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in Order of Work Performed)

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

MRS. STANTON (60s) Runs in a chair and crochets.

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

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

Sensing something, Mrs. Stanton looks up from her needlework. 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.

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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

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

Fastest horse in these parts. By chance, is there a doctor in this town?

SAWBONES

One of the best. Doc Halladay.

GANT

Hotel in town?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAWBONES

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE
Is there a problem

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 --

Her bullet hits him in the shoulder. His gun still in its holster. Deke goes down screaming and rolling.

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.

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CONTINUED:

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

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, a gorgeous Southern Belle, warm and kind, places a letter in its envelope.

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.

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CONTINUED:

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?

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. STAGECOACH - MOVING - DAY

The rocking inside is bad and getting worse.

DOC ADAMS, 40s, a black-bearded man, his skin flecked
with scars, monocle deep in a cavernous eye in his Sunday
best, stares out the window.

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CONTINUED:

Beside him, LOLA, 20s, a pretty Southern Belle.

Across from them, TOBY, 30s, liquored-flushed, and not a pleasant-looking man. He drinks from a flask.

ADAMS

My friends from the east were mistaken. This is beautiful country.

TOBY

Yeah, paradise.

ADAMS

This land could be lush and fertile. It merely calls for men of industry and imagination. Don't you agree? All this country really needs is water.

TOBY

Yeah that's all hell needs too.

ADAMS

People of civilized lands have long agreed that purgatory is a state of mind.

TOBY

Well this is uncivilized land, Mister, so you better prepare for a different state of mind.

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAIN AREA - DAY

A "WELL FARGO" stagecoach barrel's along the road past hills covered with scrub pinon pine and mesquite.

Two old geezers in the box. REBEL handles the reins, wears a worn rebel hat. YANKEE, the shotgun guard in a ratty Union Army jacket.

A MASKED BANDIT on horseback, leaps out and grabs the lead horse. The stage lurches and almost overturns as it slows to a stop.

Two more BANDITS, handkerchiefs covering their face, have jumped out onto the road ahead and have them covered.

RINGLEADER

Now chunk down that hardware.

Rebel and Yankee don't resist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RINGLEADER

Out of the stage and quick.

The passengers disembark,

RINGLEADER

All those in favor of staying
alive raise your hands.

(they all do)

Now throw down that mailbag.

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

He dumps letters on the ground, searches the mail as his cohorts keep their guns trained on Rebel and Yankee.

INT. RIVER'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.

Sierra stares at her a long, tortured beat. There is so much history here.

GANT

Nice quite town you got here.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

GANT

Sounds like a law abiding town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

You think she's after you, Hal?

HAL

What would she want with me?

CORD

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

HAL

Could be anyone. Why are you ridin' me? Maybe she's after you.

CORD

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

HAL

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

POKER FLATS

The avenging angel they call her yet the Lord said "*vengeance is mine.*"

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. Then, all of a sudden—Cord lunges at Gant who calmly draws her gun.

Cord's jaw tightens, decides he better not risk it, as gant leaves.

CORD

You're pretty tough with those guns strapped around your waist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD (CONT'D)

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,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. BANK OF FORSAKEN RUN - DAY

The "WELL FARGO" stagecoach rolls down the main thoroughfare and pulls up to the bank.

Rebel and Yankee dismount, opens the door as the passengers disembark.

Flynn exits the bank, checks his pocket watch. Duncan follows. Sierra moves through the assembled townsfolk.

FLYNN

What held you up, Rebel?

REBEL

Bandits. We ain't get there names either.

FLYNN

The strongbox?

Rebel and Yankee unloads the strongbox.

YANKEE

Right here. I guess they didn't wanna wait for the mail to be delivered.

Duncan and Flynn trade confused looks.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Gant. Sometimes she receives her target general delivery.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

No, gumdrops.

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 counter, a .36 caliber Confederate six shooter is within reach.

Gant drops a silver dollars on the counter.

GANT

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

A customer with a limp enters, freezes when he sees Gant, staring at his left leg, then at him. 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

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

MARY

Interesting. A town honoring
killers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. That's when Skeleton Tusk became Three Graves. 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. Mary pulls up in her fancy ONE-HORSE CARRIAGE.

