

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

**EXT. A SMALL HOMESTEAD - DAY**

A plow is stuck in muddy earth. Mr. STANTON (60s), in a hat and filthy chaps pushes and strains to un-stick it.

MRS. STANTON, 60s, sits in a chair and crochets. A DOG, a mean-looking mutt of indeterminate lineage, barks furiously.

Sensing something, she looks up from her needle-work.

Both peer across the endless Prairie. Not a soul. But after a moment...

A RIDER appears over the horizon. Too far to know for certain...but whoever they think it is, fills them with dread... as the rider draws closer...

JEDEDIAH GANT cantors up on a fabulous pale horse, the *LONE RANGER'S BOHLIN SADDLE*; she's dressed for rugged, dusty business, not dowdy; think *Sharon Stone* in *'The Quick And The Dead'*.

GANT

Your dog's a mite unfriendly.

MR. STANTON

He doesn't take too kindly to strangers.

MRS. STANTON

Here boy...here!

The dog wines, obeys --

She brushes aside her embroidered duster coat with capelet, *Samuel Colt .44 dual action pistols in each holster*. Tucks lace mitts over her gun belt.

MR. STANTON

What can I do fer ya?

GANT

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:

Gant tips her hat, spurs her horse.

**EXT. RIM OF TOWN - DAY**

Gant reins in shy of the main road into town.

A sign; *STRANGER; Don't Let The Sun Go Down On You Here.*

A CHURCH at the mouth of the main street. STEEPLE, with bell. And in the shadow of the bell tower -- a GRAVEYARD.

No neat rows. Instead, the graves seem randomly arranged, many unmarked. Like gopher holes.

A PREACHER -- 40s, cadaverous -- sweltering in his tunic as a campfire burns amidst stones, he fires up beans.

PREACHER

Then he said also "*when thou  
makest the feast...call the poor,  
the maimed, the lame, and the  
blind... and thou shall be  
blessed.*" Luke 15.

(eyes Gant lustily)

He should have mentioned a pretty  
girl gives a man an appetite.

GANT

Save your sermons, Father--

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - DAY**

All the prerequisites of a frontier town: The town's epicenter; *THE SILVER SPUR*; a fancy 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 moves to the window, Gant ride past.

ELMER

What's wrong?

ASA

A vulture just rode into town.

**EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP/LIVERY STABLES - DAY**

SAWBONES, 50s, in a leather apron stands at the forge in which he is heating a horseshoe while pumping the bellows.

Gant grabs her saddlebag and rifle. He spots a 'Texas Longhorn' engraved on her holsters..

SAWBONES

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

GANT

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?

GANT

Would you leave a horse like that behind?

SAWBONES

Yea, see what you mean. Sure is a beautiful hunk of horseflesh you got there. He's Arabian isn't he?  
(she nods)

Look at that nose like a Roman soldier. What's his name?

GANT

Caesar.

SAWBONES

The name fits.

GANT

By chance, is there a doctor in this town?

SAWBONES

One of the best. Doc Halladay.

GANT

Hotel?

SAWBONES

Such as it is. Can't miss it, though you might want to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Who's got the best grub?

SAWBONES

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

GANT

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

SAWBONES

That'd be fair.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

It has seen better days. At the 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, FLYNN QUIGBY, 35, the town banker, DEKE, a rough-hewn man, and Mayor HAL MERCER, 40s, an air of authority to him.

Gant strolls towards the front desk. Gator appears.

GATOR

Day, week, month, miss?

GANT

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.

GANT

I'll pay when I leave!

What Gator sees in her eyes truly disturbs him. The others' notice the conflict. Deke rises up.

DEKE

Is there a problem

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

You wanna yell for help? Why you  
horning in?

Deke, flummoxed by this woman standing up to him, scowls  
in red-faced fury. His righthand is inches from his gun.

GANT

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

DEKE

Some.

He jerks for his gun, she pulls her pistol so quick most  
don't notice until she fires the Samuel Colt .44 --

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

GANT

You only have to lose one.

Wheels her gun back into its holster and scans the crowd.  
Terrified, Gator spins a registry around, extends a pen.

GATOR

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

GANT

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

Gator gives a resigned shrug of the shoulders.

GANT

Gant! Jedediah Gant.

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

CORD

Gator, inform the Marshal.

**INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

A large, well-lit saloon. Ceiling frescoes. Venetian  
glass. No expense or luxury has been spared.

Scantily-clad prostitutes, one black, are passed around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE, 40, an icy blue-eyed blonde, sexy, flashing cleavage in a Courtesan wardrobe. A neck chain with a KEY dangling from it.

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

Sierra locks eyes with Poker. A subtle nod: then --

**EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

Sierra exits through batwing doors of the saloon where she sees Gator, running, shouting unintelligible.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Gator, what in tarnation are you  
gibbering on about?

GATOR  
Gant in town.

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.

**EXT. MARY'S HOME - 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. MARY'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY**

A splendidly decorated home/office, warm and comforting.

MARY HALLADAY, 30s, warm and kind, places a letter in its envelope. She's very pretty, but in a different way than Sierra, more delicate.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Shelves of medical books. A tiny hospital with beds.

MARSHAL JIM DUNCAN, a STAR on his vest, a hard-lived man of 50, with a salt and pepper handlebar mustache, sits in a chair with a crank handle to recline.

Deputy WILL SUNDAY, 20s, a bit wet behind the ears...

MARY

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

MARY

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. Gant.

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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GATOR

She just kilt Deke.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Who drew first?

GATOR

He did. Well he tried.

Duncan almost looks relieved.

MARY

This town knows Deke's been  
bucking for this for a longtime.  
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, Deke 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.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Who's this Gant?

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.  
Gant is another altogether. A  
professional killer, an arbiter of  
fate.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

How come she's still loose?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

No one's been able to jail her.  
She shoots in self-defense. Goads  
the other fella into drawing  
first. Gator, did she say how long  
she was going to stay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GATOR

Nope. Who you suppose she's after?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Maybe she's not after anyone.

GATOR

She booked a room. That all?

MARY

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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. GANT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Gant in a crisp white shirt, black string tie, fitted  
black trousers, straps on her guns. Even wearing men's  
clothes she's breathtaking.

Hikes up a pants leg, puts on spurs. We glimpse a tiny  
holster. In it, a gun( **Boothe's derringer**). She adjusts.

A key rattles in the lock. She draws a pistol. Her caller  
is Sierra. Gant holsters.

A mix of emotions cross Sierra's face upon seeing Gant.  
There's so much history here.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

What are you doing here?

GANT

Being old friends I didn't think  
you had to ask me that question.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

But you want know until you pick  
up your mail, that right.

GANT

It's easier doing business that  
way. Not knowing. You know how it  
is, sometimes you get to thinking  
too hard on what needs to be done  
and you're liable to make a mess  
of things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sierra doesn't realize Gant's seen the BABY LeMAT  
secreted between her lovely breasts

GANT

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'll just lay it on the barrel-  
head -- there's six hours left of  
daylight. Why don't you pack up  
and move on.

GANT

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

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.

GANT

Still running cold. When comes the  
thaw?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It's more fun this way.

Sierra heads for the door. Gant grabs her arms and pulls  
her back...

GANT

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

I'm wearing one already.

GANT

You know you got to get used to  
sudden changes.

Gant pulls Sierra toward her. They kiss an inevitable,  
passionate kiss. Both consumed by it. It becomes a fury  
of arousal on both sides.

With huge effort, Sierra pulls away, slaps Gant's face,  
hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
I'm not that easy to rope.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Our MEN, mid-game, including Poker now. Cord is dealing. There is an atmosphere of tension around the table, and it is obvious that Flynn has been losing.

