

## Brothers of the Badge

In a savage land ruled by outlaws and bloodshed, three U.S. Deputy Marshals forge an unbreakable bond as they hunt the West's deadliest gangs in a last-ditch fight to reclaim justice before the frontier swallows them whole.

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FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - MORNING

TITLE CARD: SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA TERRITORY - 1901

Dust coils in golden light as it cuts across the sleepy town.

Shop doors CREAK open. Merchants SWEEP their stoops.

Two groups of MASKED MEN lurk in alleys, rifles in hand.

A SHRILL WHISTLE pierces the air.

They spring into action. One group for CANYON NATIONAL BANK,  
the other for NELSON & COMPANY.

Townsfolk freeze mid-step. Wide-eyed. Caught between  
confusion and fear.

Window curtains snap shut. Doors SLAM solid, fearful THUNKS  
echo down the street.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK

Doors SLAM open. Masked men storm inside, guns raised.

BANG! BANG!

Gunfire rips plaster from the ceiling. Customers hit the  
floor.

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK

The other group BURSTS in.

BANG!

A shot blows out a hanging lamp.

DAVE DUNNE  
Everyone down!

A man bolts for the back. Dave FIRES.

DAVE DUNNE (CONT'D)  
I said get down 'fore I blow your  
goddamn head off!

The man hits the floor hard.

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK

Tellers dragged over counters. Drawers looted.

WALTER TISDALE  
Heads down. No heroes today.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A man dashes from the alley, screaming-

MAN  
Robbery! Robbery!

Townsfolk SCREAM and scatter in different directions.

A merchant yells to a boy standing frozen nearby -

MERCHANT  
Fetch Marshal Long!

The boy bolts.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK - VAULT ROOM

JAMES BAKER kicks the BANK MANAGERS chair.

Shoves him toward the vault.

JAMES BAKER  
Spin that lock quick, or I put lead  
through your skull.

He frantically SPINS the dial with trembling fingers.

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK - BACKROOM

The backroom door SLAMS into the wall.

GEORGE KLEIN  
Move it! Or I'll drag your corpse  
through that door!

GEORGE KLEIN shoves the BANK MANAGER into the vault face-first.

GEORGE KLEIN (CONT'D)  
Get that door open or your wife wears  
black tomorrow.

He fumbles for keys with shaking hands.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

TOWNSMEN rush down the boardwalk with rifles and scatterguns.

MERCHANTS prop open doors. Gun barrels peek through every  
crevice.

Shouts echo from both ends of the street.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK - BACK ROOM

The vault door CREAKS open.

James Baker and DAWSON HILL shovel cash into burlap sacks.

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK - VAULT ROOM

GEORGE KLEIN  
Come on! Let's go!

Vault opens. Klein rushes inside WHOOPING and basking in the  
chaos.

Right behind him—

TITLE CARD: BOB CRENSHAW

BOB CRENSHAW, late 20s, keen-eyed and cold-blooded.  
A tactician. Calm and dangerous.

He slips inside measured and calm. Annoyed by Klein.

BOB CRENSHAW  
(sharply)  
Quit wasting time! Grab the cash and  
move.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A flatbed wagon is DRAGGED into the street.

Three men GRUNT as they HEAVE it onto its side.

Men crouch behind it. Gun barrels peek over the top.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK - BACK ROOM

James Baker and Dawson Hill burst from the vault with cash bags.

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK - LOBBY

They rush into the lobby.

Patrons still lie motionless on the floor. Guns pressed to their heads by Dave Dunne.

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK

Walter glances at a brass clock on the wall.

WALTER TISDALE

Tick tock. Steady, boys. Eyes sharp.  
Keep movin'!

George and Bob rush from the backroom dragging bags.

WALTER TISDALE (CONT'D)

Move it, boys! Everyone out!

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

MARSHAL LONG strides down the dirt street, flanked by two DEPUTIES.

They round the corner onto Main Street and stop cold.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Twelve townsfolk are crouching and behind cover.

Guns trained on Canyon National and Nelson Bank equally.

Marshal Long admires the impromptu militia.

Townsfolk brace in anticipation.

Suddenly - Doors BURST open. The gang charges out.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS

Townsfolk open fire without hesitation.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK BANK ENTRANCE

The gang returns fire.

Men dive behind water barrels and porch rails.

A Dunne man is hit through the forehead. His body folds, crumples, still.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK ENTRANCE

Bob dives by a trough as bullets RIP into the façade.

Walter gets hit in the side, injured. Collapses by Bob.

WALTER TISDALE

Goddamn it.

Bob pops up, fires six shots across. Ducks back down.

EXT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK ENTRANCE

Dave Dunne charges out, pistol blazing.

He's hit in his thigh. He GROANS, falls, rolls off the boardwalk.

Two more shots hit him in the chest. He's gone.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK ENTRANCE

Bob rises again, eyes Marshal Long SHOUTING orders.

A SPLASH of water explodes near his head. He doesn't flinch.

Bang - He FIRES.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marshal Long drops to the ground. Blood oozes from his shirt.

A woman GASPS from a window, hand flyies to her mouth. Tears well in her eyes.

One Deputy freezes. Hands trembling.

DEPUTY 1

Marshal!

He rages and opens fire at the gang.

A citizen dashes for safety. A shot tears through his chest.

THUNK - his body slams into the dust.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK ENTRANCE

Dave Dunne lies on the boardwalk. Blood pools beneath.

The remaining Dunne men push forward.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK ENTRANCE

Walter, bleeding from the waist, drags himself behind a barrel.

Bob lays low behind cover. He fires precise and sharp.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The townsfolk rally and press the attack.

A young man steps forward, eyes blazing.

YOUNG MAN

Hold 'em! Don't let 'em up!

The line moves forward inch by inch.

EXT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK ENTRANCE

A sudden volley slams into the outlaws.

A Dunne man spins, clutching his arm. Blood soaking his sleeve.

Others duck low, holding their weapons tight, faces streaked with sweat and blood.

George peeks around a corner, gun raised.

CRACK!

A bullet tears into his hip. He stumbles out into the open.

Four more shots rip through his chest. He crumples without a sound.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK ENTRANCE

Crenshaw takes a breath. Eyes the townsfolk inching closer.

Dawson nods to Bob. Rises and bolts for an alley.

BOOM!

Dawson's chest erupts as he's hurled three feet backward.

THUD. He lands hard. Still.

A man with a scattergun rounds the corner.

Crenshaw fires three quick shots.

POP. POP. POP.

The man drops like a sack of grain.

Crenshaw's gaze freezes on Dawson's mangled corpse. He clenches a furious fist.

CRENSHAW

Dammit, Dawson...

Around him, gunfire surges again.



EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A shopkeeper lowers his rifle, eyes wide in disbelief.

Deputies and townsfolk close in.

The shootout intensifies. Bullets tear through wood, shatter glass and kick up dust.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Bob thinks fast. He rolls over KICKING loose the planks in the boardwalk in front of him.

They break open easily.

INT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

He wriggles under, dragging bags with him.

Muffled shots crackle overhead. Dust sifts down with every impact.

Bob disappears into shadows.

EXT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Townsfolk push closer.

Behind a barrel, Walter is bloodied, still alive.

A man steps into view, eyes locking on Walter.

POP - Walter fires, dropping the man instantly.

Three more townsmen open fire into the barrel.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

Walter's body jerks with each hit. Then goes still.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The few remaining Dunne men break cover and dash away.

One drops immediately hit clean in the head.

INT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bob crawls forward inch by inch.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gunfire fades.

Smoke curls upward from the square.

Windows CREAK open, doors ease ajar.

Townsfolk emerge cautiously, peering out like groundhogs after a storm.

An old merchant leans against a post, exhausted but proud.

A quiet smile creeps beneath his sweat-beaded brow.

INT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bob reaches the far end. He rolls over, kicks upward.

CRACK - Boards splinter open.

He hesitates. His eyes scan through the gaps.

Sounds are quieter now.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bob rises from the shadows a block away.

He turns, eyes the devastation behind.

Then, without pause, he darts up the side street, vanishing into the dust.

INT. CANYON NATIONAL BANK

Customers lift their heads. One by one. Cautious. Dazed.

Slowly, they begin to rise.

INT. NELSON & COMPANY BANK

Survivors gather. Staff and patrons inch toward the windows to survey the scene.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The air hangs heavy. Smoke drifts lazily above.

Townsfolk begin to gather around the fallen gang.

Deputies move carefully, weapons still raised, alert for any final threats.

Then, softly, CHEERS rise up.

A gun fires skyward. Then another.

Laughter. Relief. Hugs. Tears.

The Dunne Gang's reign of terror is over.

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD: BROTHERS OF THE BADGE

FADE IN:

INT. MARSHALS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: HOLBROOK, AZ

Sunlight pours through the windows. Dust motes drift lazily in the still air.

A pair of worn boots rest on a cluttered desk. A weathered hat pulled low, face shadowed beneath the brim.

WADE "BUCK" COLTON, early 40s.  
Deputy U.S. Marshal. Tough, relentless, and respected.  
A man with wise words and few mistakes. Trusted by lawmen,  
settlers, and natives alike.

Light snores fill the room.

Suddenly - KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

His boots jerk. A flinch under the brim.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Marshall Colton?

Buck shifts. Feet drop with a THUD.

He sits upright. Slowly lifts the brim of his hat, eyes  
adjusting to the light.

TITLE CARD: U.S. DEPUTY MARSHAL - WADE "BUCK" COLTON

KNOCK KNOCK

VOICE (O.S.)  
Marshal?

Buck turns to the window. Outside, TIMMOTHY, waves a  
telegram.

TIMMOTHY  
Marshal, I have an urgent wire for  
you.

Buck rises and shuffles to the door.

EXT. MARSHALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door CREAKS open. Timothy straightens, stepping back.

Buck steps out, blinking in the afternoon glare.

BUCK  
Afternoon, Timothy. What've you got?

TIMMOTHY  
Urgent message, sir. Came from Deputy  
Maze in Springerville.

Buck takes the telegram. Eyes scan the paper quickly.

BUCK

Thank you, Timmothy. Run along now.

Timmothy takes off down the street.

Buck lingers on the stoop, reading.

Then steps back inside. The door shuts with a soft THUD.

INT. MARSHALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The chair SQUEAKS as it spins slowly.

Buck flops down, still gripping the telegram.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

TO: DEPUTY BUCK COLTON  
FROM: DEPUTY CHARLES MAZE  
DATE: MARCH 11, 1901

DUNNE GANG ATTEMPTED BANK ROBBERY IN SPRINGVILLE TODAY.  
GUNFIGHT ENSUED. TOWN MARSHAL LONG KILLED.  
SEVERAL GANG MEMBERS DEAD OR WOUNDED.  
OTHERS FLED SOUTH INTO WHITE MOUNTAINS.  
PURSUIT IMMINENT. SEND MEN TO TRACK AND APPREHEND.  
DETAILS TO FOLLOW.

Buck sets the telegram down on the desk.

He leans back in his chair, gazes out the window.

A deep, quiet exhale.

Then — He rises, moves off-frame.

The door CREAKS open.

THUD — it shuts behind him.

The telegram flutters on the desk.

EXT. SILVER CREEK VALLEY - LATER

Water flows smooth and cold through a narrow creek.

A Crane lifts its head from the tall grass.

In the distance, three riders descend a gentle slope into the valley.

BUCK COLTON leads the group. Flanked by DEPUTY JACK CALLAHAN and THOMAS "RED" BREEDLOVE.

Their horses SPLASH through the shallows with each step.

They ride in silence with calm faces and heavy minds.

EXT. GRASSY PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

The horses move steadily across the wide-open plains.

Hooves puff soft clouds of dust with each stride.

The Deputy Marshals ride in close formation. Eyes fixed on the horizon.

RED

You're tellin' me, the folks of  
Springerville wiped out the Dunne  
Gang? The whole damn lot?

BUCK

Most... yeah. Maze has Walter in  
custody. Son of a bitch took twelve  
rounds, still alive.

Jack shifts in his saddle, eyes squinting at the sun.

JACK CALLAHAN

Any word on others ridin' with  
Crenshaw?

Buck glances to his side, voice low.

BUCK

Two other Dunne boys fled with 'em.  
Still trying to figure out who.  
(beat)  
I got a hunch... Crenshaw's holed up  
on Pacheta Creek, just past the falls.  
He's got a few hides around those  
parts.

JACK CALLAHAN

We takin' him alive?

Buck's shoots them both a stare.

BUCK

Always... unless he says otherwise.

RED

Springerville. Hell, I tip my hat to  
'em. Done us a favor cleanin' house.

JACK CALLAHAN

That's why we gotta end it. Crenshaw  
don't get to rise again.

BUCK

Agreed.

They kick their horses into a trot. Dust swirls behind them  
as they ride toward the distant hills.

EXT. BLACK RIVER VALLEY - EVENING

The sun sinks behind the western hills, bleeding orange and  
purple across the sky.

A lone rider emerges at the river's edge; his eyes fixed on  
the distant horizon.

Bob Crenshaw's face is stoic, hard and unreadable.

Without a word, he rides steadily downstream, heading south,  
away from the ruin in his wake.

EXT. APACHE INDIAN CAMP - MORNING

Winter has set in. A soft frost coats the grass.

Teepees send white smoke curling into the still air.

Jack and Red sit atop their horses, hands resting over their  
saddle horns.

A short distance away, Buck speaks quietly with a trusted  
APACHE INFORMANT, wrapped in thick animal hides.

RED

I swear... he has eyes and ears all  
over this territory.

JACK CALLAHAN

Yup, these folks sure respect him.  
Don't know how he does it after the  
war.

The tribesman's hands are animated as he relays what he knows.

Buck nods along, focused on his information.

RED (V.O.)

Can't ever get anyone to tell me  
nothin'.

The conversation ends with a firm handshake and mutual nod.

Buck turns and walks back to the others.

JACK CALLAHAN

What he say?

BUCK

Scouting party saw a white man camped  
out up near Pacheta Creek. Just him  
and a horse. Sounded like Crenshaw.

Buck grabs his saddle horn, shifts in his stirrup, and swings into the saddle.

JACK CALLAHAN

We headin' South then?

BUCK

Better to find out for ourselves it  
ain't him than to have it be him and  
miss our chance.

Buck collects his reins, shifts in his seat.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Let's go.

The men wheel their horses, heading south at a steady gallop.

RED(V.O.)

Sure wouldn't have minded some of  
whatever they were fixin' for supper.

JACK CALLAHAN(V.O.)

You had Buck's trail stew yet?



RED(V.O.)

Nope.

JACK CALLAHAN(V.O.)

