

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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FADE IN:

EXT. PRARIE - DAY

In the distance lush rolling hills rise out of the horizon...

A horsewoman dressed for dusty, rugged business, not dowdy; embroidery work covers the shoulder flaps & arms of her DUSTER, scarf, spurs. She took her fashion cue from *Sharon Stone in The Quick And The Dead*; whom will come to know as RIVERS. She rides a pale horse, *The Lone Ranger's Bohlin Saddle*;

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

A small HOMESTEAD. MRS. STANTON (60s) Runs in a chair and crochets. A plow is stuck in muddy earth.

Mr. STANTON (60s), in a hat and filthy chaps pushes and strains to un-stick it.

A DOG, a mean-looking mutt of indeterminate lineage, barks furiously.

Mrs. Stanton looks up from her needle-work. Mr. Stanton is He's absently staring, as Our horsewoman cantors up.

RIVERS

Your dog's a mite unfriendly.

MR. STANTON

He doesn't like strangers.

MRS. STANTON

(a hoarse whisper)

Here boy...here!

The dog wines, obeys --

Rivers brushes her duster aside, revealing the coup de grace; a *Samuel Colt .44 dual action pistol* and in her other holster, a "*Grape Shot Revolver*."

She tucks her fingerless lace gloves over her gun belt.

MR. STANTON

What can I do fer ya?

RIVERS

How much further to Sulfer City?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. STANTON

Ten miles thataway. Only it's Forsaken Run now. That's a polite name fer it. The devil himself even have contacts there and the air smells of brimstone.

Rivers tips her hat, spurs her horse

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Rivers rides at a snails pace on the main road into town. Tugs on the reins when she comes across a weathered sign; *STRANGER; Don't Let The Sun Go Down On You Here.*

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

A typical dreary, weather-beaten frontier western town in most film, it's epicenter; *THE SILVER SPUR*; a fancy new saloon of gambling and drinking and pleasure.

INT. THE UNTERRIFIED EPITAPH - DAY

ASA JONES, the editor, sets type for the next issue. ELMER, a young APPRENTICE works the press in the b.g.

Asa suddenly looks distracted. He rises, moves to the window, and looks out. Rivers ride past.

ELMER

What's wrong?

ASA

A vulture just rode into town.

EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP/LIVERY STABLES - DAY

SAWBONES, 50s, an emotionally scarred Civil War Vet in a leather apron, stands at the forge in which he is heating a horseshoe while pumping the bellows.

SAWBONES

Willie "sawbones" Pardon. Fought at Gettysburg and my leg is cut up real bad. But I'm still here. Yep. I can have a new one tomorrow. Come far?

Rivers grabs her saddlebag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Far enough. If it's alright --
I'll settle up with you in the
mornin'.

SAWBONES

How do I know you'll be in town?

RIVERS

Would you leave a horse like that
behind?

Then sees her saddle, rifles in each saddle-holsters; a
sawed off exposed hammer shotgun and .405 Winchester.

SAWBONES

I'll be doggone. Your reputation
got here long before you did.

She grabs both of them two.

SAWBONES

Yea, see what you mean. She's
real good. How much you want for
her?

RIVERS

She's not for sell. By chance, is
there a doctor in this town?

SAWBONES

One of the best. Doc Halladay.

RIVERS

Hotel in town?

SAWBONES

Such as it is. Other side of the
street. Can't miss it, though you
might want to.

RIVERS

Who's got the best grub?

SAWBONES

Are you religious? There's a
place about two doors down from
the hotel. The Ponderosa that
might not kill you. But if you
tell me you're going to eat there,
I might want payment in advance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

Well, Sawbones, keep the Philly if
I don't come back.

SAWBONES

That'd be fair.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

It has seen better days. At the tiny bar, GATOR, 30s, a portly clerk wipes down the counter.

At a table, four men dressed a bit more professionally than most of the folks, playing poker..

CORD MCLYNTOCK, 40, a tough-as-nails cattlemen, with FLYNN QUIGBY, 35, the town BANKER, possessing the face of a shady past, DEKE HARRIGAN, a beefy redneck rancher, and the Mayor, HAL MERCER, 40s.

Rivers strolls towards the front desk. Gator appears.

RIVERS

A room.

GATOR

Day, week, month, miss?

RIVERS

I'll let you know.

GATOR

Then it's eight bucks, cash in
advance.

He jingles the key, plays with it while he considers her. She snatches it away. Everyone turns to the commotion.

RIVERS

I'll pay when I leave!

And what Gator sees in those eyes truly disturbs him now.

DEKE

Ain't you got enough trouble?

RIVERS

Yea, you wanna be a part of them?

Locking eyes with Deke, who, flummoxed by this woman standing up to him, scowls in red-faced fury.

Deke curses bitterly, crosses to Rivers.

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His righthand is inches from his gun. She sees this.

RIVERS

Can't keep your eyes off that gun
can you. Win lots of arguments
that way?

DEKE

Some.

She beats him to the draw. Maybe we saw her pull it,
maybe we didn't, but her pistol is there all of a sudden.

RIVERS

You only have to lose one.

Deke, now discouraged by the speed with which her gun
appeared in her hand. He sits back down.

Wheels her gun back into its holster and scans the crowd.

RIVERS

Anybody else want to try their
luck?

Terrified, Gator spins a registry around, extends a pen.

GATOR

Uh, you have to sign. It's a
formality.

RIVERS

What's to keep me from signing a
false name?

Gator's confused... afraid to answer...

RIVERS

Rivers. A good way to remember is
think of something you have yet to
cross.

From the looks on their faces this is a woman to be
avoided. Rivers bounds up the steps.

CORD

Gator, inform the Marshal.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Lively, gaming tables. No expense or luxury has been
spared. Sexy SALOON GIRLS are passed around.

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SIERRA NEVADA ROSE, the iron-willed saloon keeper, sashays through the crowd, a very sexy 40. Refined, elegant, flashing cleavage.

A croupier comes up and places a paper before her. A beat, finally, Sierra initials it.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's his limit.

A CADAVEROUS MINOR rises, defeated--as POKER FLATS RAKES in the pot; a professional gambler/flamboyant dresser, a bit on the chubby side, but by no means soft.

POKER FLATS

Unfortunate, my friend. It's been a pleasure... as always. Perhaps your luck will be better tomorrow.
(toasting...)

Here's to an easy saddle and good riding, friend. May your boots never get dusty and your guns never rusty.

A beat, Sierra studies Poker quizzically, then --

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I thought you you're running for state senate on the reform party ticket. They don't mind if the other's drink and gamble, but you must be above such things.

POKER FLATS

And give up card playing?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Well, of course not. There's always solitaire and old maid.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Doors to shops open and people spill out into the street where they see Gator, running, shouting unintelligible.

Sierra comes out of the saloon and crosses to Gator.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Gator, what in tarnation are you gibbering on about?

GATOR

Rivers in town.

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SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Son of a bitch.

Poker crosses towards Sierra, slowly rolling a cigarette.

POKER FLATS

Gator say why she blew into town?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, but you can bet she's not here to pick strawberries.

POKER FLATS

Well how much time did you think you had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Hmm, three days at the most. She was quite a ways out of town, but trouble rides a fast horse.

EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME/OFFICE - DAY

A two-story home at the edge of town, with a white picket fence. A sign sways out front; "MARY "swan" HALLADAY MD."

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

A splendidly decorated home/office, warm and comforting.

MARY HALLADAY, 30s, an attractive but worn Southern Belle conscious of her importance to the town, painstakingly places a letter to its envelope.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Shelves full of medical books. Several cots.

MARSHAL J.M. DUNCAN, 50, a hard life's wear and tear hasn't been kind to him, sits in a chair with a crank handle to recline.

Deputy WILL SUNDAY (20), despite his innocent good looks and unassuming, demeanor, is a bit wet behind the ears.

DOC HALLADAY

I heard back from that physician in New York who specializes in palsy and described your symptoms.

(MORE)

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DOC HALLADAY (CONT'D)

Mentioned an old article from 1807
by a man named Parkinson about a
shaking disease.

Duncan grabs his arm to stop the trembling but no dice.

DOC HALLADAY

The symptoms seem familiar to what
you're experiencing. Not much can
be done for it. Sorry. I'll give
you something for the pain.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

(rolls up a sleeve)

Thanks, Doc. It's getting worse.

Mary searches a cabinet - bottles of chemicals for
dispensing. Grabs one, then a syringe.

THE DOOR BUSTS OPEN - Gator rushes in, out of breath.

GATOR

Jim, she's here! Right here in
town. Rivers.

Duncan pauses, unsure of how to respond... tentative.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

You're just full of good news',
ain't ya? She just get in?

GATOR

Just this minute. You've got to do
something. Cord said --

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I don't care what Cord said. If
she's in town. Nothing I can do
about it.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Who's this Rivers?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

She's a hired killer.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

So. We've had some good ones.
We've been able to handle 'em."

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh, no. A gunslinger is one thing.
Rivers' another altogether.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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MARSHAL DUNCAN (CONT'D)

A professional killer, an arbiter
of fate.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

How come she's still loose?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

She goads them. You can make any
man draw first if you try hard
enough. Gator, did she say how
long she was going to stay?

GATOR

Nope. Who you suppose she's after?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Maybe she's not after anyone.

GATOR

She took a room. She's not just
passing through.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Could be anyone.

GATOR

That all?

DOC HALLADAY

What do you want, him to whistle
six bars of "Dixie"?

Marshal Duncan paces, grabs his hat.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Doc, you just watch some of our
respected citizens from now on.
You'll learn something. I'll tell
you I've always been a lawman
better than half of my life and I
can think of a few people who'd
like to see me dead. Everybody
steps on somebody's toes sometime.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -DAY

Nice, neat, and clean.

Rivers in fresh duds, wears a handkerchief, button down
shirt plastered to her breast, pants. *Even wearing men's
clothes it's sexy in a tough sort of way...*

She straps on her guns, puts on spurs.

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CONTINUED:

The key turns in the door, Sierra, wearing a slicker and shedding water like a waterfall enters swiftly.

They make eye contact - they know of each other... well.

RIVERS

Nice quite town you got here.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Marshal ain't had no prisoner in jail for four months.

RIVERS

Sounds like a law abiding town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Depends on what law you're talkin' about. Most of us are abiding by the law of self preservation.

RIVERS

You come to bed down tonight?

She moves to the window, the weather matching her mood.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Rain's still coming down wholesale. Think the good Lord is over-stocked. We don't get rain in these parts 'cept once in four years. Then they get us a real goose-drownder like this one, sorta to make up for lost time.

Rivers helps Sierra out of her slicker and hangs it up.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You haven't changed at all.

RIVERS

What made you think I had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

In four years, a person should learn something.

RIVERS

Four years ago, I met you in a saloon; now I find you in one. I don't see much change.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Except I *own* this one. This hotel. My secret brothel, too.

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CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

I'd be obliged if you'd get to-the-point.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'll just lay it on the barrel-head -- I'll pay you to tell me who you're after. I give you my word. I...I won't warn whoever it is.

RIVERS

You call that a business proposition? Like askin' a pack of coyotes to keep quiet about a dead horse.

Now Sierra, with a .36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison Confederate six shooter is aimed at her to coldly blow Rivers' head off.

SERRA NEVADA ROSE

If you came to see Dulin Caine. He cleared out months ago. Now, I'm sorry you rode all this way for nothing, but it's best you just turn around and go back the way you come.

In a flash she wrestles the gun away, then backhands Sierra her viciously --

RIVERS

Don't let the fact that you're a woman make you think I won't kill you. A shoot at the hand that holds the gun.

They look at each other. Finally she kisses Sierra. Sierra resists - barely. They speak in between kisses.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm not that easy to rope.

Sierra gets up, grabs her rain slicker.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Do me a favor? Next time we have a conversation stay ten feet away. Some people in this town ain't *very accurate shooters.*

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Mostly empty at this time of day.

Gator works behind his desk. Duncan and Sunday sit quietly, waiting on Rivers.

Rivers descends the steps, not surprised to see them.

She studies his gun hand, a slight tremor here and there.

RIVERS

You cold or scared, Marshal?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Got to be cold, 'cause there ain't nothing frightening around here.

RIVERS

Something I can do for you, Marshal?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

We don't like the smell of gun smoke, and there's plenty of it when you're around. We got a nice community here chalked with law and order. And we aim to keep it that way.

RIVERS

I'm not looking for no trouble, but I'm not running from it either.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

The barber, WADE, sits in his barber's chair reading the paper, as CLINT, 30s, walks in, not fully sober, which makes him all the meaner.

WADE

It says here there's a fellow by the name of Jack Ripper on the loose over in England. Evidently, he's already butchered half a dozen folks with a knife. It goes on to say...

CLINT

Why Wade, where did you pick up such a habit like reading--some girl's school back East?

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CONTINUED:

He gets up as Clint sits in a chair. Wade gets to work.

Through a window, Rivers passesby. Recognition, shock, fills Clint's face.

He hops up, wipes his lathered face with the sheet, tosses it at a flummoxed Wade.

WADE

What's wrong, Clint? You look as though you've seen a ghost.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S PARLOR - DAY

Mary pulls a pill box from a cabinet, and hands it to a nervous GRAM LOWERY, 20s, baby-faced handsome.

DOC HALLADAY

Here, here, stop you're worryin'

GRAM

What's this? Pills?

DOC HALLADAY

No, gumdrops.

GRAM

Gumdrops?

DOC HALLADAY

Finest thing in the world for expectant fathers. Now, when you get to worryin', just pop one of these in your mouth and start chewin' on it. Worries will disappear just like that.

Grams smiles and leaves. Mary checks the clock, in a hurry, grabs her black bag. As she turns to leave --

Mary can't hide the fear and surprise on her face as Rivers stands there, takes off her hat.

RIVERS

Didn't mean to scare you. The door was open. My apologies?

DOC HALLADAY

Don't quibble any fine line with me, Rivers. You're as dishonest as any common road bandit.

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CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Doc Mary "swan" Halladay. Is it?

DOC HALLADAY

Please call me Mary. Although I'd be happier if I knew what this was about.

RIVERS

Physicians interest me. They have the power of life and death.

Mary considers her, her guns, the whole damn situation. But, nevertheless, she ain't cruel (just lonely). So--

RIVERS

Just a minute, Doc. Have you got anything in that black bag that's good for a headache?

DOC HALLADAY

You might try goin' to church. It's the best relief I know.

INT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

Rivers takes in the town- making mental notes of her surrounding, drawing frightened looks and hushed whispers as she passes.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

The saloon is alive with an almost holiday like atmosphere, music, card-playing, and dancing girls.

Cord, Hal, and Flynn play cards while Sierra checks a stack of coins a scantily-clad SALOON GIRL has given her.

Nearby, Poker dazzlingly manipulates a deck of cards with one hand. Switches to the other and resumes throughout.

CORD

Spit it out, what's bothering you?

FLYNN

You know mighty well what's bothering me.

HAL

But do you really think you can get away if it's you she wants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

You think she's after you, Hal?

HAL

What would she want with me?

CORD

I wouldn't know. I thought maybe you would.

HAL

Could be anyone. Why are you pushing me, Cord? Maybe she's after you.

CORD

Maybe. You don't build a cattle empire without making enemies.

HAL

She sure don't look like what you'd expect.

POKER FLATS

Dynamite comes in little packages.

CORD

I thought it was some legend. What's the old saying? 'The last cow is always the hardest to milk.'

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You'll getting uppity over nothing. S'cuse me.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

At hitching rail. Mary watches as EARL makes his saddlebags and books secure.

EARL

I hear there's a lot of new territory out Arizona way.

DOC HALLADAY

Oklahoma's practically new. Couldn't you just stay here?

He gives the strap a final tug, as Duncan approaches.

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CONTINUED:

EARL

Jim, I was just telling Doc I'm pulling out.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh? Any particular reason, Earl?

EARL

What happened to Bull Stanley in Lawless Mesa?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh, well, they'd have strung him up anyway, so she probably did him a favor.

EARL

Well, I'm pulling out before she do me any favors.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Rivers sits, her feet kicked up. Holds one of her guns out and spins the chamber. Locking it ready with a hard snap. Then twirls the gun--into its holster.

Mary pulls up in her fancy ONE-HORSE CARRIAGE.

RIVERS

(tips her hat)

Miss Mary. Where you off to?

DOC HALLADAY

No place. Thought I'd go for a ride. I get stir crazy in this place.

Mary watches Rivers, her expression tells us she will SEIZE the moment.

DOC HALLADAY

Course if you wanna come along, you're more'n welcome.

RIVERS

You know my reputation.

DOC HALLADAY

But I don't know you. Besides, I'm trying to cure what's ailing this town.