Poker picks up his cards. Hal makes a bet. Asa folds immediately. Cord eyes Flynn who looks pale in the face.

CORD  
Place your bet or throw in your cards.

POKER FLATS  
Know what, Cord, your poker playing and disposition seems to have two things in common, they're both bad.

CORD  
What's the matter with you? You got the heebie jeebies?

FLYNN  
That woman's a hired killer.

HAL  
I know but do you really think you can get away if it's you she wants?

CORD  
Guilty conscious.

FLYNN  
Ain't we all.

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 ridin' me? Maybe she's after you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

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

HAL

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

Gant descends the stairs. She approaches their table. Flynn nearly wets himself.

GANT

Seems like nothing happens around here without your say-so.

CORD

That's right.

GANT

Any stray bullets come my way I know who to look for.

CORD

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

Gant tosses a drink in his face.

Cord lunges at Gant who calmly draws her gun. His jaw tightens, decides he better not risk it, as Gant leaves.

CORD

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

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 Gant as if she were quicksand.

HAL

You sound like you know Gant.

POKER FLATS

Well I've never crossed trails with her, but I knew a few who did -- they're all dead.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - DAY**

Gant takes in the town- making mental notes of her surroundings, people stare. Hushed whispers.

Every window, a snapshot of a frightened face. More faces on the street. Shadowed in the doorways.

**INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY**

The barber, WADE, sits in his barber's chair reading the paper. A bearded man dressed as a PARSON enters.

Rev JOHN WILLIS PROSPERO walks slowly. Deliberately. A limp to his gait; curled jet black hair, athlete's build.

WADE

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

Rev Prospero sits. Wade gets to work. Rev sees Gant walk past the window. Recognition, shock, fills his face.

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

REV PROSPERO

*"Hell is empty and all the devils are here."* You know that's Shakespeare but you're not a fan of literature are you?

WADE

I find it all boring.

Rev Prospero grabs his hat - exits through the back.

**INT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME/PARLOR - DAY**

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

GRAM

What's this? Pills?

MARY

No, gumdrops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAM

Gumdrops?

MARY

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.

Gram 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 Gant stands there, takes off her hat.

GANT

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

MARY

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

Gant is bemused by Mary's bellicose demeanor.

GANT

Doc Mary "swan" Halladay. Is it?

MARY

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

GANT

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--

GANT

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

MARY

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

**INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY**

HENRYETTA, 40s, the proprietor, stocking shelves, looks terrified as Gant saunters in.

Gant reaches into a JAR for some licorice.

Henryetta moves behind the register, a .36 caliber Confederate six shooter is within reach. Gant drops a silver dollar on the counter.

GANT

You're a Johnny Reb, aren't you?  
I could tell by that Griswold  
you're reaching for.

YANCY, missing half his leg from the war, hobbles in with the use of a cane. He freezes when he sees Gant, taking a particular interest in his bum leg.

A beat, she knocks his hat off his head.

GANT

Show some respect.

**EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY**

At hitching rail, Mary looks on as EARL makes his saddlebags and books secure. Gives the strap a final tug, as Duncan approaches.

EARL

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Oh, it wouldn't 'cause of what  
happened to Bill Staley in Three  
Graves, would it?

MARY

Three Graves?

EARL

Formerly Skeleton Tusk. When you  
ride into town you'll notice three  
headstones that gives the place  
its name now. Three men are buried  
there. We thought they burnt out  
some settlers, murdered some  
folks. Dutch Henry presided over  
the quick trial.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARY

Interesting. A town honoring  
killers.

EARL

They were innocent. We lynched  
them by mistake. Bill led the mob.  
Everyone in town had a hand in it,  
it was shameful. We took a good  
look at ourselves didn't like what  
we saw. Everyone in town hung up  
their guns.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

They'd have strung him up anyway,  
she probably did him a favor.

EARL

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

**EXT. HOTEL - DAY**

Gant sits, feet kicked up. Two OLD GEEZERS approach, one  
wears a worn rebel hat on his head, the other a ratty  
Union army uniform.

REBEL

Ahhmm, move it, or lose it.

(she obliges)

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.

REBEL

Yee Haa!

Rebel spits out a jet of brown tobacco juice and smiles,  
revealing a set of crud-coated teeth.

Mary pulls up in her fancy ONE-HORSE CARRIAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Miss, Mary. Where you off to?

MARY

No place. Thought I'd go for a ride. I get stir crazy in this place. Course if you wanna come along, you're more'n welcome.

GANT

You know my reputation.

MARY

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

GANT

You're not afraid?

MARY

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

Gant smirks as Mary extends the reins to her.

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

A spacious corner room, the windows of which look out over the main street. Sierra looks even nicer in her show garments of the night.

Poker sits, the inevitable dice in his fingers, two this time. There is a silence except the rattle of the cubes.

Sierra pours drinks from a decanter and hands Poker one.

POKER FLATS

Well how much time did you think you had?

POKER FLATS

Ladies first.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

So you wanna play farmer in the dell. And the farmer takes a wife.

POKER FLATS

Well how much time did you think you had?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Poker gulps his in an ominous silence - remembering...

POKER FLATS  
Oh, here this new deck of marked  
cards you asked me to bring back.

He retrieves a new deck from inside his jacket and hands  
them to Sierra. As she examines them....

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Good as the last ones.

POKER FLATS  
The latest in readers. Those  
suckers never will catch on to  
those.

Sierra holds them up to a light, grins.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Watermarks. The house will clean  
up with them.

Sierra looks through the window, sees Gant and Mary.

MCGREEVES, 40s, a grizzled face. Short black beard. Red  
handkerchief around his neck, enters through a private  
door. The lead bandit.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Any luck?

MCGREEVES  
Yea, but it's all bad.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
No. Six Union regiments are  
getting their payday from Three  
Graves. Coming by stagecoach.  
Solid gold bars.

MCGREEVES  
As far as I can tell the bank is  
as empty as my pantry!

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Well, it's comin' into Three  
Graves and when it does, we're  
robbin' it.

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 with a shotgun across his legs. Duncan cleans his pistol, concern evident on his face.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Well, If she's as bad as the reports say -- the whole town's gonna sweat 'til she gets her hands on the man she's come for.

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

GATOR

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Mary? No.

CORD

You gonna pick her up?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

On what charge?

ASA

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

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

GATOR

Why sure. Besides she's only come for one man.

ASA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL 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**

River takes in the stunning scenery. Dramatic, grass  
covered bluff. Mary sits on a boulder, tossing pebbles  
into the water.

MARY

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

GANT

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

MARY

That's what I thought we I came  
out here. 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 save my husband's life.

Gant and Mary look at one another.

MARY

I'm going straight to Boston. I  
don't care if I hear of this part  
of the country again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

MARY

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

GANT

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.

MARY

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

Mary joins Gant, sits on a log, puts on her stockings.

GANT

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

MARY

It means a great deal to me.

GANT

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

MARY

You can say that.

GANT

Well, I have a job to do to.

MARY

Why do you have to do it at all?

GANT

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.

MARY

You sound like a shrink than --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GANT

-- a killer?

MARY

You're awfully nosey, aren't you?

GANT

Just professionally. Kinda like a doctor in that respect.

Mary gestures towards her pistols.

MARY

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

Suddenly, a snake rattles and rears up just a couple of feet from Mary, ready to strike.

Gant quick draws. The bullet blasts the head off the rattler, and the dead snake collapses.

GANT

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

A long beat. Gant, gun still in her hand, exchanges a look with Mary - in which many things can be read.

**INT. RANCH HOME - DAY**

Spartan interior of a lovely homestead. Reverend Prospero grabs a bottle and glass.

His seriously hot wife, MIRANDA, 30s, exits the bedroom. Her hair, face a bit unkept, straightens her clothes.