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 Gant.

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

Ladies first.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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. There's another stage tomorrow.

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CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

McGreeves... 'fraid it's too late.

MCGREEVES

Well how much time did you think you had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(then)

You know the stage road between here and Three Graves?

MCGREEVES

Sure, like a book.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's a chartered stage coming through there about a day after tomorrow. It'll carry a banker named Stockton and one hundred thousand in cash. I want that loot.

MCGREEVES

Clear enough.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 --

GANT

-- a killer?

MARY

You're awfully noseey, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. FORSAKEN RUN - THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Clint stumbles arounds the thoroughfare, drunk. Most of the Townsfolk know him, and so they also know to stay the hell out of his way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! Boot Hills across the west
are full of 'em -- more than there
were Union soldiers in the Battle
of Bull Run.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

This is a small town you can't
sneeze with a half a dozen people
given you cold remedies.

(off his look)

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. Baiting 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

In this case, the reputation is the woman. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POKER FLATS (CONT'D)

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

*INSERT CUT: INT. CABIN - DUSK, in 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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (V.O.)

You told me you had kilt him.

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.

*INSERT CUT: INT. CABIN - DUSK, THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN,
LUKE, a beefy bad mouthed Texan steps in, face red anqry,
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 --*

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

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 --

MARY

Like Deke, he won't be able to use his gun hand again. The slug severed his nerves and tendon. His fingers will have no grip.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. Pillar lies naked on the bed, watching him. Their eyes meet in the mirror, their likeness to one another undeniable....

REV PROSPERO

What?

PILLAR

Why save it now?

REV PROSPERO

It's time for a change.

PILLAR

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

REV PROSPERO

Always with the goddamn questions.
(lying)

Robbed a saloon in Kansas.

Rev Prospero enters a dim Spartan bedroom. SLAPS Pillar. Grabs her by the hair and drags her across the room and throws Pillar to the bed.

REV PROSPERO

Get off your clothes. Give me the trench.

He begins to take off his pants and shirt. Pillar exhausted --

PILLAR

Please...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REV PROSPERO

*Off with it! you whore! Or I'll
tear it from your body, leaking
tits.*

*Pillar tries to hold back the tears as she undresses,
preparing for her dutiful rape...*

EXT. BACK OF MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

THE GALLOWES 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 and Sunday move to Sam's cell.

SAM

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

DEPUTY SUNDAY

He's dead.

SAM

No he ain't.

Sam stares at them, then laughs.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHAL DUNCAN
Will you settle for a steak?

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

A beat, then Marshal Duncan turns to Sunday --

MARSHAL DUNCAN
Will, see if you can intercept
him.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Gator reads the Epitaph. Gant descends the steps, gazes at Gator, who tries discreetly to put the paper away, but Gant reaches over the desk and takes it.

She studies the headline: "The Death Rider."

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Sierra wanders through crowded tables. The saloon is packed. She nods now and again to some cowboys.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Sierra joins Gant, eyes the unflattering article about Gant. Sierra pours them drinks.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I had an idea that paper might catch up with you. You don't miss much when it comes to your reputation.

GANT

It's my stock in trade, Sierra. It's all I've got.

(reading the article)

Notorious gunslinger of the west, by Jo Hart. Time has come when we must be strong and rid ourselves of Billy Kid... John Wesley Hardin's, and Gant who make a joke of the law.

A beat, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I told Asa who runs the paper that the only thing you have in common with them is a shootout when you meet...

INT. EPITAPH - DAY

The place looks deserted, no one here except Gant who walks in as the BELL on the door CHIMES.

A rifle barrel is shoved through the curtains as a nervous LOLA, lovely, auburn-haired, steps out from back.

LOLA

Keep your hands where they can be seen. Up in the air.

GANT

To paraphrase Shakespeare - our names are advertised by our loving friends. You can put that gun up I'm not here to cause any trouble.

Gant looks for a reaction from Lola, who just says-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOLA

What do you want, Gant?

GANT

I was hoping to have a friendly chat with the editor.

LOLA

Anything you say you can say it to me.

