

HELL'S POSSE

Written by
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The only thing you can't take from folk, is their fight.

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: *"There are plenty of targets worthy of a bullet. Some call them men."*

FADE CAPTION: *Sheriff Red Harding, Colorado Territory, 1880*

EXT. AMERICAN OLD WEST - NIGHT

A RED TAILED HAWK flies over desert sands, then a prairie lit by a full moon. It searches for its dinner dipping silent between jutting mountain peaks. It glides to lantern light rising from the small town of Cactus Rose near a rivulet fed by a mountain lake which stands ready for railroad expansion.

Hawk circles the town's livery stable, dry-goods store, two-story hotel, eatery, tonsorial parlor with a red-and-white striped pole, freight delivery depot, Pony Express station, a bank, partially built church, and a tiny red schoolhouse.

Only the Rosebud Saloon and the Marshal's Office have lamplight shining out from their single windows.

A BLACK-TAILED JACKRABBIT hops from behind the jail towards the safety of a lone tree. The Red Tailed Hawk's keen vision sees its meal and it dives streaking.

EXT. JAIL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Death often comes with *screaming* as the Hawk flies off with talons sunk deep into the Rabbit's ribs.

SHERIFF WEBB, 50s, shows his age with grey around temples and an iron-gray mustache as he exits concerned, then looks up to see the Hawk and its prey fly away silhouetted against the night sky's yellow orb. He ties his holster down to a thigh, then steps down into the street to begin his nightly rounds.

WEBB

Never understood why God made their
screams so human.

A shotgun's double-flash *retort* cuts Webb in two.

ARTHUR "CHARON" BOGLE, 40s, of Jamaican-heritage, has skin like black leather and a soul to match. He steps out of the shadows wearing his black leather brim hat with his Spanish spurs *jingling*. He opens his shotgun's breach, blows through both tubes to empty their smoke, then reloads.

CHARON

T'weren't God that done that --

Charon *snaps* both barrels up to lock into their breach.

CHARON
t'was the Devil.
(rests shotgun on shoulder)
So only the fearful, fear death.

INT. ROSEBUD SALOON - SIMULATANEOUS

EION LIAM O'CONOR, 30s, blue eyes and red hair with matching mustache, wears a filthy apron. He cocks his head at the *boom* he recognizes while carrying four mugs of beer to a table of FOUR COWBOYS. He delivers his cargo, then fast-walks through the *squeaking* home-made batwing doors.

These cowboys are really Four Outlaws from another territory.

HYMAN "HOODOO" AMLET, 25, was to be a Rabi like his father, until his father tried to beat some sense into him. Bad call. Hoodoo wears two holsters that cross over each other with their gun butts facing forward. His pants are jammed into high leather boots and his hat is too small for his head, but never tell that to him. It'll be the last thing you ever say.

BASS "DOC" MILLER, 30, short, was a dentist until his wife left him for a clerk who became his first killing. His thick sheepskin chaps along with his tiny cowboy boots make him look like a centaur. His long mustache is always dirty. Two *Merwin Hulbert* .32 pistols are small like him and holstered over his thighs, not hips. Instead of a knife, he carries a leather surgeon's pouch that holds Civil War flint scalpels.

FELIPE "MEXICALI BOB" ESPINOSA, 30, was born mean. A *Colt Dragoon* 3rd Model on a lanyard around his neck is a muzzle-loader. Its shoulder-stock attachment is in his saddlebag. His colorful poncho, large sombrero, and a single jeweled-gantlet shooting glove leave such a lasting impression on any potential witness, they "can't remember" what he looks like.

CLAY "KING" FISHER, early 20s, doesn't know when he was born. Hung as a horse thief, his posse left before checking if the hanging tree had termites. It did, so his branch broke with his last kick of life. Rope burns left a deep neck scar, so he wears an over-sized kerchief with triple-knots to hide it. Since his throat was crushed damaging his vocal cords, he doesn't speak, just makes noises. He wears a cartridge belt around his waist, not a holster, with a pistol stuck in it.

All Four Outlaws hold up a silent toast, take a swig, then stand with their mugs and exit while sipping.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Second floor living quarters of the town's various shops have window's that light-up as lanterns inside them are lit. SHOPKEEPERS, in bed clothes, one-by-one poke their heads out of their bedroom windows like gophers.

SIMPSON BARKER, a geeky Caucasian in his early 50s wearing round-rim glasses and a striped nightshirt, is owner of the Cactus Rose General Store below him and is first to ask.

SIMPSON

What's goin' on, Deputy?

O'Connor gets a slight stutter whenever he's caught off-guard.

O'CONOR

H-h-hopin' night h-h-huntin'.

GLADIOLA BARKER, late 50s, WASP, in a night cap, was no spring flower in any Spring. She pulls her husband back in to stick her nose out and into everyone's business as usual.

GLADIOLA

What's huntin' this late at night?!

HOODOO

Not w-w-what.

DOC

W-w-who.

MEXICALI BOB

And p-p-por qué.

These Three Outlaws even *laugh* mean. Kinda' hard to explain what King's laugh sounds like.

O'Connor had long since learned to ignore being made fun of, but still keeps mental track of who said what and how.

O'CONOR

Those be my concern, t-t-too.

O'Connor takes two more steps before he's blown over by dynamite going off inside the Cactus Rose Bank Exchange.

Cordite smoke, dust, and falling wood, settles on everyone in the street as they picks themselves up.

MEXICALI BOB

Dios mio!

DOC

Damn, boss!

HOODOO

Boooooom.

O'Connor looks at them, has an epiphany, and turns to run.
A bullwhip tail *cracks* against his cheek splitting it open.

CHARON

Where you to off in such a hurry?

Charon steps out of the shadows recoiling his bullwhip with his shotgun now slung across his back in a leather pouch.

CHARON

Deputy.

O'Connor compresses his cut cheek with a hand as the blood oozes between his fingers.

O'CONOR

Take the money and l-l-leave.

Charon throws his now coiled whip out to the side, then *whips* its tail cutting O'Connor's other cheek.

CHARON

We'll "take" what we wants and
leave when "I" wants. Men --

Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob, run *Yipeeing* into the blown-open bank doors while King stands stoic as their lookout.

GLADIOLA

(yells out her window)
Who do you think you are?!

Charon takes off his hat to sweep it at her bowing deep.

CHARON

Don't thinks, ma'am --knows.

GLADIOLA

Then you "knows" you're trash!

Charon grins. His teeth are mostly black from chewing tobacco except the two poorly made gold front teeth. He spits black juice through their gap so it arcs towards Gladiola.

CHARON

Now if you hadn't gone and gotten
so uppity, I might have left you
be, bein' as how you're such a
homely A-Five, One-Five.

Gladiola never did know when to shut up.

GLADIOLA

What does that even mean you dirty
despicable degenerate desperado?

CHARON

That's a right catchy head tune,
gonna' remember that one.

Hoodoo exits the bank overhearing and yells at Gladiola.

HOODOO

Means some of his letters look more
like numbers, ya' old hag! So his A-
5, I-5, means "as is."
(to Charon)
You blew the bank, boss --didn't
blow the safe.

Charon furrows his brow, thinks, then nods.

Simpson tries to pull his "hag" back inside their window.

GLADIOLA

Who you callin' a "hag," you filthy
swine!

CHARON

(to Hoodoo)
You gonna' take that filth from
such a swine woman, boss?

Doc and Mexicali Bob exit the bank carrying nothing, but were
listening, and now *chortle*.

Hoodoo skulks towards the General Store throwing his gun belt
over a shoulder.

HOODOO

Don't believe I will, so do
believe, I'll take my terror --
in trade.

SHOPKEEPERS WIVES are ALL now looking out their open windows.

Hoodoo *kicks* open the General Store's front door, then storms inside. Sounds of a fight, a high-pitched *scream*, then silence. Hoodoo sticks his head out the same upper window.

HOODOO

Uuuueee boys, this be a two-bagger!
Gonna' havta' put a bag over her
head, and mine!

He disappears back inside to sounds of desperate *screams*.

Doc and Mexicali Bob bust-out *laughing*. Charon grins. King's crooked sneer goes beyond scary all the way to depraved.

CHARON

Folks, me and the boys were gonna'
just loot and scoot, but bein' as
how your safe ain't cooperatin' and
how you all is actin' the same --
(spits black juice)
we's gonna' vacation here a spell
so we can leave our brand on ya'.

ALL Shopkeepers and their Wives *slam* their windows shut.

Doc and Mexicali Bob take off their gun-belts to throw over a shoulder as each marches to, then each *kick* open the front doors to the town's Bistro and Freight Depot.

Same earlier fight sounds with high-pitched *screaming* inside.

King closes his eyes listening and reveling in the screams. His eyes snap-open to see something and he marches off to the Livery. Its doors are open slightly, then close fast. King pushes on them, but its drop bar on the inside is now down. He steps back, then charges with a shoulder breaking the thin wood-bar so the doors swing open. He enters. No sounds of a struggle, just a single shot, with no high-pitched screaming.

Charon quotes the *Parable of the Lost Sheep* to the town as only a true despot can.

CHARON

"Which of you men, if you had one
hundred sheep and lost one, would
not leave the other ninety-nine in
the wilderness to go after the one
that was lost?"

Unmistakeable sound of a frontstock being *slid* back, then forward, loading its rifle-breach.

Charon turns cautious to see POPPY MARTINDALE, the town's schoolmarm, 30s, country pretty, wearing a full leather skirt, hip-aiming a Spanish Remington repeater-rifle at Charon. She continues his quote.

POPPY

"I tell you there will be more joy
in heaven over one sinner who
repents, than over ninety-nine
righteous people that need no
repentance."

Poppy takes careful aim as Charon finishes his own parable.

O'CONOR

M-M-Matthew Eighteen.

Charon and Poppy look to O'Connor who has stuffed clay in both cut-cheeks to stop their bleeding. He now looks demonic in streaked blood as he holds out a blood and mud-covered hand.

O'CONNOR

Poppy, give me the gun, then go
back to your schoolhouse.

CHARON

You're the town's teach?
(bows deep)
Ma'am, "we" has so much to teach,
"you."
(studies Poppy's rifle)
What is that, a twenty-two?
(steps towards her)
Now if that were a Hawken ...

Poppy quick-fires two rounds at Charon's feet *racking* its pump underneath each time. Charon freezes.

POPPY

Fastest repeater made, holds twelve
in the tube. It'll cut you off at
the knees, so best crawl away!

All shirtless, Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob's heads pop out their windows like Jack-in-the-boxes. King's does not appear.

MEXICALI BOB

Tú?

DOC

You okay --?

HOODOO

Boss?

CHARON

You boys go back to havin' your
fun. We's all just gettin'
acquainted out here, that's all.

Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob's heads snap back inside like
snapping-turtles to sounds of more struggling *screams*.

CHARON

If I promise to leave you be --will
you do the same to me?

Poppy shoulder aims her rifle again.

CHARON

That what me thoughtee.

Charon motions with two fingers. An arrow slices Poppy's
shoulder making her drop the rifle.

O'Connor steps for her rifle. A second arrow pierces his boot-
toe pinning it to the ground. O'Connor *yipes*.

Shirtless CHEROKEE "WOLF" WAYA (WAH-yah for "wolf") front-
spins off the roof onto the ground to stand with a bow in one
hand and quiver in the other. His rawhide pants are laced up
the sides by leather strips. He doesn't wear a gun, just an
Indian war belt with two hunting knives in leather scabbards.
He has a lightening-bolt war-paint painted on his chest and
face. The "bolt" on his face hides a vertical scar. He wears
a buffalo-bone choker on his neck. He hates all white people
and only rides with Charon because he can desecrate white
women as their men watch. He doesn't ask, simply says he's
going to "kill" O'Connor.

WOLF

Stsidihi!

CHARON

(means, *no*)

Kla.

Wolf's eyes narrow, then he asks about the "woman."

WOLF

Agehya?

Charon nods. Wolf slings his bow and quiver across his back,
then grabs Poppy's breasts. She *slaps* him. Wolf smiles
wicked, then upper-cuts vicious knocking her unconscious.

O'Connor pulls his foot loose and steps to Wolf with the arrow
sticking out of his boot. Charon pistol-whips him down.

Wolf stabs two-fingers on either side of his own Adams Apple at O'Connor, then throws Poppy over a shoulder, and walks to the schoolhouse with her as his prize while *wolf-howling*.

Charon grabs O'Connor by the scruff of his collar and drags him to jail.

CHARON

Seem to have a lil' kick left in
your step, so you can spend all
your time d-d-dancin' in j-j-jail.

Even in semi-consciousness, O'Connor takes note he is being made fun of by someone far beneath him. He literally nods acquiescing to how life is challenging him, then passes out.

INT. CACTUS ROSE JAIL - DAYS LATER

Two side-by-side 4' x 6' cells with no windows have only a wood cot in each.

O'Connor lays on his cot in one cell still bloody and dressed same. Boot *steps* on the floor planking echo and wake him up.

ETHAN MUGGS, late 30s, prematurely bald, huge handle-bar mustache, always wears a British Bowler. As the town's barber and tooth puller, he lost most of his heavy English accent, but managed to keep enough slang, to identify his background.

Muggs opens O'Connor's cell door carrying an 1870 English porcelain bowl with a matching water pitcher having someone's family crest on it. Muggs enters walking stiff, almost like he's in pain, then pulls his shoulder-towel off.

O'Connor sits up barefoot. It's hard for him to talk because of his now stitched cheeks.

O'CONOR

"Ow, long?"

Muggs sits his bowl on the bed next to O'Connor and washes the dried blood off O'Connor's cheeks, then holds up two fingers.

O'CONOR

What time a' day, on the third?

MUGGS

It's the morning of the first day,
of the rest of our lives, bruv.

O'Connor looks at his injured foot's bloody bandage.

O'CONOR
How'd you stop the bleeding?

MUGGS
Powdered goldenrod. Used for
centuries on many a British
battlefield.

Muggs unwraps O'Conor's foot, then sits his bloody bowl on the dirt floor. O'Conor puts his foot in it and cringes.

O'CONOR
Am I, keepin' it?

Muggs reaches under the cot to hand O'Conor an inches-long broken arrow with its flint arrowhead attached.

MUGGS
Lucky for you the blighter used
flint rock, went right between your
second and third metatarsal bones.

O'Conor examines the arrow's blood-stained chiseled point.

O'CONOR
*Lucky for you, he didn't use barrel
hoop or its soft metal woulda' bent
and stuck in me like a fish hook.*

MUGGS
Even luckier, he didn't dip it in
Poison Hemlock as is their way.

O'CONNOR
And the town?

MUGGS
Not so lucky, I'm afraid.

O'CONOR
Why, what'd they do?

Muggs stands with his bloody bowl and towel to reach beside O'Conor and hand him a *One-Seed Juniper* tree-limb with a fork near its top as a make-shift crutch.

MUGGS
Let that air in the sun for a day,
should heal up clean.

O'CONOR
What, did, they, do?

MUGGS

Other way around, old bean.
(foreshadowing)
What didn't, the buggers do?

Muggs exits. O'Connor hobbles after him using the crutch.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Now a ghost town. No horses, no people, just tumbleweeds.