You're lucky.

Snow begins to fall. The riders vanish into the haze.

EXT. PACHETA RIVER VELLEY - MORNING

Bodies lie flat in frozen grass, creeping slowly up a rise.

From the crest, three heads slowly rise over the hill.

Across the river: A small one-room cabin. Smoke drifts steady from the chimney.

The deputies lie still, breath visible in the cold air.

Suddenly — A man steps out of the house, cigarette dangling from his lips.

He strolls into the yard, kneels, scoops snow into a dented tin pot.

Rises. Pauses. Eyes scan the horizon.

BUCK

(quietly)

Hello Bob.

Red leans over. Still watching the cabin.

RED

(whispers)

You sure that's him?

BUCK

No doubt.

Crenshaw turns, disappears inside. The door closes behind him.

The deputies ease back, heads dipping below the ridge as they retreat down the slope, silently.

EXT. STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, horses graze on sparse winter grass.

Buck crouches low, drawing a rough outline in the snow with a gloved finger.

BUCK(V.O.)

Alright, boys... here's the plan.

(beat)

Red, you approach the door straight,  
call him out. Jack and I will flank  
from either side behind the house.  
Once he's outside, we take him.

Red raises a hand.

RED

Hold up... why do I gotta be the bait?

Buck and Jack exchange a quick glance.

BUCK

If he makes a move, you're the  
quickest draw.

Red shrugs and nods.

RED

Alright... that tracks.

BUCK

Remember... we take him alive.

(beat)

Let's get into position.

Red moves out first, heading down toward the house.

Jack lingers, slides closer to Buck. Leans in, voice low—

JACK CALLAHAN

What are you doing?

(beat)

Red's the slowest damn draw in the  
service.

Buck grins. Just a flicker.

BUCK

Maybe... he don't know that.

Jack cracks a smile, eyes gleaming.

EXT. PACHETA RIVER VELLEY - LATER

The house sits still and quiet.

Only the winter wind stirs the chimney smoke into the pale gray sky.

From the tall grass, heads appear on either side.

Buck and Jack, move slowly. Inching forward in silence.

Red steps into frame centered on the door.

He breathes in deep, exhales slow.

Across the field, Buck signals.

Red draws his revolver high ready.

He steps clear of the grass and stands tall.

RED

Bill Crenshaw! I'm Deputy U.S. Marshal  
Breedlove!

(beat)

I know you're in there. Put your guns  
down and come out with your hands up!

A long silence.

The door CREAKS open. Bob leans out, calm, curious.

BOB CRENSHAW

Howdy Marshal. What's the trouble?

RED

You know the trouble, Bob. Come on out  
so we can do this quiet.

Bob opens the door fully, steps into frame.

His gun belt still strapped.

BOB CRENSHAW

You... want me... to come with you?

RED  
That's the idea. I want this to be  
peaceful.  
(beat)  
I think you do too.

Bob steps further into the open.

He scans the horizon. Calm and calculating.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Looks like your all alone here  
Marshal. What if I don't want to come  
with ya?

Red shifts sideways, presenting less of a target.

RED  
Come now, Bob. Neither of us want to  
do anything stupid here.

Bob's eyes narrow. A decision is brewing.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Stupid was you coming alone.

His hand starts down—

CLICK CLICK - Two rifles cock. One on either side.

Bob freezes. Hand hovering inches from his steel.

BUCK  
Hold it right there, Bob! We got you  
surrounded.

Red exhales in relief.

Crenshaw turns his head, locking eyes with Buck.

Then he whips to his right, Jack's rifle drawn on him.

Shoots back to Red.

Red advances, gun steady, steps cautious.

Surrounded, a flicker of defiance beneath the surrender.

BOB CRENSHAW  
That's not fair fellas. Three on one?

Buck approaches, gun raised but calm and unshaken.

Crenshaw exhales. Slowly raises his hands.

BUCK

You got him, Red?

RED

Yea... give me a minute.

Red moves in, unclasping Crenshaw's gun belt.

Jack and Buck close in, rifles still trained.

Buck swings Crenshaw's arms back and clamps the irons shut.

BOB CRENSHAW

Well played, Marshal. Bet it feels  
good outsmartin' me.

Crenshaw's eyes flick to Buck, smirking.

BUCK

Shut up.

(beat)

Let's move out.

EXT. RIVER CROSSING - LATER

The deputies escort Crenshaw across the shallow stream.

Their breath fogs in the winter air.

BOB CRENSHAW

So... what's for dinner tonight?

Buck ignores him.

Crenshaw's gaze shifts, locking onto a rocky ridge downriver.

EXT: ROCKY RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Hidden among the stones—

TITLE CARD: CHARLEY MORGAN

CHARLEY MORGAN-20's- watches. Seasoned. Steady. Loyal to the

end.

As Buck's team disappears into the trees, Charley crouches low. His mind racing and plotting.

After a long beat, he turns and bolts upstream, vanishing into the wild.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE - LATER

Snow blows hard across a pure white landscape.

The town sits still and silent with windows frosted, chimneys puffing smoke, folks huddled indoors.

Figures emerge through the haze, growing clearer as they approach.

Buck leads a small convoy.

Bob Crenshaw rides shackled, a rope tied from his wrists to Buck's saddle horn.

Red and Jack Callahan bring up the rear, rifles low but ready.

They stop outside the Springerville jail.

They all dismount, PLOPPING into the snow.

Crenshaw swings off his horse landing with a soft THUD.

BOB CRENSHAW

Was that your idea of the scenic  
route? I want a refund.

Buck glares, unties the rope from his saddle horn, and coils it in his hand.

He yanks Crenshaw in close.

BUCK

Talk all you want. Soon enough the  
noose is going to quiet you for good.

Red steps in, untying the rope from Crenshaw's wrists.

BOB CRENSHAW

That makes me the guest of honor.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

I should've brought a gift.

BUCK

Bob... you are the gift.

Buck gives him a shove toward the door.

INT. SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. Snow swirls in, dusting the floor.

Two GUARDS flinch, then rise in awe.

Crenshaw stumbles inside, pushed forward by Buck's hand on his neck.

GUARD 1

What can we do for you Marshal?

BUCK

This is Bob Crenshaw. Dunne Gang.  
He'll need to sit here a spell until  
transfer to Prescott.

Crenshaw raises his shackled hands, wagging a finger smugly.

The guards' share a glance, spring into action.

INT. SPRINGERVILLE JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

The cell door CREAKS open.

Buck shoves Crenshaw inside.

Crenshaw stumbles, catches and settles on the narrow cot.

The guard swings the door shut - CLANK. It's locked.

Buck motions with a finger, a quiet signal to the guard.

They cross the room. Buck leans in close.

BUCK

(quiet, firm)

Keep a sharp eye on this one. He's  
slick. Slipped out of tighter spots  
than this.

Buck eyes lock on the guard. Doubt flickers in his posture.

GUARD 1

Yes sir. You have my word. He ain't  
goin' nowhere.

Buck nods and pats him on the shoulder.

He turns to Red and Jack across the room.

BUCK

Job's done, boys. You can head home.

The heavy jailhouse door swings shut behind them with a THUD.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

A single lantern flickers beside the door, swaying in the  
cold wind.

Its light glows weakly against the old wood.

Two tired guards lean outside, coats pulled tight, talking in  
low, aimless tones.

Their eyes drift. No urgency or watchfulness.

EXT. BEHIND SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The distant muffled chatter continues up front.

Until — POP. POP. CRASH.

A metal grate bursts open with a sudden GROAN of iron and  
hinges.

EXT. SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - NIGHT

The guards fall silent. Both turn slightly.

Eyes narrowing toward the sound.

They exchange a glance. Shrug. And return to idle chat.



EXT. BEHIND SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw delicately crawls through the broken access port.

He rises to a crouch, scans left and right.

Empty street. Silent night.

Suddenly - CAW CAW A familiar bird call.

Crenshaw's eyes narrow. He listens.

From the shadows between two buildings Charley Morgan emerges.

CHARLEY  
(quiet yelling)  
Boss! This way!

Crenshaw bolts across the street silently.

He slides into the alley beside Charley.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Good man. I knew you'd come through.  
(beat)  
We got anywhere we can lay low?

Charley glances over his shoulder, then nods.

CHARLEY  
Holdin' up with Dust Devil just  
outside of town.

Crenshaw pauses, reading him.

BOB CRENSHAW  
You trust him?

Charley stiffens. Pride in his voice.

CHARLEY  
As I do you.

Crenshaw nods, resolution in his eyes.

BOB CRENSHAW  
That's good enough for me.

Charley gives a tight smile.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
Let's get these shackles off me.

Without another word, the two vanish. Melting into the dark like smoke.

INT. SPRINGERVILLE JAIL - MORNING

SLAM - Buck's fist CRASHES onto the table.

He stands over a gaping hole in the cell floor. Boards ripped clean. A tunnel beneath.

BUCK  
How could you let him escape?

A guard stands nearby, hat in hand, shame heavy in his posture.

GUARD  
We didn't know till he was gone.

Buck's eyes narrow, furry tightening his jaw.

BUCK  
That's your excuse?

The guard shifts nervously, avoiding Buck's piercing gaze.

Buck begins pacing the room, each step is deliberate.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
Why were you not watching him? I warned you of his resolve.

The guard swallows hard, voice barely above a whisper.

GUARD  
I'm sorry Marshal. We'll get him.

Buck stops pacing abruptly, spinning to face the guard.

BUCK  
You will do nothing of the sort.

He leans heavily on the table, knuckles whitening, arms stiff.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
(serious, voice low)  
He's, my responsibility.

EXT. SILVER CITY - DAY

A dusty boomtown buzzing with midday life.

POV - A stranger watches.

The First Silver Bank looms ahead.

Sunlight flares off the windows. A wood-plank sign creaks as it swings:

"FIRST SILVER BANK - EST. 1881".

The stranger steps forward.

INT. SILVER CITY BANK - CONTINUOUS

Polished wood counters gleam beneath hanging oil lamps.

POV - The stranger enters.

His shadow stretches long across the floorboards.

Without a word, he sets a worn sack on the counter.

A revolver quickly joins it with a THUNK.

The stranger leans forward, calm and deliberate.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN(V.O.)  
Shhhhhh.

The teller freezes. Eyes wide with shanking hands.

Quick and careful, he fills the sack with bills and coins.

The stranger watches. Silent and patient.

The full bag FLOPS onto the counter.

The stranger tucks the sack under his arm, conceals the gun.

He turns. No rush or glance back, vanishes into the sunlight.

DISSOLVE

INT. NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

Freshly printed newspapers SLAM onto the shelf of a busy newsstand.

Headlines scream in bold:

SUPER (HEADLINES):

"CITIZENS FEAR OUTLAW UPRISING."

"SILENT JACK RISING UP TO FILL DUNNE GANG VOID."

A NEWSSTAND BOY shouts to passing customers.

NEWS STAND BOY

Bob Crenshaw escapes custody after  
bloody Springerville shootout!

TOWNSFOLK flood the stand, grabbing copies, tossing coins into a small tin bowl. CLINK. CLINK.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

A growing crowd gathers around a bulletin board covered in handbills and newspapers.

A WOMAN whispers to the man beside her, eyes wide with worry.

WOMAN

Why can't they keep him in custody?

A man clenches his jaw, staring at the headline.

MAN

This place has gone to hell.

The camera lingers on a freshly tacked telegram handbill.

SUPER (HEADLINE):

"CITIZENS DAMAND AUTHORITIES PURSUE OUTLAWS AT ALL COSTS."

EXT. HOLBROOK MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Winter fades in the Indian Territory.

Holbrook bustles with life. Spring shows with melting snow.

From the edge of town, Buck rides in slow.

Eyes don't follow him, but judgment hangs heavy. He feels the weight of Crenshaw's escape.

From down the street, Timmothy runs toward him, telegram in hand.

TIMMOTHY

Marshal Colton, this came for you a  
few days ago.

Buck takes the telegram.

BUCK

Thank you, Timmothy.

Timmothy scurries off, vanishing into the crowd.

Buck stares at the telegram. Reluctant. He opens it.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT:

TO: DEPUTY BUCK COLTON  
FROM: U.S. MARSHAL JOHN HARGROVE  
DATE: MARCH 2, 1902

URGENT - OUTLAWS GATHERING IN MASS IN WHITE MOUNTAINS.  
YOU ARE ORDERED TO REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO PHOENIX  
TO COORDINATE PURSUIT AND APPREHENSION.  
THIS ASSIGNMENT IS OF HIGHEST IMPORTANCE.  
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

- MARSHAL JOHN HARGROVE

Buck finishes reading. He exhales and rolls his eyes.

Then, his expression shifts and his resolve hardens.

Tugs on his reins, wheels his horse and rides away.

EXT. WALNUT CANYON - DAY

A lone Marshal swiftly rides through the winding canyon, dust trailing behind his horse.

TITLE CARD: U.S. DEPUTY MARSHAL JED HOLLOWAY

His eyes scan the horizon. He's calm, but alert.

JED HOLLOWAY - Late 30's. U.S. Deputy Marshal. Skilled tracker and sharpshooter known for his relentlessness. A man with a reputation for aggressive, but fair law enforcement.

A scruffy man darts from the brush ahead.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Everet... you halt right there!

The outlaw bolts. Faster, desperate.

Jed heels his mount. The horse explodes forward.

The fugitive scrambles over rocks, through brush. Leaping fallen limbs and stumbling.

Jed gains ground. His eyes narrow and his focus, sharp.

With a final burst, he spurs alongside and leaps from his saddle.

THUD - They collide. Dust erupts as they land.

Jed rises first, gun drawn.

Hammer cocks - CLICK

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
You're finished!

The outlaw slowly raises his hands, breathing hard. He settles into the dirt.

EVERET  
Yea... I'm done.

Jed swiftly rolls him, cuffs him with practiced hand.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF JAIL - LATER

Jed exits, squinting into the afternoon sun.

He steps off the stoop, unties his horse.

Leads it calmly through town.

TOWNSMAN(O.S.)  
Good job, Marshal.

Jed tips his hat, smiles.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Thank you, sir.

Townsfolk nod and wave as he passes. He returns each gesture.

He arrives at the Marshal's Office. Secures his horse.

A MESSENGER BOY trots up.

MESSENGER BOY  
Marshal... this urgent message came  
over the wire this morning.

Jed takes the telegram. Eyes scan quickly. He smiles.

The boy fidgets, watching.

MESSENGER  
Is it good news, sir?

JED HOLLOWAY  
When the sun is shining and you're  
still breathing... it's all good news.

He flips the boy a silver coin and ruffles his hair.

The boy lights up, dashes off down the street.

