he rode on
west, but I don't know. I don't know. I
need water. Water for my burns. Water
to drink. I'm blind, Mr. Meek. Please
help me.

Meek gets up and fetches a canteen from the dead.

ISAAC
I'll find you some water.

He holds the canteen under his arm as he rifles through the
pockets of the dead, pocketing cash.

ISAAC
Here's a swallow.

He brings the man the canteen.

SURVIVOR
God love you, Mr. Meek. You're a saint.

He drinks ravenously. We see an instantaneous flash of what
could be remorse wash over Isaac's face, then...

ISAAC
Wait here. I'll send help.

SURVIVOR
God love you, Meek. God love you.

Meek high tails it after the Jew, never looking back.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP INSERTS of the Jew preparing for his evening
prayers. He ties a garkle around his waist and unfolds a
weathered tallis....

CUT TO:

41 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAMP - SAME 41

Isaac sneaks through the brush...

CROSS CUT TO:

42 EXT. CAMP - SAME 42

The Jew recites a prayer as he wraps his head and shoulders in the tattered prayer shawl...

CROSS CUT TO:

43 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAMP - SAME 43

Isaac closes in cautiously...

CROSS CUT TO:

44 EXT. CAMP - SAME 44

The Jew wraps the black leather thong of tfillin down his left arm as he mumbles, lost in prayer...

CROSS CUT TO:

45 EXT. CAMP - SAME 45

Isaac creeps up on the Jew who is reciting his morning prayers by his bedroll and mess kit. Isaac stalks up silently, not wanting to interrupt his magical conjuring. Isaac steps up behind the Jew and a sawed off CARBINE appears from under his shawl. The Jew aims it at his snout one handed without looking up from his book or stopping his prayer.

The Jew continues to dovan and pray silently for a BEAT. Isaac is frozen, hands in the air. He completes the "Eighteen Prayers" and takes three steps back, then turns his attention to Meek.

The prayer is finished and Isaac is smiling, hands still in the air.

ISAAC

That there Jewish is a beautiful language. The tongue of a proud and ancient people.

(beat)

Might I persuade you to lower your weapon

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
against an unarmed child of God who
speaks of peace and friendship.

The Jew's barrel taps Isaac's forearm with an audible "TOCK".
He slams the gun down on Isaac's wrist with a snap and the
SOLDIER'S DERRINGER falls out of his sleeve. The Jew
holsters his Winchester under his tallis.

ISAAC
You are a man of honed instinct and God-
given ability. A strapping young Hebrew
warrior in an unfamiliar land. I heard
what you're after. The Russian.

The Jew LOOKS INTO HIS EYES for the first time.

ISAAC
Oh... That you understand. Russian.
Comprende?

The Jew continues to watch him.

ISAAC
Yeah... I think you might. The Russian.
You want I should keep talking? Talkee
talkee?

The Jew looks at him for a BEAT, then, seemingly losing
interest, continues praying.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BACK DOWN THE ROAD - SAME

46

Luke and Sam McCleran come upon the sight of the bloodbath in
pursuit of Isaac Meek. The survivor, still clinging to life,
calls out to the approaching assassins.

SURVIVOR
Hello? Is someone out there. I'm blind.
Did Meek send you?

LUKE
Meek did this?

SURVIVOR
Hell no. He's avenging this massacre.

SAM
Where'd he go?

SURVIVOR
He chased the Jew west.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

The Jew?

SURVIVOR

Be a saint and fetch an old veteran a
swallow.

SAM

We're vet'rans as well. Who'd you serve
under?

SURVIVOR

McClellan. You?

LUKE

Lee.

Fear twists the blind man's face.

A LONG SHOT and distant howl as Sam and Luke relieve him of
his ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - SAME

The Jew cocks his head to hear the FAR OFF SCREAM as he is
interrupted from prayer. Isaac picks through the pots and
pans for leftovers.

ISAAC

They're coming for you, all right
They're coming. Killing a Union soldier,
that's a Federal offense. Were you in
the right? Sure. Who's gonna take my
word. Or yours. They gonna believe
their eyes or the word of, no offense, a
kyke. Use your noodle. You need help.
A front man. A man of Christian breeding
to ascertain the information you so
desire about the Russian.

The Jew looks at him.

ISAAC

Oooh Yeah, the Russian. I help you
find Russian. You want him bad, don't
you? But you can't get him. You know
why? Cause you're a Jew. There, I said
it. Now you can shoot me, or hear me
out. I feel your pain. You been
wronged. You want him bad. You can't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ISAAC (cont'd)
 speak the language. Even if you could,
 who the hell's gonna talk to you? Your
 kind can't even rent a goddamn room in
 most towns. Now, me. People just love
 talking to me. I tell you, I get an
 earful every time I ask to have the lu
 pointed out to me. Gets annoying after a
 while, being pretty as hell and easy to
 talk to. Not that you ain't easy to talk
 to, or pretty underneath all that hair.
 I'll bet you just drive them she-Jews
 crazy. Muscles and all. Character is
 what you have. From a life of pain. So
 what do you say? You want I help you?

The Jew turns his back to Meek and launches into the last
 section of his morning prayers.

ISAAC
 Life experience tells me that's a "yes".

FADE TO:

48 EXT. HOMLER SHTETL - RUSSIA - 1861 - DUSK

48

A surreal image of a small Russian town in the farmland
 surrounding Odessa. The humble cabins are covered with a
 blanket of snow. The community goes about its evening
 activities. It is the Sabbath and the candles are burning in
 the windows.

CUT TO:

49 INT. A HOME - HOMLER - SAME

49

A MOTHER kindles the Sabbath candles as a nine year old BOY
 and a bearded PATRIARCH look on. They are all dressed in
 traditional Jewish garb. LOW SHOTS suggest the boy's
 perspective.

The ritual is interrupted by the flames of the candle rippled
 by a VIBRATION.

The mother is silent. She makes eye contact with the father.
 The boy is confused.

The silence is disturbed by a distant RUMBLE, which grows
 louder. DISTANT SCREAMS OF HORROR from outside the cabin.
 The RUMBLE grows to a deafening THUNDER...

SMASH CUT TO:

50 EXT. CAMP - AMERICA - 1881 - NIGHT

50

The Jew's eyes spring open, gun cocked and aimed at the empty night. He is breathing hard and sweating from a nightmare. The fire has dwindled to embers. Isaac sleeps like a baby. He relaxes and takes a pull of whiskey.

THEN... the Jew's ears perk. Stirring in the brush.

An animal or something MOVES A BUSH as it approaches the camp. It settles.

Another area of foliage rustles. It approaches, then settles as well.

The cycle repeats. TWO ENEMIES ARE LEAPFROGGING SILENTLY THROUGH THE BRUSH. The Jew plays possum and slowly sights his carbine moving ever so slightly. He can't get a clear shot yet, but soon will have the drop on both of them.

Just as the Jew is about to squeeze off a well aimed round, Isaac opens an eye to see the Jew aiming a Winchester carbine in his general direction. He reacts to what he thinks is the Jew aiming at him in his bed. ISAAC VIOLENTLY JUMPS UP, fumbling with a Derringer.

ISAAC

What the hell...

The two stalking assassins RUN OFF INTO THE NIGHT like a pair of jackrabbits. Isaac pops off a round AT THE JEW. He misses miserably, singeing his hand and dropping his side arm. The Jew springs up and rushes forward. Isaac collapses into a cowering heap, fearful of the Jew's retaliation.

ISAAC

Now, hang on a...

The Jew vaults over the trembling man and sprints into the wilderness. He empties his weapon into the night.

The Jew returns and pulls a box of cartridges out of his pack. He breaks down his weapon and methodically cleans it with a carbine brush.

ISAAC

Whew. Did you see those two run? Good thing I seen em. Only got one round off. They disoriented me, wakin me up from a sound sleep and all.

(CONTINUED)

The Jew opens the box of cartridges. Slim pickings. He uses the last eight to reload.

ISAAC

That's what I need, ammunition. We should stop in town. Maybe stay there a couple nights. I don't know how you sleep sound out here with all them goddamn crickets and what not.

The Jew listens and looks around one last time. Satisfied, he lays down to sleep.

ISAAC

Just like that. Back to bed. They may still be close by.

(pause)

You're just gonna sleep like that. Well.

(pause. the Jew snores)

Goddamn Jew.

He sits and watches the night as the Jew sleeps. The CRICKETS are loud. CLOSE UP on Meek. The chirping is deafening.

FADE TO:

51 EXT. CAMP - MORNING'S FIRST LIGHT

51

Meek is bleary eyed and bored as he watches the Jew dovan to his morning prayer.

ISAAC

(riding him)

That's it. Rock it, brother. Rock it and rock it.

He staggers over to the small cooking fire. He draws a cup of coffee. The Jew finishes praying and puts away his religious articles.

ISAAC

Reckon drinking from your cup won't hurt me none. It seems I failed to pack my mess kit. A lot of white folk wouldn't do this, drinking from your cup. Your spit's bad luck. Worse'n nigger spit, some say. Not me. People's people. Even Jews. "If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? If you wrong us, do we not revenge?"

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

ISAAC (cont'd)
That's the Bard, son. And it's as true
today as it was three hundred years
ago...

He takes a sip of coffee and does a Danny Thomas spit take.

ISAAC
Jesus Christ, king of the Jews! What
the hell is this!?! Pure goddamn
chickory!?! I gotta tell you, you got
the worst crap in your pack. Mush and
chickory.
(sensing he's being harsh, he
lays it on real sweet)
I gotta take you to town, brother. Show
you the finer points, teach you about
taste and style. If you don't mind me
saying, you Jews live like woodland
creatures. Time you got civilized, trim
up that beard like President Garfield,
God rest his soul. You should learn a
civilized language so you can communicate
like a human. Even the goddamn Cherokee
can talk amongst Christians.

The Jew mounts his horse and begins to walk down the trail.
Isaac scrambles to gather his belongings. He protests as he
haphazardly packs. He's no cowboy, despite his sharp duds.

ISAAC
Slow the hell down, Moses. It's obvious
I'm not an early riser, so just settle
and let me catch up.

The Jew reigns in his steed.

He's finally done packing and dressing, however carelessly.
He mounts his horse and they both walk off.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. TRAIL - DAY

52

Isaac is talking to two PAWNEE with a pack horse. One is a
TRANSLATOR and one is an ELDER. The Jew sits on his horse in
the distance, keeping watch. Isaac speaks to the translator.

ISAAC
Tell him we got heap good stuff. We want
bullets (mimes shooting) and food. (mimes
eating)

(CONTINUED)

He translates. The Elder nods and pulls the supplies from the horse. Meek excitedly waves over the Jew.

The Jew approaches and the pack horse REARS. The Pawnee look up and at the mounted Jew. The Elder speaks to the translator as he repacks the horse in a hurry.

ISAAC

Wait a minute. What's going on?

PAWNEE

Won't trade.

ISAAC

Why the hell not? Heap good stuff. Heap good stuff.

The Elder continuously speaks as he leads the horse away.

PAWNEE

He says it is bad medicine to trade with ghost.

He leaves. Isaac chases.

ISAAC

Ghost? He ain't no ghost. He's a Jew. A Pagan. Like you! You fuckin red bastards.

He gives up.

ISAAC

Real nice. You scared them off. Now what the hell am I supposed to eat?

53 EXT. TRAIL - CROSSROADS - WYOMING - DAY

53

Isaac and the Jew ride.

ISAAC

Even the goddamn Injuns hate you Jews. You gotta lay back, else you gonna scare everybody off. I was about to ask if they seen the Russian fore you rode up and scared the bejesus outa them monkeys. You got a name?

(pause)

You probably don't even understand half the words I'm saying, you goddamn pagan.. Never heard you say nothing, cept to ask about that Russian. That all the English

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ISAAC (cont'd)
 you know? Huh? Memorized some sounds?
 (curious pause, then a
 sadistic smile)
 Wait a minute. Ain't the language.
 You're simple, ain't ya? You filthy
 goddamn Christ Killer.
 (waits for reaction, which
 doesn't come)
 It just don't get through, does it?
 You're touched. You like sweets? Eating
 sweet things? Candy? You big stinking
 Jew buffalo.

Isaac gives up and rides on. The Jew follows.