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CONTINUED:

RIVERS

You're not afraid?

DOC HALLADAY

Outlaws don't bother me. I've known plenty of ornery characters in my time.

Rivers smirks as Mary extends the reins to Rivers.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The office occupies the front of the building. A barred door leading into a corridor which gives access the cells in the rear of the building.

Sunday sits there with a shotgun across his legs. Duncan cleans his six-shooter, concern evident on his face.

A moment, Gator, Cord, Hal, and Asa file in.

GATOR

Jim, she just left town with Doc Halladay. You think it's her?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Doc Halladay? No.

CORD

You gonna pick her up?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

On what charge? Because she makes the town nervous.

ASA

Jim, why don't you deputize a posse.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

They're not gettin' paid to do a job, keepin' the peace is part of it.

HAL

Aw hell, she'll be gone in a day or two. We got to be reasonable. What's the use of risking our lives and property.

GATOR

Why sure. She came for one man.

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CONTINUED:

ASA

That's what the Romans said when the vandals were at the gates -- just before they burned Rome.

DUNCAN

There's two kinds of sheriff's, the ones like me you think with there head and those like Jeb Walker who lets their guns do the thinking for them. And that's why he's out there on boot hill waiting for Gabriel's trumpet. Why I'm down here trying to put her outta town.

A beat, then -- Duncan sits at his desk.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

If I can pick her up on something I will. If I can. 'Til than we just have to wait her out.

EXT. LAKE STREAM - DAY

The sun beats down -- a clearing on a brush-filled knoll. Mary sits on a big rock. Both aware of the sexual tension between them.

DOC HALLADAY

Yes. And I'd be glad to see the end of the country, outlaws, Indians, drunks, gamblers, saloon girls, bad roads and bad food.

RIVERS

We need doctor's out here. In fact, we need them a little more worse than they do back east.

DOC HALLADAY

That's what I thought we I came out here last year. I've become an expert on gunshot wounds and broken heads. I learned to stitch up a knife slash as neat as a handkerchief hem. I've saved the life of a half a dozen worthless murders and couldn't even safe my husbands life. I'm going straight to Boston. I don't care if I hear of this part of the country again.

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CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Then it has occurred to you that
your wasting your life.

DOC HALLADAY

Doctors take an oath, it has to do
with saving lives - no matter who.

Rivers studies Mary a moment, then--

RIVERS

Maybe it's for the best. You
leavin'. They're going to die
anyway. Best thing you can do is
drag out their miserable lives.

DOC HALLADAY

Death is inevitable for all of us
but we try and put it off as long
as possible.

RIVERS

I envy you, Miss Mary, you being a
doctor. You got a faith, something
to go by... like a religion. With
you it's medicine.

DOC HALLADAY

It means a great deal to me.

RIVERS

Well, kinda puts us on different
sides of that fence I was talking
about, don't it?

DOC HALLADAY

You can say that.

RIVERS

Well, I have a job to do to.

DOC HALLADAY

Why do you have to do it at all?

RIVERS

Because I took an oath too.
In my line of work, often the real
sickness is seldom physical. I
think I've had more experience
with those than you have.

DOC HALLADAY

You sound like a shrink than --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

-- a killer?

DOC HALLADAY

You're awfully nosey, aren't you?

RIVERS

Just professionally. Kinda like a doctor in that respect.

Mary gestures towards her pistols.

DOC HALLADAY

I wouldn't quite call that a stethoscope...

RIVERS

No, but properly used it can be good for the human race.

(then)

Don't move.

Mary, stares at Rivers, hears the hissing. Understanding.

Among the Runs, a RATTLESNAKE coiled, HISSINGSTRIKES OUT... She quick draws to SHOOT it, killing it instantly.

INT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Dark, claustrophobic. Iron-barred windows set in brick. Shafts of light strike through dank must, finding --

SAM TALBORT, an arrogant bastard in a cell. Miserable. He peers through the bars. Townsfolks build a GALLOWS.

A KEY works a lock. A door opens, more light stabs in. Duncan moves to Sam's cell,

SAM

You'd think this kind of work of art was being made for John Wilkes Booth.

A beat, he turns to Duncan.

SAM

That judge said I was supposed to hang, Marshal, not starve to death!

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Is there anything special you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Yeah - a hacksaw and a gun!

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Will you settle for a steak?

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

There is a lot of smoke.

Flynn gives a sheepish glance in the direction of Sierra, Hal, and Cord

With shaky hands, Flynn raises his rusty pistol and aims.

Bam! He misses the tin coffee can again.

He aims again and -- the coffee tin doesn't move.

Flynn stands there, trembling. Sweating.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Flynn, you couldn't hit the hind end of your horse with a handful of buckshot and you know it.

Sierra grabs the old pistol, turning and aiming the gun.

CORD

You can't shoot.

The bullets pierce the tin can. ONE, TWO, THREE times.

Much to their surprise.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

When I aim at something, I hit it and when I hit something its what I aimed at.

FLYNN

Why do you and Sierra let her hang out around town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You got a good way of getting rid of her?

FLYNN

Well, why don't Jim do something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

He wasn't much of a soldier, come to think of it, not much of a marshal, either. And I'm getting fed up of your bellyaching.

HAL

If she can execute a man for money...maybe we can pay her to go away.

Hal and Flynn exchange a look - Not a bad idea...

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

In the semi-darkness, Duncan slumped in a chair. Mary adjust her head mirror, catches light from an brightly illuminated oil lamp. Aims her light at his cornea.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Anything be done, Doc?

DOC HALLADAY

Not much, thick glasses, maybe. But I'd say your marshaling days are over.

DOC HALLADAY

Sorry, but you're getting cataracts, too.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I understand you took a ride with Rivers. Did she say anything? Any hint of which one of them she's after?

DOC HALLADAY

No. You're awfully sure she's after someone here.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

It's her M.O. She rides into a town, checks into a hotel. Sits around for a coupla days taking stock of the situation. Sizing up her next victim known only to her. Baits and needles him until there's nothing left to do but draw on her. Shoots him down in front of witnesses.

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CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

You can't hang someone on their reputation.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

In this case, the reputation is the woman. Every lawman in the west knows her reputation.

(then)

Here, half the town is afraid she's going to kill them. And you're riding around with her.

DOC HALLADAY

She seems friendly enough.

He chuckles, "yeah, right." Gabs his hat, heading out.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

When I was a kid, I had a pet rattlesnake. I was fond of it, but I wouldn't turn my back on it.

DOC HALLADAY

Let's see how things develop.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

You surprise me Doc, Never thought you were one to sit round and let the flu develop into Pneumonia.

DOC HALLADAY

You can't cure the flu, but sometimes you can cure Pneumonia.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

A shaky hand pours a glass of whiskey. The hand belongs Clint. He drinks the whiskey down in one gulp. Shoots a look at Gator.

Spurs jingling, as Rivers, in sexy lace-up leather pants crosses to the bar, and, without a word, is served a WHISKEY by the Gator.

She turns to Clint, who doesn't look at her.

RIVERS

Clint.

CLINT

How did you know my name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

I read it on a wall some place.

Clint is backing away from Rivers, and he looks scared shitless. He runs out of the building.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Rivers sits alone in the almost empty lobby. Gator approaches with a fresh pot of coffee and a cup.

GATOR

Miss Rivers, would you like more coffee?

RIVERS

Sure. Thank you.

GATOR

(pouring)
And how is everything?

RIVERS

Very good.

GATOR

If there's anything you need during your stay here don't hesitate to ask.

She takes a sip of the coffee and winces. Would spit it out if she could.

RIVERS

Sweet Jesus, that's strong enough to float an egg.

Gator moves off -- she sits there staring at the coffee.

A group of men enter and cautiously approach Rivers. In the bunch, Hal, Flynn, and several other gentlemen.

She studies their grim faces, her own, unreadable.

HAL

I'm Mayor Hal mercer, and these gentlemen are members of the city council. I wanna speak with you.

RIVERS

Talks cheap. I can spare you some.

Rivers gestures for them to sit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLYNN

We know who you've come for.

Rivers shakes her head, *"here we go again."*

RIVERS

Really?

HAL

You can drop this manhunt.

RIVERS

Now why would I want to do that?

HAL

For the good of the town. It should be perfectly obvious. You can see what's happened to this town since you've got here.

FAT COUNCILMAN

It ain't the same place. Half the people are afraid to go out on the street.

HAL

Everybody's suspicious of everybody else.

RIVERS

I've already been paid.

FLYNN

We're prepared to offer you two thousand dollars out of the town treasury.

RIVERS

Do you really think you can pay me off?

FLYNN

Assassins work for money, don't they?

RIVERS

There's loyalty, that money can't buy. No dice.

FLYNN

You're making a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

Could be, but you'll never know
unless I've come for you, banker.

Flynn has had enough. Shaken, he backs out the door and leaves, the over disgruntled men follow.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers crosses the street, and heads to the saloon.

Duncan follows at a safe distance.

Sierra comes out.

RIVERS

You're one of the prettiest little
maverick's I ever did see. How
about letting me put my brand on
you.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Thanks, I'm wearing one already.

RIVERS

You know you got to get used to
sudden changes.

Sierra slaps Rivers, nearly knocks her out of her boots.

As Rivers heads inside, Sierra greets Duncan.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

If you're smart, Sierra. You'll
throw her outta there.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

While she's spending her money?
You know me better than that,
Marshal. Personally I think you
got a bum steer. But since I got
thousands of dollars working in
the opposite direction I'll keep
an eye on her.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now you're talking sense.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers drinks alone, watching Sierra mingle with the crowd, making small talk, playing up to Rivers with unmistakable effect.

Sierra joins Rivers.

RIVERS

Tell me my fortune.

Sierra opens a fresh deck and shuffles. Tosses three cards face down, turns a forth face-up; Queen of Hearts.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Love.

Sierra repeats the process, turns over; the Ace of Spade.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Death.

A beat, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Uh, are you feeling lucky tonight?

RIVERS

Look, I don't like the place you run in Socorro. Your cards are marked, your dice are loaded and your whiskey is watered.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I run honest games now because it pays in the long run.

Rivers pounds her glass on the table.

RIVERS

Your whiskey is still watered.

Sierra gestures to saloon girl DONNA JUANITA, a dark, sinister beauty, who crosses to their table.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Beers...two cervezas.

RIVERS

It's a fair gamble, especially if the house will take off the limit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's no limit for you. Anything you can win, you can collect. But, if you're still playful, I'll take that off too.

Donna Juanita sets down the beers and leaves.

RIVERS

There's a drifter in the jail.

Sierra raises an eyebrow, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

He killed a fellow. After he went on a tear in Maricopa, stole a bunch of guns we no more needed than a man on the moon.

(then)

Judge Dutch Henry "the hangman" Brown, is coming to do the honors. He's a preacher and circuit rider. A God-fearing man who packs a bible in one pocket and a six shooter in the other just to balance the law. And fights with the Devil wherever he finds him. Why?

RIVERS

You talk too much.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

And you don't talk enough. That drifter has, one, two days at the most.

RIVERS

A man's last hours cannot be measured by the clock.

Cord jealously watches their interaction.

He waltz's over with two gun-thugs, HANK SAWYER and STAN GENTRY, both with a penchant for violence. These are not law-abiding men.

CORD

Any trouble?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No trouble t'all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD

I'm Cord McLyntock. How long you stayin in Forsaken Run?

RIVERS

I'd like to give you a friendly tip. Keep out of my business and you'll live longer.

He FLARES at the insult - Sierra places a hand on his arm to stop him from striking Rivers. He clips a cigar.

CORD

You don't like me much, do ya?

RIVERS

I was once bitten by a rattlesnake that I liked better.

Sierra sees this... and defiantly, almost smiles.

Cord - with an ice cold menace -

CORD

You're pretty tough with those guns strapped around your waist. I wonder how tough you'd be without them.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

If there's gonna be any kind of fracas, let the Boss decide where she wants it.

(confronts Rivers)

S'pose you just tell us who you've come for, save us all some time and sleepless nights.

RIVERS

That's my business.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

From what I've seen from your business it means nothing but trouble here. Why don't you ride on through.

RIVERS

Well, like the bear said to the trap I'll stay because of my foot.

As Rivers heads out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POKER FLATS

You know, Cord. You underestimate the advantage of brute force. You don't seem to realize when you're pressing you're luck. If I were you I'd walk around Rivers as if she were quicksand.

CORD

You ain't me.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

A spacious corner room, the windows of which look out over the main street. There is a roll-top desk in the corner, framed photos on the wall.

Sierra and Cord goes over a ledger. Hank and Stan linger in the backdrop.

CORD

Your quick tempered. Take it a little easy.

HANK

I've got a right to think.

CORD

I'm not denying you that, but Rivers reputation isn't founded on thin air.

HANK

I haven't found a gun yet I don't mind drawing against. I reckon I'll be doing what I think needs to be done.

CORD

It want do a bit of harm to let her get one day older. I've gotta move three thousand head of cattle north in a few days, and I can't afford to lose men. Now after that it's a different story.

HANK

Well I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You won't like how it ends.

Hank bristles at the challenge to his competence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sierra looks out the window, sees Rivers helping Mary down from her carriage..

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

MOMENTS LATER... everybody gone but Sierra and Poker.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
You'll leave her alone that's what
you'll do.

He smiles. Realizes there is another story behind Sierra and Rivers.

POKER FLATS
Don't you want to see Rivers out
of town?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
The devil will get her some day.

POKER FLATS
I'd like to help.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
The devil does plenty of business
in this town. It don't need you.

INT. RANCH HOME - DAY

A very lovely, frontier home. The room is comfortable in a simple way. Clint hurries in, grabs a bottle and glass, then pours himself a drink.

His wife PIPPA, 40s, a very attractive, but worn out former whore, exits a back room.

PIPPA
I didn't expect you back so soon.

CLINT
You never do.

PIPPA
What happened? They run out of
whiskey at the saloon?

CLINT
I thought you might like know that
assassin Rivers is in town. She
approached me at the saloon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPPA

You'd had better explain.

CLINT

I'll spare you the details.

He pours himself another drink.

PIPPA

That's right, pour yourself some courage.

CLINT

We gotta get outta here.

PIPPA

We just can't toss a few things into a suitcase and take off.

CLINT

Why not?

PIPPA

Well what happens to all this? The ranch?

CLINT

Once we're clear we'll have someone sell it for us and send us the money.

PIPPA

Not what I put into it. I've got six years wrapped in this place. A lot more than that. I've been fighting for this place since I was ten. When a scrawny kid spit on me and called me sharecroppers trash.

CLINT

I know that.

PIPPA

And all those years I was destined those saloons being pawed at by drunks. Well I put up with it because someday, somehow I knew I would have all this. Well I'm not going to throw it away and rot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT

I know how you feel about this place. I've been playing second fiddle to it all these years.

PIPPA

That isn't true.

CLINT

It's never been our ranch, our home, it's been yours. Little Pippa's proved to herself in the world of sharecroppers kids as good as the people who use to spit on them. Maybe you're willing to die for this place but I'm not.

PIPPA

That's your way, isn't it, Clint. Back away from anything tougher than a steak. Fall down and play dead when a man tells you to.

Pippa just glares at him.

PIPPA

No, I will not start over. Why should I? I've got everything I want right here. And I'm going to keep it, no matter what it cost me, or you.

EXT/INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The CHURCH SUPPER. Much of the town has gathered.

Fiddler and banjo-player are playing a lively square dance for dancers-- ranchers.

At the far end of the room is a table with punch bowl set up, buffet of food, and a cluster of men and women about.

Duncan pokes at his food as he chats with Mary.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

There's been talk around town.

DOC HALLADAY

People talk, it's what they do.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

About Rivers and you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary stares at her, grows suspicious. Paranoid.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

What if Henryetta's right? What if Rivers is after you?

DOC HALLADAY

Why would she be after me?

Mary looks sympathetically at Flynn hunched unhappily in a chair, picking at his plate of food.

FLYNN

I can't sleep, can't eat...I feel sick to my stomach.

DOC HALLADAY

My suspicion is that you are suffering from past sins...and now you're paying for them...

FLYNN

Look, some of my investors lost money during the panic. I was a little more astute myself, I got away with a few dollars. Now how do I know some dissatisfied investor didn't send her out here to kill me.

DOC HALLADAY

There's an easier way to stay alive if she's here for you. Tke off that gun.

Suddenly, the townsfolk stop whatever they're doing. Rivers can feel their accusing eyes bore into her.

A beat. Mary serves her a plate. Rivers samples a taste, smiles at Mary and nods, savoring it...when...

PREACHER

Thou may be a woman here that thinks the book of judgment don't apply. That she can take pleasures in falsehoods, pleasures in exploiting her brothers' and sisters' sorrows.