O'Connor exits limping on his crutch to stand transfixed.

O'CONOR

What the --?

From hitching posts to store-fronts, the town has been re-painted barn-red. Every store's sign with *Cactus Rose* before its title, now has "Hell" sloppy-painted in red over it.

MUGGS

Scalawags, changed the town's name.
(goes arms-wide)
Welcome to --
(spins in circles)
Helllllllll.

Shock makes O'Connor sit down in the street.

INT. ROSEBUD SALOON - LATER THAT DAY

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

O'Connor sits on his countertop with crutch laying beside him.

All the Shopkeepers sit or lean around its walls looking like vagabonds. Bruised and broken with lost-not-found spirit.

GENERAL STORE's Simpson and Gladiola are in a far corner. She sits and he stands. He puts a hand on her shoulder. She shakes it off angry.

BARBERY & TOOTH PULLING belongs to who Muggs leans on the far end of the bar sipping from an in-scrolled silver hip-flask.

LIVERY & SMITHING barn is owned by BINTA SHOER, 30s, African-American. She has very short hair wearing a high-collar dress with bow and a thousand-yard stare. She sits with hands in her lap, now a widow.

BOARDING HOUSE is run by HERALD HIRSCOWITZ, tall but thin European, wearing narrow granny glasses. He and his wife, BARBRA, are both in their 40s and sit in two chairs ramrod-straight like the Puritans they are.

BISTRO & BAKERY's chef is REMY TOUSSAINT, late 30s, very short, of French heritage. He looks stern and is dressed like he could be the president of a railroad. He and his wife, BRIDGETTE, sit in the last two chairs like they're in church.

FREIGHT DEPOT's teamster is ALONZO MUDEN, of German descent, with arms and back like a bodybuilder from throwing heavy bags. He and his wife, MITHRIL, sit on the floor in a corner with legs out. He has an arm around her she snuggles into.

PONY EXPRESS & COACH wagoner is LUCAS MCGREGGOR of Scottish descent. He still has a Lowlands tongue-trill and temperament to match. A scar takes half-the-place of one eyebrow showing he's no stranger to fisticuffs. He wears a bowler too, but with a shorter brim and not as tall. McGreggor's wife, ALANA, has bright red hair that is dirty and not brushed. She stands in front of him leaning back against his massive chest.

RESERVE & HARD CURRENCY's banker, BENJAMIN BOSTON, 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 at O'Connor.

GLADIOLA

Where were you during our fire and
brimstone!

SIMPSON

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

Gladiola *slaps* Simpson, then breaks down.

GLADIOLA

And where were you, *when I needed*
you?!

The Other women are affected by Gladiola voicing what they are feeling. All except Binta, whose gaze never cracks.

O'Connor slides off the bar putting weight on his good leg.

O'CONOR

Suppose it needs to be said, so
don't need to be said again.

O'Connor stands up straight. There's moxie in this man.

O'CONOR
Freedom is what you do, with what's
been 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 know how I feel about her.
(clinches fists)
So we've all lost something.

Murmuring of agreement by ALL.

Gladiola points accusingly to Muggs.

GLADIO
Except him!

MUGGS
Steady on, old girl, before your
idiom makes you into an idiot.

ALL look at Muggs.

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

Muggs takes a jolt from his flask.

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

O'CONOR
Not supposed t-t-to, is what it is.

ALONZO
Till it ain't.

BENJAMIN

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

Herald takes off glasses to clean with a dirty handkerchief.

HERALD

We go get "it" the fuck back.

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

MCGREGGOR

With what, our bare hands, dafty?
The louts took all our guns!

BINTA

And horses.

MUGGS

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

RED (O.S.)

Arthur "no middle name" Bogle.

ALL look to see standing outside the bar's swinging doors is
ALOYSIUS "RED" HARDING, 50s, tall, a bear of a man with long
red hair now sun-bleached blonde and a scraggly long blondish-
red beard. The fact he wears a brownish bearskin coat instead
of a black one is why the Indians call him, REDBEAR. His big
black round-brim hat looks like it once belonged to a
preacher. It did, until Red ordained him a sinner.

All the women cringe behind their husbands, except Binta.

BINTA

What is you, mister --?

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

RED

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

MUGGS

As in the Styx River boatman?

BENJAMIN

Same one who ferries the dead?

RED

One in the same. I've been huntin'
Charon and his murderin' cutthroats
for nigh on three month.

MUGGS

All by your lonesome?

RED

Had a posse, but they turned sixty
back.

O'CONOR

So you need a new one?

RED

A little help, never hurts.

MCGREGGOR

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

RED

Got a Hawken and a Sharps on my
packhorse.

MUGGS

And what will the rest of us Davids
be usin' --slings?

Red opens his coat to reveal a bullwhip hanging on one side
and a spear-point made into a machete hanging inside the
other. A 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 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 of shotgun shells, crisscross his chest.

MUGGS

Blimey, you're a walkin' arsenal,
mate.

ALONZO

How much all that even weigh?

MCGREGGOR

(pronounced *skee-en-du*)

Bet you got a sgiandubh in a boot,
too?

RED

Only one way to find out.

BINTA

Horses?

RED

Take turns ridin' double while the others walk. 'Less you got a wagon?

ALONZO

Bastards took mine, with my hand-built tripole winch for big loads.

BENJAMIN

Which is how they carried off my heavy safe, thank you very much.

RED

Hold on there, Charon's pulling a freight wagon with a bank safe?

ALL nod.

O'CONOR

So --?

RED

"So" --it could mean nuthin', could mean everythin'.

BINTA

We, I, still has a sideboard. Only reason they didn't steal it, got a broke wheel.

RED

I know how to Smith if you got the parts.

BINTA

I got both.

GLADIOLA

And what do "we" do while our men are gone?

All Six Women tilt their heads as one.

RED

I saw your "new" town-name ridin' in. --Might wanna' change that.

GLADIOLA

And what do we do if ...?

ALANA

When!

GLADIOLA

"When" bad men come while our
husbands are off traipsing the
countryside with you?

O'CONOR

Do what you have to, to survive.

ALANA

Already did.

The Five Women begin tearing-up, except Binta, because the
other women have husbands to console them, who do.

RED

Which of you ladies can handle a
firearm?

BINTA

That's why I'm comin' with you.

RED

Ma'am, I don't ...

BINTA

My wagon, my rules.

The stare Binta gives Red leaves no room for negotiation.

RED

Yes ma'am. Anybody else?

Gladiola *sniffles* raising a hand. Red reaches behind himself
to pull out an Allen & Thurber 6-shot 2" barrel *Pepperbox*.

GLADIOLA

A muzzle-loader?

RED

All six are loaded and primed.

Gladiola grabs it, then studies it. Alana steps forward.

ALANA

Anything else?

Red reaches behind his belt buckle for a Remington *Model 95*
two-shot derringer. Alana takes it, opens its barrel lock,
swivels its barrels up and two rounds fall out in her hand.

ALANA

.41 caliber. that --would be doin'
it. Anymore?

Red tosses Alana two more rounds. She catches them one-handed, then folds her arms resolute.

MUGGS

You came loaded for bear, that how
you got your coat?

BENJAMIN

(*snaps fingers*)
Sheriff Red Harding, back East
you're famous!

O'CONOR

Out West, infamous.

MCGREGGOR

A company dispatch came in
mentioning a Sheriff Redbear?

RED

Been called worse.

SIMPSON

That you're Indian name? 'Cause
they gots an Indian with 'em.

RED

Goes by the name of Cherokee Wolf.

MUGGS

Unpleasant chap.

O'CONOR

Took our schoolteacher.

RED

Probably more than once. Sure you
want her back?

ALL bristle.

RED

Good, take all your anger and turn
it on them, because you know,
they're not coming back here alive.

ALL *murmur* agreement.

O'CONOR

Then it's settled. All the men
leave at first light.

BINTA

And me.

O'CONOR

"And" you. Rest of the women fix up
our town, so when we get back, we
can dance on their graves.

The Five Women nod in agreement except Chartrise who drinks
from her bottle. Benjamin notices her, then pretends not to.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - NEXT MORNING

The Town's Eight Men stand around a weathered high-wheel high-
sideboard *Bain Wagon* hitched to Red's packhorse. Their
bruises are now more colorful. Their mismatched from all
nationalities wardrobe, do in fact, make them look like a
posse spawned from Hell. They toss their bags of personal
effects and bedrolls into the wagon.

They say good-bye to their Wives in the way of the times, by
not speaking with anything except their eyes.

Red trots up loaded for bear as always riding his faithful
Appaloosa companion, APPLE.

RED

Wagon loaded with food and water?

Binta climbs up, way up, into the driver's seat and pats two
barrels behind her.

RED

Everyone takin' minimal?

Binta lifts up an old meal-sack. It looks heavy. She drops it
to a metal *clanking* sound. She takes out a corncob pipe,
strikes a wood match against her seat, lights the pipe's
bowl, takes a long draw, then blows smoke.

GLADIOLA

Why Binta Dart, I didn't know you
liked tobackee?

BINTA

Didn't, don't.

Binta takes a second long draw, then blows a huge smoke ring.

BARBRA

Then why are you smoking, my dear?

BINTA

Ain't. I'm rememberin'.

(examines her pipe)

This was my husband's.

RED

If we get close to them, you'll
have to lose that.

FIVE WOMEN

(all except Binta)

"If?!"

RED

Gentlemen --

Binta *coughs*. Red tips his hat to her.

RED

and lady, if "you" don't catch them
in thirty, you will turn back.

EIGHT MALES

"Turn Back?!"

RED

You can't leave your women alone
too long.

Alana and Gladiola *click* back their derringer's hammers.

RED

Know of what I speak. Been away
from mine so long, her face is
beginnin' to fade from my --
(tips hat to Binta again)
"rememberin'."

Binta blows another big smoke ring, then punches through it.

BINTA

Burnin' daylight, mister.

Alana and Gladiola release their hammers as all Husbands and
Wives shake hands good-bye.

Harold goes to climb into the wagon. Red whips Harold around
the waist and pulls him down to the ground. ALL glare at Red
except Binta who looks forward as Red recoils his whip.

RED

Gonna' be all that one horse can do
to pull our water wagon, so you all
have to walk, 'lessen we get more.

Barbra hand-motions to Red who walks over.

BARBRA

*Harold was sickly as a child, prone
to gettin' colds, watch over him.*

RED

God, watches over us all, ma'am.

Binta rein-whips Packhorse and wagon jolts rolling forward.

The Eight Men trudge along behind her wagon.

Red tips his hat to the Six Wives, then mounts and spurs
ahead of the wagon to scout.

GLADIOLA

Anyone actually see his sheriff's
badge?

Five Wives look after the wagon concerned except Chartrise
who turns her back to take a "jolt" of her magic elixir.

EXT. ON THE PRAIRIE - LATER THAT DAY

Large open area of tall grassland in the middle of nowhere.

Looking like refugees from their disaster area, Biddy's wagon
and her Eight Men stumble over the bumpy terrain.

SIMPSON

How long he been gone?

THORNTON

Couple of hours.

MUGGS

Do hope the sod hasn't abandoned
our quest already.

HERALD

"Abandoned?!"

ALONZO

What's a "quest?"

BENJAMIN

Long or arduous search for something.

MCGREGGOR

Aye, there's a manly word for ya',
"arduous."

Alonzo raises a questioning finger. Remy answers before he can ask.

REMY

Involving or requiring strenuous effort.

(to Binta)

See anything, mademoiselle?

Binta looks back at her motley crew, then turns ahead.

BINTA

You don't want to know --*what I sees.*

(stands to gaze ahead)

Rider approachin', comin' in fast.

Mass confusion as the Eight Men try to find and load Red's Hawken and Sharps rifles in the wagon. Binta looks back, sees their chaos, and shakes her head.

BINTA

Be better off by meself.

(stands again)

Looks like a storm's ridin' in with him.

O'CONOR

S-s-storm?

Red gallops in pulling his reins back hard to stop Apple who lowers his head so Red can slide down its neck. Red begins taking Apple's saddle off while yelling to Binta.

RED

Unhook your horse, tie and hobble it to wagon's side, use a halter! Men, put all the guns under your clothes and grab a blanket.

Binta climbs down. The Eight Men are frozen.

RED

Move your lazy fat asses!

Red tosses his saddle under the wagon and removes Apple's reins to slide on a halter then ties it to side of the wagon opposite his Packhorse. Red tosses a pair of rope hobbles to Binta, then attaches his second pair to Apple's front legs.

O'CONOR
What we d-d-doin'?

RED
Knockin' on a door, and it ain't no
Pearly Gates.

MUGGS
Excuse me for asking, sir, but what
the devil are we getting ready for?

RED
Hell.

EIGHT MEN
Again?!

The black cloud is closer now blocking out its horizon.

MCGREGGOR
Dè fo shealbh?

Red kicks his Eight Men's backsides under the wagon, tosses a blanket to Binta, then throws his own over Apple's head.

RED
Exactly.

All normal insect sounds suddenly stop to eerie silence.

RED
Gentlemen --

The black cloud races to them sounding like a freight train.

RED
see ya' on the other side.

Red ducks under blanket pulling it tight over Apple's head.

Binta does the same with her blanket over Packhorse's head.

EXT. UNDER THEIR WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

The Eight Men huddle under it holding onto their blankets.

MCGREGGOR
What the soogee-moogee --?

Black cloud is upon them as the Eight Men are hit hard by billions of American Grasshoppers who pinch the Men's faces defending themselves. The Men scream like frightened girls.

EIGHT MEN

Aieeeeeeeee!

RED

Get under the god, damn, blankets!

The Eight Men scramble to pull the blankets over themselves.

Day turns to night. Harold begins to cry.

EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON ON THE PRARIE - MOMENTS LATER

Daylight returns as the last stray locust swarm away to total and complete eerie silence again. All grass has been sheared down to dirt level making the area look like Hell on Earth.

Red emerges from under his blanket hand-brushing stragglers off Apple while talking soothing to it.

RED

*Good boy, great job, thank you for
being my horse, etc.*

Binta throws off her blanket to do the same with Packhorse.

One-by-one, the Seven Men, but not Harold, peek out from under their blankets, then crawl out from under the wagon.

Benjamin stands angry going to Red.

BENJAMIN

Mister, next time ...!

Red spins with a haymaker sending Benjamin flying.

RED

Won't be no next time, mister!

Remy goes to assist Benjamin.

REMY

Putain de merde?

All Seven Men thought they had already met the Devil, twice. He got nuthin' on Red, whose face contorts in loathing.

RED

You're all turning back --now!

Alonzo rolls up his sleeves, then puts up his dukes.

ALONZO

Not me, laddie.

Alonzo never saw it coming. Red side-kicks Alonzo's knee dropping him to both, then punches Alonzo's temple knocking him cold. Red spins to the Six Men speaking as God almighty.

RED

None of you have what it takes to
survive out here!

(spits in disgust)

None of you had what it took to do
what it took --back there.

O'CONOR

Off with yourself, you ...!

Red's huge bear claw grabs O'Conor around his throat lifting him off his feet.

RED

Go ask your women.

Red throws O'Conor away to snarl at the rest.