MIRANDA

I didn't expect you back so soon.

REV PROSPERO

You never do.

MIRANDA

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

REV PROSPERO

Gant is in town.

MIRANDA

I've heard the name but never anything good connected with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two of them lock eyes, a volcano of unspoken emotions.

MIRANDA

That's your way, isn't it? Back away from anything tougher than a steak.

REV PROSPERO

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

He stares hard at Miranda, pours himself another drink.

MIRANDA

That's right, pour yourself some courage. What would she want with you? You're not worth killing. Let alone a roll in the hay.

REV PROSPERO

What do you want? A punch in the nose?

MIRANDA

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

**INT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - DAY**

Flynn tears his attention away from the ACCOUNTING LEDGER to stare through a window as Gant heads for the hotel.

Flynn stands there, trembling. Sweating. Hal joins him.

FLYNN

Why do Jim let her hang around?

HAL

He wasn't much of a soldier, come to think of it, not much of a marshal, either.

FLYNN

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, but...



**INT. HOTEL - DAY**

A shaky hand pours a glass of whiskey. The hand belongs to CLINT, 30, not sober, which makes him all the meaner.

Gant crosses to the bar, makes eye-contact with Clint.

GANT

Clint.

CLINT

How did you know my name?

GANT

I read it on a wall some place.

Clint backs away from Gant, scared shitless.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - 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.

MARY

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 ain't afraid of Gant?

Sawbones spits. No time for this --

SAWBONES

Sure! Graveyard's full of 'em.

Clint scoffs, gets on his horse and rides away.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATOR  
Gant, more coffee?

GANT  
Sure. Thank you.

GATOR  
(pouring)  
And how is everything?

GANT  
Very good.

She sips coffee, winces. Would spit it out if she could.

GANT  
Sweet Jesus, that's strong enough  
to float a pistol.

A group of men enter and cautiously approach Gant. 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.

GANT  
Talks cheap. I can spare you some.

HAL  
You can drop this manhunt.

GANT  
Now why would I want to do that?

FAT COUNCILMAN  
For the good of the town. This is  
an old town. Just bare bones until  
Sierra Nevada Rose resurrected it.  
Then people came here from a lot  
of different places. And we don't  
ask questions about there past.  
All we're interested in is how  
they behave here.

FLYNN  
Whoever you're looking for ain't  
doing anyone harm now.

GANT  
I've already been paid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLYNN

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

GANT

Switching sides for money that's most unethical.

FLYNN

You're making a mistake.

GANT

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

Flynn, shaken. Him and the disgruntled men follow.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY**

A tall gallows is being constructed. It doesn't look too sturdy, not well-maintained.

Gant looks it over as she strides past. The workmen pause in their labors to look at Gant.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

Gant heads down the street. As she passes the General store, she sees Mary in the window. She can't take her eyes off Mary.

Suddenly, feeling Rivers' presence, she looks up, sees her. Mary holds Rivers' look, then turns as a customer enters the store.

Gant stands for a moment, watching her, then crosses the street, and heads to the saloon.

Marshal Duncan follows at a distance...

**INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

Sierra exits the batwing doors, surprised to see Gant; quickly feigns scorn. Duncan follows at a distance.

Gant tips her hat, heads inside. Sierra greets Duncan.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME/OFFICE - DAY**

Rev Prospero paces - strain and tension on his face. Mary  
searches a medical cabinet, retrieves a bottle of pills.

MARY  
This is a small town you can't  
sneeze with a half a dozen people  
given you cold remedies. I thought  
you put that iron away for good.

REV PROSPERO  
Things change.

MARY  
Gant?...you're not figuring on  
mixing with her, are you?

REV PROSPERO  
I've done a lot of riding.  
Sometimes in the wrong places.  
Sooner or later it's bound to  
catch up.

MARY  
Maybe you're going out of your way  
to look for trouble.

REV PROSPERO  
As long as she's in town I don't  
have to look.

MARY  
These pills will take care of your  
indigestion. Take one after every  
meal.

REV PROSPERO  
Much obliged Doc. What I owe you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

I'll send you a bill.

REV PROSPERO

Well, don't make it too steep,  
business has been kinda slow since  
Gant been in town.

As he leaves Duncan enters...

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I understand you took a ride with  
Gant. Did she say anything? Any  
hint of who she's after?

MARY

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

She rides into a town, checks into  
a hotel. Sits around for a day  
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.

MARY

You can't hang someone on their  
reputation.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Every lawman in the west knows her  
reputation.  
Here, half the town is afraid  
she's going to kill them. And  
you're riding around with her.

MARY

She seems friendly enough.

He chuckles, "*yeah, right.*" Grabs 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.

MARY

Let's see how things develop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

MARY

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

**INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

Sierra wanders through crowded tables. The saloon is  
alive with an almost holiday like atmosphere, music, card-  
playing, and dancing girls.

She nods now and again to some cowboys.

A saloon girl -- a lovely, young, black woman --  
POLLYANNA is passing around drinks.

She makes her way over to the bar, takes a drink, knocks  
it back. She turns to Clem.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Give me a bottle of our best  
whiskey.

CLEM

Who's the lucky sonofabitch?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Gant.

Clem raises his eyebrows but puts a bottle on the bar.

Sierra grabs it, making small talk, playing up to Gant  
and with unmistakable effect.

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

She offers Gant the whiskey. Gant accepts. Sierra pours.  
Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their  
low voices fire with intensity --

GANT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Which story you want to here. The one I fascinated with the life, did someone push me through the singing doors. My father was a preacher, sort of. 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. Oh I'm not trying to give you this with a piano. You asked and I'm telling you.

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

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

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

Sierra's look hardens; she'll need another tack.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
(opens a fresh deck)  
Perhaps you'd like me to tell you your fortune.

Sierra shuffles. There's an intimacy to it. 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. Uh, are you feeling lucky tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GANT

Your place doesn't come with the  
best recommendations. Crimped  
cards, loaded dice, fixed wheels.

Sierra looks at Gant. Any civility has vanished.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

GANT

Your whiskey is still watered.

Gant pounds her glass on the table. Sierra gestures --

DONNA JUANITA, a descendant of Spanish Conquistadors in  
*sexy showgirl garments, hustles over.*

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Beers...two cervezas.

GANT

No thanks. It makes one careless.  
I like to be able to tell my  
friends from my enemies.

Sierra dismisses Donna Juanita. A croupier places a paper  
before her. A beat, finally, Sierra initials it.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's his limit.

GANT

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

I'm wearing one already.

GANT

You know you got to get used to  
sudden changes.

Sierra slaps Gant's face, hard.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm not that easy to rope.

Cord approaches. A dog-step behind him is TEX LAREDO, a  
mean-looking hombre with a penchant for violence.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CORD

Any trouble?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No trouble t'all.

CORD

You don't like me much, do ya?

GANT

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

He flares at the insult - Sierra places a hand on his arm  
to stop him from striking Gant.

TEX LAREDO

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Simmer down. She's just trying to  
draw you into an inside straight  
now don't you go giving her the  
right cards.

CORD

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

GANT

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.

GANT

He a friend of yours?

CORD

He runs errands for me.

GANT

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

Tex draws his gun to coldly blow Rivers' head off. Sierra  
quickly slaps it away - his GUNSHOT goes wild.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Then SLAMS a whiskey bottle upside Tex's face, knocking him unconscious. Gant turns to Cord.

GANT

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

A tense moment... a stare down. Instead, Cord helps a woozy Tex Laredo to his feet. As Gant heads out...

TEX LAREDO

You'll GET what ya GAVE, ya bitch!  
Just a matter of when.

**INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY**

Cord presides over a meeting between Hal, Asa, and a COUNCILMAN. Snifters of brandy. The air heavy with cigar smoke. The proverbial "smoke-filled" room.

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

HAL

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.

HAL

I don't mean to criticize Jim, but I think he should bring in some outside help.

CORD

What do you got to worry about?

HAL

I'm thinking back. Same as all of us. I shot a man once. In the back Maybe he had kinfolk.

CORD

You have strange friends, Sierra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Maybe it's the way she slings her  
artillery. Texas style, low and  
handy.

Jaw clenched in anger, he knocks back rest of his drink.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Sometimes I think you stir up  
trouble when there isn't any.

Sierra lights Cord's cigar, studies him intensely.

POKER FLATS

Why you sticking up for that side  
winder? Don't you want to see Gant  
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.

Cord reaches into his coat and retrieves a letter..

CORD

Here's a letter from Dulin Cain.

HAL

Who's Dulin Cain?

CORD

He's from Salts Flat. He's broke  
and wants to borrow a thousand  
dollars from me.

HAL

What's that got to do with Gant?

CORD

He'll earn this thousand by  
rubbing Gant out.

HAL

I didn't know the Kid was a  
killer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD

He never had to be. He's the fastest man with a six shooter I ever saw.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Maybe he won't go for it.

CORD

He'll go for anything when he's broke. And if we have to we'll up the ante.

A beat, hands the letter to Hal.

CORD

There's his address. Wire him five hundred and have him come runnin'.

Hal grabs his hat, heads out, the men follow suit.

Cord pulls out a cigar - a match- Lights it. Puffs...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I thought he was your friend?

CORD

Maybe he'll get lucky.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

If you had the chance you'd through 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 - DRESSING AREA - DAY**

Mary wraps the ankle of DELTA, an older but attractive saloon girl. Sierra nearby, having summons Mary here.

DELTA

I know men like him, fuck anything in sight. And get enough of that liquor in him... let's face it, he's been ridden and it's time to change horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

It's just a sprain, not broke.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Told ya Doc would fix ya up.

MARY

Yep, a few days, you'll be able to run away from this place.

Sierra holds her hard glare on Mary.

**INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

At a corner table, Poker plays solitaire, cheating at it, to. A bottle of whiskey nearby. Gant approaches him.

POKER FLATS

Poker Flats, at your service.

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

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.

GANT

I'm not a gentlemen.

Poker Flats smirks, resumes cheating at solitaire.

POKER FLATS

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

GANT

Those sir, are the devils pasteboards.

POKER FLATS

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

GANT

I'd think so being a professional gambler?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

Interesting business you got there. Gun for hire.

GANT

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.

GANT

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

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.

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.

Poker pours himself another drink. Gant hasn't touched hers yet. Just then, Mary joins them.

POKER FLATS

Yes, siree, the finest doctor there is out west. Purgatory Gulch was a mighty sick town. Mary operated on it. Patient lost a lot of blood - but lived.

MARY

I thought you were running for state senate on the reform party ticket.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY (CONT'D)

They don't mind if the other's  
drink and gamble, but you must be  
above such things.

POKER FLATS

And give up poker playing?

MARY

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

(re: his drink)

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.

**EXT/INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

It's a festive scene all around: tables are laden with  
food near a large bonfire. Fiddler and banjo-player are  
playing a lively square dance for townsfolk.

Marshal Duncan and Mary in mid-conversation.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

There's been talk around town.  
About you and Gant.

MARY

Tongues wag no matter what I do --

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

MARY

You figure someone sent Gant after  
you?

FLYNN

More or less. Look, some of my  
investors lost money during the  
panic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLYNN (CONT'D)

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.

MARY

There's an easier way to stay  
alive. Take off that gun.

Gant enters, can sense the collective intake of breath. A  
brittle silence as their eyes flash with anger.

PREACHER

*"Behold, your God will come with a  
vengeance, even with a  
recompense."*

GANT

Don't psalm sing me -- I don't  
believe any of those stories. All  
that holy mumbo jumbo about  
prophecies don't ruffle my  
feathers one bit -- even God  
couldn't protect himself against a  
.44 Fired point blank into his  
gut.

HENRYETTA

Your beneath contempt and beyond  
redemption.

GANT

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!

Gant walks out, Mary grabs her shawl to follow.

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.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

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. ALLEY/STREETS OF FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT**

Clint hovers, anxious... makes his way cautiously through the gloom to the end of the alley.

He looks over at the saloon and Marshal's office, windows aglow -- spots Gant and Mary coming down the street.

Clint lifts the gun with a trembling hand, draws a bead on Gant in the short distance. Closes one eye, sights down the barrel. Pause. Pause....

**EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT**

The gas lights of town glow a dim orange, like stars through a mist. Gant escorts Mary home. It's close and intimate.

MARY

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

GANT

I don't know myself yet.

MARY

You mean you come all the way after someone and you know he's in this town, but you don't know who it is?

GANT

That just about the size of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

You expect me to believe that?

GANT

I don't care if you do or not.

MARY

You mean it could be anybody in this town.

GANT

Could be.

MARY

But this is ridiculous you're putting everyone in this town under suspicion.

GANT

A man's tongue can work like a shovel sometimes it can dig his own grave.

Mary's expression changes, and she screams--

MARY

No, Clint.

Gant is already in motion, spins, drawing her pistol.

BLAMM--! The report is deafening. The color drains from Clint's face as he looks down at his exploded knee cap. He CORKSCREWS. Collapses into the dirt.

Clint COUGHS and sputters, pain blasting through him. He claws through the dirt, wheezes, breathless with pain:

Mary checks on Clint, Duncan approaches.

GANT

Are you paid to take care of trouble, Marshal, or are you itching to start some?

Gant holsters her gun...

GANT

I came here to kill one man. I don't mind killing a couple of others if I have to.

**INT. MARY'S OFFICE - DAY**

THE SOUND of a SAW gnawing through BONE - IN LAMPLIGHT...

Mary amputates the LEG of a thankfully UNCONSCIOUS Clint.  
Drops the pale, mangled limb in a bloody bucket.

Duncan walks in as Mary turns with the bloody saw...

Clint comes to, convulses violently.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

(re: clint)

Are you some kinda half-wit idiot  
or just plain, goddamn stupid?

CLINT

When a man has his neck in a noose  
he'll do anything.

He grips Gant.

CLINT

Doc, you cut off my leg?

MARY

Sepsis set in, if I hadn't, you'd  
died a slow, miserable death.

Clint goes limp, then WAILS, lapsing into the most awful,  
shuddering display of pain and grief.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

The next time you come into town  
to pull a stunt like this I'll  
lock you up for so long you can  
set up housekeeping.

**EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT**

Gant strides toward the hotel, the streets empty, but she  
has the feeling that eyes are watching her.

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

GANT

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

*Gant as she rolls her Samuel Colt .44 and holsters it.*  
She studies his gun hand, a slight tremor here and there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

You cold or scared, Marshal?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Got to be cold, 'cause there ain't  
nothing frightening around here.  
Don't want no trouble here.

GANT

Then we want the same thing but  
I'm not running from it either.

**EXT. HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN - NIGHT**

Behind the saloon, a run down two-story cottage that's  
crumbling on the exterior.

**INT. HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Stark contrast from the exterior. Luxury brothel done in  
an Oriental decor. Jade, gold, and hardwood. No expense  
or luxury has been spared.

Five WHORES lounge around in sexy showgirl garments. They  
smoke, drink beer, ready to be called.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - NIGHT**

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

**INT. RIVERS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Gant sleeps on her belly, naked, sheets around her knees.  
Her back and ass **SLASHED TO RIBBONS** by Bull Whip  
beatings.

