

THE WILD WILD WEST

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DRAFT SIX

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THE WILD WILD WEST

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DUSTY ROAD - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT 1

HOOVES THUNDER by. Then bouncing, skidding wagon wheels. Up on the empty buckboard is a pair of murderous ex-Rebs. As the Rebs pass a pint of whisky, lash the six-horse team on, PAN WITH the wagon to see it's headed for... \*

2 EXT. WAREHOUSE - RAILROAD WATER TOWER - NIGHT 2

looms above the warehouse.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1869 - WEST VIRGINIA

Then, incongruously, we hear a FEMALE GIGGLE over.

3 INT. WATER TOWER - CLOSE - COWBOY - NIGHT 3

He's no ordinary cow puncher. For starters, he's black. Naked from the waist up (and presumably down), he's busy sponging the back of an exotic mulatta SALOON GIRL in the water with him. This is the legendary (or soon to be legendary) CAPTAIN JAMES T. WEST.

WEST

Mighty sweet of you to come along  
with me while I'm workin'.

He sponges her somewhere below the water line.

SALOON GIRL

If this is what you call work, Jim  
West, you sure got a real nice...

(jumps a little  
as if goosed)  
... job.

WEST

Well, I believe if a thing's worth  
doin', it's worth doin' well.

Now West hears the CLATTER of the approaching WAGON. He puts his eye to a knothole punched out of the boards. This is actually a surveillance post and he really is working.

4 EXT. WAREHOUSE - WEST'S POV - THROUGH KNOTHOLE - NIGHT 4

The old tobacco warehouse is situated below, next door.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

A dirty glass skylight lets West see inside. Several thugs stir as the wagon with the Rebs arrives outside.

5 INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

5

WEST

(smiles, to himself)

General McGrath's boys... just when I was about to give up on 'y'all.'

6 INT. FAT-CAN CANDY'S - NIGHT

6

This two-story, Victorian building across town is a "gentlemen's sporting house" in name only. Drunken roughnecks and ex-Confederate soldiers goose and maul the rouged-up tarts.

AT BAR - WOMAN

shrinks back from the moronic ribaldry. The Toulouse Lautrec lighting only accentuates her garish hair and makeup identifying her as a SOILED DOVE. A whore -- not to put too fine a point on it. She's trying not to make eye contact with two men seated at a table across the parlor.

SOILED DOVE'S POV - GEN. McGRATH AND HUDSON

HUDSON is a fearsome-looking Indian in a well-tailored suit. Long black braids descend incongruously from under a homburg hat. As for his companion...

McGRATH is a mountain of drunken pus. Six foot, sweating like a Devonshire hog with his tattered, undersized Confederate dress jacket buttoned all the way to the top. His ear has been hacked off and replaced by what looks to be a miniature leather Victrola horn. McGrath smiles at our Soiled Dove and makes a little kissing gesture.

ANGLE ON SOILED DOVE - EYES WIDENED

in revulsion. What evil abides in this Godforsaken place? Now the house madam, the aptly named FAT-CAN CANDY, comforts her new girl.

FAT-CAN CANDY

Dora, first night out you may want to stay away from that one.

General McGrath has his... quirks.

\*  
\*  
\*

6 CONTINUED:

6

They both regard the depraved-looking General, who's got his gramophone ear tuned to a SINGER. (We will come to know the olive-skinned beauty as Rita. But not tonight.)

Fat-Can waves her arms at the louts all around them.

FAT-CAN CANDY

The rest are just lonely boys...

\*  
\*

DORA (SOILED DOVE)

(looks around,  
wrinkles nose)

Lonely... smelly boys.

As Fat-Can moves on, Dora spritzes herself with a double-bulbed perfume bottle. Now a drunkenly EYE-CROSSED REB licks Dora's ear, then whispers something in it. Something unspeakably vile, by Dora's expression.

\*  
\*

DORA

I'm sorry. That won't be possible. I have... tonsillitis.

7 EXT. WAREHOUSE - WEST'S POV - NIGHT

7

Rebs and guards are loading heavy wooden boxes onto the wagon parked out in the alley. We see the wagon wheel is up against the rotted wooden leg of the water tower.

BIG REB

Pack'er up good, boys. Next stop N'Orleans.

\*  
\*  
\*

8 INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

8

West, registers the words, looks at his waterlogged fingers.

\*

WEST

Maybe that's enough for me.

Gettin' kinda pruney.

(turns to girl,  
across tank)

... Mind handin' me my clothes?

The girl makes a disappointed little frown, reaches for his clothes, gun and hat hanging above her when...

9 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 9

The HORSES SPOOK as a crate is dropped in the back of the wagon.

CLOSE - AXLE

caught on the WATER TOWER LEG. CREAKING, bowing, SNAP!  
It finally gives way, sending...

10 INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT 10

... West toppling over. He has a very surprised look on his face as he suddenly finds himself spilling out of the listing tower, riding the wave... nude... right through...

11 EXT. WAREHOUSE SKYLIGHT - NIGHT 11

West crashes down into the tarp covering the boxes. The only people more shocked than he is are the guards and the Rebs he just dropped in on. West picks himself up, smiles coolly at the drenched slack-jaws.

WEST

Damn, it be rainin' Negroes!  
(remembering his  
current state)  
Naked Negroes...

He looks up at the freaked-out Saloon Girl, still in the tank. She hangs on with one hand, the other hand clutches his clothes.

WEST

I could sure use those clothes  
now.

She responds by Frisbee-ing his hat down. West picks it up, with a look... uses it to cover his genitals.

BIG REB

Well well, we got us a shy nig...

But he never gets that word out. Bang! West lashes a lightning martial arts kick to the Reb's jaw.

WEST

Fought five long years with the  
Union Army not to hear that word  
again. And you boys lost,  
remember?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

As the other Reb comes at him, he spins, still holding the hat in front of him... and whap! Down that one goes. West looks up at the none-too-bright water tank woman.

WEST

How 'bout some pants!?

As she throws the rest of his clothes down in a heap...

12 INT. FAT-CAN'S - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

12

General McGrath checks a pocket watch, looks up impatiently at the Indian, Hudson. His eyes drift upwards... to the balcony where...

ANGLE ON UPSTAIRS BALCONY - TWO MORE EX-REBS

have come up back stairs lugging a heavy steamer trunk.

McGRATH

I'm still waiting on my guns and  
ammo, but I see my men have brought  
your merchandise.

\*  
\*  
\*

McGrath subtly gestures with his eyes to the balcony for Hudson to confirm. Hudson nods.

McGRATH

I had expected to be delivering it  
personally to Mr...

Hudson quickly cuts him off before he can say the name. The Indian speaks in a very precise King's English.

HUDSON

My employer, here in a brothel?  
(a small ironic  
smile)

That would be quite... redundant.

13 EXT. STREET - ON A CARRIAGE - NIGHT

13

MOVE IN ON an elegant brougham driven by a very large, very striking woman in livery.

As the carriage passes under the gas lamp, we can make out the top-hatted silhouette of McGrath's "employer," DR. ARLISS LOVELESS. Clustered around him inside the cab are three more beautiful women. As he strokes the cheek of the Oriental one with the back of his hand like a cat...

\*

HUDSON

You'll meet him when the time --  
and place -- are appropriate.  
Now...

(stands)

... shall we go upstairs to check  
the 'merchandise'?

McGRATH

Frankly, Mr. Hudson, I wasn't  
planning to walk those oaken  
stairs with you. Direct me to the  
poot, sir. Something young and  
creamy. A gamer that takes to the  
crop and spur.

McGrath looks to the Singer (Rita), who beats a hasty  
retreat from him after her song. So, once again, McGrath  
lays his rheumy eyes on...

ANGLE ON SOILED DOVE

She's oblivious, more intrigued by the ex-Rebs on the  
balcony with the trunk. As she starts for the stairs...  
a man's hand grabs her. It's the Eye-Crossed Reb again.

EYE-CROSSED REB

You drive a hard bargain, lady.  
All right, fifty cents to take  
them big juicy lips and...

DORA

Still not interested.

She tries to pull away. But the Reb won't let go.

EYE-CROSSED REB

But you gotta be interested.  
You're a whore.

Suddenly the coquettishness in the eyes becomes rage.  
The falsetto becomes a baritone growl.

DORA

(baritone)

That doesn't mean a girl can't  
have high standards.

Just as the Reb registers the odd new voice... wham! Her  
corsage springs out and whacks him right in the jaw. The  
Reb's eyes roll back... and he slumps to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Whoaa, hoss... the Soiled Dove is a man! He's ARTEMUS GORDON and his true profession will be revealed to us shortly. But now, as he/she stashes the unconscious Reb behind the bar, straightens bosom and wig...

15 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

15

West is trying to get dressed. As he pulls on one leg of his pants, a guard lunges at him with a knife. West hops up on one leg, smacks the guy with a mule kick.

Now he puts his arm through his shirt sleeve. When the hand emerges out of the cuff, it's balled in a fist -- which coldcocks the other guard.

WEST

Could I have a little privacy here?

As if in response, the water tower, still hovering above, now crashes to the floor -- obliterating his opponents.

WEST

Thank you.

He calmly looks up in time to catch the falling, naked, screaming Saloon Girl in his arms.

WEST

You'll have to excuse me, darlin'... but my evidence is getting away.

West gallantly puts her down, jumps up, grabs the overhead block and tackle system and slides through the warehouse. As the HORSE TEAM, which has spooked, THUNDERS past...

CLOSEUP - WEST

sails onto the runaway wagon. As he pulls himself into the back, he gives the shivering Saloon Girl a tip of his hat -- now on his head.

WEST

Sorry about there not being any towels.

16 INT. FAT-CAN'S - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

16

General McGrath leers down a line-up of Fat-Can's girls. Just as he gets to the beautiful singer, who looks sick at the thought, suddenly Gordon intrudes. He/she blocks out the singer, poses coquettishly -- sucking a lollypop.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

McGRATH

What's your name, Missy?

GORDON/DORA

(demurely; back to  
his falsetto)

Dora. Would you like to go  
upstairs?

McGRATH

Oh, indeedy I would.

Gordon/Dora starts to go. But McGrath stops her.

McGRATH

But not just yet.

(leans in, whispers  
in his/her ear)

Nothing stokes the fire in my  
loins like...

Gordon/Dora blinks uncertainly. This guy's idea of foreplay could be just about anything.

McGRATH

A ditty!

He hauls him/her over to the piano player.

GORDON/DORA

A ditty? But General...

(trying to be  
coquettish again)

... my talents really lay  
elsewhere.

McGRATH

You've got some pretty fair lungs  
on ya, girl, now use 'em!

He punctuates with a slap to Gordon/Dora's rump. The room goes quiet, all eyes on our songbird. The other Singer (Rita) watches too.

\*  
\*

17 INT. FAT-CAN'S - NIGHT

17

Gordon/Dora is sweating. Reluctantly, he/she whispers something to the piano player. He clears his throat and begins singing.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

GORDON/DORA  
(weakly)  
'Buy a drink for the boys  
In the backroom for me...'

18 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WILD WAGON RIDE - NIGHT

18

West spots the contents of an open box. Eyes widen.

CLOSE - BOX - DOZEN GLASS VIALS

stuck in sand. But clinking together ominously as the wagon races over the cobblestones.

WEST  
Cousin-humpin' crackers got a  
wagon full of nitro...!

West tries to steady the glass vials with his hands... but it's no use. He quickly climbs over the boxes, onto the buckboard seat. But the reins are dragging on the ground beneath the frothing horses.

West leaps onto the horses as the wagon careens down the street. He pulls himself over the first one's neck... onto the next horse. And as he tries for the lead horse, he falls between them!

19 INT. FAT-CAN'S - NIGHT

19

Gordon/Dora singing. He/she struggles through the song in a very tough room.

GORDON/DORA  
'And tell them I tried...'  
And tell them I cried...'

Just when it looks like the stone-faced rowdies might rip him/her apart, McGrath starts tapping a mud-caked toe. Encouraged, Gordon/Dora belts out the next verses OVER

20 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WILD WAGON RIDE - NIGHT

20

West's custom boots drag in the dirt as he's about to be trampled under the hooves of the freaked-out horses. And if he hasn't got enough problems, the lynch pin attaching the team to the wagon has almost worked its way out.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CLOSE - BACK OF WAGON - NITRO VIALS

CLANKING together like chimes...

CLOSE - WEST

Straining with every ounce of strength in his body, he pulls himself up by the harness onto...

CLOSE - WILD-EYED LEAD HORSE

West grabs for the halter.

WEST

Whoa now...!

But it doesn't whoa. The wagon goes around a corner up on two wheels! It's about to tilt over when West grabs both the horses' ears, yanks them back -- screaming into them.

WEST

I said, whoa!!!

This approach seems to work.

21 EXT. RISE ABOVE FAT-CAN'S - NIGHT

21

The team comes to an abrupt stop... and with it the wagon hanging over the edge of a steep drop.

Jim carefully climbs off. He slaps the dust on his jacket, straightens the crease in his trousers. When he looks up, a bitter smile.

WEST

Well, well, this is workin' out to be a perfect day. My man...

HIS POV - VICTORIAN BUILDING - ACROSS STREET

The tasteful sign under the red light reads: "FAT-CAN CANDY'S." And framed in the window, General McGrath with his singing Soiled Dove.

WEST

... General Bloodbath McGrath.

22 INT. FAT-CAN'S - CLOSE - MCGRATH - NIGHT

22

McGrath is clapping with the crowd of misfits who are now singing along with Gordon/Dora. He/she's won over the room.

GORDON/CROWD  
(rousing finish)  
And tell them I tried just the  
same...!

He/she curtsies to rousing applause. McGrath beams like a man with the fire in his loins roaring. He grabs his little songbird and up the stairs they go.

Out the windows, we see West tracking them. Simultaneously going up outside steps.

23 INT. FAT-CAN'S UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

23

Gordon/Dora leads the sweating, leering General down the hall. He/she quickly opens and closes boudoir doors -- ostensibly to find a free room for their assignation. The real agenda is to find the mysterious trunk.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY #1 - QUICK PEEK

He/she registers a mild reaction of shock. Closes that door and moves on to...

ANGLE ON DOORWAY #2 - QUICK PEEK

The two rebs are sitting on the trunk. At their feet is a wriggling burlap sack. The "merchandise" is alive.

Gordon/Dora giggles like a schoolgirl.

GORDON/DORA  
Well, that's a new one.

McGrath slams the door, drags Gordon/Dora roughly...

24 INT. FAT-CAN'S - BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

24

Our soiled dove has her back to the door as if steeling herself for the task at hand. McGrath beckons her over to the bed.

McGRATH  
Don't let the ear scare you. I  
lost it at Chickamauga.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon/Dora squints at the gerry-rigged ear.

GORDON/DORA

Oh really. One can hardly notice...

(fiddles with her  
belt buckle)

Would you mind...? I... I...  
can't seem to release the clasp of  
my belt.

Say no more. McGrath is on her like a flash, fidgeting with it. But it pops open, revealing a spiraling screen courtesy of Dr. Mesmer. His eyes lock onto it.

McGRATH

Wha... what's this?

GORDON/DORA

It's a deep, deep pool. Maybe  
your old swimmin' hole. Getting  
sleepy, General?

McGRATH

(ga-ga)

Yes, I'm sleepy.

McGrath sits on the floor. Gordon smiles... this is gonna be easy.

GORDON

(normal voice)

Good. Now when I snap my fingers.  
You're going to be my little  
doggy. And when I say 'speak,'  
you tell me everything I want to  
know. Understood?

McGRATH

(barks)

Woof!

GORDON

All right, little doggy. Sit up.  
(he does)

Now tell me who's in that sack  
next door? Speak!

McGRATH

Woof! Woof!

GORDON

Speak words, dumb doggy! Which  
scientist is it? Dr. Escobar?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

But McGrath doesn't answer. Gordon's Mesmer spiral slows to a stop. McGrath is coming out of the trance. McGrath starts to growl, rip at his/her petticoats.

GORDON

Watch the swirling spiral! Lie  
down, bad dog!

As Gordon notices that his contraption's failed...

25 EXT. FAT-CAN'S BALCONY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

25

West is peering in the window, shakes his head at the weirdness.

WEST

Mad dog's more like it.

Then West sees McGrath reach into his boot for a knife.

26 INT. FAT-CAN'S - BOUDOIR - NIGHT

26

Gordon/Dora is busy trying to get the spiral going again, doesn't see McGrath's knife. Just as the deranged general's about to plunge it into Gordon/Dora...

... the WINDOW EXPLODES. Jim West comes tumbling into the room, kicks the knife out of McGrath's hand, and knocks him unconscious. All in one smooth move. West rolls to his feet, fixes a gallant smile on Gordon/Dora.

WEST

Didn't mean to startle you, ma'am.  
Looked like you could use some  
help.

It takes Gordon a moment to recover. He stares at this black Samaritan, obviously having no clue who he is.

GORDON/DORA

(clears throat to  
recover falsetto)

Looks can be deceivin'... dark  
stranger. I am perfectly fine.

West quickly pats McGrath down, removes a revolver and his bag of gold coins.

WEST

I can see that, darlin'. Woman of  
your caliber probably gets top  
dollar, too. So here you go.

(MORE)

26 CONTINUED:

26

WEST (CONT'D)  
 (flips her McGrath's  
 coin bag)  
 You can run along. McGrath's  
 mine.

Gordon can't believe this guy. He doesn't move.

GORDON/DORA  
You run along -- he's mine.

WEST  
 C'mon, lady, you got the money,  
 have a little dignity.

While this tiff goes on, McGrath opens his eyes groggily. The sight of West seems to bring the dog-soldier around. McGrath suddenly lunges at him.

McGRATH  
 (bellows ferociously)  
West...!!!

He drives his full weight into Jim's back, pushing him out into...

27 INT. FAT-CAN'S - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

27

McGrath's rebel yell brings help from all directions. DOORS BANG open all along the hallway. Not just McGrath's men, but Hudson and his crew. A melee will ensue.

West pushes the monster off of him, rolls as a BULLET SPLINTERS the WOOD where he just was. The SHOT STARTS

ANGLE - STAMPEDE OF SEMI-CLAD WHORES

All screaming hysterically and heading for the exits. The beautiful young singer, who'd been coming up the stairs alone, is now swept back down them.

Gordon, still in character, pushes his way upstream to the room where the scientist is held.

28 INT. FAT-CAN'S - ADJACENT ROOM - NIGHT

Hudson, his back turned, barking orders at his henchmen

HUDSON  
 Get Escobar out of here!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

The henchmen heft the wriggling sack, when:

GORDON (O.S.)  
Leave him right there.