Holloway strolls up the steps and pauses at the door.

He glances back once, smiles, enters and closes the door.

EXT. HAWLEY LAKE - NIGHT

A cold wind whispers through tall pines. Shadows dance from a flickering campfire.

Three men sit tensely, faces weathered and grim.

Crenshaw stares into the flames, jaw tight with frustration.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS - late 20's - Outlaw and expert gunslinger with a quick temper and steady aim.

TITLE CARD: LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS

Luke twirls a locket between his fingers. His eyes flick between Bob and Charley.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
The Dunne Gang... poof... gone?

BOB CRENSHAW  
A reckless lot they were, that's for sure. Didn't take to working with 'em much.

He rubs his forehead, thinking.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
The law is stronger, scores are harder.  
(beat)  
Even townsfolk are risin' up. It's a damn warnin' is what it is.

Luke meets his eyes, curiosity stirring.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
So, what's your plan?

BOB CRENSHAW  
I'm starting a new gang. Stronger, smarter... more ruthless. One that don't break when it gets hot.

Charley's head tilts. He doesn't speak, but his eyes narrow.

CHARLEY  
And you think now's the time to gather more heat? After Springerville and all that blood?

Luke scoffs; voice dry and sharp.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
I say you're fools if you don't.



He leans forward; voice low.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (CONT'D)  
This ain't just about robbing trains  
and banks. It's war.  
(beat)  
You're gonna need soldiers.

Bob meets his stare. Fire behind his eyes.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Exactly. That's why I'm reachin' out.  
I need men who've got grit.

Luke nods slowly; tone steady.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
If my word means anything... I know a  
few fellas we could holler at.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - FLASHBACK

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES lights a fuse on a train car,  
grinning wildly as sparks start flying.

TITLE CARD: SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (V.O.)  
Boom maker Rhodes. He's wild and  
reckless. Some say downright crazy.  
He'll add the spark that will help us  
shake this territory.

Rhodes whoops, arms flailing, and dives behind a rock.

KA-BOOM - The train car explodes in a fiery blast.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HAWLEY LAKE - PRESENT

Bob and Charley share a look. Both men smirk.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
We could also look at Ray Daniels.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ARKANSAS - FLASHBACK

A young gang member panics, kneeling beside a fallen comrade.

TITLE CARD: RAY DANIELS

RAY DANIELS strides over; calm and firm.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (V.O.)  
Ray Daniels. He's steady and  
dependable. Does what he's told and  
will keep the other boys grounded when  
things get rough.

Ray kneels, presses a hand to the kid's shoulder, gives him  
back his gun and a shove toward the fight.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. TRAIN YARD - FLASHBACK

ED RUSSELL scanning the horizon, rifle ready, alert to the  
faintest movement.

TITLE CARD: ED RUSSELL

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (V.O.)  
Ed Russell. Eyes like a hawk. A very  
watchful guardian. No one slips past  
him. Not a bad shot either.

A guard sprints from a railcar.

Ed pivots - BANG. The guard drops.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HAWLEY LAKE - PRESENT

Charley leans forward, lit by the fire's glow.

CHARLEY  
Might as well add Memphis Mike. I know  
he's lookin' for work.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SALOON - FLASHBACK

BANG - CLINK - A lawman's gun flies from his hand.

TITLE CARD: MICHAEL "MEMPHIS MIKE" GREELY

MEMPHIS MIKE stands tall, grinning.

CHARLEY (V.O.)

Quick on the draw and quicker with a smile. A man who knows every back alley from here to the Mississippi River.

Mike tips his hat, then slips into the shadows.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HAWLEY LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Luke cracks a grin; fierce and wild.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS

Hell, Bob... with that kind of backbone and grit, you just might take this whole place down.

Bob's eyes glint with firelight and resolve.

He leans forward, extends his hand over the flames.

BOB CRENSHAW

Let's show this territory how wild we can be.

Luke clasps his hand. Then Charley. Three outlaws. One pact.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRESCOTT - DAY

A rifle barrel sways across the horizon.

It steadies. Sights locking on a tin can atop a distant post.

BOOM! CLICK - BOOM! CLICK - BOOM!

Three sharp shots ECHO across the valley.

CLINK. CLANK. PING.

Three cans tumble through the air.

The rifle lowers. A man rises behind it.

TITLE CARD: U.S. DEPUTY MARSHAL COLE MCRAE

COLE MCRAE - Early 30's. Deputy U.S. Marshal. A calm methodical mind and a very skilled marksman.

Behind him, footsteps CRUNCH softly in the soil.

Cole spins around, rifle ready and focused.

ANTHONY

Easy there, cowboy. Just delivering a message.

Cole narrows his eyes, lowering the rifle.

COLE MCRAE

You oughta know better than sneaking up on a man like that.

Cole slides the chamber open, clears the round with a smooth flick.

COLE MCRAE (CONT'D)

What ya got?

Anthony pulls a folded note from his pocket, hands it over.

ANTHONY

Summons from Marshall Hargrove. He wants you in Phoenix, pronto.

Cole scans it, frowns slightly.

COLE MCRAE

I wonder what this is all about.

Cole folds the note, rising to his feet.

COLE MCRAE (CONT'D)

Tell the rest of the boys to hold down the fort. I'll ride by nightfall.

Anthony nods, tipping his hat.

ANTHONY

Yes sir.

Anthony turns back toward town.

Cole lingers. Glances downrange at the cans lying in dirt.

Then turns and walks off, shouldering his rifle.

EXT. OUTSIDE GLOBE, AZ - DAWN

Early spring sun creeps over the plains. The sky glows purple and pale white.

Silence and peace envelope the area. Then-

K-BOOM - The stillness shatters.

Boom Maker races from behind a rock formation, whooping and hollering wildly.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A chain of explosions sends boulders RUMBELING down the hillside.

The rocks settle across the tracks in the valley below.

CHARLEY  
That'll stop 'em for sure.

TRAIN WHISTLE (O.S.) - distant

BOB CRENSHAW  
Into your positions!

The gang disperses into the hills and behind boulders.

Bob and Charley lie low, close to the tracks.

EXT. RAILROAD - CONTINUOUS

Santa Fe NO. 5 barrels West.

CLANK-CLANK. Steel wheels scream on rails.

White smoke chugs from the stack.

INT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The train rounds a slight curve.

The engineer leans forward. Eyes narrow—

The rockslide looms ahead.

ENGINEER

Stop!

He lunges, yanks the emergency brake.

The fireman SLAMS the firebox door.

Levers pulled. Valves turned. Wheels screeching.

The train GROANS as it fights to stop.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. RAILROAD

The wheels lock, skidding along the tracks.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN

Riders jolt forward with the sudden force.

Men GROAN; women SCREAM.

EXT. RAILROAD

Brakes SQUEAL under pressure. Sparks fly.

Steam BLASTS from the exhaust port.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN

Plates and coffee cups slide off tables into customers' laps.

In the aisle, a man violently falls backward.

Riders grip poles and seats tight for leverage.

EXT. RAILROAD

The whole train SHUTTERS as it comes to a stop.

The steam release valve SCREAMS, spewing white-hot steam into the morning air.

## INT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE

The engineer and fireman slowly open their eyes, releasing their grips, unlocking their teeth.

They rise, glancing around in wonder.

## INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN

Rider's heads start to rise, glance around.

Slowly, one by one, they begin to stand.

## EXT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE - CONTINUOUS

The engineer and fireman peer out from the cab, cautious.

They climb down; boots THUD against the ground.

Slow steps carry them past the engine; eyes fixed on the rockslide.

Suddenly - Bob and Charley burst from the rocks, guns drawn.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Freeze!

CHARLEY  
Hands up!

The trainmen freeze, eyes wide, hands up like lightning.

Bob rounds them up, pushes them in front of the train.

He lets out a sharp, piercing WHISTLE.

From rocks and hilltops, figures spring to life, charging down.

## EXT. TRAIN CARS - CONTINUOUS

Gang members surge toward the train, swift and silent.

They climb the steps of the passenger cars, guns drawn.

They BURST through the doors.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 1

Passengers gasp.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
Everybody down! This is a robbery!

Guns up. Eyes blazing. Panic ripples through the cabin.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 2

Boom Maker slams through the door.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Get down and shut up!

Screams. Mothers clutch children. Men freeze, hands raised.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 1

Ray Daniels enters behind Luke, pulling a sack from inside his coat.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
As we come by, drop your wallets and  
watches into the bag! You don't give  
us trouble... you won't be harmed.

Ray moves down the aisle, steady. Collects valuables with eerie calm.

EXT. TRAIN CARS

Ed Russell stands outside, rifle ready.

His eyes scan the hills, the tree line, the wind.

No one slips past.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 2

Memphis Mike moves in beside Boom Maker, swift and efficient.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Anything of value, pull it out, hold  
it up!

Passengers obey.

The gang works in precise rhythm, not chaos.



INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 1

Ray and Luke move fast, collecting wallets, watches, jewelry. Their eyes sharp, hands smooth.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 2

At the rear, a jittery passenger bolts for the exit.

BANG - Boom Maker drops him with a clean shot. He falls face-first into the aisle.

Screams erupt. Mothers clutch children. Chaos trembles beneath silence.

EXT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE

Bob and Charley hold the engineer and fireman at gunpoint.

Bob casually scans down the train; calm amid the storm.

Down the line, Ed stands tall, weapon raised. He gives a subtle thumbs-up.

Bob nods.

BOB CRENSHAW

You two are doing great.

(beat)

Just stay still and quiet. This will be over shortly.

The train men exchange a nervous glance, hands still raised.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 1

Luke's voice is low, urgent.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS

Got it?

RAY DANIELS

Yup!

They start backing toward the door.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 2

A trembling man slowly rises. His eyes drop to the corpse in the aisle.

Boom Maker whips his pistol around.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Hey! You want one too?

The man sinks back down fast.

Boom Maker spins to Memphis Mike.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
Hurry up, we gotta go!

EXT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE

Bob's eyes flick down the length of the cars.

Distant barking and shouts echo.

Ed signals, something's spooked.

Suddenly, gang members leap from the cars. Bolting for the hills like shadows breaking loose.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Time to move!

Bob and Charley peel off, sprinting toward the hills.

BANG - Charley fires a warning shot over the train men's heads.

The men hit the dirt hard.

EXT. TRAIN CARS

The gang sprints toward the hills.

INT. TRAIN CAR CABIN 2

EXHALES

GROANS

Bodies shift, faces rise. Fear blossoms into chaos.

Whispers surge into cries. Screams echo through the cabin as passengers realize they're alone.

EXT. OUTSIDE GLOBE - CONTINUOUS

The outlaws dart through the hills, weaving through brush and boulders.

They regroup behind a rise. Their horses waiting, reins tied to jagged stone.

In one fluid motion; seven horses burst forth, pounding into the open fields.

HOOTS. WHOOPS. LAUGHTER. Freedom and fury in every stride.

Behind them, a column of black smoke climbs skyward, marking the train's stillness.

INT. PHOENIX MARSHALS OFFICE - DAY

A large, austere room. Dusty sunlight filters through tall windows, casting shafts of gold across a room filled with paper, shadows, and authority.

Behind a broad oak desk sits-

MARSHAL JOHN HARGROVE - 50's, sharp-eyed, weathered, every inch a man carved from law and war.

Before him, stand three dust-worn lawmen:

At the front, Deputy U.S. Marshal "Buck" Colton, flanked by Jed Holloway and Cole McRae. The three men exchange determined glances.

With their boots dusty and faces marked by the trail and recent battles, the men stand tall.

Hargrove eyes them, weighing their worth.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE  
Gentleman, I've called you three here  
for one very important reason.

He pauses; his eyes piercing.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
The lawlessness in the White Mountain  
territory threatens the very fabric of  
this Union. Bandits and outlaws roam  
freely, defying justice and  
(MORE)

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
terrorizing settlers.

He leans forward, voice dropping to a hard edge.

The three men all lock onto his gaze.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
Silent Jack, The Bart Cross Gang, Bob  
Crenshaw and his new Hell Spur Gang.  
All men who spit on the law and  
terrorize the innocent.

Marshall John Hargrove swiftly stands, his presence filling  
the room.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
Well, no more!

THUD — his fist hits the desk like a gunshot.

The marshals don't flinch.

The judge speaks with a voice like thunder.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
You three will go after them all! You  
will be swift, you will be brutal, and  
you will show no mercy!  
(beat)  
You will bring them all to justice...  
or die trying.

His voice echoes in the silence.

His gaze scans the men, daring them to refuse.

He breathes, settles, and takes his seat again.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
You're being formed into a task force.  
It's worked back east... time to try  
it here.

Marshall Hargrove leans forward, arms folding onto his desk.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
This office hereby empowers Deputy  
Marshals Colton, Holloway, and McRae  
to act decisively. Together, you are  
to be the shield and sword of federal  
(MORE)

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
law. Relentless in pursuit, united in  
purpose.

He slides a sealed envelope across the desk toward Buck.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE (CONT'D)  
Inside, your warrants, orders, and the  
weight of this office.

Buck steps forward, picks up the envelope with purpose.

BUCK  
We won't fail, Sir.

MARSHALL JOHN HARGROVE  
Good. You'll need every ounce of grit  
and honor you possess. This territory  
is a razor's edge.  
(beat)  
Bring them in... or bring back their  
heads.  
(beat)  
That is all.

The Marshals exchange a grim, solid nod.

He turns. Exits. THUNK. The heavy door shuts behind him.

The Marshals exhale, their shoulders lower.

A quiet breath shared between men about to ride into hell.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

The door to the Marshal's office swings open.

Buck, Jed, and Cole step out into the bustling hallway. The  
weight of Hargrove's words still lingers.

JED HOLLOWAY  
New task force?

COLE MCRAE  
Sounds fancy. Makes me feel like we  
need a name.

Buck smirks, adjusting his hat.

BUCK  
Just means more work.

Bill chuckles, clapping Buck on the shoulder.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Better get used to it. Outlaws don't  
wait around for us to get ready.

Buck glances down at the thick envelope in his hand, fingers  
tapping lightly against the paper.

BUCK  
We've worked together before... but  
not like this.  
(beat)  
Might do us good to sit and talk a  
spell before we hit the trail.

COLE MCRAE  
You know anywhere good to eat around  
here?

Buck smirks. Jed sighs.

JED HOLLOWAY  
There you go again... always thinking  
with your stomach.

Cole shrugs, rubbing his rumbling belly.

COLE MCRAE  
Hey, I came straight in from Prescott.  
I'm runnin' on steam and trail dust.

Buck chuckles, flashing the thick envelope.