GANT

You're the one who wrote that article.

LOLA

Articles Gant. A whole slew of them.

GANT

You mind if I take my hands down. Where they can be seen.

Lola studies Gant for a beat, then--

LOLA

All right, but don't try anything funny. If you think you can intimidate us you're mistaken. We stick by what we said.

GANT

I'm glad you do because I believe in sticking to what I say, too. The only question now is you could be wrong.

LOLA

I doubt it.

GANT

You know anything about me?

LOLA

Enough to know what you stand for: violence - the law unto yourself.

GANT

The law is only a word unless it's backed up by the truth. The truth is something your article doesn't have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOLA

That's your opinion.

GANT

You don't seem to be afraid of me.

LOLA

I'm not.

GANT

Yet you give everyone the idea that I shoot down men in cold blood.

LOLA

Don't you, Gant. Have you ever heard of Bill Salters? Who should cuz you killed him.

GANT

You tell me something, you ever here of Yancy Smith, the man he shot dead in the back?

LOLA

I'm sorry, but that doesn't excuse you from taking the law into your own hands.

Gant steps closer in a none threatening manner. Lola staggers back, almost loses her footing.

LOLA

Stay where you are or your liable to find yourself blown out that door.

GANT

You'd be taking the law into your own hands, wouldn't you?

LOLA

I'd have no choice.

GANT

That's the way it was with Slater, he gave me no choice.

Asa enters, sees Gant, nearly wets himself. He goes to Lola, takes her gun away, puts it aside, then turns back to Gant.

ASA

Something I can do for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She tosses the paper on his desk, looks like she would put a bullet in Asa's brain right now.

GANT

Let's just say, someone is no admirer of your work.

Asa holds, seriously unnerved. Gant goes.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

CORD

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

Suddenly Hal lunges, but Flynn doesn't aim it at him. Instead, turns it on himself, and... a shot rings out!

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

INT. BANK 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Now I've kept this town safe up 'til Gant got in town. And I'll continue 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 Talbort, 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

JEBEDIAH GANT, 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 --Gant, a hand wrapped around a glass of bourbon.

CORD

Five thousand dollars.

GANT

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

CORD

You're not complaining we offered too much.

GANT

You know I am.

CORD

I don't get you.

GANT

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

CORD

Huh?

GANT

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

GANT

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.

GANT

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD (CONT'D)

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.

GANT

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

GANT

Well I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You may not like how it ends.

Gant bristles at the challenge to his competence.

CORD

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

Sierra hesitates, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

The devil will get her some day.

CORD

I'd like to help.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gant 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 -

GANT

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. 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...

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Gant 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 Gant eyes:

Dottie heading for the bank. She wears a purple crepe dress, promenade hat, and a parasol. Her eyes are on Gant, and vice versa.

REBEL

Sure is purty, ain't she?

YANKEE

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

GANT

Old timer. You got a name?

REBEL

Ya know I'm getting plum
forgetful.

YANKEE

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

Gant raises an eyebrow, crosses the street.

EXT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - DAY

Dottie comes out, heads for her buggy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Allow me to introduce myself.

DOTTIE MIRANDA

I know who you are.

GANT

By reputation?

DOTTIE MIRANDA

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

GANT

We might talk bout it sometime.

DOTTIE MIRANDA

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

(then)

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

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 --

GANT

They say you're pretty good with a gun.

GANT

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

GANT

My name's Jebediah Gant. Maybe you've heard of me.

GANT

Can't say I have.

This remarks irks Gant, but he presses on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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?

GANT

Folks have been talking about you more than they do me. Let's just say I don't want to see you hang from a rope.

The two face off squarely. The tension draws tight.

GANT

Me and you got a date real soon.

GANT

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

Gant 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.

GANT

Ain't any of you going to say something over the departed?

PREACHER

May the Lord have mercy on your miserable soul for taking the life of an innocent man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

VERN

May you rot in purgatory as a fitting reward for your evil sins. And if I deserve anything decent it's to live long enough to see you hang.

GANT

You stop cussing me or I'll drop you right between those graves.