A beat. Then suddenly, right next to Rivers' ear, the  
click of a revolver being cocked. She opens her eyes and  
looks at Sierra in a rain slicker.

Above her, a .36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison  
Confederate six shooter is aimed at Gant.

GANT

You come to bed down here tonight?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Have you ever been tortured?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sticks the barrel of her smoking gun into her ribs. Gant grimaces.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Even cattle squeal when a hot iron  
sinks into their flash.

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

GANT

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.

GANT

What do you have against me?.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You ought to know.

GANT

You're talking in riddles, Sierra.  
What's in your mind?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

A picture of tree - with you  
swingin' from it.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (V.O.)

You told me you had kilt him.

FLASHBACK -- INT. CABIN - DUSK

On a dingy BED, hot sex between Gant and Sierra. But it's  
more than sex, clearly they're in love.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

(in the throes)

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN, LUKE, a beefy bad mouthed Texan  
steps in, face red angry, a double barreled shot gun in  
his hands, ready to fire.

In a flash she rolls Sierra on top of her, reverse  
cowgirl, using Sierra as a human shield, her tits AKIMBO,  
erect nipples. Sierra SCREAMS --

Gant fires! Brilliant bursts of light. Muzzle flashes  
capture Luke in a sequence of still-lives as he's thrown  
back. Six portraits. Then darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RESUME SCENE

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (V.O.)

You put me in a real pinch. And that's the kinda shooting I don't like to be in the middle of.

GANT (V.O.)

I tried twice to goad him. He was a coward. If they'd been any other way, I'd a played it differently.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You coulda got me killed.

Beat. Beat. Gant hands Sierra back her gun, then gets into a revealing purple silk nightie with Mexican-style embroidery that barely covers her ass.

Gant helps Sierra out of her rain slicker to expose her revealing tight, sexy evening gown.

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. 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, Gant.

GANT

What made you think I had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

In four years, a person should learn something.

GANT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The air between them is so charged it seems they might fight or fuck right there.

GANT

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Is that supposed to excite me?

GANT

I usually figure my women. You come harder.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm not your women.

(then)

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

Sierra slaps her. Gant slaps Sierra back. She throws Sierra down on the bed. Sierra tries to slug her, but Gant grabs her arms.

They wrestle into passion takes over.

GANT

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

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 --

**INT. RIVERS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Gant and Sierra are making love. Gant is on top of Sierra. Their bodies glisten with sweat. Gant MOANS.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Shh. The others.

Gant MOANS more, doesn't care. Sierra puts her hand over Gant mouth. She moves on top of Gant, Sierra's muffled moans barely audible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now Sierra moans. Rivers' hand shoots to Sierra's mouth. She bites down on Rivers' hand. They cum, together.

**INT. RIVERS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

They lie naked in bed - together. Sierra traces the scars on Gant back and buttocks.

**FLASH - IN SIERRA'S IMAGINATION -**

A dank cell. A MAN is striking a naked woman's backside with a bullwhip. She chained to a wall, a rag in her mouth keeps the screams to a MUTED GROAN. It's Gant.

He's brutal, emotionless and precise. We NEVER SEE the man's face, but Sierra does -- torn dress, being held by a MAN, awaiting her punishment.

Out of the FLASHBACK, Sierra tenderly kisses her scars. They talk quietly, so as not to wake the other guests.

GANT

There's a drifter in the jail.

A beat, as Sierra looks at Gant, searches her face...

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. 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.

Gant starts to get up, Sierra grabs hers arm -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Why? He some kin?

GANT

Judges interest me, especially a professional executioner.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That drifter has, one, two days at the most.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GANT

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

They look at one another, see each other, then Sierra  
releases her arm...

A freshly-FUCKED Sierra, wrapped up in a blanket, clearly  
naked beneath it, gets out of bed.

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.

GANT

You don't have to worry about me.

A beat, as Gant looks at Sierra, searches her face...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, I don't have to. You know it's  
funny, we just met, you just bed  
me, many men have but I'm worried  
about you. I know your reputation.  
Don't bury it here.

She grabs Sierra, kisses her face. They struggle and  
Sierra returns her kisses, both swept up in their need  
and longing -- holding tight to one another, as if  
holding on for dear life...

**INT. RANCH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Rev Prospero lathers his face for a shave. Miranda lies  
naked on the bed, watching him. Their eyes meet in the  
mirror, their likeness to one another undeniable.

REV PROSPERO

What?

MIRANDA

Why save it now?

REV PROSPERO

It's time for a change.

MIRANDA

Maybe it'll be harder for Gant to  
identify you. What'd you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV PROSPERO  
Always with the goddamn questions.

**EXT. BACK OF MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

THE GALLOWS loom ominously against a pre-dawn sky -- seen through the iron-barred window of a JAIL CELL.

Gant looks it over, workmen pause in their labors to watch Gant.

**INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY**

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

SAM TALBORT, an arrogant, unlikable man looks at the hangman's platform. Stoic.

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

SAM  
Yeah - a hacksaw and a gun!

MARSHAL DUNCAN  
Will you settle for a steak?

**EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

Only a few customers. Early light streams in over gambling tables draped with dust covers. Clem is busy behind the bar.

Sierra pours Gant a fresh cup of coffee.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
A saloon always makes money. When  
people are happy they drink to  
celebrate. When they're unhappy,  
they drink to forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Poker sit in a secluded corner in the nearly empty saloon. There is an empty bottle of whiskey on the table.

Poker eyes senses the awkwardness. He sees that these two have become too close for their comfort.

GANT

Where you staying?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

My private suite. Second floor.

GANT

I'll pay my respects.

As Gant leaves.... Sierra sees Poker. Their eyes meet, but Poker goes to the bar and orders a drink.

Sierra saunters over there. Poker throws back a shot and turns to her, upset.

POKER FLATS

First New Orleans. Now here. This deck has had so much bottom-dealing that it's dog-eared. Too many jokers keep turning up.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

What are you driving at?

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 my Southern hospitality.

A beat. Sierra looks at him with a strange smile. Poker is almost embarrassed.

POKER FLATS

Dynamite comes in small packages.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Dynamite can be useful if properly handled.

POKER FLATS

This is like smoking a loaded cigar -- one you know will go off in your face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Poker starts COUGHING, his bloody handkerchief falls from his pocket. Sierra picks it up and hands it to him.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Doc Mary's right? Go away in the mountains. Breathe some fresh air, eat three meals a day. Get plenty of sleep and you'll live long enough to see a lot more sun sets. But you'll probably stay and I'll have to say something pleasant at your funeral...

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sunday hangs the keys on a hook besides a poster;

*The BLACK TERROR - 'WANTED FOR ROBBERY, MURDER - REWARD \$10,000 DEAD or ALIVE.* A black hood covering his face.

Sunday seems to be lost in his thoughts for a moment, then turns back to Duncan.

DEPUTY SUNDAY  
Do you think he's still alive?

MARSHAL DUNCAN  
I don't know what to think, but I know there couldn't be two men like John Wilkes Booth. Even the devil couldn't stomach that.

Both barely look up as Sierra saunters in.

DEPUTY SUNDAY  
She's still out there.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Whadja expect?

MARSHAL DUNCAN  
She's just buying her time, waiting for circumstances to become more favorable to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
She's not after doc.

MARSHAL DUNCAN  
Is she now?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
A woman's intuition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Been asking questions about Dutch Henry.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

The Judge? You sure?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Can't be sure of anything with Gant. She plays her cards smart.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

We should warn him.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

How? He'll be here today.

**EXT. HOTEL - DAY**

Rivers strikes a match on her boot heel. Lights a cheroot. Rebel and Yankee are playing chees out front. She watches them:

REBEL

I got a bullet in my chest from one of you Union men. Doctors said it missed my heart by a penny.