Hudson whirls to see the gruff-talking Gordon/Dora holding the perfume bottle on him like it's a Colt 45. Now Gordon shakes one of the heavy bracelets off his wrist, CLICKS a LOCK, snapping it open. He's accessorized with custom handcuffs.

GORDON  
Let's go, Hudson... hands!

Hudson gives a sick little smile, reaches for his gun when... WSSSHT!

Gordon sprays him in the eyes with the second bulb of the atomizer. (The first Mace!) Hudson howls in pain, drops the gun, rubs his eyes madly with both hands.

GORDON  
Thank... you.

Gordon starts to snap the cuffs on the perfectly presented wrists when...

29 INT. FAT-CAN'S - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

29

West, brawling a dozen attackers. West spots McGrath trying to escape down the stairs. He uncorks a lethal kick, sending a thug flying through the doorway and into the back of Gordon.

Gordon staggers, drops the perfume/mace BOTTLE which SHATTERS. Hudson recovers his vision enough to send a fist into Gordon's mascaraed face, pile-driving him back into the hall. While Hudson and his men make their escape down the stairs with the scientist sack...

CLOSE - WEST AND GORDON

West is blocked from chasing McGrath, Gordon from going after Hudson. Pissed, West tries to move him/her aside.

WEST  
Look at it this way... lose a lop-eared General one night, get a cattle drive the next. Now get out of my way, lady!

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

GORDON  
 (the baritone growl)  
 I'm no lady!  
 (angrily whips off  
 wig)  
 And you get out of my way!

West has little time to react to all this weirdness before Gordon reaches inside his wig for something. West reflexively draws his Colt.

WEST  
Freeze!!! U.S. Army!!!

Now Gordon turns his wig around and points the badge, that's inside it, at West.

GORDON  
You freeze!!! U.S. Marshal!

30

EXT. RISE ABOVE FAT-CAN'S - CARRIAGE (SAME TIME) - NIGHT 30

is waiting at the top of the hill beside the nitro wagon. Dr. Loveless is beside it, face still shadowed. \*

INSIDE CARRIAGE - FAIR-SKINNED BEAUTY

has opera glasses trained on the second story of Fat-Can's. Her name is LIPPENREIDER. And now we'll see why.

LIPPENREIDER  
 (in a monotone)  
 You freeze... You freeze... U.S.  
 Army... U.S. Marshal.

LOVELESS  
 Oh, dear...

The lip-reading is interrupted by the arrival of...

ANGLE - TOP OF INCLINE - HUDSON AND HIS HENCHMEN \*

who come racing up with the scientist-in-the-sack.

HUDSON  
 Federal agents inside, sir!

LOVELESS  
 So Miss Lippenreider informs me.  
 (sighs)  
 Still, I believe good manners  
 dictate we should send out...

30 CONTINUED:

30

His cane telescopes out and Loveless pokes the lynch pin out of the harness on the nitro wagon. Then he gives the wagon the slightest push.

LOVELESS

... the welcome wagon.

Once started, the wagon rolls downhill, toward the back door of Fat-Can Candy's, picking up speed...

Then, as his female coterie pulls the burlap sack into the carriage, Loveless gets in behind. And they're off.

31 INT. FAT-CAN'S - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

31

West and Gordon, oblivious to the impending disaster...

WEST

So now what...?

The answer is provided as the nitro wagon hits downstairs.

KABOOOOOOM!!! THEME MUSIC UP... as we roll...

32 MAIN TITLES

32

The titles are the familiar animated freeze frames from the TV show. In the two corners are our heroes -- Upper left shows West with his gun levelled toward... upper right -- Gordon with his wig in one hand and his badge in the other, pointed across toward West. \*

The cowboy/agent in the middle square fights and defeats the various bad guys. Then as he exits, QUICK ZOOM ON main title: "THE WILD WILD WEST."

PAN DOWN TO a sketch of a train caboose as TITLES END...

33 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY (1869)

33

West rides his magnificent black stallion down Pennsylvania Avenue.

Besides horse-drawn carriages, West shares the dusty road with people on bicycles -- the latest craze. He finally pulls his steed up at his destination...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

West dismounts, ties his horse to a hitching post and winces as he puts his weight on a sore leg. \*

34

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

34

West limps past black floor scrubbers. They stop working to marvel at this handsome black man dressed in custom cowboy duds walking in there like he owns the place.

But not everybody's so impressed. As West heads toward the Oval Office, four self-important house detectives block his way. PINKERTON himself is in the lead.

PINKERTON

Whoa there, 'pardner.'

(West stops)

Winning the war may have got you forty acres and a mule, but you can't just traipse into the President's office. Now gimme that gun.

He nods at the six gun on West's hip. West coolly flexes his hand above it, like he's about to draw...

WEST

This gun?

Then like lightning, with his other hand, he whips out a sawed-off shotgun hidden by his jacket. He pokes the 12-gauge barrels up against Pinkerton's surprised crotch. \*

WEST

Or this one?

A voice stops the situation from escalating further.

PRESIDENT GRANT (O.S.)

Mr. Pinkerton!

Pinkerton's head swivel's to...

ANGLE - OVAL OFFICE DOOR - PRESIDENT GRANT

stands in the doorway.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Don't make Captain West any later  
for his appointment than he  
already is! \*

The Pinkertons back away from the hair-trigger cowboy as fast as they can. West reholsters the gun and continues...

35

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

35

President Grant goes over to his desk, lights a cigar.

Backlit in the haze, the portly bearded figure lives up to the myth.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Don't mind them, son. Got over a hundred death threats last week. Cabinet made me hire some damn detectives.

(by way of apology)

Drink, cigar?

WEST

Thank you, sir.

West limps across the room to the bar, pours himself a glass of whiskey, takes a cigar out of the humidor.

PRESIDENT GRANT

What the hell happened to your leg?

WEST

Just a little, uh, riding accident.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Riding a wagon full of nitro through the roof of a cathouse is what I hear.

West shifts uncomfortably as Grant chuckles.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Also hear you let General McGrath get away.

Now West's blood is up.

WEST

Mr. President, I'm staking out a band of gun-runners on a tip that the son-of-a... McGrath is going to show. Then just when I had him, some character posing as a two-bit floozy ruins my play!

PRESIDENT GRANT

Artemus Gordon.

WEST

You... know him?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT GRANT

Of course I know him, he's the best marshal I've got!

\*  
\*

(off West's incredulous look)

Gordon has proven himself time and again as a very cunning operator with a rapacious intellect. Nothing will stop him from completing a mission for his President...

(pounds desk for emphasis)

... except when the impulsive actions of a headstrong cowboy ruin his play!

Grant winces with pain. In his exuberance, he'd forgotten he was pounding the desk. West eyes his hand.

\*

WEST

What happened to your hand, sir... if I may ask?

He looks at his mitt self-consciously. Starts to pace while recounting the tale.

PRESIDENT GRANT

We were toasting the start of the Brooklyn Bridge... One toast led to another... found myself reenacting the charge at Appomattox... this time mounted on the back of Andrew Carnegie's wife. Dammit, if she didn't buck me into a table of canapes!

When Grant turns for a laugh from his audience, he gets something else.

CLOSE - WEST

Holding his six-gun. Grant's eyes widen.

PRESIDENT GRANT

West, have you lost your mind?

WEST

Maybe.

West points the GUN to the ceiling and pulls the trigger. BLAM!!! As Grant jumps a foot and plaster rains down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - DOORWAY

Pinkerton and his men rush in, guns drawn. Pinkerton freezes when he sees:

CLOSE - WEST AND PRESIDENT GRANT

The situation does seem a little dicey -- what with West holding a gun to the President's temple.

PINKERTON

Take the gun away from the President's head... now!

WEST

(raises eyebrows)

The President...? The President Grant I know has fingers stained yellow from smoking too many cigars.

West holds up Grant's fingers to Pinkertons. Clean.

WEST

And of course, we all know he went to West Point. But what's this?  
(reads his class ring)

Harvard?

PRESIDENT GRANT

Now see here, West...

West cocks the hammer back. Grant shuts up.

WEST

By the way, Mr. President, didn't a mule kick your teeth out during the Richmond siege?

West now takes the barrel of his gun and uses it to pull Grant's lips back revealing perfect teeth.

WEST

Don't look false to me. But this does...

Slowly West peels off a sideburn then, one side of a Van Dyke -- leaving the man half-bearded.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

ANGLE ON PINKERTONS

It finally dawns on them...

PINKERTON

That man is an imposter!

As the imposter rips off the rest of the beard revealing, of course, Artemus Gordon...

WEST

Excellent work, Pinkerton. Shall I shoot him or do you want to?

PRESIDENT GRANT (O.S.)

Will somebody tell me what the hell this stunt is all about!?!

All freeze. Turn to...

36 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - SIDE DOORWAY - DAY

36

President Grant (the real one) stands in the doorway, hands on hips. West nudges the fake Grant in the fake belly with his gun barrel -- go ahead. Sheepishly, Gordon starts peeling off his primitive, but effective, facial prosthetics.

GORDON

Actually, sir, not a stunt... a rehearsal. Who can say when some ticklish situation may require the President to have a credible stand-in?

Now West punctures Gordon's balloon. Literally. He takes the tip of a ceremonial bayonet, casually pokes a hole in the inflated bladder that was his fake paunch. The AIR HISSES out, finishes deflating with a flatulent R-R-RIP. (Hey, the first whoopee cushion?)

But Gordon uses that small setback to continue his demonstration.

GORDON

Thank you, Mr. West. I was just about to show the President my new invention that can stop any modern bullet fired at even close range!

He removes his air bladder, exposing a vest that buttons all the way to the breast bone.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

I call it... the Impermeable!

WEST

Why don't you just call it a...  
bullet-proof vest?

Gordon scowls at him.

PRESIDENT GRANT

You're clever, Gordon. Too clever  
for your own good sometimes. One  
day it'll get you killed.

WEST

(smirks, to Grant)

Like the other night... he had  
this little twirlin' buckle,  
s'posed to hypnotize McGrath.  
Thing busted and McGrath almost  
stuck a Bowie knife right up his  
petticoats.

But instead of sharing West's amusement, Grant looks up  
at the bullet hole in the ceiling, then fixes him with a  
disapproving eye.

PRESIDENT GRANT

West, not every situation calls  
for your patented approach of  
shoot first, shoot later, shoot  
again -- then when they're all  
dead, try to ask a question or  
two.

\*  
\*

GORDON

(chimes in)

Yes. Bursting through the window  
to my rescue? What a clever,  
well-crafted plan.

\*

West glares at Gordon. Grant shakes his head.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Working together will be good for  
both of you.

WEST

(stunned)

Working together?! But, sir, I  
work...

PRESIDENT GRANT

... the way I tell you to, Captain  
West.

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

Grant motions for them to follow him. Gordon passes West to get the brown-nose spot right behind Grant. Trailing the pack are the disgruntled Pinkertons.

37 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY 37

The place is a buzzing intelligence operations center -- state-of-the-art for the 1860's. Maps of the U.S. and the world are on the wall. Various staff and military people work CLACKING TELEGRAPHS, PRINTING MACHINES that GRIND out reports, etc.

Grant stops at a display of daguerreotype photos, all depicting distinguished bewhiskered men. \*

PRESIDENT GRANT

(to West, pointing  
at photos) \*

Ten of our country's leading  
scientists have been kidnapped. \*

(puts a hand on  
Gordon's shoulder) \*

Gordon here tracked the  
disappearances to General  
McGrath, the renegade you've  
been pursuing since the war ended. \*

GORDON

(aside, preening  
to West) \*

You couldn't find this guy in two  
years? I found him in a week  
and I wasn't even looking. \*

PRESIDENT GRANT

The point is that you've both been  
working on the same case. Why did  
it take you so long to realize it? \*

WEST

Well, sir, one of us was still  
trying to figure out if he was a  
man or a woman.

The Pinkertons snicker over that one. Grant strokes his beard. Maybe this was a bad idea.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT GRANT  
(back to the scientist  
photos)

Our fragile union can't afford the  
loss of men like these... even  
less to have them turned against  
us.

Grant holds his hand out. An AIDE hands him a letter,  
which he reads to Gordon and West.

PRESIDENT GRANT  
(reading)  
"General Grant, we have your  
scientists, history and justice  
on our side. What you have is  
one week before you will surrender  
the U.S. Government."

He shows the letter to West and Gordon. It's not signed,  
but there's an ominous imprint of an eight-legged creature.

GORDON/WEST  
(simultaneously)  
Arachnid?/Spider?

WEST  
It's McGrath, sir. The South is  
rising again. He's grabbing all  
these guys to help rebuild it.

GORDON  
Sir, West's obsession aside,  
McGrath may be a vicious killer,  
but a mastermind he is not. So  
whom do we seek? After consulting  
with Intelligence...

WEST  
(cuts him off)  
McGrath's headed for New Orleans.  
The longer we stand here talkin',  
the farther away he gets. I don't  
need "Intelligence" to tell me that.

GORDON  
Ah, so that would mean you rely on  
... Stupidity?

Grant's had enough.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

PRESIDENT GRANT

Stop this childish bickering and listen!

(glowers at them)

I have no choice but to leave Washington just when it's at its most vulnerable. In one week, I'll be in Utah where the transcontinental railroads will be joined here at Promontory Point.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Grant points to a map of the United States. The railroad lines have been drawn in... still a gap between them.

PRESIDENT GRANT

For the first time the United States will truly be united. The railroad brings together people of vastly different backgrounds, talents, colors. People like... you two.

(he turns, holds up letter)

You're the best I've got. Put aside your differences and stop this madman... whoever he is. If you fail, well, we may never know how great this country could've been.

(snaps off a salute)

You have a week. Dismissed!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They both return Grant's salute as the President stomps off. His AIDE now approaches.

\*  
\*

AIDE

The President has put a private train at your disposal. Engine #5, track 6.

(holds out a wrapped box)

Mr. Gordon, the item you requested.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Gordon takes the box, hurries to catch up with West.

38 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

38

West and Gordon, walking toward the hitching post. West is so beside himself he can barely untie his high-voltage stud. He glowers at Gordon who goes over to where...

(CONTINUED)

## ANGLE - STRANGE-LOOKING BICYCLE

Is parked on the other side of a bush. It has the customary big wheel in the front, little wheel in the back. (Hidden from sight is a motor on the front tire. Dual manifolds that sling under the rider's legs.)

West shakes his head in disgust.

WEST

Figures.

GORDON

I call it the Bi-axle Nitro-Combust...

WEST

Save it. I'm in a hurry.

West swings into the saddle. He looks at the SNORTING wild HORSE under him, then down at Gordon attaching the box onto the seat of his Nitro-whatever.

WEST

(smiles comes to his lips)

But you pack your little picnic, put up your parasol, take your sweet time. I got a train to catch.

(snaps off a smug salute)

Yee-haaa!!

West spurs his horse and leaves Gordon in the proverbial cloud of dust.

Although West's intentions are clear, for some reason, Gordon's in no particular hurry. He sighs, climbs on the bike, takes out a hankie and cleans a pair of goggles. Then, finally ready...

GORDON

Avant!!!

VROOOM! An ENGINE KICKS IN and Gordon rockets forward. (Yep, Artemus has invented the first motorcycle!) Fiery exhaust blasts out of the manifolds as the bike propels him down the street at about 60 mph right past...

## ANGLE ON WEST AND HIS STALLION

who both look over in wide-eyed shock. The horse rears as Gordon SCREAMS by -- leaving them in a cloud of internal combustion.

39

EXT. C STREET TRAIN STATION - TRAIN ENGINE - DAY

39

\*

From in front, as it CHUGS TOWARDS us. Sitting up in the spanking new steam engine (No. 5) is a white-haired COLEMAN. The Wanderer is his pride and joy. Coleman pushes the throttle forward and the ENGINE ROARS past us... followed by a tender, and two gleaming passenger cars.

\*

Then comes West THUNDERING past in a desperate effort to catch up.

ANGLE - WITH WEST - RIDING LIKE HELL

Getting the last ounce of speed out of his well-lathered steed, he finally pulls alongside the rear passenger car. He looks up... In the window, we see Gordon engrossed in what he's doing... which appears to be sewing.

WEST

Stop this train!! You hear me!?!

If Gordon hears him, he pretends not to. He just casually makes the next stitch.

West's horse has had it. They're losing ground to the train. At the last second, West leans over at full gallop and grabs a handle on the side of the train. He swings out of the saddle, hanging on for dear life, blowing in the breeze like laundry.

Finally, his boot finds a small metal plate to put its weight on. Just as West stands safely on it... whoosh! He flies up in the air and drops through a sliding partition in the roof.

40

INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

40

The car is like a classy Victorian men's club. Bar stocked with crystal decanters, a pool table, decorative pistols on the wall, books, etc. Gordon, seated in a club chair, looks over as West falls from the ceiling into a seat. He's hot, dusty and very pissed off. He glowers at Gordon murderously.

GORDON

(calmly)

Thanks for dropping in.

WEST

Let's drop the beards, the bikes, the fake boobies. Put down the needlepoint and let's settle this like men.

He takes off jacket, starts rolling up his sleeves. Gordon remains remarkably cool, continues sewing.

40 CONTINUED:

40

GORDON

As a matter of clarification, this isn't needlepoint. This is.

He shows him some real needlepoint.

GORDON

Right now, I'm simply sewing on buttons containing a gas which freezes the central nervous system.

West pulls back his jacket to reveal the bullets in his cartridge belt.

WEST

These are the only buttons I need.

GORDON

(yawn, yawn)

Guns. I find them so primitive and unnecessary... if one has done one's proper planning.

WEST

Okay, plan how you're getting off this train. You can land on your head or on your ass. You pick it.

\*

Gordon puts down the fringe jacket with the buttons, stands with a weary sigh.

GORDON

I must tell you, Mr. West, I've always felt that allowing a situation to degenerate into physical violence is a failure on my part.

WEST

Well then, 'Mr.' Gordon, you failed.

West feints, spins and kicks the air, backing Gordon up toward the door.

GORDON

I see you're a student of the oriental arts. I prefer the pacifist Taoist method...

West resets, lets loose a roundhouse kick. Gordon eas.., avoids it, and West stumbles forward.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

GORDON

... where the opponent's own force  
is used against him.

\*

West now has steam coming out of his ears.

WEST

What do they say about fixing a  
broken neck?

West charges Gordon with a flurry of punches. Gordon shifts his head almost imperceptively missing all of them. West's last blow smacks into a switch, triggers a BRASS LAMP to swing out. KLANG! It catches West in the side of the head, sending him spinning back onto the pool table.

\*

GORDON

Did I mention to watch out for the  
lamp?

ANGLE ON POOL TABLE - WEST

shakes it off and is about to attack again. Gordon calmly pokes a hidden button. Suddenly the pool table revolves. West is gone. Where he once was -- is the underside of the floor. An arsenal of weapons is revealed. Even Gordon seems impressed.

