

SHOOT ME IF YOU CAN

Written by
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Third in the Redbear Trilogy.

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: *"Maybe our Law ain't perfect, but it's the only one we got." U.S. Marshal Bass Reeves, Colorado Territory, 1895*

EXT. THE TOWN OF ANREE - DAY

Shops have wooden walkways with unlit lanterns hanging above their doors. Hitching posts are in front of all buildings.

The paint and writing-style of "Anree" on their signs doesn't match the rest of the painted words. Town had a name change.

STRANGER ONE, 20s, rides in to tie his horse off across from the Sheriff's Office. A short man with a shorter temper, he has a twitch under one eye. Dressed all in black with a two-gun rig, he looks exactly like what he is, a gun for hire.

STRANGER ONE

Sheriff!

Stranger One adjusts his guns in their holsters to be loose.

STRANGER ONE

REDBEAR!

SHERIFF RED HARDING, mid 60s, with red hair and a red beard now mostly gray, is a bear of a man. He wears a brown bearskin coat so the Indians call him "REDBEAR."

REDBEAR (O.S.)

Go, Away!

STRANGER ONE

Callin' you out!

REDBEAR (O.S.)

Ain't comin' out!

STRANGER ONE

Then I'm comin' in!

REDBEAR (O.S.)

Best think on it!

Stranger One stalks to the office, steps up on its porch, pulls both revolvers, then *kicks* the front door open. A double-barrel 10-gauge shotgun *blasts* him into the street.

Redbear exits wearing a leather-fringe shirt, jeans, and a large black round-brim preacher-hat hip-aiming the smoking shotgun.

He opens its breach to *puff* into both barrels blowing the remaining smoke out their ends, then reloads it with shot.

REDBEAR
Shoulda' thought harder.

MORTICIAN, 40s, in a black suit and top hat, runs out of his store-front pulling out a piece of string with knots every 12". He measures Stranger One, then shakes head disappointed.

MORTICIAN
Small.
(looks up to Redbear)
Usual?

REDBEAR
Take what's needed for service.

TOWNSPEOPLE come out and about to gather and gossip.

BANK MANAGER, 40s, looking like he could be president of any railroad, strides to Redbear with thumbs in his vest pockets.

BANK MANAGER
Know him?

REDBEAR
Supposed to?

MORTICIAN
Where they all comes from?

REDBEAR
Hell, in the end.

MORTICIAN
Then the Devil shouldn't mind you
returning them to sender.

Mortician searches all of Stranger One's pockets, then stands holding some money in one hand while giving the rest in his second hand to Bank Manager who counts it raising an eyebrow.

REDBEAR
How much this time?

BANK MANAGER
Thousand.

MORTICIAN
(slide-whistles)
You're gettin' downright
popularist.

BANK MANAGER

Usual?

REDBEAR

Half in my account, rest in the town's Improvement Fund.

BANK MANAGER

Minus my fees of course.

Bank Manager who smiles with shiny gold front teeth.

REDBEAR

"Of course."

Livery Stable Owner BINTA SHOER, late 30s, African-American female wearing a black leather apron with blacksmithing tools in pockets, goes to Stranger One's horse and unties it, then leads it over to Redbear still standing on his office porch.

BINTA

Usual?

REDBEAR

Give me his guns, put his horse with the rest, sell his rig for stable fees.

Redbear looks down. The sun is behind him so his roof's shadow is a straight-line across the ground between him and Binta. A hat's shadow moves across the shadow-line. Redbear rests his shotgun against a support-post.

REDBEAR

Rifle loaded?

Binta learned long ago not to question any request from Redbear. She levers-open Stranger One's new rifle looking into its breach.

BINTA

Yep.

REDBEAR

When I nod, toss it to me, after you cock it.

Redbear looks at Bank Manager and Mortician who ask.

BANK MANAGER/MORTICIAN

Usual?

Redbear nods. Binta completes her levering-loading action and tosses Redbear the now cocked rifle, then ducks.

Bank Manager and Mortician hit the dirt.

Redbear catches rifle while spinning his hat into the street.

A bullet buries itself in the ground just missing his hat.

Redbear whip-turns and fast-fires up through roof's overhang staring up where he shot. He talks with back to the Others.

REDBEAR

You're supposed to duck, not dive.

Mortician and Bank Manager stand brushing-off their dirt.

MORTICIAN

Anybody could make the mistake.

Redbear stares up at his ceiling, then the roof *creaks*.

REDBEAR

Duck!

Binta ducks. Bank Manager and Mortician hit the dirt again.

Redbear fast-fires from the hip until his rifle *clicks* empty.

SECOND STRANGER, with same matching rifle, dead-falls off the roof landing between Bank Manager and Mortician who jump up.

BANK MANAGER

That's why so much!

REDBEAR

"That's" what I figured.

MORTICIAN

Never had me a two-for-one.

BANK MANAGER

Is what it is ...

REDBEAR

till it ain't.

BINTA

Or you ain't.

Redbear picks up his hat, checks it for injury, puts it on.

REDBEAR

Just bury me with my hat on.

Mortician goes through Stranger Two's pockets, then shakes his head disappointed and holds a hand out to Bank Manager who reluctantly hands back some of Stranger One's money.

REDBEAR

Hire a helper, but get them both
off the street now, please.

(to Binta)

Guns to me, saddle rig to you, for
the extra trouble.

BINTA

I ain't the one with extra trouble.

REDBEAR

(yells inside office)

The back door can watch itself now!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SAME TOWN'S OUTSKIRTS - DAY - A YEAR AGO

CAPTION: *One year ago*

Redbear, with less grey hair, wearing his brown bearskin coat and hat, rides his horse, APPLE. Their PACKHORSE has a bloody blanket covering a corpse slung over its saddle with feet and wrists tied under it. A Hawken .50 caliber rifle and a Sharps carbine are tied longways under both its stirrups.

Redbear halts at a carved, *Welcome To Ahngry*, sign to read.

REDBEAR

Àhn-gree?

Redbear sees a scorpion on the ground and spits black tobacco juice on it, then rides into town.

REDBEAR

Might wanna' fix that.

EXT. TOWN OF AHNGRY - MOMENTS LATER

Not yet citified, its patched buildings have single-plank walkways and leaning hitching posts. "Ahngry" lettering matches the rest of all the stores signs.

GRUBBY the panhandler, a dirty-bearded town drunk, steps to Redbear with a hand out.

Redbear reaches in a shirt pocket and flips a gold coin to Grubby who bites on it with rotten teeth.

REDBEAR

Jail?

Grubby points a gnarled finger. Redbear tosses another coin.

REDBEAR

Sheriff?

Grubby's finger swings to point out the far end of town.

Redbear stands in his stirrups to see the town's *Boot Hill*.

Grubby runs into what most call a one-bit saloon. There is yelling inside, then Grubby flies out its swinging gates.

Redbear hooks a leg over his saddle-horn to sit sideways.

BUFORD, acting and looking like the town bully he is, exits the bar laughing and holding up Grubby's two gold coins.

BUFORD

Lookee what I found.

Redbear's shrill tongue-whistle makes Buford looks at him.

REDBEAR

They t'weren't lost.

BUFORD

(studies the packhorse)

Bounty Hunter?

(no response)

Carryin' a corpse, don't make you no killer.

Buford's fingers tickle his boned gun-butt.

REDBEAR

One way to find out.

Buford draws. A sawed-off shotgun *blows* a hole through Redbear's coat then through Buford who's blown back inside the bar's batwing doors.

Same two gold coins fall near Grubby's feet.

REDBEAR

Havin', begets keepin'.

RIFFRAFF exit the bar running to glare at Redbear.

RIFFRAFF ONE steps to the side and rest a hand on his gun-butt.

Smoke is still coming out of Redbear's coat-hole as he pulls out its sawed-off single-barrel shotgun, opens its breach, puffs in it blowing the rest of the smoke out its barrel, reloads new shot, then *clicks* back its hammer.

REDBEAR
Best think on it.

Riffraff One steps backwards into the bar with hands held up.

Redbear rides on side-saddle watching the bar's batdoors as the TOWN MAYOR, early 30s, wearing round glasses and a filthy apron, runs out of what is supposed to be his general store.

TOWN MAYOR
Needs a Sheriff!

Redbear sees a scorpion by Town Mayor's boot and spits on it.

REDBEAR
Still does.

Redbear swings his leg back over the saddle and rides on as MISS "GAZUNTITE" OTTOVORDEMGENTSCHELFELDE, 40s, a German spinster, stands hands-on-hips outside her two-table eatery.

MISS GAZUNTITE
Could help.

REDBEAR
"Could."

Redbear rides on taking a bite off his tobacco chaw.

MISS GAZUNTITE
Don't you care?

REDBEAR
Did.
(spits black juice)
Didn't take.

Redbear rides out of town.

EXT. AHNGRY BOOT HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Redbear stops by its small cemetery's two-foot-high prairie-wood fence and reads aloud a tall hand-carved wood tombstone.

REDBEAR
"Here lies our beloved Sheriff
Moore with four slugs from a 44. No
less, no more, now no more Moore."

Gunfire from Ahngry, then Miss Gazuntite's scream.

Redbear spits black juice on the tombstone.

REDBEAR
Might wanna' fix that.

Redbear turns both horses and trots back to Ahngry.

RETURN TO.

EXT. TOWN OF ANREE SHERIFF OFFICE - SAME PRESENT DAY

Townpeople have disbursed back into their stores.

Grubby, now clean-shaven and wearing a Deputy's badge, but no gun-belt, exits the Office thumb-pointing behind him.

GRUBBY
Clear as rainwater.

Mortician *tongue-whistles* to a TOWN BOY, then holds up a gold coin. Town Boy runs over and takes the coin, bites it, then helps Mortician carry Stranger One into his mortuary.

Now a successful Dry Goods owner and still the Town Mayor only looking older in horned-rim glasses and a pressed white apron, walks over drying his hands on his apron.

Redbear picks up shotgun to sit in a wood-chair with it laid across the chair's arms and examines Stranger One's rifle.

TOWN MAYOR
As Town Mayor, we should call a town meetin'.

BINTA
Just did.

TOWN MAYOR
No, I mean, fer discussin'!

BANK MANAGER
Discussin' what?

Redbear leans his chair back so only its front legs raise as he leans with his back against the wall.

REDBEAR
Not what, who --me.

TOWN MAYOR

This the town's third violent
killin' in as many week.

BINTA

Peculiar how death comes in
three's, huh?

Mortician and Town Boy now carry the Second Stranger's body
into mortuary. Mortician answers back over a shoulder.

MORTICIAN

Always!

BANK MANAGER

Somebody wants you serious-dead.

BINTA

When you gonna' get dead serious?

Bank Manager tips a non-existent hat, then reenters his bank
counting and recounting Stranger One's money as King Midas.

BINTA

Well?

REDBEAR

Deep subject.

BINTA

Don't play dumb with me, dumb-bear,
we've been through too much.

Redbear's brow furrows thinking.

BINTA

You look troubled.

REDBEAR

That's what troubles me.

BINTA

Has to be somebody with money.

REDBEAR

Which means this won't end, till
one of us is dirt poor.

BINTA

As in six feet under?

Redbear nods.

BINTA
Gonna' tell her?

REDBEAR
Nope.

BINTA
Want me?

REDBEAR
Nope.

Binta pulls out a pipe, flicks a wooden match with a dirty fingernail, lights her pipe, then puffs on it frustrated.

BINTA
What you gonna' do then?

REDBEAR
I'd --best think on it.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

THIRD STRANGER, pale, in a white suit with black-lensed glasses, sits in a buckboard watching. He turns wagon's horse and rolls out into the prairie opening a parasol as sunshade.

EXT. ANREE SHERIFF OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Binta leads Stranger One's horse to her stable.

REDBEAR
I need number one, so I'll have to follow number two first.

GRUBBY
"Number two?"

Redbear stands tossing Stranger One's empty rifle to Grubby who fumble-catches it, then star-gleam smiles with all his former rotten teeth now replaced with shiny gold teeth.

Redbear mounts Binta's horse with his shotgun.

BINTA
Goin' for a ride?

Redbear nods and turns the horse to leave.

GRUBBY
What you want me to do?

REDBEAR

Lock up all their guns, clean and
reload that rifle, then keep an eye
out for more strangers.

GRUBBY

Whatcha' want me to do about 'em?

Binta sees Stranger Two's tied horse and walks to it.

BINTA

Buy 'em dinner!

GRUBBY

Why I wanna' do that?

BINTA

Fatten them up, for his kill!

Grubby has to think on it, then nods understanding, kinda'.

GRUBBY

True 'nuff, bein' satiated does
tend to make me move slower.

EXT. TOWN'S EATERY - MOMENTS LATER

Miss Gazuntite, wearing a Paris dress with her bad tooth
replaced by gold, exits her resigned, "*Anree Le Restau.*"

GAZUNTITE

Still don't care?

BINTA

Can't afford not to.

Redbear lifts his nose like a wolf to smell the air.

REDBEAR

Is that your world famous Ragoût?
(sweeps his hat bowing)
Who woulda' thought such a beauty,
(puts on his hat)
could cook such a beautiful bounty.

GAZUNTITE

Why Sheriff, I'm sure your missus
cooks better than little old *moi*.

REDBEAR

Like all God's great creatures, all
women are different, not better.

Miss Gazuntite flips open a Paris folding fan to fan herself fast as she smiles blushing-purple with her spider veins.

GAZUNTITE

Sir, you're making me blush.

REDBEAR

All the better to bring out the radiance of your cherry cheeks.

Binta yells from insider her livery.

BINTA (O.S.)

You need a shovel for all that?!

Redbear unhooks Stranger One's canteen off saddle horn and dumps out its warm water, then hands it to Miss Gazuntite.

REDBEAR

Would you mind fillin' this with some of your world famous cool tea?

GAZUNTITE

(takes Redbear's canteen)
Just happen to have a fresh batch in the root, uh, wine cellar.

REDBEAR

Merci beaucoup, and be kind enough to put some of your hot stew in a covered pot? I might be overnight.

Gazuntite curtsays and enters her restaurant with canteen.

Redbear gazes out the prairie at Stranger Three's dust cloud.

REDBEAR

I'm in no hurry!
(to self)
'Cause he sure ain't.

Redbear shivers, then rides back to his Sheriff's Office.

EXT. OUT ON THE PRARIE - THAT DUSK

Anree is too small and too far away from the Colorado & Southern Railway main track to have their own station, so there is a small covered platform by a semi-circle spur off. Sitting on this sidetrack is a private locomotive engine puffing smoke with a passenger car, boxcar, and caboose.

Stranger Three gets out of his buggy and enters up the caboose-steps to go inside it. A lamp is then lit inside.

The prairie gets cold at night, so Redbear now wears his brown bearskin coat walking with Apple behind him. His Hawken .50 Caliber is in its leather-sling with fringe under a stirrup.

Redbear sees two shadows cross the car's inside shade and stops abruptly so Apple bumps into his back knocking him forward a step.

REDBEAR

Knucklehead.

(holds up a hand)

Hold.

Redbear pours a little of his canteen on the ground and kneels to mix mud, then smears it on his face as night-camouflage. He opens to check his double-barrel is loaded, closes it quiet, then locks back both triggers. He ties-together the ends of his reins, then hangs them over the saddle-horn. Apple *snorts*.

REDBEAR

What?

Apple shakes his head.

REDBEAR

Well, what do you suggest?

Apple scrapes a hoof several times on the ground.

REDBEAR

Yeah, right.

Redbear holds up a palm again, *Hold*, then stealths to train.