(eye-fucking Rivers)

Well, to her, comes damnation a thousand fold! To her comes the devil's branding irons, heated to her tortured flesh. Yea!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

There are some who will suffer the eternal desert, the eternal thirst of the unbeliever! Whither, goest thou? What trail? What road? What awaits ye? The fires of Hell! The burning pit --.

RIVERS

Shuddup! Go on with your meeting.

HENRYETTA

Your beneath contempt and beyond redemption.

RIVERS

So I'm not good enough to come to meeting! Just because I'm a hired gun. You miserable bunch of hypocrites! Do you know why I'm an assassin? Because you good people pay me to do it, that's why! You can't do your own dirty work, but you can't wait to spit on the one who does it for you!

Rivers walks out, Mary grabs her shawl to follow.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT

Rivers escorts Mary, wrapped in a shawl, home along the torchlit streets.

DOC HALLADAY

Not sure that's such a good idea....me standing beside you 'n all. Someone's liable to take a pop shot at you.

Rivers is bemused by Mary's bellicose demeanor.

DOC HALLADAY

So how you woman like you become a notorious gunslinger?

RIVERS

It's pretty easy once it starts. You learn how to handle a gun and maybe you learn how to handle it better than anyone else.

DOC HALLADAY

Must be quite an art.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

It's one most don't ever master.

DOC HALLADAY

They're just as well off.

RIVERS

My father wasn't. He had no use for guns. He thought you should use your brains. Reason with people.

DOC HALLADAY

He was right.

RIVERS

It was a gun that killed him. Comancheros raid the stage we were on. After they got through with me they sold me to the Indians. An Army scout traded for me. I made you my mind then that the same thing wouldn't happen to me.

DOC HALLADAY

SO you do all the killing.

RIVERS

To right a wrong, set things straight.

RIVERS

And other times I don't have much choice. Fellas come along and try to prove you're not as good as they are. Pretty soon it gets out of hand and you gotta shoot to live.

DOC HALLADAY

And it's always you that lived?

RIVERS

So far.

A definite sexual attraction developing between them.

Gran looks at Mary, then at Rivers, and he seems to be afraid. He looks down at the blackened snowbird.

GRAM

You outta be proud of yourself hounding a man for something he did when he was a boy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAM (CONT'D)

Sure I busted out. I had a girl. I wanted to get married and make a clean start. Ain't done nothing dishonest.

DOC HALLADAY

Gram. You don't have to draw this hand. I know your bluffing. That you're plain scared inside.

GRAM

We got a home right out side of town and just got a baby on the way. Guess that don't matter to someone like you.

Rivers studies Gram. Mary whispers to Rivers.

DOC HALLADAY

Don't call him out. Don't make him draw. He's not a fast gun and it would be like shooting him in cold blood. It'll be just like murder.

GRAM

I haven't seen you draw but I hear you're pretty fast.

RIVERS

I always try and start even.

Another long beat.

RIVERS

You gotta be fast, but you gotta know when to be fast. And where to shoot. Maybe that's what makes a fast gun, knowing when.

GRAM

Is that what makes the fastest gun?

RIVERS

I know what helps...a wish to die.

Convinced that Rivers isn't going to draw, Duncan relaxes, watches what follows.

POKER FLATS

She's right, son. Gunfighting is like poker, when you're desperate to win you lose. You win when you don't give a hoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RIVERS

I know nothing 'bout you. But if you want to feel like John Wesley Hardin and get tough about it, go ahead. That is, unless you happen to be John Wesley Hardin. In which case, I withdraw my offer.

GRAM

No, I'm not John Wesley Hardin.

RIVERS

Didn't think you were or we wouldn't be standing here talking.

DOC HALLADAY

Go home, Gram.

Gram looks relieved. Mary smiles, heads into the saloon.

EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sierra stalks through the door to find Mary, setting up boxes of medical supplies. Sierra makes sure no one's around--whispering...

INT. SMALL CAVE - DAY

A few shards of filtered light in the darkness as Sierra on horseback, staying low to make her way through the cave.

She rides further on to a ragtag group of unshaven, former Confederate soldiers settle around their campfire; VERN, KIT, and KNOWLES. The BUSHWHACKERS.

Horses tied up nearby. Bedrolls laid out.

Sierra dismounts.

EXT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - NIGHT

Faint light only from McLyntock's Land Office, the rest of the town a dark skyline of silhouetted buildings--

EXT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - NIGHT

GUERRILLASfrontiersmen e/thugs tied up to the wagon

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

s ragtag, mud-stained, unshaven army -
GUERRILLAS frontiersmen in greasy buckskins, townsmen in
frock coats

and top hats, U.S. Army "deserters" in partial ratty
uniforms uniforms. unnerved by the

haunting DEGUELLO (O.S.) heard from the Mexican lines.

Spooked, Knowles l

GALLOPING HORSES and TEXAS VOICES outside give him pause

Sierra heads in, her eyes blazing, calculating, as Poker
exits the saloon- rolls a cigarette.

POKER FLATS

What's the matter? You look upset.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I was born upset.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Was there any trouble?

POKER FLATS

*A little. The U.S. Calvary picked
up Wes and Duke.*

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

*What? Ah, that was a tough break.
They was good boys. But that's the
game for ya... all part of the
game. You and me, Donna Juanita -
just us left out of that fine
parcel of men. Of course, we end
up with the money, you and me, but
that's how the cards fall.*

POKER FLATS

*Look, Sierra! This deck has had so
much bottom-dealing that it's dog-
eared. Too many jokers keep
turning up.*

Sierra fires her .36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison
Confederate six shooter. A LOUD ASS CONCUSSIVE BANG,
blowing him off his feet --

PREACHER

(brandishes his whip)

Get on, before I give you some of
this.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -DAY

Nice, neat, and clean.

Rivers in fresh duds, wears a handkerchief, button down shirt plastered to her breast, pants. *Even wearing men's clothes it's sexy in a tough sort of way...*

She straps on her guns, puts on spurs, then reaches in her saddle bag and pulls out *Booth's DERINGER*.

A beat, puts it back, glances at a newspaper article; which we don't see.

POKER FLATS

Well how much time did you think you had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Hmm, three days at the most. She was quite a ways out of town, but trouble rides a fast horse.

Rivers looks to his two companions;

RIVERS

What jail you two break out of.

Both men are taken aback at the quip --

CORD

Some day, Rivers, someone's gonna fill you so full of lead, they'll stake a claim on ya.

RIVERS

He a friend of yours too.

CORD

He runs errands for me.

RIVERS

You best keep him out of my way or you may have to run them yourself.

Hal and Flynn exchange a look - Not a bad idea...

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

A spacious corner room, the windows of which look out over the main street. There is a roll-top desk in the corner, framed photos on the wall.

Sierra pace. Poker sits in a chair, very gingerly; takes out paper and a pouch of tobacco and rolls a cigarette.

RIVERS

Seeing you ain't wearing a gun
I'll ignore that.

TEX LAREDO

Maybe you can hear me better.

Tex lays a hand on his pistol's grip. He holds his hard glare on Rivers. Then...

Tex Laredo draws his gun, but Rivers quickly slaps it away - Tex's shot goes wild. Rivers pistol-whips him, it's fast, bloody, and brutal, then...

She cocks her gun to finish him off...

RIVERS

Let me give you a little piece of advice. If you're going to pull a gun on somebody, which happens from time to time in these parts, you better fire it about a half a second after you do it... because most men aren't as patient as I am.

INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

Cord and Sierra goes over the books.

Tex Laredo strides in.

CORD

What's the good word?

TEX LAREDO

The only thing I don't like about this stealin' business is the hard work.

CORD

Hard work but easy pickin's.

LAUGHTER fills the room. Everyone but Sierra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

The railroad is extending a spur line below Forsaken Run. There's some valuable wheat that I'd like to buy up and sell cheap to the railroad. Railroad buyers will be down there in a few days and the secret will be out.

TEX LAREDO

So you want us to scare the farmers into selling.

CORD

That's the general idea.

TEX LAREDO

We can make it plenty hot for them.

Sierra, Cord, and Tex Laredo look up at Rivers. They are momentarily taken aback by her rudeness.

The table goes quiet as Rivers saunters toward them.

RIVERS

Please, gentlemen. Don't get up.

MAN

You got somethin' in your craw spit it out.

RIVERS

What jail did you boys break out off.

CORD

Something I can do for you?

RIVERS

Most be wonderful being rich and powerful enough to step on people. And be respected for it.

Sierra catches him, masking his fury with a smile.

CORD

You've got a big mouth, Rivers. If you don't keep it shut, you're gonna wind up with no teeth in it.

RIVERS

Seeing you ain't wearing a gun I'll ignore that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Simmer down. If there's gonna be any kind of fracas, let the Boss decide where she wants it.

TEX LAREDO

Maybe you can hear me better.

Tex lays a hand on his pistol's grip. He holds his hard glare on Rivers. Then...

MAN

I outta warn you, miss. This is Crane Dillion you're slapping leather with

RIVERS

You wanna yell for help? Why you hornin' in?

TEX LAREDO

Careful, Miss. We don't believe in chivalry.

She tosses her drink in his face...

Tex Laredo draws his gun, but Rivers quickly slaps it away - Tex's shot goes wild. Rivers pistol-whips him, it's fast, bloody, and brutal, then...

She cocks her gun to finish him off...

Muncy draws his gun with great speed, but Rivers draws faster and fires the Samuel Colt .44 --

Muncy FLIES BACKWARDS and hits the wall. Dead on impact.

A lecherous RANCHHAND grabs her ass, growls like a bear, Sierra playfully brushes his hand away.

ARKANSAS

Oh, come on, Sierra! Marry me, please?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Ask me sometime when you're sober, Arkansas.

ARKANSAS

It's a funny thing. She won't marry me when I'm drunk and I won't marry her when I'm sober.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RIVERS

I'll kill the first man who goes for his gun.

RIVERS

That's far enough. You want to be first? I can hit a lot more of you before I go down.

RIVERS

This is a rotten town with a lot of rotten people in it.

DOC HALLADAY

Jim, doctors take an oath, as well as Sheriff's. And there's a reason for both. One has to do with saving lives - no matter what I think about a person. That's why I told her he has the pox. The other binds you to uphold the law, by due process. To protect an accused man against illegal violence no matter what you think of him. It's a principle that's more important than that man, or Rivers. You can't give him to Rivers or that mob.

RIVERS

You use to be a saloon girl?

DOC HALLADAY

I was no slut.

DOC HALLADAY

I'm from a lot of places. I spent the first fifteen years of my life going from one dirty town to the next. My father was a hide hunter. After so many years and too many bottles who couldn't tell a Buffalo from a wild bore. Oh I'm not trying to give you this with a piano. You asked and I'm telling you.

MAN

I heard the name but nothing ever good connected with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAN

You a little off your range,
ain'tcha?

He lunges at Rivers. Just then he is GRABBED from behind by Cord, who pins his arms back.

Tex grunts in pain, struggles but Cord pulls his arms tighter, draws him away from Rivers.

RIVERS

He a friend of yours too.

CORD

He runs errands for me.

RIVERS

You best keep him out of my way or
you may have to run them yourself.

RIVERS

Next time you try to run me out of
town play your own hand. Maybe
you'd like to try right now.

Rivers steps back, a challenge. Cord's jaw tightens; exchanges a look with her, decides he better not risk it, as Rivers walks off...

CORD

You're pretty tough with those
guns strapped around your waist. I
wonder how tough you'd be without
them.

TEX LAREDO

Why'd you let her get away with
it?

CORD

She wanted me to draw. I wonder
why.

From Sierra's expression she's wondering too.

MUNCY

*You're gonna talk yourself right
into a pine box, lady.*

RIVERS

I won't loose any sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Rivers' beat them the draw. Maybe we saw her pull it, maybe we didn't, but her peacemaker's are just there all of a sudden.

The trio, now discouraged by the speed with which her guns appeared in her hand's.

DENVER

Please, gentlemen. Don't get up.

Sierra instinctively shoots a look to Rivers.

The other's clocks it.

Nat turns to Beckwourth and glares at him, keeping his temperin check.

MAN

I'm Jep Kesler. What's your name, where you headed, and what's your business, miss?

The men watch silently as Rivers rides up and halts.

They don't move, hands on their guns.

She swings off her stallion and stares the men down.

The silent crowd separates to let Cheyenne through.

The men look alarmed when Sierra suddenly springs up and confronts Cheyenne.

He explodes, jerks his gun out, but she beat him to the draw. Maybe we saw her pull it, maybe we didn't, but her pistol is just there all of a sudden.

TEX LAREDO, a menacing voice and icy, withering glare; with a penchant for violence.

The Drunk's COMPANIONS leap up, going for their guns

POKER FLATS

Settle down boys. Don't try it!

BIG FOOT wields a brace of pistols, holding off the men -
Wesee on Big Foot's wrist:

A lecherous RANCHHAND grabs her ass, growls like a bear, Sierra playfully brushes his hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ARKANSAS

Oh, come on, Sierra! Marry me,
please?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Ask me sometime when you're sober,
Arkansas.

ARKANSAS

It's a funny thing. She won't
marry me when I'm drunk and I
won't marry her when I'm sober.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You got any ideas of collecting?

RIVERS

Where you staying?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

My private suite. Second floor.

RIVERS

I'll pay my respects.

RIVERS

How you get to be come a saloon
girl with men's hands pawing you?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Which story you want to here. The
one I fascinated with the life,
did someone push me through the
singing doors. I came from a very
religious home. My father was a
preacher, sort of. No church. I
mean he never been ordained or
anything. But he somehow got the
idea in his head that the whole
world was wrong and it was his job
to set them right again. So he
went around preaching to anyone
who would listen, sometimes even
those who wouldn't listen.

RIVERS

I've met some. Hell, fire, and
brimstone shouters. And find sin
everywhere.

Suddenly, Duncan stands there frozen in the middle of the
street. Duncan can't really see Rivers in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

He starts to take a step closer and trips over something in the street.

A beat, Rivers extends a hand, helps him up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rivers stands looking out the window. She strikes a match on the heel of her boot and lights a cheroot.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S SUITE - NIGHT

It's enormous, and elegant. Richly decorated in pastels and lace. The room consists of two adjoining suites.

Rivers strips to her corset, garters, and stockings. Sierra in a very attractive nightdress, puts Rivers shirt, pants, and boots away.

She moves to a sideboard pours a little from a decanter into two wine glasses.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You know how Cord got a scar on his forearm? From a cougar. You know how he got even? He killed that cougar with his bare hands. So don't rile him up.

Sierra brings her the wine.

RIVERS

Are you in love with him?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

He wants to marry me.

RIVERS

That's not what I asked you.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I don't know why that would interest you.

RIVERS

I want to stake my claim on range that's already taken up.

She slaps Rivers, nearly knocks her out of her boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Quite a punch you got there,
Sierra Nevada Rose. Come in mighty
handy when you get married.

She kisses Sierra, forces her onto the bed, they wrestle
until passion takes over. She rips Sierra's gown off.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I've never figured you to go much
for barnyard hens. I thought you
like your chicks wild and gamey.

RIVERS

News travels fast In Forsaken Run.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It's the only thing that does.

RIVERS

I usually figure my women. You
come harder.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm not your women.

RIVERS

Just wasn't makin' any sense to
me? A smart gal like winding up in
this - cemetery of a town? All it
needs is flowers and a headstone.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Because I run this one. The
saloon, the hotel, the brothel. I
couldn't face another season at
the old places. Faro Dealer on the
Louisiana Riverboats, a saloon
girl singing and dancing in Dodge
City. Missouri --

RIVERS

A Johanna Reb. a sympathizer to
the Confederate cause? You ran
with Quantrill.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

My what big ears you have..

A beat, then-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

You do know there's still a price on every Quantrill man and on everybody else that help Quantrill too.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

When the gang had broken up, most of Quantrill's men was scattered up, but not all of them. A few of us decided to stick together, and keep on fighting. Yes, the war has been over for sometime -- but we still got a lot of scores to settle with Yankees and we got a right to hate

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I've been an outlaw. I fought, I lied, I cheated. I made love to men just because I hated them so they'd talk. Yes I was willing to do anything to help us fight the Yankees. And I did.

RIVERS

You do know there's still a price on every Quantrill man and on everybody else that help Quantrill too.

CORD

You got your deal. You got your cut. What are you waiting for?

MAN

Sundown.

She comes over with one and lights his cigarette.

POKER FLATS

Don't you want to see Rivers out of town?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

The devil will get her some day.