BUCK  
Eat up now, boys. It may be a while  
'for we eat good again.

COLE MCRAE  
Especially if you're the one cooking.

Buck shoots him a look, half expecting what's next.

COLE MCRAE (CONT'D)  
Your trail stew isn't a meal... it's  
punishment.

He tucks the envelope into his coat. Their boots echo on

stone and they stroll down the hallway.

They pass a bulletin board layered with wanted posters.

The camera lingers on one:

WANTED: SILENT JACK - DEAD OR ALIVE - REWARD \$500

EXT. OUTSIDE APLINE, AZ - NIGHT

Moonlight cuts through the pines like silver blades.

A lone figure glides through the brush. Silent and precise.

SILENT JACK 20's - Has a stutter and a lisp. Speaks when he must, prefers actions over words. Known for intimidation and brute force.

TITLE CARD: WILLIAM "SILENT JACK" JACK BARROWS

His rifle dangles comfortably from one hand, worn but deadly.

Up ahead, a cabin window flickers with warm light.

Jack creeps up; peers through the window.

Inside, a man counts bills by lamplight. Unaware.

Jack quietly cocks his rifle.

SILENT JACK  
(whispers)  
T-tme to s-settle a score.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The door SLAMS open. Jack's boot driving it wide.

The man jolts from his chair, eyes wide in shock.

BANG - He jerks, staggers, then crumples.

Jack steps inside, smoke rising from his barrel.

He hovers over the man. His voice low and cold.

SILENT JACK  
Told you I'd find you, you thievin'  
son of a bitch.

The man gurgles, trying to speak.

Jack leans down closer.

SILENT JACK (CONT'D)  
This is what happens to s-s-snakes  
that s-slither in my t-territory.

Jack rises, his eyes burning.

Aims the rifle. BANG.

BLACKOUT

FADE IN

EXT. SALT RIVER CANYON - DAY

A bright spring sky hangs over the high pines.

Woodpeckers knock in rhythm. A soft breeze RUSTLES leaves overhead.

The Marshals ride side by side, dust kicking up behind them.

Easy pace, trail chatter, the calm air.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Thought I had 'em cornered in a little  
watering hole. So, I stroll in all  
calm-like, hand on my six-shooter...

Jed pauses, grinning.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Turns out, they were waiting for me.  
Had a little trap set. Not a damn  
thing about me was calm.

Cole chuckles.

COLE MCRAE  
Sounds like you got the drop on  
yourself there, Jed.

Jed shrugs with a smile.



JED HOLLOWAY

Sometimes the best laid plans are just  
plans to get yourself in trouble.

Buck laughs softly, shaking his head.

BUCK

Good thing you got a quick draw.

JED HOLLOWAY

Yeah... quick enough to live to tell  
the tale.

GUNSHOTS (O.S) - DISTANCE

Alert, they spin their heads in the direction of the shot.

Another GUNSHOT; sharper.

BUCK

Let's ride!

The three spur their horses.

The mounts jolt into action, bursting through the trees.

EXT. RIDGE TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

The marshals thunder down the trail. Trees blur past.

More GUNSHOTS echo, louder, frantic.

They break into a clearing.

Ahead, a stagecoach is halted mid-road.

Dust circles as bandits circle, yelling and firing into the  
air.

INT. STAGECOACH - CONTINUOUS

Two women SCREAM, clinging to each other.

A sweaty man trembles at the window, pistol shaking in his  
grip.

EXT. STAGECOACH - CONTINUOUS

The driver ducks low beneath the seat, shielding his head.

Bandits HOOT and FIRE recklessly into the air, wild and chaotic.

Two dismount and approach the coach. More SCREAMS cut the air as they get closer.

EXT. SALT RIVER CANYON - CONTINUOUS

Through the trees, the Marshals explode.

Down the ridge they ride; hooves pounding fast and loud.

Their faces hard, their pistols drawn. Ready for lies ahead.

EXT. STAGECOACH - CONTINUOUS

A horse and bandit spots the charge. He whirls around-

BANDIT  
The Law! The Law!

Chaos erupts. Bandits scramble, diving for their saddles, kick their horses into motion.

They tear off from the coach in quick haste.

Buck and Cole rein in hard beside the coach.

Jed doesn't stop. Blowing past them, charging after the retreating outlaws.

BUCK  
Goddammit, Jed!  
(to Cole)  
Make sure they are okay.

He spurs his mount, thundering forward into the chase.

EXT. SALT RIVER CANYON - CONTINUOUS

Four bandits thunder through the scrub, dust exploding under

every pounding hoof.

Jed rides hard, gaining ground with each breath.

He leans forward, spurs flashing, dust trailing like a comet.

Buck closes in behind, relentless in his pursuit.

Up ahead, the bandits scatter, peeling off in different directions.

Jed picks one and commits. His horse screams forward nestling flank to flank.

He grabs the rider's collar — YANKS.

The bandit flails and tumbles off the horse in a rough, tumbling crash.

Jed reins hard. His horse skids to a stop.

He leaps down, pistol drawn, quick and fluid.

The bandit freezes. Hands shoot up.

Buck arrives in a cloud of dust. He's off the saddle in one smooth swing.

Jed covers. Buck swoops in and cuffs the bandit.

Without warning and fire in his eyes, Buck grabs Jed by the shoulders, spins him around, and SLAMS him into a tree.

BUCK

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Jed glares at Buck confused.

BUCK (CONT'D)

That's how you die out here. You want to play cowboy, do it on your own time.

Jed shoves free, jaw clenched.

JED HOLLOWAY

We bagged a man! That's what matters.

BUCK

Yet three more slipped away. That's  
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)  
your win?

They stand toe-to-toe, heat rising.

JED HOLLOWAY  
This is how I work. You don't like it?  
Stay out of my way.

Buck's fury boils over. He grabs Jed and SLAMS him into the tree again.

BUCK  
We're a team now dammit! We either do  
this together or not at all.

A beat. Tense and still.

The bandit watches the fury with wide eyes.

HORSE HOOVES APPROACHING (O.S.)

Cole McRae rides in, pulling up fast.

Jed and Buck locked in a standoff, fire still simmering between them.

COLE MCRAE  
(cautiously)  
What did I miss?

Buck releases his grip on Jed and steps back.

Jed exhales, steadies himself.

BUCK  
Cole... please secure him for  
transport.

Buck nods toward the bandit.

COLE MCRAE  
Yes, sir.

Cole dismounts, approaches the outlaw.

Jed and Buck stand across from each other, dust settling.

BUCK  
We're all here to get the job done,  
Jed. I won't always agree with your  
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)  
way, but I know you've got the grit to  
see it through.

Jed offers a small, genuine nod.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
Every step, every shot. Alone, we're  
easy targets. But together? We're damn  
near unstoppable.

He lets that hang for a moment, then adds with quiet  
conviction:

BUCK (CONT'D)  
If we want to bring these men down,  
we've got to move as one. No lone  
wolves. No heroes. Just... Marshals.

Jed's nods slowly, understanding the weight behind the words.

After a beat, Jed extends his hand.

Buck pauses, takes it. They shake firmly.

JED HOLLOWAY  
You're right. Sometimes I chase the  
fight more than the finish.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

A moment of silent understanding passes between them.

Cole cinches the prisoner's ropes tight.

COLE MCRAE  
Friends again?

Buck and Jed exchange a look. Then a smirk.

JED HOLLOWAY  
How are the stagecoach folks?

Cole glances back toward the clearing.

COLE MCRAE  
Shaken up, but safe. We got there just  
in time.

Buck eyes the bandit. A young, dirty, blank-eyed kid staring  
at the clouds.

BUCK  
Look at him... just a kid.  
(beat)  
I swear they keep getting younger and  
younger.

The marshals fall quiet in the realization.

EXT. SALT RIVER CANYON - LATER

The sun sinks lower. Casting long shadows across the scrub  
and stone.

Cole leads the bandit's horse uphill; bandit secured on top.

Jed rides beside Buck, the fire cooled but not quite gone.

The breeze RUSTLES the trees. The quiet hum of nature returns  
as they ride.

EXT. HAWLEY LAKE - NIGHT

A fire crackles, casting flickering shadows over rough faces  
and harder lives.

The Hell Spur Gang lounges close. Guns resting easy, whiskey  
easier.

Bob leans against a log, sipping from a dented flask.

Charley sharpens a long knife, motions slow and sure.

Luke twirls a locket in his fingers.

Memphis Mike spins a six-shooter idly on his finger.

Ed Russell perches on a low tree limb, still and watchful.

Ray tosses a stick into the fire, eyes tracking the rising  
embers.

Boom Maker grins wide, fiddling with a fuse like it's a  
prayer bead.

CHARLEY  
Hey Dusty, what's the deal with that  
locket you keep fiddling with?

Luke's fingers slow. His eyes flicker to the locket; briefly haunted.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
Just... some ole thing.

Luke traces the locket's edge with his thumb. Voice quiet.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Lost more than I care to say back  
east... guess that's why I'm here.

Their eyes meet. A silent understanding passes.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS (CONT'D)  
How 'bout you? Why you stickin' with  
Bob?

Charley's lips tighten, nodding slowly.

CHARLEY  
Bob saved my ass in Flagstaff in '96.  
Been with him since.

Charley turns his gaze upward.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
Ed? What's your deal?

Ed shifts, cracking a small smile as he swings a leg off the branch.

ED RUSSELL  
I scouted for the Confederates during  
the war. Spent some time rustlin'  
'round these parts. Met Sam back then.

All eyes shift to Boom Maker, mid-spark and caught off guard.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
What? You said I could blow shit up.

Laughter breaks loose, gruff and genuine.

Even Memphis Mike cracks a grin.

BOB CRENSHAW  
We ain't just a gang.  
(beat)  
We're a family.

Smirks and subtle nods all around.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
And family sticks together. No  
backstabbing, no second guessing.

ROY DAUGHTRY  
We've all been through hell. That's  
what makes us tough.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Ain't nobody outgunnin' us. Ain't  
nobody outsmartin' us.  
(beat)  
We're the fire in these hills. Let's  
make sure they remember that.

He raises his flask.

The others follow; solemn and united.

ALL  
Here, here!

The flames dance higher.

The Hell Spur Gang drinks deep.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE, AZ - DUSK

The sun dips behind timbered hills, casting long shadows over  
the quiet frontier town.

A dusty road winds through wood-plank storefronts. Wagon  
tracks and footprints still mark the day's commerce.

Townsfolk linger in chairs with quiet voices and fading sun.

A train whistle whines faintly in the distance. Crickets  
begin their evening song.

FOOTSTEPS creep along the wooden boards.

FLINT STRIKES - a tiny spark, then flame.

Silent Jack leans against a porch beam, cigarette glowing,  
smoke curling past his lips. He's calm and coiled.

Down the street, the general store owner locks up.



Jack watches him with cold eyes; calculating. Every movement clocked.

INT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

The safe door creaks open.

The store owner counts the day's take. Coins and folded bills dropped into a burlap sack.

He closes the safe with a THUNK. Spins the dial.

Blows out the lantern.

Moves toward the door.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The owner steps outside, fumbling with the key - CLICK.

A cocked pistol presses to the back of his skull.

SILENT JACK

Take it easy. Hand over t-that bag.

The owner freezes, breath stuttering.

Hands trembling, he passes over the burlap sack.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A CITIZEN lingers in the shadows, eyes narrowing toward the general store.

He shifts, trying to get a clearer view.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS

Silent Jack collects the bag from the trembling shop owner.

SILENT JACK

You did g-good. Yo-you get to live.

He turns to leave. Then-

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET

BANG - The good Samaritan fires from down the street.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE

The bullet WHIPS past Jack's head, missing by inches.

The shop owner dives to the ground.

Jack pivots, stepping into the street.

BLAM - He fires back. Cold and fast.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET

The Samaritan reels, struck in the shoulder.

He crashes to the dirt. With one last effort, fires again.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE

Jack holds steady, aims sharp.

BANG

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET

The Samaritan drops. A clean shot to the head.

His pistol clatters beside him.

Townsfolk burst from buildings with guns drawn, SHOUTING.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE

Sensing the odds, Jack doesn't hesitate.

He spins, vanishing into a narrow alley.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET

Townsfolk rush toward the general store, pounding boots on dry dirt.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE GENERAL STORE

They arrive only to find empty shadows remain.

Silent Jack is gone.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE MAIN STREET - MORNING

Early sunlight filters through tall trees, casting long shadows across the dusty road. The town glows in soft gold.

The Marshals ride in slow, horses tread rutted roads.

Locals murmur behind cupped hands, wary glances tracking the men in dust-covered coats.

The tension's thick. Something's off.

From behind them—

GENERAL STORE OWNER

Marshals!

The Marshals rein in sharply, turning toward the voice.

The owner rushes forward, face drawn and anxious.

GENERAL STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Thank God you're here. I was robbed  
last night. A man is dead.

The Marshals exchange quick, grim looks.

BUCK

Do you know who did it?

The owner shakes his head, gaze darting nervously.

GENERAL STORE OWNER

No, sir. It was too dark. I couldn't  
see him once the shootin' started.

COLE MCRAE

Did he say anything?

The owner swallows hard, wringing his hands.

GENERAL STORE OWNER

His voice had this strange rhythm.  
(MORE)

GENERAL STORE OWNER (CONT'D)  
Like a lisp... maybe a stutter  
underneath it.

He glances over his shoulder as if expecting him to appear.

GENERAL STORE OWNER (CONT'D)  
I never heard anything like it.

Cole nods slowly, eyes hardening.

COLE MCRAE  
Sounds like Silent Jack. He's been a  
shadow over these parts for years.

The Marshals glare down the street, determination setting in.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Then he's close. We still got a shot.

Buck grips Jed's shoulder, gently easing him back.

BUCK  
We don't know which way he fled. No  
point chasing ghosts.  
(beat)  
If we play this smart, he will come to  
us.

The Marshals stand firm, eyes scanning the filling street.

From shaded doorways and dusty windows, townsfolk emerge.

An older woman, wrapped in a worn shawl, steps forward with a  
firm trembling voice.

OLDER WOMAN  
Please Marshalls... you have to do  
something.

A middle-aged man steps up beside her, nodding solemnly.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
I heard the shots too. Last month,  
same thing. It ain't stoppin'.

A teen-aged girl peers from behind his leg, wide-eyed and  
silent.

A voice from the crowd suddenly erupts, angry and desperate.

TOWNSFOLK (O.S.)  
 We're sick of outlaws runnin' our  
 town! No more dead!

The Marshals stand tall. Buck's face straightens.

BUCK  
 We hear you. And we're not about to  
 let this terror go unchecked.