\*

GORDON

I love this train!

41 EXT. UNDERNEATH WANDERER - DAY

41

West, eyes wide, is clinging on for dear life, staring at the ties racing by, inches from his face.

42 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

42

Gordon pours a fine Bordeaux, speaks loudly toward floor.

GORDON

The President asked for my  
suggestions on how to make the  
Wanderer both comfortable and  
functional...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As he swishes the wine in his mouth...

\*

43 EXT. UNDER WANDERER - DAY (SAME TIME) 43

West reaches up to get a handhold in the myriad of tubes and wires on the underside of the car. As he rips one tube out of the undercarriage...

44 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 44

Gordon has just settled into the club chair with his wine.

GORDON

And while you're down there,  
you may want to avail yourself  
of my Sub-carriage Inter-rail  
Egressor...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly SHACKLES SNAP out of the arms of the chair, pinning Gordon's wrists. Before he knows what hit him, the floor opens and the club chair disappears.

45 EXT. UNDER WANDERER - DAY 45

Gordon appears upside down in the chair, gravity emptying his wine glass, chagrined at his predicament. West looks from the escape trolley Gordon was talking about back to his partner.

\*  
\*

WEST

Only one doin' any "egressin"  
is gonna be you.

\*  
\*

GORDON

(wide-eyed)

Perhaps the President was right  
about us dealing with our  
differences.

(recites above the

CLATTER)

'The opposite is beneficial, from  
things that differ comes the  
fairest attunement. All things are  
born through strife.' Heraclitus.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEST

(deadpan)

You oughta lay off the wine.

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly they flip OUT OF FRAME and back into the car, shocked to find themselves facing...

46 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

46

Coleman's a scowling, grizzled old man in a coal-stained suit. He's got a fire in his eye, brown spittle in the corner of his mouth where a cigarette butt lives permanently, and a large copper pot in his hand.

COLEMAN

Knock each other about all ya  
please, but harm my train further  
and I'll douse ya like dogs.

He threatens them with the pot of steaming liquid. Now, for the first time, Gordon really looks troubled.

GORDON

That's my veal reduction sauce!

COLEMAN

Well then, let's get on about our  
business, shall we, gentlemen?  
Now, where to?

WEST

New Orleans. \*

GORDON

Rather than have this argument  
again, shall we let Professor  
Morton decide? \*

WEST

Who? \*

47 INT. WANDERER - LAB CAR - DUSK

47

A severed human head is in a vise.

GORDON

Meet Professor Thaddeus Morton,  
expert in the field of metallurgy.  
Kidnapped from M.I.T. six months  
ago.

West looks from the head to an open box.

WEST

That's what was in the box?

GORDON

That and this...

He holds up a strange circular metallic object.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

GORDON

A magnetic collar which was around the poor soul's neck when his body was discovered. Haven't figured that one out yet...

But West is still staring in disbelief at the head.

WEST

That's a man's head. You can't just take it apart like a broken cuckoo clock!

Gordon starts fiddling with a lantern positioned behind the head.

GORDON

Have you ever heard of the Retinal Terminus Theory? It posits that a dying person's last conscious image is burned into the back of the eyeball like a photograph. Perhaps there's a clue there...

\*

Excited, Gordon turns on the lantern attached to the back of his head. Beams of light are coming through his eyeballs, creating a blurry color image on the wall.

GORDON

Morton's last image!

WEST

You're going to hell.

West turns his head sideways to try to view the inverted image projected on the wall. Gordon realizes the problem.

GORDON

Ah. The refraction of the lenses causes the image to appear upside down. We simply...

He turns Morton's head in the vise. It's right side up, but still blurry.

ANGLE ON WALL - FUZZY IMAGE

appears. It's a hand holding a bloody metal boomerang. There's part of a man's dark jacket in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

GORDON

Voila! Morton's murderer and the  
man we seek!

WEST

Voila what? It's too fuzzy to see  
anything.

Now the scene is interrupted by the arrival of...

COLEMAN

carrying a dinner tray. Before he knows what he's  
into...

COLEMAN

Anybody hungry in here?

WEST

You could try him.

Coleman follows his look to the upside-down severed head  
in the vise. The old man deadpans it, puts the tray  
down.

COLEMAN

Eat hearty, gentlemen...

Gordon drums his fingers on his great frontal lobe,  
stymied. West stares at something in the killer's  
pocket.

GORDON

Mortification of the aqueous humor  
seems to have led to the loss  
of...

WEST

... glasses.

West takes the bifocals out of Coleman's pocket, casually,  
puts them on Morton's nose. West now gestures to the  
wall.

CLOSE - IMAGE ON WALL

The white blur in the man's pocket is now focused. We  
can see that it's the top of a piece of paper. He reads  
the writing on it.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

47

WEST

"Friends of the South! Come  
to a Surprise Costume Ball.  
April 14, half after eight.  
346 Garden Street..."

(hands glasses back  
to Coleman)

Like I said... New Orleans.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

48 EXT. NEW ORLEANS TRAIN SIDING - NIGHT

48

West is moving through a crowd on the street to the  
train yard where the Wanderer is parked. As he  
climbs the stairs...

\*  
\*  
\*49 INT. WANDERER - LAB CAR - NIGHT

49

Gordon has his wardrobe open, rummaging through his vast  
array of costumes and disguises.

West enters, sees that Gordon isn't dressed. He grabs  
his guns, heads for the door.

\*

WEST

I'm not waiting around for you to  
decide what frock to wear.

Gordon stops shuffling through the costumes.

GORDON

I wasn't looking for me....

Gordon pulls out a full livery outfit.

GORDON

How about this... you could come  
as my manservant?

West looks like he's about to burst a blood vessel, but  
Gordon keeps going.

GORDON

And if you insist on a firearm...

Excitedly, Gordon reaches back into his wardrobe, grabs a  
belt with a silver buckle. He taps the buckle... a  
Derringer pops out. West blinks.

WEST

That'd go real well with your  
dress.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

(petulant)

So, what's your idea on how to go?

West sees black mask hanging in the wardrobe, reaches in.

WEST

How's...

(puts on mask)

... that?

GORDON

Oh, now you're a masked black man with a pair of six-guns... crashing a party of drunken Southern sympathizers. I like it. It's got shock value.

WEST

Gordon, how can I let you down easy? You're not the expert on disguises you think you are. That night at Fat-Can's... I knew you weren't a woman. You may have an Ivy League education, but you don't know anything about a woman's body.

This challenge gets Gordon's attention.

GORDON

Really. Please, instruct.

WEST

You ever watch a woman walk...?

(rhapsodizes,  
demonstrates)

When she takes a step, her body goes up... but her breasts go down. They move 'cause they're soft... and supple, so they flow... they're not two pieces of iron, stickin' out like the Monitor and the Merrimac.

Gordon considers this, maybe West actually has a point.

GORDON

(the scientist,  
to self)

I used bean bags but maybe liquid would work better.

(CONTINUED)

Then Gordon shoots the cuffs of his jacket. Out of one sleeve comes a pen, out the other a small pad of paper. They are both connected to a spring-loaded metal gizmo up his sleeve.

WEST

Why don't you carry a gun and a knife up there?

GORDON

(frowns)

Too obvious.

West looks at him, there's no figuring this guy out.

GORDON

You did give me one good idea.

(writes)

Breast bags should be filled... not plain water but something with suspension... perhaps a saline solution...? They could be called... Mammarian Hydr-Oxy-Sal-...inators.

WEST

Falsies is too simple, huh?

Gordon, not even listening, shoots the pen and paper back up his sleeves.

GORDON

Say, with your understanding of the fairer sex... maybe you should be the one who goes as a woman tonight!

Gordon grabs a sequined dress with tassels on the breasts.

GORDON

This might fit you.

WEST

Hey, Gordon...

He gets right in Gordon's face, enunciates each word.

WEST

I'd.... rather... be... dead.

And with that, West whirls on his heels and storms out.

50 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION (NEW ORLEANS) - A CARRIAGE - NIGHT 50 \*

carrying some costumed swells passes through wrought iron gates guarded by some of McGrath's ex-Rebs. Follow it up a Spanish moss-draped drive to a huge Garden District mansion. As the carriage pulls to a stop in front... \*

51 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION - CARRIAGE - NIGHT 51

Jim West drops to the ground from where he'd hitched a ride underneath. He rolls into the shadows of the house. When he stands, he's face to face with a huge GUARD with a gun.

GUARD

You got about as much chance of havin' an invitation as him.

He smirks at a lawn jockey. West reaches into his coat.

WEST

Matter of fact, got it right here.

He withdraws his hand. While the Guard squints at his empty palm, West grabs his head with his other hand and smacks it into the LAWN JOCKEY'S FIST... CLANG! West leans the coldcocked Guard against the house, uses his shoulder as a step, boosting him up to...

52 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION - BALCONY - NIGHT 52

West grabs the ironwork underneath and acrobatically swings himself over the rail. As he breaks the pane on the French door with his gun butt... \*

53 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT 53

West lets himself in. Then just as he's about to part the heavy drapes... he hears women's voices approaching.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(in a Spanish accent)

Hey... get your hands off me! \*

Now Miss Lippenreider, Amazonia and Munitia (bewigged and wearing costumes) wrangle a beautiful and defiant Latina into the room. When she turns we recognize she's the singer from Fat-Can's. RITA is in her early 20s, wearing a 19th-Century camisole so scanty, it makes it hard to concentrate on what she's saying.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

RITA

Put me in the dungeon with all  
those smelly, dirty bearded men  
... but I am not goin' in there.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMAZONIA

You applied for the position...

\*  
\*

RITA

Yeah, a standing up position. I'm  
an entertainer, not a...

\*  
\*  
\*

Amazonia grabs her by the throat, choking the word off.

MISS LIPPENREIDER

Do not be selfish and stupid. He  
always spoils his new girl.

\*  
\*

RITA

Yeah. Well gimme a simple diamond  
bracelet instead of that...

\*  
\*

POV - THROUGH DOOR - INTO BEDROOM

A ramp leads to a large bed. A leather and steel  
prosthesis is hanging from pulleys attached to the  
ceiling.

\*

MUNITIA

It is not so bad... once the  
metal warms up.

\*  
\*

Amazonia just picks her up and drags the hapless Rita  
into the room. West emerges from behind the curtains,  
shakes his head. Weird. He eases out the door and into

\*

54

INT. LOVELESS MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

West hears the PARTY DIN coming from down below. He goes  
to the balcony.

WEST'S POV - OVER STAIR LANDING - DOWNSTAIRS

The scene below is hallucinogenically surreal. A Babel  
of foreign languages is the first thing that strikes us  
Avant garde MUSIC is coming from two 10x10 quartet boxes  
on either side of the room to create stereo.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SULTRY WOMAN (O.S.)

An authentic cowboy outfit...  
complete with six-guns!

West turns to see who busted him. Coming his way is a ravishing Chinese girl dressed up as a DRAGON LADY.

DRAGON LADY

What a terribly clever costume,  
Mr...?

WEST

... West. Jim West.

DRAGON LADY

Well... West meets East. Mae Lee  
East.

(holds out  
delicate hand)

Are you here alone, Mr. West?

WEST

Actually I'm, uh trying to  
surprise an old friend -- General  
McGrath. Seen him around  
anywhere?

\*

MISS EAST

I don't believe that name was on  
our guest list. And I would know.  
I'm Dr. Loveless's personal  
assistant.

The name means something to West.

WEST

Dr. Arliss Loveless...? One of  
the great founders of the  
Confederacy with Jefferson Davis.  
Funny how most people think he's  
dead.

MISS EAST

Tonight's his coming out party.

\*

We FOLLOW them as she takes his arm and leads him down  
the stairs, into the party.

55 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS - PARTY - NIGHT

55

West surveys the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MISS EAST  
See anybody that looks familiar?

West scans the room. Stops.

WEST  
Matter of fact, I do.

WEST'S POV - WOMAN WITH BIG HAIR

She's got the mole too. Gordon has apparently encored his Soiled Dove getup.

Miss East sees who he's looking at. She makes a pouty face as there's a flourish from the STEREO QUARTET.

MISS EAST  
I'm... jealous.  
(blows little kiss  
at him)  
Meet me later... in the foyer.

\*

West watches as she joins...

56 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS - PARTY - REST OF THE LOVELESS WOMEN - NIGHT

56

Miss East leads them in a sober rendition of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in front of a large doorway.

DISTAFF CORPS  
(singing)  
'Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of the coming of the Lord...'

From behind the doors we hear the WHIR of an ELEVATOR. It stops with a CLUNK. Suddenly...

NEW ANGLE - DOORWAY

bursts open and Abraham Lincoln in a mini-float appears. It's decked out like Lincoln's box at Ford's theater. On its own power, it moves past the laughing party-goers in the foyer. Now the women throw grapes on the floor.

DISTAFF CORPS  
(singing)  
'He has trampled down the vintage  
Where the grapes of wrath are  
stored!'

(CONTINUED)

WEST'S POV - ANGLE ON WHEELS OF WHEELCHAIR

are what's trampling down the vintage. West takes in the whole man. Very curious. Then suddenly... KABOOM!

ANGLE ON ABE'S HEAD

It explodes like a pinata. Up from the hole in his neck peeps... DR. ARLISS LOVELESS.

LOVELESS

(impishly)

Don't you just hate that song? \*

The Southern crowd gasps at Loveless's dramatic appearance. \*

LOVELESS

Why y'all look like you've seen  
a ghost! It's me, dear friends,  
alive and kicking! Well alive  
anyway... \*

As he giggles, the Distaff Corps surround him and remove the Lincoln paraphernalia. Then step aside revealing... \*

NEW ANGLE - DR. LOVELESS

is half a man. Literally. Cut off at the waist and mounted on a wheelchair platform that is powered by an engine, he is a man bereft of tuchus, kishkes and everything else in that vicinity that makes life interesting.

LOVELESS

We may've lost the war, but heaven  
knows... we haven't lost our sense  
of humor! \*

Dr. Loveless looks down at himself, soothes half of his Fritz Lang Metropolis-style suit. His face turns dark as he surveys the crowd. \*

LOVELESS

Not even when we've lost a lung...  
a spleen... a bladder... two  
legs... thirty-five feet of small  
intestine and our ability to  
reproduce... \*

(like a preacher)

All in the name of the South...

(then quietly)

... do we lose our sense of humor.

You can hear a pin drop. Loveless turns to the foreign dignitaries. \*

LOVELESS \*

I owe a deep debt of gratitude to  
my friends across the sea for  
their comfort and... succor. \*

He suddenly seems distracted by the comely beauties that surround him. Then abruptly, manically... \*

LOVELESS \*

So...! Mi casa es su casa! Ma  
maison est a tu! Let the party  
begin!!! \*

Loveless signals to the quartets to resume playing. Miss East leans down and whispers in his ear. Loveless looks in West's direction.

Now Loveless wheels over to West. West isn't hiding. He's cocky in the face of rolling danger.

LOVELESS \*

Mr. West, how nice of you to join  
us tonight... and add color to  
these monochromatic proceedings. \*

West keeps a lid on his temper. Two can play at this game. \*

WEST \*

Well, when a man comes back from  
the dead, it's an occasion to  
stand and be counted. \*

Loveless smiles slightly.

LOVELESS \*

Miss East informs me that you were  
expecting to meet General McGrath  
here. I knew him years ago... but  
haven't seen him in a coon's age. \*

WEST \*

I bet a man like yourself would  
find it difficult to keep in touch  
with even half the people you  
know.

Danger flickers in Loveless' eyes. He looks to Miss East.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

LOVELESS

Perhaps the lovely Miss East will keep you from being a slave to your disappointment.

\*  
\*  
\*

WEST

Well, you know beautiful women... they encourage you one second, cut the legs out from under you the next.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Loveless' face drops. He is no longer amused. Miss East winks at West, then accompanies Loveless in the direction of the study where...

57 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT

57

General McGrath waits impatiently. He takes two champagnes off a passing tray, guzzles them, then wipes his mouth on Dolly Madison's bustle. As his eyes sweep the room...

ANGLE - WEST

He ducks behind a mountain man carrying the French tricolor. When Loveless and General McGrath disappear into the study and close the door, West eases after them. He pauses as he passes the "Soiled Dove," leans into her big bouffant. He regards a stained-glass window patterned with a spider over her shoulder.

\*  
\*

WEST

Hey, honey... I see a big ole arachnid up on the wall. Hope it doesn't drop down your pretty dress.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As the Soiled Dove jumps a little, West continues over to the study door. Now the Soiled Dove turns, and we see the scared/confused expression. Maybe it's because she is not Artemus.

ANGLE - GORDON - ACROSS ROOM

He's the mountain man in the fringe jacket. And right now he's shaking his head as he watches West resort to a decidedly low-tech surveillance method of Loveless's study.

GORDON

Peeking through the keyhole...?  
So 18th Century.

58 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - STUDY - WEST'S POV THROUGH KEYHOLE - NIGHT 58

McGrath paces in front of Loveless's desk.

McGRATH

Dr. Loveless, my men are ready to go to war with no weapons to fight. Ever since the nitro and the guns were destroyed at Fat-Can's, lice and demoralization have set in!

LOVELESS

Your men will have their weapons tonight. And my promise that they will be part of the greatest military victory of this century!

McGrath's face relaxes into a pyorrheac grin.

McGRATH

Oh, you're a pip, sir! I'd follow you into the maw of Cerberus himself!

Loveless takes pencil in hand and draws a map on desk.

LOVELESS

And so you shall.  
(makes an X)  
Have your men here at... 10 o'clock tonight.

Loveless wheels his chair toward the door with McGrath behind him folding up the map...

59 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT 59

West ducks out of the way as Loveless and McGrath emerge from the study. As they disappear into the throng of well-wishers, West takes a thin lock-pick out of his hat band. It takes him a moment or two, but the LOCK finally CLICKS. Then West slips inside, apparently undetected -- except by an unimpressed Gordon.

60 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT 60

West moves quickly to the desk past walls filled with oil portraits of various Loveless relatives. The one behind the desk is in the style of Gainsborough. A Loveless uncle is standing on a windswept grouse moor, two English setters by his side, a Holland and Holland double held in the crook of his arm.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

West turns his attention to the desk blotter. There's a faint imprint where Loveless drew the map. West takes his penknife and a pencil -- grates some graphite into the depressions. He's just about to do a rubbing on a piece of paper when... someone swipes it out of his hand.

ANGLE ON MISS EAST

Hands on hips, she gives him a "naughty, naughty" look.

MISS EAST

I said to meet me in the foyer.

WEST

Oh, the foy-aay. Sorry, I've never been much good at French.

But instead of scolding him further, Miss East plants an over-heated kiss on him. Tongues are involved. As they break, she gives a little nod of approval.