They pass a bullet riddled sign which reads: "REVELATION"

ISAAC
 (half to himself)
 Now, listen here, son. Town's a strange
 place. Be real quiet and mind your own.
 Christians don't want Jews around, so
 talking is simply out of the question.
 Especially them Jew noises. Sounds like
 you're coughing up chaw. Leave the
 dialogue to me. You no talkee. I've a
 God given gift. Let it shine, brother,
 let it shine.

They continue down another trail, until...

54 EXT. REVELATION - DAY

54

The town looks like it might have been something once, but it
 ain't that no more. MEAN LOOKING MEN drink in front of
 boarded up businesses. Smoke rises from a burning shed
 behind the row of stores. The streets are muddy and
 desolate, save the few unsavory characters.

A DOG with a RING AROUND HIS LEFT EYE growls at the two
 visitors.

Meek is a little shaky, but the Jew seems calm as they pass
 the group of BADASS COWBOYS in front of the blacksmith.
 Isaac rides close to the Jew. He's out of his element. They
 dismount in front of a dry goods store. The Jew don't look
 at the men, but at the same time his eyes never leave them.
 Isaac tries to strut, but he's out of his league. This ain't
 no town no more, it's the frontier again.

55 INT. DRY GOODS STORE - REVELATION - DAY

55

The SHOPKEEPER looks like a dog who was whipped too much. He darts to the counter, hands out of sight. Isaac relaxes, like an actor entering the stage.

ISAAC

Welllll, lookie here. Civilization. How might we be this fine afternoon?

SHOPKEEPER

Fair to midland.

ISAAC

Well that there don't sound too promising. I'm a tad parched, brother. This here town have a gin mill?

The Jew puts four boxes of rimfire cartridges, a handful of cigars, and a sack of oats on the counter.

SHOPKEEPER

Y'all gunfighters?

ISAAC

Now a man of your life experience should know a shade more than to ask that of a man.

SHOPKEEPER

Beggin your pardon, sir.

The Jew pulls a fur out from his coat, and throws it on the counter. The merchant assesses it and nods.

ISAAC

But now that you bring it up, what do you have in the way of firearms?

The Jew throws Isaac a look and EXITS.

SHOPKEEPER

Well, sir, we've got quite a variety. Seems I'm selling more guns than feed nowadays.

He points out some pistols in a showcase.

SHOPKEEPER

This here's a Whitney Navy percussion. Then there's the Smith & Wesson single
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHOPKEEPER (cont'd)
action, Buffalo Bill's personal
favorite...

ISAAC
Fuck Buffalo Bill.

SHOPKEEPER
(taken aback)
Well then, you got your Colt Peacemaker.
I don't have to tell you this, but you
can't go wrong with the trusty Colt.

ISAAC
Damn right y'ain't gotta tell me. What
about these here, son.

Isaac points out a PAIR OF ELABORATELY ENGRAVED SILVER
HANDLED PISTOLS.

SHOPKEEPER
Oh, I don't think you want those.

ISAAC
Come again son?

SHOPKEEPER
It's just, I think you might be leaning a
different way. I mean, they look good
and all...

ISAAC
What are you saying? I look shabby? I'm
startin to grow weary of this, son, and
when I grow weary I get cranky. You
don't want to see me cranky, now do you
son?

SHOPKEEPER
No sir.

ISAAC
Many a man has lived to regret seeing the
Chicago Kid cranky.

SHOPKEEPER
Yes sir, Mr. Meek.

Isaac smiles.

ISAAC
So you heard of me.

(CONTINUED)

SHOPKEEPER

Yes sir, Mr. Meek.

ISAAC

So ya heard of me. Well, at least you got that going for you. Now, tell me about these here flashy pistols.

SHOPKEEPER

Those are Spiller and Burr's. Confederate made. Rare as all hell. I don't think there's another pair in the state. It's probably the only pair of them in existence with genuine silver handles.

ISAAC

Pistols as unique as my personality, wouldn't you say?

SHOPKEEPER

Reckon you can say that, Mr. Meek.

ISAAC

Gimme a box of bullets.

SHOPKEEPER

We don't regularly stock the proper cartridges for that...

ISAAC

Gimme a box of them Colt bullets.

SHOPKEEPER

I don't think you right want to...

ISAAC

Jesus Christ. You peddlers are such goddamn sticklers for detail. Bullets are bullets. Will them Colt slugs fit in the holes?

SHOPKEEPER

Yessir, Mr. Meek, but without the conversion kit...

ISAAC

Then give'm t'me, fer Chrissake, and stop trying to sell me the goddamn store. My manservant's muskrat pelt should cover it all.

(CONTINUED)

SHOPKEEPER

With all respect due, Mr. Meek, that
sable fur was an even trade for the feed
and four boxes of rimfire...

ISAAC

(quiet and mean)

Now you may've swindled my ignorant
manchild toady, but I assure you,
feedmonger, that I share not his
ignorance or patience.

Isaac pulls back the hammer on the pistol and aims it at the
merchant. Then, after a BEAT.

SHOPKEEPER

(tentatively)

It's not loaded, sir.

ISAAC

I know it's not loaded, you imbecile. I
am punctuating a point. The point is,
Isaac Meek has arrived. Now help me
strap on these bad boys. What the hell's
the name of that there gin mill?

SHOPKEEPER

Well, Mr. Meek, pickings are slim these
here days, but the "Pomme d'Eve" still
addresses a man's subtler needs.

ISAAC

"Pomme d'Eve". Sounds enticing.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. DRY GOODS STORE - REVELATION - SAME

56

The Jew is all but staring down the cowboys across the way.
A SCRUFFY BOY picks at Isaac's saddlebag, he pulls out the
BRONZE BULL. The Jew grabs it from him and looks him in the
eye. The boy runs off in terror. The Jew puts the bull back
in Meek's pack.

Isaac bursts out of the store wearing a pair of six shooters
as flashy as his outfit.

ISAAC

(almost completely to himself)

Seems they hate Jews round these here
parts, so you better stay close by. Soon
as you left he expressed his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
dissatisfaction with your unchristian appearance. He ain't heard of no Russian, but that he may've passed through a local establishment operating under the moniker "Pomme d'Eve". I suggest you spread some of your resources on those premises in order to lubricate the clientele. Who knows, he may even be in there.

57 INT. POMME D'EVE - REVELATION - DAY

57

This public room has seen many a murder. Both blood and seed have been spilled in this den of sin. Soulless whores and hallow men quietly go about their business. The town reeks of dead hope.

Isaac thrusts open the swinging doors in silhouette, then enters with the refined grace of a veteran gunslinger. The Jew follows in nondescript anonymity. Isaac picks a table. ALL EYES ARE ON HIM. He sits in the corner facing the door. The Jew sits next to him.

The BARTENDER walks to the table.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

ISAAC
I'd appreciate two plates of the specialty of the house.

BARTENDER
Been on the trail long?

Isaac gives him a GUNFIGHTER'S GLARE. The bartender gulps and walks to the kitchen.

Isaac makes eye contact with a rather attractive YOUNG WHORE.

The Jew pulls out the old photo of the Russian. Isaac subtly gestures for him to put it away.

ISAAC
There's a time and a place for everything. All in good time.

We see a table of GAMBLERS look at the two strangers, then wilt to Isaac's glare and go about their business.

The bartender returns with a plate of fruit. He sets them down and the Jew pours water over his hands, mumbles a prayer, then begins to RAVENOUSLY DEVOUR the fruit. He eats

(CONTINUED)

like a cowhand on the trail with no regard for social etiquette. Isaac has much more refined and polished table manners. Isaac scowls at his manners.

TWO BADASS COWBOYS enter the bar. EVERYTHING STOPS except the Jew, who continues to eat. They walk in and spread, stalking the table. They stare right at them and Isaac stares back. Bar patrons subtly take cover, but wouldn't dare leave.

COWBOY

Shopkeeper says you're Isaac Meek.

ISAAC

What of it?

The cowboys look at the Jew, who is still devouring the fruit like an animal.

COWBOY

What's that? Your pet Jew?

The Cowboys yuk it up until, without missing a mouthful of lunch, the Jew PULLS OUT HIS SAWED OFF CARBINE and LAYS IT DOWN NEXT TO HIS PLATE, upping the stakes. The situation has now lost its humor. The Jew hasn't looked up from his food.

ISAAC

I suggest you boys back on out and think it through.

Isaac brushes his broadcloth coat back to reveal the silver heel of his gun. One of the cowboys unclips his holster flap.

ISAAC

Son, you won't even clear leather.

The Jew eyes them. They see death in his eyes. They wilt. They leave. The bar reacts like they've seen a miracle. The Jew cleans his bowl. The bartender approaches with a platter of ribs.

BARTENDER

Sweet Jesus, you're the Chicago Kid.

ISAAC

I've been called that in the past.

BARTENDER

Sorry about those ranch hands, Mr. Meek. They been scaring away all my clientele. This here meals on the house.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Much obliged.

The bartender sets down the meal. Isaac eats. The Jew does not.

BARTENDER
(confused)
Is there something wrong with the food?

ISAAC
(embarrassed)
No, sir. Best ribs I had west of the Pecos.
(to Jew)
Eat your food. You filled up on the goddamn fruit, now you ain't got no appetite for the meat and potatoes.

He doesn't touch his ribs. He begins to rock and grumble his postprandular prayer. Isaac chews him out under his breath.

ISAAC
(whisper)
What the hell are you doing? Everyone in the damn bar's watching us. We're celebrities. You are touched in the head.

The Jew holsters his gun and abruptly leaves. Isaac quickly gnaws down three ribs, then wipes his mouth and stands.

ISAAC
Them's about the most filling ribs I ever tasted. We'll see y'all real soon.

He splits.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. TRAIL - DAY

58

Isaac rides next to the Jew toward camp.

ISAAC
Ignorant, ignorant, ignorant. How the hell we supposed to make an impression with you gibbering like a heathen? You simply can not function among people. You ain't even got the most primitive sense of etiquette. It's obvious no one ever taught you how to look after
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
yourself hygienically. You stink. You
got no sense of style, you goddamn pagan.

They dismount at camp. The Jew upacks his siddur and sabbath
candles.

ISAAC
You ain't got the sense of a child. You
live like an animal. You eat like an
animal. You kill without remorse or
provocation. You are truly subhuman.
You are a Godless demon.

Beat.

JEW
You done?

Isaac is amazed. The Jew speaks with a backwoods drawl.

JEW
You said you'd get some information on
the Russian and you didn't.

ISAAC
(recovering charm)
Lord above, you had me there. You are a
trickster. You talk like a damn
hillbilly. Who'da thought? Full of
surprises, you are. I tell you, I
attract the wittiest friends. Damn, you
had me. You Jewish folk can sure turn a
phrase. A clever, clever lot.

JEW
I don't think you spoil to find out
nothing. Gimme yer guns.

ISAAC
My guns..?

Before he can finish the Jew's pulled them out of Meek's
holsters. One is aimed at each eye.

JEW
Why's there a price on yer head?

ISAAC
Price? What the hell you..?

The Jew cocks the pistols.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Christ, shit, point those fuckers down,
their loaded.

JEW

Those were professionals in the brush
last night. Now talk.

ISAAC

Fuck. I screwed a guy's wife. Okay?
You wanna kill me fer the money? Go
ahead, but I could help you. I swear
I'll help you.

The Jew PULLS BOTH TRIGGERS, but they harmlessly CLICK. Meek
cringes.

JEW

These here antique's are percussion
pistols, "Chicago Kid". Ain't gonna
shoot rimfire rounds.

He hands them back to Isaac.

JEW

Don't take a genius to see y'ain't no
gunfighter, walk out the store with
flashy crap hangin from yer hip. Iron
barrel, brass body, if that. That there
shiny toy's gonna blow your hand off.

The Jew walks away and unpacks.

ISAAC

This is about the smartest decision you
could make, my friend. I swear on the
soul of my mother that I will help you
find that Russian. Hell, we'll ride into
town tonight.

JEW

Can't ride.

ISAAC

Why not.

JEW

Sabbath.

ISAAC

Sabbath ain't til Sunday. It's Friday
night.

(CONTINUED)

JEW

Per Jews it's Saturday.

ISAAC

That ain't til tomorrow.

JEW

Per Jews tomorrow starts tonight.

ISAAC

If you don't mind me saying, you're one mixed up people.