INT. TRAIN'S CABOOSE - MOMENTS LATER

Door's knob turns and the door opens a crack, then opens by itself. No response. Redbear's shotgun enters first near the floor. No response. Redbear quick-peeks in.

The railcar is empty.

Redbear kneels on one knee with other foot outside on the step to now see two cutout black-paper silhouettes shaped like human-heads on an *Emile Berliner's Gramophone* with a tiny steam-engine driving its hand-crank. A lamp on a table across from it throws light on the turning silhouettes against the shade throwing their shadows on the window-shade.

REDBEAR

So that's what a phonography look like.

Caboose moves and buckles jostling Redbear back and forth.

REDBEAR
I been snookered.

EXT. PRIVATE TRAIN ON SIDERAIL - SIMULTANEOUS

Locomotive pulls away with only its first passenger car, leaving behind boxcar and caboose with Redbear on it's back.

Redbear two-finger *whistles*. Apple bolts to him. Redbear jumps from the caboose platform onto Apple and spurs away aiming the shotgun back at the boxcar.

The boxcar's side door opens and FOUR MOUNTED RIDERS, wearing long leather coats on their Four Horses, prepare to ride out.

Redbear fires both barrels at them, then tosses his shotgun.

Shot is spread too wide to kill, but does scare the Two Lead Horses which throw RIDER ONE and RIDER TWO. Chaos as RIDER THREE and RIDER FOUR fight to control their own horses, then jump them out of the boxcar.

Redbear and Apple ride into a gully. Redbear fast-dismounts with the reins, and guides Apple to lay down. Redbear pulls his Hawken and lays it overtop of Apple who *whinnies*.

REDBEAR
Stop complainin'. Don't do no good
if it ain't loaded, now do it?

Redbear takes a piece of linen-cloth off the percussion cap that keeps it from rusting to its hammer, then pulls the hammer all the way back to set its double-triggers. He sights off its iron-sight and pulls the second trigger back priming his rifle's first hair-trigger. He talks calming to Apple.

REDBEAR
Steady on girl, gonna' get loud.

Redbear relaxes, inhales deep, holds his breath, aims, and barely touches the second trigger.

The *boom* from a Hawken with its smoke-cloud is unmistakable.

Rider Three is blown backwards off his horse which gallops away.

Apple moves. Redbear uses his elbow to hold her down as he reloads.

REDBEAR
Easy girl, hold still a little
longer, one more's a-comin'.

Rider Four is now nearer. Redbear stands with one knee on
Apple holding her down and fires to nothing but a "click."

RIDER FOUR
Dryball!

Rider Four straight-arm aims his pistol at Redbear riding in.

RIDER FOUR
Got to talkin' to your horse and
forgot to load powder first, nummy.

REDBEAN
Anybody could make the mistake.

Redbear's practice lets him fast-draw a Remington Model 95
over-under derringer from a pocket and *fire* both barrels.

Rider Four jerks his horse to a stop, then looks down at his
bleeding chest with side-by-side holes spurting blood.

FOURTH RIDER
You're fast.

REDBEAR
And accurate. Ready?

FOURTH RIDER
As I'll ever be.

Rider Four *wheezes*, then dead-falls off his horse.

First and Second Riders have recovered and gallop to Redbear.

Redbear drops derringer to pull back on his rifle's hammer
all the way and taps gunpowder directly into its choke-hole.

First Rider is now closer and can see what Redbear is doing.

FIRST RIDER
Can't fire a dryball, dummy!

REDBEAR
(taps more powder in)
Play checkers?!

First Rider nods straight-arm aiming his pistol at Redbear.

REDBEAR
Learn chess!

Redbear hip-aims his Hawken at First Rider and fires. A puff of smoke from the hammer-housing hides his rifle ball that bounces off First Rider's chest. First Rider stops to laugh.

FIRST RIDER

A bumble stings more than that!

First Rider is now *blown* off his saddle by Redbear's single-barrel sawed-off shotgun swung up from under his bear-coat.

REDBEAR

Made you stop didn't it? Now who's the dummy, dummy?

Second Rider sees his Three Dead Companions and yanks his horse around to gallop away.

Redbear re-loads his Hawken tapping powder down its barrel.

REDBEAR

Besides, I had to clear the barrel.

Redbear tamps gunpowder down with its ram-rod, then uses same to push shirt-ticking with a new "ball" down into its barrel. He tongue *whistles* and Apple stands.

REDBEAR

Good girl, now hold, for one more.

Redbear aims his Hawken over-top of Apple's saddle and pulls back both triggers. He lifts up to adjust its long-range rear-sight, then exhales fully, and aims.

EXT. FURTHER OUT IN THE PLAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Second Rider is galloping without looking back and lays forward over his horse's mane reducing his target-area.

SECOND RIDER

Can't hit, what ya' can't see!

In the distance, Redbear's Hawken's muzzle-flash *explodes*.

The Hawken's ball literally travels up Second Rider's spine almost splitting him in two. He reverse-somersaults off the back of his horse which continues to gallop away.

EXT. REDBEAR ON THE PLAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

Redbear cradles his Hawken in the crook of one arm while using his free hand to rub the side of Apple's neck.

REDBEAR

If there's a better horse out
there, I sure don't wants 'er.

Apple *whinnies*.

REDBEAR

Yeah, it were a pretty good shot
weren't it?

Redbear leads Apple over to First Rider's body.

REDBEAR

Come on girl, gotta' gather their
horses, then their bodies, then
search those railcars.

Both the boxcar and caboose *explode* into smithereens.

Redbear quiets Apple petting her more.

REDBEAR

Somebody plays chess.

Redbear kneels to search First Rider's corpse and pulls out a
gold coin. Redbear bites it, then examines it.

REDBEAR

Hmmm, fresh mint.

Redbear slings the Hawken into its sling under his stirrup,
then mounts Apple.

REDBEAR

Think you earned a new set a'
shoes, girl.

Apple *whinnies* happy.

INT. ANREE SHERIFF OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Office is neat, clean, and organized. A tin-pot of coffee is
brewing on its pot-belly stove. A small table was made into a
chessboard with black and white squares. Large washers with a
single letter painted on each as chess-pieces are painted
either black or white. A game is in progress.

Redbear sits at his desk writing. The front door opens.

AIYANA SMYTH, 40s, American Indian pretty, in a country dress
with moccasin boots, storms in *slamming* the door rattling it.

Grubby runs in from the back cell half-asleep.

GRUBBY
Just restin' my eyes!

One glare from Aiyana, and he retreats back to his bunk.

GRUBBY
They needs more restin'.

REDBEAR
(doesn't look up)
Come on in, honey.

AIYANA
Don't "honey" me, you, you, dumb-
bear. When you going to tell?

REDBEAR
After.

AIYANA
"After" you dead?!

REDBEAR
Wouldn't have to then.

Aiyana storms over to Redbear's desk and stands beside him
tapping a foot with hands-on-hips.

Redbear puts his pen back in its inkwell and stands.

REDBEAR
You're right.

Aiyana throws her arms around Redbear's broad shoulders. Even
though they've been living together for a year, Redbear still
has trouble expressing his emotions, so *pats* her back.

Aiyana steps back embarrassed. Redbear motions for her to sit
in the chair beside his desk. She does. He re-sits.

REDBEAR
How was your day?

Door is thrown open and Aiyana's son, BODAWAY SMYTHE, 15,
Indian boy with long black hair wearing a plaid shirt, jeans,
and moccasin boots, storms in, then *slams* the door harder.

Grubby runs in, sees who, and wheels back to where it's safe.

BODAWAY
When were you going to tell us?!

REDBEAR
Easy son, sit, please.

Bodaway defies his foster-father to *stomp* a moccasin.

REDBEAR

SIT!

Loud *thump* from inside Grubby's cell.

Even an angry teen boy knows when to obey as Redbear glares.
Bodaway sits hard in the chair across the room.

Redbear takes one of Aiyana's hands in his bear-claw.

REDBEAR

Can't tell you what I don't know.
And couldn't tell you my plan, till
I had one.

All Three sit silent until Bodaway's young-stupid-ID speaks.

BODAWAY

Well?!

Both Redbear and Aiyana slow-turn to "look" at Bodaway who calms. Redbear and Aiyana turn back. They do love each other.

REDBEAR

Finally got a lead last night, so I
need to leave town for a week to
track it down.

Aiyana's free hand sandwiches Redbear's who places his free hand on top of her's. They stare into each other's eyes.

REDBEAR

Might as well put yours in the
pile, too, boy.

Bodaway pulls his chair over with its leg's *squeaking*, then sits beside his mother to put his tiny hand on top of theirs.

REDBEAR

If you're gonna' listen in, might
as well do it in person.
(no response)
Git in here!

Grubby enters embarrassed.

GRUBBY

Have to be deaf, not to hear all
your all's yellin'.

Redbear looks at Bodaway, then to Aiyana.

REDBEAR

You two need to stay in town till I return.

AIYANA

What about the ...?

REDBEAR

Sleep in your schoolhouse. Cook soup and stew on its Round Oak.

BODAWAY

What about the ...?

REDBEAR

Deputy, you ride with Bodaway once a day for him to feed and water our livestock, then escort him back.

Grubby nods picking something out of his teeth.

REDBEAR

Need your hand on it.

Grubby comes over and lays his hand on top of theirs.

REDBEAR

And your word.

GRUBBY

I swears.

REDBEAR

What?

GRUBBY

I swears to always ride with your son, bod-ways.

BODAWAY

Bod-away.

GRUBBY

What I said?

Redbear tries to pull his hands out from theirs, can't.

REDBEAR

Break!

The Other Three pull back their hands.

Redbear goes to and opens the front door, then beckons.

REDBEAR
Come on, lunch on me.

Grubby steps forward. Redbear shoots him a, No, look.

REDBEAR
Mind?

Grubby stops, looking hurt.

REDBEAR
Pie?

Grubby gets a huge smile.

Redbear sidesteps to move a washer on their chess-table.

REDBEAR
Mate.

Grubby's smile turns upside down.

REDBEAR
We'll go back to checkers.

EXT. ANREE SHERIFF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aiyana and Bodaway, followed by Redbear, exit. Redbear scans.

REDBEAR
Right pretty town when its quiet.
(smiles mischievous)
Just like you.

Redbear tweaks Aiyana's nose. She *giggles*. Redbear puts his arms around both his family, then his sixth-sense goes off and he pushes them away hard so they fall.

A bullet nicks Redbear's shoulder as he pulls a knife from behind his neck and throws it from his good shoulder.

Redbear's knife sticks in one eye of a LONE GUNMAN, very short, wearing thick sheep-chaps so he looks like a Minotaur, who stands across the street. Lone Gunman *fires* his pistol wildly before dropping it to grab at his injured eye.

Redbear checks on Aiyana first, then Bodaway. They're okay. He stands to *crack* his neck. It sounds like wood breaking, then storms over to Lone Gunman writhing on the ground.

REDBEAR
Who?!

Lone Gunman pulls knife out his eye. Redbear kicks it out of his hand. Lone Gunman covers his injured eye with both hands.

LONE GUNMAN
Needs a doc!

REDBEAR
Gonna' need a mort. Who?!

Lone Gunman grabs Redbear's trouser cuff with a bloody hand.

LONE GUNMAN
For God's sake!

REDBEAR
(pulls leg free)
God wants nuthin' to do with what I
havta'!

Redbear stomps a boot-heel on Lone Gunman's outstretched hand to the sound of bone *breaking*.

REDBEAR
WHO?!

LONE GUNMAN
Help, me.

Town Mayor steps to Lone Gunman. Redbear's glare stops him.

REDBEAR
Any man tries givin' aid to this
guerrilla bushwacker after he tried
to harm my family and I'll --!

Town Mayor steps back.

Aiyana knows what Redbear is capable of as she starts to him.

REDBEAR
Hold!

AIYANA
You are better than him.

Redbear throws back his head and let's out such a primordial *scream*, Aiyana stops. Redbear goes off the deep end snarling.

REDBEAR
Not today.

Redbear glares down at Lone Gunman.

REDBEAR

Bleed out or talk out. Your choice.

No response. Redbear grinds his boot-heel into Lone Gunman's broken hand.

LONE GUNMAN

Alright, alright!

Redbear steps off.

LONE GUNMAN

Doctor, first.

Redbear lifts his same boot high to stomp harder.

LONE GUNMAN

Alright, alright!

(moans)

Name's ...

A rifle bullet hits Lone Gunman in his good eye killing him.

Redbear looks up to see Stranger Three, now on horseback and dressed in cowboy gear, aiming his smoking rifle at Redbear.

Grubby fires both barrels of the scatter-gun. He's too far away, so his shot only scatters, missing Stranger Three. But its noise scares Stranger Three's horse making it rear-up. Stranger Three drops his rifle to grab onto his saddle-horn.

Stranger Three controls his horse, then he and Redbear stare. Stranger Three turns his horse to gallop off.

Redbear pulls his knife and Lone Gunman's pistol in the dirt, then runs to Lone Gunman's horse and slaps both hands on the horse's haunch to leap-frog into its saddle. Redbear uses his knife to slice the reins tied to the rail free, then uses his knees and heels to guide the horse to follow Stranger Three.

EXT. OUT ON THE PRARIE - REDBEAR CHASING STRANGER THREE

Both their horses gallop with Stranger Three rein-whipping his on both sides of its neck.

Redbear urges his horse by leaning forward and talking to it.

REDBEAR

Come on, boy! He killed your owner and tried to hurt my family. We're not gonna' let him get away with that are we?

Redbear's horse picks up speed. Redbear rubs its neck.

REDBEAR

Good, boy.

Redbear opens Lone Gunman's pistol-chamber and dumps its rounds into a palm, then fingers the rounds checking them. Only one bullet remains unfired.

Redbear puts the single unfired bullet back into its chamber, then holsters the gun inside his pants belt. He puts the empty casings in a shirt pocket

Horse's eye roll back to look at Redbear while galloping.

REDBEAR

What? Cheaper to reload spents.

Horse *whinnies* in agreement as their chase continues.

EXT. EARLIER RAILROAD SIDERAILING - MOMENTS LATER

Same locomotive with its private car are back on the sidetrack, now with a new boxcar, but no caboose.

Third Stranger rides towards the train now *firing* in the air.

REDBEAR

You sky huntin'?!

Door slides open on boxcar with twice as many NEW RIDERS.

REDBEAR

Redbear huntin'!

The EIGHT NEW RIDERS ride their horses down a waiting ramp out of their second boxcar.

Redbear tries to turn his horse with his knees, but can't stop him because of no reins.

REDBEAR

Whoa boy, or you're gonna' get us both ...!

A rifle *shot* downs his horse throwing Redbear who tumbles.

A second *shot* hits the ground near him. He runs to jump over the fallen horse and lay on his back length wise with horse.

REDBEAR

Sorry boy, think we been mated.

A third rifle *shot* hits Redbear's horse who whinnies in pain.

REDBEAR

Well that's just downright mean.

Redbear goosenecks up to tally how many. A fourth rifle *shot* just misses him. He lies back down pulling out the pistol.

REDBEAR

I'm good, but --.

Redbear rotates chamber so its only bullet is the next round.

REDBEAR

Ain't that good.

Fifth rifle *shot* hits Redbear's horse a third time who cries out in mortal pain. Redbear "feels" the horse's suffering.

REDBEAR

Thank you for gettin' me this far,
boy. Sorry we can't ride further.

Redbear cocks the pistol, then holds barrel under the horse's head while rubbing it's neck with his free hand.

REDBEAR

Don't worry, won't leave you for
buzzards, earned at least a bury.