POKER FLATS

I'd like to help.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

The devil does plenty of business in this town. It don't need you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

embroidery work that covers the shoulder flaps & arms of her duster, a scarf, spurs, she patterned her whole look and style after Sharon Stone in 'The Quick and the Dead'.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers helps Mary down from her carriage. Mary grabs her medical bag. Sierra then watches from the saloon doors. Lila Raines is again a fiery-tempered Western gal, looking so fetching in either her saloon-girl low-cut dress or her horse-riding-girl pants and hat.

DOC HALLADAY

Calico was always trouble. He asked for it. He forced Rivers to draw. Now her reputation and wanted to prove he was faster than Rivers. Calico lost.

Rivers walks out, Mary grabs her shawl to follow, when concerned the townsfolk confronts her.

DOC HALLADAY

It's going to take a lot of nerve from me who spent most of her life helping other people. You'll know that, just ask anyone around. It needs a woman with courage and a steady hand. One that others can put faith in. This whole town is my patient. It's a sick town with a festering growth that needs to be cut away. And that's what my conscience is telling me.

A murmur goes through the room as Mary hurries off.

RIVERS

What jail did you boys break out of?

MAN

A man who rode with Confederate guerrillas might have trouble making friends here

Chavez lies out over his saddle, slinks low to the side of his horse.

MAN

That's her. Rivers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

What is a hired killer doing in a nice town like this?

MAN

Quiet. You want her to hear you.

DOC HALLADAY

You remind some of everything they come out West to git away from.

RIVERS

Then I reckon their quarrel's with their past -- not me.

DOC HALLADAY

Do you know that every time you look at me, I feel like I am running around without any clothes on?

RIVERS

Gonna get mighty chilly before the sun rises.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tex Laredo and his men enter. He looks around.,.,

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

"THE CALICO KID" a dog mean outlaw, rides up to the saloon on a CALICO horse. An awesome Colt Peacemaker with pearl handle glinting at his hip.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Get out of town.

CALICO KID

You given orders?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, Cord is. He spent ten years in Yuma State prison fore killing someone for not taking them.

CALICO KID

He shoot him in the back?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, with his bare hands. Your neck's bout the same size as his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALICO KID
Relax, he sent for me.

INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

Cord sits across a desk from Sierra, as they go over a ledger together.

DULIN KANE, a permanent grin plastered on his face, relaxes in a chair, a hand wrapped around a glass of bourbon.

CORD
Five thousand dollars.

DULIN
Five?

CORD
We want her out of the way, don't we?

Sierra hesitates, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Yea,

DULIN
I didn't expect you to make such an offer.

CORD
You're not complaining we offered too much.

DULIN
You know I am.

CORD
I don't get you.

DULIN
Let me put it this way, I don't git you two.

CORD
Huh?

DULIN
That's a lot of money for Rivers scalp. Why do you want her so bad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

She's in our way. I think she's here to kill me.

He laughs.

DULIN

She? What about the other's around town her? Like that marshal?

CORD

Half the people in this town are too yellow to fight back. And the other half look to me for a living.

DULIN

I can understand that, but why just one woman?

CORD

This has to be our town.

DULIN

I don't move a finger until I know more.

CORD

There's another, Tuck Huntington. He's the other big powerhouse. he helped make this town, made the good rules and brought in Marshal Duncan to see that everyone lives by them.

A beat, then -

CORD

Why you think we're buying up all that line for cheap. The railroad, this places is really going to boom.

DULIN

I'll do it, but I want a third.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

A third. We're not cutting you in for a third. You're only a hired gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DULIN

And the fastest you've ever met.
And don't call me that again.

A beat, then -

DULIN

Don't rush yourselves. I'll be
around until you come up with the
right answer.

MOMENTS LATER.... A heated argument....

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Aren't you smart. Offering him
five and answering a lot of
questions. Just cause you gotta be
bigger and better than everyone
else.

CORD

Shut up.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's your trouble. Always got to
do everything in a big way. Your
way. Always reaching out for
something you can't have.

CORD

I can get anything I go after.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It's not just the money either.
You gotta make your pride feel
good. Like Clint. Up until now the
only way you figured you could
hurt him was by fucking his wife
Now you got another way you dump
her for that colored bitch. Always
the biggest and the best so you
can brag. Well one of this days
your hide gonna trip you up for
good..

CORD

You let me worry about that. Were
partners. What trips you trips me.

INT. RANCH HOME - DAY

A very lovely, frontier home. The room is comfortable in a simple way. Clint hurries in, grabs a bottle and glass, then pours himself a drink.

His wife PIPPA, 40s, a very attractive, but worn out former whore, exits a back room.

PIPPA

I didn't expect you back so soon.

CLINT

You never do.

PIPPA

What happened? They run out of whiskey at the saloon?

CLINT

I thought you might like know that assassin Rivers is in town. She approached me at the saloon.

PIPPA

You'd had better explain.

CLINT

I'll spare you the details.

He pours himself another drink.

PIPPA

That's right, pour yourself some courage.

PIPPA

There are some things worse than dying, Clint.

CLINT

I'm sure you think I'm a coward, like everyone else 'round here.

PIPPA

Seeing's how she's the one with those notches on her belt, I'd say that makes her more of a man than any of you.

CLINT

I shoulda killed him when I had the chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPPA

I s'pose you woulda shot him.

PIPPA

Oh, fer cryin' out loud. Veldez wouldn't hire anyone. It's not his style. Besides Clint, you're not even worth killing. Let alone a roll in the hay.

Irked, he goes to slap her face...

CLINT

What do you want? A punch in the nose?

PIPPA

Instead of fighting with me, why don't go over and tangle with her.

CLINT

Don't tempt me. I might just do it.

Clint rummages through a drawer for his colt, and clumsily spins the chamber.

CLINT

We gotta get outta here.

PIPPA

We just can't toss a few things into a suitcase and take off.

CLINT

Why not?

PIPPA

Well what happens to all this? The ranch?

CLINT

Once we're clear we'll have someone sell it for us and send us the money.

PIPPA

Not what I put into it. I've got six years wrapped in this place. A lot more than that. I've been fighting for this place since I was ten. When a scrawny kid spit on me and called me sharecroppers trash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT

I know that.

PIPPA

And all those years I was destined those saloons being pawed at by drunks. Well I put up with it because someday, somehow I knew I would have all this. Well I'm not going to throw it away and rot.

CLINT

I know how you feel about this place. I've been playing second fiddle to it all these years.

PIPPA

That isn't true.

CLINT

It's never been our ranch, our home, it's been yours. Little Pippa's proved to herself in the world of sharecroppers kids as good as the people who use to spit on them. Maybe you're willing to die for this place but I'm not.

Pippa just glares at him.

PIPPA

No, I will not start over. Why should I? I've got everything I want right here. And I'm going to keep it, no matter what it cost me, or you.

PIPPA

That's your way, isn't it, Clint. Back away from anything tougher than a steak. Fall down and play dead when a man tells you to.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

PIPPA, wildly attractive, mostly naked, is hindering more than helping, as Cord attempts to get into his clothes. there is a great deal of grab-ass between them

fully dressed and looking very sharp in his big

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

city clothes enters from one of the adjoining rooms. ELIZABETH, a tall, lovely near-naked, dark-haired girl, follows him and takes his arm possessively. For a moment both watch:

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers helps Mary down from her carriage. Mary grabs her medical bag. Sierra then watches from the saloon doors.

RIVERS

I know it maybe a bit forward of me, just meeting you today and all, but would you do me the honor of having dinner with me tonight?

DOC HALLADAY

Well...I appreciate the kind offer, I really do --

RIVERS

Buuut...

DOC HALLADAY

But I have a previous dinner engagement I'm afraid.

Rivers looks disappointed.

DOC HALLADAY

You see, I'm cooking for the church's bean supper tonight?

RIVERS

The church?

DOC HALLADAY

Yes, the First Baptist Parish, down at the end of front Street.

(then)

I hope to see you there.

RIVERS

You just might, miss Mary.

DOC HALLADAY

Well...good. I look forward to it.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

"THE CALICO KID" a dog mean outlaw, rides up to the saloon on a CALICO horse. An awesome Colt Peacemaker with pearl handle glinting at his hip.

He fires a shot in the direction of old Sawbones, show-boating, who ducks back into the alley.

He is just about to enter, after dismounting, when Sierra comes out of the saloon.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Put those guns up. Kid, what's the idea in this, anyhow?

CALICO KID

I came to see Rivers.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You're either short on brains or long on nerve. You're liable to get both kicked out of you.

He smiles and nods as Duncan hurries over.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

"Yuh danged fool!. What you tryin' to do, get massacred the first thing?

CALICO KID

You're bearin down a little hard Marshal -- just trying to have a little fun. Just flexing my muscles, having a few laughs.

Quickly throwing his pistol in its holster...

CALICO KID

Now, I'm not looking for any trouble with you, Marshal.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Well, that's nice, because we don't want any trouble, either. Since you seem to be talkin' sense, I'll give you a word of warning, though.

CALICO KID

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Keep your guns holstered until you clear town.

CALICO KID

And suppose my business calls for other plans?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Well, maybe you'd better change your plans then, huh.

As Duncan leaves...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Two drinks then get out of town.

CALICO KID

You given orders?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, Cord is. He spent ten years in Yuma State prison fore killing someone for not taking them.

CALICO KID

He shoot him in the back?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, with his bare hands. Your neck's bout the same size as his.

Calico chuckles, then -

CALICO KID

Don't you want to see Rivers out of town?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

The devil will get her some day.

CALICO KID

I'd like to help.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

The devil does plenty of business in this town. It don't need you

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers focus on a table where Poker plays solitaire, cheating at it, too. She approaches him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He scans the crowd, trying to draw another sucker.

POKER FLATS

Who'll be next...in the game of chance? Opportunities abound. Build your fortune here rather than digging in the muck and the mud.

(Rivers joins him)

How about you, Miss? A game of chance? Poker Flats, at your service.

He drains his glass of whiskey, pours two more. Slides one towards Rivers. Holds up his shot...

POKER FLATS

...to your very good health.

RIVERS

And to yours --

POKER FLATS

There is a Code of the West. Mind you, nothing written, merely a gentleman's agreement to certain rules of conduct for survival, and are respected. Like drink your whiskey with your gun hand, to show your friendly intentions.

RIVERS

I'm not a gentlemen.

Poker Flats smirks, resumes cheating at solitaire.

A slight of hand, his pocket pistol slides out of his sleeve pointed at Rivers. Then, a CLICK!

Under the table. Rivers' pistol pointed at Poker.

POKER FLATS

Hah! Slippery one, ain't you.

Slowly HIS FINGER TAPS THE TRIGGER - a locking mechanism slides open, a flame appears. He lights a cigar.

POKER FLATS

I had another profession once. Up in Kansas. Wasn't much of one though. A man of medicine. Not a dentist. Sellin' fake snake oil... You'd be surprised how gullible some folks are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POKER FLATS

So, care for a friendly game?
It'll help pass the time.

RIVERS

Those sir, are the devils
pasteboards.

POKER FLATS

No, their mine. It's provided me
with a very good lively hood.

RIVERS

I'd think so being a professional
gambler?

POKER FLATS

Interesting business you got
there. Gun for hire.

RIVERS

In a sense I'm a gambler. But I
don't gamble for money. I gamble
for higher table stakes. My life
and I don't shoot people in the
back. Every man I've faced as had
an even chance.

POKER FLATS

From what I hear not with your
speed.

RIVERS

You never know when you'll meet a
faster one. It might be today. It
might be tomorrow.

Suddenly grabs a crumbled ball of silk. A coughing fit.
His entire body goes into spasms. Finally it ends.

He pulls the handkerchief from his mouth that's peppered
in blood. Folds his silk, tucks it back into his pocket.

POKER FLATS

Got a pair of bad lungs. All that
smoke made 'em twitch. A draft of
whiskey will cut the dust.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DRESSING AREA - DAY

Half-naked saloon girls getting dressed. Mary bandages an
ankle - belonging to DELTA under Sierra's supervision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

It's just a sprain. But she'll be off her feet for a while.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You been pretty chummy with Rivers. Any idea who she here for?

DOC HALLADAY

I don't rightly know-- you'll have to take that up with the her.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - NIGHT

Cord and Sierra walk around the gallery of the saloon, Down below, they're observing the lively crowd.

Cord looks hard at Calico who checks his pistol for a long while. Finally..

CORD

So you think you can take her?

CALICO KID

She's the great Rivers. You hear that? She's not like the others, oh no. Big little lady; important woman. When I kill her, then the Calico Kid will be an important man, too.

CORD

You ain't got enough ass in your britches to pull the trigger on Rivers.

Calico Kid scoffs at the remark.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Rivers' gun hands are quicker than the eyes. I hope you're better at gun than playing poker.

As he leaves... Cord grins in self-approval.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I thought he was were friend?

CORD

He is. Maybe he'll get lucky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

If you had the chance you'd throw
me to the wolves. Wouldn't you?

CORD

If you ever got in my way.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm too smart for that.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Calico leans against the bar, orders whiskey from Clem.

He draws a bead on a table, sees Rivers and Poker Flats,
as Mary joins them.

POKER FLATS

Yes, siree, the finest doctor
there is out west. Forsaken Run
was a mighty sick town. Doc
Halladay operated on it. Patient
lost a lot of blood - but lived.

DOC HALLADAY

You s'pose to have that stuff?

POKER FLATS

Why not? We all have to die
sometime. Me. You. The whole
cockeyed world. Doesn't make much
difference what kills us.

Poker can't help but laugh. But the laugh turns into a
coughing spasm. A horrible, racking cough with no end.

She takes out a bottle of laudanum. Reluctant, Poker lets
Mary spoon some into his mouths until the coughing abate.

Poker counts drops five silver dollars into Mary's palm.

Calico steps forward and calls out, startling the crowd.

CALICO KID

They say you're pretty good with a
gun.

RIVERS

I won't miss a target as big as
you.

Townpeople start dispersing, expecting trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALICO KID

I can take you, Rivers.

RIVERS

Don't try it.

CALICO KID

I can drop you with one shot.

RIVERS

Such fine clothes - it would be a pity to put a hole in the fabric.

Poker chuckles to himself.

RIVERS

Clown, you're not fast or good enough to hit me from where you standing. Come any closer and I'll kill ya.

CALICO KID

That's a gambler's bluff.

RIVERS

You strike me as a man who doesn't learn from his mistakes, and I don't much like lookin' over my shoulder.

Rivers strikes a match, lights a cheroot, then lays it down, with the lit end hanging off the edge of the bar.

RIVERS

Here's your big chance, Calico -. to be famous or dead. When the ashes hit the floor.

CALICO KID

A fella once told me, if you're ever gonna get shot, let a woman do it. They never been known to hit anything yet.

POKER FLATS

C'mon, Calico, Gotta do more'n just throw 'round a few insults!

Mary suddenly gets between them, angrily stubs out the cheroot with her heel.

RIVERS

Come at me again you dress light. I hear it's warm down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Poker chuckles. Rivers goes to escort Mary out -

Calico Kid quick draws, but Rivers fires a bullet through his chest, hurling his body backward. Dead on impact.

A beat, Duncan And Sunday rush in, guns out.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Fair fight, Marshal.

Mary examines his body, then --

DOC HALLADAY
This town knows Calico's been
bucking for this for a longtime.
Six times, six times I've dug lead
out of men who weren't fast enough
for him. Six times I told you it
had to end, just like this.

MARSHAL DUNCAN
Doc's right, Will. Calico was
trying to cut another notch in his
ivory handle. I told him once, I
told him fifty times. Well it
don't matter much now, I guess
he's been encouraged so long to
cut the deck any other way.

EXT/INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The CHURCH SUPPER. Much of the town has gathered.

Fiddler and banjo-player are playing a lively square dance for dancers -- ranchers.

At the far end of the room is a table with punch bowl set up, buffet of food, and a cluster of men and women about.

Duncan pokes at his food as he chats with Mary.

MARSHAL DUNCAN
There's been talk around town.

DOC HALLADAY
People talk, it's what they do.

MARSHAL DUNCAN
About Rivers and you.

Mary stares at her, grows suspicious. Paranoid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN

What if Henryetta's right? What if Rivers is after you?

DOC HALLADAY

Why would she be after me?

Mary looks sympathetically at Flynn hunched unhappily in a chair, picking at his plate of food.

FLYNN

I can't sleep, can't eat...I feel sick to my stomach.

DOC HALLADAY

My suspicion is that you are suffering from past sins...and now you're paying for them...

FLYNN

Look, some of my investors lost money during the panic. I was a little more astute myself, I got away with a few dollars. Now how do I know some dissatisfied investor didn't send her out here to kill me.

DOC HALLADAY

There's an easier way to stay alive if she's here for you. Tke off that gun.

Suddenly, the townsfolk stop whatever they're doing. Rivers can feel their accusing eyes bore into her.