YANKEE

Wasn't me.

REBEL

How do I know that?

YANKEE

I wouldn't have missed.

Rebel chuckles. Then something catches Rivers eyes:

Miranda heads for the bank. She wears a purple crepe dress, promenade hat, and a parasol. Her eyes are on Rivers, and vice versa.

REBEL

Sure is purty, ain't she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YANKEE

Ha, what you see in the little  
sage hens more than I'll ever  
know.

RIVERS

Old timer. She got a name?

REBEL

Ya know, I'm getting plum  
forgetful.

YANKEE

Miranda, you old fart. Married to  
that Rev Prospero. The one with  
the limp.

Rivers raises an eyebrow, crosses the street.

**INT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY**

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

He holds up his pistol, aims it at Gant, 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. BANK OF FORSAKEN RUN - DAY**

Dottie and Rivers exit the bank -- they talk barely above  
a whisper.

MIRANDA

I know who you are.

RIVERS

By reputation?

MIRANDA

No, by your notoriety. Truth is  
I've been wanting to talk to you.

RIVERS

We might talk bout it sometime.

She moves to her buggy, Rivers helps her up. Dottie  
forces a smile at a PASSERBY...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Oh, not down main street too many eyes on ya. Too many tongues start wagging.

(Rivers tips her hat)

If you happen to be riding down by snake canyon road I might be swimming there.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - MAIN STREET - DAY**

Hal and Cord walk towards the bank.

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

**INT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - FLYNN'S OFFICE - 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.

Now wildly pointing his gun at them. Flynn stumbles backwards. In the b.g., townsfolk doing bank business look on.

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.

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. You know why? I'll tell ya because the mark of Cain is on you'll heads too. Tell them what you done, Cord. How you robbed that payroll on the stagecoach. Remember --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

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

Suddenly Hal lunches, 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 OF PURGATORY GULCH - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY**

A solemn Mary examines Flynn's body, half his face is  
missing. She covers it with a blanket.

Duncan and Sunday look on. She puts her stethoscope away.

**EXT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - DAY**

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

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!

GATOR

Ain't seen nuthin' like it.

Gant can feel the townsfolk accusing eyes bore into her.  
Even Mary's. Gant heads towards the hotel.

**INT. RIVERS' 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?

GANT

I wasn't surprised.

Gant goes to the basin to wash her hands.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARY

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

GANT

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.

MARY

And that makes it all right.

GANT

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

MARY

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

GANT

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?

Mary just looks at her, emotional, torn.

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cord, Hal, Asa, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL

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

Duncan takes the book from him and reads, then looks up -  
as Sierra hurries inside.

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?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

(turns to Mary)

No offence, doc.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There will be no new city  
ordinance. It'll cut into our  
revenue. We need to stop the  
bleeding. It's best to cut off a  
toe, then to lose a leg later.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

That talk's easy, but were dealin'  
with a killer that'll gun you down  
as fast as she'd look at ya.

HAL

What would you suggest?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'll handle it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now I've kept this town safe up  
'til Gant 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. 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.

Duncan moves to the gun rack and grabs a COLT DOUBLE-  
BARREL SHOTGUN and sets it on the desk.

**INT. HOTEL - DAY**

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

She eyes his gun hand, a tremor or two. The tremors stop.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I come to tell you to get out of  
town.

GANT

Why?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

GANT

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.

Duncan raises the shotgun... but before he gets it  
halfway up, Gant fires. Duncan's HAT FLIES OFF!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

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?

GANT

Your name's not on the bullet.

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Duncan's at his desk. Mary presses a cold compress on  
the top of his head. He runs a finger through the hole in  
his hat.

MARY

At least she ain't here for you.

Sunday pauses as he glances at Duncan.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

I've got a wife and a body, Jim.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I understand. Go home, kid.

Sunday unpins his badge, promptly lays it on his desk.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

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.

(then)

There's just the quick and the  
dead with Gant in between.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN (CONT'D)

The jackals will inherit the Earth  
- at least this part of it - and  
they're welcome to it.

MARY

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

A quart of whiskey works just as  
well.

Mary borrows a bullet from Duncan's gun belt, then --

MARY

Have you'll ever really seen one  
of these up close? 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.

HENRYETTA

Now what's all that supposed to  
mean?

MARY

Gant - this town is priming her.  
She's being pushed and sooner or  
later she's going to explode.

HENRYETTA

Now why are you telling us this?  
Where do I fit in?

MARY

Somewhere between the firing pin  
and the percussion cap.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - DAY**

Gant strides up the boardwalk. Townsfolk nod  
respectfully, as --

A horse with spools of rope and a stern-looking man in  
his 40s canters up. He wears a black coat and PREACHER'S  
COLLAR. This is JUDGE DUTCH HENRY 'The Hangman' BROWN.

But Dutch Henry fixes his steely gaze on Gant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Well, if it isn't the honorable Judge Dutch Henry Brown. Heard you was some kind of preacher as well as being a hangman.

DUTCH HENRY

Executioner.

GANT

None of my business, but what do you charge for a hanging, Judge?

DUTCH HENRY

You're right, it isn't your business but I'll tell you. I was to be paid one thousand dollars to hang this man Rawlings.

GANT

A thousand dollars. You're sure right when you said your fee was substantial.

DUTCH HENRY

You can't go around terrorizing the citizens.

GANT

Who's going to stop me. You?

DUTCH HENRY

The law, public opinion, decency.

He continues on towards the Marshal's office.

**INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY**

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Stay out of it. I'll handle her.

DUTCH HENRY

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

SAM

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH HENRY

You were sentenced to be hanged -  
not lynched!

He pulls out a piece of paper and pencil.

DUTCH HENRY

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

SAM

I tell ya' they got it wrong.

DUTCH HENRY

There's a saying, if you hang an  
innocent man the rope turns him  
around clockwise when the wind  
blows so if we make a mistake  
about you we'll apologize later.

**EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

DULIN CAIN, a brutal-looking outlaw, rides along the dark  
street, drawn irresistibly toward the tinkling MUSIC,  
lights, and hubbub of the Silver Spur.

He *dismounts*. A *Colt Peacemaker* with *pearl handle*  
*glinting at his right hip*.

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

*Sierra sits behind her desk. Cord sits on the other side  
of the desk beside --Dulin, a hand wrapped around a glass  
of bourbon.*

CORD

*Five thousand dollars.*

DULIN

*Five? 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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DULIN

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

CORD

*Huh?*

DULIN

*That's a lot of money for Gant  
scalp. Why do you want her so bad?  
What about the other's around  
town. 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? I don't move a  
finger until I know more.*

CORD

*There's another, Dexter  
Pennyworth. He's the other big  
powerhouse. He doesn't want to  
start a range war -- so he hires  
out Gant to kill me. Why you think  
we're buying up all that line for  
cheap. The railroad, this places  
is really going to boom.*

GANT

*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.*

DULIN

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CORD (CONT'D)

*First I need you to get that farmer off his land. Now after that it's a different story.*

CORD

*Well I'll be telling it to her.*

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

*You may not like how it ends.*

*Dulin bristles at the challenge to his competence.*

*Dulin quick draws, puts it back in his holster, draws again and proceeds with gun tricks. He is impressive.*

*A beat, he gets up to leave -*

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 Dex. 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.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

Well one of this days your hide  
gonna trip you up for good.

CORD

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

Cord pulls out a cigar - a match- Lights it. Puffs...

**INT. LIVERLY STABLES - DAY**

Gant enters the stable, goes to Caesar in one of the  
stalls. She strokes his face...

SAWBONES (O.S.)

I shoed and fed him.