Redbear *fires* killing the horse, then tosses pistol, He pulls out his throwing-knife from behind his neck.

REDBEAR

Just hope I'm the one, doin' the
buryin'.

The Eight New Riders surround Redbear looking down on him with their pistols drawn.

REDBEAR

Evenin', boys. What brings you out
this late?

RIDER LEADER, has a scar down one cheek, and *laughs*.

RIDER LEADER

Well lookee who brought a knife to
our gun fight, old Redbear hisself.

REDBEAR

I know you?

RIDER LEADER

Who you think gave me this scar?

Rider Leader outlines his facial scar with his pistol barrel.

REDBEAR

Your momma?

Rider Leader straight-arm aims his pistol down at Redbear.

RIDER LEADER

Holster 'em boys, he's mine.

The other Seven New Riders holster their pistols grinning.

RIDER LEADER

First one's not gonna' kill ya',
second won't neither.

REDBEAR

Gonna' bore me to death instead?

Rider Leader glares *cocking* back his pistol's hammer.

RIDER LEADER

Trust me, neither of us, is gonna'
get "bored."

Rider Leader waves his cocked gun to the train.

RIFLE FIRER, stands up on top of the train and waves back.

A Springfield Model 1873 "Trapdoor" rifle *explodes* from 1,000 yards away.

Rifle Firer turns just in time for the Springfield's .45 caliber round to blow him off the train's top like he was a mail-bag on a stop-hook.

The train jerks forward leaving the boxcar behind.

RIDER LEADER

Sonofabitch!

A second .45 caliber round hits Rider Leader in a shoulder knocking his pistol away and him off his horse.

The Seven New Rider's take off galloping after the train.

The Springfield "trapdoor" was a breach-loader modified with a swing-up breach-bolt that allowed a trained shooter to fire up to twenty rounds per minute. This shooter is well-trained.

The Seven New Rider's are shot off their horses one-by-one.

Redbear goosenecks up, nothing, shooter still too far away.

Rider Leader moans. Redbear crawls to him with his knife.

REDBEAR

Well lookee, who didn't bring a
knife, to my fight. Who hired you?

Rider Leader spits blood at Redbear. Redbear grins big, then
stabs his knife into Rider Leader's thigh who grimaces.

REDBEAR

Who, sent, you?

RIDER LEADER

That's just plain mean, man.

Redbear twists his knife making Rider Leader grimace more.

RIDER LEADER

Just 'cause a' that, I ain't gonna'
say.

REDBEAR

You know I'm trained in Indian
ways, so I'll treat your wounds to
keep you alive for days. Your
choice, how many wounds I treat.

Rider Leader has been bending his good leg towards his good
arm and pulls out a boot-knife. He slashes it at Redbear.

Redbear rolls away.

Rider Leader fights stands on his good leg with Redbear's
knife sticking out of his other leg and waving his own knife.

RIDER LEADER

Well lookee, who got neither.

Redbear pulls his own boot-knife out.

RIDER LEADER

Well, shit.

Rider Leader yanks out Redbear's knife, then double-handed
stabs himself in his own heart with it and stiff-falls back.

Redbear rushes to him.

REDBEAR

At least tell me who you are!

Rider Leader weakly head-motions behind Redbear.

RIDER LEADER

Ask, him.

Rider Leader dies. Redbear shakes him trying to revive him, then lets go, and falls beside him on his own back.

BASS

Takin' a slight see-esta?

REDBEAR

(still flat on back)

That you? Sure sounds like you?

Redbear gets up on his elbows to see BASS REEVES, African-American male, 21, tall, very short hair, in traditional cowboy clothes, but wearing high calvary officer boots like Redbear. He sits on an Appaloosa holding his Springfield Model 1884 in the crook of one arm.

BASS

Ain't you dead yet?

REDBEAR

(stands brushing off)

Working on it.

BASS

That's what I heard.

REDBEAR

Got a shovel?

BASS

Why, got a plot picked out?

Redbear points at dead horse, then makes *Gimme* hand-motion.

BASS

That's not Apple?

REDBEAR

Might as well be --.

Redbear steps over and lifts the Springfield's bayonet scabbard off Bass's gun-belt, pulls out its bayonet, then walks over to his dead Horse.

REDBEAR

Gave it my word.

BASS

You gave your word, to a horse?
What'd it give you back, a turd?

REDBEAR
Life for a life.

BASS
Same thing.

Redbear keeps digging head-motioning to Rider Leader.

REDBEAR
Know him?

Bass rides closer and tilts his head checking.

BASS
Supposed to?

REDBEAR
Said you would.

Bass dismounts and moves Rider Leader's head side to side.

BASS
The dyin', say a lot before dyin'.

REDBEAR
(digs harder)
If you're not gonna' help, at least
make yourself useful and go round
up their horses.
(points without looking)
Start with that one.

Bass looks to see Rider Leader's horse grazing in the distance, then slides his rifle in its sling under a stirrup.

BASS
"Thankee kindly" would be nice.

Bass knows how fast Redbear can move, but is still surprised.

Redbear springs to bear-hug Bass lifting him off the ground.

REDBEAR
Back atcha'.

Bass can't breathe, then nods patting Red's back. Redbear lets go. Bass inflates his lungs full, then exhales.

BASS
"Thankee kindly."

Redbear goes back to digging a grave beside his dead horse.

REDBEAR
So what brought you down outta'
Indian Territory?

Bass gives the Lakota Sioux warning call.

BASS
Ah-ah.

REDBEAR
Heard about it way up there, huh?

BASS
Heard everywhere. There's a price
on your head big guy, a big-un.

REDBEAR
Any idea who?

Bass mounts his horse that is grazing.

BASS
Nope, but think I know why.

Redbear keeps digging. Bass starts to ride to Rider Leader's horse. Redbear *tongue-whistles* loud. Bass doesn't stop.

REDBEAR
Gonna' make me guess?!

BASS
(talks with back to
Redbear)
Nope, just wanted to put some
distance between us first!

Redbear stands. Bass turns his horse around.

BASS
River Styx.

Redbear throws bayonet into the ground so it's point sticks.

REDBEAR
Why, he come back from the dead?

Bass turns to lope to Rider Leader's horse.

BASS
He --has a brother!

Redbear begins kicking dirt, rocks, everything, like a mad man while mumble-cursing.

EXT. ON THE PLAIN NEAR ANREE'S OUTSKIRTS - LATER THAT DAY

Redbear, now on Rider Leader's horse, rides side by side with Bass who leads the other four horses each having one New Rider's corpse tied over its saddle. Redbear leads the other three horses with two of them having two corpses tied over their saddles. One corpse is Rifle Firer.

REDBEAR

You say my mystery-man jumped on
that train before it left?

BASS

Yeppers, seems his only job was to
lead you to their slaughter.

REDBEAR

Woulda' been, too, if'n --.

Redbear stops his horse. Bass stops. Redbear extends a hand. Bass is surprised, then they shake.

REDBEAR

Thankee kindly.

Redbear rides on. Bass nods, then does, too.

BASS

Bet that hurt.

REDBEAR

Don't dwell on it.

BASS

How's Aiyana?

REDBEAR

Teachin'.

BASS

And the boy?

REDBEAR

Learnin'.

BASS

And you?

REDBEAR

Sheriffin'. You?

Bass pulls back his vest to reveal a U.S. Marshal badge pinned on his shirt pocket.

REDBEAR

Bet your knowledge of the Three
Tribes lingo serves you well.

BASS

That's what the Federal Judge said
who appointed me.

REDBEAR

Do believe you be, the first ever
"exoduster" Marshal.

BASS

Deputy, U.S. Marshal.

REDBEAR

Give it time. How's the farm Aiyana
sold you?

BASS

Sold it.

REDBEAR

Yeah, it t'weren't much for growin'
with. Who'd you sell to?

BASS

Remember that lil' waitress?

REDBEAR

Marry her?

BASS

(shakes head)

"T'weren't much for growin' with."

They ride in silence.

BASS

"Marry her?"

REDBEAR

(changes subject)

How'd you come to hear Charon's
name bandied about?

BASS

White Cloud.

REDBEAR

(nods remembering)

That colorless codger must be long
in the tooth by now.

BASS
Lost most of 'em.

REDBEAR
(snorts)
Good, now he finally got a reason
not to smile.

Redbear tosses a Rider's gold coin to Bass who catches.

BASS
The others each one had one, so?

REDBEAR
That one's from the first four who
tried to dry-gulch me today.

BASS
This was round two?

Redbear nods.

BASS
Same place?

Redbear nods. Bass tosses coin back to Redbear who catches.

BASS
How many nine lives you got left?

REDBEAR
Only need one to kill who's doin'
this. He tried to hurt my family.

BASS
So you did marry ...!

REDBEAR
How'd White Cloud hear?

BASS
Buffalo Soldiers came through on
their way to settle Nebraska, said
they'd run into a Jamaican joker
blacker than them. Said he was kin
to Charon, said he was --.

Bass stops his horse. Redbear keeps riding.

REDBEAR
Lookin' for a redheaded sonofabitch
called Redbear.

Bass rides with his horses to catch up to Redbear.

REDBEAR
Any idea where he be?

BASS
Only knows what you taught me.

BASS/REDBEAR
"Follow the money."

Both *chuckle*, then ride on silent until Bass sucks his teeth.

BASS
Did you?

REDBEAR
Don't dwell on it.

Both ride into town silent.

INT. BINTA'S LIVERY BARN - THAT DUSK

Four-stall stable with fire-box and iron-works blacksmithing station having assorted tools.

Binta wears her heavy black-leather apron and is one-handed working her kiln's large hanging bellows.

Redbear is brushing down Apple in a stall.

REDBEAR
Gonna' have to build you a lean-to
out back for all these horses.

BINTA
Keep this up, and you'll have to
build me a ranch for them.

REDBEAR
Fair enough. Me, or my heirs?

BINTA
I'd appreciate it, if you didn't
talk like that.

REDBEAR
Look who's talking Miss "I don't
know if I want to bother livin'."

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON IN THE MOUNTAINS - ONE YEAR EARLIER

Binta sits by herself under a tree smoking a pipe.

Redbear comes to her and tosses her a piece of hardtack.

REDBEAR
You need to eat.

BINTA
(tosses back)
Not hungry.

REDBEAR
Soul might not be, but your body
sure be. Hate'll eat you from the
inside out if you let it. Are ya'?

BINTA
Don't know how else to deal with
it?
(puffs on pipe more)
Was married twenty aught year, but
to see him struck down like that.

Redbear kneels and picks up a stick to draw in the dirt.

REDBEAR
Lawmen have to deal with death as a
normal part of the job. The one's
who can't make peace with it, don't
last long as peacemakers.

BINTA
What's this Charon S.O.B. to you?

REDBEAR
Life-saver.

BINTA
Life-taker for sure, but why ...?

REDBEAR
My son's got a lung condition. Doc
said to move him to a dry climate.

Binta blows a smoke ring, then fans it towards her to smell.

BINTA
Arizona, New Mexico, that'd be
doin' it. Anddd --?

REDBEAR

I loves sheriffin', but it barely
pays room and board.

(tosses stick)

Wanted Poster came in. I saw it as
our ticket out, so here I be.

BINTA

You're doing this for the money?

REDBEAR

Started that way, but your town's
not the first his gang hit. Now I
have to finish what they started,
but for all the right reasons.

Sound of EIGHT MEN eating and *laughing*.

BINTA

White man's got no idea how much it
takes to be colored. Doesn't matter
how hard you work or how smart you
be, if you don't keep your place.

(blows a smoke ring)

Fear a' dyin', is death to livin'.
That's why my husband and me came
West. And for what? He's gone, I
was violated, and now I'm alone.

Redbear brushes away whatever he had drawn and stands. He
offers a hand down to Binta. She accepts.

REDBEAR

Make a deal with ya'.

Binta takes his hand and Redbear pulls her to her feet.

REDBEAR

You keep on livin', and I'll make
sure you don't go dyin'. Deal?

Binta now sees Redbear different. She shakes his hand manly.

BINTA

Heard it said on the riverboat over
that "The House always wins."

REDBEAR

In the House of the Lord, we's all
winners.

BINTA

Amen, brother.

Redbear crooks his arm sticking out his elbow.

REDBEAR

Shall we walk through the Valley of
the Shadow of Death together?

Binta hooks Redbear's arm.

BINTA

With you, I will fear no evil.

They walk toward the sound of the Eight Men's *laughter*.

REDBEAR

There ya' go.

RETURN TO.

INT. GAZUNTITE'S RESTAURANT - PRESENT NIGHT AT DUSK

Nice little eatery with four tables having four simple wood chairs each and curtains on its bay window. Swinging saloon batwing doors lead into its kitchen.

TWELVE DINERS, all dusty cowboys in trail-gear, sit at three of the tables eating fast like pigs at a trough.

Aiyana and Bodaway sit at the fourth table with hands in their laps being glared at by the Twelve Diners.

Gazuntite, wearing an apron, brings a big bowl of soup to one table. DINER ONE there tastes it, then spits it back in bowl.

DINER ONE

I asked fer soup, not slop!

GAZUNTITE

Sir, that is the finest liquid
miscellany in a hundred mile.

DINER ONE

It's a "mess" alright! And since
when does white folk have to eat
with ...

Diner One's scruff is grabbed by Redbear's gnarled hand which then shoves One's face into his bowl of soup. His Eleven Diners go to stand.

Bass steps toward them giving the Cherokee warning cry.

BASS

Ah-ah.

Bass moves against a wall with his gun-hand tickling his gun.

REDBEAR

Expect you boys with that herd we
passed ridin' in. All are welcome
in town, long as you bring along
your city manners.

Diner One is thrashing his boots drowning.

REDBEAR

Now, when I let's your friend catch
a breath, I expect you to educate
him on the error a' his ways.

(no response)

Need you word on it boys. Before he
drowns, would be preferred.

OTHER DINERS

Sure thing, Sheriff ...Understood
...Yes, sir ...etc.

Redbear removes Diner One's pistol from its holster, then
releases Diner One's hair who comes up *gasping* for air.

Diner One wipes his eyes and sees Bass.

DINER ONE

What the hell is a nig ...!

Diner One dives in his soup again curtesy of Redbear's paw.

REDBEAR

Gentlemen, this here is U.S.
Marshal Bass Reeves. Reckon you
heard a' him.

Eleven Diners nod recognizing the name.

REDBEAR

Good, so you know his reputation.
But what I bet you didn't know is,
he likes eatin' in private.

No response. Diner One's leg-thrashing is slowing down.

REDBEAR

So why don't you boys make him feel
--right at home?

Eleven Diners chow down their last bite and drop coin on
their tables as they stand to exit.

Redbear releases Diner One who *spits* out soup.

REDBEAR

Tell your friend he can pick up his
gun at my office tomorrow when he
pays his bill --and fine.

Redbear holsters Diner One's pistol in his pants belt.

Eleven Diners help their friend Diner One to exit.

REDBEAR

Thank the pretty lady, boys.

ELEVEN DINERS

Thank you, ma'am ...Best food ate
in months ...'Preciate it, ma'am
...etc.

The Eleven Diners drag their Friend out.

Aiyana and Bodaway now run to Bass and hug him.

BASS

Missed you, too.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SMALL DIRT RANCH ON THE PRARIE - DAY - ONE YEAR AGO

Sky is storm-dark. A small house with its chimney smoking has
an even smaller barn with a garden barely growing between
them. A laundry rope is strung between barn and a bent tree.

AIYANA SMYTH, looking younger but haggard in country dress
with moccasin boots, is taking in her line's laundry.