A beat. Mary serves her a plate. Rivers samples a taste, smiles at Mary and nods, savoring it...when...

PREACHER

Thou may be a woman here that thinks the book of judgment don't apply. That she can take pleasures in falsehoods, pleasures in exploiting her brothers' and sisters' sorrows.

(eye-fucking Rivers)

Well, to her, comes damnation a thousand fold! To her comes the devil's branding irons, heated to her tortured flesh. Yea! There are some who will suffer the eternal desert, the eternal thirst of the unbeliever! Whither, goest thou?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

What trail? What road? What awaits ye? The fires of Hell! The burning pit --.

RIVERS

Shuddup! Go on with your meeting.

HENRYETTA

Your beneath contempt and beyond redemption.

RIVERS

So I'm not good enough to come to meeting! Just because I'm a hired gun. You miserable bunch of hypocrites! Do you know why I'm an assassin? Because you good people pay me to do it, that's why! You can't do your own dirty work, but you can't wait to spit on the one who does it for you!

Rivers walks out, Mary grabs her shawl to follow, when concerned the townsfolks confronts her.

HENRYETTA

All she brought is fear and suspicion. Everybody's jumpy and distrustful. Flying off the handle, starting feuds. Somethin' got to be done, doc, and I don't know what it is.

DOC HALLADAY

It's going to take a lot of nerve from me who spent most of her life helping other people. You'll know that, just ask anyone around. It needs a woman with courage and a steady hand. One that others can put faith in. This whole town is my patient. It's a sick town with a festering growth that needs to be cut away. And that's what my conscience is telling me.

A murmur goes through the room as Mary hurries off.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT

Rivers escorts Mary, wrapped in a shawl, home along the torchlit streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

Not sure that's such a good idea....me standing beside you 'n all. Someone's liable to take a pop shot at you.

Rivers is bemused by Mary's bellicose demeanor.

DOC HALLADAY

You remind some of everything they come out West to git away from.

RIVERS

Then I reckon their quarrel's with their past -- not me.

DOC HALLADAY

Do you know that every time you look at me, I feel like I am running around without any clothes on?

RIVERS

Gonna get mighty chilly before the sun rises.

A definite sexual attraction developing between them.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S SUITE - NIGHT

The room is deeply shadowed except where the pale moonlight through curtains and windows slashes the blackness.

It's neat, enormous, and elegant.

Sierra gets out of bed naked, hair, face a sex mess, lights an oil lamp. We see Rivers in bed looking both needy and happily spent..

RIVERS

Long time since I seen a gal sproutin' hair like that.

Sierra moves to the armoire where she bits the tip of a cigar, lights it, hands it to Rivers.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

(re:cigar)

It's his too.

Sierra goes over to a sideboard and pours a little from a decanter into two wine glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You know how Cord got a scar on his forearm? From a cougar. You know how he got even? He killed that cougar with his bare hands. So don't rile him up.

Sierra smiles as she brings Rivers her drink.

Sierra enters her office, Rivers watches her open a hidden safe.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I thought you might like some stray business on side.

RIVERS

I can always dream.

Sierra reemerges, tosses a pouch of coins on her lap.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You'll listen and be glad you did for thirty-thousand in gold.

RIVERS

What you do rob the US Mint?

RIVERS

Why I have to come for anybody?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I tried it. That I had enough. I can't go on like this anymore. I want to start over again - a new town, new faces... a new me.

RIVERS

What happened, Sierra? You try to fill an inside straight with an honest deck.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Just don't give me no lectures. A woman like you can't change anymore than I could. We're cut from the same deck, you and I.

A beat, Sierra gestures towards her guns...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Chances are you'll end up with more lead than gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

How far does this partnership go?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

As far as the land office, and the cattle business. And all the money they make.

RIVERS

You stand to gain to see a man hang for full interest in his cattle empire?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

If you expect me to sit around and watch him tear down everything I've built up, you're crazier than I think. I've worked hard to get where I am... and done everything a man could do. I've lied, cheated and stolen. I've even killed to build this set-up I've got now. And I'm not going to let anyone destroy it. Least of all him!

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT

Rivers strides toward the hotel, the streets seem empty, except for her, but she has the feeling that eyes are watching her.

Rivers suddenly draws, whirls around, aims at a man in the shadows. It's only Duncan on his nightly rounds.

RIVERS

You not bein' real smart. I usually shoot first and bury my mistakes.

Rivers rolls her Samuel Colt .44 and holsters it.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - HALL - DAY

The Silver Spur is alive with MUSIC that barely drown out the sounds of PASSION emanating from its private rooms.

As Sierra comes out of her office in her show garments for tonight, runs into Poker loitering.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

To what do I owe the pleasure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

I wanna know why you're
entertaining a hired assassin, a
fire breathing southerner like
you?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Oh, just showing her a little of
our Southern hospitality. And you
know -- I think she liked it.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Duncan and Sunday sit at their desks covered with PIES,
homemade JAMS and other COOKED GOODS -- stuffing
themselves.

Both barely look up as Sierra saunters in.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Look what the cat drugged in...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

She's not after doc.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Is she now?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

A woman's intuition.

Duncan pulls out a pipe- A match- Lights it. Puffs...

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Well, I wish you'd use a little
more of that woman's intuition and
tell me who's she's after.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Dutch Henry. That's who she's
waiting on.

DUNCAN

That would make sense. I better
warn him.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

How? He'll be here today.

A beat, then Duncan turns to Sunday --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Will, see if you can intercept him.

CORD

Your quick tempered. Take it a little easy.

TEX LAREDO

I've got a right to think.

CORD

I'm not denying you that, but Rivers reputation isn't founded on thin air.

TEX LAREDO

I haven't found a gun yet I don't mind drawing against. I reckon I'll be doing what I think needs to be done.

CORD

It want do a bit of harm to let her get one day older. I've gotta move three thousand head of cattle north in a few days, and I can't afford to lose wranglers. I'm already short as it isn't. Now after that it's a different story.

TEX LAREDO

Yea, and I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You won't like how it ends.

Tex Laredo bristles at the challenge to his competence.

EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Marshal Duncan sits at a table studying a chessboard. Deputy Sunday comes over and sits down. He watches as Duncan makes a move

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I recall you were always more of a checkers man.

(makes a move)

Checkmate.

Gator hurries in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATOR

Jim, Clint's gone hog wild,
looking for a fight with Rivers.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Is he some kinda half-wit idiot or
just plain, goddamn stupid?

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A drunk Clint taps his glass on the bar for a re-fill.

Gator re-fills. Rivers takes notice of him.

He polishes off his whiskey, wiping his mouth, then...
stands and challenges Rivers--

CLINT

Goddamn bitch!

Locking eyes with Clint, Rivers, flummoxed.

Duncan and Sunday come up through a door in a dead run.
Clint brushes them aside.

CLINT

You keep out of this, Jim.

RIVERS

You're trying to pick a fight with
me, why?

CLINT

You know why.

RIVERS

You forget, Clint - I know that
your father died because he
wouldn't wear a gun. You'll die
because you do.

His expression going dark and angry, as he slaps a hand
to his pistol, waits for Rivers to go for hers.

Rivers keeps her hands on the table. A tense beat --

RIVERS

All right. If you think you can do
it, go ahead and try. My hands are
on the table. I couldn't possibly
outdraw you. So go ahead and
shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint stands there swaying, seemingly lost in thought.

She flicks a coin, it lands at his feet.

RIVERS

Go buy you some whiskey
'cause you're going to need to
drink half the bottle to get up
the nerve to draw on me.

Clint gawks at Rivers, the anxious crowd.

He weaves unsteadily out the door, but not before Duncan has a few choice words for him.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Anymore trouble with you and I'll
lock you up.

Duncan stare back at Rivers.

INT. BANK - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Flynn is looking out the window. Then catches sight of Rivers, loitering nearby. His face, tense.

He holds up his pistol, aims it at Rivers, and it is an easy shot and Flynn is sweating, his hand is shaking.

A beat. Flynn snatches the bottle of Tequila and pours it down his throat.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - MAIN STREET - DAY

Hal and Cord walk towards the bank.

Then hear Flynn's threats from inside - a vague roar.

INT. BANK - DAY

A frantic Flynn looks ill, stares at his gun, places the barrel against his temple. Contemplates the benefits of a quick, merciful, self-inflicted death.

He pulls the trigger but the safety catch is on.

The sound of the door opening, Flynn looks up in awareness as Cord, hal, and Asa walk in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now wildly pointing his pistol at them... Flynn stumbles backwards...

CORD

Put that gun down, Flynn.

FLYNN

What for? To go on living like them? To be ridiculed. To be insulted? Naw, I had enough, Cord. I've had all a man can stand.

In the background, townsfolk doing bank business look on.

CORD

Enough, now put that gun down.

FLYNN

Why? Are you afraid, Cord? Are you afraid to hear a dying man's confession? Of course you are afraid. You know why? I'll tell ya because the mark of Cain is on you'll heads too.

FLYNN

Tell them what you done, Cord. How you robbed that payroll on the stagecoach. Remember --

CORD

-- you're talking nonsense, get that gun away from him...

Suddenly Hal lunges, but Flynn doesn't aim it at him.

Instead, turns it on himself, and... A shot rings out!

Flynn's body clatters into view, falling to the floor, the smoking gun in his hand.

INT. BANK - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

A solemn Mary examines Flynn's body, Duncan and Sunday look on. She puts her stethoscope away.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

They ain't much of his face left to identify...

She goes to the window, sees Rivers, a moment in thought.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Gator and Henryetta come out, emotional, doing his best to keep it together, addresses the horrified crowd.

GATOR

Ain't seen nuthin' like it.

HENRYETTA

It's awful seeing a man kill himself. One minute he's there... alive... then he's dead. Blood and the smell of powder smoke. And it's all over and done with. It's awful!

Mary looks across the way a moment, sees Rivers heading towards the hotel. Everyone turns as glares at Rivers.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Mary enters. Their eyes meet and hold. The silent tension grows, seemingly to fill the room as if explosive gas.

Finally, Mary breaks the silence.

MARY

You knew it was going to happen, didn't you?

RIVERS

I wasn't surprised.

Rivers goes to the basin to wash her hands.

DOC HALLADAY

You are a killer! I'm surprised you bother to wash your hands. That kind of blood won't come off.

RIVERS

Aren't you a little careless with your words, Miss Mary? Yes, I kill when I have to. But I've never killed a man who wasn't trying to kill me.

DOC HALLADAY

And that makes it all right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

I like you, Miss Mary. You're like me. You and I may well be the only two honest people in town.

DOC HALLADAY

Don't compare us. We've got nothing in common.

RIVERS

Take two men. Say they have robbed and lied, and have never paid. The man whom one of them has robbed comes to me and says, "Kill that man who's robbed me." And I kill him. The other man becomes ill and would die, except for a physician who returns him to health to rob and lie again. Who's the villain in this piece? Me or the physician?

All the pent-up fury of Mary's baffled anger and wounded pride overflows.

Rivers grabs her, kisses Mary. They struggle and Mary kisses back, both swept up in their need and longing, holding on for dear life.

Mary is scared yet thrilled at the same time.

DOC HALLADAY

They'll lynch us.

RIVERS

No one's lynching anybody.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rivers and Mary are making love. Mary is on top of Rivers. Their bodies glisten with sweat. Rivers moans.

DOC HALLADAY

Shh. The others'.

Rivers moans and moans. Mary puts her hand over Rivers' mouth.

Rivers moves on top of Mary, her muffled moans barely audible. Mary moans. Rivers' hand shoots to Mary's mouth.

Mary bites down on Rivers' hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They come to a climax, their moans muffled by the other's hand. Rivers rolls off of Mary and lies next to her.

MARY

Do you think they heard us?

RIVERS

Who cares.

DOC HALLADAY

I wanted you the moment I saw you.
I knew you wanted me too.

Rivers kisses her again. Mary returns it with equal passion and wants to give in to another round of passion, holds her back --

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Cord, Hal, and a few other townsfolk, seething in anger.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh, I'll tell her you haven't been sleeping nights. That outta do it.

CORD

You got a cute answer for everything.

HAL

We've in acted us some laws, Jim --

Duncan takes the book from him and reads, then looks up -

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Why this is crazy, Hal. How so many fools can get together in one place, just pouring powder on a fire to put it out.

HAL

Well anyway, that's better than getting roasted one at a time.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

(reading...)

Forbidden guns in town. Extending the town limits so I got to protect all the farmers grass.

CORD

Afraid you can't make our laws stick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Nobody could. Marshaling a town is not like a doctor's practice. When I start carving, my customers fight back.

CORD

Maybe you picked your costumers from the wrong side of the fence.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now I've kept this town safe up 'til Rivers got in town. And I'll continues to do so my way.

HAL

Some of us got a notion that ain't good enough.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

There's a middle road in anything. That's the one I ride.

Duncan throws on his gun belt.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Okay, Will, let's see how we make out.

CORD

Jim, do what you have to do. I'll make sure the town council backs you up and make it official.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Well it gives me an idea.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Rivers bounds down the stairs -- runs into Duncan and Sunday coming towards her.

A tense beat. Rivers studies his gun hand, a tremor or two. The tremors stop.

RIVERS

You cold or scared, Marshal?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Got to be cold, 'cause there ain't nothing frightening around here. I come to tell you to get out of town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

Why?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

New city ordinance. A public nuisance. Spittin' on a sidewalk.

RIVERS

I don't think so. I like it fine right here. Saloons, women, whiskey...No, I think I'll just have to enjoy the hospitality a little while longer.

They go for their guns. In a blink of an eye --

Rivers draws, sees Duncan struggling to get his gun out.

She fires. Duncan's HAT FLIES OFF!

RIVERS

You've got two ways to move, deputy. Run or take me!

On second thought, a terrified Sunday eases his gun back in its holster.

Duncan seems surprised, lifts his hat, pokes a finger through the smoking hole.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Why didn't you kill me?

RIVERS

Your name's not on the bullet.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Duncan sits at his desk. Mary uses a cold compress on the top of his head.

He runs a finger through the hole in his hat.

DOC HALLADAY

At least she ain't here for you.

He pauses as he glances at Sunday with a little nod Sunday doesn't return.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

I've got a wife and a little body, Jim. I can't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I understand.

Sunday unpins his badge, hands it to Duncan, who promptly tosses it on his desk.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Hell, I'm half tempted to turn in my badge too. That idea has been running through my head. And I'm not a bit proud of it.

A beat, then --

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Go home, Will.

As he leaves...Henryetta hurries in, concerned.

HENRYETTA

You all right, Jim?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh sure, I got a new part in my hair, but I'm all right.

A beat.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

There's just the quick and the dead with Rivers in between. The jackals will inherit the Earth - at least this part of it - and they're welcome to it.

DOC HALLADAY

It's opium, Jim...for the pain.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

A quart of whiskey works just as well.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Rivers sits, her feet kicked up. Two old geezers appears, a REBEL and a YANKEE, weathered uniforms.

REBEL

Ahmmm, move it, or lose it.

Rivers moves her feet, as they pass...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBEL

As I was sayin', I didn't understand half of that flowery talk especially that last 'libation' part. What the hell is that?

YANKEE

Establishment of libation, house of bibulous concoctions, a, a... what do you people call it? Oh yes, a saloon, a place where I may moisten these withering lips and quench my parched cords for I'm afraid my vocals are beginning to fail me and that will not do.

A horse with spools of rope and a RIDER in a black coat canters up. He wears A PREACHER'S COLLAR. This is JUDGE DUTCH HENRY 'The Hangman' BROWN. A stern looking man in his forties.

Townsfolk nod respectfully to Dutch Henry, but he fixes his steely gaze on Rivers with a withering stare.

RIVERS

Well, if it isn't the honorable Judge Dutch Henry "the hangman" Brown, beloved chairman of the city council complete with his assortment of housebroken ringtail puppets.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You can't go around terrorizing the citizens.

RIVERS

Who's going to stop me. You?

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

The law, public opinion, decency. There will be troops here from Fort Machcua this time in two days.

RIVERS

I got a horse down at that livery stable, can outrun anything in the west.

Hal rushes over, tries to ease the tension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAL

Maybe it would be better if we
just go about our business Judge.
I'm sure she means no harm.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

No harm in terrorizing a town? She
spreads evil. She'll not only
destroy us, she'll destroy the
whole town.

RIVERS

You didn't expect a Sunday school
outing when I showed up, did you?

He continues on towards the Marshal's office.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - JAILHOUSE - DAY

Dutch Henry curses bitterly as he crosses to Duncan who
leads him towards the prisoner's cell.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Stay out of it. I'll handle her.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

I'm holding you responsible for
this carnage -- and yes, the
territory's compensation is more
than adequate.