(beat)

You can't ride on Sabbath?

JEW

Can't ride. Can't work. Can't shoot, can't even strike a match.

The Jew looks up at the setting sun and goes through the ritual of kindling the Sabbath candles, praying in Hebrew.

Isaac looks on in disgusted confusion.

ISAAC

I thought you couldn't strike a goddamn match.

(he is ignored)

One mixed up people.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. CAMP - THAT NIGHT

59

Isaac and the Jew sit around an unlit campfire, shivering.

ISAAC

You're gonna freeze your ass off.

(beat)

You're crazier than a shit-house rat. Warming up by a fire that ain't there.

(beat)

Will you light the goddamn thing? You lit the stinking candles. What's the damn difference? I'm freezing my ass off.

JEW

I can't light it. You can.

Isaac gets up and haphazardly throws logs together.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Lazy bastard. Expect me to do everything around here. Then you wonder why everyone hates the Jews.

He tries to light the fire. It's hopeless. Isaac's never been out of the city alone. He's helpless in the wilderness without the Jew's help.

ISAAC

The goddamn wood's wet or some shit. This is bullshit. This here's a Friday night. I'm going to town. Raise a little hell.

He puts on his hat and mounts his Palomino.

ISAAC

Give me some money to spread around, I'll see what I can find out about the Russian.

JEW

Can't handle money.

ISAAC

If that don't beat all. A day when a Jew can't handle money. This here Sabbath must be some goddamn holiday.

He kicks his horse and takes off into the night.

The Jew pulls his blanket tight around his shoulders and shivers in front of the unlit hearth.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. REVELATION - NIGHT

60

Isaac rides down the main drag. He approaches the Pomme d'Eve, thrumming with activity.

CUT TO:

61 INT. POMME D'EVE - REVELATION - SAME

61

Isaac kicks open the door and enters. All heads turn. He lights up the bar.

ISAAC

Well lookie here! I knew this town had a pulse. Barkeep, I would like to purchase
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ISAAC (cont'd)
a taste of your oldest whiskey and
youngest whore.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

62

PUSH IN on the sleeping Jew as he shivers in the cold darkness. His sleep is not a peaceful one. The PUSH settles on a CLOSE UP, then DISSOLVES into:

63 INT. CABIN - HOMLER SHTETL - RUSSIA - 1861 - NIGHT

63

A view through a window of snow falling and GALLOPING HORSES wiping past the window BACKLIT by flames.

PAN to the BOY in his mother's arms as he watches the horror from the safety of his home. The Sabbath candles flicker.

A TORCH SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW and the drapes catch.

The father enters brandishing a scythe and pulls the family out into the cold night.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. HOMLER SHTETL - SAME

64

The quaint hamlet is ablaze. COSSACKS on horses ride down fleeing peasants, reaping them like wheat with their curved sabres.

The mother hides next to a tree, holding the boy to her chest. He watches with one eye.

A COSSACK ON A WHITE HORSE WITH A BLACK HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE spots the boy and his mother in the shadows. He SMILES and slowly approaches them amidst the chaos of the sack of Homler. SLOW MOTION SHOT of the steam blowing from the nostrils of the white horse.

Just as the Cossack nears, he is ATTACKED by the father on foot. A two-handed swing with the scythe catches the Cossack's cheek and lays open a deep gouge.

It is now obvious that the Cossack is the SAME MAN as the horseman with the white moustache from the FIRST SCENE OF THE FILM, only younger.

The Cossack holds his bleeding cheek, then a SLOW MOTION SHOT of him running the father through with his sword.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE UP of the boy reacting as his mother presses his face to her breast. The horse WIPES frame. The shrill note of singing steel, but they're left standing. The boy hugs his mother in relief.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of the Jew with his eyes closed. PULL BACK to show the dark camp. The brush stirs. The McCleran brothers slowly emerge from the bushes. They're both wearing filthy Confederate guerrilla uniforms. They have assessed the coast is clear. Sam silently approaches the Jew with his Arkansas Toothpick poised, Luke, toting a Whitworth rifle, stops him by gripping his arm.

LUKE

(whispering, as not to wake
the Jew)

No. Wait for Meek.

SAM

(also quiet)

I'll snuff the hebe and lay him like he's
sleeping.

LUKE

Meek's the one we're after. He's got
queer instincts. He may smell the death
and press on 'fore we can draw a bead.

SAM

Yer nuts. He's a soft city boy. You saw
how he ran.

LUKE

I tell you, he's a killer. Cut down at
least four. His looks deceive.

SAM

He's a pompous fool who jaws stead of
think.

LUKE

A man don't pay two thousand in gold to
kill a fool.

SAM

Fine, but I get the hebe's ear.

(CONTINUED)

The McCleran brothers share a look and nod. They hide in the brush, weapons drawn.

PUSH IN to a CLOSE UP of the sleeping Jew's ear.

FADE TO:

66 INT. POMME D'EVE - NIGHT

66

Isaac Meek is holding court. He has a YOUNG WHORE on his knee and a bottle of bourbon in front of him. A table full of TOADIES hang on every word.

ISAAC

... So this here big sumbitch jest come on up on me. Jest like that there with that there expression they get when they think they gonna come up on you like that there. So he come up on me, see, the big one...

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Beggin your pardon, Mr. Meek, but there's a gentleman who seeks your company.

He points out a MAN in stiff collared society clothes of the latest French fashion. Mid-fifties.

ISAAC

(to the giggling whore)

Been having that problem since childhood. My delicate features bring out the woman in many a man.

(to bartender)

Tell him I'm busy, but I'll call him when my knee's available.

(to table)

The three Union soldiers, now there was a gunfight...

BARTENDER

Mr. Meek...

ISAAC

Can't you see I am disposed of at the moment?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Mr. Meek, that's the mayor.

CUT TO:

67 INT. POMME D'EVE - MAYOR'S TABLE - NIGHT

67

Isaac walks up to the mayor's table.

MAYOR

Please, sit. Wayne, fetch us a bottle of Mr. Meek's favorite label.

The bartender runs off. Meek sits with dignity.

MAYOR

You are a popular man, Isaac Meek. In just a few short hours you've turned this town on its ear.

(no response)

There was a time I'd run a man like you out of town. But times have changed, Isaac- May I call you Isaac?

(Meek shrugs)

Isaac, times have changed. Revelation was a thriving community. Pony Express had a way station here, we even outfitted 49ers. It was a fat city. Money brought men, and men brought families. Farms sprang up, and shops to supply them.

ISAAC

That's all well and good, your honor, but I've got a drink and a young lady waiting for me.

MAYOR

That young lady might be just another whore to you, but to me she's Rockwell's daughter. I watched her grow and blossom. But ever since Bozeman's trail opened up Wyoming to the cattlemen, this town's gone rotten. The boys from the Lazy J ranch think this towns here for them to do as they please. They paint the town red and manhandle the whores. Killed the old Marshal in a scuffle. They said he shot first without cause. I didn't see and I don't know. What I do know is the decent folk won't show their face in town for fear of dying.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

I'm afraid you've lost me.

MAYOR

You're a powerful personality, Isaac, and good with an iron to boot. As soon as the families see it's safe to come to town, Revelation will thrive again. I mean, hell, just look at the saloon. People feel comfortable when you're around.

Meek rises.

ISAAC

I appreciate the sentiment, your honor, but...

The mayor SLAMS A BADGE onto the table.

ISAAC

(real direct)

What's in it for me?

MAYOR

Two hundred a month, and the peace of mind making a difference gives.

ISAAC

(picks up the badge)

Two hundred, huh? I don't know.

MAYOR

And the opportunity to "clean up" Revelation. You'll be a legend. Hell, you half done it already. You probably won't even have to draw a gun with your reputation.

ISAAC

True...

MAYOR

So? What do you say?

ISAAC

I say, with all due respect, that when a whore who's spread her legs too many times wants to become respectable again, she's gotta find some fool to marry her. Now, as far as this town goes, I don't mind paying for my turn, but I ain't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

ISAAC (cont'd)
getting married. So you better wipe the
blood off this here wedding ring and find
yourself another groom.

Isaac tosses the badge on the table and gets up to leave.
The Mayor sinks in his chair and forces a smile.

ISAAC
(to patrons)
Now whose turn is it to buy?

68 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - LATER

68

Isaac rides into camp drunk and singing. He dismounts and
approaches the fire, taking a slug from a bottle.

ISAAC
That there Revelation's ain't half bad
when y'ain't got a hairy Hebrew hanging
on yer arm...
(throws a canteen at him)
Get the hell up, Jew! I'm talkin to
you.

The Jew sits up, covered to his shoulders with a blanket.

ISAAC
You gotta get your hairy ass to town,
brother. To hell with sleeping in the
woods with chiggers up your ass. I gotta
teach you how to interract with people.

The BARREL OF A WHITWORTH RIFLE pokes out from a bush,
unseen.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. BUSH - NIGHT - SAME

69

Sam and Luke prepare to cut down Isaac as a P.O.V. through
the scope of the Whitworth reveals.

LUKE
Come a little closer, kitten....

BACK TO:

70 EXT. CAMP - SAME

70

Isaac's horse draws closer.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

So what's say we ride to town and sleep in a cozy little whore's bed. Sabbath can wait til tomorrow. God won't see. I don't know about your Jew God, by my Lord and Savior had his self a whore for companionship.

Isaac takes another drink. The Jew just looks at him not moving.

ISAAC

Don't judge me. Who the hell you think you are? Staring at me all high and mighty all the time. Yeah, I'm drunk. I suppose you got a problem with that too. You're a goddamn hypocrite is what you are. Jews is supposed to be peaceable people. Not murderin heathens.

The Jew LEAPS FROM HIS BLANKET AND GRABS ISAAC FROM OFF HIS HORSE with the swiftness of a snake.

ISAAC

(losing composure)

Easy, brother! Goddamn... I was just spouting off...

The Jew PULLS OUT HIS CARBINE. Isaac struggles to pull it away. The Jew is obviously getting the best of it.

MATCH CUT TO:

71 EXT. BRUSH - SAME

71

Luke struggles to get a clear shot with the agitated palomino obscuring his vision.

LUKE

Show me a piece, kitty cat.

BACK TO:

72 EXT. CAMP - SAME

72

They wrassle over the gun. The Jew points it at the bushes. The Jew yells in the disoriented struggling Isaac's ear.

JEW

I CAN'T TELL YOU TO PULL THE TRIGGER!

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
What the fuck are you..?

JEW
It's Sabbath! I ain't allowed to tell
you to pull the dang TRIGGER!

BACK TO:

73 EXT. BRUSH - SAME .

73

Sam and Luke are still struggling to aim.

SAM
Shoot.

LUKE
I can't get a clear shot...

SAM
He's pointing the gun at us.

Luke lets one loose... BANG!

MATCH CUT TO:

74 EXT. CAMP - SAME

74

Isaac freezes. The HORSE DROPS with a thud.

The shock relaxes Meek's body. The Jew smoothly swings the
carbine and aims with Isaac still holding it too.

Isaac clumsily pulls the trigger as the Jew aims the
Winchester from behind his back like a golf instructor
teaching a stroke.

WHAM! The slug hits Samuel in the face.

The Jew cocks and aims again with blinding speed.

JEW
I can't tell you NOW!

The shot misses Luke as he reloads and aims his Whitworth

JEW
I can't say NOW!

WHAM! The bullet hits Luke dead on in the chest. He flies
back.

(CONTINUED)

The Jew climbs back into bed.

Isaac stares down at the smoking gun still in his hand, mouth agape.

The Jew rolls over, pulling the blanket over his shoulder.

FADE TO:

75 EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

75

Isaac walks up to the Jew, who is reciting his morning prayers. Isaac looks at the carnage around him and is struck by the irony.

ISAAC

How the hell can you pray with all this blood around?

He is ignored. He patiently waits for the Jew to finish, then...

ISAAC

I've never seen anything like it. I want you to teach me how to shoot like you.

JEW

What'd you learn bout the Russian?

ISAAC

I asked everyone, even the mayor. Nobody knew anything, or so they said. But I suspect if we spend some more time and money...

The Jew crosses to his horse.

ISAAC

Where you going?

JEW

Leaving.

ISAAC

Leaving? I'm full of ideas.