Bass looking younger and thinner, with Redbear also looking
younger wearing his bear-skin coat with preacher hat is
weathered-ragged. He is pulling a packhorse. They ride up.

BASS

Mornin'.

AIYANA

Well past morning, Davey.

Redbear slow turns to Bass.

REDBEAR

"Davey?"

BASS

David Bass Reeves. So --?

REDBEAR

"So" unless your last name's
Crockett, might wanna' fix that.

Aiyana, with dry laundry now under an arm, walks over.

BASS

This be he, Aiyana.

REDBEAR

"Aiyana?"

AIYANA

Yeah. So --?

REDBEAR

"So" it means eternal beauty.
(takes off hat)
Which you be, ma'am.

Aiyana purses her lips glaring at Bass.

AIYANA

Didn't tell me he's a sweet-talker.

REDBEAR

Ain't. Don't? Won't??
(puts on hat)
Just call 'em as I sees 'em, ma'am.

AIYANA

Then you "sees" my barn.
(walks manly to house)
Supper's at sundown, won't be no
callin' out.

Redbear sucks his teeth, then leans over to whisper at Bass.

REDBEAR

*Didn't tell me she's a sweet-
talker.*

Aiyana is now at her front door and yells back entering.

AIYANA

Ain't, don't, so won't be callin'!
And don't call me, "ma'am!"

Bass swats Redbear's shoulder with his hat.

RETURN TO.

INT. REDBEAR'S RANCH ON THE PRARIE - NEXT PRESENT MORNING

Barn has four horses who *whinny*. Chickens and pigs root on the ground. A healthy garden is fenced-off from them.

A long single-floor rambler has porches on both sides, one faces sunrise, the other sunset. Smoke comes out its roof's stove-pipe. The smell of scrapple fills the morning air.

AIYANA (O.S.)
More pan-rabbit?

INT. REDBEAR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Large open area has a kitchen with a hand-pump. Catty-corner to it is a living room with a huge stone fireplace. Opposite wall has three doors, two far apart, third is near same wall.

Third door opens, and Bass exits pulling his suspenders up, then wipes his wet hands on his shirt.

AIYANA
That's what the towels are for.

BASS
Didn't wanna' dirty 'em, ma'am.

Redbear and Bodaway, dressed different, sit at one end of a huge hand-made rectangular table. Bass joins them.

BASS
Wash basin, bathin' tub, and a
thunder mug. Good as any hotel I
ever stayed in.

Aiyana puts a plate of biscuits on the table. Redbear and Bodaway each take two. Redbear smells his like a fine cigar.

REDBEAR
Honey, there is no better cook in
this entire land than you.

Aiyana smiles, then puts a plate of eggs and sliced tomatoes in front of Bass.

BASS
Eggs and 'maters! Thankee.

AIYANA
Have a biscuit. How'd you sleep?

Bass takes a biscuit and smears home-made butter on it.

BASS

Took me quite a spell to learn the
difference tween my elbow and a hot
rock, so a pillow's quite a treat.

REDBEAR

Didn't build a guest room, no room.

BASS

A wood floor don't have gotcha'
rocks.

(looks around)

Built this yourself, huh?

REDBEAR

Can't build anything worthwhile in
this world all by your lonesome. I
had me some pretty darn good help.

Redbear ruffles Bodaway's hair.

BODAWAY

Cut it out, dad.

BASS

"Dad," huh?

Aiyana puts a cup of coffee in front of Bass who takes her
hand and examines it.

BASS

Don't see no ring?

REDBEAR

Wanna' chew your food?

Bass understands and changes the subject.

BASS

Yes sir, you all built a mighty
fine life here, mighty fine.

Aiyana goes to put more eggs on Redbear's plate who pulls her
onto his lap.

REDBEAR

If there's a better one, must be
the next one.

Aiyana and Redbear gaze into each other's eyes in love.

EXT. RED'S PORCH - LATER THAT MORNING

Porch on sunrise side. Sky's horizon is red and yellow.

Bass and Redbear exit to sit in two rocking chairs.

BASS

Ain't rocked myself in a long time.
(rocks smiling)
Downright comfortin'.

Both rock in silence.

BASS

You afraid to?

REDBEAR

Bet you give a rattler first bite
just to see if he's serious.

BASS

Askin' as a friend, not a
carpetbagger.

Aiyana brings out two cigars and a twig on fire and hands them to Redbear. He takes them, then her hand, and kisses the back of it. She smiles going back inside. Redbear lights his cigar, then hands second one and the burning twig to Bass who lights his. Both smoke and rock in peace.

REDBEAR

Been a long time, since I was truly
happy.
(blows a smoke ring)
Suppose I don't wants to jinx it.

BASS

Can think of worse ways to go.

REDBEAR

Done thought a' that, too.

Redbear reaches in a vest pocket to remove a small silk bag with a bow. He hands it to Bass who opens it. A gold ring inside glistens in the morning sun. Bass stops rocking, then carefully re-ties bow, and hands bag back to Redbear.

BASS

When you gonna' ask?

REDBEAR

When the time's right.

Both go back to rocking and smoking.

BASS

Few men impressed me in this world.
You're at the top a' their list.

REDBEAR

Back atcha' partner. You built
quite a reputation as a Lawman.

BASS

(smiles remembering)
'Member the first time?

REDBEAR

Tryin' not to.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BASS'S FORMER TOWN'S SANDPEED BANK - ONE YEAR EARLIER

Small, but institutional. A single caged Teller Window is on one side with Bank Manager's huge desk on the other. A small black safe with gold lettering sits against the wall between.

SANDPEED BANK MANAGER sits behind his desk talking to Redbear wearing his bear coat and hat, who stands with his back to the front doors which are propped open.

BANK ROBBER ONE and BANK ROBBER TWO, in cowboy slickers with kerchiefs over their faces, enter. Bank Robber one hip-aims two pistols, then cocks both their hammers.

Bank Robber Two twirls a lariat, then lassos the safe.

BANK ROBBER TWO

We's makin' a withdrawal.

BANK ROBBER ONE

Permanent-like.

FEMALE BANK CUSTOMER, prim and proper over-the-hill Southern Bell, *stomps* a tall shoe disgusted at the Teller Window.

BANK CUSTOMER

You're both --brutes!

BANK ROBBER ONE

Yeah, well, brute this!

Bank Robber One back-hands Bank Customer knocking her down.

REDBEAR

Shouldn't a' aughta' done that,
boys.

BANK ROBBER TWO

Yo, grampa furball, turn around,
real slow-like.

REDBEAR

Shouldn't a' aughta' done that,
neither.

Redbear spins so fast his bear coat flies open. He doesn't draw his cut-down Mare's Leg Henry Rifle or single-barrel shotgun, doesn't have to, their holsters rotate. He pushes down on their handles to swing their barrels up. Redbear pulls their hair-triggers. Their double *boom* is deafening.

When the smoke clears, Bank Robbers One and Two are no longer in the bank, just their guns and lariat lay on the floor.

INT. BEHIND TELLER WINDOW OF SANDPEED BANK - IMMEDIATELY

BANK TELLER, balding with horn-rimmed glasses, stands behind his iron-gate with hands up trembling, then faints. His body falls on a foot-pedal with a piece of rope that goes up to the trigger of a 20-shot fixed-pistol with no frame or handle that is mounted under his counter.

INT. SANDPEED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Teller's Mounted Revolver *fires* blowing a huge hole through its window-base. Its twenty rounds travel over the prone Bank Customer and close enough past Redbear to move his coat, then take out a corner of the Bank Manager's desk.

Bank Customer who was trying to get up, now faints.

Redbear looks back at the surprised Sandpeed Bank Manager.

REDBEAR

Bank Teller's Mounted Revolver?

Sandpeed Bank Manager nods wide-eyed. Redbear fans a hand sideways.

REDBEAR

Might wanna' move, *just a bit*.

Sandpeed Bank Manager hop-scoots with his chair to move his desk over.

Redbear goes to help Bank Customer stand.

REDBEAR

You okay, ma'am?

She nods disorientated. Redbear straightens her hat, then picks up both of the Bank Robber's two guns asking Manager.

REDBEAR

Don't mind if I keep these do you?

Sandpeed Bank Manager shakes his head.

Redbear holsters pistols behind his belt, then flips the lariat up and off the safe to coil it.

REDBEAR

Might wanna' fix that.

Bass, younger, thinner, brand-spanking-new right out of the box, runs in with a Deputy's badge on and pistol drawn, but then drops his gun. He picks it up nervous.

BASS

What h-h-happened?

SANDPEED BANK MANAGER

Your job!

REDBEAR

T'weren't his fault. I have a natural way a bein' in the wrong place at the right time.

BASS

Teach me the same.

RETURN TO.

EXT. REDBEAR'S PORCH - PRESENT MORNING

Redbear and Bass *chuckle* smoking their cigars.

Something reflects out on the prairie.

Both stop rocking at the same time. Redbear tilts his head.

They hear the rifle's report a moment before its bullet whizzes past Redbear's tilted head nicking his ear.

Redbear swings a fist down to hit a wall plank. A Springfield rifle Model 1866 Trapdoor, shorter than Bass's with ramrod underneath its barrel, falls from the ceiling. Redbear double-cocks its hammer, then uses its stepped-iron sight and *fires*.

Something rises out on the prairie, then falls over.

BASS
Dead center.

REDBEAR
Better be.

Redbear stands rifle against wall and goes back to rocking.
Bass goes back to rocking, then looks up searching.

BASS
There a loaded one above me?

REDBEAR
Don't do no good unloaded.
(yells over shoulder)
You all alright in there?

No response. Both throw their cigars to run inside.

INT. REDBEAR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Redbear and Bass enter running, then freeze.
Bodaway lies on the floor with a blood-pool around one bicep.
Aiyana used her waist leather-strip to tie off Bodaway's arm.
Redbear runs to kneel beside both and barely moves Bodaway's arm who *cries* out.

REDBEAR
Sorry son, bone's shattered.
(to Aiyana)
You know what has to be done.

Like any mother, Aiyana tears-up nodding.

REDBEAR
Go to sleep son, Bass'll fix it.

Redbear punches Bodaway knocking him out, then stands to grab two 24" Bowie Knives crisscrossed over the fireplace mantle.
He sticks one in the fire's embers, then exits with second.

REDBEAR
Saw's in the barn.

BASS
Where you goin'?

REDBEAR
Just do it!

EXT. REDBEAR'S BACK PORCH - LATER SAME MORNING

Bass exits with something wrapped in a bloody towel. Bass took off his shirt. Both his arms are bloody.

Redbear's clothes lie like Hansel bread crumbs leading out to where Redbear shot the Assassin.

Bass squints to see Redbear out on the prairie, naked, on his knees, stabbing down two-handed over and over. Blood arcs up with each of his knife blade's high stroke.

Bass's emotionless countenance cracks as he hears Redbear scream with each stab.

REDBEAR
LEAVE, ME, BEEEEEEEE --!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. AIYANA'S OWN RANCH BARN - A YEAR AGO

Redbear, in his loaded bear-coat and looking younger, is angry-saddling Apple.

Aiyana, younger and dressed as earlier, approaches regretful.

AIYANA
How did your son die?

Redbear knees Apple's belly who, *Oofs*, and tightens the cinch strap.

REDBEAR
Alone.
(shakes head)
No, that's not right. His ma was with him.

AIYANA
She, your wife then, yes? That why you like this now, no?

Redbear spins grabbing her by the shoulders.

REDBEAR
They was too good for the likes a' me, yes! And no, I don't like bein' a bounty hunter.

AIYANA
Then why do it?

Redbear lets her go to check his saddle is secure while quoting the *King James* bible.

REDBEAR

"Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption."

AIYANA

Hebrews, 9, 12. You kill bad men, to become good one?

REDBEAR

There will always be bad men that deserve a good bullet. Men who need to die in battle, so the others can live in peace.

AIYANA

(quotes bible)

"Sin shall not have dominion over you, for you are not under the law, but under grace."

Redbear pulls a worn-torn *King James* bible out of saddlebag.

REDBEAR

Romans, 6, 14.

(drops bible back in)

We gonna' do this all day?

AIYANA

How they die?

Been a long time since Redbear has thought about his past. He falls back against the barn's wall, slides down to a crouch, and draws a finger in the dirt. Aiyana crouches next to him.

REDBEAR

Doctor said our boy needed dry air, but my Sheriff pay didn't allow it.

Redbear wipes away angry whatever he was drawing.

REDBEAR

Wanted Poster came in on a bad man, enough money to retire, so went out after him. Got him, too. But by the time I got back with their money --

Redbear tries to stand. Aiyana holds his shoulder down.

REDBEAR
Grippe, gripped 'em both.

AIYANA
(quotes Indian saying)
"The Healing Journey, is on the
path back from your heart --

Aiyana touches Redbear's heart, then his head. He shudders.

AIYANA
to your head."

REDBEAR
Think a storm, covered my trail.

Redbear stands to retrieve gun belt hanging over saddle-horn.

AIYANA
Sometimes you must stand still, to
see where, not to go.

REDBEAR
Wherever I'm goin' --.

Redbear straps gun-belt on then adjusts his two rifles in it.

REDBEAR
Ain't goin' there alone.

Redbear gets his two Navy revolvers out of Bible's saddlebag and sticks them in his waistband. He looks like a warrior.

RETURN TO.

INT. REDBEAR'S SHERIFF OFFICE - NEXT PRESENT MORNING

Grubby sits behind the desk asleep with his feet up on it.

Redbear enters with his hair and beard now shorter wearing same clothes he took off, but they are now washed and brushed. He stomps a boot *jangling* its Spanish spur.

Grubby wakes swinging his feet down off the desk and begins moving papers around on it like he was always awake.

GRUBBY
Didn't hear you come in.

REDBEAR
You understand, I'm trusting my
family's life in your hands.

GRUBBY

(stands, clears throat)

Been many things in this world, but
not appreciative ain't one of 'em.
I do know where I'd be now if you
hadn't taken me in then.

(holds out a dirty hand)

I'll die before they do, Sheriff.

Redbear and Grubby shake closing their bond.

Door opens and Bass enters looking as when he first arrived.

GRUBBY

Where you two off?

Redbear hands Grubby a bank note who examines it.

GRUBBY

That's a lot!

BASS

Look where it's from.

GRUBBY

This on the one who shot your boy?

Door opens and Aiyana enters holding it for Bodaway who
enters minus one arm. It's shirtsleeve is sewn folded-shut.

Redbear and Bass each grab two Winchester *Yellowboy* rifles
out of the wall's gun-rack and four boxes of shells each,
then two shotguns out of rack with two boxes of shells each.

GRUBBY

You goin' to war?

Redbear and Bass stand with both their rifle butts each on a
hip and the shotguns slung across their backs. Redbear's two
Bowie Knives in leather scabbards are tied to their chests.

REDBEAR

Not --

BASS

yet.

EXT. REDBEAR'S SHERIFF OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Redbear and Bass exit followed by Aiyana, Bodaway, and
Grubby.

Binta sits high on a box wagon pulled by two horses.

REDBEAR
Where you goin'?

BINTA
Same place you're goin'.

BASS
I don't think ...?

BINTA
Best to keep it that way.

REDBEAR
Need anything?

Binta picks up a large meal-bag at her feet, then drops her bag. It *clangs* with metal tools inside.

BINTA
Got everything needed, right here.

Redbear and Bass put their armament in her wagon's bed, then Redbear walks out into the middle of street to announce.

REDBEAR
Attention, Citizens!

