

RED

Written by

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Based on, characters created by Gene Salvitti

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FADE IN:

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - 1864 - MORNING

SUN BEATS DOWN ON A WEATHERED TOWN. A RIDER appears from the haze.

SNAKEBITE, a man, (35), gaunt, black hair.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

A TUMBLEWEED spooks his horse.

Snakebite rides into town.

Townsfolk meander about.

Snakebite dismounts and enters the Hotel.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM 4 - MORNING

COLONEL WILLIAM "RED" REED, (32), tall, powerful features sits on the bed.

A weather worn holster hangs on chair.

Red slides his twin guns, Betsy and Bertie on, ready for action.

Wary, Red pulls Bertie out.

RED
How's my girl today?

Red rolls Bertie's cylinders. Two chambers are empty.

RED (CONT'D)
Thunderation!

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

Snakebite steps onto the floor landing.

INT. HOTEL - ROOM 4 - MORNING

Red caresses his face in front of a mirror.

RED (CONT'D)
Damn Red, I've seen better looking
corpses in a funeral parlor.

Red washes and dries his face.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

Snakebite KICKS door in.

SNAKEBITE
I got the drop on ya, Colonel.
(beat)
I've come to fetch ya.

Snakebite looks around the room.

RED
I'll run no longer -- I'm at your
mercy.

SNAKEBITE
Mercy's wasted on fools and losers.
(cocks gun)
Time to go -- fool.

Snakebite pushes Red out the door.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - OUTSKIRTS - MORNING

GEN. COBB, (40), fierce eyes, full beard, waits with his
horsemen.

Red looks affright and rides up to: TERREL TRENTON, (23),
strong, brown hair.

TERRELL TRENTON
Damn Red, who done whupped your
sorry ass?

RED
(rubs chin)
Ain't none of my funeral. I done
paid my dues.

GEN. COBB
It warn't personal. I respect that.
It doesn't change what happened.
(beat)
Or how I feel.

RED
Your raid killed Stonewall's
cousin. He gave you every chance.

Gen. Cobb's lips flicker into a cruel smile.

GEN. COBB
No one had a chance when
Stonewall's blood was up.

MAJ. RICHARDSON, (28), tall, skinny, enters.

Snakebite scans for enemies. His lips pucker in anger.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Mornin' General. The Buckboard is
ready.

GEN. COBB
Standby.

SNAKEBITE
NO YANKEES? You promised me Yankees
to kill!

GEN. COBB
Snakebite, if you can't control
yourself, this situation just won't
scour.

Gen. Cobb turns his horse toward town.

SNAKEBITE
Where we a-goin'?

GEN. COBB
Yonder to the local waterin' hole.

SNAKEBITE
I need me a drink a-fore we kill us
some Yankees!

INT. SALOON

Gen. Cobb enters the saloon. Red and Maj. Richardson follow.

A tall, gangly BARKEEPER, (50's), works at the bar.

BARKEEPER
Good morning gentlemen, how are you
this fine Texas morning?

Gen. Cobb tips his hat.

GEN. COBB
The sons of Virginia greet you sir.

BARKEEPER
Welcome my southern brothers. How
are you fixed for booze?

Gen. Cobb brightens.

GEN. COBB
I'll take a smile of Whiskey.

Snakebite moves to a table. The scared patrons suddenly stand up.

 SNAKEBITE

 I'll have a beer -- and a bottle of
 whiskey.

Snakebite pulls out a chair and sits. Every patron suddenly leaves.

 RED

 Do you have a chance of Scotch?

 BARKEEPER

 Not a drop. But we do have several
 brands of fine whiskey.

Red pulls a bullet from his belt and throws it to the Barkeep.

 RED

 Then I'll have a shot of whiskey.

Snakebite props his feet on the table. He POPS the bottle's cork with his teeth.

He spits the cork out. He mixes the whiskey and beer. Gen. Cobb downs his whiskey. He walks to Snakebite.

 GEN. COBB

 What are ya a-doin' putrefyin' your
 body with that doggerel?

Snakebite gulps down the mixture. He shatters his beer glass.

 SNAKEBITE

 Quit yer bitichin'. I can't kill
 Yankees on an empty stomach.
 Whiskey gives me an edge.

Snakebite CHUGS the whiskey bottle.

 GEN. COBB

 I've never seen such a sight in all
 my born days. You know there's
 Yankees --

Snakebite kicks out his chair. He stands up. His hands flash to his guns. The anxious patrons scatter. Many exit.

 SNAKEBITE

 I'll exterminate every last one of
 them!

GEN. COBB

Not here son. They wouldn't stand a chance --

(beat, calms)

We'll find some Yanks to kill, just you be patient.

SNAKEBITE

I'm bored. I'm heading out.

Everyone exits.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Snakebite climbs onto the buckboard.

BUD LANKINS

What the hell makes you so all fired and ornery?

Snakebite turns his gun on Bud.

SNAKEBITE

If'n ya'll don't want to make a nasty die, ya'll better git me some Damn Yankees to kill!

Gen. Cobb enters and mounts his horse.

GEN. COBB

Mr. Lankins, get that buckboard to the depot. We've got some guns to snatch!

Bud THRASHES THE REINS. The buckboard CLATTERS AWAY.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

THE BUCKBOARD SLAMS TO A STOP. Snakebite jumps off. Bud leaps off and heads toward the train. Red enters.

BUD LANKINS

Watch the buckboard, I've got a job to do.

RED

Stay here, I'll take a looky.

Snakebite clutches his gun. He anxiously steps forward.

SNAKEBITE

Hurry up Red, I ain't got all damned day!

EXT. SABINE TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

Red enters the side door. Snakebite enters behind him.

INT. SABINE TRAIN DEPOT

Red finds several gun crate stacks.

A ripped burlap sack of lemons lays underfoot. Red grabs one and hands it to Snakebite.

RED
Would you like one?

Snakebite SMASHES THE LEMON and throws it away.

SNAKEBITE
WHERE THE HELL ARE THE YANKEES?

SMASH TO:

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - OPEN FIELD - DAY

MARSHAL WYNN, (30), strong, powerful, enters on horseback. He turns to:

CAPT. SANDERS, (26), a steely eyed, determined aide.

WYNN
Where the hell have those damned
varmints got to?

CAPT. SANDERS
They're after the gun crates.

Wynn cracks a mischievous smile. He pulls his guns.

WYNN
Then, by all means, let's light
them up!

CAPT. SANDERS
They're a might peart, we'll have
to beat the Dutch to drive them
out.

Col. Barr SPURS his horse ahead. Robert Sanders frowns.

CAPT. SANDERS (CONT'D)
Oh God we're so -- We're in for it
you know that?

Capt. Sanders chases Wynn as they exit.

EXT. SABINE TRAIN DEPOT - DAY

Major David Richardson and Terrel Trenton enter the Depot. Several Union soldiers appear.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Colonel, we got Yankees!

Ricochets STRIKE nearby. Maj. Richardson takes cover. GUN FIRE RAKES THE depot. Terrel Trenton angrily pulls his gun.

TERRELL TRENTON
Damn sons of bitches! Red, fetch them guns, we'll cover ya.

Red exits.

RED
Can't get far while them Yanks are thick as fleas.

Maj. Richardson WOUNDS a Yankee. Snakebite ANGRILY BURSTS OUT OF THE DEPOT. He KILLS the Yankee and turns to Maj. Richardson.

SNAKEBITE
When you shoot a Yankee, you KILL HIM! You don't leave them alive --

RED
Let's get them guns!

Maj. Richardson turns away horrified.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
That's not war, it's murder!

TERRELL TRENTON
Lose yer nerve? Shootin' is easy. Just point and pull!

Red pulls Snakebite into the Depot. A moment later they emerge with several gun crates and load the buckboard.

Terrel Trenton KILLS a Yankee. Snakebite COCKS HIS GUN AND moves toward Maj. Richardson.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Lawless wonders.

SNAKEBITE
Yankees is useless -- Yankees is only good for one thing, target practice.

Red emerges with gun crates. Ricochets SPLINTER the Depot.

TERRELL TRENTON
(laughs)
Amen to that Reverend!

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Inhuman!

SNAKEBITE
Gone sour on killin'? I signed up
to kill Yankees, and I intend to
get me some!

TERRELL TRENTON
You and me both Snakebite --

RED
Time to pucker up, buttercup. Them
Yanks are a-gettin' a might peart!
We need eleven more gun crates.

Red grabs Snakebite's arm. Snakebite rips his arm free and
glares at Red.

SNAKEBITE
If you get betwixt me and my prey
agin, I swear I'll kill ya.

RED
They'll be plenty of time for your
killin'. Right now we need to
snitch the guns.

Snakebite and Red face each other. Terrel Trenton and Maj.
Richardson enter the Depot and grab a stack of gun crates.

RED (CONT'D)
That's ten crates. Get the rest!

Maj. Richardson and Terrel Trenton load the Buckboard.
Snakebite and Red stand back to back. Terrel Trenton and Maj.
Richardson mount the Buckboard and exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - MORNING

Wynn spurs his horse ahead. Capt. Sanders follows close
behind.

EXT. SABINE TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

Wynn enters and jumps off his horse. He unholsters his guns and inspects the Depot. Capt. Sanders quickly dismounts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Wynn inspects the dead soldiers and moves to the Baggage Car.

CAPT. SANDERS
Careful Wynn, they might be crack
troops.

WYNN
You forget -- I'm a might
crackerjack myself.

Wynn COCKS HIS GUNS.

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

Wynn walks toward the depot door. Capt. Sanders trains his guns ahead.

INT. DEPOT

Gen. Cobb unsheathes his saber and enters. More enemy soldiers arrive.

GEN. COBB
Gentlemen, the Yankees are getting
thick --

RED
(jokes)
I thought you liked them thick?

GEN. COBB
The only things I like thick are
women and bacon. They're best
enjoyed with both arms and lips
firmly wrapped around them.

The tension is palpable. Snakebite suddenly KICKS the door open.

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

Reveal: The depot is empty. Snakebite exits.

SNAKEBITE
Where in the hell did that damn
Yankee go?

Gen. Cobb and Red exit and pass between the cars. Wynn appears behind them.

WYNN

Don't move gentlemen, you flinch
and I'll fill you full of lead.

Gen. Cobb and Red holster their guns. They raise their hands.

SNAKEBITE

Silent as a snake, warn't he?

Red is impressed.

RED

Quiet as a church mouse.

GEN. COBB

Didn't hear a peep, but no matter,
he won't live to collect his
bounty.

Wynn walks amid Gen. Cobb and Red. Snakebite sneaks behind.

WYNN

Where'd your Judas Priest go?

Snakebite aims and BOOM!

Reveal: Robert Sanders wounds Snakebite. Snakebite rolls
under the train and disappears.

Robert Sanders enters amid Gen. Cobb and Red.

CAPT. SANDERS

Did I get him? Where'd that son of
a bitch go?

WYNN

He rolled under the train.

CAPT. SANDERS

I'll get him.

Robert Sanders follows Snakebite under the train. Wynn
interrogates Gen. Cobb and Red.

WYNN

Careful Rob, we still have some
right peart rebs about.

GEN. COBB

Snakebite is the peartest reb
you'll ever meet, Yank.

WYNN

All the rebs I've ever met have
ended up in a bad way, one way or
another --

Wynn cocks his gun.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - PASSENGER CAR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Snakebite moves between the cars. Capt. Sanders follows him.
Snakebite ducks behind the car.

EXT. TRAIN BAGGAGE CAR - MORNING

Snakebite runs toward Wynn. Wynn FIRES AT HIM.

WYNN (CONT'D)

HALT!

Gen. Cobb unsheathes his bloody saber. He attacks Wynn.

GEN. COBB

Damn Yank --!

RED

Look out!

Red turns and FIRES. Gen. Cobb crashes on his butt. His saber
scabbard is bent. Maj. Richardson enters.

WYNN

Why'd you save me reb?

RED

(honest)

He was a-gonna stab you. That
warn't a fair fight.

A squad of Yankee soldiers enter. A YOUNG LIEUTENANT, (21),
youthful, brash, leads them.

WYNN

Lieutenant?

The lieutenant stops and salutes.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Yes sir?

WYNN

Put them in irons.

EXT. SABINE TEXAS - TRAIN DEPOT - MORNING

Snakebite races to the train. Capt. Sanders chases him.

Bud enters on the buckboard. A dead Yankee soldier lays on the ground nearby. Snakebite drags the dead Yankee onboard.

SNAKEBITE

This dead varmint's a-gonna help us
bust General Cobb loose.

Bud THRASHES the reins. The buckboard RATTLES AHEAD.

EXT. TRAIN - ENGINE 403

Bud races to the train engine. ENGINEER HALL, (60's), old, paunchy oils the engine.

ENGINEER OATES, (50's), rail thin, holds the throttle. Snakebite angrily steps off the buckboard with his guns.

Bud pulls his gun, climbs the ladder and surprises both Engineers.

BUD LANKINS

Morning ya'll.

Engineer Hall turns toward Bud. Engineer Oates reaches for a coal shovel.

ENGINEER HALL

What do you want reb?

BUD LANKINS

What I want is simple. You're gonna
climb down and take a walk.

ENGINEER OATES

What do you want this train for?

BUD LANKINS

It's better to leave things alone.

Engineer Oates grabs the shovel.

ENGINEER OATES

We can't allow that!

BUD LANKINS

There's only one thing to do now.

Eng. Oates lunges. Bud SHOTS HIM.

Eng. Oates FALLS onto the THROTTLE. THE TRAIN LURCHES FORWARD. Everyone CRASHES to the floor.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Snakebite climbs the ladder.

SNAKEBITE
What the hell did you do?

BUD LANKINS
It's not my fault! He fell on the
throttle!

Snakebite holsters his gun and climbs down the ladder.

SNAKEBITE
Time to skeedaddle! We got the
guns. We gotta go, NOW!

Bud looks around.

BUD LANKINS
You mean we gotta jump?

SNAKEBITE
Unless you want to be a Yankee
prisoner, you'd better git your
fisterous off'n this train!

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The Train ROARS DOWN THE TRACK. Steam pours from its boilers.

EXT. TRAIN ENGINE - DAY

Bud hangs onto the ladder and prepares to jump. Snakebite
edges toward the ladder.

SNAKEBITE
Ready?

BUD LANKINS
You're insane!

SNAKEBITE
Not if you wanna pree-serve your
cowardly ass -- One!

Bud hesitates.

BUD LANKINS
I don't want to do this!

SNAKEBITE
Then ya shouldn'ta shot the
Engineer! TWO!

Snakebite GROWLS. He GRABS Bud.

BUD LANKINS
NO! I don't want to!