Jed leans forward, locking eyes with the crowd.

JED HOLLOWAY  
 Your fight... is ours. We'll find  
 him... bring him to justice.

Cole scans the crowd. Faces etched with fear, hope and doubt.

Then, one by one, heads begin to nod.

The older woman steps forward, eyes glistening.

OLDER WOMAN  
 Get 'em Marshalls.

The crowd murmurs in support, quiet at first, then growing.

As the Marshals turn back toward the road, a cheer rises.

TOWNSFOLK  
 (overlap)  
 God bless 'em.

TOWNSFOLK  
 (overlap)  
 About damn time.

Buck takes a breath, eyes sweeping the town.

Jed adjusts his hat, jaw set.

Cole checks the horizon, ready for what's coming.

They nudge their horses into a steady gallop.

The townsfolk watch from stoops and windows. Hope flickering  
 back into tired eyes.

The sun climbs higher, casting long shadows behind the three  
 riders.

They fade into the morning haze.

Only the faint sound of hooves remains. A promise whispered  
 on the wind: The hunt has begun.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SILVER CREEK - NIGHT

Flame shadows dance across the Marshals.

Jed sits cross-legged, spinning the cylinder of his revolver, the clicks sharp and restless.

Buck lies back, hat tilted, eyes fixed skyward, calm and unreadable.

Cole McRae sits upright, elbows on knees, staring into the fire like it holds the answers.

CLICK. SPIN. CLICK.

The rhythm cuts through the quiet like a chisel.

COLE MCRAE

Will you stop that!

Jed freezes. The cylinder halts mid-turn.

All eyes shift to Cole. He doesn't look up.

JED HOLLOWAY

Something on your mind?

Cole shoots Jed a sharp look, annoyed.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I'm ready to get after 'em. What about you?

Buck doesn't move, still watching the sky.

BUCK

Easy, Jed. We ain't ridin' headlong into a hornet's nest just 'cause you're itchy for lead.

Jed shrugs, SPINS the cylinder again.

JED HOLLOWAY

Can't help it. This waiting is the hardest part.

Cole slowly raises his head, turning toward Buck.

COLE MCRAE

I don't know if I belong with you two.

His words stop the fire's crackle.

Jed halts his spinning.

Buck sits up. His eyes lower to Cole.

COLE MCRAE (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm one step behind yall,  
just trying to catch up. I'm scared  
I'll be the reason this thing falls  
apart.

Jed glances at Buck.

BUCK

We're tacticians now. Not just  
gunfighters or lawmen anymore.

Cole lifts his head, a faint smile breaking through.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Hargrove picked each of us for a  
reason.

(beat)

Each of us brings something this team  
needs.

Buck turns to Jed.

BUCK (CONT'D)

Jed, you've got more grit and fire  
than any man I know. You'll push us  
forward when nothing else can.

Jed offers a small, shy smile.

BUCK (CONT'D)

My planning and connections will keep  
us pointed in the right direction.

He looks to Cole, eyes steady and sincere.

BUCK (CONT'D)

And you, Cole... you've got patience  
plus judgement. You think three moves  
ahead when the rest of us are barely  
thinkin' one.

Cole's smile grows, a new confidence kindling.

BUCK (CONT'D)

As a team, we plan, we watch, we  
strike. Not when it's easy... but when  
it hurts the most.

A long beat. The fire snaps quietly.

COLE MCRAE

I guess... I needed to hear that.

JED HOLLOWAY

Hell, Cole... you weren't one step  
behind us... you were watchin' our  
backs.

The firelight reflects off three sets of worn eyes.

Something new simmers beneath the silence: trust.

Buck pulls out a worn map, spreading it across a log.

BUCK

It's past time to tighten this noose.  
One step closer each day.

Jed leans in, his earlier eagerness tempered but eyes burn.

JED HOLLOWAY

We know their haunts. Let's be their  
nightmares.

Cole slides in, settles closer to the others.

COLE MCRAE

Let's make every shot count.

The fire crackles, casting flickering light over their  
determined faces.

BUCK

They're about to learn the hard way.  
(beat)  
Marshals don't forgive, and we  
certainly don't forget.

The weight of their mission settles in the cool air.

After a long breath, Buck turns back to the worn map.



His finger traces their next moves, calculated and relentless.

INTERCUT MONTAGE:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Thunderous hooves POUND the dusty, rocky terrain.

Buck leans low over his horse's neck, eyes razor-sharp, reins taut in his grip.

Ahead, an outlaw's face twists in panic. His mount sweats, muscles strain in a desperate escape.

From the front, Jed and Cole close in from either side. Like shadows collapsing for the kill.

The outlaw's horse bucks, weaving between boulders and brush.

Sunlight flares off Jed's polished revolver. It's a warning.

The outlaw throws up shaking hands in surrender.

The Marshals fan out, guns drawn, closing around him like a tightening noose.

EXT. JAIL

Wooden planks creak beneath heavy boots.

The Marshals march the outlaw across the weathered boardwalk.

The jail looms ahead, indifferent to fate.

EXT. FOREST

Golden aspen leaves swirl in the fading light.

Cole perches high in a pine. His breath slow, rifle steady.

CRACK - A single shot tears the stillness of the forest.

A burst of red mist. An outlaw falls beside a battered stagecoach.

Two others break for the tree line. Too late.

Buck and Jed burst from cover, horses kicking up a storm of dust and leaves.

Revolvers flash. The outlaws surrender quick.

EXT. TOWN

The Marshals roll into town. Dust trails behind them like the ghosts of justice.

Jed cradles a wounded citizen, breath ragged and shallow.

Buck leads two bound prisoners, tied to his saddle horn.

They halt before the towering stone jailhouse, sun setting fire to its cold façade.

Silence falls. Justice has arrived.

EXT. APACHE INDIAN CAMP

A blanket of pristine snow hushes the world.

Buck stands with an Apache informant. Breaths fog in the cold.

Quiet words. A solemn handshake.

The informant slips into the white expanse.

Buck watches the horizon. Eyes sharp. Unyielding.

INT. BANK

The heavy wooden door BURSTS open.

Four rugged outlaws storm in, weapons drawn, eyes cold with menace.

Screams. Gasps. Customers freeze. Hands shoot up.

Sacks fill quick with cash, watches, rings.

The outlaws turn for the exit, grinning and wide eyed.

Suddenly, Jed emerges from the shadows, a ghost among the frightened.

His scattergun rises, smooth and steady.

His gaze? Ice cold.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Outside, Buck and Cole lean into their saddles, pistols ready.

The bank doors swing open.

The outlaws charge out, right into hell.

A wall of iron stares them down. Marshal pistols and cold resolve.

The outlaws freeze in step. Sacks drop. Hands snap to the air.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Shackled and defeated. The robbers march slow through town.

Snow crunches under their boots. Their heads hang low.

Townsfolk gather. Clapping slow, then louder.

Children peek from frosted windows, eyes wide with hope.

The Marshals ride tall, backlit by pale winter sun. Figures of justice, silent and grim.

DISSOLVE

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Lanterns burn dull flames against aged wooden walls, their glow flickering like restless leaves in a breeze.

In a shadowed corner, around a rickety table, the Hell Spur Gang hunch close.

Bob paces the floorboards, every step stiff with caged energy.

He keeps his distance. Not ready to sit. Not yet.

ED RUSSELL

Them marshals... runnin' wild. Takin'  
our kind down left and right.  
Townsfolk ain't scared no more. That's  
new.

Bob pulls up a battered wooden chair with a heavy SCRAPE, settles in.

BOB CRENSHAW

Our time might be runnin' out. Those  
Marshals are sniffin' at our tails,  
boys.

Boom Maker sits calm and quiet, twirling a long fuse with his fingers.

Memphis Mike leans back, rolling a cigarette.

Bob clenches his fists, the flicker of resolve in his eyes.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

High time we shake it up.

Bob rubs his chin thoughtfully.

Luke's fingers freeze, his locket paused mid-twirl. He lifts his head, eyes sharp.

Bob leans forward, voice low and steady.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

I'm thinkin', we change the game.

He surveys the group, reading their faces.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

We head further south. We tread  
terrain we know... they don't. That'll  
give us an edge.

The group exchanges knowing nods.

CHARLEY

Our hideouts, our trails... ain't as  
safe as they were.

A slow murmur of agreement spreads.

MEMPHIS MIKE

New ground... new rules.

BOB CRENSHAW

We gotta keep one step ahead, or it's  
curtains.

Luke's gaze sweeps over the gang.

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS  
They're on our trail, but soon, we'll  
be the ones setting the trap.

The group's eyes narrow with fierce intent.

ED RUSSELL  
Folks won't be expectin' us down  
there. Easy pickings for new scores.

Bob nods in agreement.

BOB CRENSHAW  
If we play smart, no one's catchin'  
us.

Grit in their fingers, fire in their eyes.

The Hell Spur Gang exchange determined glances, ready for  
whatever comes next.

They rise as one, moving toward the exit.

Boom Maker slides up next to Memphis Mike.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Mind if I bum a puff?

Memphis Mike shrugs, hands over the cigarette without  
hesitation.

Suddenly, Boom Maker spins on his heels, voice booming.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
Listen up!  
(beat)  
This is a robbery!

The other gang members freeze, slowly turn.

Boom Maker puffs on the cigarette, holding high a three-  
banded stick of dynamite.

The saloon patrons go rigid, the weight of danger settling  
like thick, cold snow.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
My associates here are going to come  
around and collect any valuables you  
have.

(beat)

(MORE)

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
Barkeep... that means your loot.

The gang rolls their eyes, move toward the customers.

Boom Maker shakes the dynamite in his hand.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
This here's dynamite. Anyone makes a  
move I don't like... it goes boom!

Silence fills the room. No one flinches.

The boys fan out, collecting valuables with practiced ease.

Bob steps up to the barkeep, hat turned upside down, waiting.

The barkeep hesitates, fingers trembling.

BOB CRENSHAW  
(whispers)  
He's got a short fuse... I'd do as he  
says.

The barkeep exhales, shoulders sag in reluctant surrender as  
he hesitantly drops cash into the hat.

The gang regroups by the saloon doors.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Thanks for your cooperation this  
evening. You may resume your  
degenerate habits.

One by one, the gang files out.

Boom Maker pauses at the threshold, lights the fuse from his  
cigarette, then hurls the stick into the center of the  
saloon.

A manic laugh escapes him as he turns and bolts into the  
night.

Chairs SCREECH and topple with heavy THUNKS as patrons  
scramble in every direction.

Windows SHATTER as desperate men leap through them; shards  
rain down.

Doors swing wide, some ripped from their hinges in the  
frenzy.

Saloon patrons scatter like cockroaches fleeing the light.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Boom Maker LAUGHS, wild and triumphant, as he swings into his saddle.

His horse rears and takes off in a blur of dust and shadows.

Far ahead, the rest of the gang fades into the dark.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The dynamite lies in the center of the room, smoke curling from the short fuse.

It SPARKS. It HISSES - POOF. The fuse dies.

Acrid smoke lingers in the air like a ghost of danger.

From outside, Boom Maker's LAUGHTER echoes down the street, rolling through the shattered windows like a final taunt.

Silence and emptiness settle over the saloon. It was a dud. A twisted joke.

Chairs overturned. Drinks spilled. Pride wounded. But no blood. Not this time.

EXT. WHITE TAIL SPRING - NIGHT

A lonely campfire glows deep in the dark woods.

Shadows shift along the trees.

Silent Jack sits hunched by the fire, drunk.

His face hidden beneath the brim of his hat. Firelight tracing cruel lines across his jaw.

A crumpled newspaper lies nearby on a flat rock. The headline glares:

"MARSHALS CLOSE IN - OUTLAWS FALL ONE BY ONE"

Jack stares at it.

Deliberately, he leans forward and CRUSHES the paper beneath his boot.

His fingers slide down to the revolver on his hip, lifting it like a familiar memory.

He stares at the weapon, a cold smile twitching at the corner of his mouth.

SILENT JACK

They t-think they're hunters... let  
'em ch-ch-chase their tails.

He takes a long swig from his flask, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

SILENT JACK (CONT'D)

Let's see how long they la-last when  
they run into m-me.

The fire POPS and CRACKLES as he tilts his head back and drains the last of his liquor.

INT. CLIFTON TOWN MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A worn map crinkles as it's spread out over a rough wooden table.

The Marshals stand with the local TOWN MARSHAL.

They lean in, eyes sharp, fingers tracing the paths.

TOWN MARSHAL

Last week, they spooked a mess of  
drunks down at the saloon. Then  
Marshal Callahan sends word, they hit  
a stagecoach near Mule Creek.

Buck nods, rubbing his chin.

BUCK

Callahan is a solid man. If he says  
it, I'm listening.

The Town Marshal points along the map, voice low.



TOWN MARSHAL

Two days later, the Hell Spur Gang was spotted in Clifton. High tailing it from a general store with all they could carry.

JED HOLLOWAY

Sounds like they stocking up for the long haul.

Cole's gaze shifts south on the map.

COLE MCRAE

More like running. South's rough country. Our knowledge is thin there.

The room tightens. No one speaks for a long beat.

Buck slowly lifts his head from the map, eyes like steel hooks.

BUCK

That tells me something, gentlemen.  
(beat)  
We're closin' in on 'em. We got too close. Now they puttin' distance between us.

CRASH — the door slams open.

A breathless CONSTABLE stumbles in, eyes wide with urgency.

CONSTABLE

Marshals! We got a runner come in from the south. Says he spotted the Hell Spur Gang entering the the Gila River Valley.

Buck's gaze sharpens.

Jed leans forward, hands clenched on the table.

Cole straightens, fingers brushing his holster.

BUCK

Gila River... that's some rugged country.  
(beat)  
Going to be hard to track... even harder to fight in.

JED HOLLOWAY  
We'll be at a disadvantage.

Jed rises, lays a steady hand on Buck's shoulder.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
You got any informants in those parts?

Buck's eyes shift left to right, thinking.

BUCK  
Not past Graham Mountain, no.

The Town Marshal steps forward.

TOWN MARSHAL  
I know Town Marshal Brady down in  
Safford. I can send him a wire.

He pulls a worn telegraph form from his pocket, unfolding it carefully.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Tell him we're gonna need a few men  
too.

Jed's eyes flick to Buck with anticipation rising.

BUCK  
We'll pick up Callahan and Red on the  
way. I've worked with them plenty.  
They're good men, steady in a fight.

Cole nods in agreement.

COLE MCRAE  
Having them with us tilts the odds in  
our favor.

Buck's eyes scan the map again, tracing the rugged terrain.

BUCK  
We're gonna have to play this one  
smart.