Gant turns to Sawbones, nods her appreciation. Gant  
appears. He looks sharply at Gant. With some heat --

DULIN

They say you're pretty good with a  
gun.

GANT

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

DULIN

My name's Dulin Cain. Maybe you've  
heard of me.

GANT

Can't say I have.

This remarks irks Dulin, but he presses on.

DULIN

That's nice. I've heard of you to  
Gant. Seems like it's about time  
we met, don't it. Especially since  
I'm gonna kill ya. That's right.  
I'm gonna put a bullet in your  
hide that they can't dig out.

GANT

Mind telling me why you're after  
my scalp?

DULIN

Folks have been talking about you  
more than they do me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DULIN (CONT'D)

*Let's just say I don't want to see  
you hang from a rope.*

*The two face off squarely. The tension draws tight.*

DULIN

*Me and you got a date real soon.*

GANT

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

*Dulin snorts with laughter... leaves.*

**EXT. CEMETARY - DAY**

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.

DUTCH HENRY

If anyone wishes to say  
something...

A beat, his remarks gives the townspeople pause, then--  
Gant trots up on her horse.

PREACHER

You did this.

GANT

I've done nothing. A man's guilt  
is his own burden. Nothing you can  
do about that.

With that, she spurs her horse and rides off.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE - DAY**

Gant strides towards Dutch Henry, his sleeves rolled up,  
inspects the gallows with a fine tooth and comb.

Not pleased one bit, as he confronts several townsfolk.

DUTCH HENRY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat, he grabs a hammer and some nails.

DUTCH HENRY

Just as dead, yes, 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?

The men nod.

DUTCH HENRY

Now bring some more lumber.

GANT

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

Dutch Henry all but ignores Gant.

GANT

Pretty wife, you got there.

DUTCH HENRY

Why, you dirty...

He goes for his gun, but he's not wearing it. A beat, Dutch Henry looks ashamed for almost taking the bait.

GANT

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

INT. RIVERS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's dark in here with the curtains drawn.

Sierra and Gant relax in warm water and suds in a grand silver bathtub. She grabs a pouch of coins, tosses them to Gant.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Thought you might like to pick up a little stray business? You'll be glad you did for thirty-thousand in gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

What you do rob the US Mint?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, the train carrying U.S. Army gold shipment. Up near Fort Abraham Lincoln last year. My boys pulled that job.

GANT

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.

GANT

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!

She rises, soapsuds clinging to her body. Mesmerized, Gant watches her step out of the tub-- towel off.

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.

GANT

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat, Sierra grabs her nickers and Courtesan wardrobe, and dresses as she gestures towards Gant guns...

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

GANT  
Well that would be unethical. I  
can't take another job until I  
finish this one.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Then don't be surprised if it  
remains unfinished permanently  
There's a gunfighter from Salts  
Flat in town. Johnny Rain. Cord  
hired him to kill you.

**INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Gator is strumming his guitar as Cord strides in.  
A nervous Gator looks up.

CORD  
What room is Sierra in?

GATOR  
She said she'd shoot me if I told.

Suddenly - a DERRINGER POPS into Cord's hand from a metal  
sliding apparatus concealed under his jacket sleeve.

CORD  
I'll shoot you! Now is she with  
Gant?!

He makes eye contact with Sierra, coming down the stairs,  
who registers surprise and suspicion at Cord's presence.

Off Cord's glare, Sierra regards him with equal contempt.

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

Cord paces as Sierra enters. Cord promptly confronts her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Overtures bore me. If this is  
gonna be an opera than sing!

CORD  
I'd like to know where we stand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Same way we always stood.

CORD  
That's not good enough.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
What's wrong with it?

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
That's an unhealthy habit. You ain't got no antlers on your head you wouldn't look good mounted over a fireplace.

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 they'll deal us out completely.

Finally he let's go of Sierra.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 ever after, 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.

CORD  
So it was no accident. You did  
kill 'em.

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

**INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY**

A bit farther off, Poker Flats. He has a PRETTY WHORE on  
his lap. She giggles.

At a poker table, Dutch Henry, Cords, Hal, mid-game.

DUTCH HENRY  
Black aces and eights.

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

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

Sierra 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.

DUTCH HENRY  
Yea, what's that?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE  
Lucky at card. Unlucky at love.

Gant pushes through batwing doors into the saloon.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GANT

Please, gentlemen. Don't get up.

Gant moves towards the poker table, pulls a chair from the next table and sits opposite Dutch Henry.

The men stare at Gant. Beat. Beat.

DUTCH HENRY

So what brings you here, besides interrupting my leisure time?

GANT

Judges interest me.

HAL

Don't give Gant any excuses.

CORD

She's counting on you trying, Judge.

Cord takes a puff of cigar: Gant turns to him.

GANT

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

A beat, Dutch Henry dismisses Cord and Hal.

DUTCH HENRY

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

GANT

And how I operate isn't?

DUTCH HENRY

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

GANT

Sometimes dead men leave ghost's behind.

DUTCH HENRY

You're a dangerous woman. You know how to kill and you're not afraid of dying.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUTCH HENRY (CONT'D)

The moment I saw you I could see  
that you are lost, and pain and  
suffering follow where you lead.

GANT

Save the sermon for church.

DUTCH HENRY

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.

DUTCH HENRY

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

Gant studies him a long moment, then --

DUTCH HENRY

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.

**INT. FORSAKEN RUN - DAY**

Gant and Mary walk along the sparsely populated sidewalk.  
Sierra jealously watches their interaction.

They are quiet for a few moments. Finally --

GANT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

How about hittin' them in the arm?

GANT

A wounded man can still kill you.

MARY

Clint? And what about the Marshal?

GANT

I felt in a charitable mood today.

MARY

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

GANT

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.

MARY

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

Suddenly, Dulin appears, approaching Gant slowly and ominously.

Sensing a gun fight, purely instincts, Gant whispers to Mary, who leaves, eyeing them both. A crowd forms.

Dulin and Gant face each other across the clearing. Their eyes locked onto each other. Neither moves for what seems like forever. Dulin smiles...

Sierra steps off the boardwalk and puts her hand on a post. She looks back and forth between the two.

Dulin sees her, but her only real concern is Gant. Poker sees Sierra, too.

GANT

I can shoot the venom out of a snake's fang at 30 feet. Come any closer and I'll kill ya.

MARY

Gant, if I had a conscience as black as yours, I'd put a bullet in my brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gant snorts with laughter...

GANT

That's a gambler's bluff.

GANT

Call it.

Dulin draws his gun with great speed, but--

Gant draws faster and fires-- bang!

A stunned, wide-eyed Dulin drops, weezing, BLOOD oozing from his chest. Mary goes to him, nothing she can do for him.

Duncan pushes through the gathering crowd. The others' are in silent disbelief.

**INT. MARY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY**

Gant and Mary are finishing a southern meal with all the fixings in the kitchen/sitting room.

Gant 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.

MARY

They'll lynch us.

GANT

No one's lynching anybody.

Gant kisses her again, as they begin doing what they've both wanted to do for sometime.

**INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - NIGHT**

Like a deathwatch. Cord, Poker, Asa, the Preacher; townfolks crammed around them, eyes fearful, most who've had one too many to drink.

Vern peers out the window, checks his guns. A GUN-THUG, a bearded bruiser of a man,

PREACHER

The wrath of the Lord must move through his servants.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Evil has come to us and it must be driven out.

HENRYETTA

Are you just gonna stand there and let your spine's turn to jelly. Why don't you do something, stop her. There's not enough guts among you to make one man.

PREACHER

She's imposed on our town long enough.

(then)

Folks, *"be not afraid of sudden fear...neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh."* Proverbs, uh, 3:25.

They exchange looks between themselves. No they're even more fired up, hooping and hollering.