JEW

You're full of shit. I heard them rebs talking. You're a hunted man. You want me around to protect you. You don't give a damn bout finding the Russian.

(CONTINUED)

He crosses to leave. Isaac grabs his arm and the Jew suddenly WHEELS ON HIM. He don't like to be touched.

ISAAC

(shocked into sincerity)

You're right, okay. I'm a lying bastard. I ain't no gunfighter and I ain't never inquired about the Russian. But a man fixed a bounty on my head for having a poke at his wife and I'm scared. If you leave, I'm dead. Simple as that. I ain't got but one thing to offer you to stay. The Mayor offered me the job of City Marshal based on my reputation. If I take the job, I'll have the system on my side and a means to track down the man you long to find. Come with me and be my right hand. We'd make some team, me and you, back to back. If you do, I'll do everything in my power to find him. On this you have my word.

After a BEAT, the Jew WALKS AWAY to his horse.

ISAAC

For crying out loud, I swear that's the God's honest...

The Jew pulls a Peacemaker from his saddlebag and walks to Isaac, hands it to him. He then sets up bottles as targets.

Isaac smiles with relief.

LONG SHOT of Isaac learning to shoot, coached by the Jew.

JEW

I can teach you how to shoot, but you gotta figure out how to kill on yer own.

76 EXT. TRAIL TO REVELATION - SATURDAY - DAY

76

Isaac rides the Jew's horse. The southerners' horses are strung behind with the bodies of the McCleran boys slumped over the saddles. The Jew walks alongside.

ISAAC

...and I'm gonna tell the Mayor he's gotta help us find your Russian. Just you watch. We just gotta learn to work together.

(CONTINUED)

Isaac looks at the CREASED YELLOW PHOTO. INSERT of the photo. It is the RUSSIAN from the nightmare, only younger and WITHOUT THE SCAR. Black handlebar moustache. Eyes like burning coals. Chilling, even in an old photo.

ISAAC

Spooky looking critter. Won't be hard to find. Especially now. All you gotta do is sit tight and lay low. Just like fishing. You fish, right? It's like fishing.

(beat)

Thank you.

JEW

You shot em.

ISAAC

Well, thanks for helping me aim.

For the first time, they share a moment.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. REVELATION - SATURDAY - DAY

77

Isaac and the bodies on horseback walk alongside the Jew on foot down the main strip of town. A TRACKING SHOT shows the reaction of awe as they pass storefronts. Heads poke out of windows. All has stopped. The Cowboys watch from a porch. Isaac makes eye contact. Shit will go down.

The SCRUFFY BOY runs alongside Isaac. He picks at his saddle.

BOY

Hey mister. You kill them men?

ISAAC

Shoo kid.

He spits on the boy's head.

BOY

Fuck you.

He runs off.

They settle at the funeral parlor. Isaac approaches the UNDERTAKER and hands him the bridle.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Does this town have a boot hill?

UNDERTAKER

Yes, sir.

ISAAC

Bury these two men there and mark their graves as assassins. Send the bill to the office of the Marshal of Revelation, and leave the account open.

He rides off in a theatrical flourish.

UNDERTAKER

Yes, sir.

(then to the Jew)

Help me unload these bodies, boy.

The Jew just looks at him with steely eyes, then walks away.

CUT TO:

78 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

78

The mayor sits behind his desk. In the room are Isaac, the Jew and the mayor's AIDE. The Jew is not comfortable in the confined space, Isaac is cool as can be.

A copy of the Homestead Act is prominently displayed.

MAYOR

Well, this is wonderful news, just wonderful.

ISAAC

Now, before I make my mark on that there contract, I'll name my terms.

MAYOR

Certainly.

ISAAC

One, the pay rate of two hundred a month, as it was offered.

MAYOR

It's already in there.

ISAAC

Hear me out. Two, this here man is my deputy. I want all the privileges of a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
Christian law man extended to him as well.

MAYOR
A Marshal may deputize at his discretion.

ISAAC
And, three. You must help us locate this man.

He pulls out the photograph of the Russian.

MAYOR
My secretary will send the photograph to the Federal Marshal. There'll be a copy in every post office in the Union. I'll even post a reward from the city till.

The Jew speaks for the first time in public. The Mayor is taken aback.

JEW
Alive.

ISAAC
(jumping in)
The poster must make it clear he be kept alive.

The Mayor looks at the Jew curiously, then speaks to his aide, handing him the photo.

MAYOR
Send that photograph off to Marshal Croate. Tell him the bill is to read five hundred for whereabouts or delivery to authorities alive.
(to Meek)
Anything else?

Off look, Meek makes his mark on the contract.

DISSOLVE TO:

79 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - REVELATION - DAY

79

Marshal Meek sits behind his desk, well dressed as ever. The Jew sits in a dark corner. Isaac winds his gold watch.

ISAAC
It ain't shrewd to speak out of turn with them political types. They have their own way of handling things. I know how
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
they think. It's best to allow me to act
as liaison.

JEW
I don't want nobody killing him but me.

ISAAC
"Reward for information about his
whereabouts". That's what it'll say.

JEW
His corpse don't do me no good.

ISAAC
Well get him ourselves. You can hire a
Pawnee squaw to skin him if you want.

The scruffy boy pokes his head in the window. He's wearing a
spittoon like a Conquistador's helmet.

Isaac yells at him.

ISAAC
You best get that spittoon back to the
Pomme fore I have yer daddy tan yer hide!

BOY
(gives Isaac the finger)
Ain't got no daddy.

Isaac throws the bull paperweight at the boy, smashing the
window.

Then there's a KNOCK at the door.

ISAAC
Stick in yer head so I can blow it off!

The MAYOR enters tentatively.

MAYOR
Pardon?

ISAAC
Sorry, mayor. Blasted kid smashed the
window.

MAYOR
I'll have a talk with Rockwell. That's
his grandkid. Whore's ain't suited for
parenting. Isaac, there's a bit of a
problem at the Pomme. Some boys from the
"Lazy J".

80 INT. POMME D'EVE - REVELATION - DAY

80

Three COWBOYS from the Lazy J ranch are pulling at the young whore. Her son, the SCRUFFY BOY, looks on. He is powerless. The Marshal approaches, followed by the Jew and the Mayor, who settles in next to his aide away from the disturbance. A murmur of hope and anticipation spreads through the crowd on their arrival.

Isaac stands next to the Jew against the cowboys.

ISAAC

Turn loose that there whore, boys.

COWBOY

This ain't Chicago, neither, and it ain't your put in.

ISAAC

(grandiose, showing badge)

There's a new Marshal in town, boys, and his name is Isaac Meek. I'm here to tell you that Revelation is once again a town for decent folk, where children can play in the streets and women can walk at night unescorted...

COWBOY

Maybe you ain't heard what happened to the last Marshal.

ISAAC

I may not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but I do believe that there was a veiled threat. As a result you boys are no longer welcome in Revelation, nor is any man who does not walk in the ways of righteousness. As of today, you boys are posted. If I see you in town again I will kill you.

Nobody can quite believe their ears. They smile, then laugh. Isaac gulps. The Jew just stares at the cowboys unwavering.

LEONE STYLE tension CUTS. CLOSE UPS and TWITCHING FINGERS. Mothers pulling their children close. The RING-EYED DOG looks on.

THEN...

COWBOY #1 DRAWS and it's all over. The Jew KILLS EVERYBODY. As soon as they touch the heel of their pistols, they're

(CONTINUED)

dead. All four. The SCRUFFY BOY looks up at the carnage. By this time, the crouching Meek is wrestling to pull the hammer back on his Colt with his left hand. The boy runs to his whore mother. She hugs him, crying. The crowd pulls their hands from in front of their eyes. Meek stretches his neck. The coast is clear.

ISAAC

Kids, I'm sorry you had to witness that,
but such is the fate of bad men...

The CAMERA tracks back with the Jew as he walks away, reloading. Isaac shrinks in the background as his speech trails off. The MAYOR WATCHES THE JEW walk away. He is impressed. His focus goes back to Meek.

ISAAC

And, I'd like to point out, they drew first. Violence, children, is a last resort. And, just like Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill, I find myself straining under the yoke of reputation. Let this be a harbinger of what is to come if my mettle is again tested by the nefarious forces of darkness...

The town eats it up. The Jew is gone. The Mayor leans in to his aide.

MAYOR

Did you send off that picture of the Russian yet?

AIDE

No, sir. I meant to...

MAYOR

Wire that writer. The old drunk who spins those frontier fables.

AIDE

"Adventures in the West"?

MAYOR

Yeah, that old coot.

AIDE

Ned Buntline.

MAYOR

That's the one. Wire him and set him up at the Pomme. Tell him I have a project
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR (cont'd)
for him. Have a case of Wild Turkey and
a box of Cubans waiting.

Aide leaves, but first.

MAYOR
And, uh, check those reb corpses, I'll
wager the wounds are all from a
Winchester carbine.

CUT TO:

81 INT. POMME D'EVE - REVELATION - DAY

81

The Jew sits alone in the corner, greasing his holster. The
YOUNG WHORE ROCKWELL and her SCRUFFY BOY approach his table.

WHORE
Thank you kindly for your help.

She extends her hand, almost flirtatiously.

JEW
I can't shake your hand.

He looks at her for a BEAT.

WHORE
C'mon son.

She politely leads her boy away. He is fixated on the Jew as
he returns to his work.

CUT TO:

82 INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

82

The Mayor enters with an OLDER MAN smoking a cigar.

MAYOR
Isaac, this is someone who wants to meet
you...

ISAAC
Pardon for interrupting, your honor, but
we got something needs sorting out. I've
sought an audience with you for three
days...

MAYOR
All right Speak freely, Isaac, Ned is a
dear old friend.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Well, it's been a week and I ain't heard
hide or hair bout that Russian.

MAYOR

I've been meaning to speak with you about
that.

ISAAC

I mean, I cleaned up Revelation, and I
think it's...

MAYOR

"Cleaned up"? How do you like the
oysters on this kid? You shot three
drunk cowboys from the Lazy J. One of
them was Dave Jensen's little brother,
and if I know Jensen, he'll come a
calling like a bullmoose in heat.

ISAAC

Then I'll plant him next to his kin on
boot hill.

MAYOR

Of this I have no doubt, and that's
precisely why Mr. Buntline wants to meet
you.

ISAAC

Why? Is he a preacher?

MAYOR

No. He's a writer. Ned Buntline, Isaac
Meek.

ISAAC

Ned Buntline? "Adventures in the West"
Buntline?

MAYOR

One and the same.

NED BUNTLINE smirks in response. He is a bit sloppy, dressed
in the style of city folks back east. There's an ambivalence
about him fostered on by alcohol.

Meek jumps up and shakes his hand.

ISAAC

Mr. Buntline, this is an honor.

(CONTINUED)

BUNTLINE
(half hearted)
Pleasure's all mine.

ISAAC
You don't understand, Mr. Buntline, my
momma read me your western serials as a
child.

BUNTLINE
Save it, son. I would like some bourbon
and a desk.

Isaac brings a bottle of whiskey. Buntline sits at the Jew's
desk.

ISAAC
That's my deputy's.

BUNTLINE
You got a deputy?

MAYOR
A Hebrew gentleman. You may've seen him
around.

BUNTLINE
(writing)
Interesting...

ISAAC
(politely)
No need to pay him no mind.

MAYOR
No need.

ISAAC
Where should I begin, I mean, how is this
generally done?

BUNTLINE
Tell me your story. If it ain't
interesting, I'll embellish.

ISAAC
I assure you, Mr. Buntline, there will be
no embellishment necessary.

CUT TO:

83 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

83

ISAAC

So there I was, one against two. My only advantage was the fire to my back. A gunfighter always wants the light behind him, in the eyes of his enemy...

Buntline half heartedly writes. SUDDENLY, a voice from outside, a deep one. Meek is startled.

JENSEN

Meek! Get yer murdering ass out here!

CUT TO:

84 EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

84

The Marshal peeks his head out. He looks around. Ten badass RANCHERS stand spoiling to fight. They all wear long DUSTERS and Remingtons. A crowd watches from a safe distance. Buntline perks.

Meek inches to the door and spies the JEW leaning against a porch post. Isaac, seeing the Jew, musters the courage to step out.

ISAAC

Who wants him?

JENSEN

Dave Jensen. You shot down my brother in cold blood.