They turn towards Sam standing before them.

SAM

You're wasting a lot of good
lumber. A tree does just as well.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You were sentenced to be hanged -
not lynched!

He pulls out a piece of paper and pencil.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Now all I need from you, Sam
Talbert, is your age, your height
and your weight.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

THUNDER. A STORM brews in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The wind blows, and townspeople are gathered by the big tree, for a memorial service for Flynn.

Dutch Henry addresses the mourners, doesn't mince words.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

The bible tells us that it is a grievous sin to die by one's own hand. For that alone, Flynn will never feel the closeness, love, and warmth of our Heavenly father. May the Lord have mercy upon his soul.

A beat, his remarks gives the townspeople pause, then--

TOWNSPEOPLE

Amen.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

If anyone wishes to say something...

Rivers trots up on her horse.

RIVERS

No one's proud of what happened to your banker, Dutchie.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

It didn't happen to him. You did it to him.

RIVERS

I did nothing. A man's guilt is his own burden. Nothin' you can do about that.

With that, she spurs her horse and rides off.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

Rain hammers down outside. Off an ominous **THUNDERSTRIKE**.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rivers stands looking out the window. She strikes a match on the heel of her boot and lights a cheroot.

There is a SOUND in the hallway and then a key turns in the lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sierra, wearing a slicker and shedding water like a waterfall enters swiftly. Shuts the door.

RIVERS

You come to bed down here tonight?

Sierra moves to the window, the weather matching her mood.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Rain's still coming down
wholesale. Think the good Lord is
over-stocked. We don't get rain in
these parts 'cept once in four
years. Then they get us a real
goose-drownder like this one,
sorta to make up for lost time.

Rivers helps Sierra out of her slicker and hangs it up.

Now Sierra has a .36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison
Confederate six shooter is aimed at Rivers.

In a flash she wrestles the gun away, then backhands
Sierra her viciously --

RIVERS

Don't let the fact that you're a
woman make you think I won't kill
you. A shoot at the hand that
holds the gun.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You searched my things when I
stepped out last night.

Rivers pulls lingerie from a saddle bag, a French lace
leg garter. Wraps it around her arm.

RIVERS

I took a keepsake. You want him
dead, don'tcha? He wears no gun,
if he fancies after you as you say
-- it might be enough to goad him.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You see anything else?

RIVERS

The old wanted poster of Booth.
He's long dead and buried.

Sierra almost looks relieved she said that, now softens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

I know you were a sympathizer to the Confederate cause, but a conspiracy theorist?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I seem to hold onto things too long.. A habit I need to break.

They look at each other. Finally she kisses Sierra. Sierra resists - barely. They speak in between kisses.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I've never figured you to go much for barnyard hens. I thought you like your chicks wild and gamey.

RIVERS

You know, Sierra, I've known a lot of women. Been with a lot.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Is that supposed to excite me?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

In the gray afternoon,

Rivers and Sierra sit in warm water and suds in a nice bathtub. Sierra leans back into Rivers. Sierra draws on thin black cigarette.

She passes it back to Rivers then takes a sponge and washes her legs seductively.

RIVERS

Forsaken Run seems to be quite a Union stronghold.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Yes, red, white and blue all over.

RIVERS

All over?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Of course there are a few copperheads here, but they're harmless.

Rivers RISES, soapsuds clinging to her body. Mesmerized, Sierra watches her step out of the tub-- *her back and ass SLASHED TO RIBBONS* by Bull Whip beatings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
I wish we had you on our side -
the South would have won.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Cord comes into the lobby and freezes as Sierra comes down the stairs, who registers surprise and suspicion at Cord's presence.

Sierra starts to walk by him, but he steps into her path. Off Cord's glare, Sierra regards him with equal contempt.

INT. SIERRA NEVADA ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Sierra lights Cord's cigar, studies him intensely.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
You got something eatin' you?

CORD
You have strange friends, Sierra.
I've been watching you two.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Do you make it a habit of spying
on people?

CORD
No, but I got a habit of observing
people. I don't like what I see.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Maybe you better stop looking.

It hits Cord like salt on a wound and he just takes it, as she saunters past him.

CORD
I'd like to know how we stand.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Same way we always stood.

CORD
That's not good enough.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
What's wrong with it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

I seen too many men work
themselves to death for an
ambitious woman.

Now Sierra in pain because Cord is twisting her arm
behind her back. He's furious.

CORD

Maybe you hired her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You know, for a smart man you
ain't got a lick of sense! Not a
speck!

CORD

Ah, I'm bein' foolish, huh?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You're too suspicious.

CORD

We've a right to be suspicious.
Our share keeps getting smaller
and smaller; first thing you know
you'll deal me out completely.

CORD

We were going to take the ranchers
share back to them. That's not the
way we planned it. We were going
to take your share, Ben's share
and that all.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Of course, and we were going to be
very cunning and sly, a little
trickery here, a small deceit
there then we ride off together
and live happily everafter, but it
didn't work out that way, a little
trickery needed a bigger trick. My
husband seen to that when he
wouldn't let that cattle go except
over his dead body.

Now it's Cord's turn to look surprised - didn't expect
Sierra to admit it.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

When you start playing cards with
the devil, Cord, there's no limit.

INT. JAILHOUSE CELL - DAY

Sam peers out the iron-barred window at the crowd gathered around the gallows, and Judge Dutch Henry, who looks livid as he speaks.

We can't make out his words. A KEY works a lock. A door opens, more light stabs in. Sunday checks on him.

SAM

You'd think this kind of work of art was being made for John Wilkes Booth.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

We'll try to make you comfortable.

SAM

I'll be comfortable, when I shoot that star off your chest and off of every lawman!

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

Dutch Henry with his sleeves rolled up, inspects the gallows with a fine tooth and comb. Not pleased one bit, as he confronts several townsfolk building it.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

An expert is one who knows more about less and less. I only know one thing. That scaffold might do for hanging laundry perhaps, but a man, never.

A beat, he garbs a hammer and some nails.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Just as dead, Mr. Wiley, but not just as fast. To a man with a noose around his neck, a second could be a lifetime. And a minute can be an eternity. Now it is our job to make this execution just as professional, just as merciful as possible. Do I make myself clear?

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Now bring some more lumber.

Rivers gallops up on her horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

There's nothing like a good hanging to take your mind off your troubles.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

He let another man's fury take the place of my reason. And that is the cardinal act of idiocy. No man could ever run away from trouble, any more than he can cut off his shadow and bury it.

RIVERS

I guess he figured he had reason to hate.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Hatred is a shield, a wall of fire to combat evil, a holocaust of Heaven to turn away the iron forks of Lucifer.

RIVERS

Pretty woman, the judge's got.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Why, you dirty...

He goes for his gun, but he's not wearing one.

RIVERS

Nothing scarier than a man with a gun. And nothing so helpless as a man without one.

Rivers spurs her horse and rides off...

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

It is twilight. Fewer people move about. A lamplighter is at work; Mary's carriage approaches with a lanterns lit.

DOC HALLADAY

I'm the only doctor for eighty miles and he's a sick man. Got the pox.

RIVERS

This is dangerous country for a woman traveling at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

Rivers, I appreciate your concern for my well bein', but as you may a noticed, I can take care of myself.

DOC HALLADAY

S'pose you give me the pleasure of your company.

RIVERS

We'll take my horse.

The Preacher steps up to them,

PREACHER

You're missin' church.

DOC HALLADAY

It's not the first time.

EXT. RANCHERO - NIGHT

A *CRUDE SKULL AND CROSSBONES* has been painted on the front door the front door. The words *KEEP AWAY!* and *SICKNESS!* Painted below it.

Rivers helps Mary down off the horse.

DOC HALLADAY

It's best you not go inside, there's a good chance you don't come out.

RIVERS

I reckon you could burn the place down, put him out of his misery.

DOC HALLADAY

That your answer to everything?

A horse whinnies in a paddock.

INT. RANCHERO - NIGHT

A nervous John Wilcox, limps across the room, grabs his *.36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison Confederate six shooter* and tucks it in his pants.

JOHN WILCOX

What the devil, Doc? What's she doing with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

It's not safe for a woman to be
travelling way out here at night.

He eases himself in a chair, pushes back the curtains,
watching Rivers.

Mary examines him, dips a towel in a bucket of water, and
dabs it over his face, the sores have cleared up some.

JOHN WILCOX

Now she knows where am at.

DOC HALLADAY

If it'll make you feel better
Rivers is not vaccinated -- so
I'll leave the sign up.

EXT. RANCHERO - NIGHT

Rivers sees John, well not a good look, his pistol in
hand, peeking out the curtains.

DOC HALLADAY

I suppose you know why he's locked
up there, don't you?

RIVERS

He's afraid of me.

DOC HALLADAY

Should he be?

RIVERS

Who is he?

DOC HALLADAY

John Wilcox.

Rivers recognizes the name but maintains her poker face.
She swings Mary up in front of her saddle. They start
away.

RIVERS

I know knowing about the man
except he's a coward.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - NIGHT

Packed. Music played. Men gamble. Whores are passed
around. Rivers enters and takes it all in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cord and Hal and Asa and Poker play cards.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN
Black aces and eights.

CORD
Your luck's changed. Three queens.
I'm afraid you lose judge.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN
A man's bound to lose - sooner or
later.

Sierra saunters over, puts a hand of Dutch Henry's
shoulder.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
From the look of that stack Judge
there much be some truth to the
old adage about gamblers.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN
Yea, what's that?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Lucky at card. Unlucky at love.

Rivers sits down at the table with them.

RIVERS
Please, gentlemen. Don't get up.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN
So what brings you here, besides
interrupting my leisure time?

RIVERS
Judges interest me, too.

HAL
Don't give Rivers any excuses.

CORD
She's counting on you trying,
Judge.

Rivers turns to Cord.

RIVERS
I don't think you two are savvy,
you're about a second from gettin'
dealt outta the game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD

Careful, Miss. We don't believe in chivalry.

RIVERS

Most be wonderful being rich and powerful enough to step on people. And be respected for it.

CORD

You've got a big mouth, Rivers. If you don't keep it shut, you're gonna wind up with no teeth in it.

She tosses her drink in his face...

Cord explodes out of his chair and grabs Rivers by the collar, pulls her close. Rivers shoves Cord with both hands. He falls back onto the table.

Rivers draws her Samuel colt .45.

RIVERS

Next time you try to run me out of town play your own hand. Maybe you'd like to try right now.

Rivers holsters her pistol, then steps back, a challenge.

Cord's jaw tightens; exchanges a look with her, decides he better not risk it,

Rivers turns her attention back to Dutch Henry.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You and I are nothing alike. What I do is fair and legal according to the law.

RIVERS

And how I operate isn't?

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You're wasting your time. All the men who wish me dead I hanged them.

RIVERS

Sometimes dead men leave ghost's behind.

Dutch Henry raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You're a dangerous woman. You know how to kill and you're not afraid of dying. The moment I saw you I could see that you are lost, and pain and suffering follow where you lead.

RIVERS

Save the sermon for church.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

In the end, I'll see that the law gets you. And it won't be just to run you out of town. It'll be at the end of a rope.

Dutch Henry pulls out a pencil and paper.

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

Your height, weight, and age is all I want from you.

Rivers studies him a long moment, then --

JUDGE DUTCH HENRY BROWN

You want the reasons, fine. I need your age to tell me how long it will be before your heart stops beating. I need your height in order to know the position of the noose above the cervical vertebrae and whether to use 10 or 13 wraps in the knot. I need your weight in order to know the length of the drop. Too high and your head will be separated from your shoulders. And too short then I run the risk of a long strangulation, the worst possible type of execution. It's medieval and barbaric. So ladies and gentlemen, call me a fool, call me a liar, call me nothing at all. The facts remain the same.

as Rivers walks off...

TEX LAREDO

Why'd you let her get away with it?

CORD

She wanted me to draw. I wonder why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

From Sierra's expression she's wondering too.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN STREET - NIGHT

Streets empty. Ominous. Just then an angry mob exits the MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE, head towards the jailhouse

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Duncan writes in a diary.

The Preacher, and IRATE CITIZENS BURST INTO THE OFFICE. Some with guns, embolden by alcohol.

All of them panicked. Duncan tries to establish order.

PREACHER

The wrath of the Lord must move through his servants. Evil has come to us and it must be driven out.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Crowds can get unruly, Preacher. Our common problem is a matter for the law.

CORD

Since you've seen fit to neglect your duties. We've taken it upon ourselves.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

With guns? Look at ya, this is that liquored courage talking. You gonna get this folks killed.

HAL

She can't take all of us.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Rivers will take plenty. One thing I know for sure. We're not vigilantes!

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Like anyone else as long as she doesn't commit no crime she's entitled to the same rights as all of you. These are the rules set forth in a civilized west.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN (CONT'D)

And like wise, if she gives me a reason to treat her as a criminal than I will. But she's not going to be shot down or strung up just because this town is afraid of her.

A beat.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Let's all keep calm, and talk about this like civilized folks.

Hal moves through the crowd, w

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Well I'm still the law.

HAL

Gentlemen, meet Tex Laredo and his deputies. Our new Sheriff.

Four hard men, *crisp long COATS, bowler hats, six shooters push through the mob. Operatives from the famous PINKERTONS Detective Agency:*

TEX LAREDO, Just a dog-step behind him is JEP KESLER, DOOLEN CAIN, and RUBE MAMERUN. These are not law-abiding men.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Says who?

TEX LAREDO

Says Governor Wallace.

HAL

I telegraphed Santa Fe yesterday.

Tex Laredo pulls out a SIGNED DECLARATION.

HAL

Look, we're not asking them to put her in jail, just see her out of town pronto.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

You hired killers to get a killer?

CORD

(lying)

Jim, I don't like it any more than you do, but what's the alternative?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAL

Jim, we're down arguing. It's up to them now to handle this.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Fine but when you fall flat on your face that's it.

EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME/OFFICE - NIGHT

Tex Laredo and his henchmen are dismounting. At a hand signal from Tex Laredo, they fan out a foot.

In the b.g., the mob hangs back, some carrying torches.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They lie naked in bed together. Exhausted but still wanting the touch of each other's skin.

RIVERS

You say he didn't have a chance. Calico went for his gun first. When he does that, he uses up all his chances.

DOC HALLADAY

Tell me something...did you have to kill him?

RIVERS

A decent person doesn't want to kill, but if you're gonna shoot, you shoot to kill.

DOC HALLADAY

How about hittin' them in the arm?

RIVERS

A wounded man can still kill you.

DOC HALLADAY

What about the marshal?

RIVERS

He would have been, but I felt in a charitable mood today.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC HALLADAY

He's got a bad hand, he just lost his deputy, and now he's losing his sight.

RIVERS

I notice he wears his guns too low. Tell him to raise it. At night, tell him to walk in the shadows - you can see better. In the daytime, walk away from the sun - he'll live longer.

This surprises Mary.

DOC HALLADAY

You're the most peculiar hired gun I've seen yet.

A POUNDING on front door. Both trade nervous glances.

Mary peeks out the window sees the ANGRY MOB outside her home. Alarmed. Rivers joins her.

RIVERS

A posse feels safe because it's big. They only make a big target. I can pick off a handful The rest of them will lose their guts and go home.

DOC HALLADAY

Stay in bed. Doctor's orders.

Our near-naked Mary in her sheer peignoir, shrugs on a silk robe, quickly brushes her hair with dubious results.

EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME - NIGHT

Mary opens the door and steps on the porch, SEEING the lynch mob out front. Lit torches in hand.

DOC HALLADAY

What can I do for you.

TEX LAREDO

That depends. I hear that Rivers is in there with you.

DOC HALLADAY

Word travels fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEX LAREDO

You didn't expect to keep a thing like that quiet, did you?

DOC HALLADAY

No one was trying to. That any of your business?

JEP KESLER

You get in our way you're liable to find out.

TEX LAREDO

Go easy, Jep. No reason why we can't do this peacefully.

(then)

Now just turn Rivers over to us and we'll be on our way.

DOC HALLADAY

Do the marshal know about this?

JEP KESLER

He will after we hang her.

DOC HALLADAY

Well in that case, you better start riding.

TEX LAREDO

Don't play no games with me Doc, you start protecting a killer and you're liable to hang on a rope yourself.

DOC HALLADAY

She really got you sweatin, hasn't she? It couldn't be you're afraid she's after you.

JEP KESLER

Look, were through talkin'

Finally, Rivers emerges, wearing absolutely nothing but a Mexican poncho, and her guns. Our *own little Raquel Welch moment in HANNIE CAULDER.*

RIVERS

If you harm one hair on her head. You'll have to play high cards win to see who I kill first.

TEX LAREDO

I'm ordering you out of town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

You gettin' tired of living?