MISS EAST

Au contraire...

She pushes him down into Dr. Loveless's chair.

MISS EAST

So let's see, Mr. West... are you a dangerous spy of some sort? Or just a handsome cowboy who likes to... poke around.

WEST

Um... that second one.

She starts to undo the buttons of his trousers. But West has a job to do. Well, maybe he can do two jobs at once...

61 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - PARTY (SAME TIME) - NIGHT

61

Gordon is being the perfect party guest, moving through the crowd chit-chatting with this person and that (in French, Spanish, German) when he sees something of interest. \*

Munitia and Lippenreider come out of an upstairs bedroom, lock it behind them. Hmmm. What's in there? As he starts upstairs, Amazonia appears, blocking his way. \*

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

GORDON

Howdy there... big sturdy gal.  
Yer dance card full?

\*  
\*  
\*

Her stony stare isn't exactly encouraging. He shrugs,  
moves off.

\*  
\*

62 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

62

West and East are locked in a passionate embrace. West manages to position her nearly-naked rear end over the graphite powder. Very carefully, he stands, pushing her buttocks onto the desk and then rolling her off. The imprint on her left cheek is perfect. But unfortunately, it's backwards!

CLOSE - WEST

Damn. He lets Miss East concentrate on what she's doing, which from the SOUNDS O.S., doesn't appear to be a demonstration of the correct way to butter corn.

West spies a mirror on the other side of the room and raises her ass up into position so he can see the corrected reflection.

ANGLE ON MIRROR - MAP

COMES INTO VIEW. It clearly shows the meeting place to be Malheureux Point, northeast of New Orleans. But the mirror reflects something else of interest...

\*

63 INT. LOVELESS MANSION - STUDY - PAINTING - NIGHT

63

The painting behind him has come to life. The Loveless in the painting swings a real shotgun around and is pointing it at the back of West's head.

CLOSE - WEST

suddenly contorts his upper torso just as an EXPLOSION rips the back of the chair where his head would have been.

He draws and SHOOTS the would-be assassin, who falls out of the painting, dead. West turns to see...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

ANGLE ON MISS EAST

A surprised look on her face. A hole in her forehead. He lowers her head gently to the ground, regards her map-imprinted rear end.

WEST

Thanks for helpin' me crack  
the case.

\*  
\*  
\*

64 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION - OUTSIDE STUDY - NIGHT

64

West emerges just as a Kentucky reel starts up. He weaves his way through the dance floor and spots the Soiled Dove look-alike out on the floor. West reluctantly straightens his shoulders and cuts in. This bold move gets some looks of disapproval from the pecan pie crowd.

ANGLE ON WEST AND SOILED DOVE RINGER

Dancing. Both look straight ahead, not at each other. West so as not to attract any more attention. His partner because she's scared shitless of this Negro who keeps hounding her.

WEST

Real impressed the way you got the  
dance floor staked out. Maybe one  
of your missin' scientists'll cut  
in.

(dip)

Thought you should know that while  
you were trying to decide what  
shoes to wear tonight...

(twirl)

I found out that our host, Dr.  
Loveless...

\*  
\*  
\*

West looks over to where Loveless is leading a contingent of foreigners out a side exit.

WEST

... is meeting McGrath and his  
troops at Malheureux Point in an  
hour.

(bends her back)

So you enjoy the party. I'm gonna  
go save the Republic.

\*  
\*  
\*

The Soiled Dove look-alike is speechless. Before he goes, West leans in, smirks.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

WEST

But I will say, good work on your bean bags tonight... they're damn perky.

And just to dig the grave deeper, West lays hands on them and gives them a little squeeze. This immediately elicits a scream and a slap in the face that shocks the bejesus out of the black cowboy. And he's not the only one.

ANGLE ON CROWD

staring at him. We know what they're thinking, but the Mountain Man behind West says it for everyone.

GORDON/MOUNTAIN MAN

Hang him!

And with that, Gordon opens his deerskin jacket to reveal his own rope, which he throws to the mob. West looks back at the character in amazement. That's Gordon?! Before West can say or do anything, guns are at his temple, and he's swept out of the room. \*

Gordon calmly straightens his coonskin cap, seemingly uninterested in West's imminent hanging. In the hub-bub of everyone rushing out for the hanging, Gordon heads up the unguarded stairs to the locked room.

As he pulls out his high tech auto-wind lock-pick and quickly gains entrance to the door...

65 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT

65

Hand-held torches illuminate. The rope is tossed over a lamp post. PAN DOWN TO where one of the mob, dressed as GEORGE WASHINGTON, is binding West's hands behind his back.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Looks like we're gonna have to teach ya'll a little lesson on how to behave in polite society.

Suddenly the rope gets placed around his neck.

WEST

Don't grab a white lady's boobies at the big redneck dance. Is that the lesson? Well, I learned it. Don't scratch your head with the shrimp fork. I got that one too. So whaddaya say we call this off?

Gordon eases in, stops at what he sees. And it sure ain't scientists. Beside the bed, locked in an iron disco-like cage is Rita, still wearing her scanty outfit. Gordon squints at her, gives a charming smile.

GORDON

I feel as if we know each other  
from someplace...?

\*  
\*  
\*

RITA

Try again, buster...!

\*  
\*

She takes a breath as if she's going to start screaming. Gordon quickly holds up a hand.

GORDON

Ma'am, please! While I realize I  
look like something straight out  
of James Fenimore Cooper... I  
mean you no harm. My name is  
Artemus Gordon. And you look like  
you're in trouble.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RITA

(dryly)

Yeah? What makes you say that?

\*

To Rita's amazement, Gordon opens his jacket and unbuttons his vest to reveal... a complete miniature tool shop. Quickly he pulls out a thin cable and attaches it to a tiny wheel on the spur of one of his boots.

RITA

I'm Rita. I was hired here as an  
entertainer. Not that I'm  
complaining, but what are you  
doin' in here?

\*  
\*

GORDON

(looking up miles of leg)

Looking for some missing  
scientists... not that I'm  
complaining.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Gordon unsnaps the sole of his shoe. It becomes a pedal that operates the wheels' rotation. Now he removes a bit and handle from his vest and attaches the cable. Starts to pump his foot. It's a foot-powered drill.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GORDON

I'm a special U.S. Marshal on  
assignment from the President.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

RITA

(almost impressed)

If you're so special, how come  
you're lookin' up here when  
Loveless has 'em all workin' down  
in the dungeon?

(rattles bars  
impatiently)

Get me out of here and I'll take  
you down there.

GORDON

Too late. The 'dungeon' is cleaned  
out. It was the first place I  
went, right after I sampled the  
gumbo. Bit heavy on the cumin.

But Rita isn't listening to the food review. Her  
mind's racing. Finally, the LOCK CLICKS and the cage  
door swings open. Gordon takes the distressed damsel  
in his arms, lifts her out.

RITA

(suddenly a coquettish  
smile)

Muchas gracias... Artemus was it?

GORDON

One doesn't forget a smile like  
that. Now where in the world was  
it...? Have you ever played the  
Empire Room... the Bijou Cafe  
perhaps...?

67 EXT. LOVELESS MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

67

West is lifted up by his bound legs and put on the back  
of a wagon. George Washington signals the driver. He  
inches the wagon up, the noose tightening around West's  
neck, choking him.

WEST

(croaks it)

Would it help if I said I thought  
she was a man?

HIS POV - FACES IN LYNCH MOB

The CAMERA FINDS the Soiled Dove. She faints.

WEST

Guess not.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

As West searches desperately for signs of rescue by his "partner," suddenly the wagon lurches forward...

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Hang him!

NEW ANGLE - WEST'S FEET

As they plummet toward the ground.

CLOSE - WEST'S NECK

The rope catches... and stretches!

CLOSE - WEST'S FEET

As they slowly touch the ground.

Nobody is more confused than West.

ANGLE ON CROWD

How the fuck did that happen? But before anybody can figure out Gordon's trick rope, speak of the devil...

GORDON (O.S.)  
Hey-yaa!!!

The crowd turns with alarm to see...

ANGLE ON TEAM OF CHARGING HORSES

Nostrils flared and wild-eyed, are having their rumps snapped by Gordon's reins. Rita holds on for dear life as the mad Mountain Man drives the carriage at full speed right into the crowd -- scattering them.

ANGLE ON WEST

He sees his opportunity for rescue, puts a foot into the back of George Washington, grabs his gun, and somersaults into the air...

ANGLE ON GORDON AND CARRIAGE

West lands squarely in the back. And just as the rope starts to stretch around his neck again, Gordon whirls around with a bowie knife and cuts it.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET NEAR MANSION - MOVING WAGON - NIGHT 68

West leans into Gordon's ear.

WEST  
Hang 'm! Hang 'm!?!

GORDON  
Did it occur to you that my  
carefully planned diversion gave  
me the opportunity to search for  
the missing scientists?

Now West notices the half-dressed bombshell in the carriage.

WEST  
Scientist, huh.

Suddenly, there's a VOLLEY of SHOTS. West throws a protective arm over Rita...

ANGLE ON THE ROAD AHEAD - CRACKER SHARPSHOOTERS

kneel and FIRE at them.

Gordon shoots a jealous look at West and Rita, plucks a button off his jacket and tosses it over his shoulder. When it hits the ground, the gas it emits freezes the sharpshooters in their tracks.

Gordon looks back admiringly at the human statuary he's created. For Rita's benefit...

GORDON  
The pigeons always like that one.

WEST  
Yeah, well, those pigeons better  
be able to hit moving targets...

The sharpshooters have come out of suspended animation a little early and FIRING. Gordon, troubled by the ineffectiveness of the buttons, CLICKS out his PEN and paper, makes a note to himself.

West raises the gun he'd lifted from George Washington. In an amazing display of RAPID-FIRE marksmanship, he PICKS OFF half a dozen of Loveless's shooters even while the carriage bumps wildly on its getaway.  
BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM!!!

(CONTINUED)

RITA

(impressed, re West)

He's pretty good, whoever he  
is...

GORDON

Meet my trigger-happy partner,  
James West.

(to West)

And this is Rita. Loveless had  
her locked in a cage in his  
bedroom. She's an...

WEST

I know, I know, an 'entertainer.'

RITA

Um, maybe I haven't been quite  
honest about that... My name is  
Rita Escobar. I came to find  
Guillermo Escobar, the scientist,  
my... father.

Gordon's eyes pop.

GORDON

Professor Escobar?! He was the  
one I almost rescued that night  
when...

(lightbulb)

That's where I know you from!  
Fat-Can Candy's... you sang  
before I did.

West rolls his eyes. She nods.

RITA

(pained)

I followed them there. Then  
here. I still haven't found my  
father.

WEST

Look Rita, I'm sorry you had  
the wrong agent working on your  
case. When I find your father  
I promise I'll send him back  
safely...

And with that... West suddenly leaps over Rita -- lands  
on the back of one of the horses. He grabs a handful of  
mane, leans over and unclips the harness. And with a  
kick in the ribs, West is off at a gallop -- leaving  
Gordon, one remaining horse and an awed Rita behind to  
chew his dust.

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

GORDON

Now you know what I've been  
dealing with.

\*  
\*  
\*

69 EXT. LOVELESS BOAT (OFFSHORE) - NIGHT

69

Dr. Loveless and his visiting foreign dignitaries are sipping champagne. One of them is holding a little DOG in his arms, BARKING at something in the dark. General McGrath stands at the railing, uncharacteristically pensive. Loveless rolls over, hands him a glass of champagne.

LOVELESS

Well, General, it's been a long  
journey from New Liberty.

McGrath visibly winces at the sound of it.

McGRATH

Sir, there isn't a day that passes  
that I don't contemplate it.

LOVELESS

Yes, and so do I. So do I.  
(reflexively reaches  
for missing legs)  
If I'd only had the scientific  
understanding of gunpowder and  
primers that I have today...

McGRATH

That's not what I meant.

Loveless looks at him puzzled, then gets it.

LOVELESS

Oh, you mean the stomach-churning  
carnage that earned you your  
unfortunate nom de guerre...

Loveless speaks for the benefit of the others.

LOVELESS

What was that nickname again?

McGRATH

(reluctantly)  
'Bloodbath' McGrath... the Butcher  
of New Liberty.

70

EXT. MALHEUREUX POINT - MARSH - NIGHT

70

A reb battalion waits in a foggy meadow that slopes down to marsh. Beyond that is the Gulf of Mexico. We recognize one of the REBS from the cathouse. He opens his pocket watch.

REB #1

They oughta be here by now.

REB #2

Maybe we're in the wrong place.

\*

REB #1

(rechecks map)

No, we're supposed to wait 'xactly on this here spot.

Suddenly they hear a CLANKING and SCREECHING coming from the marsh. They ready their arms and get in defensive positions. What they can't see through the fog is...

ANGLE - MARSH - ARMORED TANK

amphibiously sludges up through the mud and reeds, passing by the dumbstruck soldiers as it heads to the center of the field. The contraption has a large cannon and Gatling guns bristling from several ports. The Rebs cheer their new weapon.

71

EXT. MALHEUREUX POINT - BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

71

Now a mortar appears through the turret and FIRES a ROCKET that EXPLODES over the Reb soldiers illuminating the field. As Soldiers shield their eyes from the blinding light...

ANGLE - AERIAL SHOT

\*

looking down on the field. Unbeknownst to the Rebs, Loveless has mowed and stained the field with concentric lines to give it a giant dart board appearance.

\*

Suddenly the TANK TURRET OPENS FIRE on them. Once over their initial shock, the Rebs FIRE BACK with their Springfield RIFLES. But the BULLETS PING off the tank's impenetrable skin like goober peas.

72

EXT. LOVELESS BOAT (OFFSHORE) - NIGHT

72

General McGrath turns from the rail and faces Loveless, outraged.

(CONTINUED)

McGRATH

Why you sawed-off sadistic  
bastard! You've betrayed us!

Loveless lowers his field glasses, cocks his head.

LOVELESS

My dear General, after donating  
half my physical being creating a  
weapon capable of doing this...  
how did you and General Lee repay  
my loyalty? You surrendered at  
Appomattox! So, who betrayed who?

Loveless turns to Munitia holding a steno pad.

LOVELESS

Munitia, make note. Turret speed  
needs to be accelerated!

Now in the b.g., we hear the GATLINGS OPEN UP. The  
SCREAMS of Reb soldiers.

McGRATH

Loveless, I demand you give the  
order to stop this slaughter now!

LOVELESS

(ignores him)

... We're going to need more  
loading drills! I'm hearing too  
much time between screams.

As Munitia scribbles dutifully, McGrath shoves her aside.  
He pulls his pistol.

McGRATH

For the last time, give them the  
order to desist!

Loveless, his back to him, is seemingly unconcerned at  
having a gun barrel pressed against his skull.

LOVELESS

General, I understand your  
distress. But believe me, those  
men are not dying senselessly. It  
is for a far greater cause than  
you can imagine.

As Loveless' right index finger finds a black button on  
the arm of his wheelchair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ANGLE - LOVELESS'S WHEELCHAIR ARM

The steel tubes that comprise the armrests are actually shotgun barrels facing fore and aft. McGrath's finger tightens on the trigger.

MCGRATH

Go straight to hell, sir!

LOVELESS

After you... sir.

BOOOM!!! McGrath has a very startled expression as he looks down at the aftereffects of DOUBLE-UGHT BUCKSHOT. As he crumples to the deck, Loveless sniffs.

LOVELESS

Bloodbath McGrath indeed.

The dignitary's DOG starts barking, jumps to the deck. It sits next to the fallen General's gramophone ear and cocks his head. With the RCA logo invented we move back to...

ANGLE ON LOVELESS

He sighs at his pale guests. They don't seem to appreciate the efficiency of his slaughter.

LOVELESS

Well, that concludes the festivities. Ladies, feed him to the crabs.

Munitia and Amazonia unceremoniously dump McGrath's body overboard. SPLOOSH. Loveless turns to the dignitaries.

LOVELESS

Since the beginning of written history, a nation's power has been determined by the size of its standing army. But tonight, that chapter will be closed. The traditional army, to say nothing of the United States, will become extinct. Laid low by a cripple -- as the General so aptly put it -- and mechinology.

(starts to roll off boat)

Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a tank to catch.

\*

\*

\*

\*

73

EXT. TRAIN SIDING (NEAR MALHEUREUX POINT) - NIGHT

73

A black train waits ominously on the tracks. It's less a traditional train car than a riveted, armored, turreted fortress on wheels. Also it currently lacks an engine.

Loveless, over his shoulder to the foreign contingent...

LOVELESS

My destination is both the future... and the past! Forget Paul Revere, this will be the most revolutionary ride in the history of America!!

He looks dotingly at the TANK, which CLATTERS up from the battlefield on its treads... then drives onto the tracks. Wheels drop down out of the chassis, the treads retract up, and the TANK BACKS INTO the rest of the TRAIN. CLANK. It's a neat modular fit. Black death on rails.

The foreigners watch with awe as...

ANGLE - LOVELESS

wheels up onto the tank/train. He drops the expansiveness, fixes them with a viper's eye.

LOVELESS

If you don't want to miss the ride, have the last payment of 1000 kilograms of your country's gold in my hands no later than Friday. That's when I make our little proposal to President Grant. One I'm ever so confident he's gonna accept.

(now a jaunty wave  
of his hat)

Au revoir, adios, and ta-ta!

74

EXT. MALHEUREUX POINT - BATTLEFIELD - STRAIGHT-DOWN ANGLE - NIGHT

74

It's quiet. The dead men are all in the #9 or #10 ring

Now a rider ENTERS FRAME...

75

EXT. MALHEUREUX POINT - BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

75

West slowly dismounts, transfixed by the slaughter on the pre-fab battlefield. There's something hauntingly familiar about all this for him -- the mangled bodies, the treadmarks... But we'll find out about that later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

West draws his weapon and begins walking through the victims. The pace of his search quickens when he isn't finding what he's looking for -- General McGrath.

NEW ANGLE - GORDON AND RITA

have arrived in the one-horse carriage. Gordon is trying to recreate the crime scene. Rita trails behind him, his coat thrown over her shoulders, trying not to gag as she passes the mangled corpses.

GORDON

It came up out of the lake...  
from the way these corpses are  
positioned, laid down a 360 degree  
pattern of cannon fire... then  
disappeared in moments.

(puts a foot on a body,  
scratches his chin)

My God, what kind of weapon is it?

Rita can't handle Gordon's clinical posturing.

RITA

Excuse me, I think I'm going to be  
sick.

As she walks quickly away, West comes over, a haunted look on his face.

WEST

It just rolls on and on. Makes a  
screeching sound -- like a wounded  
animal. Got a 'cabin' on top with  
a cannon... swivels 'round like an  
eagle's head.