TOWNFOLK, male and female, come out of buildings to listen.

REDBEAR
Got to go catch the dirty cur that
hurt my family! I expect every man
Jack to protect mine, same as I
done for your'n all these year!

Redbear beckons for Aiyana to join him. She hesitates, then does. He gets down on one knee.

FEMALE TOWNFOLK
Uuuuuuu.

Redbear presents Aiyana with ring-bag. She opens it and tries to hide her emotions as she holds the ring up which sparkles.

FEMALE TOWNFOLK
Awwwww.

REDBEAR
Know I ain't much to look at on the
outside, but on the inside, you'll
never find another man that loves
you more.

Redbear puts his ring on Aiyana's finger, then stands.

REDBEAR

You make the air I breathe and the
water I drink, sweeter.

Aiyana throws her arms around Redbear's shoulders to hug him.

Bass puts his arm around Bodaway.

Grubby tears-up.

Female Townsfolk pull their hankies from out of a sleeve to
dab their eyes.

Redbear picks up Aiyana in his arms and carries her back to
Bodaway, then sets her down.

REDBEAR

The Deputy will need help, so you
needs to be sworn in.

Redbear nods to Bass who turns to Bodaway.

BASS

Hold up a hand, boy.
(no reaction)
Got at least "one" don't ya'?!

Bodaway jerks up his only hand. Bass holds up a hand.

BASS

Do you swear to keep and preserve
the peace and suppress all affrays,
riots, and insurrections for said
purpose and service of the process
for civil and criminal cases in
apprehending or securing any person
for felony or breach thereof?

Bodaway isn't sure, then nods.

REDBEAR

Need to say it out loud, boy!

BODAWAY

I do!

Bass pins a Deputy Sheriff badge on Bodaway's chest near his
missing arm who beams. Bodaway offers his hand. They shake.

BASS

Gave that badge to your dad when he
helped me smoke out Arkansaw Jones
way back when I was just a Deputy,
so best take care of it.

Redbear drops to knee again and goes eye-to-eye with Bodaway.

REDBEAR

No man, every had a son, make him
more proud.

Bodaway hugs Redbear's neck with his only arm. Redbear is surprised, then hugs back.

BINTA

We waitin' for a parade?

Redbear and Bodaway break. Redbear ruffles his hair, then takes Aiyana in his arms. He speaks to her with his eyes.

AIYANA

I know.

Bass and Redbear mount their respective Apple and Appaloosa.

Binta *snaps* her reins.

BINTA

Hee-yaa!

The Three ride out of town.

Townfolk go back inside their buildings.

Aiyana puts an arm around Bodaway and looks down sad at him who then looks up at her.

BODAWAY

I know.

Grubby scans for danger cinching up his sagging gun-belt.

EXT. OUT ON THE PRARIE - DAYS LATER

Bass, Binta, and Redbear, sit staring at a *Welcome To* sign.

BASS

This where it all started?

BINTA

Yep. Where Charon, took it all.

REDBEAR

Only thing you can't steal from
folk, is their fight.

BINTA

Sure as hell proved that six ways
to Sunday didn't we!

Binta *snaps* her reins. The Three ride past the sign painted in beautiful large cursor letters, "*Phoenix Welcomes You.*" Painted under it in smaller letters is, "*if you behaves.*"

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PHOENIX SALOON - THREE YEARS AGO

Most tables and chairs are broken, bar's mirror shot-cracked, and all its liquor gone with only empty bottles on the floor.

EION LIAM O'CONOR, 30s, slight stutter, blue eyes and red hair, has a matching mustache and wears a Deputy Sheriff badge. He sits on his bar's countertop with a tree-branch made into a crutch laying beside his rag-wrapped bare bloody foot. He has fresh, but healing long cuts down both cheeks.

All the Shopkeepers sit or lean around the walls looking like vagabonds, bruised, broken, with lost-not-found-yet spirits.

BINTA, now looking frail in very short hair and a high-collar dress with bow, has a thousand-yard stare. She sits with hands in her lap, a recent widow of the town's blacksmith.

ETHAN MUGGS, late 30s, bald with a huge handle-bar mustache, wears a British Bowler, and is the town's barber and tooth puller. He kept enough of his English accent to identify his heritage and leans on the far end of the bar sipping from an inscribed silver hip-flask.

SIMPSON BARKER, a geeky Caucasian in his early 50s wearing round-rim glasses, is owner of the town's General Store. He and his wife: GLADIOLA, late 50s, WASP, who was never a spring chicken in any henhouse, are in a far corner. She sits and he stands with a hand on her shoulder.

HERALD HIRSCOWITZ, tall but thin, wears narrow *Ben Franklin* glasses and runs the town's only hotel. He and his wife, BARBRA, are both in their 40s and sit in two chairs ramrod-straight like the Puritans they are.

REMY TOUSSAINT, late 30s, very short, of French heritage, looks stern dressed in a European suit. He is a chef and own's the town's only eatery. He and his wife, BRIDGETTE, sit in the only other two intact chairs like they're in church.

ALONZO MUDEN, of German descent, has arms and back like a bodybuilder from throwing heavy bags all day at his Freight Depot. He and his wife, MITHRIL, sit on the floor in a corner with legs out. He has an arm around her she snuggles.

LUCAS MCGREGGOR, Scottish with their Lowlands tongue-trill and temperament to match owns the town's Pony Express office. The scar that takes half-the-place of one eyebrow shows he's no stranger to fisticuffs. He also wears a bowler, but with a much shorter brim and not as tall as Muggs. His wife, ALANA, has bright Redbear hair that is dirty and not brushed. She stands in front leaning back against his burly chest.

BENJAMIN BOSTON, only town's banker, is in fact from a long line of Boston bankers who came West to build his own empire. He brought his high-society wife, CHARTRISE, who has not coped well with the rustic wide open plains. They stand prim and proper in a third corner. She begins to sway, then drinks from a small brown-glass bottle marked "Laudanum."

Gladiola is the first to break their silence and points accusingly at O'Connor.

GLADIOLA

Where were you during our fire and
brimstone!

SIMPSON

Now Gladi, you know there was
nothing he could a' done.

Gladiola *slaps* Simpson, then breaks down.

GLADIOLA

And where were you, when I needed
you?

All the other Women are affected by Gladiola voicing what they are feeling, except Binta, whose gaze never cracks.

O'Connor slides off the bar putting weight on his good leg. He always has a small stutter when he's caught off guard.

O'CONOR

S-s-suppose it needs to be said, so
don't need to be said no more. F-f-
freedom is what you do, with what's
been d-d-done to you.

REMY

The French doctrine of positivism!

Bridgette hits Remy on his shoulder.

MCGREGGOR

Well I'm positive, laddie, that
just about everything in the Good
Book's been thrown on and over us.

Murmuring of agreement by ALL.

O'CONOR

You all knows how I f-f-feel about,
Poppy.
(clinches fists)
So we all lost s-s-something.

ALL *murmur* agreement. Gladiola points accusingly to Muggs.

GLADIO

Except him!

MUGGS

Steady on old girl, before your
idiom makes you look like an idiot.

ALL look at Muggs who sways like he's injured.

MUGGS

You don't know what I lost, and
I'd prefer to keep it that way.

Muggs takes a jolt from his flask, then makes an *Owie*-face.

SIMPSON

We all already been through so much
just to get here, but to have to go
through this, too? That just don't
make no sense.

O'CONOR

Not supposed t-t-to. Is what is.

ALONZO

Till ain't.

BENJAMIN

Talking about it won't bring "it"
back. We either tuck our tails and
run back East, or --?

Herald takes off his glasses to clean them with a dirty
handkerchief.

HERALD

We go get "it" back.

ALL look at Herald who puts his glasses back on, *What?*

MCGREGGOR

With what, our bare hands? Damn
ruffians took all our guns!

BINTA

And horses.

MUGGS

And we don't even know the bugger's
name?

REDBEAR

Arthur "No Middle Name" Bogle.

ALL look to see standing outside the bar's swinging doors is
Redbear, now much younger, with long red hair sun-bleached
blonde and a scraggly long blondish-red beard. He wears his
brownish-red bearskin coat that shimmers new and his black
broad-brimmed preacher hat pressed and clean.

All the women cringe behind their husbands, except Binta.

BINTA

What is you, mister --?

Redbear steps through the doors. He is an imposing sight.

REDBEAR

Sheriff, Sheriff Red Harding. I've
been tracking --Charon.

MUGGS

Styx River boatman?

BENJAMIN

The one who ferries the dead?

REDBEAR

One in the same. I've been hunting
him and his murderin' cutthroat
gang for nigh on three month.

MUGGS

All by your lonesome?

REDBEAR

Had a posse, but they turned sixty
day back.

O'CONOR

So you need a new one?

MCGREGGOR

And what do we use for firesticks,
ya' loony Big Mac?

REDBEAR

Got a Hawken and a Sharps on my
packhorse, with three derringers
and brass knuckles on my person.

MUGGS

And what will the rest of us Davids
be using, slings?

Redbear opens his coat to reveal a bullwhip hanging on one side and a spear-point made into a machete hanging inside the other with handle-up. His sawed-off single-barrel shotgun in a special holster is on his gun belt with a Mare's Leg sawed-off Henry rifle in its own special holster on the other side; neither have leg tie-downs. A pair of crossed Navy Revolvers stick butt-first out of his pants belt front. Two bandoliers; one of .40 caliber bullets, and a second full of shotgun shells, crisscross his chest. He pulls the two 24" Bowie Knives from behind his back. He is a walking armageddon.

O'CONOR

How much all that w-w-weigh?

RETURN TO.

EXT. PHOENIX MAIN STREET - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Binta and wagon roll in first followed by Redbear and Bass.

They ride past a shack built separate from the rest of the town. It's sign says *Laundry* with Chinese logograms under.

BINTA

That's new.

Bass tilts his head trying to understand the letters.

REDBEAR

Called Hanzi, don't bother.

BASS

So that's what they looks like.

BINTA

"Looks like" a prairie hen walked
through barn paint.

BASS

Remember you teachin' me there's
like 20,000 of 'em, right.

REDBEAR

Body only need learn 8,000.

BINTA

Best get started then.

They ride past a yellow two-story hotel, a natural-wood
tensorial parlor with Redbear-and-white striped pole, and
Binta's old livery stable, then an orange freight delivery
depot, a violet Pony Express station, indigo eatery, green
bank, white church, and a brown schoolhouse to round out
their rainbow.

Only O'Connor's *Black Bottom Bar* with its black batwing doors
and the Sheriff's Office with an American Flag flying above
it do not have *Phoenix* in the prefix of each building's sign.

Like Anree, Phoenix has wooden walkways with unlit lanterns
above their doors and hitching posts in front of all.

All Three stop in the center of the street to gaze around.

BASS

Do believe, this be the most
colorful town ever been in.

A cast iron school bell on top of the schoolhouse *rings*. Its
front door opens and TWO BOYS, obviously related, in bib-
overalls, run out, get on horses, and ride out at a gallop.

As if on cue, ALL in the town then notice their Three new
visitors at the same time, and all go pin-drop silent.

A Jackrabbit *screams* as a Redbear-tailed Hawk's talons sink
deep into its sides. The rabbit's almost-human-like screams
fade as it is carried off to become dinner.

BINTA

Never did figure why God made their
death-screams sound so human.

REDBEAR

To remind the living --they still
is.

All the building's doors fly open and the earlier described
Townspeople, only now looking older and more prosperous,
flood into the street to greet Binta warmly.

Sheriff's door opens and O'Connor looking older and sadder, exits with a Sheriff badge on. He doesn't stutter now and tips his hat to Redbear.

O'CONOR
Sheriff.

REDBEAR
Sheriff. This here's Marshal
Reeves.

O'CONOR
Bass Reeves?

BASS
One in the same.

O'CONOR
If it were just you two, wouldn't
be concerned, but since Binta's
ridin' along, don't think you're
here to spread good cheer.

REDBEAR
You need to call a town meetin'.

O'Connor takes off his hat and uses it to shade his eyes as he squints up at the sun melancholic.

O'CONOR
Folks were just startin' to forget.

Binta dismounts and walks over offering a hand. O'Connor puts on his hat and they shake manly.

BINTA
Long as they ain't completely.
(releases, looks around)
Where's Poppy?

O'Connor drops his head sad shaking it.

O'CONOR
"Just startin' to forget."

Schoolhouse door is closed and locked by its "PREACHER," 60s, white thinning hair, dressed in a black frock-coat with clergy collar. He walks over to put on the exact same hat as Redbear wears, only newer. Preacher stares at Redbear's hat.

REDBEAR
Don't dwell on it.

INT. PHOENIX CHURCH - THAT NIGHT

Same Townspeople are talking all at once except CHEN, 30s, the Asian Laundry Owner and former railroad-worker who has a traditional Cue ponytail so the front of his head is shaved bald. He wears a short-sleeve shirt with his "work" Athletic-shirt under. His biceps bulge from using his eight-pound iron all day. The belt holding up his baggy coolie pants is three strands of braided-leather.

Standing in a corner talking to Binta is ÚLFR "WULF" WIRKKALA, 40s, 6', blondish hair and blue eyes, who has a slight Swedish accent. He wears the same type of black leather apron as Binta wears when blacksmithing.

O'Connor stands behind the pulpit talking to Preacher when Redbear and Bass enter. Townspeople turn and *clap* at Redbear. Bass is impressed. Preacher holds up both hands.

PREACHER

Be seated.

ALL Townspeople, including Binta, sit in pews.

Redbear and Bass go to the pulpit. All nod to each other, then Minister and O'Connor sit in chairs.

BASS

Never start a fight.

REDBEAR

But always finish one.

O'CONOR

You taught us that.

Murmuring of agreement by Townspeople.

Redbear hand-motions for Bass to step closer.

REDBEAR

Folks, this here's U.S. Marshal
Bass Reeves.

BINTA

First ever Negro U.S. Marshal!

Murmuring of acknowledgment by Townspeople.

REDBEAR

There's no better man to stand
beside you in a fight, and he
didn't have to ride into this.

BASS

Sure I did.

Bass offers his hand. They shake with free hand on other's shoulder, obvious they will take a bullet for each other.

GLADIOLA

Enough with the glad-handing. Why you both here?

REDBEAR

River Styx.

Air is sucked out of the room by all their inhales.

O'CONOR

Charon?

BASS

His brother.

Most of the Women look faint, their Men are not far behind.

MUGGS

The bellend has a mingin' bruva!

REDBEAR

Yes, whatever you just said.

BINTA

Who paid a shitload of men to kill Redbear.

PREACHER

Did they succeed?

ALL look at Preacher who thinks, then realizes embarrassed.

GLADIOLA

So you brought them here?!

BASS

They was always a-comin' "here."

BINTA

Which is why we're here.

O'CONOR

Which is --?

REDBEAR

Only way to stop his Blood Revenge, is to stop him --permanently.

BINTA

He seems to have endless money --.

BASS

So you can expect experienced guns.

MUGGS

Do this dodgy barmy have a name?

CHEN

Hades.

ALL look to Chen who stands to fold his own bulging arms.

O'CONOR

As in "hell?"

Chen nods.

MUGGS

Then the sod won't mind goin' home.

BINTA

Know how he got so rich?

CHEN

Money from railroad, hired to kill
Chinese who make trouble.

From out of nowhere, Chen flip-opens a butterfly knife.

CHEN

Chen --make lot of trouble.

GLADIOLA

That's why you came here!

CHEN

Me hear what you do to Charon, so I
know, this day come.

MUGGS

Why didn't you say something, mate?