RED

Real men would have died, to save
their own.

Red checks Apple's nostrils for any "critter" blockage.

Muggs helps Alonzo stand groggy, then stands up to Red.

MUGGS

Now see here, you ball-bag!

Red double-slaps Muggs who jumps back holding his cheeks.

RED

Tell your boys what his --done to
you!

No response from Muggs who turns away. The Other Six Men, minus Harold, look questioning to Red.

RED

Charon --don't like the women.

The Six Men gasp. Muggs turns back tearful.

MUGGS

Yeah, he buggered me, okay?!

RED
Probably more than once.

Muggs turns away ashamed. Even Red, has feelings.

RED
You're not his first. It's all
about control, you know.

Red swings his saddle up onto Apple, then removes Apple's two
hobbles. Binta tosses her hobbles to him. Red stores all four
in a saddlebag.

RED
You can use my packhorse to pull
the wagon back to your Hell-hole.
(to Binta)
Use him any which way that helps.
(points under wagon)
Somebody go check on the crybaby.

The Seven Men look. Harold is still under his blanket under
the wagon. Remy crawls under and pulls off the blanket to
reveal Harold is having a seizure. Red spins to Binta.

RED
Reactin' to bug dander, needs cider
vinegar, hurry!

Binta brushes a straggler off a barrel, then opens its lid to
toss a small brown bottle with a cork-top down to Red.

RED
Water!

Remy climbs into the wagon. The lid of their water barrel
slid off so now hundreds of locust are swimming on the
water's surface. Remy jumps back.

REMY
Mon Dieu!

RED
None a' you fleabags had the brains
to lock it down? Dump its top water
off to clean, but get me a God Damn
cup, now!

O'Connor climbs into the wagon to help Remy pour out half
their lifeline, then O'Connor jumps down with a cupful.

Red dumps Biddy's bottle into the cup, then stirs it with a
dirty finger while barking.

RED

You all waitin' for a God Damn telegram?! Drag his sorry butt out here!

The Seven Men drag Harold's twitching body from under the wagon. Harold's eyes roll back into their sockets as Red kneels beside him.

RED

You're havin' a powder-fit. Gulp this down if you wants to live!

Red pours the liquid down Harold's open bird-mouth. Harold gags wanting to spit it up, but Red's paw slams Harold's chin shut. Water shoots out Harold's nose, then he swallows. His eyes close and his body goes rigid.

Moments pass in silence, Some Men bow their heads, then Herald resurrects bolting to his feet coughing and spitting.

Red mounts Apple. Binta mounts his Packhorse bareback.

RED

Where you goin'?

BINTA

Same place "you" goin'.

RED

The Hell you are.

BINTA

The Hell I ain't!

Both glare at each other like poker players. Red folds.

RED

What about them?

BINTA

What about 'em?

RED

They're, your men?

Binta looks over the Eight sorrow-looking Males, then spits.

BINTA

They ain't --men.

The Eight Men bristle.

REMY

You expect us to walk back?

BINTA

You, ain't my concern.

(glares at Red)

You is.

Sound of a gun-hammer *clicking* back. ALL look to Harold who now holds a James Reid *My Friend* derringer. It has a hole in its metal handle to be gripped-through for hand-fighting.

RED

Knuckle duster .22?

HAROLD

(shakes head)

.41.

RED

That would be doin' it. Five shot.
Only a hundred and fifty made, best
ten dollar can buy.

The Other Seven Men's heads have been following their conversation like a tennis match.

O'CONOR

You had that --!

MUGGS

the whole bleedin' time!

The Other Seven Men step to Harold angry. Red sees them.

RED

Shoot me.

ALL stare at Red in disbelief.

RED

Shoot me, maggot!

Harold *fires* in anger. Who knows where the bullet went?

RED

If he had tried, he'd be buried
back there.

(to Harold)

Slide its housing all the way back
in on your finger like a ring.

Harold does as told, a perfect fit, then nods.

Red turns Apple to ride off. Sound of Harold's hammer *clicking* again.

HAROLD
Appreciate you savin' my life,
mister, but --

Harold puts a finger against a nostril, then blows water out of the other.

HAROLD
I'm either going with you, or
shooting you. --Your choice.

RED
You'd shoot a man in the back?

HAROLD
I'll do now, what I shoulda' done
back then.

O'Connor and Benjamin remove the Hawken and Sharps from under their coats to *cock* their hammers and aim at Red's back.

Red slowly wheels Apple around smiling.

RED
Congratulations.

The Eight Men stare at each other.

RED
Thought the only one of you with
any balls --
(tips hat to Binta)
ain't got none.
(dismounts)
Time to have a serious come to
Jesus meetin', my brethren.

Red and Binta dismount. ALL gather around Red. He bows his head.

EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON ON THE TRAIL FURTHER - THAT NIGHT

They have made camp in a new grassy plain with mountains still two days away. Binta sits on the Packhorse as lookout.

Remy is humming as he stirs something in a pot over a large open fire. The Seven Men sit on the ground playing cards.

Red rides in furious sliding off his saddle before Apple even stops, then kicks dirt on the fire putting it out.

RED

God Damn Idgits! Can be seen for miles. If they're anywheres close, we've been spotted.

The Seven Men were watching, then go back to their card game.

Red grabs their deck and throws it in the fire beyond insane.

RED

Binta, hitch up the wagon!

Red turns, then turns back switching his angry-button "off" to tip his hat at her.

RED

Please. --And thank you, for standing watch.

O'CONOR

We're walking at n-n-night?

Red turns back full "on" and backhands O'Conor.

RED

"We" is. You all, is runnin'.

The Seven Men look at each other.

MUGGS

Excuse me, but I could have sworn I heard you say we're "running?"

Red flat boot-kicks Muggs sending him flying backwards.

RED

Any other of you dummies, remedial?

Binta can't help herself, she smiles hitching Packhorse to her wagon.

RED

Pain --makes you remember.

Red offers a hand down to Muggs, then pulls him to standing.

RED

And since you all seem to have a brain the size of a gopher, you all get to "go fer" a run.

Red turns to Remy. The sound of Harold's knuckle-duster's hammer *clicking* back makes Red spins so fast his coat flies open.

He doesn't draw his two rifles, doesn't have to, their holsters rotate, so all he does is push down on their handles to swing their barrels up ready to pull both hair-triggers.

Harold fumble-drops his derringer with hands held-high.

RED
Miss Binta?

BINTA
Yes'm?

RED
Do believe Mister --?

HAROLD
Harold, Harold Herscowitz.

RED
wants to make a present to you of
his "Best Friend."

Binta picks up Harold's derringer.

RED
May I have mine back please?

Binta hands Red his own derringer. Red swings down his Mare's Leg to take his derringer while still aiming his shotgun.

RED
Extras?

Harold nods tossing a pill box with bullets in it to Binta. It falls short on the ground and spills open. Binta bends.

RED
(booms)
Leave It!
(to Harold)
Pick them up! Then "hand" them to
the pretty lady, please.

Harold does as instructed. Red swings his shotgun down.

RED
Respect is earned --
(tips hat to Binta)
and this lady keeps earnin' mine.

Red spins back to the Men angry.

RED

But if you sorry excuses for a male species wants it, you'll have to damn well earn it! And I won't be calling you gentle-men again, 'cause you're neither. You're not a band, clan, crew, squad, tribe, or troop. What you is to me, is one big --

(French, *gah-lairh*)
galère.

Remy's frown turns upside-down as he fast-claps once.

REMY

C'est la galère!

ALONZO

What's it mean, froggy?

Red pushes down on handle raising his shotgun at Alonzo.

ALONZO

I, I mean, Remy?

REMY

Galère, means "galley" as in a ship with oars. It can also mean difficult or --

MUGGS

Hellish.

RED

Or a chore, pain, mess, or in your idiots case, a freakin' nightmare.

Red turns to Remy and asks him in French what was he cooking.

RED

Que faisiez-vous?

Remy clutches his chest hearing his native language, then goes to kiss Red on his cheeks who holds a fist in Remy's chest stopping him.

RED

I only Frenchs, so far.

REMY

Bien sur. I cooked lapin.

RED

Rabbit stew?! Be it done?

Remy nods. Red pulls a hand-made wooden spoon from inside his bear-coat and tastes from the pot. His eyes roll back.

RED

When we get to the foot hills, I'll teach you how to make a fire so it can't be seen.

(to the rest)

In the meantime, everyone eat up, clean up, then drink up, you have a fast-march ahead.

BENJAMIN

Still making us run?

Red "flicks" the end of Benjamin's nose with a finger.

RED

You ain't graduated --yet.

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NOW NEAR THE DESERT - NEXT MORNING

Prairie scrub-grass dead-ends onto a large expanse of sand.

The Eight Men have been running all night and it shows. There is "dead on your feet," then there's this group.

RED

Hold Up!

Like dominoes, the Eight Men fall over each other exhausted.

RED

Sleep under the wagon, we'll cross at night.

Sound of loud *snoring*. Red looks. All Eight Men are asleep.

If Red had lived during the Revolutionary War, he would have been the first Marine Drill Instructor. Red kicks the sole of each Man's boot, they just roll over. Red grabs each by the scruff to throw under the wagon screaming at them.

RED

I said "under" vermin! If you make me repeat an order again, it'll be the last one you never hear!

The Eight Men are exhausted so don't care and pass out again.

Red hits his "off" button taking his hat off to Binta.

RED

Ma'am, if you'd be so kind as to unhitch, feed, and water both horses, I'll build a lean-to out of blankets so you can have a proper private rest.

Red grabs blankets out of the wagon.

Binta does as instructed while watching Red build her hut.

BINTA

Now that's, a man.

Binta gets out her pipe and lights its bowl nodding.

EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON NEAR THE DESERT - NOW SUNSET

All Eight Men are now awake and breaking camp.

Red re-built his blanket lean-to into a standing triangle tepee of blankets with one as a flap opening. Remy is inside it cleaning up after cooking. Red stands beside him.

RED

See, firelight goes straight up.

Remy hands Red the now empty cook-pot. Red swabs its bottom with four fingers, then licks them clean *Mmmm-ing*.

RED

Know about a dozen trail herds that'd love to have you as their chuck wagon Cookie.

Red hands the wiped-clean pot back to Remy.

RED

Use desert sand to scrub it clean.

REMY

(slaps his forehead)
Bien sûr!

Remy walks out into the desert to "scrub" his pots.

Red heads for the wagon.

Remy *screams* in pain.

Red runs towards his screaming.

EXT. REMY IN THE DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

Remy is writhing on the sand. Red runs up to hear the unmistakable sound of *rattling*. Red sees, then steps on the rattlesnake's head, picks it up by the tail, and *snaps* it like a wet towel breaking its neck.

By now, the Seven Men have run onto the sand. Red tosses the snake to Harold. It hits him in the chest and he faints.

Binta picks it up by its tail smoking her pipe.

Remy tries to sit up rambling. Red pushes him back flat with his boot stepping on him.

REMY

Je suis mourant, I'm dying!

RED

Where?!

Remy loses it. Red kneels beside grabbing him by the lapels.

REMY

Tell my wife I love her.

RED

You tell her --

(shakes Remy)

WHERE?!

Remy points to a leg. Red pulls a knife from behind his neck and slits Remy's pants leg from cuff to crotch, sees a small blister raising near two red marks and pulls off his kerchief to tie off as a tourniquet above the marks. Remy tries to get up. Red pushes him back flat.

RED

Stay down, stay quiet!

Remy tries to stand again. Red cold-cocks him unconscious, then uses his neck-knife to cut a "+" across the bite, and repeatedly sucks the wound spitting venom to the side. Red stands, then points to the other Seven Men.

RED

Two of you clear the back of the wagon, four of you put Remy in the back and wrap him in blankets, last man standing pack up his cook-site.

(turns, turns back)

Bury the fire, remember, no sign.

No movement by the Seven Men. Red stomps a boot forward and the Seven scatter like a starter's pistol following orders.

Remy is carried away. Binta walks to Red with the snake.

BINTA

Want me to cut off the head, fangs
still gots poison in 'em?

RED

Nah, it'll stay fresher.

BINTA

Breakfast?

RED

We'll know by then if he'll make
it. If he do, kinda' fittin' he
bites the thing that bit him.

BINTA

What doesn't kill you makes you
stronger?

RED

Sometimes. Sometimes it just --
kills ya'.

Red *laughs*, then tilts his head at Binta.

RED

I like you woman.

Binta hits Red hard on his back knocking him forward.

BINTA

I likes you, too --

Red is *coughing* trying to catch his breath.

BINTA

ya' big ole' stuffed toy bear.

This is the first time we hear Binta *laugh*. It is unique. She walks to her wagon with the snake. Red looks up at night sky.

RED

Havin' fun yet?

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON ON THE DESERT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Red rides Apple. Binta drives the wagon with Muggs in the back caring for Remy who has a fever and is hallucinating.

The Other Six Men walk beside the wagon in two groups of three on either side of it pushing the wagon and grumbling.

ALONZO

Why we still gotta' walk?

RED

Shhh.

ALONZO

Don't shush me you ...

Red tickles Apple's rear who kicks-out its hind hoofs barely missing Alonzo.

ALONZO

Hey?!

RED

Is for horses, shhhh.

MUGGS

Don't you think you're carrying on this Color Sergeant attitude just a wee bit too ...

Red spurs Apple to a gallup leaving them in his dust.

MUGGS

Where the blazes is he off to now?

ALONZO

Wherever he's going, hope he stays.

MCGREGGOR

Right beside ya', laddie.

ALONZO

I know you are, ya' crazy Scot.

MCGREGGOR

No, I meant --

MUGGS

Are you that daft, man?

MCGREGGOR

Oh, I, how's he doin' Muggsy?

MUGGS

Whatever moss Red put on him, seems to be drawing the poison out. We'll know come sun-up.

BENJAMIN

If we're not dead by then.

HAROLD

Binta, can we ride in the wagon?
We'll jump out when we see him
riding back.

BINTA

(whispers her answer)
*If you all don't start listening to
him, I'll ride off and leave you
myself. You heard what he said
about sound carrying at night, so --
shhhhhh.*

ALONZO

This is ridiculous, I'm getting in
the wagon.

Red rides in at full speed running Apple's chest into Alonzo
knocking him backwards in somersaults. Red dismounts and goes
to offer a hand to Alonzo who knocks it away to stand angry.

ALONZO

I didn't sign up for this, I'm
leaving!

RED

(points behind them)
Thataway, dingle-berry.

Red turns and walks towards wagon. He reaches inside his coat
and pulls out the rattler's tail he cut off and *rattles* it.

Alonzo was walking away when he hears the rattle and sprints
to the wagon flailing his arms. Red sticks out a boot and
trips Alonzo who face-plants in the sand. Red reaches down to
rattle the tail beside Alonzo's ear who goes from prone to
sitting in the wagon in one giant leap.

Too-too funny, ALL except Alonzo laugh.

RED

Binta, let's take a break. Would
you water the horses, please?

Binta stops the wagon and climbs into the back for the water
barrel. Red looks over its sideboards.

RED

How's he doing?

MUGGS

Too early to tell either way.

RED

Keep me informed.