DUTCH HENRY

Talk like that'll only buy you room and board with the devil himself. Don't you know it's sinful to word fight over a fresh graves.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

A small RANCHERO that has seen better days as EL NEGRO, 30s, black, fit, eye-patched, takes Sierra's horse while DONNA JUANITA, a descendant of Spanish Conquistadors, who's lead many men to ruin, sits with her back to a wall, her Mexican dress pulled up, legs spread. Only a tequila bottle hides her genitalia...

INT. RANCHERO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nice little romantic suite.

VERN HUNTINGTON, a beefy redneck rancher, getting back into a fine riding suit. A bottle of rye whiskey stands on the night table.

Sierra watches idly from the canopy BED, her head propped on her hand. The hint of a smile.

VERN

Jesus, Sierra -- I don't know!
'Bout two thousand head of cattle on this drive.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Sooner or later that railroad is coming through here anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERN

Well i want it to be later. Much later even if it means getting rid of Cord. Understand?

VERN

For at least a few more years than he can have this forsaken town. By that time we'll have everything we want and be far away. Doesn't that appeal to you?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Well that depends on where we go and how far we go...

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

There's a commotion from down the hall, then someone pounds on the door relentlessly.

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Just a minute, I am not yet decent.

Sierra, grabs her nickers and Courtesan wardrobe.

INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

Cord sits himself in a chair. Gant comes in his face, hard now, looks straight at them.

GANT

No need to get your blood in a boil, Cord. Just because your woman pays a call on an old friend.

CORD

Old friend?

GANT

That news to you. Imagine a smart operator like you missing out on a fact like that. They've been hitched a longtime ever since New Orleans.

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. *Gant, still nude, standing before the basin, wets a towel and soap, takes a whore's bath.* Sierra lie naked in bed, draws on thin black cigarette, her eyes taking in 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.

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!

Sierra joins her at the basin, grabs her from behind. Kisses her scars tenderly, lovingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH HENRY

Yea, what's that?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Lucky at card. Unlucky at love.

Gant pushes through batwing doors into the saloon.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Gant escorts Mary along the sparsely-populated sidewalk. Suddenly, Gant appears, approaching Gant slowly and ominously.

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

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

Sierra steps off the sidewalk on the other side of the street and approaches, her eyes on Gant.

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.

Gant snorts with laughter...

GANT

That's a gambler's bluff.

GANT

Call it.

Gant draws his gun with great speed, but--

Gant draws faster and fires-- bang!

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

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

Gant starts away. Mary runs after Gant.

INT. MARY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

MARY

Tell me something...did you have to kill him? How about hittin' them in the arm?

GANT

A wounded man can still kill you.

MARY

You let Rex live.

GANT

He can't shoot with his left.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 hand 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CORD (CONT'D)

(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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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!

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DUTCH HENRY (CONT'D)

"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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. GANT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Pippa is talking to Gant who inspects that necklace.

PIPPA

Don't kill my husband.

GANT

He tried to kill me.

PIPPA

Clint hasn't fired a pistol in years.

GANT

Then he shouldn't wear one.

PIPPA

He's not a coward. He won't beg for his life, but I'm not that courageous. I do beg you.

GANT

You should be telling that to him.

PIPPA

I have. He won't listen.

GANT

What makes you think I would.

PIPPA

Do you want me, Gant? Do you want me to stay with you tonight. Or ride away with you? I'm offering myself to you on any terms you want. But let him live.

GANT

Your husband is a stubborn man. He won't give up his fences so why should he give you up?

PIPPA

I'll tell him I no longer love him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

He'll only come after you and it would still have to end the same way.

PIPPA

You're not cruel, Doc's been close enough to you to know. Why do you act this way?

GANT

Mmm

PIPPA

He's afraid of you but he's not a weak man. He'll die before he runs.

GANT

Then that's the way it'll have to be.

GANT

Where did you get that necklace from?

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

MAN

You seem to go for this necklace a few hours ago. Somethin' wrong with it now?

WOMAN

There's plenty wrong with it.

MAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

WOMAN

Don't be slick about it, xxx. When I heard about the stage hold up it became clear as day.

MAN

I hope I'm wrong, Marsha about what I think you're tryin' to say. Suppose you come right out with it.