Cord pops a crate to reveal a cache of rifles. Folks pass them out. Henryetta hands one to Sawbones, but he doesn't take it.

HENRYETTA

Never figured a war hero for a coward.

SAWBONES

I'll go with you, but I won't throw lead. I swore thirteen years ago I'd never shoot at another man again. I ain't startin' now.

Sierra nods, hands out badges.

HENRYETTA

We'll make it legal.

HAL

Now don't go antagonizing her - she's meaner than a rattle snake.

HENRYETTA

Oh shuddup! You're so chicken hearted I don't know how you had guts enough to ask people to vote for ya.

(then)

Deputize 'em. And be quick about it.

**EXT. PURGATORY GULCH - NIGHT**

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

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Marshal Duncan writes in a diary.

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

All of them panicked. Duncan tries to establish order.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now just wait a minute don't stampede. Crowds can get unruly, Preacher. Our common problem is a matter for the law. Let's all keep calm, and talk about this like civilized folks.

CORD

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

DUNCAN

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

Sierra and Poker push through the crowd and join.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Jim's right. Gant will take plenty. We're not vigilantes! This is the wrong way to handle this thing.

ASA

There comes a time when there's nothing left to do but take justice into their own hands.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's lynch law.

CORD

Are you sticking up for that sidewinder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm in the same boat as the rest of you. In fact I have more at stake than any of you but this would be mob action without authority.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

And that's the type of fight Gant is prepared for. Can't you see that's her game to egg you on into starting this fight and then plead self-defense.

DUNCAN

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

POKER FLATS

I'll give ten to one... and I don't even like your chances, but I'm a gambler and I play the odds.

CORD

Look, Jim, no lawman can wolf it alone.

(lying)

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

HAL

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

**EXT. FORSAKEN RUN - NIGHT**

Streets empty. Ominous. Just then an angry mob exits the MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE, lit lanterns, head towards Mary's office.

**INT. MARY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Their passion PEAKED...Rivers, sweating, panting, rolls off Mary, who, cuddles with her, soothing Rivers to rest...to sleep..

MARY

You stand for everything I've always hated. Violence, bloodshed. You kill and I love you. I have from the first moment I met you. I can't help it. I knew you wanted me too.

They hear POUNDING on the front door.

A naked Mary gets up, nipples erect, tresses wild, rushes to the window, sees the MOB. Alarmed. Rivers joins her.

VERN (O.S.)

Hello in there!

MARY

Stay in bed. Doctor's orders.

Mary shrugs on an attractive robe, quickly brushes her hair with dubious results.

**EXT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME - NIGHT**

Mary steps on the porch, SEEING the lynch mob out front. About two dozen or so. Lit torches burning hot.

MARY

What can I do for you?

VERN

That depends. I hear Gant's hold up in there with you.

HENRYETTA

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

MARY

Vigilantism strikes me as bad medicine sometimes worse than the disease it sets out to cure.

VERN

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

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HAL

Go easy, Vern. 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.

MARY

Well in that case, you better start riding.

VERN

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

MARY

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

Poker pushes his way threw the MOB, handkerchief to his mouth as he coughs up more blood. Nods to Mary.

POKER FLATS

...Evenin', doc.

(turns to the mob)

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

Poker coughs. It bends him over, getting violent. He's at the end. Mary goes to him, bends him straight up.

ASA

Ain't no one gonna do no harm to doc.

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

Vern and several men, who are clearly frightened, rifles in hand, take a few steps towards Rivers.

VERN

We're ordering you out of town.

RIVERS

You getting tired of living?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEMP

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 town. 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.

VERN

There's enough guns behind me to take care of you.

Gant moves towards the mob, who steps back.

The men, unwilling to pull their triggers, don't know what to do.

VERN

Guess I hafta do it my goddamn self!

Vern goes to fire. Gant shoots. BANG! Vern screams. Blood sprays. Vern's gun hand goes limp... his gun falls to the ground.

She eyes the other's, now discouraged by the speed with which that pistol appeared in Gant's hand.

RIVERS

Get your hands off those guns your covered and my fingers might slip.

Gant takes in the MOB. Their angry, terrified faces from every angle.

RIVERS

Now stay where you are and listen before you start shooting, make sure your draw is fast and your aim is straight cause I'll shoot back and keep shooting as long as I'm able.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Hold it right there! And-and put away your weapons!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The mob turns to see... Duncan pushes his way to the front of the crowd. Pistol pointed. He shakes.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I'm still Marshal 'round here!

The men swap unsure, resigned looks. Guns go away.

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. And she's committed no crime. These are the rules set forth in a civilized west. 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.

RIVERS

You surprise me, preacher -- 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 above 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. There was a lynching not far from here. Three Graves they call it now. A newspaper is a voice and you raised that voice against those boys and hammered away and made the town think they was guilty even before a trial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ASA

The whole town was responsible.  
Why pick on one man.

RIVERS

Two. Sheriff locked in his own  
jail. He let the mob get to him.

Duncan can't look at her. Can't look at them, guilt  
etched in his features.

RIVERS

So one word out of you Asa, and  
you're seconds from being nothing  
but an obituary notice in your own  
paper!

RIVERS

Now I'll stay here until I'm ready  
to leave. Now I warn you: If you  
come against me again, you'll  
dress light. I hear it's warm down  
there.

Dutch Henry stands quietly, after hearing it all.

DUTCH HENRY

There have been words of great  
bitterness tonight...hatred,  
incrimination. Echoes of the  
anguish of pain and the past. And  
perhaps their were ghost here too  
who are listening to us. And if  
they were -- one might have had on  
his lips...a verse that he quoted  
often in his life. From the bible;  
"if the house be divided against  
itself it cannot stand. And his  
name was Abraham Lincoln."

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Only certain thing right now is  
that Gant's days are numbered...  
now go home you dang fools.

The crowd disperses.

**INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mary enters a cell. There are two cots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Consumed with guilt and self disgust, Duncan cleans the dust off one of the cots, sits on the edge, motions for Mary to sit on the other cot.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I apologize in advance for the accommodations. Please.

He pours himself a full whiskey and drinks it down, then pours another. He barely looks up as Mary comes in.

MARY

You fall off the wagon already?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I was more mad at myself than anything for letting it get this far.

MARY

You're a good man, Jim. You've done a good job with this town. I guess when you're a doctor folks think you can fix everything, tired sore hands an bullet holes but that's not true I'm scared to death sometimes.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

The rain comes down hard. Lightening followed by thunder. Gant follows, but as she passes a storefront alcove --

Mary in a long cape and hat, covering her courtesan wardrobe, REACHES from the shadows and pulls her around the side of the building.

Rivers' gun, pressed squarely to her ABDOMEN. Shit. She holsters her gun.

Pelted by the rain, Mary's back is pressed against another building to shield her from view...

MARY

You know Gant you're a special case. I never known a gun to wear a woman before.

A silent moment. Mary looks away, then at Gant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

I don't know how I got the idea in my pretty little head that you could change. You wouldn't last long without those guns, Gant. 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.

Their faces are this close. They are both soaked from the rain. They search each other's eyes for a beat, then--

MARY

You have to go! You have to leave here now! Can't you see what you've done to this town. I want you to go. Please.

Gant takes her face and kisses her long and hard.

Mary throws herself against her, as if having leapt off a bridge, into Gant arms. She kisses Gant back with all her force.

The sounds of their ardor are drowned out by the storm-- they push and pull at each other, lost in lust.

MARY

You're sick with hating, aren't you? Why don't you just get it over with.

GANT

I'll finish it a little everyday.

A flash of lightening illuminates Sierra, in the distance, watching them.

Mary breaks the kiss, overwhelmed with sadness, runs off. Gant watches her go.