CHEN

(quotes Confucius)
"Before embark on journey of
revenge, dig two graves."

REDBEAR

Confucius. "Do not impose on others
what you yourself do not desire."

Chen nods and flips his knife closed then sits.

CHEN

If he no come, good for you. But if
he do, good for me.

MUGGS

Other bleedin' good news for us?

REDBEAR

Yes, we all work round the clock to
get your town ready for war.

O'CONOR

Again?!

BASS

(quotes George Santayana)
"Only the dead, have seen the end
of war."

EXT. PHOENIX MAIN STREET - NEXT DAY

The town is a beehive of activity. All the Townspeople are
digging between their buildings. Bass oversees All.

EXT. CHEN'S LAUNDRY AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Binta sits on wagon-seat smoking her pipe as Redbear helps
Chen load his possessions into wagon, except the last crate.

BINTA

Load that last crate so we can get
movin'.

CHEN

Not necessary, I carry.

REDBEAR

Looks big, even for a small walk.
Need help?

CHEN

Not necessary, I carry.

Redbear looks at Chen's shack and shakes his head.

REDBEAR

Be the first place they hit.

CHEN

(inscrutable smile)
I, know.

BINTA
Town'll help you rebuild.

CHEN
Not necessary.

BINTA
(turns to look at Chen)
You're not staying?

CHEN
I will always, be here soon.

REDBEAR
Had a vision?

CHEN
(bows slightly)
Thank you.

Chen indicates for Binta to stop smoking, now. She taps her ashes out against a wheel onto the ground.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. A BIRCH TREE FORREST - TWO YEARS AGO

CHARON, 40s, Jamaican, skin like black leather and a soul to match, is running between the white-bark trees with his spurs *jingling*. A long painful male *scream* in the distance makes him freeze, breathing hard. A twig *snaps*, he spins fan-firing his pistol at a tree tearing off its bark.

O'Connor steps from behind same tree and throws Redbear's bullwhip full-length out to the side. Both his cut-cheeks are healing.

Charon uses Jamaican term referring to their Devil-character who whips other Devils. He smiles with two gold front teeth.

CHARON
Jab-jab?

O'CONOR
Been called worse.

Charon pulls his trigger to an empty *click*.

O'CONOR
Play checkers? Learn chess.

O'Connor's bullwhip tail cuts the back of Charon's hand making him drop his gun who pulls out a back-up gun, but same tail cuts that hand making him drop it, too. Whip's tail now cuts Charon's cheek open who puts a hand over it. Whip's tail cuts other cheek open, so he covers that cheek with other hand. Blood flows between his fingers. His cuts, match O'Connor's.

O'CONOR
How that feel?

CHARON
Where's your s-s-stutter?

O'CONOR
Same place yours is goin'.

POPPY MARTINDALE, 30s, the town's teacher and country pretty before kidnapped and raped by Charon, wears a torn dirty full leather skirt. She walks up resolute through the trees hip-aiming a Spanish Remington repeater-rifle.

POPPY
Never did get to show you how fast
this fires.

Poppy *fires* all twelve rounds racking its fore-stock each time. Her bullets strike Charon's body-perimeter from head to boot nicking or shooting off a toe, fingertip, earlobe, etc. Charon stands a bloody mess as Poppy reloads her tube.

POPPY
One round, for each rape.

Defiant to the end, Charon spits out blood.

CHARON
One more for the road, bakra?

Muggs, covered in blood, runs in, then catches his breath.

MUGGS
Afraid, my memory, will have to
suffice, bugger.

Muggs stalks with a pair of bloody tooth-pulling pliers.

MUGGS
Be a good sport, and let me have a
souvenir to not remember you by.

Muggs grabs a hold of a front gold tooth as Charon fights, then manages to pull it out. Muggs holds it up as a trophy.

MUGGS

Jolly well done! Shall we try for
another unhappy memory?

Muggs grabs onto Charon's second gold tooth who fights more.

MUGGS

Being a graduate of the Dental
Hospital of London, I must warn
you, when you fight, only makes it
hurt worse. So please, fight on.

Muggs pulls Charon's second gold tooth out. Charon looks like
a vampire who partied too much. Charon spits out blood
through his missing teeth-hole into Muggs's face.

Muggs smiles, then pockets both gold teeth and his pliers,
and takes out a bloody Civil War iron-scalpel.

MUGGS

I'll be doing the world a public
service, by gelding you.

BINTA

Wait!

Binta walks up wearing her blacksmith's leather apron. It's
covered with blood. The pockets on her apron hold bloody
blacksmithing tools. She holds out a bloody castrating tool
with a piece of meat hanging off and waggles it.

BINTA

Your compadre says, "bye-bye."

Binta hands her tool to Muggs who takes it smiling.

BINTA

Use this, it'll hurt more.

MUGGS

Much obliged, old girl.

Charon turns to flee, but Binta throws a blacksmithing tool
that looks like a smooth mace to clobber Charon in the back
of his head who falls face-first. She snarls at Muggs.

BINTA

Who you callin', a "girl?"

Muggs steps to Charon with her castrating tool.

O'CONOR

Wait!

Remy, Simpson, Herald, Alonzo, Lucas, and Benjamin, now arrive running. Their clothes are covered with blood.

O'CONOR

He hurt us all, so we all hurt him.

The revengeful Eight Men and Two Women close in as Judgement Day on Charon who rolls over with a toothless bloody grin.

CHARON

In Africa, your name mean, "go with God."

BINTA

I'd say, "say hello," but you're goin' in the other direction.

Redbear steps from behind a tree.

REDBEAR

No more in the face please. He needs to be recognized for my reward.

Redbear turns his back. The Townspeople take their revenge.

RETURN TO.

EXT. PLAINS OUTSIDE PHOENIX - PRESENT - DAYS LATER

Redbear and Bass sit on their mounts looking at the town.

BASS

None of it's any good, without us having prior notice.

Redbear points to a forested small mountain without looking.

REDBEAR

Which is why you bivouac up there.

BASS

Flip ya' for it?

REDBEAR

Nope. You still got it?

BASS

Yep. You still got it?

REDBEAR

We'll see.

BASS

You do realize, if you can read me,
they can, too?

REDBEAR

Only if they're looking, only if
they can read, and only if you
forgot our f'n code.

BASS

"If", brother --if.

Bass nods good-bye, then turns his horse to leave.

REDBEAR

Hey, kid.

Bass stops and turns in his saddle.

BASS

Yeah, old man?

REDBEAR

(in Lakota Sioux)

No chief could be prouder, of his
protégé."

Bass is visibly surprised, then tips his hat answering in
Lakota Sioux.

BASS

I learn from best.

Bass gallops off towards the mountain where Redbear pointed.

REDBEAR

We'll see.

EXT. PHOENIX TOWN LIMITS - DAYS LATER

MALE GANG of ten nefarious Men, all ages and rough dress,
ride towards the town. All are Caucasian, except GANG MEMBER
TEN who is African-American. They all stop to ogle something.

A small arched footbridge curves up over a narrow stream of
dark liquid lined on both sides with shiny painted-stones.

MALE GANG LEADER, old, face sun-wrinkled, wears an English
Bowler and speaks with a British accent. He *Tch-tch's*.

MALE GANG LEADER

Looks like it's a bust boys! No way
we can cross that!

ALL *guffaw*, then draw their pistols to spin chambers checking ammunition, re-holster, and pull their rifles.

MALE GANG ONE, young, thin, and gnarly, rides forward.

MALE GANG LEADER
Best waits for his signal! If you
wants to get paid that is.

MALE GANG ONE
Advance Guard, Deployment, Base
Unit, them just stupid Army words.
(rides forward more)
If you wants somethin', takes it.

MALE GANG LEADER
Difference between us, dear boy?

Male Gang Leader cocks rifle's lever, then aims at Gang One.

MALE GANG LEADER
"We" wants to get paid.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF PHOENIX TOWN LIMITS - SIMULTANEOUS

FEMALE GANG of eight evil women, all ages, in cowboy outfits, sit on their horses staring at a similar footbridge over its own shiny painted-stone black stream. All are Caucasian except FEMALE GANG SEVEN, who is African-American with her head-shaved. She has almost no chest, so looks like a man. She spits black tobacco juice into the black stream.

Sound of Male Gang Leader's rifle *firing* once.

FEMALE GANG SEVEN
That's one.

FEMALE GANG TWO, old and gruff looking, with a hanging-rope scar around her throat, speaks with a damaged-windpipe in a guttural Scottish accent.

FEMALE GANG TWO
Most colorful town, me never seen.

FEMALE GANG LEADER, once young, now only a chaste pessimist whose nose has been broken many times, snarls nasty.

FEMALE GANG LEADER
Anything too pretty, is too weak.

From Bass's mountaintop, reflections flash.

All Female Gang Members shade their eyes with hats staring at the flashes, except Female Gang Leader who stares cold ahead.

FEMALE GANG LEADER

I sees 'em.

FEMALE GANG TWO

Aiy, but can ya' read 'em, lassie?

FEMALE GANG LEADER

Not my job.

FEMALE GANG TWO

Well, were mine in The Coldstream
Guards in Egypt-land, and I can't.

FEMALE GANG LEADER

Like you was ever a real soldier.

Female Gang Leader clears a nostril by holding a finger against one, then exhaling hard a loogie out her open one.

FEMALE GANG LEADER

Any which-way, not my concern. Just
watch for his signal, bitch.

Female Gang Leader stands in her stirrups squinting.

EXT. ON THE PRARIE OUTSIDE PHOENIX - MOMENTS LATER

A Chinese soft-shelled "signal bomb" launches. It's fuse is timed to implode in mid-air as a beautiful red star-burst.

EXT. MALE GANG AT PHOENIX OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Male Gang One now lies face-down dead across the foot bridge.

Male Gang Leader hears the "poof" above and looks up to see the silent-bomb's red smoke coloring spread out.

MALE LEADER

Bloodlettin' time, gentlemen!

ALL get their horses ready to jump the piddly stream.

EXT. FEMALE GANG AT OTHER END OF PHOENIX - SIMULTANEOUS

Female Gang Leader smiles cold up at the sky's Redbear burst.

FEMALE LEADER

Ladies, *I use the term loosely ...*

FEMALE GANG ONE is too good-looking to be so bad behaved.

FEMALE GANG ONE
That's 'cause were loose women!

ALL pull their pistols grinning with bad or missing teeth.

FEMALE LEADER
Let's show those "boys," what real
women can do!

ALL get their horses ready to jump the "pretty" stream.

EXT. MALE GANG PHOENIX TOWN LIMITS - MOMENTS LATER

MALE GANG TWO trots over to Chen's shack.

MALE GANG LEADER
Back in formation!

MALE GANG TWO
But I love shootin' glass?

Male Gang Two fan-fires his pistol at the shack's windows.

Pieces of glass fall out of panes, except one remains intact.

MALE LEADER
Missed one, dead-eye.

Male Gang Two holsters his pistol, then aims his rifle at the window and *fires*.

Chen's shack *explodes* into infinity taking Male Gang Two and his horse along for the ride.

Other Eight Male Gang Members fight to control their horses as pieces of wood, flesh, and horse-meat rain down on them.

MALE GANG THREE falls off his horse and has to re-mount.

MALE GANG THREE
What the hell --?!

EXT. FEMALE GANG SIDE OF PHOENIX - SIMULTANEOUS

All Female Gang freeze hearing other-end's loud explosion except Female Gang Leader who walks her horse forward.

FEMALE GANG TWO
Would ya' be knowin' what that be
then? 'Cause I sure do.

FEMALE LEADER

Don't know, don't ca ...

Female Gang Leader's horse slips on the oiled painted-rock to step down into the black creek which erupts with its own *explosion* that also lights its fluid flinging burning liquid over all the other Female Gang members.

Their horses rear up throwing Female Gang Members onto the ground and bolt away. The Seven Female members don't care, they're too busy stripping their burning clothes off as pieces of Female Gang Leader and her horse rain down on them.

EXT. MALE GANG'S SIDE OF TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

The Eight Living Male Gang members can see what is happening to their Female counterparts.

MALE LEADER

Bullocks! it's a trap men!

The Eight Male Gang members turn their horses to retreat.

A wood hatch covered with dirt flips open behind them and Redbear stands holding two double-barrel shotguns and *fires*.

Male Gang Three and Four fall dead. Their horses bolt away.

Male Gang Leader digs his spurs into his horse's haunches to hold it still as he aims his rifle at Redbear.

Redbear throws a lit kerosene lantern at their black creek and dives back into his rabbit-hole.

Redbear's lantern bursts *lighting* the creek's dark fluid.

Male Gang Leader waits for Redbear aiming.

Fire heats a small bottle in the bottom of the creek which *explodes* sending burning liquid flying in all directions.

Male Leader drops his rifle as he and his Five Surviving Males fight to control their horses.

Redbear stands out of his hole again now with his hat on fire and starts *shooting* both his Navy Revolvers.

The Surviving Six Male Members turn their horses as one to jump over the dying flames and gallop into town using their hats to smack their burning clothes to put out their fires.

Redbear lays both pistols on the ground in front of him to slap his burning hat on the dirt until its fire goes out. He examines his most-prized possession's damage. It's ruined.

REDBEAR

Gonna miss you, good buddy.

Redbear now *fires* his Winchester angry at Gang Members.

REDBEAR

My topknot spent ten year training
that! It was my second best friend!

EXT. FEMALE GANG SIDE OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The Seven Female Gang Members now stand in various states of undress with their hats singed and some with hair smoldering. Female Gang One tosses her ruined hat. Their horses are gone.

FEMALE GANG ONE

Fergit the G. D. horses!

The Seven Female Gang Members turn as one to run out of town.

A wood hatch covered by dirt flips open and O'Connor stands out holding a shotgun and cuts loose with both *barrels*.

Female Gang One is blown back into the burning creek.

FEMALE GANG TWO

Follow me, gals, if ya' want's to
live through this!

Female Gang Two somersaults over creek's dying-down flames.

The Other Five Surviving Female Gang Members follow her somersaulting over the creek's flames, then All Six enter the town running and shooting, *screaming* like banshees.

O'Connor now *fires* his Winchester rifle at them.

On one side of the street, Phoenix Merchants Husbands and their Wives stand up on their own building rooftops. Wives throw small glass bottles down on the Female Gang Members that *explode* killing FEMALE GANG MEMBERS THREE and FOUR.

FEMALE GANG TWO

They gots Nitro!
(sprints to a building)
Inside, Get Inside!

All Four Uninjured Female Gang Members run for various shops.

EXT. CENTER OF TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Male Gang Leader with his Seven Surviving Gang Members ride in at full gallop, pistols *blazing*.

On opposite the side of street, The Other Merchants Husbands and their Wives stand on their own rooftops. Other Wives now throw small glass bottles down on the Male Gang.

Their bottles *explode* killing MALE GANG FIVE and knocking the Surviving Six Gang Members off their horses who bolt away.

MALE LEADER
Nitroglycerin, chaps! I suggest,
(sprints to a building)
Coverrrrr --!

The Surviving Six Male Gang each run for various buildings.

INT. REMY'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

MALE GANG SIX dives in the front door to hide under a table.

REMY (O.S.)
So you wish to play jeu de cache-
cache, eh? Bon.

A chef's knife with colored inlaid-handle is thrown sticking in the floor beside Male Gang Seven's hand who *fires* his pistol in all directions. He hits no one.

REMY (O.S.)
Non, non, mon ami! That is not how
it is played. N'cest pas?