ISAAC

Cold blood?

JENSEN

Word has it.

Isaac looks to the Jew. The Jew sizes up the posse of ten, then subtly holds up FOUR FINGERS for Isaac to see. Isaac nods back at the Jew, smiles, and swaggers foreward full of piss.

ISAAC

Word also has it they had the drop and I smoked all three fore they got a shot off. That means I'll smoke least three of you being I know what's coming.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

ISAAC (cont'd)
Think I'll start with the three youngins
standing back a step.

After a BEAT, the THREE YOUNG ONES back up and walk off.

JENSEN
(steel)
Took less than seven to smoke the last
Marshal.

ISAAC
Less than seven? Then I'll assume it
weren't all seven of you who was
involved in gunning down a law man. A
Federal offense. Make it easy on me,
boys. If y'aint participated in the
killing, step aside so's I can see who's
beggin for justice.

Three more break ranks and leave, leaving FOUR. Isaac winks
at the Jew and holds up FOUR FINGERS. The Jew gently brushes
back his coat.

JENSEN
I assure you, Meek. The rest are men.
And I like my odds.

ISAAC
As do I. Now clear out of town, Jensen,
and if you find yourself in another town
I'm in, I want you to clear out of that
one too.

Tense BEAT.

Guns are drawn, women scream, and a volcano of molten lead
erupts from the Jew's coat, cutting into the mob of four with
supernatural proficiency.

He kills three and the other one runs off without firing.

The shroud of black powder smoke clears and the Jew has
already DISAPPEARED.

The unscratched Marshal draws his Colt after the fact, cranks
off a round, and blows cool the barrel, then spins and
holsters it.

MATCH CUT TO:

85 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

85

Buntline and the Mayor have seen it all through the window.

(CONTINUED)

BUNTLINE

I've never seen anything like that in my life.

MAYOR

Let's not forget who our hero is. Feel free to take poetic license.

Buntline takes a drink and sets to write, shaking his head.

BUNTLINE

Wouldn't be the first time.

86 MONTAGE - THE REBIRTH OF REVELATION

86

The following sequences are choreographed to DJANGO REINHARDT'S upbeat "HONEYSUCKLE ROSE".

-A new business hangs out a shingle. It's a Soda Fountain and Sweet Shop.

-Isaac recounts events to Buntline in flowery detail. The writer records every word. He drinks.

-The streets are alive with activity. Isaac walks among them. A line of children follow him. Handshakes from men and winks from ladies. Reminiscent of the CREDIT SEQUENCE.

-The Jew thumbs through the WANTED POSTERS in the office. No Russian.

-The LADIES CHURCH CHOIR politely applauds as Meek cuts the ribbon, dedicating the new church.

-The Jew instructs Isaac as he practices hip-shooting and trick draws. He's getting better.

-Isaac sits in front of his office. He talks to the PRETTY WOMAN on the street. He is buried under a mountain of adoring children. He half heartedly plays with them as he makes time with the woman. The Jew sits alone in the shadows. The ring-eyed stray pointer walks over and sits by his feet. The woman walks away and Isaac violently SHOOS AWAY the kids. The SCRUFFY BOY throws a piece of horse shit at him. Isaac chases him, TRIPS, then dusts himself off. The Jew smiles. Isaac checks to see if his watch is still ticking.

-The Mayor presents Isaac the first edition of "GREAT ADVENTURES OF THE WEST - THE MARSHAL OF REVELATION AND THE CROOKED BLUE COATS". The artwork is a line drawing of a stalwart and dashing looking Isaac Meek shooting down a roomful of dastardly Union soldiers. In the background there

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

76.

86

is a tiny hunched over hook-nosed stereotypical Jew comically counting money as he cowers.

END MONTAGE.

87 EXT. REVELATION - DAY

87

A stagecoach arrives. People pour off. Among them is MARGOT, the whore from Chicago. She looks beautiful and is dressed like a lady, bustle and all. She looks around and locates the City Marshal's shingle.

CUT TO:

88 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - REVELATION - SAME

88

Meek talks with the Jew as a BARBER shaves Isaac in his desk chair.

ISAAC

Now I heard from the Federal Marshal, and he tells me that they've forewarded the photograph to the Texas Rangers and the Canadian Mounted Police...

JEW

It's been nearly three months. Why ain't his picture in the post office...

ISAAC

They say that posting his photo would more than likely scare him into hiding...

Margot enters the office. There are flowers and gifts from admirers. The furniture has been replaced and the office redone. She looks around.

MARGOT

Isaac Meek, you have arrived.

Isaac looks up. He lights up.

ISAAC

Margot! If it ain't my favorite whore!

He jumps up to hug her. Her feelings are hurt. He shoos the barber off.

MARGOT

Isaac...

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

There's no shame in it. My momma raised me on a whore's wages. Lemme get a gander. You look ravishing!

As the Jew walks out.

ISAAC

(calling to Jew)

We'll find him soon. I can feel it.

(then to Margot)

How the hell are you?

MARGOT

(giggling as they kiss)

Superb. I had to come see it with my own two eyes. Isaac Meek, "The Marshal of Revelation".

She wipes shaving cream off her face, then off his like a mother cleaning her child.

ISAAC

Did I not tell you? The gypsy woman foretold it all. The stars, my dear Margot, are simply incapable of lying.

An OLDER WOMAN enters humbly with a pie.

WOMAN

Pardon for the interruption, Marshal, but the girls from the church choir sent me on their behalf.

ISAAC

Well, Mrs. Netsel, you pass my humble thanks to the ladies.

She crosses to leave. Then...

WOMAN

My granddaughter says hello too.

ISAAC

I'm sure she does.

WOMAN

She's fair haired and nubile. Wide hips means big sons.

ISAAC

Thank you, Mrs. Netsel.

(CONTINUED)

She leaves, then...

WOMAN

I just think it's wonderful. I mean what you done and all. For the town.

ISAAC

(sincere)

Thank you, Mrs. Netsel.

She finally leaves. Isaac lights up.

ISAAC

They're all like that. They love me. Every one of them. Not bad for the son of a whore. They say "The Marshal of Revelation"'s the best dime novel ever writ. Don't you think?

MARGOT

Good as Buffalo Bill...

ISAAC

(smiling)

Fuck Cody. We already outsold his first three books. That ain't even counting requests for reorders.

MARGOT

And that fellah who just left before. Is he..?

ISAAC

Yep. He's the Jew. Real loco, that one.

MARGOT

(pulls a stack of books out)

Now I need you to sign me a few copies of "The Marshal of Revelation".

ISAAC

Throw that one in the trash. The new one's the real masterpiece. This one ain't pulp. It's a genuine literary masterpiece. A social indictment. It'll outsell the first volume three to one.

He hands her the book he was perusing. She looks at the cover her jaw drops.

MARGOT

Isaac, honey. Isaac. This is no good.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT of the cover: "The Marshal of Revelation and the Cattleman's Bounty". The illustration is of Isaac gunning down the McCleran boys as the Jew furtively wrings his hands. The cover is split with a caricature of the angry JONAS SCUDDER holding a bag of reward money. He looks like a clown.

ISAAC

It's a tale of epic proportions. Man versus Big Business. It is both timely and socially relevant. Buntline says I'll be a folk hero after this one.

MARGOT

(reading)

"The wife of the cattle baron poised herself upon the desk. 'I crave the affections of a real man, Marshal Meek.'" You can't publish this.

ISAAC

Too late, it's out.

MARGOT

He'll kill you.

ISAAC

Haven't you read? He's already tried. He can't touch me out here. No more lying low. Don't you get it, Margot? I'm the man.

MARGOT

Well, now you've cornered him.

ISAAC

It don't even say his name. Hell, he probly won't even read it.

CUT TO:

89 INT. SCUDDER'S OFFICE - DAY

89

Scudder stands behind his desk and venomously reads to Taft.

SCUDDER

"When the fat man entered, Meek proclaimed: "'I have resisted your wife's advances because I am a man of honor but, rest assured, if you continue to reek violence upon the families of Revelation, you will be smitten.'" The fat cattleman

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCUDDER (cont'd)
quaked with fear." What the fuck does he think he's doing? I'm gonna kill the son of a bitch.

TAFT
He's done away with our best "contractors".

SCUDDER
I've read all about it. The son of a bitch is writing books about it. I can't socialize in Chicago without hearing whispers. Look at all these cancelled orders. It's worse than after the fire. Once they don't respect you no more, it's all over. I want him dead. I want the town dead. I want him humiliated. In front of his fucking town.

TAFT
There's only one sure way...

SCUDDER
It's gotta be clean...

TAFT
The Cheyenne Club uses only seasoned veterans for their "campaigns".

SCUDDER
Don't dress it up, Taft. They're animals. Bloodthirsty soulless misfits and Texans who can't do anything but kill. But Meek leaves me no option.

TAFT
His hubris has brought it upon him.

SCUDDER
No one can know.

TAFT
I'll wire the Club personally.

SCUDDER
No wire. Take the morning stage.

TAFT
I'm to receive the gentlemen from Green Bay tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

SCUDDER

I'll entertain the cheeseheads. You light the fuse. And, Taft, I wired the Federal Marshal. He said I got two days to clean up my own mess, any two days this month. Now let's teach those yahoos about Chicago politics.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MARSHAL'S OFFICE - REVELATION - DAY

Isaac is buried under a mountain of kids, including the scruffy boy.

ISAAC

They heard a couple rumors. We'll know more soon.

JEW

How soon?

ISAAC

Look. I'm not supposed to tell you this, but the Pinkertons are tracking him.

(dead serious to kids)

Goddamn it will you little bastards get the hell away. Ain't there school today? Built you a damn schoolhouse. If you don't get the hell away, I'll hang your dads and send your moms to Mexico...

BOY

Ain't got no daddy, asshole.

Isaac takes a swat at him.

Just then, a COMMOTION spreads through the town. The women SCREAM AND RUN. They are reacting to an arriving STAGECOACH.

ISAAC

Now what?

Isaac springs to his feet, feeling for his Peacemaker. He approaches the coach. The kids scramble to follow. The Jew falls in next to him as they walk down the main drag like lawmen. A crowd has assembled around the coach. The gunfighters are ready.

The door flies open, and out steps the legendary BUFFALO BILL in all his buckskin fringed glory. The crowd goes wild as he

(CONTINUED)

waves with the polish of a politician. The crowd calls out his name.

CROWD

Buffalo Bill!

The kids all race away from Isaac and congeal around Bill. Isaac tries to hide his disappointment. Only the scruffy boy remains.

BOY

He's the real thing. You're full of shit.

The boy gives Isaac the finger and runs to Buffalo Bill.

ISAAC

Come here! You little son of a whore!

Buffalo Bill is escorted to Isaac by the writer Ned Buntline, who rode the stage in as well. The crowd watches this historical introduction.

BUNTLINE

Isaac Meek, William Cody. Bill, Isaac.

They shake. Isaac is humbly awed.

BUFFALO BILL

It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Marshal Meek. I do believe I am your biggest fan.

The crowd goes nuts. The Jew walks away to watch from a distance. He don't care much for crowds.

ISAAC

Buffalo Bill Cody, The pleasure is all mine. Ned, why don't you have the Mayor meet us at the legendary Pomme d'Eve for a snort.

A camera is set up.

BUNTLINE

Gentlemen, kindly pose for a quick photograph.

They do. The crowd cheers and starts to drift toward the Pomme.

The Jew stands next to Margot on the fringe.

(CONTINUED)

MARGOT

There stands the famous Buffalo Bill. He looks shorter than I had anticipated.

JEW

He a holy man?

MARGOT

(smiles)

No. He's got a series of dime novels, like you two.

JEW

Sorry, ma'am. I don't ken.

MARGOT

Buffalo Bill's has a series of books written about his exploits.

JEW

What do you mean like us?

Margot suspects he may have no knowledge of the books.

MARGOT

Oh my.

CUT TO:

91 INT. POMME D'EVE - DAY

91

The bar is packed to capacity. Isaac sits at a table in the corner with Buffalo Bill, the Mayor, and Ned Buntline the writer. Isaac drinks.

ISAAC

Fame took a bit of getting used to.

MAYOR

But the town's thriving.

ISAAC

It's funny. I kind of always knew this would happen. A gypsy woman told my momma...