(to the Six Men)

On me!

The Six Men don't move. Red moves so fast, they can't react as he trips, flips, chest-bumps, throws, and yanks them all down to the ground. If one tries to get up, Red pushes them back down with his boot. Red stands hands-on-hips as God.

RED

On --Me.

The Six Men crawl to Red on all-fours and sit cross-legged.

RED

Take a look at yourselves, go on,
take a look see.

The Six Men look at each other, then shrug their shoulders.

RED

You're all lower than a snake's
belly in a wagon rut. Do you think
Charon's gang questions his orders?
(no response)
Well do ya'?!

The Six Men are slow on the up-take, then start wondering.

RED

Two things have to happen if any of
us are gonna' come out this alive.
(sucks teeth)
First, you're gonna' have to trust
I know what I'm doin'. Second, you
all have got to start following my
commands with immediate dispatch.
(stares hard at each)
Don't think, do, don't react, act.
You have to always move forward in
battle trusting the man beside you
has your back. Right now, you're
all still actin' citified selfish,
independent, reckless, and stupid.
(coughs to clear throat)
Stand up.

Some go to stand, some don't. Red stomps a boot forward and
all stand up at attention.

RED

Jump.

All Six Men look at each other, then jump half-heartedly.

RED

JUMP!

All Six Men rocket up into the sky.

RED

Take a knee.

Some get on one knee, some on both.

RED

One knee only, please.

All Six Men *grumble* getting on one knee.

RED

You're gonna' have to push this wagon because the sand's too soft. Having Muggs and Remy in it doubles the work for our one horse. If we lose him, we all die. Comprenez?

The Six Men acknowledge-mumble understanding.

RED

We have to get off this desert before daybreak or we'll never get off. And yes, sound carries. I rode out near a half-mile and still could hear your tongues a-flappin'.
(to Binta)
Horse ready?

BINTA

Ready as can be.

RED

Gentlemen, you have to come together as a unit, solid in your demeanor, one-minded in purpose to be a force to be reckoned with. Tomorrow, we'll start weapons training, day after that, tactics, then hand-to-hand.

O'CONOR

Thought you'd been doin' the latter --all along.

Tension is broken, ALL *laugh*.

RED

That's why I've been so rough on you boys. I'm trying to get you ready for the war that's comin'.

BENJAMIN

When's it a-comin'?

RED

Half a fortnight, if I reckon right.

HAROLD

How are you tracking them?

RED

Ain't.

Murmur of surprise by ALL.

MCGREGGOR

"Ain't" trackin' them?! Then what the malarky are yee doin'?

RED

Out-thinkin'. If they're goin' where I think they're goin', then they're goin' by the easy route. Cuttin' through this desert, should let us meet them in five day.

O'CONOR

And "if" they ain't goin' that way?

RED

Then I'll have to out-think 'em more.

MUGGS

I think, we're all out-thunk!

Murmur of agreement.

RED

Gentlemen, a lot of sheriffin' is luck, and so far in my career, I've been pretty lucky. Let's move out.

Red mounts Apple. Binta mounts her wagon. The Six Men divide into two groups of three on either side of the wagon and push. Red waves a silent hand forward. All move as one now.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - THAT MORNING

Alana, Bridgette, and Mithril, are decorating-painting over their own building's existing red with designs and flowers.

Barbra simply changed the name on her sign to, *Red Roof Inn*, so she is rebuilding the bank's door with nails in her mouth holding a ball-peen hammer. Chartrise is inside it cleaning.

COWBOY ONE and COWBOY TWO, both unshaven and dirty, looking like ruffians, ride up main street and stop to look around.

COWBOY ONE

Have you ever seen --?

COWBOY TWO

Nope, never, you?

COWBOY ONE

Musta' been a sale on red.

Both ride on to tie-off in front, then enter the saloon.

GLADIOLA

Sorry, boys, closed, come back next week.

The Two Cowboys go in anyway, then walk back out confused.

COWBOY ONE

You all get hit by a twirly-wind?

BARBRA

Felt like it.

The Two Cowboys look at each other, then cross the street towards the bank.

GLADIOLA

Closed too, come back next week.

Barbra is trying to nail the bank's two doors together to make one and stands centered in its door frame. Cowboy One picks her up by the waist and moves her over, then the Two Cowboys enter.

Alana, Bridgette, and Mithril, look at each other, then lift their long skirts to scurry over to the bank. Bridgette and Mithril have their free hands behind their backs.

CHARTRISE

Nooooo!

The Two Cowboys exit the bank now holding Chartrise's bottle.

COWBOY ONE

Heard a' dry towns, but never seen
one up close.

COWBOY TWO

(holds up Laudanum bottle)
Looks like this'll have to do.

Cowboy Two takes a swig. Chartrise exits the bank and tries to take back her bottle. Cowboy Two grabs her around the waist and hands bottle to Cowboy One who drinks.

COWBOY ONE

Where all your men-folk at?

ALANA

At the river fishin', be back
shortly.

The Two Cowboys look at each other and grin. Cowboy Two hands the now empty bottle back to Chartrise who tries to drain it.

COWBOY TWO

Not what I'm thinkin'.

GLADIOLA

Surprised you even know how to.

COWBOY ONE

We're both reasonin', they're out
chasin' whoever did this.

COWBOY TWO

Leavin' you pretty lil' things --

COWBOY ONE

(to Gladiola)
'cept you --

COWBOY TWO

all by your lonesomes.
(to Barbra)
Ain't that right, darlin'.

Cowboy Two embraces Barbra kissing her. She spits her nails into his mouth. He *slaps* her jumping back spitting them out.

COWBOY TWO

Bitch!
(spits out rest)
Think I swallowed one.

COWBOY ONE

Shoulda' a' oughta' done that.

Cowboy One draws. Chartrise cuts his hand off at the wrist with a curved hand-scythe. He grabs it as blood spurts.

Cowboy Two draws. Barbra hammers his wrist with the ball of her hammer as bone *cracks*. He drops his gun grabbing wrist.

Gladiola puts her derringer's six-barrels against Cowboy One's forehead.

GLADIOLA

Looks like --

Alana puts her derringer-barrel against Cowboy Two's forehead.

ALANA

you ruffians --

Bridgette and Mithril both bring out brand new axes from behind their backs.

BRIDGETTE

done picked --

Bridgette raises her axe two-handed above her head.

MITHRIL

the wrong --

Chartrise raises her bloody scythe above her head.

CHARTRISE

God Damn --

ALANA

(*clicks* back her hammer)
bunch a' ladies --

Mithril raises her axe two-handed above her head.

MITHRIL

to mess with.

Gladiola *clicks* back her derringer's hammer.

BARBRA

Don't it?

Both derringers *fire* as both axes, scythe, and hammer bring down Judgement Day upon the Two Cowboys miscreant heads.

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NOW OUT OF THE DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS

Binta and her wagon are riding out of the sand back onto prairie dirt. The Six Men beside her collapse on the ground.

Red rides out from the trees on Apple.

RED

Little ways further, men. I found a
run-off crick no more wide than
your boot, but its clean and cold.

Red tosses his canteen to Binta who drinks. She tosses it
over a shoulder to Muggs who drinks then gives some to Remy.

RED

Left a dead squirrel hanging by its
tail there. Who here can cook?

From inside the wagon, Remy's weak voice answers.

REMY

Moi.

Red jumps into the wagon as the Six Men gather around its
sides reaching over to congratulate Remy. Binta spins around.

SIX MEN

Remy! ...Good to have you back ...
Had us worried there ...Great Job
comin' back, etc.

Harold tears-up and has to wipe his glasses dry.

Red offers his hand to Muggs. They shake.

RED

Mighty fine doctorin'.

MUGGS

You saved him first.

RED

(to Remy in French)
Comment allez-vous?

REMY

Like someone *danse* on my head,
thrice.

Red unwraps to hold up the dead rattler. Remy shrinks away.

RED

Be glad it was a baby dancer.

REMY

Sacre bleu, why did you --?

RED

Thought you might enjoy eatin',
what tried to eat you.

Remy nods smiling.

RED

If you're up to it when we make
camp, I can teach you to make
rattlesnake chili.

REMY

(raises an eyebrow)
With wild garlic and field onion?

RED

Yep, saw both there.

Remy tries to sit up. Red's fist pushes him back down.

RED

Not till we get there --
(with French accent)
Serpent.

Remy raises the other eyebrow. Red talks to All.

RED

Boys, it's customary to give
someone a nickname a' whatever done
tried to kill him. From here on,
this here fella be called --Snake.

The Six Men and Muggs congratulate Remy, aka SNAKE.

Red climbs out of the wagon onto Apple.

BINTA

That how you got your nickname?

Red nods.

BINTA

Gonna' nickname them all?

RED

Prob'ly not.

BINTA

Got one picked out for me?

Red smiles big, then waves a paw forward.

RED
Move it out --Big Bad Mama.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE TOWN OUTSKIRTS - THAT SUNSET

DRIFTER rides up the town's dirt road, then stops seeing something. He crosses himself, then spurs away at an angle.

He rides hard past the still painted-over *Hell Town* "Welcome" sign next to a tree. He scares buzzards off it who fly into the air to reveal, they were feasting on Cowboy One's bloody mangled corpse hanging with a wooden flowered sign hung around his neck reading, "Enter at Own Risk."

The buzzards fly on to feast on Cowboy Two's similar warning at the town's other end.

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NEAR THE MOUNTAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

Red and his Gang made camp near a tiny creek in a prairie.

Most Men are asleep except Remy who stirs his pot. He calls out for them to eat in his native tongue.

REMY
Dîner!

Red walks through the camp kicking the soles of boots.

RED
Come on ...Get Up ...Soup's on
...Hey, the man almost died for
your dinner ...Let's go, etc.

Binta sits by herself under a tree smoking her pipe. Red goes to her.

RED
You need to eat, too.

BINTA
Not hungry.

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

BINTA

Don't know how else to deal with
it?

Red kneels to pick up a stick and draw with it in the dirt.

RED

Lawmen have to deal with death as
part of the job. The ones who don't
make peace with it, don't last long
as a peacemaker.

BINTA

What's this Charon to you?

RED

Life-saver.

BINTA

Life-taker for sure, but how --?

RED

My son's got a lung condition, Doc
says I have 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 --?

RED

Loves sheriffin', but barely pays
room and board. Wanted Poster on
Charon came in. I took it as our
ticket to a better life, so here I
be.

BINTA

You're doin' this for the ree-ward?

RED

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

Red and Binta watch the Eight Men eating and *laughing*.

BINTA

White man's got no idea how hard it
is to be colored.

Binta blows two smoke rings that interlock.

BINTA

Doesn't matter how hard you work,
or how smart you is, if you don't
keep your place --. Fear a' dyin',
is death to livin'. That's why my
husband and me came West. And for
what? He's gone, and I'll follow
shortly.

Red brushes away whatever he was drawing and stands. He
offers a hand down to Binta. She accepts.

RED

Make a deal with ya'.
(pulls her up to feet)
If you keep on livin', I'll make
sure you don't go dyin'. Deal?

Binta now sees Red different. She shakes his hand.

BINTA

Heard said on a riverboat ride,
"House always wins."

RED

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

BINTA

Amen, brother.

Red crooks his arm sticking out his elbow.

RED

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

BINTA

(hooks his arm)
With you, I will fear no evil.

They walk to the Eight Men.

RED

There ya' go.

EXT. REMY'S CAMPFIRE NEAR THE MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Red and Binta walk up to the fire. Remy hands them both a
metal bowl of food. Red puts his machete's blade in the fire.

RED
How's the grub, bub?

ALONZO
(in his native German)
Fantastisch.

MUGGS
He's fairly decent cook, actually.

O'CONOR
How come your eatery food don't
taste this g-g-good?

MCGREGGOR
Because you're hungry-hungry now,
not "It's dinner-time" so let's eat
anyway hungry.

Red finishes his bowl of food with his home-made spoon,
belches like a bear, pours hot coffee over the spoon, shakes
it dry, then puts back inside his jacket. Red takes machete
out of the fire. Its tip glows red-hot. He turns to Remy.

RED
Ready?

REMY
Pouuur --?

RED
I left your wound open so the moss
could drain it. Time to close it.

MUGGS
Afraid he's right, old bean. It'll
get infected if not closed, and I
don't have the wherewithal or means
to stitch it up proper.

REMY
(pleads to Red)
Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen?

RED
Sorry, no other way.

McGreggor and Alonzo each take one of Remy's arms. Red shakes
his head.

RED
Let Snake go, boys. He needs to man-
up, if he wants to heal up.

Remy *sighs*, then sticks out his leg shaking his split pants-leg open to expose his wrapped injury.

Red head-motions to Muggs who unwraps Remy's bandage.

RED
(pronounced *dahn-nah-she*)
Get him ready, Didanawisgi.

Muggs smells Remy's poultice, then throws it in the fire.

MUGGS
What the blazes does that mean?

RED
Lakota Sioux for "Medicine Man."
That's what you be, right?

O'CONOR
R-r-right. Saved my foot he did.

RED
Any of you don't believe him --
(head-motions to Binta)
just ask Binta.

All Eight Men turn their heads to Binta, *Huh?*

Red lays his machete's end on Remy's cut, it *sizzles*. Remy, *Yipes*, then glares at Red.

RED
Gentlemen, you just saw your first
lesson in tactics --distraction.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - NEXT MORNING

Renovations are coming along slowly in their town of red.

Bank and Bar are boarded up. General Store has a field of flowers motif. Bistro's outside is now painted a red sunset.

INT. ROSE DE CACTUS BISTRO - MOMENTS LATER

Barbra, Mithril, Alana, and Gladiola, now all wear their husbands pants and shirts sitting at a table being served breakfast by Bridgette. Chartrise is not present.

MITHRIL
Vorks good ya, our, uh,
vogelscheuche. How you say --?

BARBRA

Scarecrow.

MITHRIL

Ya', our "scarecrows" vork vell.

ALANA

Just hope it doesn't scare our husbands away, too.

BRIDGETTE

(snaps to Gladiola)

We have to do something!

GLADIOLA

Simple fact of life is, you can't help someone, that doesn't want to help themselves.

ALANA

Aye, that's common sense talkin'. But the Good Book also says "We then that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

GLADIOLA

Romans 15, 1. but if a person's soul is black, taking them all the dandelion tea in the world won't brighten their day.

MITHRIL

Are you saying she won't make it?

GLADIOLA

I'm saying, I've seen this before. The loneliness of prarie life can wear down a person's belief in living, especially in a woman.

BRIDGETTE

Well, I for one am not giving up on her, and I think it'd be best if you don't neither. Otherwise, we can't tell our husbands, we did everything possible.

The Five Ladies think, then nod. Bridgette puts her hand on the table. The Four Ladies put their hands on top of hers.

FIVE LADIES

Chartrise!

EXT. RED'S CAMP NEAR THE MOUNTAINS - SIMULTANEOUS

Binta is hitching up the Packhorse to her wagon. Seven Men are breaking camp, O'Connor is not with them. Red walks into the woods after him.

O'Connor is relieving himself against a tree when he is shoved into it from behind. He spins angry buttoning up his fly.

RED
Where's your badge?