SNAKEBITE
Damn Yankee lovin' fool. Get a-
goin! THREE!

Snakebite throws Bud off. He leaps off himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD DITCH - DAY

Bud lands in a ditch. Snakebite lands nearby and rolls to his feet. Bud is in shock!

SNAKEBITE
You okay?

Bud shivers.

BUD LANKINS
You threw me off the train!

SNAKEBITE
It was the only way to get away.

BUD LANKINS
YOU THREW ME FROM THE TRAIN!

SNAKEBITE
You'd better pucker up, buttercup.
Those damn Yankees got the drop on
us. We gotta bust General Cobb out!

EXT. BUCKBOARD - MORNING

The buckboard CLATTERS into frame. Bud jumps on. Terrel Trenton scowls at them.

TERRELL TRENTON
Snakebite, get your ass aboard.
We's got some Yankees to kill!

SNAKEBITE
Amen to that brother! Time to kill
us some Yankees!

Snakebite jumps on and props up the dead Yankee. The horses and buckboard exit in a cloud of dust.

EXT. TRAIN BAGGAGE CAR - MORNING

Wynn holds Red, Gen. Cobb and Maj. Richardson prisoner. The buckboard ENTERS and CLATTERS TO A HALT. The Lieutenant is surprised.

Wynn turns to the dead Yankee onboard. Snakebite controls the dead Yankee's arms.

WYNN

Take these rebs to camp. We'll interrogate them later.

SNAKEBITE

(falsetto)

Yes sir.

Gen. Cobb, Maj. Richardson and Red board. The buckboard SUDDENLY LURCHES FORWARD.

Capt. Sanders enters. Snakebite and Bud OPEN FIRE.

CAPT. SANDERS

Wynn! That Judas Priest's getting away with the prisoners!

WYNN

Damnation. Get the horses.

Capt. Sanders and Wynn mount their horses and exit.

EXT. BUCKBOARD - MORNING

Snakebite pushes the corpse aside and draws his gun. Red focuses on the gun. Snakebite holds it in Red's face.

TERRELL TRENTON

Snakebite ya'll kin git rid of that dead Yankee.

Snakebite throws the dead Yankee off.

SNAKEBITE

I've got a powerful hankerin' to blow your damned fool head off. Why'd you turn Judas on us?

Gen. Cobb smiles as Red stands near death.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

You can't kill us, that's murder!

GEN. COBB

I say kill him and pay a howdy call
to his kin.

Snakebite slowly COCKS HIS GUN. He holds it to Red's chin.

SNAKEBITE

Just like a Yankee to turn on ya.
Time to make your die, you son of a
bitch!

Snakebite pulls the trigger. The gun misfires.

SNAKEBITE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

A RICOCHET RESOUNDS. Red PUNCHES Snakebite. Snakebite drops
the gun.

They struggle for the gun. Snakebite rips the gun from Red's
hands.

Red holds up his hands. Snakebite loads his gun. His shoulder
EXPLODES.

Snakebite falls to the floor. He SLAMS down and his gun
FIRES.

Snakebite's shot KNOCKS Red off the buckboard. Red flails and
KNOCKS Maj. Richardson OFF with him.

SMASH TO:

EXT. GROUND - MORNING

Red and Maj. Richardson CRASH TO THE GROUND.

Wynn and Capt. Sanders rein their horses to a stop.

Wynn jumps off his horse, unholsters his gun and aims at Red.

WYNN POV - OVER COL. REED'S SHOULDER

Red hangs his head and tenderly feels his shoulder and neck.
Wynn stands silhouetted behind him.

RED

Land sakes, Marshal, there's no
need to row us up the Salt River.
You got us.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TESUQUE BUTTE - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Gen. Cobb, Bud and Snakebite ride to a large butte. They move toward a large abutment.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

Snakebite furiously leaps to the ground. He stomps to the back of the buckboard.

SNAKEBITE

Get them damn guns out!

GEN. COBB

Now that we're here, what should we do?

SNAKEBITE

Leave them, nobody is plum fool enough to look for them here!

GEN. COBB

We should return when things are not so hot --

SNAKEBITE

The guns are secured now. There's one job left. I gotta kill Red.

GEN. COBB

Mr. Coombes and Mr. Lankins will take care of Red. If needed, we'll pay a howdy call to Red 's wife and kids.

(smiles maliciously, beat)

In our usual way --

SNAKEBITE

It'll give me more pleasure than killin' a whole brigade of Yankees.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - ROUGH ROAD - MORNING

A fully loaded carriage CLATTERS OVER A ROCKY ROAD. The REINSMAN, (50), a hoary, disheveled man, THRASHES THE REINS.

The team of four races down and over a dangerous uneven, broken road.

OVERHEAD ANGLE

The carriage ROARS OVER THE ROAD. All four horses SCREAM as the carriage SHUDDERS over a sloped, washed out road.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TERRITORIAL JAIL - MORNING

A large Adobe jail complex rises from the desert floor. JAIRO, (45), fat, greasy guard, waddles to the COMMANDANT'S OFFICE.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE

Jairo enters. He finds: COMMANDANT LEE, (50), a cold, stern, disciplinarian writing at his desk.

JAIRO
See-nor Lee?

Commandant Lee looks up.

COMMANDANT LEE
What is it Jairo?

JAIRO
The carriage is coming.

Commandant Lee moves to the door.

COMMANDANT LEE
Alert Governor Ross. I'm sure he'll wish to greet the carriage.

Commandant Lee OPENS the door. Jairo and Commandant Lee exit.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TERRITORIAL JAIL - MAIN PLAZA - MORNING

Commandant Lee moves toward the barracks. JAIME, (30), a rail thin guard, meets him.

JAIME
See-nor Lee. The carriage is by the barracks.

COMMANDANT LEE
Governor Ross will greet them as soon as Jairo brings him.

Commandant Lee salutes Jaime. Jaime pirouettes and exits.

EXT. BARRACKS - MORNING

Jairo waddles to the barracks door. He grabs and opens it.

INT. BARRACKS

GOVERNOR ROSS, (40), a tall, gaunt man, smokes a cigar. He holds court with several soldiers.

GOVERNOR ROSS

-- I had the honor of meeting
President Johnson, and though he
may have been guilty, I never
thought of him --

Jairo CLEARS HIS THROAT. Gov. Ross savors his cigar. He rolls
it in his lips. He slowly turns to Jairo.

JAIRO

Ex-cuse me Governor --

Gov. Ross removes the cigar. Curly smoke trickles from his
lips.

GOVERNOR ROSS

Yes my friend.

JAIRO

De carriage is here.

Gov. Ross exhales. He smashes his cigar.

GOVERNOR ROSS

Let's greet our guests, shall we?

INT. NEW MEXICO - TERRITORIAL JAIL - CELL NUMBER 2

Red and Maj. Richardson sleep on rickety, worn out cots.
Lemon rinds litter the floor. Red's shoulder is bandaged.

Commandant Lee enters. Jairo and Jaime block the cell door.
Red wears a pair of grungy, soiled longjohns.

Lee grows impatient. Jairo holds a wood bucket and a ladle.
Lee grabs the ladle from Jairo and steps to Red's cot.

LEE

Time to get up Red.

Red sleeps. Commandant Lee dips his fingers in the water. He
FLICKS the water in Red's face. Red SNORES LIKE A BUZZSAW.

Angry, Lee grabs the bucket and EMPTIES it onto Red.

Red SCREAMS. HE CRASHES TO THE GROUND. Red shakes as he
crawls to the jail bars. He climbs to his feet.

RED

Why in the hell did you have to go
and WAKES SNAKES FOR?

LEE

I ask no odds, Red. I only want to get you ready and presentable for your parole board.

Red SHAKES as Maj. Richardson sits up and walks to his side.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

What designs ya'll got for us, Mr. Lee?

LEE

You're going to clean up and look presentable for the parole board.

RED

No sense to keep them waitin'.

Red walks forward. Commandant Lee stops him.

LEE

Before we do, you need to wash up and sport some new threads. Can't have them thinking we didn't treat you right now, can we?

Red and Maj. Richardson glance at their rags.

EXT. CARRIAGE - MORNING

Gov. Ross stands at the carriage's door. The door swings open to reveal: four travel weary passengers.

MISS MARTIN, (30), a fair skinned beauty in a flower print dress.

VICTOR TEMPLETON, (42), tall, gaunt lawyer.

MISS SORREL, (32), a vivacious, earthy woman with soiled white gloves.

Mr. Terrel Trenton, a hard scrabble man with a chip on his shoulders.

Gov. Ross greets Victor Templeton who slithers out of the carriage like an old, decrepit man.

GOVERNOR ROSS

Greetings, Mr. Templeton, welcome to New Mexico.

Victor Templeton pushes his hands on his hips. He CRACKS his back.

VICTOR TEMPLETON

The New Mexico feels like the Old Mexico. My backside will hardly have recovered before it's time to turn around and head back the other way. Oh the agony!

Victor Templeton exits.

Miss Martin slowly eases her slender frame out of the carriage, she holds a parasol in her left hand.

Gov. Ross kisses her right hand.

GOVERNOR ROSS

Greetings my dear. Welcome to New Mexico.

Miss Martin opens her parasol.

MISS MARTIN

Governor Ross I do declare. That treacherous road we came in on is a damnable national disaster!

GOVERNOR ROSS

I am most aggrieved, I do apologize for any pain you may have suffered.

Miss Martin exits. Terrel Trenton angrily STOMPS out of the carriage.

GOVERNOR ROSS (CONT'D)

Mister Trenton I presume?

TERRELL TRENTON

(infuriated)

Damn humbug of a road. Feels like the corduroy roads we fled Gettysburg on.

Terrel Trenton stretches himself.

GOVERNOR ROSS

Road agents and Indians have taken over the main route. I brought you in the back way for your safety.

TERRELL TRENTON

I'd feel safer hog-tied down on a burning powder wagon and dowsed with oil.

Terrel Trenton angrily ambles off. Miss Sorrel exits the carriage. Governor Ross is smitten with her bearing.

GOVERNOR ROSS
How was the ride my dear Miss
Sorrel?

Miss Sorrel cracks her fingers. She stretches herself.

MISS SORREL
If that damn nuisance of a road
were a horse, we'd have to shoot
it. I didn't manage one minute's
rest on that trip, so if I could
get to a bed and sleep, that would
be some pumpkins.

Gov. Ross escorts Miss Sorrel to the Barracks.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TERRITORIAL JAIL - COURTHOUSE - NEXT DAY -
MORNING

Gov. Ross enters the Courthouse. Jairo and Jaime stand guard.

INT. COURTHOUSE

Gov. Ross enters the Courthouse. Red shines like a new penny
in the Defendant's Box.

Gov. Ross nods at JUDGE HORATIO SMITH, (65), honorable, just,
sits at the bench. He nods back at Gov. Ross.

GOVERNOR ROSS
Judge Smith, all the parole board
is present. You may proceed.

Gov. Ross salutes and exits.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Jairo and Jaime guard the doors. Jaime wipes the sweat from
his brow.

JAIME
Ai Chihuahua, I think I'm melting.

Jairo chuckles.

JAIRO
If you lose any more weight, you'll
weigh less than a skeleton.

Jaime wipes his forehead with his sleeve.

EXT. TERRITORIAL JAIL - DAY

A celerity RUMBLES into frame.

A man in black, CHARLES COOMBES, (43), rough and tumble, leaps off of the carriage and KILLS Jaime and Jairo.

JEREMIAH JONES, (40's), fearless, determined, walks to the Courthouse doors with lit dynamite.

Charles Coombes backs away. The dynamite's fuse burns. Jeremiah Jones lays the dynamite at the Courthouse door.

CHARLES COOMBES

What you s'pose theys gonna do when we blow them doors?

JEREMIAH JONES

Probably shit their pants, if'n it don't kill them outright.

(tongue-in-cheek)

No matter what, they should get a bang out of this.

INT. COURT HOUSE

Judge Smith sits in his chair. Terrel Trenton gives testimony.

TERRELL TRENTON

-- Colonel Reed's still too much of a danger.

Terrel Trenton glances toward the Court House doors. Judge Smith follows his eyes. He grows suspicious.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH

Why are you staring at the Court House doors? Expecting someone?

Terrel Trenton averts his eyes. He slides his hand toward his gun. Judge Smith follows Terrel Trenton's movement.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH (CONT'D)

(to Red)

Gentlemen, kindly step away from the Court House doors.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

The dynamite EXPLODES. The Court House doors SHATTERS.

SMASH TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE

The Court House doors IMplode. Charles Coombes and Jeremiah Jones enter.

Terrel Trenton unholsters his gun. He turns to Judge Horatio Smith who pulls out a Derringer from a cut out Bible.

TERRELL TRENTON
General Cobb sends his regrets --

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
Regrets, for what?

TERRELL TRENTON
For not rendering our own verdict --

Judge Horatio Smith SHOTS TERREL TRENTON in the shoulder. Terrel Trenton's shot veers wide.

Charles Coombes and Jeremiah Jones BLAST at Red.

Miss Sorrel angrily sits up, and unholsters her gun. She SHOTS Jeremiah Jones dead.

Red gains his bearings. He stands and PUNCHES Charles Coombes who CRASHES backward.

Judge Horatio Smith stands up. He grabs Terrel Trenton by the nape of the neck. He drags him to Red.

Charles Coombes reaches for his gun. Judge Horatio Smith holds his Derringer at him. He clicks his tongue.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
I recommend you don't try that shit again! Not if you value your skin staying in one piece.

Judge Horatio Smith turns to Miss Sorrel.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH (CONT'D)
My dear, I have never seen such splendiferous shooting in all my born days!

Miss Sorrel curtsies.

MISS SORREL
Thank you, your honor.

Judge Smith turns to Charles Coombes. Charles Coombes laughs.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
What's so damned funny you
bushwhacking varmint?

Charles Coombes catches his breath. He calms down. Charles Coombes smirks.

CHARLES COOMBES
Whilst you have stopped our howdy
call. General Cobb has extended
another one to Red's kin -- I can
jest hear his wife and kids crying
for him to save them ---
(mocking)
Help me! Help me!

Red grabs Charles Coombes. He pulls his hand back to hit him. He SHAKES IN ANGER. Red fights against himself.

RED
If you're looking for trouble, I'll
accommodate ya, you cowardly son of
a bitch! If you got a problem with
me, you settle with me.

Red BLASTS Charles Coombes in the face. Charles Coombes CRASHES into a heap.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
Gentlemen, this is deeply
unsettling. I shall contact
Washington at once.

RED
What do we do meanwhile?

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
Relax. You're still alive. That
counts for something.

RED
Don't rightly feel like much, but
I'll take it.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Wynn and Capt. Sanders ride to the Telegraph office.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

Wynn dismounts. He stands before the Telegraph Office door.