WOMAN

Alright, you pulled off that hold up. You killed those passengers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

That's what I thought you meant.

WOMAN

I thought I knew what I was doing when I took up with you. A card shark and a cheat. Sure, so what. I'm no Angel. The things I've done in my time would make a girl's hair stand up on its end. But cold blooded killing is not one of them. Even I draw the line someplace. Get out of my sight, Clem, you and I are through.

MAN

Is that the way you want it?

WOMAN

You bet I'm sure.

MAN

You could be wrong you know.

WOMAN

Am I? Where can you get something like that, they're aren't a store for miles where you could get something like that.

MAN

I underestimated you, Marsha. That's a very shrewd deduction.

WOMAN

I'm shrewd alright, just about in every department except when it comes to picking the right man..a Draw a deuce every time. Get out, get out of town, or --

MAN

Or what?

WOMAN

Rangers come in mighty handy.

He slaps her around.

MAN

You shouldn't have said that, marsha. There's nothing I detest more than taking your troubles to the law.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN

Get away from me. Get out of my room...

MAN

A card game, he was losing bad. That necklace was all he had left so he threw it in. He had aces and eights...a dead man's hand... He claimed I was cheating. He draw first. I was faster... only it didn't happen that way...he didn't have a gun. I paid witness to see it my way, it was ruled self-defense. That necklace was all he had left so he threw it in...

MAN

Who did this to you?

WOMAN

No one...

MAN

Who?

WOMAN

I don't ask the law for any favors -- that way we keep out of each other's way.

MAN

The law might not be fast but it catches up sooner or later.

GANT

Okay, Hackett, we'll start even.

MAN

Against you Gant there's no sych thing as even.

GANT

Make a move. Give me an excuse.

MAN

I got my hands up.

GANT

Just put one of them down. That's all it takes to draw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN

Not against you, Gant. What's it prove if I come ins econd.

GANT

So far you've won 'em all or was that because there ba ks were tuned

MAN

I can make you a rich man, Gant. There's fifty thousand in that bag there. It's all yours.

She takes his gun, tosses it away...

GANT

Now if I drop my gun you can grow a spine.

EXT. PULGATORY GULCH - NIGHT

The rain comes down hard. Lightening followed by thunder.

Rev prospero, broad brimmed hat pulled low, moves through town, the steady click-click-click of his walking stick on the wooden sidewalk.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The church steeple stabs the sky -- the highest point in town. Suddenly a bolt of lightening STRIKES the steeple, igniting it on fire.

A fire alarm goes off. Rev prospero moves into the shadows.

INT. BANK OF PURGATORY - NIGHT

Rev Prospero trans his gun on the new Bank Manager.

REV PROSPERO

Open your safe, NOW --

The Bank Manager doesn't move. Rev Prospero presses his gun into the back of the Manager's head --

REV PROSPERO

You open that safe or prepare to meet your maker -

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT--

Townspeople have rushed to try to put out the spreading fire. Despite the punishing rain, the church blazes.

Townspeople, drenched from the rain, have formed a bucket brigade as they try to put out the raging fire.

INT. BANK OF PURGATORY - NIGHT

Rev prospero is emptying a safe: bills, pieces of gold, pouches of gold dust.

The office has been turned upside down. The Manager's body lies in the middle, in a puddle of blood.

MAN

What is he doing with this? Why would he keep this particular article?

ASA

Same old lies. Listen to this. Report of death of John Wilkes Booth. April 24, eighteen sixty-five. Reports have been received of the assassination of President Lincoln...John Wilkes Booth was killed last night at Garrett's farm near Port Royal Virginia.

(then)

I remember seeing this very report at the office. And thirteen days of the greatest manhunt in the nation's history. Booth and two heavily armed accomplices took refuge in a barn where federal agents ignited after vainly calling on the assassin to surrender. Booth permitted his accomplices to surrender then either shot himself or was wounded by one of the men surrounded the conflagration. The circumstances are not definitely ascertained. He died several hours later. According to reputed eyewitnesses his last words were useless. By an odd coincidence the location of the fatal wound was identical to the martyred President's. The man that was captured at Garretts barn was never proven to be Booth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASA (CONT'D)

To this day the authorities haven't revealed where the body was buried.