O'CONOR
My wh-wh-what?

Red *slaps* O'Connor.

RED
I said, where's your tin s-s-star?

O'CONOR
D-d-didn't think ...?

Red *backhands* O'Connor. O'Connor has had enough as he grabs out both of Red's Navy pistols hip-aiming them at Red.

O'CONOR
Don't, do that again.

RED
Why, you let everybody else slap
you around?

O'Connor thumbs back both gun hammers *click, click*.

O'CONOR
You ain't, every body.

RED
No I ain't. In fact, I ain't,
nobody.

O'CONOR
You're a sheriff?

RED
Same as you.

O'CONOR
I'm only a dep ...?

Red swings at O'Connor who ducks bringing one of Red's barrels up under Red's chin, then goes nose-to-nose with him.

O'CONOR

Told you. Ain't tellin' you again.

RED

Yes you did. And did you notice,
you didn't stutter once doin' it?

O'Conor tilts head, then steps back releasing both hammers.

RED

You think you're the only to have
to get over a speakin' problem?

O'Conor tilts his head the other way.

RED

Couldn't say my R's as a kid.
(sucks teeth)
Had to teach myself to say a word
in my head right, before I can say
it out-loud right.

O'CONOR

But you, you don't, do you?

RED

Every God Damn day.

Red tosses his own Sheriff badge to O'Conor who quick
holsters the two Navys in his pants to catch the badge.

O'CONOR

What's this?

RED

Yours now.

O'CONOR

But I'm not ...?

Red *punches* O'Conor in the stomach doubling him over, then
takes back his two pistols to put in his own belt.

RED

Where's your town's Sheriff?

O'CONOR

(catching his breath)
Dead?

RED

There ya' go. do you have your
deputy badge?

O'Connor pulls it out of a pocket and tosses it to Red.

RED
Alrighty then, let's go swear-in
"your" new deputy.

O'CONOR
Who?
(no response, extrapolates)
H-H-Harold?!

Red pulls back a haymaker, O'Connor ducks down. Red bends his knees down to now be at O'Connor's lower level.

RED
Think on it.

O'Connor stands, thinks, then speaks clearly.

O'CONOR
He drew on you.

RED
(stands)
I judge a man on his innards. He
was the only one stood up to me.

O'CONOR
You think he has what it takes?

RED
He will have, after you beat it
into him.

O'CONOR
Me?! You don't ...?

Red grabs O'Connor by his throat to plant him against the tree.

RED
Don't matter what I think, or
anybody else for that matter. Only
matters what you believe. Do you?

Sound of a gun-hammer *clicking* back. Red looks down. O'Connor has his hand on one of Red's triggers.

O'CONOR
I get that pain helps rememberin'.
But if you keep tryin' to painfully
remind me, I might have to shoot
something vital of yours off.

RED

Welcome to try.

O'Connor releases the hammer and steps back. Red tosses him the same gun, then pulls the other out aiming it at O'Connor who thinks it's a joke. Red pulls back his hammer *click*, then takes dead aim at O'Connor's forehead.

RED

Think on it.

O'Connor reasons, then opens his gun's chamber, it's empty.

O'CONOR

Son of a b --!

Red releases his hammer, opens its chamber, loads bullets in, then gives gun to O'Connor.

RED

Never let a man bluff you with an empty weapon. Learn to count when he's firin' and "feel" the difference its loaded.

O'Connor "weighs" the two guns in his hands, then clicks the hammer back on the loaded one and fast-brings it under Red's chin smiling. Red eye-motions for O'Connor to look down. He does. Red's derringer is pointed at O'Connor's crotch. O'Connor hands both pistols back to Red who loads the empty one.

RED

Ready to go teach all of the above, to your Deputy?

INT. CACTUS ROSE BANK - LATER SAME DAY

The Five Ladies pry open its makeshift door and enter looking for Chartrise. Nothing has been done to clean up the place.

GLADIOLA

Poor thing hasn't done a thing.

ALANA

Where is she?

BARBRA

Shhhh, listen.

They hear quiet *sobbing*, then spread out searching for its source. They find it. Chartrise is under her husband's desk in fetal position.

GLADIOLA

Poor thing.

BARBRA

Are you okay, sweetie?

CHARTRISE

No, I'm not "okay," okay?!

Alana gets down on her knees.

ALANA

Can I help you come out?

CHARTRISE

I'm never coming out!

Gladiola was never one to mince words or actions, so she grabs Chartrise's ankle to pull her out.

GLADIOLA

Stop being silly.

Chartrise tries to crawl back under. Gladiola blocks her.

GLADIOLA

You can't stay under there forever.

CHARTRISE

Watch me!

Chartrise tries to bite Gladiola's ankle who grabs the back of Chartrise's hair to pull her head up.

GLADIOLA

Grab on, ladies!

(no movement)

Now!

The Four Ladies, in pairs, grab Chartrise's wrists.

GLADIOLA

You think the rest of us like
having the memory of those pigs
grunting on top of us, inside us?!

Chartrise turns her head away. Gladiola grabs her chin and makes Chartrise look at her.

GLADIOLA

No! But the only way to keep them
in the past, is by moving forward
in the present, We, Need, You!

Chartrise kicks Gladiola in the shin who uppercuts Chartrise knocking her out. The other Four Ladies catch her weight.

GLADIOLA

Alana, you go over to Muggs place
and bring a brown bottle of
something called Chloraformee. Me
and the rest are gonna' tie her
down on one of your beds and make
her get some sleep, then we'll feed
her back to strength. You can stay
working on just your place till she
comes around. Losing both of you
will slow us down, but once we get
her back on her feet, we'll get
back on ours. Questions?

The other Four Ladies all raise their free hands and open
their mouths to talk, but Gladiola shuts them down.

GLADIOLA

No? Good, so let's get it done.
(no movement)
Move it, move it!

The other Four Ladies carry-drag Chartrise out. Gladiola
follows them closing the door behind talking to herself.

GLADIOLA

Been there, honey.

EXT. BINTA'S WAGON ON THE MOUNTAIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Her wagon, now empty, has the Eight Men walking in two groups
of four on either side of it pushing. They are angling their
way at 45° up across the face of the mountain's grassy slope.

O'CONOR

How long he been gone this time?

BINTA

Why, you got somewheres you'd
rather be?

MCGREGGOR

Aye, back home.

BENJAMIN

Join the club, pal.

HAROLD

Scouting, takes time.

All look at Harold who points ahead.

HAROLD

See?

All turn to see Red trotting to them through the trees.

RED

There's a pass up ahead that will
take us to the other side.

ALONZO

Of where?

RED

Crippled Creek.

MCGREGGOR

We've covered a hundred mile --!

ALONZO

In five day?!

BINTA

(thumbs to Red)

Thanks to our bootstrapper, yes.

Red points to his chest, *Me?*

O'CONOR

You make a Trail Boss look like a
town drunk.

Red smiles a crooked smile.

MCGREGGOR

A Pony Express relay station should
be near there.

ALONZO

Where?

MCGREGGOR

Somewheres?

O'CONOR

Know its station manager?

MCGREGGOR

Only by repute.

ALONZO

Which be --?

MCGREGGOR
Ornery cuss, likes the hermit-life.

MUGGS
Surprised the bugger doesn't live
in a cave.

MCGREGGOR
Did, till the mama bear had cubs
and threw him out.

All, including Red, look at McGreggor who holds up a hand to
swear to it.

MCGREGGOR
Bear claimed he "wasn't pulling his
weight."

All continue to stare, then All break out *guffawing*. Red hand-
motions for them to continue on. They do, still talking.

MUGGS
Probably just pulling his pud.

Chuckling by All. Harold turns to McGreggor.

HERALD
Why'd they name your company such?

MCGREGGOR
You try writin' "Central Overland
California and Pike's Peak Express
Company" on all your stationary.

More agreement-chuckling from All.

O'CONOR
Think maybe he'll have horses?

MCGREGGOR
One or two, maybe.

RED
May be, he'll have more than that.
(no response, explains)
Most horse-thieves, steal to sell.

HAROLD
"Our" horses?

O'CONOR
(snaps head to McGreggor)
Do station managers have money?

MCGREGGOR

Hell no, pretty much just get room
and board.

RED

Pretty much same as a Sheriff.

HERALD

Then why do it --for free mail
service?

Red turns in his saddle to look at McGreggor.

RED

At five dollar per ounce, I'd
expect one prone to over-writtin',
might find it attractin'.

MCGREGGOR

So you know my wife?

More *laughter* from All as Red turns back to riding.

O'CONOR

No money means no buyin'.

RED

(without turning)
No, but one could write a company
draft.

MCGREGGOR

(snaps fingers)
Aye, one could at that!

BENJAMIN

Honored by any money exchanger.

All tilt their heads at Red's back.

O'CONOR

You planned on them doin' that?

RED

(doesn't turn)
Only a fool, brags on "that."

BINTA

Proverbs 13:16.

SIMPSON

"Every prudent man, dealeth with
knowledge."

Red turns in his saddle as ALL look at Simpson.

HAROLD

Didn't know you read the Good Book,
dead-eye?

SIMPSON

Didn't, don't, but I listen real
good, Deputy.

Harold looks down at his badge with pride.

SIMPSON

But my missus sure does, out loud.

MUGGS

Too loud, I expects.

Simpson covers his ears making a face. ALL *laugh*.

Red turns forward in his saddle smiling to himself.

RED

Now, they are one.

EXT. A MOUNTAIN PASS - THAT NIGHT

Bottom of a natural steep "U" in the mountain creating a God-given pass-through. Trees grow straight up on either side of it with a couple of "sinners" growing out at an angle.

Their campsite is the only flat area available. Most of the Seven Men and Red take advantage of the curvature to lay with their heads on rocks with feet angling up and boots off.

O'CONOR

Don't know how important your feet
are, till they don't want to be.

Two skinned squirrels *roast* on stick-spits on two separate branch-yoke stands. Remy turns the first as Binta turns the second skewer from opposite side of the fire.

REMY

Mmmm, what I couldn't do with some
juices and flour.

BINTA

What I couldn't do, with "that"
third squirrel.

RED

I told ya', ole' grumpy ahead might
be more accomadatin' if we come
bearin' a gift.

Murmuring of agreement from the Others.

MUGGS

Do believe, it was lucky you found
their nest.

O'CONOR

Don't believe luck has anything to
do with what he do.

Red covers his face with his hat and drifts off to sleep.

RED

Only one way to find out.

EXT. THEIR MOUNTAIN PASS CAMP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Meal is done, bones buried, fire stoked for the night and
being tended to by Binta.

All Eight Men sleep sound, then Muggs begins fidgeting.

MUGGS

No.

Muggs sits straight up, then goes to the fire.

BINTA

Trouble sleepin' a'gin?

MUGGS

"Again?"

BINTA

You been doin' that the whole trip.

MUGGS

Have I now?

BINTA

(shakes head)

Why are men such babies?

MUGGS

Pardon me?

BINTA

Oh, I'm not sayin' men don't have
their uses --
(pokes at fire)
but if not for women, you'd all be
in layin' in some ditch somewhere
mopin' and a moanin'.

MUGGS

Would we, now?

BINTA

Yes'm. Take you for instance.

Muggs points at his chest asking in French which wakes Remy.

MUGGS

Moi?

BINTA

What was done to you, was done to
me.

MUGGS

I'm quite sure, I don't understand.

BINTA

Well I'm quite sure, that if you
don't, then you won't, come to
peace with it.

MUGGS

What the blazes are you rambling on
about, woman?

BINTA

Why the blazes, are you not?

They sit in silence as Muggs fumes, then he softens.

MUGGS

Just assumed that, you know, since
being a woman, yours would have --?

BINTA

Don't make no never mind to one
that don't see past a person's
color.
(throws her stick in fire)
Said he didn't want to put his
precious pecker in no "black box."

Binta lights her pipe from her now burning stick.

BINTA

Shoot, if you all bothered to look,
you'd see we're all pink inside.

Muggs mouth falls wide open. Binta reaches over and closes it from underneath with two fingers.

BINTA

Fish-mouth shaped that way, to get
caught.

Muggs is speechless as his mouth moves pantomiming until...

MUGGS

I say, steady on, old girl.

Binta inhales hard making her pipe's bowl glow red, then blows a huge smoke ring.

BINTA

Who you callin' old, Methuselah?

They sit in silence. Binta puffs as Muggs takes her same stick and pokes it at the fire.

MUGGS

Does it still, you know, *hurt* back
there when --?

BINTA

Every God Damn time.

They sit in silence. Muggs nods his head.

MUGGS

You're a very special woman, woman.

She blows an introspective smoke ring.

BINTA

"We" all is.

INT. RED ROOF INN - NEXT MORNING

Second floor bare-wood hallway leading to rooms on one side with no windows.

Barbra exits a door closing it behind her. She is carrying a full breakfast tray with a porcelain plate, bowl, and cup.

Gladiola and Bridgett come up the staircase and go to Barbra. Bridgett carries something small wrapped in a doily.

Gladiola looks at Barbra's tray.

GLADIOLA
Still won't eat?

BARBRA
Or drink, or anything.

Bridgett looks at her "present" sad, then holds it down.

BRIDGETTE
We're going to lose her.

GLADIOLA
Not on my watch, sweetie.

Gladiola opens the door and enters. Bridgett perks up and tries to enter, but Gladiola locks the door behind her.

Bridgett and Barbra stare at each other, then put their ears against the door to listen.

INT. CHARTRISE'S RED ROOF INN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gladiola makes sure the door is secured, then turns.

Chartrise lies on a wood-frame bed having a hay-stuffed mattress with no bedding except a hay-stuffed meal-bag for a pillow. Her clothes are soiled with her wrists and ankles tied to the four wooden corner-posts with rags.

GLADIOLA
(goes hands-on-hips)
Now what's all this guff about you
not wanting to eat?

Chartrise turns her head away. Gladiola marches to Chartrise like a *D.I.* to stand beside her bed with hands-on-hips again.

GLADIOLA
I, SAID --!

CHARTRISE
(snaps head to Gladiola)
Heard you the first time!
(looks away again)
No need to shout.

Gladiola lowers her hands together and softens.

GLADIOLA
How do you feel?

CHARTRISE

I, don't.

Gladiola punches straight down into Chartrise's stomach making her *belch* and *fart* at the same time.

GLADIOLA

Your body says different.

If looks could kill, Chartrise is murdering Gladiola.

CHARTRISE

What the hell was that for?!

GLADIOLA

(sarcastic)

Awhhh-- did it hurt too much?

CHARTRISE

God Damn right it hurt, bitch!

GLADIOLA

Good. Because pain means you're still alive. Are you?

No response except a glare. Gladiola draws back her fist.

CHARTRISE

YES, unless you hit me again.

GLADIOLA

(fans the air)

Good, 'cause you smell like the dead --

(fans air more)

which means --

Gladiola grabs to yank hard all of Chartrise's dress off.

GLADIOLA

time you came back to the living.

Chartrise is beyond shocked, then turns her head away.

Gladiola sits beside Chartrise and speaks motherly.

GLADIOLA

Do you really think you're the first woman to go through this?

Chartrise turns back with questioning eyes. Gladiola nods.