WYNN

I'm going to check in. It's been too quiet for my liking.

Capt. Sanders can't hide his disgust.

CAPT. SANDERS

Make sure we're not baby sittin' a bunch of bandy hooded, growed up thumb suckers, will ya?

Wynn smiles and chuckles.

WYNN

I promise not to make you a midwife just yet.

CAPT. SANDERS

Fair enough.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE

Wynn enters the Office. He picks up a paper. He writes on it. He hands it to: TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, (60's), lean, aged.

WYNN

I need a query sent to Washington. How long will it take?

Telegraph Operator shrugs.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

Not long, do you have a short message?

The Telegraph Operator TYPES his telegraph. He completes his message. Wynn waits for the man to finish.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Do you expect them to respond promptly?

Wynn is unsure.

WYNN

Washington is a strange kettle of fish. Sometimes they get back quick, then other times they never reply.

The Telegraph ANSWERS. The reply is long. The Telegraph Operator scrambles to keep up.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Oh my goodness. My arm's gonna fall
off.

The Telegraph Operator barely finishes writing. Wynn RIPS the paper from his grip.

CAPT. SANDERS
What's it say?

Wynn reads the enter message. He crumbles it in his hand.

WYNN
They ain't wishin' us happy
birthday --

Wynn turns to leave. The Telegraph Operator stands up and nearly rips his headset off.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
That's ninety-five cents mister!

Wynn reaches into his pocket. He grabs a Silver dollar and throws it to the Telegraph Operator.

WYNN
Almost forgot. Thank you son.

Wynn and Sanders race out of the office.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

Wynn and Capt. Sanders race to their horses. They leap into their saddles.

WYNN (CONT'D)
Remember the gun stealing rebs we
nabbed?

CAPT. SANDERS
The ones havin' their parole
meeting today?

WYNN
Their commander just tried to kill
them.

CAPT. SANDERS
Great Horny Toads!

With swift, hard kicks, their horses race into the distance.

EXT. TERRITORIAL JAIL - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Wynn and Robert Sanders enter the compound.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE

Judge Smith and Red sit in the office. Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter. Charles Coombes and Terrel Trenton stand up.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
Good afternoon gentlemen. Welcome
to our humble abode.

Wynn pushes past Judge Horatio Smith. He grabs Charles Coombes by the arm.

WYNN
Why did your commander send you to
kill Red?

CHARLES COOMBES
He wanted to send a signal to Red.
The General wants him dead.

Charles Coombes wriggles his arm free. He turns away from Wynn. Terrel Trenton scoffs at him.

RED
General Cobb never leaves loose
ends. He likes things tidy.

WYNN
I want to thank you properly for
saving my life, Red.

JUDGE SMITH
These scalywags are stinking up my
jail. I wouldn't blame you if you
blasted them right here and now?

WYNN
Save your bullets. Their boss
hasn't heard of their failure.
Let's say we release them and see
where they go.

JUDGE HORATIO SMITH
You sure that's wise?

WYNN
Might be, might not, but we won't
find the guns keeping them here.

Wynn steps forward. He grabs Charles Coombes. He pushes him toward the door.

WYNN (CONT'D)

Your time here has ended. Go back
to your master and face your fate.

CHARLES COOMBES

What if General Cobb shoots me?

WYNN

Then all your troubles will be
over, and our tracking you will be
in vain --

Charles Coombes saunters to the door and turns around. Terrel
Trenton follows him and stops.

CHARLES COOMBES

We're leaving, but don't expect us
to lead you to the General.

TERRELL TRENTON

We owe the General our lives, it
would be sin to Moses to betray him
to ya'll!

WYNN

You talk tough now, but one thing
is sure -- Dogs always return to
their master --

Terrel Trenton and Charles Coombes exit.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - MORNING

Red and Maj. Richardson's jail car RATTLES. Capt. Sanders
pulls the reins. The jail car stops. A wood cabin's burnt out
facade smolders.

A ravaged cornfield greets them. A bullet-ridden headless
Scarecrow leans askew in the cornfield. It's pumpkin head is
smashed on the ground.

INT. JAIL CAR - MORNING

Red and Maj. Richardson crawl to the bars. They observe the
carnage. Wynn and Robert Sanders move the jail car door.

Maj. Richardson stands up. He recognizes the place. Red is in
a foul mood. He ignores Wynn and Capt. Sanders.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

We're at your place Red.

Wynn unlocks the Jail Car. Maj. Richardson stumbles out and
trips. Maj. Richardson looks up from the ground.

MAJ. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Holy Moses! They torched your
place!

Red slowly raises his head. He sees the destruction wrought
on his home. He fearfully leaps to his feet.

RED
Where are they?

WYNN
Where's who?

Red grabs the Jail Car's bars. He angrily RATTLES THEM.

RED
My wife and sons. The ones that
Gen. Cobb offered a howdy call to --

WYNN
What in the hell is a "howdy call?"

MAJ. RICHARDSON
It's a murderer's mark. Anytime
someone pays a "howdy call",
they're there to kill you!

Wynn sadly lowers his head. He motions Red outside.

WYNN
Red, come with me.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - CORNFIELD - MORNING

Wynn move through the cornfield. He passes the Scarecrow
which is a hot mess. Red smiles as he passes Jack.

RED
(jokes)
Have you met Jack? He's my resident
holey man.

Wynn stops and admires the Scarecrow.

WYNN
I don't know Jack. Why don't you
tell me about him?

Jack IS RIDDLED with bullet holes.

RED
My good friend Jack has been with
me through everything.

Wynn chuckles.

WYNN

So how did you and Jack become acquainted?

RED

Jack's clothes are from the land of steady habits. His pants were a caution, all ripped up and such. Sarah mended the pants so's Jack could wear them.

WYNN

Sarah's your wife?

RED

My first wife Molly died of Yellow Fever. I met Sally at a Barn Dance before the war.

(longing)

I took Jack's shirt off a dead man we found out in the field. He related to me that his name was Jack and he desired that I take his clothes for the Scarecrow.

WYNN

(anxious)

You buried him buck naked?

RED

(aghst)

Oh, no, no, no! We buried him all civilized in some fancy duds Molly's family gave me. You scared me there Yank! The notion of a dead man walking around Heaven buck naked for all eternity is deeply unsettlin'.

WYNN

I'm not a Yankee.

RED

(surprised)

Ain't you a fer real, dyed in the wool Yankee?

WYNN

Not me, I'm from Texas.

RED

Well, color me yella and call me
Abraham Lincoln! Isn't that the
beatenest thing ever?

Capt. Sanders and Maj. Richardson enter. Maj. Richardson
salutes Jack.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Good morning Jack me boy!

Capt. Sanders reacts.

CAPT. SANDERS

Talking to a scarecrow? Your head's
gone soft.

WYNN

(off Red)

Mr. Sanders, this is Red's
scarecrow, Jack. Be sociable and
say hello.

CAPT. SANDERS

How can I when his head is missing?

(beat)

Sir, where are the graves?

RED

(enraged)

WHERE ARE THEY?

WYNN

(sighs)

Mr. Sanders, you're about as subtle
as dynamite!

(beat)

This way Red.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - GRAVEYARD - MORNING

Wynn enters a small graveyard overgrown with grass and weeds.
A rusted, wrought iron fence encircles the graves.

Wynn stops at the gate and respectfully removes his hat. He
holds his hat and moves forward to get his first look.

Red anxiously walks to the gate. Wynn slowly opens the gate.
Red drags himself to his wife's grave.

ON THE GRAVES

Three freshly chiseled grave markers sit atop three brown and
green mounds of dirt.

The legends read Sarah Goodwin Reed. Born: Jan 17, 1835.
Died: Aug. 7, 1864.

Rodney Reed. Born: Dec. 16, 1852. Died: Aug. 7, 1864.

Roderick Reed. Born: Dec. 16, 1852. Died: Aug. 7 1864.

Wynn solemnly steps forward. He replaces his hat on his head.

ON RED

Red falls to his knees and grovels. He slides back to his knees. His lips tremble. He cries bitterly.

RED
How did they die?

ON WYNN

Wynn bows his head and CLEARS HIS THROAT. Wynn pats Red's shoulder. Maj. Richardson enters and bows his head.

WYNN
Your wife's body was found savaged
by a saber wielder. Your boys were
each shot in the back of the head.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Damn butchers!

Red SLAMS THE GROUND WITH HIS FISTS. Red retracts them and rubs his temples. His body trembles in a full rage.

RED
THEY WEREN'T KILLED. THEY WERE
ASSASSINATED. Murdered!

Red loses it. He whimpers, slowly composes himself, and stands up. Maj. Richardson turns to Red.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Your wife and boys were killed by
men as savage as an axe.

Red thinks on it.

RED
General Cobb and his bastard
butcher preacher, Snakebite.

Red faces Wynn.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

They did this because they thought
we turned Judas?

RED

Our blood feud runs deep. Gen. Cobb
raided a town in the Shenandoah.
One of Stonewall's kin died in the
raid when the town was torched.

WYNN

It still doesn't explain why he
attacked your kin?

RED

At Cobb's Court Marshal, I was
called as a witness by Stonewall
himself.

WYNN

What was Cobb's sentence?

RED

He was stripped of command. He's
NEVER forgiven me for that.

WYNN

So your family died because of your
duty. What a shallow son of a
bitch.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TESUQUE - MORNING

Gen. Cobb, Bud, Charles Coombes, and Snakebite walk to their
horses, loaded for bear.

GEN. COBB

Gentlemen, I find it disturbing
that Red is still among the land of
the living. I would like to take
care of him before we head off into
retiracy.

Terrel Trenton steps forward and grabs his guns.

TERRELL TRENTON

Time to exfluncticate the negative!

Terrel Trenton FIRES HIS GUNS. Snakebite walks to Terrel
Trenton's side.

SNAKEBITE

Can I join ya'll?

TERRELL TRENTON

You're more than welcome to join us
on our blood hunt.

Gen. Cobb hobbles to Snakebite and grabs his arm.

GEN. COBB

Snakebite, if you please.

Snakebite turns to Gen. Cobb.

SNAKEBITE

Yes sir?

GEN. COBB

It might be prudent if you remained
here.

Snakebite is torn, wanting to go.

SNAKEBITE

I owe Red.

GEN. COBB

We evened the score with his kin. I
need you to help me make a fist
with these guns.

SNAKEBITE

Well, if you need me, I'll stay.
But I want to know the moment Red
bites the dust.

GEN. COBB

Fair enough.
(to Bud)
Good luck boys, good luck and good
hunting.

TERRELL TRENTON

Saddle up boys, it's varmint
huntin' time!

Bud, Charles Coombes and Terrel Trenton exit.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - EVENING

Red sits and holds a burned out Bible. Maj. Richardson sits
on the porch floor. Wynn sits on the porch next to Red.

RED

I'm numb. How could they butcher my
family like that?

WYNN

A man with a well defined hatred
who despises God is who.

(beat)

Mr. Sanders, fetch me the items we
have for Red.

Capt. Sanders exits. He returns with Red's holster and guns.
He hands the holster and guns to Wynn.

WYNN (CONT'D)

After all the hell you've suffered,
you deserve some familiar faces at
your side.

Wynn hands Red's guns back to him. Red is overcome with
bliss. Maj. Richardson stands up and admires Red's guns.

RED

You brought -- my girls? You have
no idea what this means to me.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

You got your girls back.

WYNN

After all the hullabaloo, I'm sure
you're looking for some peace --

RED

I'll go through hell across lots to
find those varmints.

WYNN

Once you find them, you gonna send
them to hell?

RED

Hell's too good for those bastards.
I figure I'll take it out of them
for every incredulous insult heaped
upon my family.

WYNN

Remind me never to get on your bad
side.

RED

Only one kind of man gets on my bad
side. If they're alive and I ain't
promise me one thing --

WYNN

What's that?

RED
Kill them for me and my family.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
I will Colonel. I promise.

WYNN
I don't know if I can. I'm sworn to
bring in the guilty. I'm only the
Marshal, not the executioner.

RED
Fair enough Marshal, but they may
give you cause to pull your sixes.

WYNN
What if I don't?

RED
Then Snakebite will kill you for
being nothing more than a Yankee.

WYNN
But I'm not a Yankee! I already
told you.

RED
Snakebite won't care. To him,
you're just a Yankee who doesn't
know he's dead yet.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - CORNFIELD - LATER

Bud and Charles Coombes weave through the cornfield. Terrel
Trenton stalks beside them.

BUD LANKINS
Red is the only one in the way of
us making a fist with them guns.
Once he's made his die, we'll be
free to sell them guns to the
highest bidder.

Terrel Trenton draw his gun. He rolls the cylinder and clicks
the hammer.

TERRELL TRENTON
Time we get Red fitted for his
coffin clothes.

The men scurry ahead.

EXT. RED REED'S HOMESTEAD - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The cornfield rustles and opens ahead of the cabin. Wynn pulls his guns. Maj. Richardson moves to Red.

WYNN

Did you hear that?

RED

There's someone yonder in the corn.

Red stands up. He turns to the others.

RED (CONT'D)

Everyone inside.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Ready for action, Red.

Wynn and Robert Sanders enter the house. Maj. Richardson and Red enter and slam the door behind them.

INT. CABIN

Red turns to a large locked gun cabinet. Maj. Richardson pulls out a rifle.

Red opens the lower drawers.

WYNN

When in the hell did you get all these guns? You've got more firepower than we had at Nashville!

Red grabs a Winchester. He loads it. Maj. Richardson loads his rifle.

RED

It's a southern thang, my brother Ignatio and I have known how to shoot a gun since we were three years old.

WYNN

It's a sin to Crockett if you didn't know how to handle a gun by then. Anyway, you never know what foul creatures of the night that might come out after you here?

RED

Luckily for me, Ignatio didn't trust Gen. Cobb as far as he could throw him.

CAPT. SANDERS
Good for him.

RED
If you like, you can have your pick
of any of those guns except for the
Henry. I'm the only one who touches
the Henry, it's my gun!

A rustle is heard.

RED (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, arm yourselves and take
your positions, the snakes have
slithered out of the bush!

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Where would you like me to be?

Red COCKS his Henry Rifle. Wynn and Robert Sanders kneel
before a back window.

RED
Mr. Richardson, station yourself on
the side of the door. Get ready,
cause its gonna rain lead.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Bud and Charles Coombes peak out of the cornfield. Terrel
Trenton works his way to the rear of the cabin.

EXT. REAR OF THE CABIN - NIGHT

Terrel Trenton kneels beside a large rock.

INT. CABIN

Red walks to the cabin doorway with his Henry rifle. Maj.
Richardson kneels across from Red.

RED (CONT'D)
Ready yourselves!