GORDON

You saw it?

WEST

Heard about it. Thought it was  
crazy survivors' stories.

GORDON

What survivors? There aren't any  
here.

WEST

New Liberty, Illinois -- the free  
slave town just over the border.  
Just one week before the War ended  
in '65. I was in the 9th Cavalry  
that discovered it. Old men,  
women, children... they used them  
for target practice...

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

He looks out at the battlefield as if reliving it. Gordon is sympathetic to his obvious pain -- just shuts up. West's grim reverie is interrupted by MOANING coming from the shoreline. They all follow the sound to find...

76 EXT. MALHEUREUX POINT - MARSH - NIGHT

76

General McGrath, washed up on the shore. West looks down at him. Now, Rita still looking green around the gills, rejoins the party.

WEST

That's when I vowed to follow  
McGrath to the end of the earth.

As grey as four-day-old mullet, McGrath manages a smile for his relentless pursuer.

McGRATH

(barely audible)

What's the matter, West? Thought  
you'd be happy to find me... like  
this.

WEST

I was hoping to kill you myself.

RITA

That's a nice way to talk to  
people.

McGRATH

You'll have to live with it... As  
I've lived with the blame for New  
Liberty.

McGrath fades out. West grabs him and shakes him.

WEST

What do you mean?

McGRATH

(opens eyes)

It was Loveless... his plan. He  
operated the contraption there.  
Smarter now... left it to others  
here.

With the meaning of it all sinking in, West grabs McGrath by the collar and pulls him toward him.

WEST

Where is he? Where did he go?!

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED:

76

The General tries to speak. West puts his ear to the General's mouth. But before he can say it, McGrath closes his eyes for the last time.

West's shoulders sag. Then from behind...

RITA (O.S.)  
Well, I know that.

West turns to her...well?

RITA  
I'll tell you if you take me  
along. \*

WEST  
(in no mood) \*

Just tell me. \*

RITA  
The girls at the mansion. They  
talk.

(imitating a la  
Lippenreider) \*

'I vonder if my hair vill get  
frissy in ze desert...? Where  
is diss Ooo-tah anyvay?' \*

As West and Gordon turn to one another with alarm... \*

WEST/GORDON \*

Ooo-tah?! \*

77

EXT. NEW ORLEANS TRAIN SIDING - NIGHT

77

West and Gordon climb up onto the Wanderer and enter...

78

INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - ENGINE STOPPED - NIGHT

78

West and Gordon burst in, surprising Coleman, who's got his feet up, perusing the Playboy of the day -- the Montgomery Ward catalogue. \*

WEST  
Coleman... let's go! Full speed  
ahead! \*

West snatches the catalogue out of his hands, does a take at the pictures of chunky models in bloomers. \*

COLEMAN  
Aye sir! \*

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

As Coleman quickly exits, Gordon looks out the window,  
onto the platform. \*

GORDON  
(wistful)

I don't see why we couldn't have  
given her a ride back home to  
Texas. It is on the way... \*

WEST

On the way to Utah where our  
President happens to be. Maybe we  
oughta be worryin' about that  
little coincidence! \*

As the ENGINE ROARS to life... \*

79 EXT. NEW ORLEANS TRAIN SIDING - POV FROM WANDERER - 79  
NIGHT

Rita gives a forlorn little wave as the TRAIN CHUGS away. \*

80 INT. WANDERER - ENGINE CAR - NIGHT 80

GORDON

We wouldn't have known where  
Loveless was going if it wasn't  
for her. Seems a bit ungracious,  
possibly perilous. \*

WEST

Look, a woman who can track her  
father to Fat-Can's to Loveless's  
place, won't have any trouble  
findin' her own way home. \*

GORDON

You're only being intractable  
because she liked me better. \*

81 EXT. NEW ORLEANS TRAIN SIDING - NIGHT 81

Rita disappears FROM VIEW in a cloud of steam...

82 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - NIGHT 82

West has every weapon on the train out for cleaning and  
loading. Gordon, meanwhile, goes to the Victrola. \*

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

GORDON

You know I've been trying to place myself in Loveless's shoes...

WEST

Good luck on that one.

Gordon ignores him, flips the Victrola over revealing a telegraph machine.

GORDON

If Loveless motive is strictly revenge against President Grant, what interest does that hold for the foreign ministers I recognized with him? England, France, and Spain... historic enemies united in what cause...?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEST

They all like a good party?

\*

Gordon's lips purse as he starts CLACKING away on the TELEGRAPH machine.

WEST

What're you doin'?

Gordon responds as to a child, fingers flying.

GORDON

I thought it might be prudent to apprise our President that a murderous lunatic is heading his way.

WEST

Yeah, well apprise 'til your fingers fall off. It won't do any good.

West nods out the window. Gordon looks...

83 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - POV FROM MOVING WANDERER - NIGHT

83

The telegraph poles have been blasted over. They're still smoking.

84 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - NIGHT

84

Gordon STOPS the CLACKING, has a troubling new thought.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

GORDON

I've got something in the oven!

West shakes his head as Gordon rushes into the galley. After a beat, Gordon reappears carrying an epicurean dish which he proudly presents to West.

GORDON

Epaule de Chevreuil Farcie!

West looks from Gordon to the food deadpan.

GORDON

(translating)

Stuffed shoulder of venison.  
Cooked in a daubiere, a clay  
pot...

WEST

(cuts off dissertation)

That's how you prepare for  
battle... you cook?

GORDON

Fine. Don't eat it.

Gordon is about to put the first bite in his mouth when he hears... a FAINT NOISE. He looks to West. It's coming from the back of the train. West draws his gun.

Stealthily, they ease their way to the back door. West gets ready, nods to Gordon who then yanks open the door. Nothing there. Then there's a WHOOSH behind them as...

POV - RITA

Falls through the ceiling, screaming.

85

INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - NIGHT

85

Rita's plopped into the same club chair West landed in before. Rita blinks, looks around at them.

GORDON

(amused)

Rita, how nice of you to drop...

WEST

Don't say it.

(to her)

What the hell do you think you're  
doing on this train?

(CONTINUED)

RITA

I was freezin' out there and I um,  
just stepped on this little thing  
and this other thing shot me up  
and I guess I came through the  
roof.

(sniffs, sees West's  
untouched plate)

Is he eating that? I'm starving.

She doesn't even wait for an answer. She grabs the plate  
and starts eating. West shakes his head at her chutzpa.

WEST

Make yourself a sandwich to take  
with you. Your free ride is over.

RITA

But... I can help you.

WEST

How could you possibly help us?

RITA

Well, out there, I heard you  
talking about why all those  
foreign guys were at Loveless's  
party...? You want me to tell  
you?

GORDON

By all means.

She uses the time to get another bite into her mouth.

RITA

(to Gordon, chewing)

This is fantastic. You can cut it  
with a fork! How'd you cook it?

GORDON

(someone appreciates  
him)

Well, in a daubiere... a clay pot.  
A French method which...

West cuts off the chit-chat.

WEST

What about the foreign guys?!

RITA

Let's see, well the English guy  
was mad about some party in  
Boston, maybe he didn't get  
invited or somethin'...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

\*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GORDON  
A tea party by any chance?

\*  
\*

RITA  
(shrugs, takes a bite)  
And Hudson and everyone kept arguin' about Nueva York and some real bad deal in Louisiana on purpose...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GORDON  
Louisiana... Purchase...?

\*  
\*

RITA  
That's it... and Queen somebody -- somebody of France got swindled.

\*  
\*  
\*

GORDON  
Queen Isabella of Spain.

West rolls his eyes. But it sparks a thought for Gordon.

\*

GORDON  
Land. Every country represented once had colonial interests in America. Could it be that...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEST  
(cuts him off)  
Gordon, this is crazy. She doesn't know what she's talking about!

\*

West picks up the speaker horn and calls Coleman.

WEST  
(into speaker horn)  
Coleman, stop the train! Miss Escobar's getting off.

\*  
\*

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
(over pipe)  
Who the hell's Miss Escobar?

\*  
\*  
\*

RITA  
(grabs horn)  
I'm a frightened, starving half-naked young woman who only wants to find her father!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
(over pipe)  
Half-naked?

\*  
\*  
\*

WEST  
 (grabs it back)  
 Coleman... stop the train.

COLEMAN (V.O.)  
 (over pipe)  
 We're not puttin' anybody off.  
 Not out here in the middle of  
 nowhere.

West looks out the window. Nothing but sagebrush and animal skulls out there. Rita comes up close to Jim, fire in her big, brown eyes.

RITA  
 Please, Jim. My father's the only family I've got. What am I supposed to do? Sit home and wait for news he's been killed? Or go do something! What would you do, Jim?!

That gets the man of action where he lives.

WEST  
 Look, I got nothing against you, Rita. It's just that... What's going to happen when we catch up to Loveless... with you on the train?

She grabs West's hand.

RITA  
 I know you'd never let him take me back. I've seen you shoot.

West kinda melts a little. This girl does have her charms. Gordon, a little jealous, puffs his chest out

GORDON  
 I assure you, Rita, an attack by Loveless would be an exercise in futility.  
 (stands for tour)  
 ... Allow me to demonstrate how my design suggestions have made the Wanderer impervious to attack.

West draws his guns, twirls them and reholsters.

WEST  
 I'm the impervious part.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Hardly. Completely armor-plated...

Artemus raps his knuckles on the wall making a METALLIC sound. Then he smugly demonstrates that the light fixture is actually a Gatling gun.

GORDON

An attacker would find the lighting inside extremely... unflattering.

\*  
\*  
\*

Finally he moves to the billiard table, while Rita nods... and keeps eating.

GORDON

And if, by some inconceivable fluke, they did manage to gain entrance...

(rolls billiard ball into bumper)

An innocent billiard ball this way.

(picks it up, presses the number)

But depress the number... a sleeping gas bomb. Effective in under three seconds.

\*  
\*

Gordon unclicks it, triumphantly rolls it into a pocket.

GORDON

So rest assured, Rita... you are completely safe within these walls.

West snorts at his obvious play for Rita's attentions.

WEST

I don't know about you, ma'am, but I know I'll be sleeping a whole lot better tonight.

(yawns)

... assuming Loveless barges in here and feels like a game of pool.

RITA

Speaking of sleeping, I'm pretty tired. Artemus, do you think I could borrow something to wear?

\*

West jumps in before Gordon can answer.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (5)

85

WEST  
I've got somethin' you might use.  
It ain't stylish, but it's  
practical...

86 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - NIGHT

86

West and Gordon have bunked down on opposite couches.  
West grumpily looks over at Gordon.

WEST  
Hey, when did we say she could  
stay?

GORDON  
I really don't know.

ANGLE ON DOOR

opens and Rita emerges from the state room. She shyly  
clings to the door jamb -- half revealing herself in one  
of West's red Union suits.

RITA  
Well, good night gentlemen, and  
thank you for saving me.

GORDON AND WEST  
(simultaneously)  
My pleasure.

When she turns to go back inside, we see she has failed  
to button the back flap to the longjohns. Gordon and  
West look at each other out of the corner of their eyes.

WEST  
Oh, Rita...

She stops, he smiles.

WEST  
Hope it's not too breezy back  
there for you.

RITA  
It looks very cozy, Jim.

She turns. But before she can go...

GORDON  
Rita...?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

She stops again, looks over her shoulder, keeping her peek-a-boo rear end in view.

GORDON

If there's anything you need...  
back there, anything at all...  
you'll let us know?

RITA

Aren't you nice, Arte. Well...  
sweet dreams.

Then as she blows them both a kiss...

87 OMITTED

87 \*

88 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

88

Gordon and West react as Coleman's voice booms out  
of the pipe. \*

COLEMAN (V.O.)

(over pipe)

We have Loveless, gentlemen!  
Seven hundred yards and closing!

As they scramble for boots, weapons, Rita comes out  
of her room. \*

RITA

What's going on?

Gordon ushers her to the back.

GORDON

Stay back here, take cover!

Meanwhile, West pulls on his boot. When he stands on it,  
a three inch STILETTO SNAPS out of the toe. \*

WEST

What the hell is this?

GORDON

I took the liberty of installing  
it while you were sleeping. I  
just don't cook when I'm on a  
mission!

West looks at him incredulously.

WEST

Leave my stuff alone!

- 89 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - DAY 89 \*
- Loveless's tank/train chugs into a mountain tunnel. The Wanderer is just behind it... and goes into the tunnel seconds later. \*
- 90 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - OTHER SIDE OF TUNNEL - DAY 90 \*
- The Wanderer blasts out of the tunnel. (In f.g. we might notice a metal post that extends up out of frame.) \*
- 91 INT. WANDERER - ENGINE - DAY 91 \*
- Coleman squints ahead. He sees the tracks up ahead are empty. No Loveless. \*
- COLEMAN \*
- Am I missin' somethin' here...? \*
- 92 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - LOVELESS'S TRAIN - DAY 92 \*
- Up on metal stilts. It lets the Wanderer pass underneath it. Then it lowers itself back down onto the tracks. \*
- The legs fold to the side, and the tank/train pursues its pursuers. \*
- 93 INT. LOVELESS'S TRAIN - DAY 93 \*
- Loveless turns to his three distaff warriors.
- LOVELESS \*
- Amazonia, shall we disabuse our friends of the notion that one's problems are solved when we see the light at the end of the tunnel! \*
- As Munitia swivels the cannon barrel... \*
- 94 OMITTED 94 \*
- thru thru
- 97 97
- 98 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 98 \*
- West and Gordon are about to head forward when Gordon glances out the back, grabs West.

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

GORDON

Jim, we're the ones chasing  
Loveless, correct?

(as West shoots  
him a look)

Then perhaps you could explain  
what they're doing behind us.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As West looks out the back too... KA-BOOM! A SHELL  
EXPLODES just to the right of them. Now ANOTHER  
EXPLOSION to the left of them. The Wanderer rocks  
precariously from wheel to wheel, throwing a screaming  
Rita back and forth between West and Gordon.

WEST

They couldn't fire the cannon at  
us from in front. Any other  
questions?

GORDON

Just solutions.

Gordon flips a switch marked "FLUE -- CLOSE."

\*

99

EXT. WANDERER - MOVING - DAY

99

Suddenly the smokestack steam is rerouted, now coming out  
behind them, forming a thick smokescreen.

100

INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

100

WEST

Cute. But it doesn't exactly  
capture Loveless. Does give me an  
idea though.

West runs to the pool table, grabbing a rope. He jumps  
up on the pool table, looks to Gordon.

WEST

Would it put you out too much to  
hit your little secret button?

With a shrug, Gordon hits the same hidden button he had  
during their fight. Whoosh! West is gone as the pool  
table flips over. As Rita covers her mouth in  
amazement...

GORDON

I taught him how it worked.

- 101 EXT. WANDERER - DAY 101
- West hanging upside-down. He hand-over-hands himself back to the escape trolley. He slides his back on top of it -- then lowers it onto the track.
- Little wheels fit on the inside of the track. Once coupled, West releases the cable and he shoots backwards -- OUT OF FRAME.
- 102 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 102
- Gordon opens a panel in the floor and snaps up a winch with a large handle. He starts to crank it, slowly letting out cable.
- 103 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - POV FROM BACK OF MOVING WANDERER - DAY 103
- Out the back door, we see West emerge from under the Wanderer heading for Loveless's tank/train.
- 104 INSERT 104
- Suddenly there's a PING! BONG! PING! POP! The TEETH of the GEARS can't take the pressure and they're flying off the WINCH.
- 105 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 105
- Gordon, realizing another invention of his needs some tweaking, snaps out his pen and pad. As he scribbles a note, Rita considers the exotic pen holder.
- RITA
- You know you could put a gun on that thing.
- Gordon looks up at her disapprovingly.. not you too? Meanwhile, on the tracks...
- 106 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - WEST ON TROLLEY - DAY 106
- Off his wire tether, he flies backwards at 80 m.p.h.
- 107 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - POV FROM BACK OF MOVING WANDERER - DAY 107
- It looks like his head's about to be smashed by Loveless's tank/train.

108 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 108

Rita turns away, buries her head in Gordon's shoulder just as...

109 EXT. TRACKS - TRAIN CHASE - DAY 109

West slides under the train! He lies flat as the death MACHINE ROARS over him. At the last second, he lassos the rope around the rear axle. It slows him a for a beat... then stretches. He's gotten Gordon's trick rope. We see his silent scream -- "Artemus!" He slides way behind the tank/train, then springs back... past the tank/train. Finally, West slides back underneath and manages to grab hold of their caboose. He swings his legs up, pulls himself around onto the step.

110 EXT. LOVELESS'S TRAIN - ROOF - MOVING - DAY 110

West makes his way forward to the smokestack. He tries to flip the flue closed, steam scalding his hands. He doesn't see Hudson come at him from behind. He wraps a garrote around West's neck, pulls it tight -- practically crushing his larynx...

111 INT. LOVELESS'S TRAIN - ENGINE - DAY 111

Munitia is bent over, has her eye to the cannon sight. As she squints through the smoke at the Wanderer up ahead, Loveless, sitting behind her, has his full attention focused on her tuchus. \*

MUNITIA

I have them square in my sights, sire. \*

LOVELESS

(distracted)

As I do, Munitia... as do I. \*

(looks up, wry smile) \*

Fire away! \*

But it's a little difficult with him stroking her buttocks. BOOM! The cannon fires... \*

112 OMITTED 112 \*

113 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 113

Gordon and Rita are looking out the back when they see the latest missile headed their way. Gordon pulls Rita down at the last second as a huge steel arrow shoots through the door, past their heads... and into the parlor wall. \*

As metal barbs flick out, locking the tip in, and the steel chain it's attached to draws tight...

114 EXT. LOVELESS'S TRAIN - ROOF - MOVING - DAY 114

West and Hudson roll around precariously. West claws desperately at the garrote. It looks grim for our hero until he knocks his boot heels together. CLICK... his STILETTO BLADE appears.

Summoning his last ounce of strength, he mule-kicks... sinking the blade into the Hudson's leg. West grabs him and shoves him head first into the smokestack. The big Indian plugs it up like a cork in a bottle. \*

115 INT. LOVELESS'S TRAIN - ENGINE - DAY 115

Loveless has only a moment to gloat over his marksmanship before the compartment begins filling with smoke. Choking clouds that send Loveless et al into coughing fits.

LOVELESS  
Close the fire door!

Just in time, Amazonia swings it shut as the unvented BOILER EXPLODES, sending a FIREBALL ripping through the back of the train, destroying it. Up ahead...

116 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY 116

Gordon and Rita are thrown across the car, along with everything else inside, as Loveless's train's sudden stop... jerks them with it. The SCREECH of STEEL WHEELS SCRAPING on IRON RAILS is sickening. They clutch onto one another... as the Wanderer skids to a stop.