WOMAN

Why not?

MAN

Because the whole thing was trumped up by men hand and glove with Booth and his gang. Men in high places. Still in power.

MAN

Northerners

MAN

In cohorts with the leaders of the Confederacy. Lincoln's murder was a treacherous conspiracy to rob us of the fruits of victory. Why was he left unguarded? Why was the telegraph shut off? By official order. And the Potomac bridge. The only bridge by which he could escape. Why was it left open that far side of Garrett's barn? The trial of his accomplices a secret. And They were young with hoods over their heads and a gag in their mouths.

WOMAN

And booth himself?

MAN

Still alive. There's been reports of him from Texas to California. Places in Boston.

MAN

Wilbert? I believe you said his first name was Jogn.

MAN

He limps. One of the Assassins caught one of his spurs on one of the flags draped over the President's box when he jumped from it to the stage at Ford's theatre. It broke his leg. Dr. Mudd was sent to prison for setting it. He testified he'd be maimed for life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN

No, if you knew the kinda person he is...

MAN

Shakespeare, this clipping, the resemblance, the name. What more do you want?

MAN

Why you can't be serious.

MAN

Does he seem like a man from the stage to you?

MAN

If I were the fugitive you clam me to be would I call myself John Wilbert. A name so simiular to the other? Or would had been wiser for a desparate hunted man to assume a name completely different.

MAN

Pride. Vanity. The very vicarious contempt of the criminal. Does that answer your question?

MAN

We've all heard the rumors before about Booth being alive. But we've also heard talk about marshal Nay upon. And what about the fountain of youth..they've Been looking for it for a long time and I don't think they've found it.

MAN

Well the death of Ceasar and Lincoln have certain parallels.

MAN

Explain that limp?

MAN

Congenital defect, childhood accident. I could give you many explanations but I'm sure you wouldn't accept any of them. What leg did he limp on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN

I don't know, right, left, it don't matter.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sawbones hurries in.

SAWBONES

Jim, you got to get back to the land office at once! Preacher is steaming up the crowd about Gant. There's talk about burning him out.

GANT

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

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

Sierra wanders through crowded tables. The saloon is packed. She nods now and again to some cowboys.

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

Rivers.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She offers Rivers the whiskey. Rivers accepts. Sierra pours them drinks.

Nearby, seated beside Poker, Codd can barely keep his eyes off them.

Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their low voices fire with intensity --

RIVERS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

RIVERS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(switching gears)

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

RIVERS

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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?

RIVERS

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

Sierra looks at Rivers. Any civility has vanished.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

RIVERS

Your whiskey is still watered.

Rivers 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.

RIVERS

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

A beat, Sierra dismisses Donna Juanita.

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's his limit.

RIVERS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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

CORD

Any trouble?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No trouble t'all.

CORD

You don't like me much, do ya?

RIVERS

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 Rivers.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

CORD

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

RIVERS

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

TEX LAREDO

Maybe you can hear me better.

Tex lays a hand on his pistol's grip.

RIVERS

He a friend of yours?

CORD

He runs errands for me.

RIVERS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

Rivers SLAMS her pistol upside Tex's face, knocking him unconscious. She cocks her gun to finish Cord off.

RIVERS

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

Rivers steps back, wheels her gun into its holster.

A challenge. Cord is growing distressed. A woozy Tex gets to his feet, dusts himself off. Rivers exits.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Easy, Tex. Let's not go off half-cocked. You're too quick tempered.

TEX LAREDO

I've got a right to think.

CORD

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

TEX LAREDO

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

CORD

It want do a bit of harm to let her get one day older. We've gotta move two thousand head of cattle north in a few days, at twenty dollars a head, and I can't afford you to me messing with my money. Now after that it's a different story.

TEX LAREDO

Well I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You may not like how it ends.

Tex bristles at the challenge to his competence.

INT. CAVE OF OUTLAWS - DAY

A spacious cave, lit by oil lamps hanging on the walls, along with Quantrill's black flag. Horses tied up nearby. Bedrolls laid out.