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Bud cocks his gun and FIRES. Several nearby cornstalks
EXPLODE.

INT. CABIN

Red and Maj. Richardson aim and FIRE. Near misses STITCH THE CABIN'S DOORWAY.

RED
Them's a right peart set of
varmint, ain't they?

MAJ. RICHARDSON
They get any more so and we'll need
an undertaker.

INT. CABIN REAR

Capt. Sanders and Wynn stand beside the back window.

WYNN
Rifle loaded?

CAPT. SANDERS
Loaded for bear. Who are these damn
fool rebs anyhow?

WYNN
They're here to rub Red out of the
way --

CAPT. SANDERS
Damn pernicious little peckers!

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - REAR OF CABIN - NIGHT

Terrel Trenton aims and FIRES.

INT. CABIN REAR

Wynn and Capt. Sanders duck. Shots pierce the cabin.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - REAR OF CABIN - NIGHT

Terrel Trenton is forced behind the large rock.

TERRELL TRENTON
Damnation!

Terrel Trenton returns fire.

INT. CABIN REAR

Wynn and Capt. Sanders brace themselves. Several vicious shots destroy the wood. Wynn aims at Terrel Trenton.

WYNN
One down!

Wynn kills Terrel Trenton. Capt. Sanders cocks his gun.

CAPT. SANDERS
Clear out back!

Wynn and Capt. Sanders check the back. They return to the Cabin front.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - CORN FIELD - NIGHT

Bud and Charles Coombes panic. Near misses tear up the ground.

BUD LANKINS
Damnation!

CHARLES COOMBES
I think we'd best beat a hasty
retreat.

More near misses close on both men.

BUD LANKINS
I think ya'll got something!

Bud and Charles Coombes exit.

INT. CABIN

The attack ends. Red steps forward onto the porch. Maj. Richardson stands in the doorway. He holds a rifle in hand.

EXT. CABIN - PORCH - NIGHT

Red holds his Henry rifle ready. Wynn steps out. His senses are ablaze.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Is it over? What happened?

WYNN
Where'd those varmints go?

RED
They retreated into the cornfield.

Red leaps off the porch. He moves toward Jack the Scarecrow.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Red, take it easy, they may be
waiting to ambush you!

RED
I ain't got time for that. I'm
after them sons of bitches!

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Jack the Scarecrow smokes and falls apart. Maj. Richardson,
Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter.

RED
Damn Jack. What did they do to ye?

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Looks like he bore the brunt of the
fight.

RED
They lit out of here quick. We've
got to work quick.

WYNN
It's too dangerous for you here
now. Take what you need, we're
leaving.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Bud and Charles Coombes enter. They mount their horses. They
grab Terrel Trenton's horse and exit.

BUD LANKINS
General Cobb ain't gonna look too
kindly upon this.

CHARLES COOMBES
I'd be more worried about Snakebite
-- He wanted to come with --

BUD LANKINS
The hell with him. That man's got
more hate than is humanly possible.

CHARLES COOMBES
Let's get back and be done with it.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Gen. Cobb and Snakebite enter. They ride toward the Saloon.

GEN. COBB
Time to rest the horses. We can
have a libation while we wait.

SNAKEBITE
I'm agreeable with that.

Snakebite dismounts and walks to the Saloon.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Gen. Cobb rides slowly behind Snakebite. He ties his horse to the hitching post. Gen. Cobb dismounts. He favors his left leg.

SNAKEBITE
Hitch in your leg?

GEN. COBB
Naw, just need to stretch my legs
and get the feeling back.

SNAKEBITE
I heard that. Let's go in the
Saloon and whet our whistle.

INT. SALOON

Gen. Cobb hobbles into the Saloon. Snakebite clamors into the Saloon. Three soldiers observe him.

They are: COL. WHITBY, (59), CPL. KIRBY, (33), and SGT. SLATER, (42). Col. Whitby scoffs at Snakebite.

Snakebite moves to the bar. A nervous Barkeeper, SHEPARD STILLIS, (53), anxious, timid, serves a patron.

SNAKEBITE
Whisky?

SHEPARD STILLIS
W-whisky? Right away.

Shepard Stills finishes. He pulls out several dusty bottles. Their labels are faded and worn.

The Barkeep places an ancient bottle before Snakebite. The Snakebite eagerly grabs it and walks to Gen. Cobb's table.

Snakebite sits down. The Union soldiers glare at him. Gen. Cobb places down his beer down. He turns to Snakebite.

GEN. COBB

The boys done paid their howdy call
to Red to send him our regrets --

SNAKEBITE

I still think I shoul'da went with --

GEN. COBB

We can't be all business --
Relaxation is important too, you
know?

Col. Whitby stands up. He walks to Gen. Cobb's table.

COL. WHITBY

Gentlemen could you do us a favor?

GEN. COBB

It depends on the particulars of
that favor. What is it you want?

Col. Whitby glances back at Sgt. Slater. He turns back to Gen. Cobb.

COL. WHITBY

This here is a right peaceful grog
shop, but your boy over there is a
little too all overish with his
happiness.

GEN. COBB

What would you like me to do?

COL. WHITBY

Shut him up. You two mangy curs are
stinkin' up this fine
establishment.

The soldiers laugh. Snakebite growls. He guzzles the whiskey down. He slams the bottle on the table. He grimaces and glares at Col. Whitby.

SNAKEBITE

Walk away Yank, if you know what's
good for ye!

Snakebite's anger simmers.

COL. WHITBY
(mocks)
And what do you know what's good
for me, rebel scum?

Snakebite eases his hand to his gun.

SNAKEBITE
At least I know to show respect for
other folks' opinion, if they were
worth their sand.

Col. Whitby's hand move to his gun.

COL. WHITBY
Are you worth your sand? You two
look like you just crawled from
underneath your rocks.

GEN. COBB
Could you at least show a little
courtesy to two wayward chaps as
ourselves?

COL. WHITBY
Not when your charnel odor is
fouling up my nostrils.
(to Snakebite)
Make your move.

Snakebite holds his grimace. Col. Whitby holds his hand on
his gun.

GEN. COBB
Gentlemen please! We don't want no
scrap.

COL. WHITBY
Too late for that. Make your move!

SNAKEBITE
(angry)
If you want to make your die, draw.

Shepard Stills is petrified. He slithers behind the bar. Cpl.
Kirby and Sgt. Slater stand up. They reach for their guns.

Snakebite leaps to his feet. He fires three quick shots.

Gen. Cobb sits calmly. Col. Whitby collapses to the floor.
Cpl. Kirby falls dead. Sgt. Slater steps and dies.

GEN. COBB
You can come out now.

Shepard Stills peeks out from the bar.

SHEPARD STILLS
Is it over?

Snakebite barks at the man.

SNAKEBITE
Over? It never began! Gotta get me
more Yanks to kill!

Shepard Stills hears Snakebite. He makes a peace gesture.

SHEPARD STILLS
If you want anything from the bar,
it's yours.

Snakebite trudges to the bar. He checks out the liquor
selection. He grabs a pair of dusty Whiskey bottles.

SNAKEBITE
Damn lucky them Yanks didn't get me
when I was mean and ornery. I might
have shot you just to spite 'em!

Shepard Stills slithers behind the bar. Bud and Charles
Coombes enter.

CHARLES COOMBES
General! General, we got bad news.

General Cobb sighs heavily. Both men enter and sit at the
table.

GEN. COBB
What in the hell's wrong with you?

Bud hobbles into the Saloon totally drunk.

BUD LANKINS
(skunk drunk)
We's mished Red. He'sh sh-till
alive.

Snakebite walks to the table and blasts it.

SNAKEBITE
Ya'll should have let me gone with
them boobs. Now I have to kill Red
all over again.

GEN. COBB
(to Stills)
Are there any places to stay around
these parts?

Shepard Stills thinks. He walks to the entrance.

SHEPARD STILLLS
There's the Grand Hotel. They've
even got a bathtub so's you can get
clean.

Snakebite growls. He grabs Shepard Stills.

SNAKEBITE
What do mean by that?

Shepard Stills grows nervous.

SHEPARD STILLLS
I only said you could get clean, I
didn't mean no disrespect by it.

GEN. COBB
You two get us a pair of rooms.
They shouldn't be worth shucks
around here.

Bud salutes.

BUD LANKINS
Yes sir.

Bud and Charles Coombes exit.

EXT. TOWN - HOTEL

Bud and Charlie Coombes walk to the Hotel.

BUD LANKINS
This should be easy as pie.

CHARLES COOMBES
(makes two with hand)
Remember, we need two --

Charlie props up a drunk Bud and they wobble toward the Hotel
where they enter.

INT. HOTEL - MAIN DESK

Bud and Charlie saunter to the HOTEL MANAGER, (56), husky, bald.

HOTEL MANAGER
Good afternoon gentlemen, can I help you?

BUD LANKINS
(still drunk)
We'sh need a pair of rooms at your besht rate.

The Hotel Manager grabs a pair of keys. He holds out the keys in one hand. He opens his other hand.

HOTEL MANAGER
That'll be exactly fifteen dollars.

Charlie Coombes hands the Hotel Manager the money.

CHARLES COOMBES
Here you are.

The Hotel Manager hands Charlie Coombes the keys.

HOTEL MANAGER
Thank you. Your rooms are numbers eight and nine.

BUD LANKINS
Ish there a bathtub?

The Hotel Manager grows nervous. He grabs his handkerchief. He nervously dabs his forehead.

HOTEL MANAGER
There's a patron currently using it. You'll have to wait til he's done.

BUD LANKINS
(angry)
He'sh about to get kicked out.

INT. HALLWAY

Bud steps forward. Charlie knocks on the door. No answer.

BUD LANKINS

(slurs)

The Hotelier said there was someone
in yonder.

Charlie pulls his guns. Bud can't hold himself any longer.

CHARLES COOMBES

Anybody in there?

Silence greets them.

BUD LANKINS

Bust it down I saysh!

Charlie grips his guns and braces himself. Charlie kicks the
door in.

INT. BATHROOM

Bud and Charlie stand in the open doorway. The door SQUEAKS
closed. It grazes Bud's rear end. He shoots the door.

BUD LANKINS

Damnation!

Charlie finds: IGNATIO "NACHO" REED, (62), portly, grizzled.
Ignatio sleeps dressed in his soiled longjohns. He sleeps in
the bath water.

Charlie moves forward. Ignatio snores like a buzzsaw and
shifts in the tub. Ignatio grimaces. The tub rumbles.

A trickle of water breaks the surface. Charlie frowns. He
waves his hands and holds his nose.

CHARLES COOMBES

Damn, dog. He's got worse gas than
a coal mine.

BUD LANKINS

It's called Enflatulitous.

CHARLES COOMBES

Well that enflatulightous sho'
don't delight us, it stanks like a
near's ass.

Bud lifts his handkerchief. He covers his face.

BUD LANKINS

Lawd have mercy, he done stunk me
out.

(MORE)

BUD LANKINS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Wake him up.

Charlie taps Ignatio's shoulder. Ignatio rolls over in the tub. He lays with his mouth like a Large Mouth Bass.

CHARLES COOMBES

Hey mister.

Ignatio is nearly comatose. Charlie steps beside him. Bud walks to a metal bucket filled with empty bottles.

Bud lifts the bucket. He dumps the bottles. They shatter.

Ignatio lurches out of the tub. He reacts like a scalded hound. Ignatio is scared out of his mind.

IGNATIO REED

What in tarnation? Betty!

Bud smiles. Ignatio awakes with a start.

BUD LANKINS

Howdy mishter. Been here long?

IGNATIO REED

(remembers)

Last I remember, I was cutting a rug with Betty Lou. She told me I needed a bath --

BUD LANKINS

Yo' time is up. Now git afore I git mad!

IGNATIO REED

Can I at least get my clothes?

Ignatio climbs out of the tub. He is completely drenched. Bud grows angry at Ignatio's slothfulness.

BUD LANKINS

Git yer damned crap and go!

Ignatio bends over and picks up his clothes. Bud kicks Ignatio in the ass. Ignatio drops his belongings.

IGNATIO REED

What's got you all fired?

BUD LANKINS

I ain't been clean in nigh on three days.

IGNATIO REED
That ain't none of my funeral,
there's a crick yonder --

Bud holds his gun against Ignatio's temple. He clicks the hammer open.

BUD LANKINS
That's just it, it will be your
funeral if you don't move.

Ignatio tries to stare Bud down. His bloodshot eyes make Ignatio look comical. Charlie pulls Ignatio into the hallway.

CHARLES COOMBES
This way my inebriated friend.

Charlie exits after him. Bud begins to undress.

BUD LANKINS
Make sure you teach him a lesson
Charlie. Don't want him blunder
bussin' into here while I'm in my
birthday suit.

INT. HALLWAY

Charlie pushes Ignatio down the hall.

CHARLES COOMBES
Why is you in them soppin' wet
longjohn's?

Ignatio fondly remembers. He begins to expound.

IGNATIO REED
I had to cover my bodacious self.
Didn't want ya'll to think I
weren't a peart Christian?

CHARLES COOMBES
Mister you get any riper and the
skunk's will take offense!

Charlie kicks Ignatio down the stairs. Ignatio crashes to the first floor.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - BACK OF PROPERTY

Wynn, Capt. Sanders, and Red enter on horseback. Miss Sorrel and Miss Martin enter on a fully loaded buckboard. Jack the Scarecrow sits atop the supplies.

Wynn slows his horse. He rides beside Red. Maj. Richardson reins his horse to walk in time with Red.

WYNN

How you fixed to take your revenge?

Red removes his hat and dabs his forehead with a sweat soaked handkerchief.

RED

I reckon I'll row them fuckers up the Salt River once I find them.

WYNN

How peart is your shooting?

RED

(offended)

More peart than a gaggle of Yankees on Northern soil.

Wynn smirks wilily. He rides to the buckboard where he removes Red's holster. He rides back to Red.

Wynn hands Red his holster with Betsy and Bertie.

WYNN

Prove it.

(to Miss Sorrel)

Girls, park the buckboard. Get Jack for me.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Yes sir.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - CORN FIELD - DAY

Miss Sorrel and Miss Martin stop the buckboard and hop off. Wynn, Red and Capt. Sanders dismount.

Maj. Richardson disappears into the cornfield and returns with Jack the Scarecrow. Red becomes upset.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Where do you want Jack?

WYNN

Put him on the buckboard.

Maj. Richardson gently positions Jack on the buckboard and steps away.

RED
What are you a-doin' with Jack?

WYNN
Here's your chance to prove how
peart your gun is.

Wynn walks to the buckboard driver's seat and sits Jack the Scarecrow down.

RED
Why'd you sit Jack there?

Wynn turns and walks astride Red.