BUFFALO BILL

You'll drive yourself nuts if you think about it too much. You forget who the hell you are.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Well, if I ever forget who I am, I'll just read a book about me.

Bill throws a look to the writer. They smile and shake their heads in pity.

BUFFALO BILL

Look, son. If I figured out who I was by what Ned Buntline wrote about me, I'd be a seven foot tall Indian fighter who could shoot the asshole out of a flying buzzard. Truth is, I grew up with the Indians. And, yes, I killed me a few. But not cause they're filthy animals. They're men. Proud men with families. But the White man ain't animals neither. I'm proud to be a White man. Ain't no shame in it. Just like there ain't no shame in being Injun. We kill them, sure. They kill us too. It's the way nature works. And the Pawnee killed the Sioux, and the Sioux killed the Mezcans. We're all the same. A man's birthright don't mean shit, nor does his reputation. Hell, we lucked out. Men speak highly of us. We are esteemed individuals. But we got no control over that. All we got control over is our character. "Character is like a tree, and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing."

Isaac nods politely. Then...

ISAAC

So, which of my books is your favorite?

CUT TO:

92 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

92

CLOSE UP of the Jew. He is hurt. He is looking at the cover of a book. Margot watches him. It is the insulting depiction of him as the cowardly, smiling, hunched over hook-nosed Jew. Isaac, in contrast, looks like a god.

He shuffles through the desk pulling out various titles: "The Marshal of Revelation and the Showdown at the Lazy J", "The Marshal of Revelation and the Cattleman's Bounty". Always he is portrayed in the most insulting manner.

(CONTINUED)

MARGOT

Isaac's a good man, deep down. But he's wrong. He never had nothing. All he wants is respect. Problem is, when you get close, he hurts you. But he's gone too far. He's gonna get hurt. You've got to help save him.

He thumbs through a book and finds the mayor's PHOTO of the RUSSIAN. This disturbs him more than the books.

JEW

Get out.

MARGOT

What are you gonna do to him?

JEW

Get out.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. PORCH OF THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE - REVELATION - DAY

93

Bill and Isaac enter the office to escape the crowd.

ISAAC

It is a rare honor to spend a quiet moment with a man who shares the burden of public esteem. Please join me in the privacy of my office in a cigar and a snort of bourbon.

BUFFALO BILL

Be honored.

MATCH CUT TO:

94 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

94

The door opens. Isaac and Bill enter. Isaac sees something and is stopped dead in his tracks.

REVERSE ANGLE of the Jew sitting behind Isaac's desk with his boots up and his gun heel showing. On the desk the novels are all neatly laid out.

Bill sees him.

BUFFALO BILL

Well I'll be God damned. I thought your sidekick was a complete fabrication.

(CONTINUED)

The Jew stands, coat brushed back.

JEW
Stand aside, Buffalo man.

ISAAC
(showing off for Bill)
Deputy! Let's not forget who's Marshal
here...

JEW
We had an arrangement.

ISAAC
Now lookie here, I can't control what
they write. Ain't that right, Bill...

JEW
Ain't about the damn books!

He FLIPS THE DESK OVER, sending the books flying. The stakes
have jumped a notch.

Bill sees it in the Jew's eyes. He's a killer.

JEW
Where's the Russian? We had a deal.

ISAAC
The Pinkertons found someone who matches
the photograph...

JEW
(throwing the photo)
You didn't even send the damn picture.

ISAAC
(fed up)
You're goddamn right I didn't send it. I
never intended to. You know why? I'm
sick of your shit. All high and mighty,
like your shit don't stink. I see how
you look at me. Judging me. What you
gotta get through your head is that I'm
the man. Not you. Me.

The Jew drops his badge and turns to leave.

ISAAC
That's right. I'm the man. You jealous
fucker. Books are about me. My name.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (cont'd)
I'm the Marshal. And I can shoot now,
too. Don't need you for shit.

JEW
(turning)
You can shoot?

He stares down Meek. Isaac meets his challenge. They slowly sidestep and size each other up for the draw. Then, all motion stops.

Stillness. Buffalo Bill absorbs it all from a safe angle.

Beat... Beat... Beat... Then Isaac cracks.

ISAAC
Fuck you! You think I ain't got nerve,
you stinking Hebe!?!

JEW
I trusted you and you let me down.

He leaves.

ISAAC
Don't let the door hit you in the ass,
kyke!
(to Bill)
Jealous bastard. You know how it is.
Everyone wants to be the man.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. REVELATION - SAME

95

Buffalo Bill approaches the Jew saddling his horse.

BUFFALO BILL
I got a good idea of what's going down.

JEW
Well, ain't nothing going down no more.

BUFFALO BILL
You say it was this Russian you seek?
(holds up photo)

JEW
Don't play with me, Buffalo man.

BUFFALO BILL
I know of some Russians living in the
mountains. I never seen the man in this
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

BUFFALO BILL (cont'd)
here picture, but at least it's something
to go on.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. WYOMING WILDERNESS - MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - DAY

96

A blanket of snow covers the ground. Buffalo Bill and the Jew ride through the mountains, both equally at home in the wilderness.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. JEWISH SETTLEMENT - WYOMING MOUNTAINS - DAY

97

The riders come upon a clearing on a rocky ridge. It's a snow blanketed settlement of log cabins surrounded by farms. It is quaint and beautiful.

They approach. The Jew sees that the PEOPLE coming to greet them are dressed in traditional Jewish garb. A VILLAGER calls out waving.

VILLAGER

Cody!

Buffalo Bill waves and smiles.

BUFFALO BILL

Howdy!

As they approach, the settlement resembles the village from the Jew's nightmares more and more.

The Jew is OVERWHELMED.

SHOTS of the approach are INTERCUT with SCENES from the Jew's NIGHTMARE OF THE BURNING RUSSIAN TOWN. His face reacts. He is sweating.

They finally reach the VILLAGERS. Festive greetings. The Jew is overwhelmed. The Jew sees a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in the distance. One villager's eyes narrow as he looks upon the awkward Jew.

VILLAGER

Cody. He ain't..?

BUFFALO BILL

Yes sir. He's one of yours.

(CONTINUED)

VILLAGER

You don't understand... Get the Rabbi.
Get Reb Levi! Tell him we have a
minyan. He can say Kaddish.

The people run off in a panic. Bill looks at the Jew.

BUFFALO BILL

What's Kaddish?

JEW

It's the prayer for the dead.

CUT TO:

98 INT. RABBI'S CABIN - DAY

98

The white bearded RABBI LEVI sits across a set table from
Bill and the Jew.

RABBI LEVI

This is the greatest gift you could have
given us, Mr. Cody. Your friend is the
tenth Jew in our community. A minyan.
Many of our prayers can only be said with
ten men.

He turns to the Jew and speaks to him in YIDDISH.

JEW

I'm sorry, Rabbi. I'm 'fraid I don't
speak Jew.

RABBI LEVI

Jew? Do you mean Yiddish?

JEW

Yiddish, Hebrew. Don't speak neither.

RABBI LEVI

If you don't speak Hebrew, how do you
pray?

JEW

Oh, I read it well enough. It's just...
Well, it's been quite some time, and I
don't reckon I remember what all the
words mean.

RABBI LEVI

I see. But you are a Jew, yes?

(CONTINUED)

JEW

Yessir. But I came here when I was twelve. I was raised in the mountains by a Lutheran trapper.

REB LEVI

He raised you as a Jew?

JEW

Did his best. I wanted to convert. He wouldn't let me. Said I owed it to my family to honor my faith.

REB LEVI

Where are they?

JEW

Deceased. In Russia.

REB LEVI

What town?

JEW

Homler?

REB LEVI

Homler shtetl. It is near Odessa, where we are from.

JEW

They were killed by this man.

(he shows the photo)

He's in the States and I aim to kill him.

The beautiful young woman from outside brings in a tray of food. She watches the Jew for an instant, then leaves.

REB LEVI

You traveled halfway around the world to do this?

JEW

You know him?

The Rabbi looks at the photo, takes off his glasses, then looks at the Jew.

Beat.

REB LEVI

No.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REB LEVI (cont'd)

It is a sin to murder. This you remember?

JEW

I've killed many men.

REB LEVI

What were the circumstances?

JEW

Well, if you ain't figured it out, I tend to stand out in a crowd, and as long as I can remember, people have attempted to take my life.

REB LEVI

Then you've committed no sin.

Bill can't help but laugh.

BUFFALO BILL

My guess is this boy's killed more men than John Wesley Hardin. Ain't that right?

REB LEVI

Jews are not Quakers, Mr. Cody. Killing in self-defense is not a sin.

(he turns to the Jew)

Killing for revenge... Well, that's a different story.

JEW

I seem to remember the Bible sayin something 'bout "an eye for an eye".

Uncomfortable pause, then...

REB LEVI

Well, nobody's killing anyone until after we eat. Say *kiddish*. Masha, come sit and meet a nice Jewish boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 EXT. REVELATION - DUSK

99

Meek staggers out of the Pomme d'Eve drunk, bottle in hand. TRACK with him past the whispering crowd. He practices hip-shooting drunk, in town.

CUT TO:

100 INT. REB LEVI'S CABIN - SYNAGOGUE - JEWISH SETTLEMENT - DUSK 100'

The Jew, along with NINE OTHER MEN, including Reb Levi, say the evening prayers and the prayer for the dead.

Reb Levi calls the Jew to the Torah to read. He is nervous. He quietly turns to Levi.

JEW

I ain't never read from the Torah. I was too young.

REB LEVI

I guess that makes this your Bar Mitzva.

He points to a passage with a golden pointer and helps the Jew with pronounciations. The Jew's voice wavers like a child's.

CUT TO:

101 INT. YOUNG WHORE'S ROOM - POMME D'EVE - NIGHT 101

Meek screws the YOUNG WHORE as her son, the SCRUFFY BOY, watches sadly from the doorway.

Isaac sees him. They lock eyes. Isaac begins to thrust viciously. The boy SWIPES his watch from the dresser.

102 INT. REB LEVI'S CABIN - DAY 102

The Jew eats. The young woman, MASHA, enters with more food. They make eye contact as she serves him.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. REVELATION - DAY 103

Marshal Meek is PISS DRUNK, making a speech to the WOMEN'S CHURCH CHOIR. It is embarrassing. The OLDER WOMAN shakes her head in disgust.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. JEWISH SETTLEMENT - DAY

104

Masha sits on the porch embroidering a tablecloth. She splits her focus between her work and the Jew bucking logs in the distance. He works in a tattered fringed undershirt in the blazing sun.

He pauses to drink. He pours the rest of the water over his head. Masha sets aside her work and brings him a pitcher to refill his cup. Their eyes meet.

MASHA

Thank you kindly for helping us with the chores. Poppa is old, but he never usually lets anyone help him.

(she notices his torn left breast pocket)

Look at you. You went and tore your only shirt. Now you just settle. I'll have that mended with a few stitches.

Masha fetches her kit from the porch. The CAMERA now favors the Jew as he watches her silently, pining. She returns and leans in to sew his shirt as he wears it. They are very close. She is practically in his arms as he looks down at her.

MASHA

Won't take but a few stitches.

(surprised)

This tears been here a while. Haven't you had anybody tending to your things? It was probably just a small tear that spread over time 'cause you didn't tend to it. There you go. Good as new.

She looks up with a warm smile. He just stares right at her. He wants her with all his heart.

CUT TO:

105 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - REVELATION - DAY

105

Meek barges in SOUSED. The mayor pulls a pistol, reacting to the surprise. The AIDE calls from behind him.

ISAAC

Go ahead and shoot me you fucking cocksucker!

AIDE

I tried to stop him, sir!

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

Close the door.

The aide closes the door from outside. The Mayor puts away the revolver.

MAYOR

Sleep it off, Meek.

ISAAC

Fuck you, You pompous ass!

MAYOR

Go home.

ISAAC

Or what? You'll fire me? It's my town now. I'm the man. You see how they swarm to see me? Like locusts. To shake the hand of the Marshal of Revelation.

MAYOR

Go bed down one of you're painted whores til you sober up. You're making a fool...

ISAAC

Fuck you. FUCK YOU!

Isaac pulls his pistol and starts HIP-SHOOTING. His skill is quite impressive. He fans the hammer and picks off trinkets from the mayor's desk and shelves with BLINDING SPEED AND ACCURACY.