GLADIOLA

Six months after Simpy and I moved here, long before the rest of you did, I gave up same as you.

CHARTRISE

Why?

Gladiola looks out the room's only window, and her chin moves like she's chewing something over.

GLADIOLA

Promise not to tell nobody never?

Chartrise nods. Gladiola looks down at her.

GLADIOLA

Need to hear ya' swear it.

CHARTRISE

Won't tell nobody.

GLADIOLA

Not even your husband when he gets back?

Chartrise's facial features fall as she looks away again.

CHARTRISE

He ain't comin' back.

Gladiola grabs Chartrise's chin to make her look at her.

GLADIOLA

Yes, he is, they all is! Know how I know?

Chartrise's eyes ask. Gladiola grabs something and throws it at the closed door *breaking* it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CHARTRISE'S ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

Barbra and Bridgette jump back from the door fingering their ears, *Ow*, then rush back to re-listen.

INT. CHARTRISE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chartrise's eyebrows are arched. Gladiola turns back to her.

GLADIOLA

'Cause I done seen it in his eyes, first time we all met.

CHARTRISE

Who, Red?

GLADIOLA

Think back, and you'll see it too,
and have the same --Revelation.

Gladiola thinks hard, then inhales harder.

CHARTRISE

Michael!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARTRISE'S ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

Barbra and Bridgette jump back *inhaling* hard and clutching their hearts whispering reverent.

BARBRA/BRIDGETTE

The Archangel!

They rush back to re-listen at the door.

INT. CHARTRISE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gladiola shakes her head. Chartrise frowns wondering.

GLADIOLA

He's one of The Four Horsemen.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CHARTRISE'S ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

Barbra faints. Bridgette has to catch her in one arm, while fanning her face with the other hand and glueing her own ear back to the door. Barbra stirs.

INT. CHARTRISE'S HOTEL ROOM - RETURN TO

Gladiola has Chartrise's full attention now as color is returning to her pale face.

CHARTRISE

Which one?

GLADIOLA

The Fiery Red Horseman!

Barbra's *gasp* is heard from outside the door, then sound of her limp body *thud-hitting* the hallway floor.

CHARTRISE
The Anti-Christ?

GLADIOLA
(shakes head)
No, but he is a god of war. Surely
you saw that?

Chartrise thinks, then nods in agreement.

GLADIOLA
That's how I know they're all
comin' back. And they'll be
bringing with them, the evil curs
that done us wrong piled up in the
back of Binta's wagon. Know what
we'll do then?

CHARTRISE
Dance on their graves?

GLADIOLA
After that.

Sound of Bridgette and Barbra whispering outside the door.

GLADIOLA
We'll kiss our husbands gentile,
then bed their brains out!

Sound of two fainting *body-thuds* out in the hallway.

CHARTRISE
I, I couldn't do that!
(wonders)
Could I?

Gladiola grabs Chartrise by her naked shoulders.

GLADIOLA
Yes, you will!
(yells at door)
We, All, Will!

CHARTRISE
Why?

GLADIOLA
So that nine months from now,
they'll be no question who our
babies fathers be, not then, not
never.

Sound of *scratching* at the door's knob, then it turns and door opens. Barbra, with her key, and Bridgette stand frozen.

GLADIOLA

Best go get the other ladies,
ladies. Time we drew up a pact.

Gladiola tosses Chartrise's torn clothes to Bridgette who catches them making an icky-face and holds them away.

GLADIOLA

Bridgette, burn those and fetch her
husband's pants and shirt. Barbra,
draw this pretty gal a bath, she's
done had, a resurrection.

Gladiola pulls a large Bowie knife from down inside a pants leg to cut one of Chartrise's wrist bindings.

Bridgette and Barbra stare at Gladiola's huge shiny knife.

GLADIOLA

What, I got more at the store if
you wants one?

Bridgette and Barbra look at each other, then nod, and exit.

Chartrise takes Gladiola's knife to study it, then cuts her other wrist free with it nodding also, then whispers.

CHARTRISE

What about --?

GLADIOLA

About what?

CHARTRISE

You know, you were *gonna' tell me a
secret?*

Gladiola takes back her knife to cut Chartrise's ankles free.

GLADIOLA

Why do you think they call 'em --
"secret?"

EXT. PONY EXPRESS STATION IN MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - SIMULTANEOUS

The most common of all their 150 stations is a long wooden bungalow with Manager's living quarters and a small second sleeping area for a Rider's cat-nap.

Smoke wafts out of this one's stone chimney.

A small covered corral whose clapboard-roof leaks holds THREE MUSTANGS. It stands beside another smaller corral only this one's V-shaped roof was inverted with wood troughs feeding from it into several rain storage barrels.

Red and his motley crew of Nine arrive.

RED
Hello inside!

DUTCH CHARLEY has long since forgotten his last name and yells perturbed from inside.

DUTCH (O.S.)
Move on by!

RED
What's your name, neighbor?

DUTCH (O.S.)
I ain't your G.D. "neighbor,"
neighbor! And who wants to know?

RED
Sheriff Red Harding!

DUTCH (O.S.)
Prove it!

Red looks for his badge, remembers, then looks at O'Connor who holds it up.

DUTCH (O.S.)
Why he carryin' it?

RED
Keeps it shiny! Look, it'd be a
whole lot easier confabin' closer.

Moment, then the door opens on leather hinges. DUTCH, 60s, with a white beard almost looks anemic. He steps out in just bib-overalls hip-aiming a 10-gauge 24" double-barrel shotgun. He yells when he gets nervous.

DUTCH
This Coach Gun fires a wide spread!

Red lays his hand over his coat covering his own shotgun.

RED
Noted. What's your name, friend?

DUTCH
Ain't your G.D. "friend" neither!

MCGREGGOR

You Dutch Charley, Station Manager?

DUTCH

Who wants ta' know?!

MCGREGGOR

Lucas McGreggor, Cactus Rose
Station Master.

DUTCH

Prove it!

McGreggor pulls out a piece of paper folded into its own envelope and holds it up.

MCGREGGOR

For your next Rider.

Dutch hand-motions for the letter.

McGreggor opens it up, refolds into a paper airplane, and flies it over to Dutch who stands transfixed.

DUTCH

How the hell you do that?!

All look at McGreggor asking the same with their eyes.

MCGREGGOR

Parlor trick I learned.

DUTCH

Well don't be trickin' it in my
parlor!

Dutch moves the "dead" letter with his shotgun, then picks it up cautious, studies it good, then reads it. He looks up.

DUTCH

You're makin' this shit up.

RED

Okay to share some of your water?

DUTCH

Water's hard to come by, got coin?

Red tosses a gold coin to Dutch who bites "testing" it.

DUTCH

Water your horses first, then
yourselves. And don't be hoggin'
it, don't rain here that often.

The Eight Men walk to the water barrels with their canteens.

DUTCH
Canteens extra!

Red tosses another coin to Dutch who bites same. Red dismounts. Binta stands to climb down off her wagon.

DUTCH
Where you goin'?

Dutch shoulder-aims his shotgun at Binta. Red's bullwhip-tail cracks Dutch's lead hand making him drop his rifle. Dutch reaches down for it. Red whips his whip around his own hip and opposite shoulder as his own sawed-off and Mare's Leg swing up on their rotating-holsters hip-aimed at Dutch.

RED
Let's start over --"friend." I'm Sheriff Harding on a duly warranted manhunt and all these are my legal appointed deputies, her included. So I'd take it as a professional courtesy if you'd not be pointin' that blunderbuss in her general direction --"neighbor."

Red lowers his weapons and recoils his whip inside his coat.

O'Connor goes to help Dutch who sees O'Connor's cheek scars.

DUTCH
He do that to you, "neighbor?"

O'CONOR
The one we're tracking did.

DUTCH
Tall darkee that talk funny?

Everyone freezes staring at Dutch.

RED
With four men and an Indian?

DUTCH
Never saw no Injun, but four waddies rode in with him.

O'CONOR
And you're alive to tell?

MCGREGGOR
What'd you give them?

DUTCH
Banker's draught.

MUGGS
You wouldn't by any stretch of the
imagination, happen to have bought
horses from them, did you "friend?"

DUTCH
What's it to ya'?

O'CONOR
Might be ours.

DUTCH
Mine now, fair and square.

RED
How much?

DUTCH
How much ya' got?

Dutch bends for his shotgun. O'Conor steps on it.

O'CONOR
Where?

DUTCH
Tied out back.

O'Conor picks up the shotgun and tosses it to Binta, then
runs behind the building. The Other Seven Men follow him.

Red nods at Binta, then leads Apple to a water barrel.

Binta opens the shotgun's breach, checks it is loaded, re-
locks it, then hip-aims it at Dutch.

DUTCH
Carries a big kick, lil' lady.

Binta pulls back both shotgun hammers, then pinches it under
an arm as she lights her pipe, draws, and blows a smoke ring.

BINTA
Only one way to find out.

Both of Dutch's eyebrows go up, then he looks to a small dust
cloud approaching fast.

DUTCH
Incomin' Rider. I needs to get his
mount ready.

Binta studies the approaching rider.

DUTCH

Don't fret none, none of our riders
is armed, too much weight.

Binta head-motions Okay for Dutch who brings One Mustang out
of its corral.

Rider arrives and dust clears as PONY BOB, 40s, short and
thin like a jockey, wears a skin-tight leather shirt with no
fringe, and leather pants, but no boots, only moccasins. None
of the Riders wear cowboy hats, instead they wear skull caps.

Pony Bob stares at Binta with Dutch's shotgun.

BINTA

Voice your problem.

PONY BOB

Ain't got none. But I do tends to
sit stupified when ain't seen
somethin' before.

Pony Bob dismounts his lathered Mustang that is breathing
hard. It wears a small thin Express saddle with four mail-
pouches sewn on, two in front and two in back. Pony Bob pulls
off his leather cap, then tips head-first over into a rain
barrel next to Red.

Dutch switches Pony Bob's saddle to the new Mustang.

The Eight Men come from behind the building pulling their
EIGHT HORSES.

Pony Bob bends back out of the barrel flipping his long wet
hair behind, then puts his cap back on. He sees McGregor.

PONY BOB

Feels as good as suckin' on a wet
teet!

(to Binta apologetic)
No offense, ma'am.

BINTA

None taken. Mine are dry.

MCGREGGOR

(nods to Pony Bob)
Pony Bob.

PONY BOB

Lucas. --You and Alana have a
fight?

RED
(offers his hand)
Sheriff Red Harding.

Pony Bob accepts. They shake. Pony Bob tilts his head.

PONY BOB
Redbear?

The two stare at each other. They are a Mutt and Jeff team.

RED
Been called worse.
(releases handshake)
Heard a' you, too. Second best
Express Rider next to Wild Bill.

Pony Bob mounts his new Mustang my placing both hands on the horse's rear and vaulting up onto his jockey-saddle.

PONY BOB
He's good.
(grabs his reins)
I'm better.

RED
You pass five men on the way, one
of them Indian?

PONY BOB
Ridin' with a colored feller?

The Eight Men semi-circle around Pony Bob who bristles.

PONY BOB
I saw them. Didn't let them see me,
didn't like their looks.

O'CONOR
How far?

PONY BOB
Two day ride. But they was stopped
fixin' a freight wagon's wheel-hub.
Didn't appear to be in no hurry.

McGreggor hands his re-folded letter into an envelope again to Pony Bob.

MCGREGGOR
Personal for Alana.

Pony Bob doesn't take the letter, instead folding his arms.

PONY BOB
Know the rules well as I.

Red tosses Pony Bob a five-dollar gold coin. Pony Bob one-hand catches and pockets it with the letter in a front pouch.

MCGREGGOR
Tell her I'll be home soon.

PONY BOB
Not if you're goin' after that
gang. They don't look civilized.
(spurs away to a gallop)
But you got Redbear, so you tells
herrrr ...!

Pony Bob is now just a dust cloud again, moving the mail.

DUTCH
Riders is a funny lot, born to the
saddle. They'd do the job for free,
'cause they love the excitement so.

MCGREGGOR
How much did you pay for our
horses?

DUTCH
How much you got?

Red steps to Dutch glaring. Dutch gulps.

DUTCH
But for family, two hun.

EIGHT MEN
Dollars?!

DUTCH
Hey, this company don't hire no
fools. We gots to make a profit.

RED
(to his Eight Men)
Gentlemen, each of these outlaws
has a price on their head, more
than enough to buy back your horses
and rebuild your town. Charon's my
money-maker, enough to retire on,
but I gotta' take his body back to
Denver for full bounty. I'll give
you them, but I get "him."

The Eight Men look at each other, then nod as one to Red.

O'CONOR

You out-thinkin' him as always?

RED

Only way to stay alive in this line
a' work.

(to Dutch)

How much to bed and board us
overnight, plus one and a half
water barrel?

Dutch doesn't like cipherin', but he do love collectin'. His
eyeballs move like abacus beads.

MCGREGGOR

We're stayin'?

RED

You heard Pony Bob. The wagon is
slowing them down. Gentlemen --
(tips hat to Binta)
you all are ill-equipped for the
battle you run feverishly toward.
Tis a proven fact cleanliness is
close to Godliness, and you all,
need to get as close to Him as
possible. Plus, a clean man --
(tips hat again to Binta)
is a better fightin' man. So buddy-
up, wash up, eat up, then rest up,
we ride hard at first light --
without our wagon.

MCGREGGOR

(to Dutch)

Get me an Express Draft. This is
your big pay day.

RED

How much to rent your scattergun?

Dutch rubs his hands together like King Midas. It is a
profitable day.

EXT. DUTCH'S RAIN BARREL CORRAL - THAT NIGHT

Binta sits naked in a dirty-water barrel smoking her pipe.
She blows a large smoke-ring, then talks to her husband.

BINTA

Hope you're lookin' down on me with
favor 'cause I know you don't
approve of what I'm gonna'.

Binta takes a long draw on her pipe turning its ashes red which lights-up her face demonic.

BINTA

But you also knowed what kinda' woman you married, so you knows I can't let our injustice lay be.

INT. DUTCH'S EXPRESS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The Rider's area has its wood platform-bed pushed in a far corner with a blanket privacy-wall hung up hiding it.

The Eight Men's and Red's bedrolls are laid on the floor side by side away from it. The Eight Men sit naked cross-legged on their bedrolls playing cards wearing only their hats. They are bathed with their washed clothes drying on stretched lariats hung around the room. Remy is not present.

RED

Everybody remember our tactics?

MCGREGGOR

Aye, you beat them into us long enough.

O'CONOR

Still think we're gonna' catch them out in the open?

RED

Play checkers?

O'Conor beams proud nodding.

RED

Learn chess. We have to if we're gonna' take your fiancé alive.

O'CONOR

Ain't my fiancé!

MUGGS

Could have fooled us, old chum.

Remy enters wide-eyed and naked, except for his boots on. He holds his hat down covering his crotch.

MUGGS

Look like you've seen an apparition, mate.

REMY
Sacre bleu, it's true.

ALONZO
What is, ya' bloody frogman?

Red tongue-whistles shrill. Alonzo corrects himself.

ALONZO
I mean --Snake?