WYNN
This is your chance to shoot Jack.

RED
You want me to shoot my best friend
Jack?

Capt. Sanders scoffs at Red.

CAPT. SANDERS
How can a Scarecrow be your best
friend?

Red faces Capt. Sanders, anger etched in his face.

RED
Live out on a farm by your lonesome
and see how you feel?

WYNN
Colonel, please remove your girls
and shoot Jack.

RED
(appalled)
WHAT? Jack is my friend, I can't
shoot him. It'd be like me turning
my gun on my own kin!

WYNN
Mr. Sanders, give Red some
motivation.

Capt. Sanders walks to Jack the Scarecrow and wraps his gun holster on the Scarecrow.

RED
What's that fer?

WYNN

You see anyone with a gun in front of you, they're the enemy. No time for thinkin'.

Red hesitates.

RED

I can't.

WYNN

You can't or you won't?

Wynn draws and COCKS HIS GUN.

RED

I can't.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - BACK OF PROPERTY - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Wynn holds his gun at Red's head. Red becomes shaken.

WYNN

I said shoot the damn Scarecrow!

RED

I can't shoot Jack!

WYNN

You don't know Jack. He's gonna plug your worthless ass unless you draw and defend yourself. NOW DO IT!

RED

I won't.

Wynn buries his gun's nozzle into Red's head.

WYNN

Do it or you die. DO IT!

RED

NO!

Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel quiver. Miss Martin wrings her hands.

MISS MARTIN

Why doesn't he shoot?

MISS SORREL

He can't. It's an honor thing.

EXT. RED'S HOMESTEAD - CORN FIELD - DAY

Wynn hands begins to shake. His nerves frayed, he clenches the gun.

WYNN
Jack just killed your wife and
sons, how about that?

Red suddenly SNAPS and his smile turns into a FEARSOME LEER.
HE GRIMACES AS HIS HANDS FLASH TO BETSY AND BERTIE.

RED
Dirty, low down bushwhackin' son of
a bitch!

Red SCREAMS IN ANGER. He unloads both guns into Jack the
Scarecrow who FLOPS TO THE GROUND, FULL OF LEAD.

WYNN
How do you feel?

RED
Like a murderin' son of a bitch.

CAPT. SANDERS
I do believe he's ready Wynn.

WYNN
Load your Henry and your saddle
bags, we leave in the morning.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Gen. Cobb and Snakebite walk through town. Townspeople break
away from them in nervous anticipation.

GEN. COBB
Why do the locals scatter before
us?

SNAKEBITE
They fear the hatred I exude for
all livin' creatures.

GEN. COBB
Hate is of the devil, surely you're
not completely hateful?

SNAKEBITE
I is that hateful. Don't preach to
me about turnin' the other cheek.

GEN. COBB
Why not? Your father was a
preacher, the same as you?

SNAKEBITE
Exceptin' that I ain't never
preached but once.

GEN. COBB
Who did you preach to?

SNAKEBITE
A man I killed shortly after --

GEN. COBB
What was the point?

SNAKEBITE
That were my first, best and
onliest.

EXT. TOWN

Red, Maj. Richardson, Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter. Miss
Martin and Miss Sorrel follow on the buckboard.

WYNN
Girls, take the buckboard to the
hotel.
(to Red)
Gentlemen, get us a pair of rooms,
I'll be up in a bit.

Red and Capt. Sanders ride toward the hotel behind the
buckboard.

Wynn rides toward the saloon.

EXT. SALOON

Wynn dismounts and walks to the Saloon. He glances inside and
slides out of the way. Gen. Cobb and Snakebite exit the
Saloon before him.

Wynn tips his hat over his head and face as Snakebite and
Gen. Cobb enter the street.

WYNN'S POV

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb walk down the street toward the
Hotel.

BACK TO SCENE

Wynn zigzags across the street.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter. The move to the Hotel entrance, slowly pursued by Wynn in the distance.

SNAKEBITE

It'll be a great treat to finally kill Red and be done with it.

GEN. COBB

The only problem is, we don't know where to find Red?

SNAKEBITE

Don't worry, I can find him. His odor sticks out like a sore thumb.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY

Capt. Sanders and Red enter room 5 as Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter the hallway.

SNAKEBITE

I know that damned Red is gonna come after us.

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter room 8.

INT. ROOM 8

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter the well accoutred room.

GEN. COBB

I don't think we'll have to go looking for Red. Knowing the man's affection for his family, I'll bet he'll go through hell across lots to find us. He'll be after us. Question is, will we be peart enough for the show?

INT. ROOM 4

Red and Capt. Sanders sit in the room as Wynn enters.

WYNN

Red, Sanders, you've got the rotten bastards that killed your family in the hotel, here and now!

RED

Where's Maj. Richardson?

WYNN

Tending the horses.

Red LURCHES from his seat and pulls Betsy and Bertie from their holsters.

RED

If you'll excuse me gentlemen, there's no need to get involved in my affair of state.

Red walks to the door, but Wynn grabs him by the arm.

WYNN

You gonna be hard headed or smart on this?

RED

What are you on about?

WYNN

Both General Cobb and that murderin' Judas of a Preacher are down the hallway yonder. You have as much chance of getting them both as catching a weasel asleep.

CAPT. SANDERS

Not to mention they have a couple of dupes hanging around like a pair of sacks of potatoes.

RED

What's the plan then?

WYNN

You lay low. I doubt they'd recognize me or Capt. Sanders. Let us do some reconnoitering for you. We'll be back when we're ready to pounce.

Wynn and Capt. Sanders move to the door, their minds made up.

RED

Too bad I'm not going with you. I'd love to pin their Judas asses to the outhouse wall!

WYNN

Keep faith Red. We'll hang out at the Saloon and keep a low profile. From what we glean there, we'll be better prepared --

RED

Good luck.

Wynn and Capt. Sanders exit.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter and walk to the Saloon entrance where Bud and Charlie Coombes who are bullying Ignatio.

BUD LANKINS

Looky here at what I found Charlie, a corned country bumpkin!

Bud kicks Ignatio in the butt. Charlie Coombes laughs at the sight.

CHARLES COOMBES

Looks like he's got a brick in his hat!

Charlie Coombes kicks Ignatio in the butt. Ignatio tumbles forward and out into the street.

BUD LANKINS

I ain't never seen someone so skunked drunk in all my days.

CHARLES COOMBES

Let's give him a wake up call.

Bud smiles as he follows Ignatio into the street. Wynn and Capt. Sanders stand before Bud and Charlie Coombes as they continue their abuse of Ignatio.

Bud sees the men and relents his attack on Ignatio. Maj. Richardson enters behind Wynn.

BUD LANKINS

(to Wynn)

Hello Marshal, is there something we can do for you?

Wynn's face contorts in a fierce scowl.

WYNN

There sure is. Why are you bothering this poor soul. A blind man can see that ain't a fair fight.

Bud nervously steps back. Maj. Richardson watches them cautiously.

BUD LANKINS

We's just having some fun with our friend -- You misunderstand us?

WYNN

What's there to misunderstand? He's blind drunk and can't tell which way is up, and you're tormenting him with your picking on him.

CHARLES COOMBES

It's just in jest.

WYNN

Well, jest in case you don't read me, understand, I don't like bullies. I was bullied when I was knee high to a milk stool.

BUD LANKINS

You from the country?

WYNN

I'm from Texas. You don't mess with folks from Texas. We do everything bigger, and that includes ass-whoopin's.

CHARLES COOMBES

You can't whoop my ass Marshal. You're nothing but a wanna-be. I thought you all wuz peacemakers.

Wynn walks to Ignatio and helps him up. Maj. Richardson assists helping Ignatio to his feet. Charles Coombes recognizes Maj. Richardson with a cold flicker of a smile.

WYNN

The problem with people is they misquote the Bible. It says blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall find peace.

(MORE)

WYNN (CONT'D)

I'm about to make peace, cause I'm about to shoot you to pieces.

CAPT. SANDERS

So in a way of sayin', you'd better make peace with God, cause we're gonna send you to meet him.

BUD LANKINS

God judges us, isn't he the one who does the work?

CAPT. SANDERS

There you go again, misquotin' the Bible all over again. It's God's job to judge. It's our job to arrange the meetin' between the two of you.

WYNN

Without the shedding of blood, there is no forgiveness. So the way I reckon, you ain't been forgiven -- yet --

CHARLES COOMBES

Then make your move!
(to Mr. Richardson)
You're next, turncoat.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

I'm ready.

Wynn waves his hand to get Charles Coombes' attention.

WYNN

You want a piece of me?

CHARLES COOMBES

I'll take you, your deputy and Mister Richardson.

WYNN

Then slap your leather and make your die!

Wynn stares Charlie Coombes down. Charlie Coombes' hand shakes as he lowers it toward his gun.

Wynn smiles and then winks at Charlie Coombes.

CHARLES COOMBES

You dirty scumbelly!

Charlie Coombes reaches for his gun. Wynn's hand FLASHES TO HIS GUN AND KILLS CHARLIE COOMBES.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 8

Gen. Cobb SUDDENLY LURCHES awake from his nap. He gasps and feels his chest and body.

GEN. COBB
What was that?

Snakebite stands with a foot on the window ledge, holding the drapes open and looks out the window.

SNAKEBITE
Charlie Coombes done got fitted for his coffin clothes.

Snakebite turns away from the window. He walks to Gen. Cobb who sits up on his bed.

GEN. COBB
Who killed him?

SNAKEBITE
Some Yankee Marshall.
(beat)
The same marshal who caught us at Sabine?

GEN. COBB
Red's with him, I know it. We've got to get to the guns.

SNAKEBITE
Ain't we gonna make a fist with them guns?

GEN. COBB
First things first. It'll be hard to make money on those guns when we're dead. Grab your gear, we're leaving!

INT. ROOM 4

Red hears the gunshot and moves to the door. He hesitates, conflicted. He draws Betsy and opens the door into the hallway.

COL. REED POV

As we see the open hallway. Down the hallway, room 8's door opens. Snakebite steps out and sees Red.

SNAKEBITE
Son of a bitch! It's Red!

Snakebite DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES. Red FIRES two volleys from Betsy and SLAMS the door.

BACK TO SCENE

Snakebite's shots SPLINTER the door.

INT. ROOM 8

Red holsters Betsy and turns toward the closet. He runs toward the open closet as Snakebite KICKS DOWN THE DOOR AND ENTERS WITH GUNS BLAZING.

Red DRAWS BERTIE, and along with Betsy, FIRES. Snakebite SHUDDERS with hits on his arm, shoulder and leg. Red turns away from the closet and runs toward the window.

COL. REED LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HOTEL - SECOND STORY

Red EXPLODES FROM THE WINDOW and lands on an angled portion of room where he rolls and FALLS TO THE GROUND.

SMASH TO:

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET

Red lands on one knee on the soft, sandy ground. Ricochets RESOUND as near misses STITCH THE GROUND at his feet.

Red races to a nearby store.

EXT. HOTEL - SECOND STORY

Snakebite stands on the sloped roof as Gen. Cobb enters room 4. Snakebite crawls back inside THROUGH the window.

GEN. COBB
What happened?

SNAKEBITE

It was Red! I shot at him, but he got away.

Gen. Cobb is anxious.

GEN. COBB

We need to get back to the guns. We can't make a fist if there's nothing to sell.

Snakebite holds his wounds and broods.

SNAKEBITE

Then let's cap the climax.

EXT. TOWN - SALOON - DAY

Wynn holds his gun on Bud. Red STUMBLES forward and crashes at Wynn's feet. Maj. Richardson draws his gun on Bud.

WYNN

Land sakes Red. What happened?

RED

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb are in the hotel. They're a-makin' their escape!

Bud holds his hands in the air. Ignatio stumbles forward, totally drunk.

WYNN

Then we follow them. Red, help your brother. Mr. Lankins, you're free to leave.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

When you see General Cobb, give him my regards.

Bud runs forward, stops, and glances down at the corpse of Charlie Coombes.

BUD LANKINS

You saved my life Marshal -- I could return the favor some day -- maybe.

Bud exits hastily.

WYNN

Your foes are leaving Red. I recommend that we follow them. Once we know where they have the guns, we can get them back.

Red has a pang of conscience.

RED

When we meet them, I'm gonna destroy them rat bastards! They killed my family. I can only repay the favor.

Wynn holds his head down.

WYNN

When you do, you'll face the beast. It's not the men, or the scourge of battle. It'll be your own mind fighting for mastery of your soul!

Red boldly steps forward.

RED

I'll bear that cross when I get to it. Now let's finish it!

Maj. Richardson steps forward and holsters his gun.

WYNN

We'll finish this thing --
(beat)
For your family --

Red holds Betsy and Bertie and FIRES THEM IN THE AIR.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TESUQUE BUTTE - DAY

Gen. Cobb, Bud and Snakebite enter on horseback. They're sunburned and dehydrated. Bud falls off his horse.

BUD LANKINS

Water! Where in the hell is the water?

Gen. Cobb dismounts walks to Bud and KICKS HIM IN THE BUTT.

GEN. COBB

Get up you damned mangy cur.
Where's your canteen?

Bud reacts to being kicked.

BUD LANKINS

I ain't got one since that Yankee
Marshal done killed Mr. Coombes.

Gen. Cobb walked past Bud and marches into a small pond up to
his knees.

GEN. COBB

There's water in the pond you lazy
son of a bitch. Get yourself a
drink and begin to load the guns.

Snakebite dismounts, his senses on fire.

SNAKEBITE

We'd best get the guns to a
carriage soon, lest Red put a hitch
in our get along.

Gen. Cobb is furious and turns on Snakebite.

GEN. COBB

Everybody dies. I ain't seen any
proof that you are among the
faithfully redeemed?

Snakebite broods.

SNAKEBITE

Maybe I is, maybe I ain't. But I
ain't gonna wait for the damned
Yankees and Red to stitch me my
coffin clothes.

GEN. COBB

You'd best make peace with God son,
it's the only way to die.

SNAKEBITE

How do I fireproof my soul,
General?

GEN. COBB

You have to look to your faith son.
Once you're drenched in his
baptism, you'll be free at last.

Bud crawls to the pond where he climbs to his knees, spreads
his arms and SPLASH!

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - TESUQUE BUTTE - SMALL POND - DAY

Bud cools off in the pond as Snakebite and Gen. Cobb move to the abandoned mine.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

Wynn, Maj. Richardson, Capt. Sanders, Red, Ignatio ride ahead.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - TESUQUE BUTTE - SMALL POND - DAY

Bud and Snakebite swim in the pond. Both men enjoy the cool water. Gen. Cobb hobbles to the pond's edge.