JEP KESLER

We're the law now.

TEX LAREDO

By the power vested in me, I hereby appoint Jep Kesler, US Marshal, temporary Sheriff of Forsaken Run. Signed this day, June 1873, by Douglas Evans, Governor, the Territory of New Mexico.

Tex Laredo hands her the signed declaration. Unfazed, Rivers takes her cheroot to it, watches it burn, then tosses it at their feet.

TEX LAREDO

There's enough guns behind me to take care of you. So it's best you know what's you're dealin' with. This here is Rube Mamerock, even half drunk he's the fastest gun around here. Jep Kesler. He derives pleasure out of hurting people... And Doolen, he's deadlier than a rattlesnake.

Rivers walks right up to Tex Laredo.

RIVERS

I sure wish you'd draw those guns instead of shootin' off at the mouth.

Lightning fast - Tex Laredo draws, Rivers snags his hand, twists it, wrapping his arm backward around her waist. With him still gripping his revolver,

She FANS THE HAMMER as she turns, shooting the Pinkerton boys as they try and rush her.

With a final yank, Rivers pulls the pistol from Tex Laredo's hand and crashes it down on his skull

RIVERS

Give my regards to those below.

Rivers draws her LeMat Revolver(a nine shooter cylinder by the way) it's 20 gauge BUCKSHOT barrel and BLASTS Tex Laredo to kingdom com.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rivers comes towards the angry mob, who steps back.

They all just stare back at her, terrified.

RIVERS

You surprise me, preacher. I expected the other's to run with the wolves, but you -- a man of cloth, using your pulpit to teach the wrath of God - hell and damnation, the vengeance of the Lord. You took an oath to teach folks to love God and to cherish his words to face evil and rise about it. Why, you're no better than me. There's gotta be a special place in Hell for one's like you.

Preachers says nothing. The men glances about, then...

RIVERS

Though I can't say I'm surprised to see you in the pack, Asa. You could be more accurate.

ASA

I print the truth as I see it.

RIVERS

Now that's where you're wrong. A newspaper is a voice and you raised that voice against that kid and hammered away and made the town think he was guilty even before a trial. That town lynched an innocent boy. So one word out of you and you're seconds from being nothing but an obituary notice in your own paper!

A COLLECTIVE GASP! This visibly discomferts Asa.

RIVERS

Now there are many of you! I might not can shoot all of you before one of you gets me, but it's only fair to warn you that I'll kill you, Hal. And you, preacher. The Marshal. Yes, you Asa. And a few more of you.

A beat, then -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RIVERS

I'll stay here until I'm ready to leave. Now I warn you: If you come against me again, much blood will be spilled.

A beat, Rivers heads back inside.

Duncan shakes his head, then, turns to the others--

MARSHAL DUNCAN

The meeting's over. Now go on home.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME - PARLOR - NIGHT

Mary sits on a chair at a makeup table. Rivers, half-dressed in a corset and stockings, puts on her pants.

DOC HALLADAY

You know Rivers you're a special case. I never known a gun to wear a woman before.

A silent moment. Mary looks away, then at Rivers. She lowers her eyes.

DOC HALLADAY

I don't know how I got the idea in my pretty little head that you could chnage. You wouldn't last long without those guns, Rivers. Even if you want to throw your gun away, you can't, you'll always be looking over your shoulder because you know that just around the bend there's someone that will kill you. You're branded clean to the bone.

Rivers suddenly pulls Mary into her for a passionately romantic kiss, leaving Mary breathless...

Mary finally breaks the kiss, then--

DOC HALLADAY

Get out.

Mary grabs her gun belt and hat and hands it to Rivers.

DOC HALLADAY

I said -leave.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Consumed with guilt and self disgust, Duncan kicks over a chair. Pulls a bottle of whiskey and a glass from a drawer, sits down at the desk.

He pours himself a full one and drinks it down, then pours another. He barely looks up as Mary comes in.

DOC HALLADAY

You fall off the wagon already?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I was more mad at myself than anything for letting it get this far.

DOC HALLADAY

You're a good man, Jim Duncan. You've done a good job with this town.

Mary pulls a bullet from his gunbelt

DOC HALLADAY

Have you ever really seen one of these up close, Jim? Know what makes it work? This is the cap, the percussion cap. When struck by the firing pin, it explodes. The powder burns and forms powerful gases that force the slug out through the gun barrel at a very high velocity. Now if the gun is aimed right, it'll kill what it hits.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now what's all that supposed to mean?

DOC HALLADAY

Rivers - this town is priming her. She's being pushed and sooner or later she's going to explode.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now why are you telling me this? Where do I fit in?

DOC HALLADAY

Somewhere between the firing pin and the percussion cap.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

REX, and hard-bitten men, SKEETER, RUSTY, and BUGLAR, wearing ratty rebel gray coats, all grizzled veterans of the Civil War, gallop into town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Go on inside, boys. Drinks on the house.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Poker and Rivers sit at a table, a bottle of whiskey between them. Poker pours himself another, as Mary approaches.

Rex watches them at a corner table, with Skeeter, Buglar, and Rusty, eyes burning with hatred~

They finish their drinks, amble towards the table. Rex calls out.

RIVERS

What do you have against me?

REX

You ought to know.

RIVERS

You're talking in riddles. What's in your mind?

REX

A picture of tree - with you swingin' from it.

A beat, then --

RIVERS

Seems some of you people won't admit the war is over.

REX

And some of use never will.

POKER FLATS

He's one of those southerners neither resigned or repentant.

RIVERS

Well, why should he be we both fought for what we thought was right. Nothing to be ashamed of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REX

WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE YOU? PAYING COURT TO HER? DON'T YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS? Don't you know Susanna Cushman when you see her? Don't you know the Yankee spy who brought death to your friends and kinfolks.

The customers bar all look round uneasily and gradually start to move away.

Sierra's stunned by the reveal. She feels the low ache of betrayal in the pit of her stomach.

POKER FLATS

Want a gun hand?

RIVERS

No thanks.

POKER FLATS

I do handle them pretty well. The only trouble is, those best able to testify to my aim aren't around for comment

Rivers offers a bottle of whiskey to Rex - Rex slaps it away, shattering it.

Poker eases a hand inside his jacket... puts a hand on his Ruger Old Army .44 cap, ready to draw.

DOC HALLADAY

There's no hiding place for what ails you son. We are all under one flag now!

REX

I lost a brother in Shelbyville thanks to you. Guess they gave you a medal for that, didn't they?

RIVERS

Oh they did better than that, they commissioned me as a Major in the Union Army.

REX

Don't push.

RIVERS

Don't push? Why you Rebs ought to be used to bein' pushed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Well, we pushed you clear from Gettysburg through Georgia. You gotta admit you been pushed real good.

Mary gets between them, Rivers escorts Mary out...

RIVERS

You come at me again, you dress light. I hear its warm down there.

REX

Susanna Cushman!

Rivers turns and looks at Rex. Walks towards him.

RIVERS

Give my regards to those below.

Rex jerks for his gun, but Rivers' GUNSHOT bites him in the shoulder. He grabs at it, turns and looks at Rivers as --

His Drunk's COMPANIONS leap up, going for their guns--

POKER FLATS

Settle down boys. Don't try it.

Poker wields a brace of pistols, holding off the men -

SKEETER

Yankees always hide behind women.

Poker shoots Skeeter in the forehead.

REX

That's all well and good, but you'd better kill me. Because if I ever see you again, I'm gonna put a bullet in your little tiny head and blow your brains from here to the Dakotas.

RIVERS

Reb, if I ever see you again, I'll be sure'n give you a chance.

Poker chuckles, tucks his gun into its shoulder holster.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Sierra sits in her chair, lost in thought. Poker is standing by the window, looking down onto the streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

I heard the name, but ain't never
see the woman until she got in
town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Do you need help?

Sierra looks at Poker with cold disgust.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Winter soldier. One who joins the
Army in winter to enjoy the warm
barracks, and then deserts when
the weather improves. Well it's
the dog days of July. Who side are
you own anyway?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No worries I wont turn you over to
the Marshal this time he's a damn
Yankee.

EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

The sun is beating down.

Rivers rides up into the hills, finds a spot and
dismounts.

She reaches into her saddle bag, pulls out some
binoculars and glasses the Rancho.

The silhouette's man chopping wood with an axe.

She takes a moment to observe him and the area:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sierra lets herself in with the key, starts rummaging
through drawers, while Gator looks on. The drawers are
mostly empty.

A beat, Sierra looks under a pillow and sees a Deringer,
this is no ordinary Deringer, *it's Booth's Deringer, ok a
replica of the one he used to kill Lincoln.*

POKER FLATS

It's just an ordinary Deringer.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Look again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

Hmm a presentation model.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's right. .44 caliber pistol.
A duplicate of the one Booth used
to kill Lincoln. They don't make
them anymore.

Sierra checks the load,

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

One round to. She's probably going
for a head shot.

POKER FLATS

She's more old testament than new
testament. An eye for an eye.

INT. SIERRA'S SUITE - DAY

Sierra shuts the door, stands there a moment, thinking.
She looks at the clock. She comes to a decision, then
saunters hurriedly to her BEDROOM.

PAN WITH HER, reflected in her dresser mirror, we can see
her beginning to change clothes.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Sierra rides a run.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

With Gator, who sits behind the desk, strumming on a
guitar, as Rivers approaches at a fast clip with her
saddlebag and rifles.

RIVERS

I'm checking out.

She tosses several silver dollars on the counter.

RIVERS

Keep the change.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gator burst through the door...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATOR

Jim, she's leavin'. Just checked out now.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

That right?

GATOR

Yep. I guess she was passing through. Just like you said.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I guess it wasn't the Doc or the Judge. So who could it be?

DOC HALLADAY

Unless it was someone not in town.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Like who?

DOC HALLADAY

John Wilcox. With the pox and all -
-I kept him out of town.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Doc, how much to you know about this John Wilcox?

DOC HALLADAY

Not much. He brought a stake in Sierra's rancho. A quiet man, usually keeps to himself. Sort of a recluse.

DOC HALLADAY

But he flew off the handle when he read Rivers was in town.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Can't say I blame him.

GATOR

I wonder why?

DOC HALLADAY

I know I kept him overnight at my place because he was running a high fever. Anyway, he fell asleep with a book of poems he was reading. I went to put it away when this article fell out - something about Lincoln's assassination.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC HALLADAY (CONT'D)

Didn't think much about it at the time. I thought it was odd he'd keep something like that.

EXT. BACK OF THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The crowd gathers...

Sam is marched up the stairs of the gallows toward the waiting Judge Dutch Henry Brown.

Sam is at the platform. His hands are tied in front of him. The noose is placed on his neck.

Judge Dutch Henry Brown grabs a black hood. Sam laughs at the absurdity.

SAM

The suns setting for me. It'd be a shame to miss it.

Sam spits out his tobacco. Judge Dutch Henry takes the lever...

The CROWD, sensing something, easing back from the gallows as Rivers rides up.

Her and Judge Dutch Henry make eye contact --

INT. EPITAPH - DAY

They all bust in...

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Asa, I need to see your old files.

ASA

Any special year?

MUNCY

Eighteen sixty-five. Anything on Lincoln's assassination.

ASA

Oh, any particular reason?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

That remains to be seen.

Asa checks dates on some binders and takes out the one he's looking for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They search through articles come across a big headline:
'LINCOLN'S MURDER.'

DOC HALLADAY

That one?

ASA

Same old lies. Listen to this.
Report of death of John Wilkes
Booth. April 24, eighteen sixty-
five. Reports have been received
of the assassination of President
Lincoln...John Wilkes Booth was
killed last night at Garrett's
farm near Port Royal Virginia.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I remember reading this report
when I was Sheriff of Deadwood. It
was thirteen days of the greatest
manhunt in the nation's history.

ASA

(reading)

Booth and two armed accomplices
took refuge in a barn where
federal agents ignited after
vainly calling on the assassin to
surrender. Booth permitted his
villainous accomplices to
surrender then either shot himself
or was wounded by one of the men
surrounded the conflagration. The
circumstances are not definitely
ascertained. He died several hours
later. According to reputed
eyewitnesses his last words were
useless. By an odd coincidence the
location of the fatal wound was
identical to the martyred
President's. The man that was
captured at Garretts barn was
never proven to be Booth. To this
day the authorities haven't
revealed where the body was
buried.

MARY

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASA

Because the whole thing was trumped up by men hand and glove with Booth and his gang. Men in high places. Still in power.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Northerners?

ASA

In cohorts with the leaders of the Confederacy. Abraham Lincoln's murder was a treacherous conspiracy to rob us of the fruits of victory. Why was he left unguarded? Why was the telegraph shut off? By official order. And the Potomac bridge. The only bridge by which he could escape. Why was it left open that far side of Garrett's barn? The trial of his accomplices a secret. And They were young with hoods over their heads and a gag in their mouths.

DOC HALLADAY

And Booth?

ASA

Still alive. There's been reports of him from Texas to California. Places in Boston.

DUTCH HENRY

Wilcox? I believe you said his first name was John.

GATOR

He limps. The assassin caught one of his spurs on one of the flags draped over the President's box when he jumped from it to the stage at Ford's theatre. Broke his darn leg. Dr. Mudd was sent to prison for setting it. He testified he'd be maimed for life.

DOC HALLADAY

No, if you knew the kinda person he is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ASA

I know he was a man of the theatre, did some acting back east. Boston I believe. This clipping he apparently keeps. Got to admit, the name's similar to John Wilkes Booth. What more do you want?

DOC HALLADAY

It's got to be him.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

If this is Booth, you could start a Civil war right here in Forsaken Run. The Yankees will want to lynch him and the Rebels would fight to the death to protect him.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

Sierra rides up to Rancho. She remains on her horse and looks around. She looks at the cactus, some hills in the short distance. Makes sure she's alone.

Satisfied, she gets off his horse.

Sierra ignores the small-pox sign, walks right up to the door and saunters.....

INT. RANCHERO - DAY

John reads as Sierra hurries in.

Poker Flats kicks back in a chair, reaches into his pocket and retrieves a tin of tobacco. He pinches a wad.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You gotta get outta here.

JOHN WILCOX

You can't be sure.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm sure alright.

JOHN WILCOX

You got any guerilla's leftover?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

A few. This town is full of Yankees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
I'll post then in and around here.
But in case she gets through --
your ace in a hole.

Sierra tosses that holster on a table with a heavy sound
and lots of sawdust. Poker Flats coughs up a storm.

POKER FLATS
Damn it, Sierra. You tryin' to
kill me?

JOHN WILCOX
I do pretty good with mine.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
She'll have you dead to rights.

JOHN WILCOX
You wanna bet?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
I never bet on a sure thing.

POKER FLATS
I'd give ten to one... and I don't
even like your chances, but I'm a
sucker for the odds.

John Wilcox laughs, but his face says otherwise.

She throws on the gun belt, swivels the holster to a 90
degree angle -- fires -- the slugs RICOCHET off a wall.

It startles Poker and John. The smoking gun primed,
levelled, and still in its holster.

POKER FLATS
Dang all the luck. A swivel
holster. Yep, your odds just went
up.

She takes it off, hands it at him. Notes his hesitation.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
You've been nothing but a dirty
cheat your whole life. At cards,
death, and on me. Now put it on!

Finally John Wilcox puts it on, adjust the belt.

EXT. RUSTLERS CANYON - DAY

Rivers rides fast alone into the forbidding canyon.

Then pulls up, thinking. A beat. She kicks her horse into motion up the left canyon wall --

A long moment passes before Poker cantos in the canyon, watching Rivers. A SAWEDOFF SHOTGUN across his lap.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

A few buttes and brush through out.

Rivers rides the trail leading towards the Rancho.

Undaunted by Five of Sierra's BUSHWHACKER on horseback in ratty confederate uniforms, closing off the road ahead.

A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS as the Bushwhackers fire on Rivers as she charges towards them, low in the saddle-- firing her LeMat revolver --

-- dropping two of them before --

A GUNSHOT hits nearby. Rivers turns and jumps.

Rivers rolls, getting to one knee and BLASTING. One man goes down. She swings the gun right, and the uncanny way she can aim and hit dead-on.

She fires and a another Bushwhacker goes down.

Now she fires at the final Bushwhacker, and misses --

-- but his horse nosedives and he topples off, coming to an unarmed, and painful landing several feet from Rivers.

Rivers shoots him dead.

In the brush, two BUSHWHACKERS rush Rivers from behind. They raise their Confederate pistols...

we hear a SHOTGUN BLAST.

Both Bushwhackers are blown to bits by ONE DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN BLAST.

Rivers turns to see Poker holding a smoking shotgun.