REMY
(to Muggs)
What she told you about, you know --
down there.

Remy points down to his hat.

The Seven Men all look at each other, then to Muggs.

MUGGS
When?

Remy sits directly down into a cross-legged position with his hat still covering his lap.

REMY
That night, by the fire, *just you*
two.

MUGGS
You were eavesdropping?! Simply not
done in civilized circles, bloke.

HAROLD
Who said, we was civilized?

Group mumbling of agreement.

O'CONOR
For those of us who were
unconscious, what the hell are you
goin' on about?

MUGGS
Wait, are you talking about her,
"inner" color?

REMY
(nods animated)
C'est vrai, c'est vrai!

Sound of a gun's *hammer* clicking back. All look to Red who holds Harold's derringer.

RED

We all look the same inside. Only difference --is on the outside.

Red releases his hammer to toss back to Harold.

Suggest we all put our skivvies on.
Should be dry enough by now.

Red stands. The Eight Men are now used to doing whatever Red tells them, and stand to do as instructed.

BINTA

I always thought, white's were bigger?

The Eight Men spin to hold their hats over their crotch. Red just tips his hat to Binta before pulling on his Long Johns.

Binta stands with a blanket wrapped around her carrying a lit lantern.

BINTA

Don't fret none boys, you ain't got nuthin' I don't want to see.

O'CONOR

What's "bigger?"

Binta smiles, then goes behind her blanket-curtain which silouhettes her dropping her blanket, then her lamp goes out.

BINTA (O.S.)

Get lots of rest boys, sure looks like part of you needs it --bad.

O'CONOR

We're cold!

The Eight Men stare at her blanket-wall waiting.

RED

Lights out, gentlemen.

Red turns their lamp out.

EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - TWO DAYS LATER

Town buildings are still painted red, but are now decorated with floral and sunset murals.

Pony Bob rides in at a full gallop, then rein-pulls his Mustang to a sliding stop. He looks around trying to be sure.

PONY BOB
Cactus Rose?

The street is empty. He dismounts and tries the Pony Express door. It's locked. He goes back to his horse looking around.

PONY BOB
This a Sunday?

He hears the sound of two hammers *clicking* back, so raises his hands, then his eyes to see Alana and Gladiola aiming out their upper-floor windows across the street from each other. They have him in a crossfire.

PONY BOB
Like what you've done with the place!

Something glints off the rising Sun and he looks up and around more to see the Other Four Ladies also glare at him out their upper-floor windows. All Four hold Bowie knives.

PONY BOB
Gotta' message from your husbands!

The Six Ladies disappear inside their windows. Sound of *commotion* from inside their buildings of doors unlocking, then The Six Ladies exit running to encircle Pony Bob.

PONY BOB
Uh, mornin'?

Pony Bob side-steps to his Mustang and one-handed slowly pulls McGregor's folded letter out of its front saddle-pocket to hand to Alana. She hands her gun to Bridgette to cover Pony Bob, then opens the letter. The Ladies circle closer in. Alana's lips move as she reads it to herself.

GLADIOLA
Read the dang thing out loud!

ALANA
(clears throat, reads)
"My dearest darling wife"

OTHER FIVE LADIES
Awwwww.

ALANA
(continues reading)
"All is well as Sheriff Red has been like a Calvary Sergeant, which I believe he was, teaching us this and that to get ready."

The circle of Ladies closes in more on Alana pushing Pony Bob out of the way. He lowers his hands to his hips staring as Alana continues reading aloud.

ALANA

"Red cut us through a pass and
we're at Dutch Charley's station
which is how you come to have this
here letter."

All Six Ladies turn to Pony Bob and smile. He goes to "tip" his hat, then remembers he doesn't wear one, and yanks off his skull cap nodding back. His long, now dry, hair falls out blowing in the morning breeze.

The Six Ladies notice his rugged looks are quite striking, so they "eye" him up and down. Pony Bob steps back cautious.

The Five Ladies turn back to Alana who continues reading.

ALANA

"Our horses might be here if Dutch
bought them from you-know-who."

The Five Ladies "hiss."

Pony Bob steps back more.

ALANA

(continues reading)

"Anywho, I'm sure Red can negotiate
a deal to buy them back, he's
always out-thinkin' as such."

The Five Ladies, Yea!, as one. Pony Bob relaxes.

ALANA

"We are closing in and Red has
taught us well so we are confident
of a righteous outcome. Sheriff
O'Connor, as we now call him,
stopped stutterin' after Red beat
it out of him."

The Six Ladies look at each other, then at Pony Bob.

PONY BOB

Wouldn't know?

ALANA

(continues reading.)

"Oh, Red made Harold our Deputy --"

The Five Ladies look at Barbra who beams proud.

ALANA

"after beating it into him."

The Six Ladies glare at Pony Bob who holds up his hands backing up. Alana continues.

ALANA

"As we ride into battle, it is very important you tell the other wives how much their husbands truly love and miss them."

The Five Ladies tear-up, even Gladiola.

ALANA

"We do not know our fate, but believe God is on our side and will prevail. But if I do not --"

(wipes away a tear)

"rest assured I went to the Promised Land happy, knowing I had the friendship of the best woman a man could have who never gave me no reason not to be proud to be, your husband."

Alana's tears stream as the other Five Ladies comfort her. Her voice breaks as she continues reading aloud.

ALANA

"Please know all of the husbands here, hope we give our wives no cause to never be proud of us. Signed, yours forever in both worlds, Lucas McGreggor."

The Six Ladies group hug all crying. Pony Bob tries to tip-toe away and mount his Mustang, but the Six Ladies rush to give him multiple cheek-pecks of gratitude. He is, to say the least, unaccustomed to such favor.

PONY BOB

Ladies! If I could just trade dispatches, I'll be on my way.

GLADIOLA

We'll hear no such thing! We only got two broken down cow ponies, so yours will have to rest up.

(barks orders as always)

Mithril, you cook him breakfast.

(to Bridgette)

Bridgette, you bake him some corn fritters to take along tomorrow.

All Six Ladies look at Pony Bob with stars in their eyes as he looks for an escape.

GLADIOLA

(to Chartrise)

Take his horse to the stable, give
it plenty of oats and water.
Barbra, you draw him a bath, and
I'll wash his clothes during.

PONY BOB

Uh, you're not gonna' be helpin' me
"during," are ya'?

The Six Ladies *laugh* boisterous as they man-handle him towards the Red Roof Inn. Pony Bob looks like he's trying to swim out of a shark pool.

EXT. BASE OF A PIEDMONT NEAR ITS TREE LINE - SIMULTANEOUS

Hip-high field grass as far as the eye can see except a flattened-down area that is the Outlaws Camp.

McGreggor's repaired freight wagon has a wooden tripod pulley-system built onto its bed. Benjamin's large black safe with gold trim sits under it. The vault's door is closed, but has multiple scratches, dents, and burn marks on it. The wagon's TWO MULES stand nearby free-grazing.

Charon, Hoodoo, Doc, King, and Mexicali Bob, are all breaking camp. Wolf is not present.

Poppy, clothes tattered and face bruised, has her hands tied behind her back as she lies in fetal position on the ground.

King walks up to her almost drooling.

CHARON

No time!

King runs a pointer-finger in and out of his other fist.

Poppy buries her face into the grass.

EXT. FAR OUT IN THE GRASSLANDS - SIMULTANEOUS

Red's Eight Men, in two groups of four, lie on either side of Red. They have mud smeared on their faces with grass tied to their backs and heads. Red does not. Binta is not present.

Red pulls down a small telescope to hold up a hand with all five fingers splayed indicating how many he sees, then holds only two fingers up behind his head like feathers and shakes his head. He compresses, then pockets his calvary telescope.

Red fans his same hand to the Four Men on his left signaling O'Connor to lead McGreggor, Alonzo, and Benjamin to *Flank Left*. Then Red fans to the Four Men on his right for Harold who leads Simpson, Muggs, and Remy, to *Flank Right*.

Red holds the same hand up in a fist, then silently thumps it to his chest. His Eight Men nod. Red stabs same two fingers to his own eyes, then waves his palm flat over his head. His Eight Men nod again. Red stares into the soul of each Man one-by-one, then nods back, *Go*.

O'Connor and His Three Men crawl off left as Harold and His Three Other Men crawl off right.

Red watches them crawl away silent, then *sighs* growling low, and stands. He spits to the side, then marches willingly towards yet another, shoot-out destiny.

EXT. OUTLAWS TREELINE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Red approaches their camp totally exposed with hands up.

Charon notices Red and draws, his Four Outlaws follow.

CHARON

Thought we was bein' tracked.

(recognizes Red)

You come all this way lonesome?

Red drops his bear-coat, his weapons belt along with all of his guns are gone. His bullwhip and machete are also missing.

RED

Leave the girl, take everything
else.

CHARON

Hardly think you're in a position
to negotiate, dead man talkin'.

Wolf stands up silent out of the grass behind Red to give the universal Cherokee warning call.

WOLF

Ah-ah.

RED
(stares at Charon)
Think on it --then think harder.

Charon's no fool. He nods calculating his options.

CHARON
How many?

RED
Baker's Dozen, all crack shots.

Charon looks to Wolf who shakes his head.

CHARON
Where would you get such a posse?

RED
Only thing you can't take from a
man, is his fight.

CHARON
Cactus Rose?

Red spits to the side. Charon looks at his Four Outlaws, then
ALL break out laughing, even Wolf.

HOODOO
Those scaredy cats, you can't be
serious?

RED
Serious as a dead pig in sunshine.
(spits again)
You all set more than a few burrs
under their saddles.

DOC
Don't piss on my leg and tell me
it's rainin'!

RED
They'll rain down all the Hellfire
you wants --on your heads.

Mexicali Bob gives Eli Wallach in *The Magnificent Seven* a run
for his pesos.

MEXICALI BOB
When Jesús handed out brains, Red
thought He said "trains" and passed
on one.
(punch-line)
'Cause he don't like to travel!

If the Devil's brood laughs, all Seven Badguys imitate them.
Red calls Mexicali Bob an idiot in Spanish.

RED
Eres un idiota.

Mexicali Bob pulls a Mexican machete from out a pants leg.
Wolf warns him off saying "mine" in Cherokee.

WOLF
Ah-ah, aquatseli.

Charon indicates for Mexicali Bob to sheath his machete who
throws it point first sticking in the ground in front of him.

Wolf sidesteps to Red holding his knife straight out.

Red turns to face Wolf sliding a foot back, then pulls his
own knife from behind his neck, reversed with its blade
turned out.

Charon holsters his gun. His Four Outlaws do the same.

CHARON
Anyone bettin' against Wolf?

His Four Outlaws *snicker*. Wolf snarls at Red.

WOLF
Your coat will look good on me.
Your scalp will, too.

RED
Best pack a pic-a-nic basket then.
We gonna' be here all day.

Wolf and Red circle each other. Wolf stabs straight, Red
knocks it away with his reversed-blade. Wolf's eyes narrow,
then he slices twice at Red who jumps back twice.

RED
Play checkers?

KNIFE FIGHT: Thrusts and parries with kicks to block. Wolf
uses direct approach stabbing straight. Red uses reverse-grip
and gets a slash on Wolf's arm, then slices Wolf's chest
drawing blood. Wolf answers with a stab to Frank's leading
thigh. Frank counters with a quick slice to Wolf's face
cutting a cheek. Both step back with Red now limping. Wolf
tastes his own blood smiling.

WOLF

You slow, like mud of Gälunläti.

Red understands Wolf's reference, then shakes his head while pulling out a rawhide strip to tie a tourniquet above his bleeding thigh. Red has out-thunk Wolf, and moves his Queen.

RED

You have shamed the Water Beetle
so the Buzzard must gouge your eyes
out as the Water Spider dumps her
basket of fire upon your head.

Wolf is many things, but not spiritual. But never has a White Man known exactly what to say to shake Wolf's belief in himself. Wolf howls like his namesake and attacks angry.

KNIFE FIGHT CONTINUES: Red hand-checks Wolf's wild slashes until he sees his check-mate and side-kicks Wolf's knee dropping him on both. Both breathe hard exhausted.

RED

Killin', don't make ya' a killer.

Red brings the heavy hilt of his knife butt-first down hard onto Wolf's head clubbing him unconscious.

Red hears Charon and Four Outlaws *click* back their hammers.

Red limp-turns to face them, holding his knife's blade down.

RED

Always bet on Red.

Charon raises his pistol to straight-arm aim at Red's head.

CHARON

All that did, was buy you time.

This is the first time we see Red smile.

RED

There ya' go.

Charon's smile turns upside down at the sound of multiple gun-hammers *clicking* back all around him close by.

ALL Outlaws search, but see no movement in the tall grass.

RED

Givin' up, should be lookin' pretty
good about now.

Doc dead-aims at Red.

DOC
I ain't goin' ta' jail!

RED
Casket's smaller than a cell.

Hoodoo straight-arm aims at Red.

HOODOO
Can at least take you with us!

RED
Done made my peace. But you'll all
be cut to pieces by their makers.
(goes arms-wide)
Your petrified corpses will be
circus-traveled to towns where the
children will laugh at you, women
will spit on you, and men will piss
in your wide-eyed sockets.

Red *laughs* hearty moving his fingers to his own eyes to pull them open wide.

Charon and his Four Outlaws lower their weapons in disbelief.

RED
How's that for an epitaph?

Red snap-throws his knife underhanded at Charon who turns, so it sticks in a shoulder.

RED
NOW!

Red drops to the ground. Wolf is coming to, so Red jumps on top of Wolf who has recovered his own knife.

GUN FIGHT: Bullets *fire* from both sides at Charon and his Four Outlaws who *shoot* back wildly. What they don't notice, is the attacking bullets angle up from the ground. Luckily, they also don't notice, Red didn't have time to teach his Eight Men marksmanship, so all their rounds miss.

Poppy fights to free her bound wrists. The Two Mules scatter.

RED'S KNIFE FIGHT: Wherever your imagination can go, let go further as the two wrestle for the ultimate right to live.

Charon is a survivor first, so he takes off for the woods.

His Four Outlaws see Charon is retreating and take off following him into the woods while *firing* wildly behind.

McGreggor rises out of the grass on a knee *firing* Red's Mare's Leg, then heads for Mexicali Bob's machete. Alonzo stands *firing* one of Red's pistols in one hand while circle-waving Red's machete in the other. O'Connor stands *firing* Red's second pistol and carrying Red's bullwhip, then runs to Poppy. Benjamin stands wearing Red's .40 caliber bandolier and firing Red's Hawken. He also has Red's home-made spear stuck behind in his bandolier. He follows McGregor who takes off after Mexicali Bob.

Remy stands out the grass on the field's other side and *fires* Dutch's 10-gauge. It sends him flying backwards. Harold stands wearing Red's shot-bandolier *firing* Red's sawed-off shotgun. Muggs *fires* Harold's Knuckle Duster along with Red's other derringer. All Three charge forward to the woods.

Simpson stands upright with Red's Sharps rifle and aims at Mexicali Bob who has now attached his shoulder-stock to his pistol making it into a rifle and aims it at Simpson. He *fires* first.