COLE MCRAE  
All the more reason not to wait. If  
they're already there, we've got to  
close in before they scatter again.

Anxiously, Cole shoulders his rifle.

BUCK  
Then that's what we do.  
(beat)  
Saddle up. No room for hesitation.

The Marshals rise, movement smooth and practiced.

Boots CLOMP on worn floorboards as they head out with purpose  
in every step, fire in every eye.

EXT. GILA RIVER VALLEY - DUSK

Fading sunlight filters through a canopy of cottonwoods,  
their branches whispering in the breeze.

The Marshals move like ghosts.

Buck leads the file, eyes locked, every step measured.

Jed trails close, pistol drawn but low.

Cole brings up the rear. Rifle nestled tight, he scans every  
motion in the brush.

Behind them, U.S. Deputy Marshals JACK CALLAHAN and RED SMITH  
flank TOWN MARSHAL TIM BRADY and CONSTABLE ALAN MOSS.

Boots crunch softly against damp earth.

They reach a rocky outcrop. Below, firelight flickers behind  
dense scrub.

Shadows shift. Men laugh. A gang unaware.

Buck signals a halt. The team drops low, crouching behind a  
fallen log.

They study the Hell Spur camp. Tension coils. The woods hold  
their breath.

EXT. HELL SPUR GANG CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Bob Crenshaw paces slow and restless.

BOB CRENSHAW  
(quietly)  
We practically lit 'em a trail...  
(MORE)

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
where the hell are they?

Charley sharpens his blade. SCRAPE SCRAPE. A quiet drumbeat of menace.

Luke twirls his locket as Ray crouches, tense with rifle already poised.

Memphis Mike spits, grinds it into the dirt.

Boom Maker sparks a stick of dynamite. The fuse HISSES—

Quickly, he pinches it dead, eyes darting. Did anyone notice?

A sharp CLINK of stone on rock. The camp freezes, eyes wide.

FOOTSTEPS -

Roy's rises up in a flash. Instinct mixed with fear.

Bob throws up a hand.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
Easy.

From the edge of the trees, Ed Russell emerges, half-shadow, half-warning. A silent hand gesture.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
They're here.

He chambers a round.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

EXT. MARSHALS'S POST

Buck opens a weathered map, tracing a finger along a twisting path.

BUCK  
(whispering)  
Cole, you and I approach from the  
north ridge.

Cole tightens the strap on his rifle.

EXT. HELL SPUR GANG CAMP

Luke snaps his revolver shut. His hands don't shake but his

eyes never stop moving.

Charley runs the whetstone down his blade. Scrape... scrape... A patient death toll.

Memphis Mike smirks toward the dark tree line, sensing something just beyond the firelight.

Boom Maker flicks a match to life, watches it dance, then pinches it out.

EXT. MARSHALS'S POST

BUCK  
Callahan, Red... you two cover the  
Eastern flank.

They share a quick glance, a sharp nod in agreement.

EXT. HELL SPUR GANG CAMP

Bob steps toward the fire's edge, one hand on his rifle, the other scanning shadows.

BOB CRENSHAW  
They think they know this terrain...  
Ha!

He spits into the dirt.

EXT. MARSHALS'S POST

BUCK  
Jed... you, Alan and Tim, spring from  
the west.

Jed spins his revolver's cylinder - CLICK... CLICK... CLICK.

Alan checks his rounds. Tim chambers one with a practiced snap.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
(firm, quiet)  
We drive 'em into the rocks.

EXT. HELL SPUR GANG CAMP

The fire pops. Charley looks up. The horizon twitches.

Boom Maker grips a stick of dynamite tight against his chest.

EXT. MARSHALS'S POST

Jed breathes deep, settles his nerves. Buck's gaze flicks to each man, then forward.

BUCK

On my mark... we move.

EXT. HELL SPUR GANG CAMP

Bob flicks his hand, a sharp signal.

The outlaws vanish into their positions like wolves sinking into brush.

Weapons drawn. Hearts braced. Breaths held.

The trap is set. But for whom?

The forest breathes a long slow breath.

SMASH TO BLACK

EXT. GILA RIVER VALLEY

COLE MCRAE

Dynamite!

The burning stick arcs through the air. Hissing, spitting embers.

BUCK

Down!

The Marshals dive — BOOM!

An explosion tears the night apart. Thunder rolls across the valley.

Trees shake. A burst of earth and fire climbs the sky.

INTENSE INTERCUT:

GUNFIRE erupts.

Alan takes a round to the thigh, cries out, drops behind a stump.

Tim scrambles, barely making it to cover.

Bob Crenshaw shouts a command, voice swallowed by gunfire.

Jed flings himself downhill, skidding in dirt and smoke, resting in the brush.

Ray drags Charley out of harm's way, bullets snapping around them.

Cole staggers sideways, clutching his ribs, breath ragged.

Boom Maker vanishes into the haze, laughing wildly.

Callahan loses his hat, but fires two clean shots, covering Buck.

EXT. GILA RIVER VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jed rises from the brush, face bloodied, hat missing. He fires once, hits nothing, then dives behind a boulder.

Buck scrambles behind a rock, chest heaving. Across the gap, he sees Tim.

Tim takes a bullet to the arm, staggers back, and sits.

Red roars and charges forward, firing until his pistol clicks empty.

He throws himself behind a tree for cover.

Cole, half-conscious, drags himself behind a fallen log.

COLE MCRAE

Still breathin'.

He barely manages to reload, blood soaking his shirt.

Through the chaos, Jed rises from behind a boulder, panting.

He sees Bob and Luke breaking for the ridge with an open path behind them.

Jed's blood pumps loud in his ears. His mind scrambles.

JED HOLLOWAY

(To Buck)

They're breaking for the ridge!

BUCK  
Wait! Don't move until...

But Jed's already gone.

He sprints low across the chaos, dodging bullets, vaulting over a downed log.

RED  
Jed! Get back here dammit!

Callahan breaks cover, chasing after Jed. Instinct overriding judgment.

JACK CALLAHAN  
We got no flank support!

BOOM - A second blast rips nearby. The force knocks Red sideways into the mud.

Jed slides behind a tree, exchanging shots with Ray. Adrenaline blinds his focus.

Then, a muzzle flash from the tree line.

BANG - Callaghan jerks upright, staggering. Shot clean through the chest. He crumples.

Red spins to return fire. Too late.

BANG - He drops next to Callaghan, eyes frozen open.

Jed turns, sees them both fallen.

Everything slows. His chest rises, heaving. The weight of what he's done slams into him.

Buck tackles Jed from behind, dragging him behind cover.

BUCK  
What the hell were you thinking?

JED HOLLOWAY  
I... I saw an opening.

BUCK  
And now two men are dead!

Jed looks past Buck at Red's lifeless hand curled in the dirt. At Callahan's badge catching a sliver of dying light.



The cost of his mistake burns behind his eyes.

Gunfire still echoes through the trees.

Crenshaw bursts from the underbrush, ducking low, rifle tight to his chest.

Behind him, Charley, Boom Maker, Luke, and Memphis Mike sprint through the dark, boots hammering mud and shale.

CHARLEY

Go! Go!

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS

I'm hit... but I'm good.

A bullet ZINGS past. Sparks off a boulder.

They dash through a narrow gap between rocks.

Memphis Mike turns, firing two quick shots disappears into the trees.

EXT. RIDGE LINE - CONTINUOUS

The gang scrambles up loose rock, limbs flailing, breath ragged.

At the top their horses wait, trembling in the shadows.

They mount fast, dirt flying.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GILA RIVER VALLEY - NIGHT

Smoke hangs low over the valley.

The firelight below has faded. The fighting is over.

Jed's face is hollowed. He won't look at the others.

Buck crouches and presses a hand to the mound of earth.

JED HOLLOWAY

I thought... they'd flank us. I  
thought-

Buck holds up his hand.

BUCK  
You acted alone... again. You broke  
the line.

Jed's gaze falls to the ground, fingers clawing at the dirt,  
the weight of his mistake crushing him.

His breathing grows ragged. His jaw clenches tight, fighting  
back the storm inside.

His shoulders shake uncontrollably. Rage, guilt, helplessness  
swirling in a bitter cocktail.

Buck slowly exhales. Calm, he places a heavy hand on Jed's  
shoulder. Firm but compassionate.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
This one's on us. Every man lost,  
every second wasted... it all adds up.  
(beat)  
We were lucky before. After a while...  
luck runs dry.

Jed nods, swallowing the lump in his throat. The taste of  
dust and bitter earth in his mouth.

He glances down at U.S. Deputy Marshals Jack Callaghan and  
Red Smith, eyes swelling.

SEAMLESS DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Jed Holloway stands solemnly, swelling eyes fixed on two  
simple wooden caskets draped in plain cloth.

Two freshly dug graves lie side by side, marked with simple  
wooden crosses.

A steady spring wind stirs dust across a modest, weathered  
cemetery on the outskirts of town.

A sparse crowd of townsfolk and lawmen stands quietly, hats  
in hand, faces somber.

Buck and Cole stand close by, shoulder to shoulder, eyes  
fixed on the graves, jaw tight with grief and determination.

Tim and Alan stand behind them. Bandaged and wounded.

A LOCAL MINISTER (50s) steps forward, voice low but steady.

MINISTER

Two lawmen, who stood tall in the face  
of danger... paid the ultimate price,  
so justice might live for others, a  
little longer.

He gestures to the crosses.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

May their courage be remembered, their  
sacrifice never be forgotten.

A long silence falls, the wind whispering through the trees.

The crowd slowly disperses, leaving the Marshals alone.

Jed remains; eyes locked on the caskets.

Buck approaches cautiously.

BUCK

This isn't the end... not yet. Not for  
us.

Jed doesn't raise his head.

JED HOLLOWAY

Their end is because of me. It will  
haunt me the rest of my days.

Buck grabs his shoulder, tenderly turns him to face him.

BUCK

We carry their fight now. Every  
breath. Every step.

Jed raises his head, locking eyes with Buck, a shared burden  
and resolve passing between them.

Cole steps forward, placing an arm around Jed.

COLE MCRAE

No matter the cost... we ride on.

Jed straightens, nods solemnly, eyes glancing between his  
friends.

BUCK

We all carry the scars of this  
fight... but if we can't trust each  
other, we might as well pack it up  
(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)

now.

JED HOLLOWAY

I'll make it right. I swear it.

They walk, the path ahead uncertain, but theirs to take.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. TOWN MARSHAL'S OFFICE - EVENING

Yellow light filters through dusty windows, glowing over battered maps pinned to peeling walls.

The Marshals lean over a scarred wooden table, the grain worn smooth by years of use.

A grizzled TOWN MARSHAL, eyes sharp beneath a weathered brim, breaks the silence.

TOWN MARSHAL

I'm sorry to hear about your men. You boys took a hell of a beating out there.

Jed stands near the window; head lowered in shame.

BUCK

Beaten doesn't mean dead.

The Town Marshal nods quietly.

TOWN MARSHAL

Unfortunately, I don't have intel on the Hell Spur Gang.

(beat)

But this... this might be of interest.

He holds up a crumpled telegram, fingers trembling slightly.

Buck and Cole raise their heads, curiosity flickering in their eyes.

TOWN MARSHAL (CONT'D)

This arrived from Marshal Brady this morning. Silent Jack, spotted near the East Verde River.

(beat)

(MORE)

TOWN MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Alone.

The Buck and Cole exchange glances of opportunity.

BUCK

Alone?

(beat)

This might be our chance.

COLE MCRAE

Alone... makes him vulnerable. Don't underestimate how dangerous that makes him.

Buck slides a worn finger along the river winding through the map.

COLE MCRAE (CONT'D)

Close enough to strike fast... catch him before he disappears again.

BUCK

If Brady's right, this might be our shot to turn the tide. We move fast. Hit hard.

The Town Marshal folds the telegram, tension tightening the room.

TOWN MARSHAL

Jack's been seen moving slow... scouting. Waiting for the right moment.

COLE MCRAE

Planning. He always is.

Buck leans further over the map, eyes flicking across every contour, every shadowed path.

BUCK

Then we prepare for a fight and pray we don't make the same mistakes again.

Something shifts in Jed's face. The weight still there but no longer paralyzing. He rises and steps up to join his brothers.

JED HOLLOWAY

He's been slipping through our grasp  
(MORE)

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
for years. This ends now!

BUCK  
We leave at first light. No more  
waiting.

Jed and Cole nod. The air between them tightens, not with fear, but purpose.

Through the window, the last rays of sun dip behind the horizon.

EXT. EAST VERDE RIVER - MORNING

Sunlight plays across the water, turning rushing crests to glints of fire and glass.

The river whispers, moving swift beneath overhanging limbs.

Silent Jack slips along the bank. A ghost in broad daylight.

Each step is measured. Each movement quiet.

He glides past boulders and driftwood, following the river's bend, eyes locked ahead.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - CONTINUOUS

The Marshals trail him with quiet precision, navigating the tangled terrain expertly.

Jed crouches low, eyes fixed on fresh tracks pressed into the soft earth.

JED HOLLOWAY  
(quiet)  
He's been here recently. Fresh prints.

Cole nods, scanning the shadowed undergrowth, rifle ready.

BUCK  
He's close. Be careful.

EXT. EAST VERDE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Upstream, the river hums.

Silent Jack steps into the shallows, water curling around his boots. He crosses with ease, pausing at the far bank.

Kneeling, he checks a handmade fishing trap, working calm.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - CONTINUOUS

Jed signals with two fingers. The others answer with curt nods. No words needed.

He slips left, entering the water with careful, splashless steps, vanishing into driftwood and brush.

Buck and Cole press forward through the shadows beneath heavy boughs. Their steps slow and steady.

EXT. EAST VERDE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Jack drops one snare line, picks up another. He works silently, focused on the task.

Across the way, Jed finishes crossing, crouching low in a curtain of reeds.

Then — A SHARP CAW shatters the hush. A bird leaping from a branch downstream.

Jack's head snaps up and around.

He freezes, hand tightening on his line. His eyes scan downstream. Breath held.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - CONTINUOUS

The Marshals freeze. Muscles coiled. Hearts pounding.

No movement. No sound. Just the river.

Buck and Cole crouch low, bodies pressed into the brush, eyes locked on their target.

EXT. EAST VERDE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Satisfied, Jack returns his attention to his line.

Behind him, Jed approaches. Cautiously and with determination painted on his face.

Silent Jack rises up at the water's edge, a faint grin tugging at his lips.

He spins around. Suddenly -

Face-to-face with Jed Holloway.

Jed's eyes burn, his jaw cinched tight. No words.

Jack's arm lowers toward his hip.