RIVERS

You're quite a tracker, Poker. You
been in the military?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS
I've done my time.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

Rivers rides up, dismounts, hitching her horse.

She doesn't seem to be in a hurry, as she is careful to navigate around the Rancho.

Seems surprised there's little resistance.

INT. RANCHERO - DAY

John is looking out the window - catches sight of Rivers running across the front property.

He raises his rifle and fires.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

Rivers hunkers down behind sandbags, reloads her pistol.

INT. RANCHERO - DAY

Rivers returns fire chews up the wall around John, a GLASS CABINET SMASHING down on him.

John crawls to another window and peers out--but has to duck as more bullets pepper the wood above his head.

Again he weasels to the window and looks out.

Rivers' and running towards the back of the Rancho.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

In back, Rivers kicks open the door. Walks inside with her pistol drawn. Nothing.

INT. RANCHERO - DAY

Rivers stalks in, finds John as he throws his rifle away.

A beat, she scans for possible bushwhackers. Satisfied, holsters her pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN WILCOX

If I were the fugitive you clam me to be would I call myself John Wilbert. A name so similar to the other? Or would had been wiser for a desperate hunted man to assume a name completely different.

RIVERS

Pride. Vanity. The very vicarious contempt of the criminal. Does that answer your question?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

We've all heard the rumors before about Booth being alive. But we've also heard talk about marshal Nay upon. And what about the fountain of youth..they've Been looking for it for a long time and I don't think they've found it.

RIVERS

Explain that limp?

JOHN WILCOX

Congenital defect, childhood accident. I could give you many explanations but I'm sure you wouldn't accept any of them. What leg did he limp on?

RIVERS

Your right foot.

A beat, then --

RIVERS

You can't shoot your way out of this one.

In one fluid motion John swivels his holster, but Rivers beats him to the draw and fires at John, dropping him to his knee -

-- but not before taking a bullet in the shoulder from Sierra.

She wheels in time to hear a rifle shot and see Booth fall down dead.

Rivers sees Anna, pointing her rifle dead at him.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

Duncan, Mary, Judge Dutch Henry, and a few others pulls up in a hurry.

Rivers comes out, favoring her shoulder, shirt soaked red. Escorting John.

Mary is surprised as she goes to Rivers and examines her shoulder.

RIVERS

Tell 'em.

JOHN WILCOX

I'm John Wilkes Booth.

DUTCH HENRY

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself.

She hands him over to Duncan, then turns to Dutch Henry.

RIVERS

You can hang him.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rivers lies on the bed, sweaty, feverish.

Mary lays down a bowl of hot water and towels.

DOC HALLADAY

Doctoring you was a waste of time
a bullet will get you eventually.

Mary inserts a finger into her bullet wound, as Rivers arches away from her in pain.

She uncaps a bottle and packs Rivers' wound with GUNPOWDER.

DOC HALLADAY

I can give you something for the
pain. Or a shot of whisky.

Rivers declines. Mary hands her a bullet.

DOC HALLADAY

Then bite on this if it tinkles.

Rivers bites the bullet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She strikes a match and we briefly see Mary's FACE before she LIGHTS THE WOUND ON FIRE. Rivers upright.

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary washes her bloody hands and forearms in a porcelain bowl. She pulls a towel from a peg, turns to Duncan.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Will she make it?

DOC HALLADAY

You can toss a coin.

DOC HALLADAY

The bullet was too close to her heart. Couldn't get at. I gave her a shot of morphine. It deadens pain, makes the patient feel fine, but as soon as this dose wears off, she's going to start coughing. Each cough's going to rip the lungs a little bit more.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Did you tell her?

DOC HALLADAY

I didn't have to.

As Duncan leaves,

Rivers comes out, fresh new shirt, laboring her shoulder, but her arms is not in a sling.

RIVERS

I reckon God ain't wantin' me much, Doc, but when I look at you, I feel I've been ridin' the wrong trail.

Mary kisses Rivers in a passionate good-bye.

EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Rivers comes out, still favoring her wounded shoulder.

She mounts her horse with a bit of difficulty. Then turns to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS

A lot of people would like to kill Denver Rivers. But it took a healer with courage to make it easy for them.

DOC HALLADAY

Rivers... I'm sorry I wished I could have done more for that shoulder.

RIVERS

Don't worry none, Doc. It all comes to a finish.

With that, Rivers wheels her horse around, rides off...

TOWARDS A SETTING SUN...

MAN

Well the death of Caesar and Lincoln have certain parallels.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

Rivers walks towards the hotel. She sees Duncan coming out of the TELEGRAPH OFFICE. Duncan stops. Lights a match and BURNS a TELEGRAM in his hand.

Then walks toward the Saloon.

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

O'HENRY, the TELEGRAPH OPERATOR SNAPS AWAKE as a message comes over the wire. As the machine clicks he diligently writes the message.

A bell rings above the door as Rivers saunters in. Without looking up...

O'HENRY

Gimmie a minute I've got an important message.

Rivers watches him closely, listening deliberately, soaking in the key strokes.

Over this we hear her thoughts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVERS (V.O.)

In answer to your inquiry; Judge Dutch Henry Brown departed Deadwood two days ago. Should be in your area sometime today. US Deputy Marshal Bass Reeves has been dispatched from Fort Smith, Arkansas. End of message.

Beat, O'Henry looks up, shocked to see that its' Rivers.

RIVERS

You know now that contraption fascinates me, can you take a douses as fast as it comes over the wire?

O'HENRY

Of course that's why I'm here.

RIVERS

Well if it isn't too much of a secret what did it just say?

O'HENRY

It's against company regulations to give out that information. But being that you're so curious it told about the stagecoach being delayed alright. Satisfied?

RIVERS

Not quite. But I got the message.

She walks out. A beat. O'Henry runs out of the building.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

O'Henry hurries in with a telegram, hands it to Duncan.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Did you tell anyone else about this?

O'HENRY

No, it's addressed to you. But Rivers came in, asking about the message. But I didn't tell her --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 You didn't have to, if she's what
 i think she is -- a former union
 spy, then she's well acquainted
 with the Morse code.

Duncan can't help but laugh at that, but there's no humor
 in it.

A knock at the door. She opens up. Sierra saunters in.

Rivers reacts, stunned by her beauty. She runs her eyes
 up and down Sierra's body. Sierra looks at Rivers. *Twice?*

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 I'm Sierra Nevada Rose.

RIVERS
 You're a Johanna Reb, aren't you?
 (tense beat)
 I could tell by that Griswold
 you're concealing there.

Rivers stares out the window.

Rivers, seeing the desperation in Sierra's eyes.

RIVERS
 I'd be obliged if you'd get to-the-
 point.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 I'll just lay it on the barrel-
 head -- I'll pay you to tell me
 who you're after. I give you my
 word. I...I won't warn whoever it
 is.

RIVERS
 You call that a business
 proposition? Like askin' a pack of
 coyotes to keep quiet about a dead
 horse.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 What terms do you propose then?

RIVERS
 I don't propose terms, I dictate
 them.

She kisses Sierra. Sierra breaks away, slaps Rivers,
 nearly knocks her out of her boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You could be lynched for that.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I've never figured you to go much for barnyard hens. I thought you like your chicks wild and gamey.

CLACK! - CLACK! Hammers pulled back.

Three GUNMEN approach, lays hands on their pistol grip. Then they part, as Tex Laredo steps through

MAN

I'm ordering you out of town.

RIVERS

You getting tired of living?

Rivers is relaxed, hands at her sides. The hard man sneers:

MAN

The town don't want no trouble here. Just get out of town. You're not welcomed here.

MAN

And you can tell your friends to keep out of Forsaken Rock. We don't want gunfighters here. We'll fight 'em two-to-one or shoot 'em in the back. So if you know what's good for them they'll stay away. Not get along.

RIVERS

I sure wish you'd stop shootin' off at the mouth and draw those guns.

A MURMUR OF DISCONTENT ripples through the hired guns.

Rivers draws her pistol and SHOOTs the lead gun-thug right between the eyes. She is a quick draw and deadly.

The rest of the gunmen re-calibrate their perceptions.

Daniel follows him, nervously gripping his RIFLE.

The men raise their rifles, but before they get them halfway up, maybe we saw her pull it, maybe we didn't, but her guns' are just there all of a sudden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rivers fires blasting them off their feet. She drops all four men. She reloads

RIVERS

First one go for your gun you're
all dead

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Rivers approaches the saloon as Sierra comes out.

RIVERS

You wearin' that pretty dress for
me?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You like it?

RIVERS

Yeah, mm, I like along with what's
inside it.

As Rivers heads inside, Sierra greets Duncan.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - NIGHT

Sierra beelines for POLLYANNA, a suggestively-clad PROSTITUTE, black, beautiful, and drinking alone.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Pollyanna, you know I can't have
you drinking alone. It's bad for
business.

Pollyanna gets up and goes. Sierra saunters towards the bar as Clem serves another drink to the Calico Kid.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Now get out of town.

CALICO KID

You given orders?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, Cord is. He spent ten years in
Yuma State prison fore killing
someone for not taking them.

CALICO KID

He shoot him in the back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
No, with his bare hands. Your
neck's bout the same size as his.

EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

WIND sweeps up billowing SAND...as, THROUGH A DUST STORM--

Riding through the HEAT DISTORTION like an apparition,

A RIDER on horseback, galloping toward us. *Our own little HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER* opening scene...

As the rider draws closer, slowly coming into focus...

A HORSEWOMAN, face covered by a wrap-around scarf, and hat; dressed for dusty, rugged business, not dowdy; embroidery work covers the flaps & arms of her DUSTER, spurs. Think Sharon Stone in *'The Quick And The Dead'*; a haunting look in her eyes of a woman who's danced with the devil and lived to tell the tale;

SHE RIDES A PALE HORSE, *The Lone Ranger's silver saddle*; Horse and rider have come far...

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

The lush rolling hills rise out of the horizon.

A small HOMESTEAD. MRS. STANTON (60s) Runs in a chair and crochets. A plow is stuck in muddy earth.

Mr. STANTON (60s), in a hat and filthy chaps pushes and strains to un-stick it.

A DOG, a mean-looking mutt of indeterminate lineage, barks furiously.

Mrs. Stanton looks up from her needle-work. Mr. Stanton is He's absently staring, as

Our horsewoman cantors up, pulls down her scarf.

A RIDER on horseback, galloping toward us, slowly coming into focus. *Our own HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER* opening scene...

EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

WIND sweeps up billowing SAND...as, THROUGH A DUST STORM--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Riding through the HEAT DISTORTION like an apparition,
Our own little HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER opening scene...*

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

In the distance lush rolling hills rise out of the horizon...

A small HOMESTEAD. MRS. STANTON (60s) rocks in a chair and crochets. A plow is stuck in muddy earth.

Mr. STANTON (60s), in a hat and filthy chaps pushes and strains to un-stick it.

A DOG, a mean-looking mutt of indeterminate lineage, barks furiously.

Mrs. Stanton looks up from her needle-work. Mr. Stanton is He's absently staring, as

Our horsewoman cantors up, pulls down her scarf.

RIVERS

Your dog's a mite unfriendly.

MR. STANTON

He doesn't like strangers.

MRS. STANTON

(a hoarse whisper)

Here boy...here!

The dog wines, obeys --

Rivers brushes her duster aside, revealing the coup de grace; a *Samuel Colt .44 dual action pistol* and in her other holster, a *"Grape Shot Revolver."*

Rivers tucks her fingerless lace mitts over her gun belt.

MR. STANTON

What can I do fer ya?

RIVERS

How much further to Sulfer City?

MR. STANTON

Ten miles thataway. Only it's Forsaken Run now. That's a polite name fer it. The devil himself even have contacts there and the air smells of brimstone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rivers tips her hat, spurs her horse.

At the FARO GAMING TABLE, Sierra wheels and deals. She exchanges Rivers cash for ships..

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 Betting's closed. Ten not part of
 the action. Eight loses. Four
 wins...six of hearts...six of
 spades...King of spades.

RIVERS
 Well, looks like I beat the lady.

Sierra pays her off.

RIVERS
 A little short there ain't you?
 It's four to one when you call a
 turn.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 Not on a cat hop. A cat hop
 happens when two of the last three
 cards are paired calling a turn in
 that situation pays two-to-one.

RIVERS
 I'm sure those cards will start to
 fall the other way.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 Surely you're well enough
 acquainted with faro to know it's
 a game of pure chance. Luck isn't
 with you.

A beat.

RIVERS
 News travels fast In Forsaken Run.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 It's the only thing that does.

RIVERS
 I usually figure my women. You
 come harder.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 I'm not your women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIVERS

Just wasn't makin' any sense to me? A smart gal like winding up in this - cemetery of a town? All it needs is flowers and a headstone.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Because I run this one. The saloon, the hotel, the brothel. I couldn't face another season at the old places. Faro Dealer on the Louisiana Riverboats, a saloon girl singing and dancing in Dodge City. Missouri --

RIVERS

Dakota State prison.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

My what big ears you have..

A beat, then --

MAN

You got somethin' in your craw spit it out.

RIVERS

You wanna yell for help? Why you hornin' in?

TEX LAREDO

Careful, Miss. We don't believe in chivalry.

She tosses her drink in his face...

RIVERS

Remember something. There was never a fast enough gun that there wasn't a faster one somewhere... you come at me again dress light. I hear it's warm down there

INT. HOTEL ROOM -DAY

Nice, neat, and clean.

Rivers in fresh duds, the black string tie, shirt and pants makes no secret of her body. Even wearing men's clothes she's breathing-taking.

She hikes up her pants leg, puts spurs on.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A small congregation, a gun-totting PREACHER, 40, Ichabod Crane-esque in the midst of his sermon.

PREACHER

The Lamb opened the fourth seal
and John heard an eagle-like
animal say, "Come!" John saw...

Preacher looks scared as he sees the horsewoman slowly trots pass the window.

PREACHER

...a pale horse. Its rider was
named Death and hell followed...

INT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

Townspeople stop and pause as Rivers takes in the town-making mental notes of her surroundings, particularly Cord, and *THREE HARD MEN* -- *TEX LAREDO, JEP KESLER and RUBE MAMERUN*. These are not law-abiding men; they stand outside the land office.

RIVERS

Where you staying?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

My private suite. Second floor.

RIVERS

I'll pay my respects.

RIVERS

Are you in love with him?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

He wants to marry me.

RIVERS

That's not what I asked you.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I don't know why that would
interest you.

RIVERS

I want to stake my claim on range
that's already taken up.

She slaps Rivers, nearly knocks her out of her boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses Sierra, forces her onto the bed, they wrestle until passion takes over. She gets Sierra's dress off, she's completely naked underneath.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Goddamn you, Rivers. Goddamn you
to hell.

EXT. FORSAKEN ROCK - DAY

Rain hammers down outside. Off an ominous **THUNDERSTRIKE**.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rivers sleeps on her belly, naked, sheets around her knees. Old welts from a WHIPPING covers her back, ass.

Sierra in a rain slicker, sits quietly in a chair, eyes on Rivers. No telling how long she's been here. O.S.
THUNDER & RAIN OUTSIDE punctuate the silence.

Rivers rolls over to face Sierra.

RIVERS
You come to bed down here tonight?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
It'll be a cold day in hell 'fore
I do that again.

She helps Sierra out of her slicker to reveal Sierra wears a sexy provocative dress.

In a flash, she wrestles the gun from Sierra, Without a word - backhands her. Sierra reeling on the bed.

She kisses Sierra. Sierra resists slightly, barely. Sierra breaks away. Grabs her rain slicker...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
I'm not that easy to rope.

Sierra moves to the window, looks out. The weather matching her mood.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Rain's still coming down
wholesale. Think the good Lord is
over-stocked. We don't get rain in
these parts 'cept once in four
years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

Then they get us a real goose-drownder like this one, sorta to make up for lost time.

A beat, then--

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You haven't changed at all.

RIVERS

What made you think I had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

In four years, a person should learn something.

RIVERS

Four years ago, I met you in a saloon; now I find you in one. I don't see much change.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Except I *own* this one. This hotel. My secret brothel, too.

EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Clint stumbles arounds the thoroughfare, drunk.

Most of the Townsfolk know him, and so they also know to stay the hell out of his way.

CLINT

Who does she think she is, roaming the town like she was an honored guest or... or something.

He turns and see Mary standing there, looking at him.

DOC HALLADAY

Clint, I just want to remind you that you have a bad lung. Getting liquored up ain't going to help it none.

CLINT

Isn't there anybody in this town that's not afraid of Rivers?

Sawbones spits out a jet of brown tobacco juice and smiles, revealing a set of crud-coated teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAWBONES

Sure! Graveyard's full of them.

Clint scoffs, gets on his horse and rides away.

FADE TO BLACK.