A butcher's cleaver is thrown down into the floor cutting off the pinky-tip of Male Gang Six's hand laying splayed on the floor. He *screams*, then crawls under another table where he pulls off his kerchief to wrap it around his missing digit.

REMY (O.S.)
I believe, how you say, "Tag, you
are it," oui?

Male Gang Six has been one-handed reloading his pistol, then spins its chamber.

MALE GANG SIX
I'll kill you, then rape your
woman!

Cooking knives descend upon him like hail from Hell.

Most miss, but several stick in his arm, shoulder, and top of his boot's arch. He *yipes* yanking them out.

REMY (O.S.)
Should not have said that, mon
cheri. Have you not heard of le
mépris de la femme? Non? You will.

Male Gang Six pulls his back-up revolver and stands angry.

MALE GANG SIX
Face me like a man!

A *Bird's Beak* paring knife slices from behind across his throat. He grabs his bleeding gash dropping the second gun and turns to see Bridgette smiling evil. He raises his first pistol to fire, but she reverses her blade's hook and stabs it up hilt-deep into his scrotum. He drops that gun in agony.

Male Gang Six's bloody hands go for Bridgette's throat, but then freeze as his eyes open wide. A long thin boning knife enters the back of his neck up under his skull, then is wiggled by Remy. Six's body drops like a sack of potatoes.

REMY
Oeufs brouillés.

Remy puts his arm around Bridgette who stomps on Male Gang Six's crotch to the sound of his pelvic bone *breaking*.

REMY
Mon, dieu!

Bridgette kisses Remy's cheek who is a little taken aback.

REMY
Quelle femme.

INT. PHOENIX HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

FEMALE GANG FIVE is the tallest of her gang. She stoops running through its double-doors, then stops searching.

Herald, wearing a Deputy-Sheriff badge, stands from behind the check-in counter and pulls on a stretched-out lariat.

Female Gang Five looks down to see its noose on the floor tightening towards her boot and hops to the side smiling.

FEMALE GANG FIVE
Men are such babies!

Female Gang Five lands with all her weight on the other boot which crashes through a cut floorboard.

Barbra appears on balcony and uses a Civil War Calvary sword to cut a hold-rope for the second lariat leading down to the floor. Her end of lariat is tied to a meal-bag over a beam.

Second lariat-loop tightens around Female Gang Five's crashed-boot to yank her upside-down all the way up to Barbra.

BARBRA

Gotta' agree with you there sister.
But still, they got their uses.

Female Gang Five lost both her guns being yanked up and now dangles upside-down by her roped boot. She pulls a knife out slashing it at Barbra.

FEMALE GANG FIVE=

Cut me down you piece a' ...!

BARBRA

Check-out, is at Noon.

Barbra slices Female Gang Five's lariat who falls to the floor headfirst screaming obscenities and breaks her neck.

Herald hops over the counter to check Five's vitals, then looks up at Barbra giving the universal cut-throat sign.

BARBRA

What time is it, darling?

Herald looks down checking his pocket-watch, then looks up.

HERALD

Noon!

Barbra nods hanging her sword back on its wall-plaque behind her having the sword's mate crossed under it.

BARBRA

Look forward to the day when we can
afford maid service to clean up.

INT. PHOENIX BANK - MOMENTS LATER

MALE GANG SEVEN *breaks* through its double-doors to slam them shut behind him.

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

May I help you?

Male Gang Seven spins and *fires* his pistol at Benjamin who is standing behind the bars of a metal single-teller cage.

Benjamin jerks his head and bullet ricochets off the bars.

BENJAMIN

You're withdrawal is ready, sir.

Benjamin pushes a huge stack of paper money forward under his window's pass-through.

Male Gang Seven looks around to see the safe is open, then cocks his pistol's hammer going to Benjamin wary.

MALE GANG SEVEN

Awful friendly, ain't ya'?

BENJAMIN

There are some things, money can't buy.

Benjamin pushes his stacked money further forward and some falls on the floor in front of his cage.

Male Gang Seven holds his pistol's aim on Benjamin's forehead as he kneels, then looks down, to grab the fallen loot.

MALE GANG SEVEN

Right neighborly --neighbor.

Male Gang Seven hears the "click" of Benjamin stepping on the foot-pedal of a *Mounted Teller Revolver* and looks up just in time to feel his surprised head disappear from twenty simultaneous-fired rounds breaking through the window's base.

Chartrise stands up wearing an expensive French dress from behind Benjamin's heavy desk on the other side of the room hip-aiming a bedazzled short-barrel Coach Shotgun.

BENJAMIN

Would you mind turning the "Closed" sign over in the window, dear?

Chartrise goes to lock the doors and turn its sign around.

Benjamin picks up the money and carries it back to his safe.

CHARTRISE

This is one time when money, can buy happiness.

Both royal-chortle like only the upper-class wealthy can.

EXT. OUT ON THE PRARIE - MOMENTS LATER

Bass charges out of the mountain's tree-line galloping his horse. He hears the *sonic-whine* of a rifle-bullet too late to correct. His horse is hit rocketing Bass through the air. He lands hitting his head on a rock and passes out.

INT. PHOENIX FREIGHT DEPOT - SIMULTANEOUS

FEMALE GANG SIX flies through its front door *firing* behind her and falls on the floor kicking the door closed.

MITHRIL (O.S.)

Why did you choose this life?

Female Gang Six rolls against a wall and *fires* at the voice.

MITHRIL (O.S.)

I can kill you from here. Why?

Female Gang Six squints searching and re-loading. She speaks with a German accent.

FEMALE GANG SIX

Only thing mich good at.

MITHRIL (O.S.)

Nein. All of life, is a choice.

FEMALE GANG SIX

"Nur die Harten kommen in den Garten."

MITHRIL (O.S.)

"Only the strong survive?" Ya-ya, but life is about living, not just surviving.

FEMALE GANG SIX

Could have fooled mich.

Female Gang Six's eyes have adjusted to the dark room and she *fires* at a shadow behind a barrel.

ALONSO (O.S.)

Prefer not to shoot a woman, bitte.

FEMALE GANG SIX

(reloading and searching)
Who said I was one!

ALONSO (O.S.)

"Arbeit ist die beste Jacke."

FEMALE GANG SIX

"The best way to warm yourself is
by doing something useful?"

(*hacking-laugh*)

"Was Hänschen nicht lernt, lernt
Hans nimmermehr!"

MITHRIL (O.S.)

Korrekt. "Teaching an old dog new
tricks, is hard."

FEMALE GANG SIX

"Klappe zu Affe tot!"

MITHRIL (O.S.)

So sad to see you go? Yes. "Close
the lid, the monkey is dead."

ALONSO

Ya, so vee end this now, Hündin!

Female Gang Six pulls a back-up pistol, holds both, then
rushes towards the two voices *firing* both guns.

She is cut-in-half by two shotgun *blasts* angling from two
corners so her two body-parts fly in opposite directions.

Alonso and Mithril emerge catty-corner from behind oat-
barrels with all four of their shotgun tubes smoking.

ALONSO

"Das Leben ist kein ponyhof."

MITHRIL

How true, meine liebe. "Life is not
a pony farm."

Alonso kicks one of Female Gang Six's fallen pistols away,
then puts his arm around Mithril.

ALONSO

"Everything has an end. Only the
sausage --.

Mithril kicks Female Gang Six's other gun away, then snuggles
into her hubby's chest.

MITHRIL

Has two."

EXT. OUT ON THE PRARIE - MOMENTS LATER

Bass comes-to draped over a saddle.

His wrists and ankles tied together under his horse's belly.
He tries to raise his dried-blood forehead to see, but can't.

BASS

My horse?

HADES

Dead Yard.

BASS

Loved that horse. --Hades?

HADES

Rhatid to you, mon.

BASS

Ahh, Patois zum zeet.

HADES

You speak Jamaican, mon?

BASS

Considerin' we was likely to talk,
thought it best to learn yours.

HADES (O.S.)

Then you know your backside be,
fyah fi yuh.

BASS

Irie, mon. But based on their
dwindlin' gunfire, your skettel be
dead or close to it.

HADES

That was me plan all along, mon,
that was me plan all along.

Bass is concerned as he tries to loosen his hand-bonds.

EXT. PHOENIX MAIN STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Redbear and O'Connor are *firing* their rifles at Male Gang
Leader who fires back, then dives into the tonsorial parlor.

INT. TONSORIAL PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The small room is dark as Male Gang Leader rolls in on the
floor to kick the door closed behind him. He looks around
putting his Bowler back on.

MALE LEADER
Bleedin' minging out there!

Muggs sprints past Male Leader slashing Leader's forehead with his earlier Civil War iron-scalpel, then is gone leaving only his own Bowler on the ground.

Male Leader *fires* wild, then feels his forehead under his Bowler to draw back bloody fingers.

MALE LEADER
Just popping out? Or off, mate?
(examines Muggs's bowler)
Nice billycock. Lock and Company?

MUGGS (O.S.)
Aye, the world's oldest hat shop.

MALE LEADER
Ahhh, what I wouldn't do to be
sittin' in a pub right now.

Male Leader puts Muggs's Bowler on top of his own, then lays prone two-handed aiming at where he heard Mugg's voice.

MALE LEADER
Enjoyin' a pint.

Muggs sprints over-top of him reaching down to slice the back of Male Leader's neck while grabbing back his own Bowler.

Male Leader rolls over too late and *fires* up at nothing. He rolls back to his stomach and touches the back of his neck. He draws back more blood on his fingers.

MALE LEADER
You're faffing, chum.

MUGGS
"Bob's your uncle."

Male Leader quick-comes up to a knee and *fires* at where he heard Muggs's voice.

Muggs runs behind Male Leader slicing his back and is gone.

Male Leader winces at the pain, then stands to back up against a wall looking in all directions at once.

MALE LEADER
Step out into the light, so we can
end this like the enlightened
gentlemen we are.

MUGGS

Looking a bit gobsmacked, swarmy.

MALE LEADER

Don't over-egg the pudding, wally.

No response. Male Leader sneaks a peak out the door's window, then tries to open the door, but spins too late.

Muggs somersaults past Male Leader slicing his Achilles's Tendon. Male Leader goes down like a ton of bricks grabbing at his injured ankle. His Bowler falls off.

MALE LEADER

Blimey, bessie!

Male Leader uses his kerchief to tie-off his bleeding leg.

MALE LEADER

Aces, mate, aces.

MUGGS (O.S.)

Have a Butcher's Look, bugger! You ain't leavin' livin'.

MALE LEADER

Oi, mind if me has a smoke first, bruv?

No response. Male Leader leans against a wall to pull his tobacco pouch and papers, then rolls a rough cigarette. He drops pouch and papers, then inserts cigarette between lips.

MALE LEADER

Least I can do, gov'nor.

Male Leader uses his thumb-nail to strike a wooden match.

MALE LEADER

Is take you with me on this trip.

Male Gang One pulls out a half-stick of dynamite, lights it, then throws it. His gold tooth reflects its flame.

Muggs runs catching TNT, jams its none-burning-end down Male Leader's throat, yanks open his door, and kick-rolls Leader out into the street, then dives behind his barber-chair.

Male Leader *explodes* outside imploding the shop's bay window.

Muggs stands coughing and fanning away cordite-smoke. He holds up his teeth-pulling pliers with Male Leader's gold tooth now in it.

MUGGS

World's cracking good extraction.
(bites gold tooth)
Should pay for a new window.

Muggs picks up Gang Leader's Bowler and brushes it off with a sleeve smiling.

MUGGS

Well that was lush and dead-good.

He twirls the Bowler between two hands, then flips it up one arm onto his head just as his other hand took off his own.

INT. PHOENIX LIVERY BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Male Gang Ten and Female Gang Seven both *bang* through the barn's double-doors together then both slam their's behind.

MALE GANG TEN

Name's, Bonham.

Female Gang Seven extends a gloved-hand. They shake.

FEMALE GANG SEVEN

Cathay.

BONHAM

Wait, you're a ...?

CATHAY brings up her pistol under his chin cocking hammer.

CATHAY

What?!

BONHAM eye-motions for her to look down. She does. He has his own pistol cocked and aimed at her privates.

BONHAM

Little slow.

A four-prong pitchfork with its tines straightened is thrown like a spear impaling Bonham's lungs. He looks down at it.

CATHAY

Look who's talkin'.

Cathay somersaults away behind some hay bales.

WULF

It's called a javelo, kriminell.

Bonham pulls the pitch-fork out of his chest, smiles bloody at Cathay, then gives a death-exhale and dead-falls forward.

CATHAY

You can't shoot a woman!

Wulf steps out from behind his furnace holding up an iron mallet big enough to be a shot put, then lowers it.

WULF

Nej, you're right, I could not.

Cathay stands up behind her bales to rest both her hands on it aiming her pistols at him.

WULF

(head-motions to side)

But she would.

Cathay glances to same side. Two blacksmith's tapers honed into spikes are thrown into her shoulders making her drop both guns. She looks down at one taper, then the other.

CATHAY

Bet you'd steal a fly from a blind spider.

BINTA

Don't a black woman have it hard enough without the likes a' you making them harder?

CATHAY

Just trying to earn a living, missy.

Binta steps out of the shadows holding an eye-punch hammer.

BINTA

Shoulda' tried harder.

CATHAY

Your raillery's so dull, it couldn't cut hot butter.

WULF

Ladies, please.

BINTA

Gonna' come quiet-like?

CATHAY

Whatta' you think?

Cathay is stalling, pulling a knife out from a back-scabbard.

BINTA

Don't matta' what I do, only what
you does. Does you?

Binta steps in. Cathay tries to slash up with her knife, but Binta drives her hammer's point down deep into the top of Cathay's skull leaving it there. Cathay's eyes glaze over.

BINTA

Not --apparently.

Binta pulls first one, then the other taper out of Cathay's shoulders who doesn't react. Binta wipes off both tapers on Cathay's vest, then puts them with their others in her leather apron's top pocket.

BINTA

Ain't dead, just stricken.

Binta pulls her hammer's point out of Cathay's head who collapses. Binta wipes her hammer off on a hay-bale, then hangs it through a leather-strap across from the tapers.

BINTA

Don't want to miss your own
hangin', do ya'?

Wulf steps up hanging his own hammer through his apron.

WULF

You von hard voman, Binta.

BINTA

Hard as I need be.
(looks around admiring)
Like what you've done with my
place.

WULF

(looks around confused)
I change nothing?

BINTA

That's --what I like.
(sniffles)
Do miss my man, though.

Wulf bends down to put a hangman's noose around Cathay's neck, then stands to throw its end-rope over a beam.

WULF

One door close.

Wulf and Binta grab the rope then fall down pulling.

Cathay is yanked up into the air swinging back and forth. The last thing her dying legs kick at, open the double-doors.

INT. PHOENIX GENERAL STORE - SIMULTANEOUS

It's front door *bursts* open and MALE GANG EIGHT runs in to slam it closed then peer out its window.

MALE GANG EIGHT
Town's angrier than a whacked
beehive!

Male Gang Eight looks around, sees something, and smiles.

Across the room from him is a glass counter full of pistols. Behind them is a wall full of rifles with a locking-chain.

MALE GANG EIGHT
Do believe, I can hold 'em all off
from here till the end a' days, or
we come to terms. Whichever comes
first.

Male Gang Eight takes a step right into a set coyote-trap. *Snap!* Four pounds of pan tension *springs* shut driving its teeth deep in his ankle. He falls yipping only to set off more traps. *Snap, Snap, Snap!* His *screaming* turns to cursing as he lays on his back checking himself. He has traps locked onto an elbow, shoulder, and ankle. His guns lay too far away. He *sighs* angry at himself.