Without hesitation, Jed swings the rifle slamming into Jack's gut with a sickening THUD.

Jack doubles over GASPING.

Then a vicious boot from Jed catches his jaw, lifting him off his feet.

SPLASH! Jack crashes backward into the river.

Water explodes around him.

As he thrashes upright, cold and gasping, Buck and Cole charge across the shallows with weapons drawn.

Jack sits up, wipes water from his eyes.

He removes his hands to find three barrels aimed steady and true.

The river hushes. A beat of stillness.

JED HOLLOWAY

It's over, Jack. No more running.

Jack glares, blood in his mouth, but the fire's not out.

He grins, slow and sharp.

SILENT JACK

I never r-ran. I just stayed ahead.



SILENT JACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

You finally c-c-caught up.

BUCK

Your days as a ghost are over. Time to  
face what's coming.

Jack breathes deep, chest rising and falling.

SILENT JACK

I-I ain't afraid of what's c-coming.

Jed steps forward, cuffs in hand, soaked to the knees.

Jack meets his eyes. He doesn't resist.

DISSOLVE

EXT. OUTSIDE PRESCOTT JAIL - DUSK

JAIL DOOR CLANG SHUT (O.S.)

Twilight bleeds across the sky. A warm orange haze settles  
over the town.

Buck stands beside his horse, watching the last stragglers  
drift across the square.

He lights a cigarette and take a long puff.

Cole leans against the hitching post, arms folded, eyes on  
the horizon.

Jed slowly approaches his horse, checking his bags. Every  
motion slow... too deliberate.

BUCK

Hell of a thing, huh?

JED HOLLOWAY

Yeah.

Silence. Jed doesn't look at them. Just cinches the saddle  
tight.

Cole and Buck share a glance. Something's off.

COLE MCRAE  
You good, Jed?

Jed nods once. Then freezes, shoulders dip, head lowers.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Thinkin' I'll head back to Flagstaff.

Buck's jaw tightens.

BUCK  
That close to the finish line and  
you're cashin' out?

JED HOLLOWAY  
It'll never be finished, Buck.  
(beat)  
We take down one, two more rise up.

BUCK  
All the more reason to stick together.

Jed doesn't rise to the bait.

JED HOLLOWAY  
We caught Silent Jack. Thought maybe  
that'd fix it for me.  
(beat)  
But it doesn't.

Silence hangs heavy with all three of them.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)  
Red is gone. Callahan is gone. That  
don't wash off.

Buck tosses his cigarette. Steps closer to him.

BUCK  
You don't think I carry them, too? Or,  
Cole?

He stares at Jed directly. Unflinching.

JED HOLLOWAY  
Difference is, you didn't pull the  
trigger on their fate.

Jed breaks eye contact.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I ain't walking away angry. Just...  
walking away 'fore someone else pays  
for my gut instincts.

(beat)

You'll make do without me.

COLE MCRAE

Maybe. But I don't think we're  
supposed to.

(beat)

Certainly, don't want to.

Jed adjusts his stirrups.

JED HOLLOWAY

This ain't about what's supposed to  
be. Or... what we want it to be. It's  
about what I can live with.

(quiet beat)

I can't live with another death on my  
shoulder.

Jed mounts up. One smooth motion.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

You two take care of each other.

He tips his hat. And rides off, slow, into the gathering  
dusk.

Dust trails behind him. Faint hoofbeats fade.

COLE MCRAE

Why don't you say something? Stop him.

BUCK

His mind is settled. Ain't no changin'  
that.

They watch until the dust fades into shadow.

EXT. ABANDONED MINING CAMP - MORNING

Cold wind snakes through the bones of a long-dead boomtown.  
Rusted tracks vanish into rubble. Collapsed shacks groan  
under the weight of ash and silence.

The Hell Spur Gang camps here like wolves in a graveyard.

A rabbit carcass roasts on a spit over a fire.

Charley sharpens a long knife with slow, grinding strokes.

Boom Maker sits cross-legged, staring at a line of dynamite sticks arranged like chess pieces.

Memphis Mike puffs on a cigarette, eyes unreadable.

Ray dozes with one boot off, rifle across his lap.

Luke's leg still bandaged, he leans against a rotted beam, spinning his locket again and again.

Crenshaw sits apart, perched on a blackened crate. Silent. Staring toward the ridgeline.

Footsteps approach.

CHARLEY

Bob.

Charley tosses a folded telegram into the dirt beside the fire. The paper's edges are torn and blood smeared.

Bob picks it up. Reads it. His eyes stay fixed on the words.

BOB CRENSHAW

(reading)

Prescott jail. Silent Jack behind bars. Transferred under heavy guard.

A long silence.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES

Hell... you mean alive?

LUKE "DUST DEVIL" HARRIS

Means the badge boys still got a little mercy in 'em. That's their mistake.

Crenshaw crumples the telegram in his fist.

BOB CRENSHAW

No... It's our mistake.

He rises slow. Eyes like coal.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Jack was a symbol. Fear. Silence in  
(MORE)

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
the dark.  
(beat)  
Now they parade him in chains... like  
a trophy.

He turns to the gang, voice rising, sharp.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
We stop hiding. No more trains, no  
more quick scores.  
(beat)  
We hit something big. Loud. Bloody.

Boom Maker slowly stands. Lights a match on his belt buckle.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
About damn time!

Crenshaw paces the edge of the fire like a preacher at a funeral.

BOB CRENSHAW  
We ride west into Globe. This time of  
year, miners just made their drops.  
Copper, silver... years of sweat  
sittin' in vaults waitin' to be taken.  
(beat)  
And when we take it... we don't just  
rob the place.

He stops, eyes burning.

The gang leans in. The air thick with anticipation.

A long pause.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
We burn the whole damn town!

The gang erupts! Cheers, laughter, fists pounding the dirt.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
That sends a clear message..."You  
didn't beat us. You woke us."

Excitement hums like a live wire. The Hell Spur Gang is reborn.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
Saddle up!

Boom Maker tosses powder onto the fire—

WHOOMPF - The flames jump high into the wind, casting twisted shadows across the gang's faces.

EXT. TRAIL RIDGE - DAY

The trail winds high through the rocks, narrow and sun-bleached.

Buck and Cole ride side by side, hooves crunching soft over gravel.

Wind tugs at their coats. Silence hangs for a long while.

COLE MCRAE

I've never heard it this quiet after a job.

BUCK

Hell no. Jed wouldn't shut up till his fire burned out.

Cole shifts in the saddle, squints at the horizon.

COLE MCRAE

I keep thinking... maybe he's right to walk. Maybe Gila did break something in him.

BUCK

It didn't break him. Just rattled his compass.

(beat)

He's still out there tryin' to find true north.

They ride in silence another stretch.

COLE MCRAE

You think he'll come back?

Buck doesn't answer right away.

He reaches into his coat, pulls out a half-rolled cigarette, lights it.

BUCK

He will. Sure as the sun will rise.

COLE MCRAE  
How can you be so sure?

Buck exhales slow. Smoke curls behind him.

BUCK  
Because he didn't quit the cause... He  
quit himself.  
(beat)  
Sooner or later, that catches up with  
a man.

Cole nods, quiet.

COLE MCRAE  
Sooner better than later, I hope. I  
have a feeling Crenshaw's gearing up  
for war.

BUCK  
Let him. We'll be ready this time.

They ride on, horses kicking up dust behind them.

The sun drops lower, casting long shadows across the trail.

COLE MCRAE (V.O.)  
If Jed don't show up soon, I'm stuck  
eatin' your trail stew again.

EXT. FLAGSTAFF - DUSK

The streets glow with warm lamplight. Snowmelt drips from  
rooftops, pooling in muddy wagon ruts.

Jed rides in slow. Dusty. Alone.

He dismounts outside a quiet saloon. Ties his horse but  
doesn't move right away.

Stares into the windows like a man who isn't sure if he  
belongs anywhere anymore.

He finally steps inside.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Low voices. A fiddle plays softly in the corner.

Locals play cards, sip from cracked mugs.

Jed moves to the bar. Sets his hat down with care. His badge? Still pinned. Barely.

The barkeep nods.

BARKEEP

What'll it be?

JED HOLLOWAY

Something cheap and strong.

The barkeep slides a glass his way.

Jed lifts the glass, stares at it for a second, as if saying a silent toast.

He tosses it back. Winces.

His hand shakes as he sets the glass down.

He pulls a folded piece of paper from his coat. It's creases deep, edges torn.

It's a sketched map. Crenshaw's last known movements. Notes scribbled in Buck's hand.

He stares at it. Long and silent.

A voice beside him interrupts—

OLD MAN

Look's like you've seen ghosts.

Jed turns. A weathered rancher, sipping slow.

JED HOLLOWAY

Maybe... Maybe, I'm the one who made them.

The old man studies him. Notices Jed's badge barely attached.

OLD MAN

You a lawman?

Jed hesitates. Glances down at his badge.



JED HOLLOWAY

Once.

OLD MAN

Well... we could use more men like that. These days, feels like the wolves are circling closer every season.

Jed doesn't answer.

The old man raises his glass.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

To the ones who still try.

Jed nods. He doesn't raise his glass, just sips it slow.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - LATER

Jed sits outside his small cabin. A small lantern flickers beside him

He stares at the clear, endless sky.

He pulls Red's old pocketknife from his pocket. Turns it over in his hand.

Holds it in his palm. Stares at it.

He thumbs it open, slow. Blade half-rusted.

He closes it. Opens it again.

FLICK - CLICK - FLICK

The rhythm is soft, almost soothing.

But his jaw is tight. Eyes locked on the knife. Like he's seeing something else.

JED HOLLOWAY

(quiet)

You always kept it sharp.

Jed rubs a thumb across the engraved initials, T.B. worn smooth with time.

Jed rubs a hand across his face.

He reaches to open the knife again. But he stops, doesn't open it this time.

Just grips it tight. Like it might anchor him to something that's slipping.

JED HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I sure ain't the man I used to be.

(beat)

I sure as hell ain't the man they need  
me to be.

He breathes deep. Blinks hard.

Then sets the knife down. Stares at the stars a long time.

Just a man alone with the weight he hasn't learned to carry yet.

EXT. PAYSON MAIN STREET - DAY

Dust drifts across pine-lined rooftops. The town hums soft with routine hammering in the blacksmith shop, the low murmur of horses at the hitch.

Buck and Cole ride in slow. Tired and road-worn. Dust clings to their coats like regret.

Locals glance up as they pass. Some nod. Some just stare.

EXT. PAYSON SHERIFFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Buck and Cole dismount and tie off their horses.

COLE MCRAE

If this place smells like beans and  
disappointment, I'm turning around.

BUCK

You'll eat what you're handed.

They step onto the boardwalk toward the door.

INT. PAYSON SHERIFFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A worn office with maps tacked to the walls, a rack of rifles, a chipped desk.

Inside, the SHERIFF, early 50s, tired but sharp-eyed, is mid-conversation with a young telegraph operator standing nervously by the door.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

...message came through just after  
sunup. From Globe. Said men matching  
the Hell Spur descriptions were  
spotted casing the bank.

SHERIFF

Casing it? You sure?

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

I know what I read, Sir. Vault's full,  
miners just got paid.

Buck and Cole step through the doorway.

The sheriff looks up, relief flashes across his face.

SHERIFF

Well, I'll be damned. Marshals.

BUCK

We're headed back east, just passing  
through.

COLE MCRAE

Sounded like Globe's the one we oughta  
be passing to. Couldn't help but  
overhear.

The sheriff hands Buck the telegram.

SUPERIMPOSED TELEGRAM:

TO: U.S. MARSHALS OFFICE - PHOENIX

MULTIPLE SIGHTINGS OF HELL SPUR GANG NEAR GLOBE

WITNESSES REPORT STRANGERS ASKING ABOUT BANK SHIPMENTS  
REQUEST URGENT ASSISTANCE

Buck folds the paper slowly.

BUCK  
Crenshaw ain't just swinging blind.  
He's hunting something big.

Cole's mind races. Finally, it clicks.

COLE MCRAE  
Copper! Silver! Half the territory's  
payroll sittin' in that town.

SHERIFF  
Globe's sheriff wired for help  
yesterday. Hasn't heard back. He's  
green. Not ready for this kind of  
heat.

COLE MCRAE  
Tell him we're headed that way.

BUCK  
Tell him to round up whoever he can  
trust. Deputies, ranchers, drunks with  
a grudge. We'll need 'em all.

Hurriedly, they turn to go.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - LATE AFTERNOON - INTERCUT MONTAGE

A ranch gate swings open.

Buck stands before a weathered APACHE SCOUT already mounted.  
No words. Just a nod.

BUCK(V.O.)  
Some ride for law

Cole tosses a tarnished badge onto a poker table. A RETIRED  
DEPUTY stares at it. Then stands.

COLE MCRAE(V.O.)  
Some ride for blood.

A BLACKSMITH wipes sweat from her brow. She reaches behind  
the forge and pulls down well-oiled repeater.

BUCK(V.O.)  
And some just ride 'cause they're  
tired of running.

A YOUNG RANCH HAND leans on a shovel, wide-eyed. Buck presses a tin star into his palm.

COLE MCRAE(V.O.)  
We ain't promising glory. Hell, we  
ain't even promising survival.

An OLDER UNION VET opens a trunk in a dusty attic. Inside: a blue cavalry coat and a pair of revolvers wrapped in cloth.

BUCK(V.O.)  
But if Globe falls... the rest of the  
territory ain't far behind.

A PREACHER steps into his path. Cole just nods. The preacher looks back at the children... then walks toward the livery.

EXT. GLOBE - AFTERNOON

Sun bleeds gold across the rooftops as Buck and Cole ride in.

Behind them: fifteen riders. Ranchers. Scouts. Drunks. Legends.

They dismount outside the sheriff's office.

COLE MCRAE  
Not bad for two days' worth of work.

BUCK  
We'll see what they're worth come sun-  
up.

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - SUNSET

The town glows in deep amber. Smoke curls from chimneys. Doors CREAK closed. Windows shutter tight.

Buck, Cole, and their rough group of fifteen riders spread out across the dusty street.

The local sheriff eyes them with equal parts relief and fear.

SHERIFF  
They really commin'?

BUCK  
Yeah... and not just to steal. To  
erase this place from the map.

The sheriff looks down. Nods.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - NIGHT

A lantern swings from the ceiling. Maps, ammo boxes, and worn  
rifles cover the table.

Buck studies a rough diagram of town streets and choke  
points.

Cole leans over a crate, loading shells. Others sharpen  
blades, load cylinders, whisper.

Tension is tight like coiled wire.