GEN. COBB

Gentlemen, now that you have cooled yourselves, might I tempt you to fetch yourselves from the water and get ready to transport?

Snakebite SPLASHES angrily.

SNAKEBITE

Transport to where?

GEN. COBB

Anywhere but here. Mr. Lankins please get the guns and load the flatboats.

SNAKEBITE

What are the flatboats for?

GEN. COBB

Our escape.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

Wynn, Capt. Sanders, Red and Ignatio ride through a barren, unforgiving landscape.

WYNN

Their tracks lead off this way. What are the chances we'll find them before they're off loaded?

RED

Slim to none. The quicker we find them, the quicker we can stop them.

They ride a little further, and something flashes behind them. The flash catches Wynn's attention.

WYNN
What's that yonder?

COL. REED POV

as a flash flares in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

RED
The women have decided to follow us.

CAPT. SANDERS
What are they thinking?

RED
They're catching up, we'd better do something or they might get hurt.

CAPT. SANDERS
I'd hate to see them chewed up if we find General Cobb.

RED
We need to slow them down or stop them altogether.

CAPT. SANDERS
What do you suggest?

RED
Slow them down.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel follow the men.

MISS MARTIN
Are you sure they came this way?

MISS SORREL
Positive, their horses tracks are right there.
(points)

Miss Sorrel follows several tracks.

MISS MARTIN

There's several tracks here. Some head back the way we came, others lead ahead into the desert. Which way should we go?

RED (O.S.)

Going back the way you came would suit me fine ladies.

Red enters on horseback beside Miss Sorrel's horse. Wynn and Capt. Sanders ride alongside him.

MISS SORREL

Red darlin' what are you doin' here?

RED

Here to make sure you don't get chawed up by those savagerous murderin' bastards I'm after.

MISS MARTIN

Where do you expect us to go?

IGNATIO REED (O.S.)

Somewhere where them rat bastards can't get you.

WYNN

Ladies, as a sworn lawman I must agree with Red.

Ignatio enters beside Miss Martin.

MISS MARTIN

Colonel, who is this man?

RED

Ladies this is United States Marshall Wynn, his deputy, Capt. Sanders, Maj. Richardson and my older brother Ignatio, or Nacho.

Miss Martin continues ahead. Miss Sorrel moves forward, unaffected by Red's entreaties.

MISS MARTIN

How do you do?

MISS SORREL

We have every right to go with Red. We share the danger.

CAPT. SANDERS

You do have the right to accompany us, but remember, you could be dead right.

MISS SORREL

What's that supposed to mean?

WYNN

What he's trying to say is that you have every right to join us, however, your choice may get you killed.

IGNATIO REED

You may join us, but be aware, that you are in as much danger as we are?

MISS MARTIN

I'd feel a whole lot better if we could accompany ya'll to the end of the line.

Red shakes his head as he rides.

RED

Miss Sorrel, I'm sure you could whip your weight in wildcats, but we could not put you in danger.

Miss Sorrel grimaces as she rides up to Ignatio.

MISS SORREL

Gentlemen, your sensibilities are in good order, however, we are quite capable of takin' care of ourselves. You aren't putting us in danger. We're riding into it of our own free will.

IGNATIO REED

I understand dear lady, but as the Marshal and Red have pointed out, we cannot put you in danger.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - SMALL BLUFF - DAY

Large cacti bloom and grow in the distance. Miss Sorrel rides in front of Wynn, Capt. Sanders, Red and Ignatio.

MISS SORREL
Gentlemen, I'll make you a wager.
Pick a target and if I hit it, we
tag along with you. If I miss, then
we pack up and go home.

IGNATIO REED
Sounds fair enough.

Red rides to Ignatio and leans toward him.

RED
Ignatio, that girl is a right peart
shot. She'll hit anything within
two hundred yards.

Ignatio thinks a little.

IGNATIO REED
Then we'd better give her a right
peart target to shoot.

Ignatio reaches into his saddle bag and pulls out a pair of
binoculars. He walks in front of Wynn who grimaces in
disgust.

WYNN
Is there anything worth shooting
out there?

Ignatio scans ahead, and sees something he can barely make
out.

IGNATIO REED
There's something out there,
something shiny.

Red walks to Ignatio. He snatches the binoculars from him and
scans the horizon.

RED
There's something yonder out ahead
of us. If you put a shot into it
from here, you'll earn your spot.

Miss Sorrel dismounts and grabs her rifle. She scans the
horizon. Red spots for her. He spots a cactus shaped like a
letter F. On it is a small medallion.

MISS SORREL
Where's my target?

RED

It's over two hundred yards out and about ten degrees to your left.

ON MISS SORREL

Miss Sorrel trains her rifle on the spot. She squints as she tries to pick it up.

MISS SORREL

I don't make him.

RED

It's out there, its a large cactus shaped like an F. There's something shiny on it.

MISS SORREL

I see it, what do you want me to shoot?

RED

The shiny thing.

Miss Sorrel levels her gun and takes aim. She trains the gun on the cactus. She holds for a count of three and -- BOOM!

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

The tree EXPLODES. A tin can FLIES from the tree into the air and -- BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! Miss Sorrel BLASTS three holes into it.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - SMALL BLUFF - DAY

Red jumps for joy, grabs his hat and WHOOPS IT UP.

RED

Son of a bitch! That's some rip-snorting shooting girl.

Miss Sorrel slowly lowers her gun, a smirk of satisfaction on her lips.

MISS SORREL

You gonna stand there having a heart attack, or you going to confirm my shots?

RED

Marshal, would you like to join me in confirming Miss Sorrel's shots?

Wynn boasts a wide smile as he walks to Red's side.

WYNN

That woman shoots twice as good as any man I've ever seen. Let's fetch the cup.

RED

Marshal.

Red gestures to Wynn as they exit.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

Red and Wynn enter and find the metal cup. Red bends over, picks it up and inspects it.

RED

Well, looky here. This is the object Miss Sorrel shot.

Red turns the cup over in his hands. Wynn walks to Red and takes the cup.

WYNN

She's a might peartier than any man I know.

(leery)

What the hell is a metal cup a-doin' out here?

RED

Maybe it was lost?

WYNN

On a cactus, up above our head? That was left for us. Gen. Cobb is mocking us.

RED

What should we do now?

WYNN

(smiles)

Let's show Miss Sorrel the fruits of her labor.

Wynn TAPS THE CUP.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TESUQUE BUTTE - DAY

Bud, Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter.

GEN. COBB
Mr. Lankins, please fetch the guns
and put them on the flatboat.
Time's running out on us and I'd
like make a fist with these guns!

Bud salutes.

BUD LANKINS
Right away sir.

Bud exits. Gen. Cobb turns to Snakebite.

GEN. COBB
Snakebite, its time to kill Mr.
Reed and his friends. This may be
the last chance you may ever get to
kill a Yankee.

SNAKEBITE
Something tells me its gonna be a
whole lot more fun than shootin'
Yankees!

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL

Bud hauls a gun crate down toward the lower level.

EXT. MINE - DAY

Snakebite enters. Gen. Cobb follows him inside.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL

Snakebite and Gen. Lee Roy walk to the gun crates. Snakebite
admires the crates.

SNAKEBITE
Dern shame we couldn'ta made some
money with them guns!

GEN. COBB
We'll do the next best thing, we'll
load up and disappear. Someone's
always needin' guns somewhere?

Bud enters.

SNAKEBITE
Where's the flatboats?

BUD LANKINS

One level down. Be careful, the mine's dilapidated and dangerous. One wrong step could get you lost.

SNAKEBITE

(bristles)

Hell of a time for a preachin' session.

BUD LANKINS

Naw, naw. You don't understand. You fall and you will be lost down in the mine. Some of these mine tunnels are bottomless.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - TESUQUE BUTTE - SMALL POND - DAY

Red, Wynn, and Capt. Sanders ride toward a dry gulch. A small pond sits nearby. Red dismounts and walks to the pond.

Ignatio, Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel follow them.

Wynn reins his horse. He feels they are being watched. Capt. Sanders rides along with Red to the pond.

RED

Someone stopped here. There's muddy, sandy tracks all over here.

WYNN

Looks like they found a water source before they went on.

RED

We'd best be advised to fill up. No tellin' how long we'll in the scrub.

Capt. Sanders' horse drinks from the pond. Ignatio dismounts. He waddles up to the pond's edge.

IGNATIO REED

I could use a bath, but since there are lady folk present I shall do my best to keep them from avertin' their tender eyes from my bodacious self...

Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel giggle politely.

MISS SORREL

Ignatio --

(composes self)

Nacho. If you need to get clean,
then by all means, do so. Don't
wait on ceremony with us.

Ignatio smiles a delirious smile. He runs to the pond, leaps in.

Ignatio goes under. He breaks the surface and stands up. He is completely drenched.

IGNATIO REED

(scoops a drink)

Thank Gawd. I needed some water.
Tastier than whiskey and soda...

Wynn chuckles, amused by Ignatio's joy. Red smiles as he walks to the pond. The water undulates and relaxes. A shiny object appears under the water.

Red cocks his head.

WYNN

Nacho, do you feel like a new man?

IGNATIO REED

Best I felt in hours.

Red wades into pond. He splashes to the shiny object. Ignatio acts strangely as his brother splashes past him.

WYNN

What is it?

Red steps toward the object. He rifles his hand under the water. Red grabs the object. He pulls it from the water.

The shiny object shimmers in Red's hand.

ON COL. REED'S HAND

Red gently inspects the shiny object.

RED

Springfield Massachusetts. This is
a lot number. Gen. Cobb came this
way. All we got to do is follow his
tracks.

WYNN

Well done, Red.

RED
They can't be too far --
(to Ignatio)
Come on Nacho!

IGNATIO REED
Yippee ki yay! Ye-hah!

Ignatio enthusiastically leaps out of the water, lands and RIPS a righteous fart. Embarrassed, Ignatio bows his head.

IGNATIO REED (CONT'D)
Apologies. I was a might too peart.

WYNN
Nacho, how dare you fart before the women!

IGNATIO REED
(snarky)
I'm sorry sir, was it their turn?

Red removes his hat and swats Ignatio.

RED
Good going, fart-a-cus!

Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel turn their horses around. They trot them before Wynn and Red.

MISS MARTIN
Gentlemen, now that the rats out of the bag, I believe Miss Sorrel and I shall be ridin' up wind from now on?

Red mounts his horse. Ignatio hobbles to his horse and climbs into the saddle.

RED
Come on Nacho!

Ignatio struggles to get his feet into his stirrups. He hops with one foot in the stirrups. The horse begins to trot away.

IGNATIO REED
I'm a comin'! My horse ain't very cooperative at the moment.

RED
Could be he's downwind and got a whiff of you?

IGNATIO REED

If he did, he'd be one fart smeller
I tell you.

Red, Wynn, Capt. Sanders ride after Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel. Ignatio trots forward behind them.

INT. MINE - SECOND STORY - UNDERGROUND PIER

Bud steps onto the pier. The gun crates sit balanced on a flatboat. Several natural skylights light the underground river.

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb enter and step onto the pier.

SNAKEBITE

Are the guns loaded yet?

BUD LANKINS

Got a couple of crates to load, but
we'll be ready to sail soon.

Snakebite grows restless.

SNAKEBITE

Suits me just fine. Need me to get
some more Yankees to kill.

GEN. COBB

Snakebite, don't you ever think of
anything except killin' Yankees?
What drove you to this hatred?

SNAKEBITE

Yankees killed my family when
raided the Shenandoah Valley. They
ransacked the farm the house.

GEN. COBB

Damn Yankees!

SNAKEBITE

Damn Yankees indeed. They stripped
the barn of all food, slaughtered
their animals, and torched our
house.

GEN. COBB

What happened to your father?

SNAKEBITE

(eyes tear)

He died with my mother and sister
when they were trapped in the
burning house.

Gen. Cobb bows his head.

GEN. COBB

Yankees killed your family and
burned your inheritance to ashes.
These guns are going to smite those
unholy miscreants!

SNAKEBITE

One can only hope. It's because of
that I lost my faith.

GEN. COBB

One can hardly blame you for your
righteous anger. But no matter, we
shall win the day.

Bud carries a gun crate.

BUD LANKINS

One more gun crate and we're ready
to sail General.

GEN. COBB

Excellent Mr. Lankins. Secure the
boat for departure.

BUD LANKINS

Yes sir.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - TESUQUE BUTTE - MINE ENTRANCE

Red, Capt. Sanders and Wynn enter and dismount. Miss Martin,
Miss Sorrel and Ignatio enter behind them.

MISS SORREL

Great day in the morning! Is that
where they hid their booty?

Red walks to the mine entrance.

RED

They're here all right. You can
hear them.

Wynn walks up behind Red.

WYNN

Okay Red. What's the plan?

RED

I intend to kill them damn varmints. You can come and get the guns after, that's why you were dispatched isn't it?

WYNN

I was dispatched to meet the guns at Sabine. We were delayed by weather and a bunch of damned Yankees.

RED

So you have a vested interest in their recovery, don't you?

WYNN

Damn right.

Red, Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter the mine. Miss Martin, Miss Sorrel and Ignatio hesitate. They are unsure of themselves.

IGNATIO REED

Would you ladies like to follow them?

MISS MARTIN

I surely wouldn't.

MISS SORREL

What should we do?

IGNATIO REED

With my luck, I'd say we head south, just in case Red and them don't stop Gen. Cobb.

Miss Sorrel mounts her horse. She pulls her rifle and cocks it in one motion.

MISS SORREL

Then let's ride!

INT. MINE - SECOND STORY - UNDERGROUND PIER

Snakebite, Gen. Cobb and Bud step onto a flatboat loaded with gun crates. Bud inspects the secured gun crates.

BUD
General, all the crates are secured
onboard. We're ready to sail.

Gen. Cobb smiles and THUMPS his cane.

GEN. COBB
Then, by all means, Mr. Lankins,
let us depart.

Bud unties the flatboat. He pushes it downstream and jumps
aboard.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL

Red, Maj. Richardson, Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter.

WYNN
Which way do we go?

Red calmly looks around. He sees a darkened corridor ahead.

RED
There's the way we should go?

WYNN
How do you know?

RED
A feeling in my gut, and the cold
sensation rising in my spine.

WYNN
Lead on.

Wynn steps forward and listens. A soft, audible noise rises.
Red suddenly exits.

RED
This way!

WYNN
(to Capt. Sander)
Let's hope he knows what he's
doing!

Wynn and Capt. Sanders follow Red. They exit hastily down the
darkened corridor.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - WASHED OUT GULLY - DAY

Ignatio, Miss Martin and Miss Sorrel ride toward an overlook. Ignatio bounds off his horse. He moseys to the overlook.