MALE GANG EIGHT
When you find yourself in a deep
hole, first thing to do is --?

He looks up to see Simpson standing above his head with an upside-down 24" wide-open set bear trap.

SIMPSON
Stop digging!

Simpson drops his trap. The 24-pound trap-pan hits Male Gang Eight's nose and *snaps* shut with 500 PSI on his head driving its huge cast-iron teeth to crush his skull between them.

SIMPSON
Picked the wrong God Damn store to
break into, didn't ya'?!

Simpson, adjusts his Deputy's badge, then his *Benjamin Franklin* glasses sucking his teeth fast-angry.

Gladiola walks up behind and pats him on a shoulder.

GLADIOLA

Calm yourself, dear. You sound like
an mad prarie chicken. I'll go get
a mop and bucket.

Simpson chews a non-existent cud smiling.

EXT. BETWEEN PHOENIX BUILDINGS - MOMENTS LATER

MALE GANG NINE is being driven back by Redbear and O'Connor's rifle fire. Both his revolvers *click* empty. He reaches to his belt for more bullets, but there are none. He holsters his empty revolvers and talks to himself.

MALE GANG NINE

Dead men can't spend nuthin' --but
eternity.

Male Gang Nine sprints down the alley to exit the town when he steps in one of the many covered holes. He falls forward screaming, then pulls his broken foot out. A wooden stake sticks through it. He grits his teeth and pulls it out.

MALE GANG NINE

These idgits worse than Injuns!

Male Gang Nine hobbles down the alleyway. He's almost out when Chen steps in front of him.

Chen's two butterfly knives fly around him like humming-bird wings, then Chen steps away.

MALE GANG NINE

You one fast Chinaman.

CHEN

You one dead Lowài.

Male Gang Nine looks down at himself. His clothes are julienne-shredded with blood spurting from everywhere.

CHEN

"It does not matter how slowly you
go, as long as you do not stop."

Male Gang Nine holds up *The Finger* and dead-falls forward.

CHEN

Yes. Confucius say that, too.

Chen runs back behind the buildings.

We now see he has a long bamboo tube tied to his back.

INT. PONY EXPRESS OFFICE - SIMULATNEOUS

Redbear and O'Connor's *fire* concentrates on Female Gang Two.

She bursts through the front door. It's merchant bell *dings*.
The outside shooting stops.

LUCAS

Heard you speak our tongue, lassie.

Female Gang Two *fires* at his disembodied voice.

ALANA

So we knows you're one a' us.

Female Gang Two *fires* at her disembodied voice.

LUCAS

So we's decided not to shoot ya.

Female Gang Two searches for them, but doesn't shoot.

ALANA

But at the same time, you're not
really "one of us." Now are yee?

FEMALE GANG TWO

Aiy, both are true. So what do
happen to the likes a' me?

ALANA

Heard ya mention The Coldstream
Guard earlier. Be that true?

FEMALE GANG TWO

Aye. Hid me gender I did. So?

Pictish and Celtic swords are both tossed *clanging* onto the
wood floor in front of her.

LUCAS (O.S.)

So --choose your own fate, girly.

FEMALE GANG TWO

Brought a wee somethin' from the
Old Country I see. Anyting else?

Lucas steps out of the shadows hip-aiming a flintlock *Duone*
pistol with curved ends on its cast-iron stock.

LUCAS

Would you be droppin' yours kindly?

Female Gang Two drops her two pistols.

Alana steps out of her shadowy corner.

ALANA

All of them, if you please. And
even --

(rifle hammer *clicks*)
if ya don't.

Female Gang Two pulls a pistol from behind and drops it.

Alana releases the hammer and sets her rifle down.

ALANA

What did your parents name ya?

FEMALE GANG TWO

Paisley.

LUCAS

Of which Clan?

PAISLEY looks down examining the two swords.

PAISLEY

Clan MacDonald of Clanranald.

LUCAS

Ahhh, the Highlands. I do miss 'em
so.

PAISLEY

So, shall we get on with it then?

Paisley picks up the heavier Celtic sword.

PAISLEY

Code Duello?

LUCAS

Aiy, only proper. You gave First
Offense by enterin' our land.

Alana picks up Pictish sword and motions *Outside* with it.

ALANA

So ye can give --First Apology.

Paisley exits the store followed by Alana, then Lucas who
closes its door. It's merchant's bell *dings* ominous.

EXT. PHOENIX MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Paisley walks across the street and turns.

Alana steps down to face her.

Lucas sits up on the step aiming his gun at Paisley.

ALANA

Do ye beg pardon?

Paisley raises her Celtic sword high with both hands.

LUCAS

No? Then as Second, I'll make the announcement.

(yells for all to hear)

"The parties will engage until one is blooded, disabled, or disarmed, or until after receiving a blood wound that same party begs pardon!"
All others stay out of this!

Alana and Paisley salute with their swords, then circle each other stalking.

SWORD FIGHT: Parries, thrusts, feints, and blocks, with Paisley being more experienced, but Alana quicker.

Their *clanging* swords draw the Townspeople out like roaches.

EXT. O'CONOR'S END OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

O'Connor climbs out of his hole and goes to Female Gang One's corpse while watching the sword fight.

O'CONOR

So that's what all their clanging was out on the plains all these year.

EXT. REDBEAR'S END OF TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Redbear climbs out of his hole and goes to Male Gang One's corpse. He tilts his head watching the two women swording.

REDBEAR

Now there's something you don't see everyday.

(kicks at corpse)

Wake up and watch! It's worth it.

EXT. PHOENIX MAIN STREET - IMMEDIATELY

SWORD FIGHT CONTINUES with both ladies receiving arm cuts until Paisley makes a last-ditch forward stab. Alana counters with a full-circle swing that launches Paisley's sword high into the air which falls to stick point-first in the ground.

ALANA

Do ye yield?

Paisley smiles crooked, then turns to run between two buildings.

Some of the Townspeople aim their rifles.

LUCAS

Still Your Weapons!

ALANA

She dug her own grave years ago!

Paisley runs down the alleyway and steps in a dug-hole. Her foot breaks the small bottle in its bottom and her body is rocketed up ten feet before disintegrating in its *explosion*.

Alana turns smiling to Lucas who shakes his head disgusted.

LUCAS

Ya know, we has to clean that up?

EXT. REDBEAR'S END OF TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Redbear laid Male Gang Members One and Three beside Two's body, then drops Four off his shoulder beside them. He's aware of being watched, and thumbs the hammer back on his rifle. From behind him, he hears the Cherokee warning call.

HADES

Ah-ah.

Redbear shakes his head self-disgusted, then releases his rifle's hammer and drops it.

HADES

And both Navys, admiral.

Redbear unbuckles his ammo-belt so it falls, then pulls his two Navy Colts and drops them beside it.

HADES

Turn real slow-like, if you like
livin'.

Redbear holds up both hands and turns.

Hades sits on a black stallion dressed all in black leather holding a similar packhorse Bass is tied over. A black leather-patch has been sewn over one of Hades's eye-sockets. His short black hair has grey around the temples. His vest buttons strain over a small paunch. He wears a preacher hat designed like Redbear's, but his is of stiff black leather.

Redbear looks past Hades, sees Bass hog-tied over the horse, and shakes his head.

REDBEAR

Well this is just embarrassing.

Bass jerks his head around trying to see Redbear.

BASS

What, what is?!

REDBEAR

Kinda' ruined our whole celebration of life thing goin' on, Marshal.

BASS

How?!

REDBEAR

Well, seein' as "how" I spoke so highly of you to the townfolk, least you coulda' done is ...

HADES

Kibba yuh mouth!

Hades lets go of his packhorse's lead and tosses a jaw-bone sharpened into a knife on the ground in front of Redbear.

HADES

Cut your bredren.

Redbear picks up the bone-knife and cuts Bass's center-tie rope, then flips Bass's feet up and over the saddle so Bass falls onto his back. The packhorse ambles away.

BASS

Ooof! Well that was rude.

Redbear drops the bone-knife on Bass's chest.

REDBEAR

You're so polite, cut yourself free.

Bass sits up to use the knife between both hands to cut his ankle-bindings, then holds the knife between his teeth to saw his wrist-bindings. He frees himself and jumps up standing.

BASS

Anybody could make the mistake.

A blow-gun dart sticks in the black kerchief tied around Hades's throat. Hades spins in his saddle to *fire* once.

Chen stands beside the last building with the blowgun from his back-tube to his lips.

Hades's bullet hits center-mass and Chen falls onto his butt, looks down at his gaping chest-hole, then smiles.

CHEN

You fast. But --you dead also.

Hades pulls out his kerchief's neck-dart, examines it, then tosses it nonchalant.

HADES

No mon, mi deh yah.

Hades unties to remove his kerchief. Underneath it is a black strip of leather. He unties that and removes it also.

HADES

If a flea have money, would buy its own dog.

(taps his temple)

I remember you, mon. --*I remember.*

(waves *bye-bye*)

Mi gaan.

Chen falls backwards onto his back dead.

REDBEAR

Not bad for a one-eyed fat man.

Hades gun-motions for Bass to stand next to Redbear. He does.

HADES

Good peoples! It is time for your Quadrille! You dance now, for their lives!

No response. Hades *shoots* Redbear in a shoulder knocking him down.

HADES

Me do this all day --till you do!

No response. Hades *shoots* Bass in a shoulder knocking him down.

Bass and Redbear re-stand holding their bleeding shoulders.

One by one, the Townfolk lower their weapons, then start walking towards Hades.

HADES

"If afraid of the eye, will never
eat the head!"

BASS

"No wait till drum beat before you
grine axe."

HADES

Good mon, you learn Jamaican good.

The Townfolk are now closer.

Hades reaches back and down into a saddle-bag with his non-gun hand to retrieve a wooden box.

HADES

Aie, be prepared is my motto,
always be prepared.

Hades opens his box insulated with thick red silk. He unwraps the cloth pieces to hold up a large glass bottle with a bright maroon liquid in it.

BASS

Seeing how Nitro is colorless,
imagine that's your own making.

HADES

Right both time, mon. Where you get
yours?

REDBEAR

Chen made it over the years. Dug a
root-cellar to keep it cool.

HADES

"If you put your hand in the
devil's mouth, best take it out
carefully," mon.

REDBEAR

Chen musta' hated your devil bad,
to be that careful.

HADES

"If yu noh mash ants, yu noh find
his guts."

REDBEAR

Yeah, yeah, "have to be intimate
with someone to really know them."
We gonna' do this all day?

HADES

Would you rather --play chess?

Redbear eyes open wide, then he spins to the advancing
Townfolk.

REDBEAR

Stay Back, his gang were pawns!

Hades shoots Redbear in his good shoulder spinning him down.

Bass spins to the Townfolk.

BASS

He wants to destroy you all
himself!

Hades shoots Bass in his good shoulder spinning him down.

All Townfolk freeze unsure what to do.

Preacher throws up his hands holding his Good Book high.

PREACHER

OH, LORD ...!

Hades shoots Preacher's Bible which *explodes* into pulp.

Redbear and Bass re-stand bleeding and glare at Hades.

HADES

"I come here to drink milk, not
count cows."

BASS

"Mind your own business?!" --We
were!

HADES

Yours maybe, not mine.

(*sighs content*)

Time to shoot now. You decide, who
I shoot first.

Without looking, Redbear and Bass each raise a bloody finger to point at the other.

HADES

Fine, kill you both same time.

Hades cradles his bottle between his crotch and saddle-horn, then draws his second pistol to aim both at Bass and Redbear.

HADES

"Piss inna de sky, it fall inna --

Ping-sound as a rifle bullet hits Hades in his chest knocking his hat off. He looks down to see a smoking hole in his vest. He yanks open his vest to reveal a metal-plate hung from a leather lanyard around his neck with a shiny dent in it. Hades smiles at Redbear tapping a pointer-finger to temple.

HADES

Yuh own eye."

A second bullet enters between his eyes *blowing* the back of Hades's head off. He dead-falls backwards off his horse with his bottle between his thighs to tumble into the fox-hole.

REDBEAR

AUGER IN!

Redbear tackles Bass falling on top of him.

Husbands knock their Wives down jumping on top of them. Wulf does the same to Binta. Only the Preacher is left standing clutching his Bible with its huge hole, then he dives down.

The ground raises beneath all, then a thunderous *explosion* blows a deep crater ten-feet wide throwing dirt over all.

Townfolk recover standing brushing the dirt off each other.

Binta pushes Wulf off her, then goes to help Preacher.

WULF

You're velcome.

All Townfolk rush to Bass and Redbear who are buried under dirt and dig them out with their hands. They uncover Redbear laying on top of Bass with his legs between Bass's.

BASS

(spits out dirt)

When do I git the ring?

Townfolk roll Redbear off Bass and both lay on their backs with their shoulder wounds being tended to.

REDBEAR

Buy two for all I care. Who fired
those shots?

Poppy, dirty, bedraggled, looking more like a man now with
her short hair, rides up cradling her *Remington .22 Rifle*.

O'CONOR

Poppy!

O'Conor races to her. She holds him back with a boot.

POPPY

Easy, Sheriff.
(nods down to Redbear)
Sheriff.

REDBEAR

Thanks for the ride-by.

POPPY

(shakes head)
Been trackin' him nigh a year, once
I learned he were spawned.

Townfolk help Redbear and Bass, both now bandaged, to stand.

POPPY

I missed his last sayin'?

REDBEAR

(translates)
"If you spit in the sky, it falls
in your own eye."

Townfolk all nod in agreement.

PREACHER

Shall we give thanks?

REDBEAR

Only if you do it, before "we"
bleed out.

ALL bow their heads, except Poppy still on her horse.

POPPY

Lord do move in mysterious ways,
don't He?

PREACHER

(eyes closed)
Shhhh.

Unmistakable sound of her rifle-lever being *ratcheted*.

Preacher opens one eye.

Poppy head-motions for him to look behind.

Preacher turns and exclaims in a thick Irish accent.

PREACHER
Saint's preserve us!

All now open their eyes to look at Hades's crater. It is filling up with black gold.

O'CONOR
Oil!

Townfolk rush to surround the crater, all except O'Connor.

Poppy *coughs*, then clears throat by spitting to the side.

POPPY
More than enough, to rebuild two towns.

O'CONOR
(looks up at her)
You stayin' this time?

POPPY
Hadn't thought past today.

O'CONOR
I had.

O'Connor pulls out a ring-bag similar to Redbear's and presents it up to her.

Poppy opens the bag, sees its ring, and becomes a teen girl again. She dismounts and dips O'Connor backwards giving him a big wet one.

Redbear and Bass lean easy with tourniquets on all four arms.

BASS
Everybody's gittin' a ring!

Bass looks at Redbear, *Well?* Redbear shoulder-bumps Bass away from him, then *tongue-whistles* loud.

Muggs turns around.

REDBEAR
Hey Doc, got a moment?

Muggs nods trotting over to treat them more.

Bass looks around at the devastation, then nods.

BASS

Quite a callin', we both answered.

REDBEAR

It's a callin' all right, only the
smart ones, chose not to hear it.

Redbear and Bass survey the carnage, then grin.

REDBEAR/BASS

Best job, I ever had.

Both step back, then look at the Townfolk running to get
buckets, barrels, pans, anything to hold their liquid gold.

REDBEAR/BASS

Then again --?

Redbear and Bass run to the spurting money-river.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: *Bass Reeves became the first African-American U.S. Federal Marshall for thirty years capturing 3,000 criminals. He wrote the first law enforcement manual "Hands Up" and was the inspiration for the television series "The Lone Ranger."*