RANCHER  
They got Boom Maker with 'em don't  
they?

COLE MCRAE  
Last we saw 'em they did.

RANCHER  
So... explosives?

COLE MCRAE  
Yup... don't lean on anything  
flammable.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A Young Ranch Hand stands near the Blacksmith, struggling to  
load his revolver with trembling fingers.

He fumbles a round into the dirt.

With a nervous glance, he pulls a matchbox from his shirt  
pocket.

STRIKES a match. A brief flare of orange light.  
He finds the round in the dust and straightens up.

BLACKSMITH

You light a match steadier than you  
load that iron.

YOUNG RANCH HAND

Seems it's the only thing I don't  
drop.

She winks at him and hands him a leather cartridge belt. He  
slings it over his shoulder, still shaken.

EXT. GLOBE CHURCH - LATER

Cole steps out onto the boardwalk.

Buck stands across the way, staring down the empty street.

COLE MCRAE

You think we got enough?

BUCK

Nope.

(beat)

But I think we have enough who care.

They walk toward each other.

COLE MCRAE

They'll come before dawn.

BUCK

Good. Let 'em.

(beat)

We're ready.

EXT. GLOBE ROOFTOPS - LATER

One by one, silhouettes take position.

Rifles peak from windows. Lanterns snuffed out. Spurs are  
removed. Guns are loaded.

The sky dims to deep purple. A lone dog barks. Then silence.

EXT. GLOBE - PRE-DAWN DARKNESS

The town lies still. Lanterns are dark, streets are quiet. Shadows stretch long under a dying moon.

The town holds its breath.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Buck leans over the table. Rifles stacked. Map creased and stained with sweat. He closes his eyes. Just for a second.

Cole checks his revolver one last time.

COLE MCRAE

If I die out there, don't let 'em bury  
me with your trail stew on my breath.

BUCK

If you die, I'm burying you *in* my  
trail stew.

They exchange a grin that doesn't reach their eyes.

COLE MCRAE

(whispers to himself)  
Don't die. Don't die.

Then — BOOM!

A distant explosion lights the horizon.

Buck and Cole rush to a window. An orange haze glows in the distance.

A second explosion lights the sky. This one closer.

BUCK

Its time.

EXT. GLOBE OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Boom Maker Rhodes WAILS as fireballs rise into the sky. Barrels BURST near the freight yard.

He tosses another dynamite bundle beneath a wagon—



BOOM - The wagon lifts skyward in a burst of flame and smoke.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Wake up Globe! We're home!

Luke leads the charge on horseback, revolvers blazing.

Behind him: Memphis Mike, Charley, Ed and the rest of them.

Twenty riders. All hungry, angry and wild.

EXT. GLOBE SHERIFFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cole and Buck bursts out the door, rifles up.

Buck WHISTLES two sharp tones

Windows SHATTER open. Rifles appear.

BLACKSMITH  
Positions!

Townsfolk scramble behind crates, porch rails, fences.

The first wave of Hell Spur riders' storms into the main street.

Globe opens fire.

INTERCUT:

GUNSHOTS

A rancher drops one rider with a double-barrel. He catches a bullet to the shoulder. He's injured but ducks and reloads.

A schoolteacher fires from the church steeple. Two shots. One hit. She quickly ducks from return fire.

Boom Maker throws a dynamite bundle through a window.

BOOM - The general store explodes in a fireball.

Cole spins from cover, drops two riders in rapid succession.

Buck moves like a ghost through smoke, shouting orders.

BUCK  
Hold the line! Let 'em come in closer!

EXT. SOUTHEND OF GLOBE - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw watches it unfold. Calm and calculating.

Eyes on the rhythm of the chaos.

He slowly rides forward, flanked by smoke and gunfire.

EXT. NORTHEAST OF GLOBE - CONTINUOUS

Two young DEPUTIES break formation, bolt out into the street.

One is gunned down instantly.

The other falls trying to drag him back.

Boom Maker gallops past their bodies, laughing, manic.

He tosses another bundle through a window.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
Come dance with me, boys!

CRASH - BOOM!

The building erupts in flames behind him.

EXT. GLOBE SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Memphis Mike clears a corner, pistols raised, firing wild.

Across the way, the Young Ranch Hand clocks him down the barrel of his rifle. Trembling.

POP - Memphis Mike jerks. Hit in the thigh. He stumbles, pulls himself behind a barrel.

The ranch hand dives for cover, heart pounding.

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cole finds himself pinned behind a broken hitch rail. A Hell Spur rider charges, rifle raised.

Cole fires once, twice, again.

CLICK - CLICK - CLICK. Empty.

He fumbles for another cylinder, nothing.

COLE MCRAE

Well shit.

BLAM - A Hell Spur rider drops mid-charge, slamming into the dirt with a sickening THUD. Dust kicks up all around.

BOOM - Dynamite explodes nearby.

Cole covers himself as dirt and rocks rain from above.

He rolls over, ears ringing, vision blurred by smoke.

Through the haze, Ed Russell stomps toward him, both pistols drawn.

Cole freezes.

Suddenly - BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG

Ed's body shudders with impact. He collapses hard.

Out of the smoke, Jed Holloway rides in like a storm. Coat flaring. Rifle smoking.

JED HOLLOWAY

Miss me!

Cole's face lights up in spite of the chaos.

COLE MCRAE

Every Goddamn second!

JED HOLLOWAY

Stay down! Let me catch up!

He tosses Cole a pistol, wheels his horse, and charges forward, firing clean and fast.

Jed rides like a demon through smoke and flame, cutting down two more Hell Spur riders.

Cole scrambles to his feet, pistol ready.

EXT. GLOBE CHURCH YARD - CONTINUOUS

Buck ducks behind the stone steps, dust and blood on his coat.

A bullet PINGS off the bell above. RINGS echo.

JED HOLLOWAY(O.S.)  
Told you not to bury me yet!

Buck looks up.

Out of the smoke, Jed reins in beside him.

He swings off his horse and lands hard. Slaps its flank. It bolts away.

Jed drops into cover beside Buck.

BUCK  
Didn't bury you. Just saved you a seat.

They share a large smile. No words needed.

Buck turns to the cluster of townsfolk and battered deputies nearby.

BUCK (CONT'D)  
They're off balance. Regroup at the alley mouth. Cut 'em down from both sides!

JED HOLLOWAY  
Got it!

Jed bolts across the street and dives into a blasted-out building.

INT. GENERAL STORE RUINS - CONTINUOUS

The Blacksmith emerges from rubble. Face burned, eyes wild.

She tosses aside a smoldering beam and grabs her repeater.

BLACKSMITH  
Let's even this out!

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

She marches into the street, firing rapid bursts.

Ray Daniels lunges from behind a building

BANG - The Blacksmith takes a hit to the leg. She drops to her knees and spins around-

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Ray is flung backward in a poof of dust and blood.

RAPID INTERCUT:

Cole leads a flanking charge down the north alley.

Buck pushes center down Main Street.

Jed bursts onto a rooftop offering cover, sniping from elevation as he runs.

The union vet blasts a Hell Spur gunman with both pistols.

Luke "Dust Devil" Harris is clipped in the arm, drops behind a crate, snarling in pain.

The young ranch hand nails a Hell Spur gunman on a roof. The body spins, falling to the ground.

EXT. GLOBE BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

Charley stumbles into view, gut-shot and gasping. Cole rounds the corner, sees him.

They lock eyes.

Charley raises his pistol. Too slow.

Cole doesn't blink.

BANG BANG BANG - Charley drops hard.

COLE MCRAE

That's for Callaghan you bastard!

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Boom Maker emerges wild-eyed and grinning. His hands full of lit bundles of dynamite.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES  
You want a finish? I'll give you a  
goddamn -

CRACK - A shot blasts through his chest. He drops to his knees, looks up. Dynamite fuses still smoking in both hands.

Across the square, the young ranch hand stands firm but shaking. Rifle barrel still smoking.

SAM "BOOM MAKER" RHODES (CONT'D)  
You'll pay for that you-

BOOM!

A massive explosion. Boom Maker turns to mist.

EXT. GLOBE WESTERN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw watches it all fall apart. Smoke. Fire. SCREAMS.

His surviving men are scattering, unorganized.

He turns his horse sharply.

BOB CRENSHAW  
Fine! I'll finish it myself!

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The dust begins to settle. Smoke drifts down the streets. Random gun shots echo in the air.

Bodies lie all over. Hell Spur and townsfolk alike.

Doors CREAK open. Survivors step into the daylight. Quiet. Cautious.

EXT. GLOBE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jed, Buck, and Cole regroup, breathing hard.

COLE MCRAE

Where's Crenshaw? Anybody get him?

JED HOLLOWAY

Last I saw him, he was headed west,  
fast.

Suddenly - SCREAM - The marshals bolt out into the street.

EXT. GLOBE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw stands in the middle of the square, holding the young ranch hand in a choke hold.

One arm locked tight around his throat.

The other pressing a revolver to his temple.

The Marshals stop short, guns drawn.

Townsfolk raise their weapons in solidarity with the Marshals.

Crenshaw locks eyes with all of them.

BOB CRENSHAW

Ain't this somethin'. Three federal  
badges... all you common folk... not a  
one of you could stop me.

JED HOLLOWAY

Let the kid go, Crenshaw. Your fights'  
with us.

BOB CRENSHAW

He got that same spark as you. Today  
he's a boy. Tomorrow he's a badge.  
(beat)  
I don't leave enemies behind.

He squeezes the ranch hand tighter.

Townsfolk all take a step toward Crenshaw.

The kid grimaces, terrified. Everyone freezes.

BUCK

Look around you Crenshaw, where are you going? You're done!

BOB CRENSHAW

Oh, I ain't done. I was born in the fire. Doolin, Dalton, all of 'em... they fell.

(beat)

But not me. I'm still here.

Crenshaw presses the barrel harder. The kid winces.

Then... His eyes open wide, his fingers shift. Subtlety and controlled.

BUCK

If you let the kid go... as a lawman, you have my word... nobody will put a bullet in your back.

From his sleeve, the Young Ranch Hand pulls his matchbook.

BOB CRENSHAW

You think I want my end by the gallows in Prescott?

(beat)

If that be the case, I'll just take this one with me.

STRIKE!

FWIP!

The young ranch hand raises the roaring match.

The flare lights Crenshaw's face. A sudden burst of heat.

He rakes the matchhead hard across Crenshaw's jaw. SIZZLE.

Crenshaw shouts and flinches back, grip jerking loose.

The young ranch hand ducks.

BANG BANG BANG - Three shots ring out.

One hits Crenshaws gun, it flies out of his hand.

The other two hit him in the chest.

He stumbles, eyes wide with rage and disbelief.



Blood running from the corner of his mouth.

He staggers. Turns and spits blood.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
Damn kids got grit.

He drops to his knees, then falls back.

The Marshal's approach, hovering over him. Guns pointed.

Crenshaw breathes heavy.

BOB CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
I got two of you at the river.  
(beat)  
My ghost will hunt the rest of you.

CRENSHAW'S POV-

The three Marshals silhouetted in drifting smoke.

Three gun barrels pointed straight at him.

BUCK  
Then we'll see you in hell and shoot  
you again.

BANG!

All three fire in perfect unison.

BLACK OUT

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - MORNING

Smoke drifts low over the wreckage. Buildings smolder. Shells litter the ground.

Ash swirls in the breeze like the last breath of the storm.

Townsfolk pace the street. CRIES echo from doorways.

Men throw buckets of water on fires still burning.

Globe still stands. What's left of it, anyway.

INT. SHERIFFS OFFICE - LATER

Buck pours water from an old jug, washes blood off his hands.

Cole leans against the wall, one arm wrapped in a bandage.

Jed enters, hat in hand. He sets it gently on the desk.

COLE MCRAE

So... who's gonna write the report on this?

JED HOLLOWAY

Depends... Hargrove say anything about getting hazard pay?

They both chuckle, look to Buck.

He slowly rises, shakes his hands dry.

BUCK

Write... whatever the hell you want.  
Make it up if you have to. Long as it  
ends with two words.

(beat)

Crenshaw's dead.

They share a long look. All smile, come together, and hug.

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - LATER

Undertakers lift bodies from the dust.

Hell Spur men are tossed into a wagon.

Townsfolk and recruits are gently laid in a row.

Women sprinkle flowers over the fallen.

The survivors gather: Blacksmith, teacher, preacher and the old union vet.

The Young Ranch Hand stands apart, holding his matchbox. Not flicking it. Just holding it.

Cole walks past him. Rests a hand on the boy's shoulder.

COLE MCRAE

You did good, kid.

The boy nods. No words needed.

EXT. GLOBE OUTSKIRTS - EVENING

The Marshals sit on a log outside the town, watching the sunset turn the sky to fire.

No uniforms. No orders. Just three men and the fading light.

BUCK

We've burried more men than bullets  
can explain.

(beat)

I'm starting to forget the reasons  
why.

JED HOLLOWAY

You goin' soft?

BUCK

No... Just running out of edges to  
wear down.

COLE MCRAE

I'll drink to that.

JED HOLLOWAY

You'd drink to a wind change.

They chuckle. Soft. Hollow. But real.

After a long beat of silence-

BUCK

We ride out at first light.

A hush settles. Cole glances to Buck. Not with fear but with wonder.

COLE MCRAE

To what?

Buck doesn't answer right away. Just watches the sky lighten in the distance.

BUCK

Whatever's left.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ARIZONA TRAIL - DAWN

A jagged horizon. Sky warming from indigo to amber.

The Marshals move steady down a trail that winds through burnt grass and scrubland.

Dust kicks up behind them, catching the first rays of morning.

They don't speak. They don't look back.

EXT. GLOBE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Behind them, the town is quiet.

A woman sweeps her porch.

A blacksmith resets a horseshoe.

The preacher helps rebuild the church steps.

The Young Ranch Hand walks into frame, rifle across his back. Matchbox still in his pocket.

He stops. Looks down the road.

Then turns and walks toward the sheriff's office.

EXT. ARIZONA RIDGE - LATER

The Marshals crest a ridge.

Below: open land, endless and empty.

They stop for a beat.

BUCK

We keep riding long enough, maybe  
we'll find peace out there.

JED HOLLOWAY

Or at least trouble we ain't seen yet.

COLE MCRAE  
Same damn thing.

The Marshals wheel their horses, ride into the sunrise.

BUCK(V.O.)  
Anyone hungry?

COLE MCRAE(V.O.)  
No!

JED HOLLOWAY(V.O.)  
Cole said he'd die for some of your  
trail stew.

COLE MCRAE(V.O.)  
Shoot me, please.

They ride on. No more words. Only wind and sky.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END