As they pick themselves up, Gordon looks to Rita who's shaken up and scared. Now FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

RITA  
I won't let Loveless take me  
again! I'd rather be dead!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

GORDON  
 (recalling West's  
 words)

That's not a good one to wish for.

To defend herself, Rita grabs one of the sleeping-gas pool balls rolling around on the ground. Gordon leads her into the stateroom to lock her in, but she grabs his hand.

RITA  
 Please, Artemus, don't leave me  
 alone!

Rita closes the door behind him and locks it.

117 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - STATEROOM - DAY

117

Gordon and Rita on the bed. FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. Gordon gestures to be still. The door handle jiggles. Rita gets ready to arm the pool ball.

WEST (O.S.)  
 (hoarsely, not  
 sounding like him)  
 It's me, Jim. Open up!

RITA  
 It's a trick, I know Loveless.

CLICK, she pushes the number. Gordon makes a grab for it.

GORDON  
 Rita, no! It's just...

Clunk... she drops it to the floor.

ANGLE - WEST

standing in the doorway. He rubs a raw welt on his neck from the garrote, smirks when he sees Gordon on the bed with Rita. But his smirk drops when he sees the pool ball roll between his feet -- spewing a purple cloud of sleeping gas.

West gives Gordon a Wile E. Coyote look, croaks...

WEST  
 Too damn late, is what it is.

118 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

118

A sea of corn tassels waving in the wind. Loveless's destroyed train is in the b.g. The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find...

\*  
\*  
\*

ANGLE ON WEST AND GORDON

lying on the ground with their BACKS TO us. They stir. West props himself up, looks over at Gordon, who has just regained consciousness.

WEST

(mimicking him)

An innocent billiard ball this way, but depress the number and on impact... a sleeping-gas bomb.

West shakes his head disparagingly and stands. He feels the metal band around his neck and surveys the 18-inch wire fence which has been laid around them in a circle. West is about to step over it. Gordon grabs his leg.

GORDON

Don't move!

119 EXT. WANDERER - BACK PLATFORM - DAY

119

Loveless is sitting in his wheelchair, fifty yards from West and Gordon. On Loveless's elbow sits Miss Lippenreider. She looks through binoculars and lip reads West and Gordon.

LOVELESS

Continue, Miss Lippenreider...

MISS LIPPENREIDER

(doing both voices  
in a monotone)

West. Let go of my leg! Gordon. Listen to me. Loveless collared us with the same metal device we found on Morton.

Loveless turns to Munitia, who is loading two 36-inch-diameter metal discs into what looks like a CD changer/clay-pigeon-thrower.

LOVELESS

Oh, Munitia... I hope we're not going to leave evidence behind like we did last time.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

MUNITIA

Nitro this time, sire.

As she arms the device, and a red light comes on...

LOVELESS

(through megaphone)

Good morning, gentlemen! I trust  
you slept well.

120 EXT. CORNFIELD - PERIMETER - DAY

120

West and Gordon squint through the corn, see Loveless on  
their train.

GORDON

What have you done with Rita?

LOVELESS

Rita, is it? How familiar! Rita  
is sleeping off the after-effects  
in the stateroom.

(looks toward bedroom)

Quite lovely, isn't she? Who  
knows... I might even become  
'familiar' with her myself.

Gordon takes a step. West stops him.

WEST

And that would become one more  
reason why I'm going to kill you.

LOVELESS

Yes, Mr. West, I'm sure a well-  
endowed blackamoor like yourself  
must find it absolutely  
impossible... that a freak like me  
could fully enjoy the pleasure of  
a woman. But having witnessed my  
use of mechinology so far...  
wouldn't you think I could provide  
myself with something for the  
lower half of my body that was  
hard-pumping and indefatigably  
steely?

Loveless looks O.S.

LOVELESS

... And speaking of 'hard  
pumping...' Mr. Coleman, full  
steam ahead!

121 EXT. WANDERER - ENGINE ROOM - COLEMAN - DAY 121

In the engine room. Amazonia has a gun to his head. \*

122 EXT. WANDERER - STARTING TO MOVE - DAY 122

Loveless takes his last shot at them from the back.

LOVELESS

What a marvelous train! You don't mind if I borrow it, do you, gentlemen? Other than a lack of wheelchair access, I find it a most comfortable way to pass the long miles from here to my laboratory in Spider Canyon... \*

WEST \*

What is it with you and spiders, Loveless? \*

LOVELESS

Simple admiration for a creature with an embarrassment of riches. Powerful. Lethal. It has eight legs to begin with. And if it should happen to lose one, well it simply grows another one back. Perhaps I am a little jealous too. \*

(louder as they  
move off) \*

I'll be seeing President Grant soon at Promontory Point. What shall I tell him for you? I'm afraid it can't be that you're alive and well... \*

And as his maniacal giggle hangs in the air... \*

123 EXT. CORNFIELD - PERIMETER - DAY 123

Gordon and West frustrated, as the train pulls away from them. West tugs at the metal collar around his neck.

WEST

Gordon, get out your little tool kit and get this damn thing off of me!

Gordon unbuttons his shirt to reveal his leather tool kit... empty except for a note. Gordon opens it and reads.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

GORDON

'Gentlemen, welcome to the Loveless Experimental Camp for Political Dissidents. There are no guards. No barbed wire. As long as you stay within the designated perimeter, you will stay alive.'

124 EXT. CORNFIELD - WANDERER BACK PLATFORM - MOVING - DAY 124

Miss Lippenreider is still eavesdropping for Loveless, through binos.

MISS LIPPENREIDER

West. How do you know it's not just bullshit? Gordon. Step over the fence and find out. Rita and I will put flowers on your grave every year.

125 EXT. CORNFIELD - PERIMETER - DAY 125

West stands next to the little fence, watching Loveless escape.

WEST

I don't have time for this.

GORDON

Wait, I have an auxiliary tool kit!

Gordon peels back the top of his boot revealing it. But it's too late. West has jumped over the fence. Then he hops back inside it. He holds his hands out to Gordon.

WEST

See? Nothing happened.

West grabs Gordon by the back of his vest and yanks him over the fence. Now they hear a slight BUZZING in the air and it's not a bee.

NEW ANGLE - DISC

comes whipping over the corn straight for West's head. In a split second, he ducks and the disc cuts the tops of the corn off and banks around for a new attack.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

GORDON

Oh, really...?

Now both of them step over the fenced perimeter and start running like hell through the cornfield.

WEST

Is it too late to take it off of me now?

126 EXT. CORNFIELD - DISC LAUNCHER - DAY

126

The second disc machine light turns green and the second disc is launched.

127 EXT. CORNFIELD - WANDERER BACK PLATFORM - MOVING - DAY

127

Loveless is laughing his head off. Certain of Gordon's and West's impending death, he rolls his wheelchair inside.

A128 INT. WANDERER - RITA

A128 \*

is awakening from the effects of the billiard ball gas and tries to control her sense of dread and loathing. She smiles nervously at Loveless as he opens a bottle of champagne.

LOVELESS

Rita, my dear, not that I'm ungrateful to Providence for bringing you back to me...

Rita jumps as the champagne CORK POPS.

LOVELESS

... I'm just a wee bit curious as to how you managed to wind up with them.

RITA

(scrambling)

Well, they uh... seemed so... sure that they could find you... and I thought if I stayed with them... they'd lead me back to... all my friends...

Amazonia just looks at her deadpan.

(CONTINUED)

A128 CONTINUED:

A128

RITA

And not to give you a big head  
but...

(wrinkles her nose  
to Loveless)

I kinda missed you.

LOVELESS

(not buying it)

Isn't that a coincidence? I miss  
me, too.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

128 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

128

West and Gordon come running TOWARD us. Behind and above  
are two discs about to make a dive at them.

The discs, like giant razors, are mowing off the tops of  
the corn stalks, heading straight for their heads!

West and Gordon dive to the ground... the discs just  
missing them. West stands to run again. We see the back  
of his head's been buzzed.

129 EXT. CORNFIELD - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

129

West and Gordon running a zigzag pattern toward the end  
of the cornfield. West sees a gully fifty yards ahead of  
them.

WEST

Head for that gully!

West zigs out of the cornfield one way. Gordon zags out  
the other. They're both beat-up and exhausted from  
running and flopping on the ground.

130 EXT. RIVER CANYON NEAR CORNFIELD - DAY

130

Gordon breathlessly reaches the edge. And looks down.

131 EXT. RIVER CANYON - GORDON'S POV - DAY

131

It's no gully. It's a canyon that drops 100 feet down to  
a ribbon of brown water. And that's not the worst of  
it...

132 EXT. RIVER CANYON NEAR CORNFIELD - DAY

West is on the other side of the precipice. They're separated by about 15 feet of air.

They both see the discs closing in. Think fast.

WEST

When I give the signal. Jump off the cliff into my arms.

GORDON

Are you crazy?! Do you see what's down there?

WEST

(watching the discs approach)

Five, four, three, two...

West holds out his arms.

GORDON

Forget it. I'm not doing it...

WEST

One...

West takes a leap of faith... and finally, so does Gordon.

GORDON

Oh shit!

CLOSE - PARTNERS

meeting mid-air. They drop OUT OF FRAME, just as the two discs collide with a MIGHTY EXPLOSION that is heard...

133 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - DAY

Loveless raises his glass to Rita, makes a little kissing gesture. She looks like she'd like to kill herself

134 OMITTED

135 EXT. RIVER CANYON NEAR CORNFIELD - DAY

West and Gordon are still in mid-air, both looking down.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

GORDON

I just remembered... I can't swim!

WEST

You won't have to!

They drop OUT OF FRAME and we hear a loud THUK THUK.

136 EXT. BOTTOM OF RIVER CANYON - DAY

136

West and Gordon stuck up to their necks in red riverbed mud. As they slowly begin to extricate themselves...

137 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

137

Gordon and West, lips parched, clothes tattered, they have a haunted look.

They huddle around a small fire, staring at the first food they've had for days -- some blackened creature on a spit.

West removes it and hands it to Gordon. He grabs it like a cave man, wolfing it down, crunching the bones, licking his fingers. Now, he becomes aware of West watching him.

GORDON

This gila monster... it needs something. I don't know what.

WEST

It needs you to pass it around. That's what it needs.

GORDON

Sorry, I'm not quite myself out... here.

(recites  
pedantically)

'A thousand fantasies throng the mind, of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire, on sands and shores and desert wilderness.'  
Milton.

WEST

You know, Gordon, the most amazing guy I ever knew was this Navajo shaman. He could make a gunshot wound heal overnight. He could make pebbles roll along the ground just from lookin' at them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

WEST (CONT'D)

He could turn himself into a crow... once flew to Galena just so he could watch the Lincoln-Douglas Debates. But damn! He never bragged half as much about how smart he was! And he never even had any education!

Gordon looks as if the lizard has caught in his throat. He swallows dryly.

GORDON

Well, as a matter of fact, neither did I. A formal one, anyway.

WEST

Then how come you act that way? \*

GORDON

Well, I'm an actor. I act as if I've had an education.

WEST

An actor?!

GORDON

My parents and I were part of an acting troupe. We spent our lives travelling from one hick town to another. I had a lot of time to read. \*

WEST

How the hell did you wind up in this line of work? Makin' my life miserable?

Gordon's face darkens.

GORDON

The highlight of my acting career was when I landed a part in The American Cousin -- a light comedy -- at Ford's Theater in Washington. There was this one line I had... it used to get the biggest laugh in the show. One night, that laugh drowned out Booth's gunshot... and Lincoln was dead.

Gordon lets that sink in.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

GORDON

I decided to devote my talents to making sure that never happened again.

As West pokes the fire while pondering that...

CLOSE - TARANTULA

walks slowly across West's outstretched hand. West doesn't move a muscle. In fact, it doesn't faze him a bit. However, Gordon's eyes are bugging out.

GORDON

Uh... doesn't that bother you?

West calmly gestures to a SMALL, BLACK WASP. As it flies from above...

\*  
\*

ANGLE ON SHADOWS ON ROCK WALL

\*

The firelight casts monstrous shadows of the wasp attacking the tarantula and stinging it. The spider dies, falls off in his hand.

\*  
\*  
\*

WEST (OVER)

The Desert Wasp... one of the world's great hunters.

\*

CLOSE - WEST

\*

looks over at Gordon, who's still watching nature at work.

\*  
\*

WEST

She'll lay her eggs on the tarantula -- so her babies can have something to eat.

\*  
\*  
\*

From Gordon's expression, he has never seen such an outlandish drama. West rubs his hands together.

WEST

Hey, I don't know about you, but that makes me kinda hungry!

He reaches out, Gordon hands over the gila monster -- what's left of it.

GORDON

How come you know so much about being in the desert?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

137

WEST

The Indians taught me. I lived out here with them when I was a kid.

Gordon is thinking about that one as West takes a bite.

GORDON

How did your parents, who I assume were Negroes, feel about you being raised by Indians?

WEST

They didn't have much to say about it. I was sent to another plantation when I was little. Ran away as soon as my legs were long enough to take me.

West can see the effect his story has had on Gordon.

GORDON

Did you ever see your family again?

WEST

Yeah...

(stands, kicks out fire)

They were at the camp at New Liberty.

Now they both stare into the fire. Finally Gordon speaks.

GORDON

I'll help you get him, Jim.

138 EXT. UTAH CANYONLANDS - MORNING

138

West and Gordon are walking along through the deep and narrow slickrock canyons of Southern Utah, side by side, chests out, jaws set. They're partners, goddammit.

Gordon finally turns to West, keeping up the pace.

GORDON

You don't have the slightest idea where you're going, do you?

WEST

No, I don't. But they do.

\*

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

Gordon looks up to the tops of the canyon walls. Unlike most westerns, there's nobody up there. Then he gives a casual look over his shoulder. Eyes pop.

GORDON'S POV - HUNTING PARTY

of a dozen Navajo braves in full face paint.

BACK TO SCENE

Gordon looks like he's ready to bolt when West calmly starts speaking Navajo. He sign languages a "great rumbling monster" and immediately gets recognition from the Indians. They point skyward, then say some other stuff directed at Gordon. After a few moments of good-natured haggling, the Indians take off Gordon's vest, his watch, his belt, his phony Harvard class ring and leave peaceably.

\*  
\*

WEST

There, see? You're not the only one who can speak another language.

GORDON

Yes. How hard is it to say, 'Take everything of his'!

WEST

Sorry you're not happy with my negotiating. Things started out with them wanting to make an ammo pouch outta your scrotum.  
(suddenly looks up)

Wave.

West holds up his hand towards the heavens. Gordon looks at him like he's sunstroked.

GORDON

Wave? At what?

WEST

Remember that Indian shaman I was telling you about...? The healer who could turn himself into a crow?

(nods up)

That's him.

Gordon shields his eyes, sees a turkey buzzard wheeling high above their heads.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

GORDON

That looks like a buzzard to me.

WEST

The point is, it's a bird. And he's flying high up in the sky, where he can see things. Like Loveless's hideout -- which is just over the ridge there.

Gordon is in no mood to be made a fool of.

GORDON

That is not a shaman, he does not see Loveless's hideout, and I will not wave.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

139 EXT. SPIDER CANYON RIM - DAY

139

West and Gordon peek over the rim. Gordon's eyes widen. West gives him an "I told you so" look.

\*  
\*

140 EXT. SPIDER CANYON - POV FROM RIM - DAY

140

A natural bowl that appears to have been made by a meteor, is gouged out of the desert floor. In the bowl are several spectacular Victorian-style buildings made almost entirely of glass, plus a huge silo. Ant-sized figures are moving around. Parked on the rim above is the Wanderer.

\*

141 EXT. SPIDER CANYON RIM - WEST AND GORDON - DAY

141

WEST

I think you owe somebody an apology.

\*  
\*

West nods skyward. Gordon shrugs, looks up at the buzzard circling overhead, and reluctantly... waves.

\*  
\*

GORDON

Thank you, Mr. Bird.

\*  
\*

Now they hear a STRANGE SOUND. To modern ears, a WHINE as from a jet engine.

142 EXT. SPIDER CANYON - DAY

142

Loveless appears in the f.g. He's rising on a steel platform as if on some unseen elevator. Up, up, up he goes... as now more of the contraption comes INTO VIEW. Alloy girders, multi-levels, control boards... all open in an Eiffel Tower-like effect.

142 CONTINUED: 142

West and Gordon scramble for cover behind a rock as a giant metal Tarantula steps over the rim in full terrifying glory. Eight legs, five stories high.

The thorax of the giant spider bristles with Gatling guns and all manner of weaponry. As the shadow of the monster passes over their faces...

GORDON

Now that's impressive.

143 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DAY 143

Loveless is sitting in a captain's seat 60 feet in the air. He's surrounded by his adoring crew Amazonia, Munitia and Lippenreider. He spreads his arms wide, world at his feet.

144 EXT. SPIDER CANYON RIM - ANGLE GORDON AND WEST - DAY 144

They watch the Tarantula head toward a narrow opening between two red-rock outcroppings.

GORDON

The fool doesn't even realize he's trapped.

145 EXT. MESAS NEAR SPIDER CANYON RIM - DAY 145

Suddenly... a VOLLEY OF CANNON FIRE EXPLODES the impediment to dust. The Tarantula marches on.

146 EXT. SPIDER CANYON RIM - DAY 146

West raises an eyebrow at Gordon.

WEST

Nice to see an invention that actually works. \*

147 OMITTED 147 \*

148 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - STOPPED - DAY 148

West is dressing for battle. He straps his six guns on his hips, flips the pool table over, grabs a coach gun, tucks that behind his chaps.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

He belts on his shotgun shell bandolero. An extra six gun gets tucked in the belt. Another in his boot. Pocketfuls of shells. The man's ready for war.

WEST  
Gordon, let's ride!  
(pause)  
You do know how to ride...?

He sticks his head through the door to...

149 INT. WANDERER - LAB CAR - STOPPED - DAY

149

Gordon's nitro cycle is out. Gordon fusses with it and some canvas.

WEST  
... A horse I mean. No?

GORDON  
(distracted)  
Yes... I know how to ride a horse.  
When the situation calls for  
something primitive.

WEST  
How about now? That big spider's  
stompin' towards our President!

But Gordon won't be hurried. He has a big book out, studies it, then looks back to his nitro cycle.

GORDON  
I was just thinking about another  
spider. Remember in the desert,  
when that little wasp killed the  
tarantula...?

\*  
\*  
\*

West rolls his eyes impatiently.

WEST  
Yeah. Well, the wasp had a small  
advantage. It could fly.

\*

GORDON  
Exactly!