EXT. OVERLOOK - DAY

Ignatio walks out onto the rocky overlook. He takes in the view. A small valley spreads out below him. A long, winding river moves ahead of them.

IGNATIO REED

Ladies, I encourage you to grab your guns, bring them hither and take a look at the view yonder.

Miss Sorrel and Miss Martin dismount. Miss Sorrel grabs her rifle. Both women wander to the overlook and gasp.

MISS SORREL

Lord Almighty. What a view!

MISS MARTIN

Oh my gosh, that's incredible!

The women stand in wonder at the spectacular view.

INT. MINE - SECOND LEVEL - SECONDARY CORRIDOR

Red enters the third level. He finds empty mine carts. Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter.

WYNN

Which way now?

Red tries to pick the right corridor to follow. Maj. Richardson enters. He slides to a halt. Red gasps for breath.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Which way now, Colonel?

Red leans forward. He feels a cool breeze on his cheek. He knows which way to go.

RED

This way.

Red races down a darkened corridor. Maj. Richardson shrugs his arms. Wynn and Capt. Sanders exit after Red.

ON MAJ. RICHARDSON

Maj. Richardson struggles to catch his breath. Maj. Richardson inspects the side of the cart. He turns and exits.

INT. MINE - SECOND STORY - UNDERGROUND PIER

Red races to a sandy landing. Several torches illuminate an empty pier. Wynn and Capt. Sanders race onto the pier.

WYNN

They're gone. There's no way we're going to catch them now!

Red inspects the area.

CAPT. SANDERS

Can't believe we missed them. Damn!

Capt. Sanders walks off the pier toward a massive, junk filled area. He digs through the junk and finds something.

CAPT. SANDERS (CONT'D)

Colonel? What the hell's underneath all this junk?

RED

There's something underneath it, let's clear the junk and see what we've got!

Red turns toward the junk. Red discards junk from something underneath. He looks up and can't see Maj. Richardson.

RED (CONT'D)

Where's Maj. Richardson?

WYNN

He was right behind us. He stopped to catch his breath.

RED

If he doesn't catch up, we won't catch General Cobb.

CAPT. SANDERS

Looks like a skiff!

Capt. Sanders discards more refuse and uncovers a flatboat. They look at each other.

RED

We got a boat.

INT. MINE - SECOND STORY - SECONDARY CORRIDOR

Maj. Richardson enters with a rifle and two saddle bags. He throws the saddle bags into the cart. Maj. Richardson lays the rifle gently inside. He grabs the cart.

Maj. Richardson shoves the cart forward. He jumps inside the cart.

INT. SECOND STORY - UNDERGROUND PIER

Red and Capt. Sanders spread out and inspect the flatboat.

RED
Marshal? Think you could give us a
hand with this?

WYNN
Son of a bitch.

Wynn races to the boat. Red and Capt. Sanders lift an edge. They move the boat.

RED
Help us get the boat in the water.

Wynn helps them slide the flatboat into the water. They board the flatboat.

Red briefly steps off. He grabs a long paddle. He runs and jumps onto the flatboat.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Red moves to the flatboat's stern. He paddles the flatboat ahead. Wynn and Capt. Sanders fight to keep their feet.

WYNN
Okay Red, get this boat moving.
We've got a cache of guns to catch!

RED
Brace yourselves, we got rapids
coming.

EXT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - RAPIDS

The awkward boat tips and pitches. It rumbles through the rapids. Wynn and Capt. Sanders struggle to stand.

INT. MINE - MINE CAR

Maj. Richardson races down the track. He desperately holds onto the brake and rolls over a treacherous piece of track.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Jumpin' Jiminy!

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT - UNDERGROUND RIVER

Gen. Cobb restacks a pair of crates. He sits on them. Bud works at the stern. Snakebite broods as they move along.

SNAKEBITE
How long until we're done?

BUD LANKINS
The river stays underground for a bit, then we're out in the open.

SNAKEBITE
I didn't ask for waypoints, you damn fool --
(grabs Bud)
How much longer?

BUD LANKINS
(anxious)
I --
(beat)
Don't know.

SNAKEBITE
Useless as tits on a bull!

INT. MINE CAR

Maj. Richardson clutches the brakes. The cart races around a corner, tilts, and then slams onto the track.

INT./EXT. MINE - DAY

Maj. Richardson slams the brakes.

MAJ. RICHARDSON - POV

as he looks down on the river down below him.

BACK TO SCENE

He picks up his rifle. He locks the brakes in place. He loads his rifle.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Ready for action.

EXT. RIVER - RED'S FLATBOAT

The flatboat races down the river. The men grab their guns.

RED
Ready?

WYNN
Better get your Henry rifle loaded,
Red. We may be on them pretty soon.

Wynn relieves Red.

RED
Thanks for the break. I'll load her
now, while we got time.

Red loads his rifle and counts the rounds. He lays his saddle bag next to his Henry.

WYNN
How you fixed for ammo?

RED
Loaded for bear, with more in the
saddle bags.

Capt. Sanders loads his rifle and cocks it. Wynn grabs another rifle and loads.

EXT. BUTTE - DAY

Maj. Richardson sits poised to begin. Voices echo below him.

MAJ. RICHARDSON - POV

He spots Gen. Cobb and his men on the flatboat.

RETURN TO SCENE

Maj. Richardson smiles. He takes aim.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Well howdy do me! I done hit the
jackpot!

Maj. Richardson FIRES.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Bud holds the tiller. A ricochet resounds. Everyone reacts.

SNAKEBITE

Where the hell did that come from?

Bud lays down the tiller. He unholsters his gun. Bud hides behind a gun stack.

Several shots tear into the deck. General Cobb falls to the deck.

GEN. COBB

Damnation. Git that son of bitch.

Snakebite angrily rips his guns out of his holster.

SNAKEBITE

He's a dead Yankee now!

Snakebite angrily returns fire.

EXT. BUTTE - DAY

Maj. Richardson DUCKS. Near misses strike the cart.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

Thunderation, they's a might peart!

Maj. Richardson fires several shots.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Red's flatboat catches Gen. Cobb's.

RED

There they are! HIT THEM!

Red fires. Wynn fires several shots ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

A ricochet resounds nearby. Bud spots Red's flatboat. Snakebite trains his gun.

BUD LANKINS
General Cobb, they found us!

General Cobb crawls toward the stern.

GEN. COBB
We'll have to beat the Dutch to
make it out of here alive!

Bud turns and fires. Snakebite fires at Maj. Richardson.

SNAKEBITE
Time to make a die boys.

EXT. BUTTE - DAY

Maj. Richardson fires relentlessly onto Flatboat #1.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Snakebite takes cover. Near misses strike all around him. Snakebite aims and waits. He counts three before he fires.

CUT TO:

INT. MINE CAR

Snakebite's shot destroys the mine cart's brake handle. Maj. Richardson jumps. The brake handle is broken. The mine cart slowly rolls down the track.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Jumpin' catfish!

The cart won't stop. Maj. Richardson pulls on the brake handle. The handle snaps off in his hand.

MAJ. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
HOLY CATS!

The mine cart gains momentum.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Snakebite boasts a greedy grin.

SNAKEBITE

I got him! Now we need to pepper
that boat behind us with some right
peart shootin'!

Ricochets strike the deck. Bud and Snakebite fire. A shot
twangs a crate's rope. The rope begins to fray.

EXT. BUTTE

Maj. Richardson's mine cart ZOOMS down the track. The cart
RATTLES ON THE TRACK as it races to:

EXT. BUTTE - TRACK END

Maj. Richardson ducks into the cart. The cart launches from
the track. The cart plummets to:

EXT. RIVER

The cart and Maj. Richardson separate in midair. Maj.
Richardson crashes into the water in front of Flatboat #2.

Maj. Richardson anxiously treads water. Red turns the
flatboat toward Maj. Richardson. Wynn kneels to the deck and
extends his arm.

Maj. Richardson swims to the flatboat. Wynn grabs and lifts
him onto the flatboat. Maj. Richardson coughs and hacks. He
falls to the deck on all fours.

WYNN

You okay, Mr. Richardson?

MAJ. RICHARDSON

I am now. Where'd they go?

WYNN

Out into the open.

Red walks to Maj. Richardson. He pats him on the back.

RED

Where in the hell did you go?

MAJ. RICHARDSON

I went back and grabbed my gun. I
figured I could outrun them and get
a few shots in. How'd I do?

RED
We're gonna be on them like an
Alabama tick. We can press them
now.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Then let the thing be pressed!

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Red races to the bow and takes aim.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
There's the varmints! Kill them!

Wynn Barr holds the tiller. Red, Maj. Richardson and Capt.
Sanders open fire.

RED
Get us closer.

WYNN
Closer? What ya gonna do?

RED
Board 'em!

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Gen. Cobb takes cover. Peart gunfire rips through the gun
crates.

GEN. COBB
Damnation -- They keep this up, we
won't have any guns left.

Snakebite moves takes cover behind a gun stack.

SNAKEBITE
Then we take them out now, like you
were supposed to --

GEN. COBB
I'm not too kee about that any more
Snakebite. I just want to get away -
- into retiracy.

SNAKEBITE
The only retiracy I see for us is
six feet deep!

Snakebite returns fire.

EXT. OVERLOOK - DAY

Ignatio loads a rifle. Miss Sorrel walks to the edge. She looks down and sees someone.

MISS SORREL
Nacho, do you have your glasses?

Ignatio smiles gregariously. He walks to his horse, opens his saddle bag and pulls out a pair of binoculars. He returns to the overlook.

IGNATIO REED
(uses binoculars)
There's someone on the river. Let's take a looky. That's General Cobb and his men.

MISS SORREL
How far are they?

IGNATIO REED
I'd say a mile or so. I'd save your shots til they get closer.

Miss Sorrel cocks her rifle.

MISS SORREL
I'm ready now.

IGNATIO REED
(lowers binoculars)
Patience, young lady, patience.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Wynn maneuvers the flatboat. Both boats parallel each other. Red fires, and then holds fire.

RED
Marshal?

WYNN
What do you want Red?

RED
How much money are those rifles worth?

WYNN

If they've been in a cave all this time, I'd say they're pretty worthless, with the humidity and all -- Why do you ask?

RED

I was going to shoot the ties let them loose.

Wynn thinks about it. He boasts a big smile from ear to ear.

WYNN

They don't know they're nearly worthless -- They might kill themselves to keep them from falling overboard.

(to Capt Sanders)

Mr. Sanders!

Capt. Sanders kneels to the deck.

CAPT. SANDERS

Yes Marshal?

WYNN

See if you can't free up some of those guns?

CAPT. SANDERS

Aye, aye sir!

Capt. Sanders target the gun crates.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Gen. Cobb sits against a gun stack.

GEN. COBB

Their aim is a bit off --

Snakebite's contorts in a fierce sneer.

SNAKEBITE

You damned fool, they're shootin' at the ropes. If the crates crash into the water, it'll upset the boat!

GEN. COBB

Great horny toads! Kill them!

Snakebite fires.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Near misses tear up the deck. Red lays prone. Near misses nearly split his arm in two.

RED
Snakebite's not going down without
a fight!

Maj. Richardson cocks his gun.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Then let's lighten the load for
him?

ON MAJ. RICHARDSON

Maj. Richardson fires a fierce volley.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

The stern port gun stack explodes. Maj. Richardson's volley tears into a rope unravels.

SNAKEBITE
Oh hell naw!

Snakebite fires furiously at Maj. Richardson.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Maj. Richardson continues to FIRE. He stands near the stern. His right shoulder explodes with a hit. He drops his rifle. Maj. Richardson falls into the river.

Red reacts.

RED
Dave!

Wynn grabs Red.

WYNN
He's fine. He's only wounded. You
got to focus on what's ahead!

COL. REED'S POV

Maj. Richardson floats and begins to swim.

BACK TO SCENE

RED
Let's do this! Try this on for
size!

ON COL. REED

Red aims and fires.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

The bow port rope explodes. The remnants rip apart. The unsecured crate crashes to the deck. The flatboat tilts.

GEN. COBB
Get the guns!

Snakebite turns as the crates crash overboard. The flatboat lifts and slams back down.

Bud, Snakebite and Gen. Cobb fall off their feet.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Wynn works the tiller and moves closer.

WYNN
That's it. We're almost on them!

Red cocks his gun and takes careful aim.

EXT. OVERLOOK

Miss Sorrel grows impatient. Ignatio trains the binoculars further downstream. A tall stream of mist rises from.

MISS SORREL
Where they at now?

IGNATIO REED
They're still a-feudin'. Looks like Red done upset their boat. One of the stacks is gone.

MISS MARTIN
I see them. I'm gonna shoot the feller at the tiller.

IGNATIO REED
If you're hot to pop, let her rip!

Miss Sorrel breathes slowly and rhythmically. Miss Sorrel holds before she fires.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Bud stands at the tiller. He suddenly lurches. Bud releases the tiller and falls forward stunned.

BUD LANKINS
General -- I've been shot.

Bud falls into the river. The flatboat spins. General Cobb forces himself to stand and hobbles to the tiller.

GEN. COBB
Snakebite, the tiller!

Bud's corpse bobs like a cork down the river behind them.

SNAKEBITE
Forget the tiller, they done shot
Mr. Lankins. Where the hell did
that damn shot come from?

The flatboat's deck explodes with near misses.

GENERAL LEE ROY COBB'S POV

High hills dominate his sight. A flash of metal catches his eye. A second later a near miss blasts the flatboat's deck.

GEN. COBB
They've got a sniper up yonder.
They're one hell of a shot I'll tell
you!

EXT. OVERLOOK - DAY

Miss Sorrel beams as she fires, then cocks the gun and pauses.

MISS SORREL
That's one hell of a shot I'll tell
you!

Ignatio views the flatboat through his binoculars.

IGNATIO REED
You'd better lay down some cover
fire, Red's about to catch them!

Miss Martin steps forward with another rifle. She trades guns
with Miss Sorrel.

MISS MARTIN
Who'd ya shoot anyhow?

IGNATIO REED
A short fellow fell into the water,
General Cobb and that Snakebite
fellow are still kickin' though.

Miss Sorrel is angry.

MISS SORREL
Damn! I was aiming at Snakebite.

IGNATIO REED
I wouldn't worry about that.
They're headed for a bigger danger -

MISS SORREL
(scared)
Bigger danger?

IGNATIO REED
(points)
See that mist? They're headed for
Dead Man's Falls. Everyone on those
boats is headed for certain death.

Miss Sorrel snaps her head toward the river.

MISS SORREL
(gasps)
Oh my God! We have to do something.

Ignatio puts his binoculars away. He turns to his horse.

IGNATIO REED
If we leave now, we might be able
get to them in time.

Miss Sorrel grabs her effects. She races to her horse. Miss
Sorrel leaps onto her horse and spurs ahead.