The aide rushes in with a drawn Colt. Meek aims at him. Isaac has the drop. The aide is startled by the barrel.

MAYOR

It's okay. It's okay. Everything's under control.

Meek holsters his iron and staggers out.

ISAAC

You better goddamn believe it.

CUT TO:

Buffalo Bill saddles up to leave.

(CONTINUED)

BUFFALO BILL

Keep an eye on that one. He's a cold blooded killer. I almost didn't bring him.

REB LEVI

The Sioux are cold blooded killers. But you taught us to trade with them.

BUFFALO BILL

The Sioux have peaceful hearts. Even Red Cloud is a man of reason. This fellah got no soul.

REB LEVI

Every man has a soul. Those who return to righteousness are even more exalted than the saints, for they are drawn to Him with greater force.

BUFFALO BILL

This one's an animal. I know his kind. There's a lot of them wandering the west. Wronged as a child and hell bent for revenge. He may have been born a Jew, but the world turned him into a demon.

REB LEVI

We shall see, Reb Cody.

They exchange farewells and Bill rides off.

CUT TO:

107 INT. REB LEVI'S CABIN - NIGHT

107*

The men of the village have gathered in celebration. A fiddle and guitar play a festive tune. The men all dance. The Jew sits alone, watching. Reb Levi looks to him. The men STAMP the floor in unison as dust rises from the creaky floorboards. The Jew watches. The dancers rhythmically stomp. The Jew taps his heel subconsciously. The Rabbi waves for him to join with a warm smile as the men sing and cheer.

The Jew looks like a cornered rat. The Rabbi waves with encouragement.

The Jew springs to his feet and marches outside.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. REB LEVI'S CABIN - SAME

108

The Jew is packing his mount. The horse whinnies nervously.

Reb Levi approaches him as the music and golden lantern light leak out into the darkness.

REB LEVI

I want you to stay.

(beat)

You are the tenth man. Because of you we have a *minyan*. Your presence has made us a community.

(beat)

My daughter is of the age to marry.

JEW

Thank you kindly, but...

REB LEVI

She seems to fancy you.

JEW

(turns to face him)

There's nothing I want more than to be here.

REB LEVI

Then stay.

JEW

I can't.

REB LEVI

Why is that?

JEW

This place makes me ache inside. Don't you understand? I can't have it. Not yet. Not until that beast is dead.

REB LEVI

What beast is that?

JEW

The cossack.

REB LEVI

Are you sure of this.

(CONTINUED)

JEW

I've spent fifteen years with his face in my dreams.

REB LEVI

And you think by killing this man the nightmares will end?

JEW

Yes.

REB LEVI

I think you will discover that this is not the case.

JEW

It's the only thing I can do.

REB LEVI

Killing a man will not bring back your family. Letting the vengeance leave your heart will allow you to start one of your own.

JEW

(quietly laughs)

I wish it were that easy.

REB LEVI

What makes you think it's easy?

The Jew rides out. Masha watches from a window.

FADE TO:

109 EXT. CHEYENNE CLUB - DAY

109

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the storefront office of the cattleman's association of nefarious reputation. A banner bearing the blazon on Scudder's lapel pin hangs above the door.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CHEYENNE CLUB - SAME

110

Ezekiel Taft sits in the wooden chair and speaks with respect to an unseen listener.

TAFT

I come to you in our darkest hour. Jonas Scudder has sent me in person because no one can know of our meeting. Meek must

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

TAFT (cont'd)
 die. Do whatever you must to kill Meek.
 The Federal Marshal will be detained.
 Revelation is yours for two days. Do
 with it as you will, but Meek must die.

The CAMERA DOLLIES and PANS to reveal that he is speaking to the white moustached RUSSIAN who sits behind his desk. He has a deep scar on his cheek. The office is adorned with Russian military decorations. A military portrait, the same PHOTOGRAPH the Jew carried, hangs on the wall behind him above his sabre. In the photo he is young and without a scar.

CUT TO:

111 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DUSK

111

Marshal Meek sits gabbing with two YOUNG DEPUTIES. They all look just so. Like TV cowboys. Buntline sits and drinks. Isaac holds court. The deputies eat it up.

ISAAC

When you face a group, I've found it best to gun down the badass first. Cuts their heart out. Nine times out of ten they'll all scatter. Most of em are just too lazy to work, that's why they steal. Lack of character. Same thing that makes em scatter in a fray...

CUT TO:

112 GALLOPING HOOVES

112

CUT TO:

113 EXT. REVELATION - DUSK

113

The RING-EYED DOG cocks his head at a noise.

CUT TO:

114 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

114

ISAAC

Like that time with the boys from the Lazy J. Remember that, Ned?

BUNTLINE

I remember it all right

He finishes off his flask, smiles, and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

99.

114

ISAAC

Well, those boys came in numbers...

CUT TO:

115 GALLOPING HOOVES

115

PULL BACK. They're lead by a WHITE HORSE.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. REVELATION - SAME

116

The DOG BARKS ferociously. The townsfolk are confused as to why.

CUT TO:

117 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DUSK

117

ISAAC

Well, now you're dealing with four to one. Those are odds I can live with...

CUT TO:

118 EXT. PLAINS - SAME

118

The HORSEMEN from the first scene are led full tilt by the RUSSIAN on his white horse. They approach the town of Revelation.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. REVELATION - SAME

119

The dog barks. Now the people start to hear the distant thunder.

CUT TO:

120 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DUSK

120

ISAAC

The book said I killed ten. Fact is, I only had to kill four.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. REVELATION - SAME

121

The dog is possessed. The Cheyenne Club horsemen turn down the main strip firing. People scream. Doors slam.

The SCRUFFY BOY runs and hides behind a water barrel.

Margot sees the horror and runs through the streets.

CUT TO:

122 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DUSK

122

The SHOPKEEPER runs in...

SHOPKEEPER
(out of breath)
Marshal. Bad men are here.

SMASH CUT TO:

123 EXT. REVELATION - SAME

123

The Marshal and his two deputies burst out, armed to the teeth.

The town watches from cover. The horsemen trot down the empty streets of Revelation carrying torches. The BLACK RIDER calls out...

BLACK MAN
ISAAC MEEK. SHOW YOURSELF!

Isaac walks to the middle of the street. Ned Buntline hides.

ISAAC
(to Buntline)
Get out yer notebook.
(then to the deputies)
Follow me, men. I've been here before.

Thee LAWMEN stand in the road and the SIX RIDERS approach.

ISAAC
I'M MARSHAL MEEK!

The horsemen close slowly.

BLACK MAN
WE'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, MARSHAL!

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
THERE'S A LOT TO HEAR! I GUESS YOU CAME
TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELVES!

The two deputies are frightened, but stand tall with their Marshal. The horsemen slowly draw closer.

BLACK MAN
RECKON WE DID!

ISAAC
MAYBE YOU AIN'T HEARD, BUT THINGS'VE
CHANGED IN REVELATION.

BLACK MAN
MAYBE YOU AIN'T HEARD, BUT IT AIN'T WISE
TO RAPE THE WIFE OF A CATTLEMAN!

A gasp in the crowd. The deputies look at him. The writer writes.

ISAAC
RAPE? I AIN'T RAPED NOBODY!

BLACK MAN
COME WITH US TO STAND TRIAL AND NO BLOOD
WILL BE SHED!

ISAAC
COME CLOSER SO WE CAN SETTLE THIS LIKE
MEN!

They draw near, and Isaac sees the face of the RUSSIAN. With a deep purple scar. ZOOM IN. He RECOGNIZES HIM from the photograph.

ISAAC
Sweet Jesus, it's him.

Isaac is STRUCK WITH FEAR. HE BOLTS, takes cover and runs for an alley. The horsemen draw. A volley of bullets MOW DOWN HIS TWO YOUNG DEPUTIES in an inglorious manner. They never saw it coming. Stray bullets shatter the WATER BARREL behind them. Meek is unscathed.

Women scream. The dog barks. The horsemen erupt into a gallop and they annihilate the town. It looks like the Jew's nightmare of the Russian pogrom.

A TEXAN bursts into a room at the Pomme, startling the mayor in bed with the young whore Rockwell. The mayor is shot dead.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Revelation burns.

FADE TO:

124 INT. MARGOT'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - POMME D'EVE - NIGHT

124

A match is struck in the dark room. Margot lights the wick of a hurricane lantern. She twists up the flame and is taken by surprise by Isaac Meek reclining in her bed.

A ruckus in the bar bleeds muffled through the floorboards.

MARGOT

Isaac. You shouldn't be here. They're all downstairs.

ISAAC

Let's get out of here.

MARGOT

Isaac. They're shooting arrows into the doorposts. They're not counting on any witnesses.

ISAAC

That's what I'm saying. Let's high tail it to Mexico. I've got the town strongbox.

MARGOT

You're robbing the town?

ISAAC

If I don't take it they will. And who deserves it more'n me? C'mon Margot, I got us each a horse.

MARGOT

Don't touch me.

ISAAC

Listen to me, woman. Ain't the time for an old whore to go soft. Don't tell me you ain't rolled your share of drunken brushpoppers, cause I seen it. Now get yer ass downstairs and saddle up that cayuse.

MARGOT

No, Isaac.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

(storming out, laughing)

A whore's gonna teach me morality.

125 EXT. REVELATION - NIGHT

125

The smouldering ashes and stray flames give off an eerie glow. The streets are lifeless, save the Pomme d'Eve which is too lively as the horsemen search for Meek. The horses of the Cheyenne Club riders are tied out front.

Isaac surveys the desolation in a daze.

Ned Buntline, drunk, startles him from his reverie. Isaac draws on him impressively.

BUNTLINE

Easy, Meek, the whole world ain't out to get you.

Buntline shares his hip flask with Isaac. They kick through the rubble.

ISAAC

You scared the bejesus outa me.

BUNTLINE

You best head out before they catch your scent.

ISAAC

Aw, Jeez. Would ya look at this. It's the whore's kid.

He clears the shot shattered water barrel from the SCRUFFY BOY'S corpse.

BUNTLINE

Shame.

ISAAC

Horrible. This one, he was always getting into it. No dad, whore for a mom. No guidance. Pity, really.

He shifts the body. Isaac's GOLD WATCH falls from the boy's shirt. It's on a string around his neck. Isaac laughs.

ISAAC

The little bastard nicked my watch.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

Isaac laughs and points it out to Buntline who smiles and takes a slug.

ISAAC

The little son of a bitch...

Isaac hugs the boy's corpse and, for the first time in his life, he cries.

ISAAC

Son of a goddamn whore... Look what they done to the little bastard.

Buntline looks on, then to the window of the Pomme.

CUT TO:

126 INT. POMME D'EVE - NIGHT

126

The Russian and the Cheyenne Club horsemen drink in the saloon and are in no hurry to leave. They query and search for Meek. The battered townsfolk are terrorized.

FADE TO:

127 EXT. CROSSROADS - MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NEXT DAY - DAWN

127

TRACK BACK with Isaac riding alone away from Revelation, pulling a snort from Buntline's flask. Over his shoulder, smoke rises from the town in the distance. He passes the bullet-riddled "Revelation" signpost. He draws his Peacemaker and blows another chunk off of it.

ISAAC

Fuckers.

He drains the silver flask, then throws it on the road. He HIP SHOTS the vessel, causing it to skip along the dirt road. He's become damn good. He holsters his weapon with a smug look of self-satisfaction.

His eyes narrow at a sound approaching from the crossing trail. He leads his horse off the road, twists its head until the beast lowers itself to the dirt. He then draws his pistol and takes cover behind the prone horse.

A solitary FIGURE approaches on horseback. It is the Jew. He is heading west, not towards town. He comes closer, until he PASSES the spot where Isaac is hiding without noticing. Isaac smiles with satisfaction. He tip-toes onto the road behind the Jew. He aims the Peacemaker at the rider's back and calls out to him.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

Hey, Jew! Someone finally got the best of you!

JEW

(without stopping or turning)
It ain't loaded.

Isaac pulls the trigger, confused. Sure enough... CLICK, his Colt's empty from all his trick shooting. He's pissed.

ISAAC

I had the drop! You hear? I had you!
I'm better than you!

He is ignored. He reloads his pistol, shouting.

ISAAC

Ride! You fucking coward! I'm loaded up now! Face me, if you're a man!