Gordon excitedly shows the book to West. Pictured is an archaic sepia diagram of a weird aircraft. West looks at it in disbelief as Gordon prattles on manically.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

GORDON

In 1540, Leonardo Da Vinci  
invented a flying machine called  
the 'Ornithopter.' Though he  
never actually flew it, my plan  
is...

West's heard enough. He grabs Gordon, shakes him.

WEST

Artemus! There's no time for  
plans! We gotta stick to what  
we're each good at!

As West drags Gordon to the wardrobe...

150 EXT. UTAH DESERT - DAY

150

Two riders galloping TOWARD CAMERA. As they THUNDER  
PAST, we see West is in the lead, jaw set. And right  
behind him comes... President Grant...?! (It's Artemus  
in disguise, of course. And he actually can ride a  
horse.)

151 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - CLOSE ON GOLDEN SPIKE - DAY

151

being held in the stubby fingers of Ulysses S. Grant.  
He's reading an inscription on it.

PRESIDENT GRANT (O.S.)

May God continue the Unity of our  
Country...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a crowd present to watch the  
President Grant knock in the famous spike. Behind him,  
two train engines are facing each other. Pinkerton and  
his detectives scan the crowd for possible trouble.

PRESIDENT GRANT

... as this railroad unites the  
two great oceans of this world.

Now he swings back the sledgehammer... but at the top of  
his swing...

CLOSE - SPIKE

starts to shake, wiggle, and actually pop out of its  
hole. Very curious. As it begins to hop on the ground,  
bounced by a RESOUNDING THUMPING...

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

ANGLE ON GRANT AND CROWD

look across the desert to see...

152 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - LONG SHOT - DAY 152

The Tarantula in full view. People start screaming in terror as it appears over a ridge, huge even at this distance. The metal beast closes the two hundred yard distance in seconds.

The citizens flee. The Pinkertons are not far behind them. The soldiers take cover and ready their weapons. Grant stands his ground... even as a huge FOOT CLOMPS down in front of him, VIBRATING the CAMERA.

153 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DAY 153

Loveless talks into a microphone which BOOMS his voice out through AMPLIFIED SPEAKERS.

LOVELESS

Well, isn't this a coincidence!  
I'm out for a little mornin' ride,  
and right in the middle of  
nowhere, I bump into General  
Ulysses S. Grant himself!

(leans over edge,  
mocking salute)

We've never been properly  
introduced. I'm Dr. Arliss  
Loveless, formerly with the  
Confederate Army.

154 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - DAY (INTERCUT WITH TARANTULA BRIDGE) 154

Cool and collected, Grant lights a cigar.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Yes, Dr. Loveless, what can I do  
for you today?

(to his military aides)

Flank him, left and right.

LOVELESS

I have a humble abode nearby, and  
I hope you'll accept my  
hospitality. I have a little  
proposition to make.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

PRESIDENT GRANT

What proposition is that?

LOVELESS

The unconditional and immediate  
surrender of the United States of  
America to the Loveless Alliance.

PRESIDENT GRANT

I didn't realize we were at war.

Loveless gives the nod to Munitia.

155 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - DAY

155

KABOOM! The CANNON BLOWS the President's TRAIN to  
smithereens.

156 EXT. TARANTULA BRIDGE - DAY

156

Loveless giggles.

LOVELESS

How about now...?

157 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - BEHIND OBLITERATED TRAIN - DAY

157

The crowd who'd taken refuge behind it runs away in  
panic. All but one of them. A second President Grant  
(Artemus Gordon). He calmly lights a cigar on the  
flaming train, strides up to the other Grant, and shouts  
up at Loveless.

GORDON/GRANT

In matters of war, the person to  
talk to would be me.

If there's anyone more surprised than the President  
himself it's...

158 EXT. TARANTULA BRIDGE - DAY (INTERCUT WITH PROMONTORY POINT)

158

Loveless, squinting down at the two Grants. This new  
wrinkle has also attracted the attention of the  
Love-lettes and everyone else aboard.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

LOVELESS

Now just who are you?

GORDON/GRANT

The President. \*

(turns to President,  
snorts)He's just an actor hired to stand  
in for me on public occasions. A  
very bad actor, I must say... a  
little puffy and overweight.As the President eyes him, puffs on his cigar,  
Gordon/Grant apes his every move, bigger, mockingly.

PRESIDENT GRANT

(aside)

Gordon, you've got a lot of brass.  
Where's West?

GORDON \*

You know him sir... \*

Gordon/Grant shifts his eyes toward... \*

159 OMITTED

159 \*

160 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - REAR OF TARANTULA - DAY

160

West running undetected to the rear leg. As the lone  
cowboy starts to climb up toward the belly of the  
beast...

161 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - TWO GRANTS - DAY

161

Gordon/Grant turns to an Army officer, standing behind.

GORDON/GRANT

(loudly)

Captain, get this man out of my  
sight! And next time, get me a  
real actor! \*As the bewildered captain starts to lead the President  
away... \*

162 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DAY

162 \*

Loveless has had enough.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: 162

LOVELESS

Take them both!!!

\*  
\*

Munitia, manning a sort of cannon, takes a bead on the two Grants. She pulls the trigger...

163 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - TWO GRANTS - DAY 163

... and a sticky white silk shoots out covering both Grants with spider web material.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Well, Gordon... was this part of your plan?

GORDON

I'm by your side, sir. That's what's important.

Now Munitia hits a lever and they're hoisted up off the ground. They only get a couple of feet when... BLAM! West shoots the mechanism and it jerks to a stop.

All eyes turns to the source of the sharpshooting...

164 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - TARANTULA LEG - DAY 164

West has almost reached the lowest deck. Now all the firepower of the Tarantula is trained on him.

165 EXT. TARANTULA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY 165

Amazonia's on the Gatling gun. Munitia and several other goons on lower decks OPEN UP on West, too.

166 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - TARANTULA LEG - DAY 166

West takes cover behind the steel girders, SIX-GUNS BLAZING. All his GUNS BLAZING.

167 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - DAY 167

But West's BULLETS as well as the Union Soldier's covering fire, PING harmlessly against the Tarantula's ALLOY SKIN.

A168 ANGLE ON BRIDGE - LOVELESS A168 \*  
grows impatient with the gun battle. He pulls a lever. \*

168 OMITTED 168 \*  
thru thru  
169 169

170 ANGLE - WEST 170  
Down below, nozzles on the Tarantula's legs suddenly \*  
ERUPT in clouds of skin-scalding STEAM. West screams in \*  
pain and falls... 30 feet... \*

171 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - DAY 171  
... to the ground, his head hitting a rock. As the two  
Grants witness it through the sticky spider ball...

DISSOLVE TO:

172 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPHITHEATRE - DUSK 172  
Loveless, wearing a black tunic festooned with medals and  
a Prussian-style helmet with a horse hair plume, raises  
his arms Nixon-like as a band PLAYS a FLOURISH. \*

LOVELESS  
Bonjour, buenas tardes and good  
day! Great glorious day! A day \*  
of healing for the wrongs that \*  
have been done to us all! \*

Framed by a large flag featuring the Spider Emblem, he  
looks out from center stage of a Greek theatre at the  
CROWD of FOREIGN DIGNITARIES seated around him.

LOVELESS \*  
... Oh, how long have we waited! \*

ANGLE - AMAZONIA, MUNITIA, AND LIPPENREIDER \*

dressed in tight Fascist-brown tankwear, rise from their \*  
seats and APPLAUD. The only people not applauding are a \*  
row of haggard, bearded scientists and the manacled \*  
prisoners Gordon (sans disguise), Rita, Grant, and \*  
Coleman. \*

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

172

LOVELESS  
 (looks to  
 Englishman)  
 ... 1776, wasn't it, old bean?  
 Most expensive cup o' tea in  
 history...!

As the Englishman dignitary nods soberly...

173 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - DUSK

173

West's body hasn't moved. The only change is that now a line of ants crawls across his face. We watch, hoping for a twitch, something... But there is none. The ants march over lifeless eyes, swarm onto the bloody cut on his head. If we're not convinced he's dead...

ANGLE - VULTURE

circles lower, finally landing right by West's head. As the hideous carrion-eater leans over West's face...

EXTREME CLOSEUP - WEST'S EYES

A shadow falls across them. But instead of the pecking red beak, a human hand appears IN the FRAME. Brushes the ants away. We hear an INDIAN INCANTATION over. Then finally... West's eyelids flutter open.

WEST'S POV - NAVAJO SHAMAN

standing over him. BLURRY, back-lit by the sun, the face of West's Indian friend. The healer who can turn himself into a bird.

As West sits up groggily, feels his head. Hey, it's okay. As he makes a mental note to always be kind to animals...

174 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPHITHEATRE - DUSK (SAME TIME)

Loveless continues his speech to the foreign contingent

LOVELESS  
 (looks to Hudson  
 the Indian)  
 Manhattan for a handful of beads?  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOVELESS (CONT'D)

(raises his hand;  
injun-style)

How?

(to the Mexicans)

Remember the Alamo indeed!

(humbly to crowd)

Today I'm proud to be able to sit  
before you and tell you the wrongs  
will be righted... the past made  
present... the United, divided!

To thunderous applause. Loveless signals for the flag to  
be pulled down revealing...

ANGLE ON MAP OF "THE DE-UNITED STATES"

There have been some significant internal changes which  
Loveless now describes. The delegation from each country  
stands when they hear their name.

LOVELESS

Great Britain gets back the  
thirteen original colonies...  
minus Manhattan.

(off applause)

Florida and the Fountain of Youth  
go back to Spain!

(off applause)

Texas, New Mexico, California,  
Arizona revolve a Mexico!

(off applause)

And the Louisiana Purchase reverts  
back to the King of France!

In the front row Rita leans over to Gordon.

RITA

Queen of Spain. King of France.  
I was close.

Finally Loveless taps Colorado, Kansas, Utah and Nevada - - now  
labelled as "Loveless Land." Smiles impishly.

LOVELESS

And a tiny piece for me to retire  
on.

There's appreciative laughter.

175 INT. WANDERER - PARLOR CAR - SAME TIME

175

West stumbles in and looks around discouraged.

The place has been ransacked. The gun cabinets are empty, the Gatling lamp removed. All that's left is Gordon's Nitro-cycle and his wardrobe full of dresses.

West tries every secret hiding place. Nothing. Finally he finds Gordon's belt buckle/derringer. He opens the breech. Only one dinky bullet. He throws down the belt in disgust.

176 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPITHEATRE - DUSK

176

Loveless sits behind a desk that has been brought to center stage. Loveless unrolls a document, signs his half of it.

LOVELESS

My partner nations insist that we make this as legal as possible. Personally, I like the symmetry of it. After all, wasn't it you who made us sign a surrender at Appomattox?

Loveless snaps his fingers. Amazonia drags Grant out of his seat and sticks a pen in his manacled hands.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Never will I sign that paper, never will the United States ever surrender!

LOVELESS

Well, sir, we're at loggerheads then, aren't we? And I suppose the threat of death to someone with your valorous war record, would mean nothing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Grant sets his jaw intractably. He's right about that.

LOVELESS

... so, if you still refuse to sign this surrender... we'll start by shooting your man, Gordon.

\*  
\*  
\*

Loveless whirls, nods to Amazonia who drags the President back to his seat, pulls Gordon out of his. Rita can't help her outburst.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

RITA

Artemus!

Artemus smiles at her, extremely brave under the circumstances. He whispers to Rita and the President.

GORDON

(tugs at his vest)

Don't worry, I'm wearing the Impermeable.

Rita turns to Grant. What the hell is that? Gordon has no time to explain as Amazonia hauls him up on the stage. As Munitia aims her rifle... Gordon holds up a finger. \*

GORDON

If I may have one request... it's that she aim at my heart... which has loved this great country so much! \*

LOVELESS

(considers for a moment)

Shoot him in the head.

GORDON

Great.

Munitia cocks her rifle, then just as Loveless holds his hands up for the signal to fire... the lights dim... \*

177 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPITHEATRE - DUSK

177

A candle-powered spotlight swings across the stage and illuminates... a deep-throated, bluesy black CHANTEUSE who starts singing the popular cathouse song, "Hangtown Gals."

CHANTEUSE

(singing)

'Ohhh... Hangtown gals are plump and rosy...'

Loveless wheels his chair around to take a gander and forgets Gordon's execution instantly. And why not? She's young and beautiful in a RuPaul sort of way. About six feet tall, wearing the sequined number Gordon had in his dressing room.

Accessorized with black mesh stockings, big feather boa, silver-buckled belt, lots of frilly petticoats for those can-can moves.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

CHANTEUSE

(singing)

'Hair in ringlets, mighty cozy...'

She winds her finger around her ringlets and sticks out her derriere to the crowd. They stare, mouths agape at this piece of ass worthy of Othello.

CLOSE - LOVELESS

Intrigued. Well, maybe more than intrigued.

LOVELESS

A new girl! What a nice surprise!

He motions to hold up Gordon's execution, rolls to her.

CHANTEUSE

'Painted cheeks and frilly corsets.'

(bends over showing  
her undergarments)

Touch them...'

Loveless, hears this as an invitation, reaches out with his hand and whap! She slaps him right in the face.

CHANTEUSE

'... And they'll sting like hornets!'

There's a hush in the crowd. Loveless, a red handprint on his face, is a little nonplussed. Amazonia moves in threateningly, but Loveless stops her, starts to laugh.

LOVELESS

(making her name up  
on the spot)

Ebonia! Why are you so cruel to me?

Ebonia has escaped a head-cutting neck bracelet. But she probably shouldn't be teasing a man who's having "ghost aches" in certain amputated places.

ANGLE - GORDON

waiting to be executed. Something's not quite kosher about her for Gordon.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

GORDON  
 (musing to himself)  
 I have a dress like that!

ANGLE - CHANTEUSE

Now with the crowd singing along, she pulls out all the stops. Her gestures and dance moves become more exaggerated, she's in the thrall of her audience.

CHANTEUSE  
 (singing)  
 'Hangtown gals are lovely  
 creatures,  
 Think they'll marry Mormon  
 preachers.'

She sashays over to the French dignitary, pulls his monocle out of his eye and blows hot breath on it, steaming it up. As she pops it back on his face...

CHANTEUSE  
 (singing)  
 'Heads thrown back to show their  
 features...'

Now she puts her cheek next to Rita as if matching their relative beauty while picking the pocket of Lippenreider.

Rita pushes her away disgustedly but not before Ebonia hands Coleman the keys to the cuffs. Coleman looks from the keys to Ebonia. He just caught on. \*

COLEMAN  
 Go, Ebonia, go.

Then Ebonia prances on stage to Gordon, cuddles up to him. Gordon looks at the big beautiful black woman with a mixture of amusement and relief. Of course, it's his "I'd rather be dead" partner, Jim West.

WEST  
 (singing)  
 Ha... Ha... Hangtown girls...  
 (holds smile,  
 whispers)  
 How'm I doin'?

GORDON  
 A little over the top.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (3)

177

WEST

Jealous?

(sings)

Ha... Ha... Ha...

\*  
\*  
\*

West/Ebonia wraps the feather boa around Gordon's neck -- hiding the derringer in the palm of his hand.

Gordon looks worried. What's he going to do with a gun? As he tucks it up his sleeve...

GORDON

Let me warn you about that dress...

\*  
\*  
\*

WEST

Gotta go. Big finish...

(belts it out)

Ha, ha, ha! Hangtown gals!!!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

An immediate standing ovation. The diversion allows Coleman to unlock both Grant's and Rita's shackles. Grant looks at the keys.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Where'd those come from...?

COLEMAN

(nods to Ebonia)

Captain West.

Their eyes practically pop out of their heads.

RITA

She's... no...!

ANGLE - EBONIA/WEST

euphoric with the rush that only comes when an audience really loves you, loses his head for a moment and breaks into "Weevily Wheat." He gets the tassels on his bosoms spinning to the delight of the crowd.

WEST

(singing)

'Your weevily wheat isn't fit  
to eat

And neither is your barley...  
We'll have the best of Boston  
wheat

To bake a cake for Charley...'

(suddenly blinks)

Wait a minute. What the hell am I  
doing?

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (4)

177

He stops, but his tassels are still spinning on their own.

178 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPITHEATRE - DUSK

178

Immediately two flame throwers explode from his cone-like bosoms.

Maybe he should've listened about the dress. He turns to Gordon questioningly, and inadvertently incinerates Hudson. Now Loveless turns to his goons.

LOVELESS

Kill him!

(off their confused  
looks, points)

Him! Him! The girl!

Finally getting it, they rush Ebonia. West points his 4th of July breasts at his attackers, and flames them. One of the fiery victims howls in pain, runs right into Rita.

\*

RITA

Serves you right for staring at them...

\*

\*

\*

She relieves the charred goon of his keys and rifle, makes her way to... a bearded SCIENTIST.

\*

\*

WEST

Rita!

\*

\*

She unlocks his neck collar, turns to West and smiles.

\*

RITA

(disappearing into  
the chaos)

Meet me after the show!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Both West and Gordon look after her with yearning as three goons charge them. Coleman, amazed at their torpor, quickly grabs a RIFLE from the dead Hudson and OPENS FIRE. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three goons drop. Gordon and West exchange looks. Not bad for an emphysemic old engineer.

COLEMAN

Special Marshal... President  
thought you needed some lookin'  
after.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

The President, using a dead Goon's rifle, is laying down a pretty good field of fire himself. Suddenly, he gets a tap on the shoulder from behind. It's Amazonia. Whap, she sends him a right to his chin knocking him out, throws him over her shoulder and carries him away.

ANGLE - WEST, GORDON AND COLEMAN

pinned down.

They can't get to him. Desperate, West reaches way down in his undergarments to retrieve one of Gordon's billiard balls. He depresses the number and rolls it at the guards.

GORDON

Was that the eight ball?

WEST

Mmm-hmm.

Gordon grabs West and Coleman, pulls them behind the bar.

GORDON

That one's an incendiary bomb.

KA-BOOOOM! An EXPLOSION rips the place and a Santa Ana-sized FIRE starts immediately.

179 INT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPHITHEATRE - BEHIND STAGE - 179  
DUSK

Loveless has no choice but to retreat... for now. Surrounded by a cadre of his women, he takes the unconscious President Grant and heads through a round STEEL VAULT DOOR. As Amazonia swings the door closed, the foreign dignitaries BANG on the door begging for admittance.

FRENCH MINISTER

Monsieur, we are your partners!  
You can't let us die in this fire!!

LOVELESS

It's not the first time y'all have  
been burned in America.

He chuckles, nods to Amazonia, who SLAMS the DOOR closed.

180 EXT. LOVELESS'S LAIR - AMPITHEATRE - DUSK 180 \*

West, Gordon and Coleman emerge from the smoking lair coughing and gasping for breath. They watch helplessly as...