MISS SORREL
We gotta save Red. COME ON!

Miss Martin runs and mounts her horse.

MISS MARTIN

Do you think we'll reach them in time?

Ignatio mounts his horse.

IGNATIO REED

We might, but we'd better git a-goin'! H'yah!

Ignatio spurs his horse ahead, followed by Miss Martin.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT AND GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

The flatboats bob like corks and close on each other. Red throws down his rifle and pulls Betsy and Bertie. He leaps between flatboats and lands before a stunned Snakebite.

RED

Drop 'em!

Snakebite turns and drops his gun. General Cobb raises his cane. Red holds Betsy inches from his face.

RED (CONT'D)

Drop it unless you'd like a third eye hole in your forehead!

(to Snakebite)

Grab the hawser line and throw it to the Marshal.

General Cobb grimaces and slowly lowers his cane. Snakebite grumbles and unties the rope. He throws it to Wynn.

SNAKEBITE'S POV

Wynn grabs the rope and secures it.

BACK TO SCENE

GEN. COBB

You got us, fair and square Red. I wash my hands of this whole affair.

Red turns Bertie on Snakebite who growls.

SNAKEBITE

I told you I shoul'da went with to plug his ass.

General Cobb sits on an upright gun crate.

GEN. COBB

Ain't you got no affection for no
one Snakebite?

Red stands between Gen. Cobb and Snakebite.

SNAKEBITE

I got no affection for nobody, not
for Red, not for you, and certainly
not for no damn Yankees!

Wynn crosses from Red's flatboat onto Gen. Cobb's flatboat.

WYNN

Yankee? Me? You don't know me, do
you mosquito bite?

SNAKEBITE

It's Snakebite, Yank.

The gun crate ropes strain.

WYNN

Did you know I'm from Texas, and
not any Yankeeland? You fight me
and you'll find you're over your
head.

Snakebite and Gen. Cobb react to the news.

SNAKEBITE

Why the hell did you go sour on the
cause?

WYNN

I never went sour. I saw the war
coming long ago.

GEN. COBB

How could you turn your back on the
South?

Wynn straightens up.

WYNN

When they hung John Brown, I knew
slavery was dead. I wanted no part
in it or its defense.

GEN. COBB

You still chose agin your home.

The stern port rope snaps. The crates shift.

Wynn, Red and Snakebite CRASH TO THE DECK. Gen. Cobb stands and strikes Red who drops Betsy and Bertie.

Snakebite and Wynn grapple. Red recovers and strikes General Cobb as he sweeps Red's legs. Red falls to the deck.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Capt Robert Sanders aims and holds fire.

EXT. RIVER BEND

Both flatboats turn a bend. We HEAR a MASSIVE ROAR.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Gen. Cobb stands over Red and swings down at him. Red blocks the strike and rips the cane away. Red stands to his feet.

RED
I'll take that, without your cane,
you're not able.

Wynn and Snakebite struggle and crash into a stack of crates. A couple of crates crash overboard.

GEN. COBB
Nooooo!

Gen. Cobb tries to grab them. Red smirks as the crates crash into the river. He spins and tosses Gen. Cobb his cane.

RED
If you want to fight, let's get
this party started.

Gen. Cobb stands to his feet and inspects the cane and throws it away.

Snakebite blasts Wynn in the face. General Cobb strikes a fighting pose.

Wynn shakes off the strike. He blasts Snakebite in the jaw. Snakebite reels, spins and feels his jaw.

SNAKEBITE
You nearly broke my jaw, Yank.

WYNN

Like I told you, I'm from Texas,
where we do everything bigger.
Eating, drinking and ass kicking!

GEN. COBB

Time to put you in your place Red.

General Cobb swings at Red who parries the strike.

RED

Stonewall only made one mistake --

Red strikes General Cobb's jaw. General Cobb stumbles back.

GEN. COBB

He took my command from me.

RED

You should have never commanded
anyone in the first place --

General Cobb swings at Red. Both men spin away. Red steps forward and pummels General Cobb.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT - DAY

Capt. Sanders joins the others on Gen. Cobb's Flatboat. He looks past the flatboats toward:

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS

An enormous waterfall spreads out. Powerful jagged rocks frame it's bottom.

An enormous roars resounds. The water cascades into a large catch basin.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT AND GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Capt. Sanders races to the rope and cuts it.

CAPT. SANDERS

Wynn! We gotta go Red! Get a move on.

Red grapples with Gen. Cobb and looks toward Dead Man's Falls.

RED

Holy Sarsaparilla!

General Cobb reels with a powerful punch, falls to the deck and pulls Red to the deck with him.

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS

Miss Sorrel races to the water's edge and dismounts. Ignatio and Miss Martin enter and race to Miss Sorrel.

MISS SORREL
I think they made it! They're not
here yet!

Ignatio slowly dismounts and ambles to Dead Man's Falls. He looks down. Miss Martin remains in her saddle.

IGNATIO REED'S POV

Water cascades down onto large rocky boulders and sharp rocks below.

BACK TO SCENE

IGNATIO REED
Jumpin' cats! We got to get them
off the river!

Miss Sorrel grabs her rifle.

MISS SORREL
I'm ready!

Ignatio waves at her.

IGNATIO REED
Put yer gun away missy! Guns ain't
gonna do no good here!

IGNATIO REED (CONT'D)
Wait! Where are you a-goin?

Miss Martin spurs her horse ahead.

MISS MARTIN
To lend a hand.

EXT. RIVER BANK

Miss Martin races down the river bank. She reins her horse to a stop to view:

EXT. RIVER

The flatboats race toward the falls as Snakebite and Wynn fight.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Capt. Sanders unties the rope and throws it. Red punches General Cobb in the gut. General Cobb groans. He grabs Red's neck. They struggle to kill each other.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Snakebite BLASTS Wynn. Wynn spins and sees Dead Man's Falls ahead. With one fluid motion, he crushes Snakebite's ribs and races toward the second flatboat.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT AND RED'S FLATBOAT

Wynn leaps between the boats, but falls short and splashes in the river. Wynn swims desperately to the Red's flatboat and grabs hold.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Miss Sorrel stands on the bank. Ignatio enters with a length of rope.

IGNATIO REED

Stand back missy, I'm a-throwin'
them a life line.

Ignatio twirls the lasso and throws it. The rope falls toward Wynn.

EXT. RED'S FLATBOAT

Wynn climbs onto the flatboat. The lasso falls across his left leg. As he stands, the rope trips him.

WYNN

What in tarnation's got my leg?

Wynn removes the lasso.

WYNN'S POV

Ignatio and Miss Sorrel hold the other end of the rope.

IGNATIO REED
Tie the rope off! Hurry!

BACK TO SCENE

Wynn ties off the rope.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

Red towers over General Cobb. Snakebite turns, anxious to attack someone. General Cobb roils on the deck.

SNAKEBITE
Now it's you and me Red. I was never really high on you any way.

RED
Nobody's perfect. Not even the half witted, murderin' son of a preacher man.

SNAKEBITE
I'll cut you for that.

Snakebite reaches in his belt for his Bowie knife.

RED
A man of God doesn't rely on luck. He trusts in God's judgment.

Red unsheathes his Bowie knife. General Cobb crawls toward the stern.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Ignatio and Miss Sorrel corral Red's flatboat and pull it ashore. Wynn and Capt. Sanders hop off.

Maj. Richardson swims to the bank. He rolls over and sighs. Capt. Sanders boards the boat.

CAPT. SANDERS
How ya feeling?

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Thank God that's over.

Ignatio hobbles to Maj. Richardson.

IGNATIO REED
Son of bitch! What the hell happened to you, son?

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Got shot, fell off the boat and got
saved.

IGNATIO REED
We better get to the waterfall.
They ain't got but a mile or so
afore they crash over the edge!

Miss Sorrel's eyes light up anxiously.

MISS SORREL
We'd better get goin'!

Miss Sorrel mounts her horse and exits in a hurry. Ignatio
mounts to his horse. He turns to Maj. Richardson.

IGNATIO REED
Ya'll coming with?

Maj. Richardson pants heavily. He lays his head down. Capt.
Sanders sits down amid Wynn and Maj. Richardson.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Red 's got them, he'll be fine.
Once they smash on the rocks below,
they'll be no use for the guns of
your'n.

WYNN
I'm plum tuckered out -- Count me
out.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
I can hardly move. Go ahead, we'll
catch up.

IGNATIO REED
You'll be missin' all the fun! H-
Yah!

Ignatio tips his hat. He spurs his horse away.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT - DAY

Snakebite and Red circle each other. General Cobb pulls
himself to his feet.

Snakebite blasts Red's side with his knife. Red winces in
pain and lands on the deck. Snakebite races toward him. Red
swings and cuts Snakebite.

Snakebite steps back. Red stands to his feet. Snakebite drools with anticipation. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

General Cobb pulls a rifle from the crate and cocks it.

GEN. COBB
Hold your gin Red. I got ya covered.

Red holds steady.

RED
You willin' to bet your life on a bluff? I warn't born in the woods to be scared by owl.

General Cobb holds his rifle like a club. Red doesn't flinch as General Cobb SWINGS at him.

Red SLICES General Cobb's leg as they pass each other like two ships in the night. General Cobb staggers past Red.

Snakebite steps toward Red who recovers from General Cobb's strike. Snakebite stabs at Red who CUTS his arm.

Snakebite staggers back and holds his wounded arm. General Cobb steps forward to strike. Snakebite turns to Red as he steps between himself and the General.

GEN. COBB
You can't beat us both Red. You're gonna make a nasty die on this boat!

Red glances to observe the waterfall ahead.

RED
We'll see who's peartier! Last call boys.

Snakebite tenses with anticipation. General Cobb staggers forward. Red stands amid them, totally at peace.

GEN. COBB
Then let's finish the thing!
Prepare to die.

SNAKEBITE
Time to make your die Red. Can't say it's wasn't fun, cause it warn't!

Snakebite and General Cobb lunge at Red. Red spins from between them. General Cobb and Snakebite strike each other. Snakebite stabs General Cobb in the chest.

General Cobb SMASHES Snakebite in the face. Red steps in and DRIVES Snakebite's Bowie knife DEEPER into General Cobb's chest.

General Cobb CRASHES to the deck. Snakebite STAGGERS back, stunned and bloodied. Red steps in front of him.

RED

Any last words before you die?

SNAKEBITE

Die you Yankee lovin' son of a bitch!

Snakebite feebly steps forward, and feebly swings at Red. Red steps aside and thrusts his Bowie knife into Snakebite.

RED

This is for my wife and son you son of a bitch!

Red pulls out the knife. He resheathes it. Red turns and sees Betsy and Bertie. He kneels, grabs his guns and holsters them.

RED (CONT'D)

Righteous! So long boys!

COL. REED DIVES INTO THE RIVER.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Red swims from the flatboat.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

General Cobb crawls forward to see:

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS

The enormous waterfall's edge upon them.

EXT. GEN. COBB'S FLATBOAT

General Cobb turns onto his back and looks to the sky.

GEN. COBB
God in Heaven help me!

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS

Gen. Cobb's Flatboat crashes over the waterfall.

EXT. RIVER BANK

Miss Sorrel enters and dismounts. Ignatio and Miss Martin enter behind her.

MISS SORREL'S POV

Red swims tries to escape the waterfall's grip.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS - DAY

Red vainly swims against the current. He plummets over the waterfall.

EXT. RIVER BANK- DAY

Miss Sorrel, Miss Martin and Ignatio run to the waterfall.

MISS SORREL
(stretches hand)
Red!

Ignatio grabs and holds Miss Sorrel.

IGNATIO REED
Too late, lass. He's gone.

Miss Sorrel bawls.

MISS SORREL
We should head down there -- to
make sure.

Ignatio releases her.

IGNATIO REED
I'll go. You stay here. I'm not
sure you'd want to see Red.

Miss Sorrel meekly nods her head.

EXT. DEAD MAN'S FALLS - CATCH BASIN

Ignatio enters. Gen. Cobb's flatboat's shattered remains lay scattered on the rocky boulders. The broken, bloodied corpses of General Cobb and Snakebite lay amid them.

Red is no where to be seen.

IGNATIO REED
Where in thunder is Red? Red?

The ladies enter.

MISS MARTIN
Have you found him Nacho?

IGNATIO REED
Young lady, this is Nacho place to be!

MISS SORREL
We had to come -- for Red.

They search for any signs of Red. Splashes are heard. Ignatio stumbles forward.

IGNATIO REED
Red? Where are you brother?

A bloodied, angry Snakebite stumbles forward. He lunges at the Ignatio.

SNAKEBITE
Die brother of Red!

Ignatio turns to run. A gunshot resounds. Ignatio flinches. He pats himself.

IGNATIO REED
Who fired that shot?

RED (O.S.)
I did!

Snakebite drops his knife. He falls dead to the ground.

CUT TO:

IGNATIO REED'S POV

A misty dark silhouette walks from a cloud of mist. Red appears in one piece, drenched and gasps for breath.

RETURN TO SCENE

IGNATIO REED

By all that's Holy, what the hell happened to ye?

RED

I fell into the catch basin just after they hit.

(beat)

General Lee Roy Cobb died on impact, but Snakebite survived.

IGNATIO REED

Then I'd say we open up some ripe liquor and get thoroughly skunked.

Red smiles. He pats Ignatio on the back.

RED

That's your plan, my plan is to return home and start over again.

The women enter and mob Red. Wynn and Capt. Sanders enter.

IGNATIO REED

Son of a bitch! You made it!

Wynn and Capt. Sanders walk beside Red.

RED

How're you fixed for guns?

Wynn beholds the shattered remains of the gun crates.

WYNN

I was dispatched to fetch the guns, but they didn't tell me why.

CAPT. SANDERS

We were ordered to dispose of the guns, to our great consternation.

Red laughs heartily at the news.

MAJ. RICHARDSON

So all they were gonna use you for was a baby sitter? Land sakes!

Miss Sorrel turns to Red.

MISS SORREL

Red, honey, what ya gonna do now?

RED
(thinks)
I reckon I'll head home. Work the
land until it's time to head into
retiracy.

Wynn jauntily nods his head.

WYNN
What are you going to do in the
meantime?

RED
(big smile)
The only thing I can do.

WYNN
What's that Red?

RED
I didn't survive this damn war just
to die before my deliverance.

MAJ. RICHARDSON
Should we head back and rejoin our
lines Colonel?

WYNN
You'd best just lay low and let
nature take its course.

Red bows his head in solemn reflection.

RED
Sad as that may be, I intend to do
something that Gen. Cobb and
Snakebite can't do.

WYNN
(reiterates)
What's that Red?

ON COL. REED

RED
LIVE.

THE END