ARROW CAM: Bullet leaves Mexicali Bob's barrel and travels to Simpson hitting him in a shoulder making him *fire* into the sky and spin down to disappear into the tall grass.

Poppy gets her wrists free, then sits-up to work on untying her ankles.

Remy pops up recovered out of his tall grass, then runs to help Simpson stand holding his bleeding shoulder.

REMY

Told you not to stand straight up,
mon ami!

Simpson grabs Remy's lapel with his bloody good-hand and pulls him nose-to-nose.

SIMPSON

Look who's talkin'.
(throws Remy away)
We're missin' the fight!

Remy pulls his bandana off to tie off Simpson's arm, then each run towards the *shooting* sounds in the woods.

Poppy gets free and jumps into the wagon to retrieve her rifle and fast-fan fires its sliding pump from the hip sending all but one bullet tracing after Charon.

Alonzo slides Red's empty pistol into his belt and takes off after Mexicali Bob waving Red's machete.

McGreggor follows Alonzo.

O'Connor jumps into the wagon beside Poppy and tries to hug her. She pushes him away and jumps out of the wagon running towards Red and Wolf who are still wrestling.

O'CONOR
You're welcome?

O'Connor jumps out of the wagon following her.

Wolf rolls on top of Red in power-position to go two-handed on his knife trying to drive it down into Red's heart with his chest-weight. Red is fighting with all his might to hold it and all of Wolf's weight up. Red is losing the fight.

Poppy sees this and stops to shoulder-aim her rifle. O'Connor tries to run past her, but she trips him sending him flying. Poppy takes a deep breath, holds it, then fires.

ARROW CAM: Poppy's last bullet *whistles* past the back of Wolf's head making him turn to look up at her.

Red gets a death-grip on Wolf's knife while pulling out earlier rattler's tail he kept and *rattles* it in Wolf's ear. Wolf is distracted looking for the rattler. Red drops the tail raising a knee to pull out his boot-knife and stabs it up through Wolf's jaw and into his mouth's rooftop. Red pulls Wolf's face close to his as he wrenches Wolf's knife free to stab it hilt deep into the back of Wolf's neck screaming a crazed warrior cry.

RED
Aieeeeeeeeeee!

Any birds left in the trees take flight as Red's fierce scream *echoes*.

Wolf's dead weight collapses on Red who lays there exhausted.

Poppy helps O'Connor stand, then plants a wet-on on his lips.

POPPY
Thank you.

Poppy goes to help pull Wolf off Red. O'Connor stands in awe.

O'CONOR
Dang if she ain't mine now.

O'Connor goes to help as Poppy kicks Wolf off Red, grabs the bullwhip from O'Connor, and begins to flail Wolf's corpse. She is turning Wolf's body into mincemeat.

O'Connor steps to stop her but Red holds him back.

RED

She needs, to purge.

Poppy whips faster and faster as only a woman scorned can.

Red and O'Connor wince, then turn away.

EXT. ENTERING THE TREELINE - MOMENTS LATER

Charon and his Four Outlaws run into the forest of tall white Birch trees. ALL fan out for themselves.

Simpson with Benjamin chase after Hoodoo.

Remy and Muggs chase after Doc.

McGreggor and Alonzo now with both machetes, chase after Mexicali Bob.

EXT. FURTHER BACK IN THE TREES - SIMULTANEOUS

King is running free when the L-end of a fire-pit poker trips him. He recovers rolling to a knee and draws both guns. Two blacksmith tapers sharpened into spikes are thrown into both his shoulders making him drop his guns. He reaches for them when he hears the same earlier Cherokee warning.

BINTA (O.S.)

Ah-ah.

Binta steps from behind the tree wearing a full black leather blacksmith apron. Various blacksmithing tools from her meal-bag are in its front pouch. Several more tapers are in its chest pocket and on the other side is a holding-strip with an eye-punch hammer hanging through it. Binta tosses the poker now holding a huge rounding-tool that looks like a mace.

BINTA

I'm gonna' hammer you back in,
whatever slime pit you crawled out.

King goes for his guns again. Binta winds-up and throws underhanded. Her rounding-tool hits him like a shot-put bowling him over. Binta kicks away King's two revolvers.

BINTA

I once worked in a slaughter-house.

Binta swings her hammer's point to punch a hole dead-center in the top of King's skull. He collapses spasming on his back as his eyes blink helpless.

BINTA

I hit you the way we used to cows.
You ain't dyin', just paralyzed. I
wanted you to feel helpless, but
still feel it all, because this --

Binta pulls out of her apron's pocket a two-handed castration cutting-tool, then opens and closes its jaws menacing.

BINTA

is gonna' get reaaaal personal.

The *gurgle* King makes is beyond animalistic.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

King's high-pitched *scream* would break glass if any were around.

Remy stops to *fire* the second barrel of Dutch's 12-gauge rocketing him backwards past Muggs. Remy's shot hits Doc in a shoulder making him fall forward rolling and losing his guns.

Doc stands reaching into his belt-pouch with his good hand to retrieve his flint surgeon-scalpels.

Muggs smiles reaching into his inner vest-pocket to retrieve his own leather pouch of dentistry scalpels. His are of iron.

MUGGS

Still using last year's model, 'eh
what, son?

Doc holds two scalpels as knives. Muggs holds all of his between his fingers making fists with scalpel points out.

DOC

Shall we Two-Step? I'll lead.

The two circle while slashing at each other. Muggs scalpels are shredding Doc's cheek flesh.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - SIMULTANEOUS

Simpson is chasing Hoodoo who spins while running backwards to *fire* his pistol. Simpson ducks as Benjamin's thrown spear sinks through the soft part between Hoodoo's shoulder and his chest causing him to drop his gun. He stands looking down at the spear sticking out of his chest, then cranes his neck around to see its point sticking out his back.

HOODOO

Now here's somethin' you don't see
everyday.

EXT. MEXICALI BOB'S DEATH GROVE - IMMEDIATELY

Mexicali Bob exits dense birch trees onto a perfectly circular patch of soft green grass. The sun pokes through a cloud as its rays spotlight the circle. He stops mesmerized.

MEXICALI BOB

Cielo?

Mexicali Bob turns reflexive to a sound behind him and raises his pistol-rifle to aim at McGreggor.

Out of nowhere, Alonzo runs by at full speed with both machetes severing Mexicali Bob's lead hand at the wrist so it drops his rifle.

McGreggor exits the trees shoulder-aiming Red's Mare's Leg.

MCGREGGOR

Nope, Hell.

Mexicali Bob jams his wrist-stub under its opposite armpit and pulls out his knife to threaten.

Alonzo runs by full speed severing that wrist so Mexicali Bob's hand falls still clutching his knife. Mexicali Bob looks around. Alonzo steps out of the trees covered in Mexicali Bob's blood looking like a demon.

MEXICALI BOB

El Diablo!

ALONZO

There ya' go.

McGreggor's Mare's Leg blows a second hole all the way through Mexicali Bob's crotch to his anus who falls to the ground writhing in pain. The sun's rays shine even brighter.

MCGREGGOR

Ya' know, laddie, the Celts believe
the birch is the first of the tree
symbols representin' new beginnings
and hope. So it's my hope --

McGreggor steps back as Alonzo steps up sharpening his two machete blades against each and smiling evil.

MCGREGGOR
 you won't be forgettin', what we do
 to yee.

EXT. HOODOO'S OWN SLICE OF HEAVEN - RETURN TO

Mexicali Bob's high-pitched *screams* as his skin is sliced-off by two machetes is too horrible to describe.

Simpson hears and smiles, then walks up to Hoodoo snarling and hip-aiming Red's shotgun. Hoodoo is defiant to the end.

HOODOO
 Your wife's so damn ugly ...

Simpson's sawed-off's single barrel blows Hoodoo's crotch into the next county as he falls to the ground writhing.

SIMPSON
 True. --But she's a damn good cook.

Benjamin walks up to yank his spear out of Hoodoo's shoulder.

BENJAMIN
 Anything to say about mine?

Hoodoo just won't learn as he spits out venom and blood.

HOODOO
 She's so crazy ...!

Benjamin drives his spear between Hoodoo's bicep and tricep.

SIMPSON
 Feelin' better?

BENJAMIN
 Gettin' there.

Simpson *fires* at Hoodoo's hand pinned down by Benjamin's spear disintegrating it completely.

BENJAMIN
 Damn! Got more?

Simpson nods as he reloads.

Benjamin yanks out his spear, walks around Hoodoo's head, and drives his spear between Hoodoo's other bicep and tricep.

Simpson *blows off* Hoodoo's other hand.

BENJAMIN

Would you mind tying those off,
please? We don't want him passing
out or on, at least --not yet.

Hoodoo never understood what *bug-eyes* meant till that moment.

EXT. DOC AND MUGGS PART OF THE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Hoodoo's beyond blood-curdling *scream* can't wake his dead.

Doc's face and clothes look like he's been through a slicer.

Muggs has one small scratch on his face.

Remy walks up reloading Dutch's 12-gauge.

MUGGS

Would you mind terribly taking
over, kind sir? I have a rather
pressing engagement elsewhere.

Remy smiles *snap-locking* the shotgun's breach.

REMY

Bien sûr, but before you go --

Muggs stands behind Remy putting a shoulder into Remy's back.
Remy, now held up by Muggs, *fires* a barrel into Doc's crotch
blowing Doc back and down.

REMY

Merci beaucoup, mon ami.

Muggs tips an imaginary hat to Remy and runs off.

Remy walks up to Doc quoting a famous French short general.

REMY

"Tant que vous n'aurez pas déployé
vos ailes" --

Even in pain, Doc blank-stares at Remy who apologizes.

REMY

Pardon est moi, how rude.

Remy sticks his shotgun's end in Doc's bloody crotch and
fires again. Doc screams in pain as Remy is blown up and back
to land upright. Remy translates re-loading both barrels.

REMY

Our Napoleon Bonaparte said, "Until
you spread your wings, you'll have
no idea how far you can fly."
Unfortunately for you, your wings --

Remy locks the shotgun's breach and pulls back both hammers.

REMY

will not be like those of my angel,
my lovely Bridgette.

Remy places both barrels on Doc's forehead who goes cross-eyed. Remy slow squeezes the first trigger to lock onto its second, then hits his own forehead with a palm.

REMY

Stupide! If I blow off your head, I
can not collect the reward on it,
non?

(holds shotgun up)

Have you ever played *Jeu de paume*?

No response. Remy kneels to pat one of Doc's cheeks.

REMY

Non? Then I shall teach you.

Remy *slaps* Doc multiple times, then releases both triggers to put down the shotgun.

REMY

It is played with the hands, you
see?

Remy pulls out his favorite carving knife waving it in front of Doc's face whose eyes follow it like at a tennis ball.

REMY

My serve.

EXT. FAR UP IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Charon is running breathing hard when Doc's long terrifying *scream* makes him stop. He uses a Jamaican term referring to a Devil-character who whips other Devils. Charon smiles big with his two gold front teeth.

CHARON

Jab-jab?

O'CONOR (O.S.)

Been called worse.

Charon spins *firing* at a tree tearing off its white bark.

O'Connor steps out from behind the same tree. Charon aims at him. O'Connor throws Red's whip full-length out to the side.

O'CONOR
Play chess much?

Charon pulls his trigger. Empty *click*.

O'Connor's bullwhip tail cuts the back of Charon's hand making him drop his gun. Charon pulls out a back-up gun, but same whip-tail cuts that hand making him drop the second gun. The two men stare at each other, then the whip-tail cuts Charon's cheek open who puts a hand over it. The whip's tail now cuts Charon's other cheek open, so he covers that cheek with other hand. Blood flows through all ten fingers.

O'CONOR
How's it feel --neighbor?

CHARON
Where's your stutter?

O'CONOR
Same place yours is goin'.

Poppy steps out of shadows hip-aiming her reloaded Remington.

POPPY
Never did show you how fast this
fires.

Poppy *fires* its twelve rounds around Charon's body-perimeter from head to boot nicking or shooting off a toe, fingertip, earlobe, etc. He stands a bloody mess as Poppy reloads.

POPPY
One round, for each time you raped
me.

Defiant to the end, Charon spits out blood.

CHARON
One more for the road, bakra?

Muggs arrives running, then stops to catch his breath.

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

Muggs stalks to Charon with his bloody tooth-pulling pliers.

MUGGS

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

Muggs grabs on as Charon fights, but Muggs pulls out one gold
front tooth.

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 the second gold tooth out. He pockets both teeth
and his pliers, then takes out a bloody scalpel.

Charon looks like a vampire who partied too much.

MUGGS

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

BINTA

Wait!

Binta walks up wearing her blacksmith's leather apron, but
it's now covered with blood. She holds up her castrating tool
with a bloody piece of meat hanging off it and waggles it.

BINTA

Your compadre says, "Hi."

Binta hands her tool to Muggs who takes it grinning.

BINTA

Use this, it'll hurt more.

MUGGS

Much obliged, old girl.

Charon turns to flee, but Binta throws her iron mallet that
clobbers Charon in the back of the head who falls face-first.

BINTA

Who you callin', a "girl?"

Muggs steps to Charon with the castrating tool.

O'CONOR

Wait!

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

O'CONOR

He hurt us all, so we all, get to hurt him.

O'Conor pulls out Wolf's earlier broken shaft and arrowhead, then presents it to Remy who pulls out a rag with his rattlesnake's head, then milks poison onto the arrowhead. He quick-kisses his other hand's four fingertips to lips speaking in French as he hands arrowhead back to O'Conor.

REMY

Parfait!

O'Conor stabs poison arrowhead into the top of Charon's foot.

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

CHARON

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

BINTA

I'd say "say hello," but you're goin' the other way bumbaclot.

Red steps from behind a tree, sees them, then turns away.

RED

Just not in the face --please.

EXT. WHAT WAS ONCE CACTUS ROSE - A WEEK LATER

Binta drives her wagon being pulled by Two Mustangs with the bodies of Charon's Four Outlaws and Wolf in the back. Red and his Packhorse with Charon's body are not present.

McGreggor drives his wagon pulled by its team of Two Mules. Benjamin rides his horse beside it patting his safe inside.

Simpson, Muggs, Herald, Remy, and Alonzo, ride their horses.

Poppy rides McGregor's horse. O'Conor rides his beside her.

All look like something no cat would never drag in and stop to stare at Cowboy One's now denuded remains.

MUGGS

Quite effective, I imagine.

ALL turn their heads sideways to read his askew neck-sign.

REMY

That would be my Bridgette's hand-writing. She does all of our signs.

The Other Nine nod in approval.

THE OTHERS

Nice work ...professional
...pretty, etc.

All now tilt their heads the other way to look at their new town sign that simply reads, *Phoenix*, in same writing style.

MUGGS

Transformation, death, rebirth in
fire --actually quite appropriate.

The Other Nine nod approval.

THE OTHERS

Nice ...pretty ...professional ...
makes sense, etc.

BINTA

Throw Mister Scarecrow in the back,
he can't smell any worse.

REMY

Wait, remember what Red said.

SIX MEN

(except Muggs)
"Bed their brains out."

BINTA

Prob'ly best, leave him till after.

Hell's Posse rides in to rebuild their town, and their lives.

FADE OUT.