181 EXT. AMPHITHEATRE - THE TARANTULA - DUSK 181

CLAMBERS out of the bowl, with Grant captive on the bridge. \*

A182 EXT. AMPITHEATRE - DUSK A182 \*

GORDON Now, what're we going to do? \*

WEST (watching the Tarantula) You know, Arte, right before I got killed today a thought came to me. And it was this. Next time... have a plan. \*

Gordon ponders that epiphany. \*

WEST That flyin' machine idea of yours... were you just acting like you knew what you were talking about... or could you build it? \*

182 OMITTED 182 \*  
thru  
183 thru  
183

184 EXT. WANDERER - NEAR SPIDER CANYON - STOPPED - DUSK 184

PANNING an expanse of canvas comprising a twenty foot wing span.

GORDON (O.S.) Now Bernoulli's Principle states that the air flowing over a bird's wings... is moving at a lower pressure than the pressure below the wing... that's called 'lift.'

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

NEW ANGLE - WEST AND GORDON

wearing leather flight jackets and goggles, attach the wing to the frame -- which is connected to the Nitro-cycle.

Coleman, his ever-present cigarette dangling from his mouth, readies bombs from the gunpowder of cartridges and Gordon's design. They look like Flash Gordon's spaceship. He passes them out.

COLEMAN

Here's a coupla bon voyage presents.

GORDON

Coleman! Must you smoke when handling explosives!

\*  
\*

Gordon grabs them away from him and sits in the saddle of the Nitro-cycle. West looks at Coleman apologetically as he stuffs the bombs into his jacket.

WEST

He's just a little nervous 'cause no one's ever flown before.

\*  
\*

West is barely on the back when Gordon kicks it over and they BLAST OUT OF FRAME.

185 EXT. DESERT AND CLIFF - NITRO-CYCLE - DUSK

185

builds ground speed. Gordon is nervous at the wheel. West gives him an encouraging pat.

WEST

Avant!... Avant!!!

But their speed is not enough to get them airborne

GORDON

We're not getting enough lift!

Then in an uncharacteristic move by Gordon, he turns the machine around and heads for the cliff.

WEST

Hey, uh... that's the cliff over there, you know?

He guns the accelerator.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

GORDON

Yes, I do know.

And with that, the Nitro-cycle goes off the cliff! It disappears for the count of five. Then suddenly it swoops up and PAST CAMERA. They're flying!

186 EXT. SKY - DESERT WASP (IN FLIGHT) - DUSK

186

GORDON

(amazed)

It worked...? It worked!!

WEST

(looking down)

If you had to get one right, I'm real glad it was this one.

GORDON

(exhilarated, with West-like abandon)

Yeee-haaa!

And with that, they bank the Desert Wasp around and fly off to save the Republic.

187 EXT. SILVERADO - TARANTULA - DUSK

187

is entering the town.

188 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK

188

Loveless turns to Grant, his face beaten and bruised.

LOVELESS

Mr. President, I'll ask you once again. Sign the surrender or I decimate this town!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PRESIDENT GRANT

You've had my answer.

\*  
\*

Loveless's face darkens as Amazonia hands him a tray of cotton balls.

LOVELESS

(as he puts in earplugs)

I find the sound of people screaming while they get blown to smithereens, ruins the ear for music. Don't you?

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

He offers them to the President. Grant swats them away.

LOVELESS  
Commence firing!

And with that the Tarantula OPENS FIRE on the town.  
There's a lot of stomping and smashing, too.

189 EXT. SKY - DESERT WASP (IN FLIGHT) - DUSK

189

high above the Tarantula. Gordon, lost in the joy of  
flight, turns to West who is more of a white-knuckler.

GORDON  
I think I'll call it...

\*

WEST  
Lemme guess... an Elevation  
Enhancer?

\*

\*

GORDON  
(why would you  
call it that?)  
No, an air... craft.

\*

\*

\*

Now West points to the Tarantula and chaos below.

WEST  
He's destroying that town! Go  
down there!

\*

\*

GORDON  
(as if to a child)  
You can't just 'go down there.'  
Flight depends on lift, which must  
be calibrated to the angle of  
descent...

WEST  
Shut up and go down there, will  
ya?

West reaches up, shoves the make-shift joystick forward.  
As the wasp plummets toward the bridge of the Tarantula  
and Gordon strains to keep control...

190 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK

190

Loveless and Grant are oblivious to our heroes above. He  
unlocks one of Grant's handcuffs, presents him with a pen.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

## LOVELESS

Well, Mr. President. Have you had enough yet? Would you like to sign the surrender or shall we set a course for Denver? Wichita? Washington, perhaps?

\*

Suddenly there's a LOUD WHOOSH and...

191 EXT. SKY - DESERT WASP (IN FLIGHT) - ABOVE SILVERADO - 191  
DUSK

West and Gordon swooping down low. West unfastens bombs from his vest, waits for the right moment. As they swing past the Tarantula cannon, he drops them. BOOM! BOOM! The big gun falls limp.

192 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 192

The dumbfounded Tarantula crew, which has been whittled down to Miss Lippenreider, Amazonia and Munitia. They never counted on having to shoot something in the air, and can't raise their weapons any higher than 90 degrees.

193 EXT. SKY - DESERT WASP (IN FLIGHT) - ABOVE SILVERADO - 193  
DUSK

West and Gordon banking around for another sortie.

194 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 194

Loveless wheels his chair amid the smoke and chaos, shocked. WARNING HORNS are GOING OFF.

## PRESIDENT GRANT

Well, I'll be damned... it's West and Gordon... flying!

Grant chuckles at the dauntless pair's pluck.

## PRESIDENT GRANT

Keep that surrender handy. I think you're going to need it!

## LOVELESS

Don't be too sure...

Loveless thinks for a moment, pushes Grant out of the way, and rolls over to the controls. He pushes a lever and the Tarantula bends down on its knees. He barks to Munitia.

194 CONTINUED: 194

LOVELESS  
I'm through with diplomacy... Take  
him downstairs and kill him!

\*

195 EXT. DESERT - THE TARANTULA - DUSK 195

On its front knees...

196 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 196

Now its rear end is tilted up in the air giving Amazonia  
at the Gatling gun a shot at...

197 EXT. SKY - DESERT WASP (IN FLIGHT) - ABOVE SILVERADO - 197  
DUSK

The BULLETS PERFORATE the Desert's Wasp's wings and BLAST  
through its STRUTS. They're going down!

GORDON  
Well, I know DaVinci's ideas about  
landing, but I'm curious about  
yours.

WEST  
Take out as many bad guys as you  
can.

Gordon aims wasp at the Tarantula kamikaze-like just  
as...

198 EXT. TARANTULA - LOWER DECK - MUNITIA - DUSK 198

Munitia cocks back the hammer of her PISTOL and aims it  
at the President... the wasp crashes into her. The SHOT  
GOES OFF wildly and Munitia falls off the deck, to her  
death.

As Grant and the wasp hang over the edge...

199 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 199

Loveless at the controls.

LOVELESS  
Munitia! Munitia!!!

\*

200 EXT. TARANTULA - LOWER DECK - DUSK

200

West and Gordon, bruised but alive, climb off the wasp and onto the lower deck. They pick up the President and dust him off.

GORDON

Sorry about that, sir. Nose up, flaps down. Have to remember that next time.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Son, never apologize for saving a President's life.

As Gordon realizes that he's finally made amends for that night long ago in Ford's Theater...

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

Soon you all can fly again. This time with little angel wings.

West, Gordon and Grant turn to see Amazonia and Lippenreider with the drop on them.

201 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK

201

West, Gordon, and Grant are now under Loveless's control.

LOVELESS

Gentlemen, I am truly impressed by your effort and ingenuity. Why not forego your executions? Swear an oath of loyalty to me... and join my cause!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEST

Let me tell you a little bit about my cause. For three long years I've been trackin' the animal responsible for the Massacre at New Liberty. And I hear that's you. Too bad you didn't do a better job of blowing yourself up. All's left of you is some chitt'lins and a ham hock...

\*  
  
.  
.

GORDON

Uh, Jim, I think a polite 'no' would suffice...

.  
.

Loveless taps a button on his chair and the floor opens up beneath West. He goes crashing down a story.

Loveless sics Amazonia on Gordon and Grant and proceeds down the ramp to the level below.

201 CONTINUED:

201

LOVELESS

Lippenreider, take over the controls.

(looks down at West)

We may not have a woodshed on board, but that boy is gonna get a whoopin' anyway!

202 INT. TARANTULA - BELOW DECK - DUSK

202

West slowly gets up. Loveless is about to roll over him. He jumps up in the air, grabs onto an overhead strut, reverses and shoves the wheelchair off the ramp jamming the wheels.

A smile comes to West's face as he watches Loveless's frustrated attempts at going forward and backward.

WEST

When you get right down to it Loveless, you just can't beat a good pair of legs.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LOVELESS

(thin smile)

You're obviously not a poker player, Mr. West...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Loveless presses a button, the sound of MECHANICAL GEARS ENGAGING. Suddenly two metal legs appear from underneath the wheelchair, raising his body to a height of 7 feet.

LOVELESS

Two pair always beats a pair.

\*  
\*

West stares up at him slack-jawed. Loveless rolls up his sleeves, steps away from the wheelchair ready to fight.

LOVELESS

Now... was it someone particularly close to you who perished in that military action?

\*

West responds with a roundhouse kick to the chin.

LOVELESS

(stunned)

Hmmm. Well, that hit a nerve.

Loveless imitates West by kicking with a lightning flash of an alloy leg. It's a rib cracker that sends West sprawling.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED: 202

LOVELESS  
A mother, perhaps? A father?

CLOSE - WEST'S HAND

He's just trying to get up when a cleated metal foot stomps down with hundreds of foot pounds per square inch. As West screams in pain...

203 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 203

Gordon tries to come to West's aid, but Amazonia points a gun barrel at his temple. Gordon can only watch helplessly as...

204 INT. TARANTULA - BELOW DECK - DUSK 204

Loveless begins a metallic-flamenco, hands on his hips, his piston-like legs kicking West's body and head.

LOVELESS  
It feels so good to stretch my legs.

West can't take much more of this, he's about to pass out. Loveless lowers his alloy foot over West's head and begins to crush it like a grape.

LOVELESS  
I likes to beat my feet on the Mississippi mud!

205 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK 205

Gordon watches in a tortured sweat as his partner tries to hold off the metal foot. But he's slowly losing. Gordon turns to his female captors, throws his arms out beseechingly. When he does, the derringer comes snapping out of his sleeve in the device which normally holds his pen.

GORDON  
Stop this violence!

Gordon blinks at the gun. So do Lippenreider and Amazonia.

GORDON  
Drop 'em.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

They obey, chucking their guns overboard. \*

206 INT. TARANTULA - BELOW DECK - DUSK 206

West's eyes are popping out of his head, the mechanical pressure of Loveless's leg.

GORDON (O.S.)

Stop or I'll shoot!

If possible, West's eyes pop even further. Gordon shoot?

NEW ANGLE - LOVELESS

looks to see Gordon holding the derringer on him from above.

LOVELESS

You expect to kill me with that little pea shooter?

GORDON

If I have to. Yes.

LOVELESS

Well, you're going to have to.  
'Cause I'm gonna kill your friend here. Then I'm going to kill you.

Loveless puts more pressure on West's head, he groans. Gordon aims. Can a man so committed to nonviolence do it?

WEST

(gasps)

Shoot...!

POP! The SHOT startles Loveless, West and even Gordon. But when Loveless realizes that he's not hit, he laughs.

LOVELESS

You missed.

GORDON

No, I didn't.

He gestures down Loveless's legs to a punctured metal tube that's spraying a stream of hydraulic fluid all over the deck -- rendering the foot on West's head, powerless. West gets out from under, rubs his neck to regain circulation.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

WEST

Better than a fountain pen, don't  
you think?

(nods behind Gordon)

You might wanna reconsider the  
Taoist monk thing, too.

\*  
\*  
\*

Gordon turns to see...

\*

ANGLE AMAZONIA AND LIPPENREIDER

\*

Charging him. They smash into him, driving him to the  
rail. As they pummel him, trying to throw him over,  
Gordon realizes this is not time for passivity. He  
retaliates with a series of chops and kicks that would  
make West proud. Over the rail, goes Lippenreider. In  
that split-second before she drops, Gordon mouths  
'bye-bye.'

Before he can savor the moment further, Amazonia clubs  
him from behind. Gordon whirls and hits her so hard it  
surprises them both. Over the railing she goes! As  
Amazonia hovers there, President Grant gives her the  
kick in the pants she needs to go sailing.

PRESIDENT GRANT

(to Gordon, impressed)

I was hoping a little of West  
would rub off on you. Now this  
situation calls for some vintage  
Gordon...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

207 EXT. TARANTULA - BRIDGE - DUSK

207

Gordon turns to see Grant gesturing at the horizon. His  
eyes widen when he sees the flat mesa they are travelling  
comes to a sudden halt at a 1000 foot cliff.

PRESIDENT GRANT

Let's see how clever you  
really are...

\*  
\*

Gordon frantically starts pulling this lever and that.  
Meanwhile...

208 OMITTED

208

\*

209 INT. TARANTULA - BELOW DECK - DUSK

209

West approaches Loveless. There's going to be some  
payback, but Loveless refuses to fight fair. He  
hobbles backwards towards his wheelchair and its  
shotgun arm rests. As Loveless aims the chair barrels  
at West...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

210 EXT. TARANTULA BRIDGE - DUSK 210

Gordon and Grant are trying different combinations to stop the thing. Finally Gordon pulls two levers back while he pushes two levers forward. It has drastic consequences.

211 EXT. CLIFF - EDGE - DUSK 211 \*

The Tarantula's legs lock up. It's as if the whole contraption has just had a heart attack. It seizes and teeter-totters on the brink just as... \*

212 INT. TARANTULA - BELOW DECK - DUSK 212

Loveless pushes the trigger button. But the sudden stop jolts his aim. BOOM! The shot fires wildly past West. Loveless whimpers as he tries to reset. \*

LOVELESS \*

Please West... show a little mercy to a poor defenseless cripple. \*

WEST \*

Sure... just as much as you showed the folks at New Liberty. \*

In one last graceful move, he leaps into the air and kicks Loveless in the chest as the GUN EXPLODES. The blow knocks Loveless back. His metal feet make contact with a pool of hydraulic fluid.

West tumbles past him to the railing and holds on

CLOSE - LOVELESS'S METAL FEET

start to slip on the slick surface and slides the full length of the deck backwards.

LOVELESS

Oh, oh, God...no!

West talks to him calmly.

WEST

You know, Loveless... It looks like I'm gonna finally be able to put the war behind me... I think you should, too.

He tumbles over the railing and over the cliff. His fall can be heard all 1000 feet down.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: 212

LOVELESS  
Arrggggghhh!!!!

213 OMITTED 213 \*  
 thru thru  
 215 215

216 EXT. PROMONTORY POINT - CLOSE ON GOLDEN SPIKE - DAY 216

It's driven finally into place to a rousing cheer. PULL BACK to reveal that President Grant, his sleeves rolled up, has delivered the blow.

Hats in the air, handshakes, pictures. The specter of Loveless and his evil plot a fading memory.

Grant turns to West and Gordon.

PRESIDENT GRANT  
 Gentlemen, I now strongly believe  
 the United States is going to be  
 truly united. Not because of this  
 railroad... but because of you.

Grant scans the crowd, every race seems present at this momentous event. He reaches into his pocket, takes out two silver shields.

PRESIDENT GRANT  
 But your work's far from done.  
 Especially now that I fired the  
 damn Pinkertons.

He nods over at the Pinkertons contingent. U.S. soldiers prevent them from getting on the train. Instead, they are each being handed the reins to a sorry-looking nag.

PRESIDENT GRANT  
 I've signed into law the creation  
 of an agency whose sole duty is to  
 protect the President and the  
 country from lunatics like  
 Loveless.

(pins badges on  
 their vests)  
 Welcome to the Secret Service,  
 Agents No. 1 and No. 2.

\*

The President shakes both their hands. West resists looking down.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

WEST

Uh, just out of curiosity, sir...  
 who's Agent No. 1?

Grant just shakes his head, some things never change. \*

PRESIDENT GRANT

You'll have plenty of time to discuss  
 it on your new assignment. \*

(hands them piece \*

of paper) \*

See you back in Washington. \*

He snaps off a salute, starts to go as they read it. \*

Gordon looks up, very troubled. \*

GORDON

But sir... what about our train? \*

PRESIDENT GRANT

(over shoulder) \*

Well, I'm taking it of course. \*

Hell, you let Loveless blow up \*

mine. \*

As they look at one another in dismay...

RITA

Jim... Arte...? \*

They turn to see Rita approaching them from a crowd  
 of scientists. She's looking extraordinarily fetching  
 in a print dress and parasol. \*

West and Gordon sit up like dogs.

WEST

Rita! You look great.

GORDON

Ravishing, a vision.

She hugs West, she hugs Gordon. Who's it gonna be?

RITA

I just wanted to thank you for  
 everything you've done for me...  
 before I went back home to Texas.

WEST

Texas? Why're you going back  
 there? Why don't you come with me  
 back to Washington?

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

GORDON

Or better still, come with me to Washington. I could introduce you to people I still know in the theater...

WEST

She's not really an entertainer, remember?

RITA

(intercedes)

I can't go with either of you.

She looks from one crestfallen suitor to the other.

RITA

It's not that you both don't have your attributes.

(to Gordon)

You're so sophisticated and such a wonderful cook.

(to West)

Jim, you're good with a gun... and have great legs.

(to both)

And you're both so brave. But... I'm afraid I haven't been completely honest with you.

WEST AND GORDON

Uh-oh...

RITA

Professor Escobar's not my father. He's my husband.

She gestures to a handsome goateed Latino waiting for her. Shaved and cleaned up, he's not the old man we thought.

WEST

Rita... why didn't you just tell us that in the first place?

RITA

Well, I was going to... but would you have really brought me along if I said I was married? Honestly.

Neither West nor Gordon knows what to say.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

RITA

I didn't think so.

She turns and starts to walk away. Stops and smiles.

RITA

At least you still have each other.

As West and Gordon look at one another...

\*

217 MONUMENT VALLEY - SUNSET

217\*

We gaze out over one of those achingly beautiful John Ford Vistas as we hear our heroes voices.

\*

\*

WEST (O.S.)

You know, Arte...

GORDON (O.S.)

What's that, Jim?

WEST

Maybe Rita's right...

\*

Suddenly intruding into the f.g. is a huge metal leg. Then another leg clomps down... and the Tarantula comes into full view. As our heroes ride slowly into the sunset...

\*

\*

\*

\*

WEST

Besides... there's a lot of other women in the world.

GORDON

That's easy for you to say. She didn't walk off with your best dress.

FADE OUT.

THE END