Meek shoots in the air. The Jew pays him no mind, riding on.

ISAAC

I SEEN HIM!
(he's ignored)
I SEEN YOUR GODDAMN RUSSIAN!
(nothing)
HE'S GOT A SCAR ON HIS CHEEK!

The Jew STOPS. Turns.

ISAAC

Oh. Now you need me. Well, fuck you.
I don't need you. I can shoot, and that two bit town ain't no longer my cross to bear, so fuck you, I can mind my own, thank you.

The Jew stares at him. Isaac walks to him on foot.

ISAAC

What are you looking at? Fuck you! Who the hell are you to judge me? Murdering coward! That's right, coward! Scared of life. Scared to trust. Scared of people. Like a beaten dog, barkin' with your tail 'tween your legs. Well fuck you and your selfish black soul! You're the coward, not me. I ain't scared a shit. Specially you, you self-righteous bastard.

(CONTINUED)

JEW

Where's the Russian?

Isaac points to the smoking town in the distance.

ISAAC

You saved my life on a few occasions, so let me return the favor. Stay the hell out of Revelation. You ain't never faced men like this.

JEW

You found me the Russian. Far as I'm concerned, we're square.

He turns to go.

ISAAC

Go die. What the hell do I care. If you're dumb enough to stretch your neck for pride you deserve what you get.

JEW

(turns to respond)

You go on. Ride away. You're the kind can sleep with the faces of all them people you let down dancing in your brain. Ain't nothing new for you. You hurt anyone who ever cared. Never cared about a soul but yourself. Go and run. It's what you're best at.

ISAAC

Fuck you, you hypocrite! You ain't no man of God. In the bible, the Lord says to turn the other cheek.

JEW

My bible ain't got that chapter.

The Jew turns and rides towards Revelation. A ribbon of smoke rises on the horizon from its ashes.

ISAAC

Ain't nobody done shit for me but me. I don't owe anybody shit. I ain't their fuckin lord and savior.

Isaac turns and walks towards his horse.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

LONG SHOT of the two diverging on the trail, smoke rising in the distance.

CUT TO:

128 INT. POMME D'EVE - MORNING

128

The RIDERS drink and break things. The Russian manhandles whore Rockwell down the stairs. She is weak in the knees. He hands her to the black man, who drags her back up the stairs to the bedrooms.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. REVELATION - MORNING

129

The Jew walks into town on foot. One by one, shutters open to see. The ring-eyed dog lifts his weary head.

CUT TO:

130 INT. POMME D'EVE - SAME

130

A RIDER walks in from the porch.

RIDER

Hey, boss. Y'ain't gonna believe it.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. REVELATION - MORNING

131

The Jew approaches in WIDE SHOT, Leone style. The town watches. ELECTRIC GUITAR THEME.

CUT IN for COWBOY SHOT of the Jew.

The BLACK MAN AIMS HIS RIFLE out the second story window. whore Rockwell lays unconscious in the tattered bed, clothes shredded.

The RIDERS look out the window. The Russian takes a drink.

BUNTLIN watches from the Marshal's office window.

The Jew stops near the Pomme.

A MEXICAN and a TEXAN walk out onto the porch.

TEXAN

Look, it's the little Jew from the books.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

The BLACK MAN, unseen, draws a bead on Meek with a Henry rifle. He quietly pulls back the hammer. INSERT of his finger constricting around the trigger, until...

WEAM! The backshooter gets hit in the back of the head by a hand iron swung by whore Rockwell and goes flying out the window.

All are distracted by the falling man. The Jew PUTS A BULLET in each of the two men (head, heart), then steps on the sprawled black man's neck and puts a bullet in his bald head from point blank range. He cocks and walks toward the closed door.

CUT TO:

132 INT. POMME D'EVE - SAME

132

The two surviving GUNMEN are in a panic to cover the door. One is a Texan, one a Chinese man. The Russian pulls out a LeMat nine shot shotgun/pistol. He adjusts the hammer and cocks it.

The gunmen stand on either side of the closed door, pistols trained. The Russian walks right up to the door, aims, and blows a FOOT WIDE BUCKSHOT HOLE in the door with the LeMat's center smoothbore barrel.

He kicks open the door, but there's no body on the ground.

There is, however a sawed off WINCHESTER CARBINE and a TRAIL OF BLOOD.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. STREET - REVELATION - SAME

133

The Jew is hiding under the porch, clutching his wounded right forearm.

Isaac watches from the mouth of an alley, squatting at a safe distance.

The Russian and the two gunmen look around. The coast is clear. They follow the trail of blood off the porch.

Margot watches.

Buntline watches.

The gunmen find the Jew tucked against the porch bleeding, wild eyed and helpless.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

A Texan holds a gun to the Jew's head.

The Russian waves him off. He unsheathes his sabre.

A DISTANT P.O.V. of the execution from forty feet away. The Russian cocks back the sword to deliver the death blow...

ISAAC JUMPS OUT from forty feet away, COLT IN HAND...

He runs at the three killers in SLOW MOTION fanning the hammer of the Colt like a seasoned gunfighter. They turn to answer.

They miss Isaac, due to surprise. Shots kick up dirt by his feet. Isaac's volley finds purchase. A slug CATCHES THE RUSSIAN IN THE SHOULDER, causing him to drop his cutlass and fall over from the impact. Another SPINS THE CHINESE MAN AROUND, shattering his collarbone.

Isaac's gun jams, or runs out of bullets, he don't know. He just drops it in full stride and pulls the other one from his belt screaming and fanning. The Texan grazes Meek's shoulder, then is drilled TWICE IN THE GUT by the JEW who has found a stray pistol. HE GOES DOWN. Isaac relaxes and smiles.

ISAAC

I came back for you...

THEN... Isaac gets PIERCED THROUGH THE NECK by the GUT SHOT TEXAN'S bullet. It ain't like the movies, the bullet didn't kill instantly. Isaac falls, squeezing his neck. The Jew clicks through the spent chambers, then picks up the Russian's sabre and RUNS THROUGH THE WOUNDED TEXAN. Now he's dead. He crawls to Isaac's side. They're both a bloody mess. Isaac is gulping for air.

ISAAC

(struggling to bark out words)

I... thought... we got... him...

The Jew cradles his head. Isaac slips closer to death with each word he speaks.

JEW

Shhh... We did, brother. We got him. We got em all.

ISAAC

I... I didn't... rape no...

(CONTINUED)

JEW
I know. I know.

ISAAC
Sorry bout everything....(coughs)

JEW
You saved me.

ISAAC
I ain't no coward...
(he coughs up blood)

JEW
No you ain't. You're a man.

ISAAC
I'm a man. I didn't run. Not this time.
I came back. Told you you could trust
me...
(coughs a bloody mist)

JEW
Shhh.... You saved me.

ISAAC
(smiling)
Told you I could shoot straight...

JEW
You saved me.

He coughs up a stream of blood and dies. The Jew sets him down gently and closes his eyes. The town watches. The Jew fights to his feet. He hears a noise.

The old RUSSIAN sits up and cups his shoulder wound. He darkens under the shadow of the Jew. His eyes whiten as he looks up. He is blinded by the sun behind the Jew. The sword kicks the sunlight in his eyes.

REVERSE of the Jew's blinding silhouette. CLOSE UP of the Jew's face. The Russian stares at him. The Jew looks deep.

REVERSE SHOT CLOSE ON the YOUNG RUSSIAN from the Jew's flashback.

TIGHT on eyes...

REVERSE of YOUNG JEW hugging his mother. SLOW MOTION SHOT of the Cossack spurring his white steed and running, sword drawn, at the cowering mother and child.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE UP of the boy as his mother presses his face to her breast. The horse WIPES frame. The shrill note of singing steel, but they're left standing. He hugs his mother in relief.

THEN...

A delayed CASCADE OF RED BLOOD rains down over the boy from his mother's cut throat OFF CAMERA above. He twists his face in denial as he struggles to hold her corpse up, hugging her. Her lifeless body proves too heavy and he collapses to the ground, covered by his mother's limp frame.

TIGHT on eyes...

REVERSE to PRESENT. The Russian winces in recognition.

The Jew stares in his eyes. He lifts the sabre, holds it poised for a BEAT, then brings it down across his knee, snapping it in two. The Jew walks away.

He has spared the Russian.

The Russian looks up, surprised and relieved. A shadow then falls over him. He realizes he's being surrounded.

We TRACK BACK with the Jew as the mob slowly converges around the Russian in the background.

CUT TO:

134 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

134

The Jew kicks open the door. He sheds his gunbelt. It clatters to the floor. He holds his gun barrel in the flame of a lantern. BUNTLINE sits and watches as the Jew dresses his arm.

BUNTLINE

Lose your nerve?

Jew throws him a look as he PRESSES THE GLOWING BARREL INTO HIS BULLET WOUND. Plenty of nerve.

BUNTLINE

It was you.

JEW

(reacts to pain)

Sumbitch! What?

(CONTINUED)

BUNTLINE

I've been watching you. It was you all
along did the killing.

(no response)

Meek's gone, and it's high time the truth
came out...

The Jew throws his gun away.

JEW

You want the truth?

BUNTLINE

My lies killed a town.

JEW

If I tell you the truth, you swear you'll
print it just as I tell it?

BUNTLINE

I swear it.

JEW

Get out your pen. Ow! Sumbitch!

BUNTLINE

Ready.

JEW

Today, what you seen, me quickdrawing and
killing from the hip...

BUNTLINE

Yeah?

JEW

That there was the first time I ever shot
me a gun. In anger I mean.

BUNTLINE

Wait.

JEW

I shot squirrels and such. But never at
a man. That's probably why I missed so
bad...

BUNTLINE

But I saw you hit...

(CONTINUED)

JEW

.. I had them jitters. But that there Marshal Meek. He made me brave to be next to. Thank God he hit em all. Not a wasted bullet. I don't think I ever seen the Marshal miss. You getting this all?

(beat, then mean)

You getting it?

The Jew looks out the window as he speaks. Buntline smiles and writes.

BUNTLINE

Yeah. I'm getting it.

JEW

He never misses. Like with them Confederate boys. He moved like lightening. I was hiding, so I didn't see it all, but I counted the holes. Not one miss.

Out the window, the Jew sees the UNDERTAKER cover and move Isaac's body. He yells out the door...

JEW

Leave him... I said LEAVE HIM BE!

This startles the undertaker, who backs off, hands in the air.

TEW

So, as I was saying, he was quick, but more'n that, he was accurate...

DISSOLVE TO:

135 EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - WYOMING - DAY

135

The Jew drags an Indian two pole body-sling from the back of his horse. The ring-eyed DOG follows alongside the horse. The dialogue overlaps the DISSOLVE.

JEW

Said the trapper who raised him used to count the holes in the game and if it didn't add up with the cartridges he was sent out with, there'd be hell to pay...

DISSOLVE TO:

136 EXT. JEWISH SETTLEMENT - DAY

136

A TRADITIONAL JEWISH BURIAL as ten HOLY MEN say *kaddish* over the bones of Isaac Meek.

JEW

Said he was carrying rifles since he was big enough to keep both ends off the ground. Now me, my folk are 'fraid of weaponry...

The dialogue fades out.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. JEWISH SETTLEMENT - DUSK

137

The Jew chops wood in the yard. He is tired. Masha opens the door to her house. He looks up. He walks in. The ring eyed dog runs in the house. She closes the door behind him. The window glows with candle light.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 EXT. REVELATION - 1882 - DUSK

138

A SHOT of the town with the light of sunset behind it. The SILHOUETTE of the lynched Russian hangs from a makeshift gallows in the smoking ruins of Revelation. The scene is serene.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 EXT. REVELATION - 1997 - DAY

139

A MATCHING SHOT of present day Revelation, rebuilt.

The town is a thriving tourist town, much like Deadwood, South Dakota.

Modern dressed children run through the streets of the kitsch town. A family is gathered around a plaque:

"It is on this spot that ISAAC MEEK (1856-1882), the world famous "MARSHAL OF REVELATION" was gunned down in the streets of the town he helped to build. He gave his life to save that of an unarmed deputy whose name has been lost to history. In his short career as a lawman, he killed at least fifteen outlaws. Though he had none himself, he has always been beloved by children all over the world."

FADE TO BLACK.