Two hard-bitten outlaws, RUBE MAMERUN, and JEP KESLER, squat over a pan-roasted rabbit, which they eat with cloth napkins and silverware.

Sierra stares off into the darkness as Poker joins them.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Any trouble?

RUBE MANERUN

Yeah, with the sheriff. They need a new one now.

EXT. HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN - NIGHT

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

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.

Half-a-dozen WHORES lounge around in sexy showgirl garments. They smoke, drink beer, ready to be called

Sierra nods now and again to *HARD 'N' READY MEN*, all grizzled vets of the Civil War in battle tested uni's - who either nod back or tip their hat to her.

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

Shabby, run down brothel. Threadbare curtains hang at the cracked windows. Worn down tables, furniture, and chairs litter the room.

A dirty saloon style bar sits along the back wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROSTITUTES in sexy showgirl garments. Some so worn through exposed breasts are on display, wander through the clientele of *HARD 'N' READY MEN*.

In the corner, Sierra and Henryetta stand in the shadows, watching everything that happens, not missing a thing.

HENRYETTA

How long you gonna let Gant interfere with our business?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not any longer than it take me to find a way to get rid of her.

HENRYETTA

It's high time. Our boys can handle her.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

JEBEDIAH GANT rides along the dark street, drawn irresistibly toward the tinkling MUSIC, lights, and hubbub of the Silver Spur.

He's young, vain. A pretty boy. A Colt Peacemaker with pearl handle glinting at his hip.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

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

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

CALICO KID

I came to see Gant.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles and nods as Duncan hurries over.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

CALICO KID

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

Quickly throwing his pistol in its holster...

CALICO KID

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

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

CALICO KID

I'm listening.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Keep your guns holstered until you clear town.

CALICO KID

And suppose my business calls for other plans?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

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

As Duncan leaves...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Two drinks then get out of town.

CALICO KID

You given orders?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALICO KID

He shoot him in the back?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

STAR on his vest, a weathered man sits, 50s, with a salt and pepper handlebar mustache. This is SHERIFF LANGSTON BANKS.

Bound with the rope is "LEFTY" HASTINGS, early 40s, bald, scraggly beard. He addresses a third, baby-faced bountyhunter, JENNINGS, 20s. He spits brown, real sympathetic.

SPRAK. A match is struck and lights a lantern, revealing the grizzled face of MCGREEVES, 40s. Short black beard. Red handkerchief around his neck. Head

Molly's eyes squint, Cody's go wide. He sees a fat, blackbearded man, his skin flecked with scars, monocle deep in cavernous eye. This is SAXON LAZAR, 40s, notorious bandit

GANT

What kind of girl are you anyway?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not as bad as you think, Not as good as I'd like to be.

GANT

That's no answer.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Well that's no kind of a question. You have to take people the way you find them.

GANT

Gant you got everyone in this town buffaloed and afraid of their own shadow. Well you're not going to push me around.

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

Lavishly furnished, richly decorated in pastels and lace. Doors lead to adjoining rooms. A CONFEDERATE FLAG hangs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A near-naked Sierra saunters to a memento box, her sheer peignoir robe she wears flutters open revealing a small gun belt strapped to her thigh. In it, a Baby Lemat presses against her flesh.

She removes the FALSE BOTTOM in a memento box.

Unfolds a wanted poster; JOHN WILKES BOOTH - 'WANTED FOR MURDER - REWARD \$100,000 DEAD OR ALIVE. A crude likeness to the Reverend Prospero, much younger, minus the beard.

Sierra returns the poster to the box.

Sierra goes to a GRANDFATHER CLOCK in her boudoir. She opens it, revealing a HIDDEN STAIRCASE inside. Gant comes in...

As soon as Sierra shuts the door behind Gant, Gant moves in and kisses her. Her hands roam inside Sierra's robe.

There's a commotion from down the hall..

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Just a minute please, I am not yet decent.

Sierra rises slowly, elegantly. She stands before them in flickering candle light... and lets her silk robe slip off one shoulder.

She unbelts her robe and lets it open, revealing she's naked. Except for one thing: An ornate steel CHASTITY BELT, complete with padlock.

Sierra pulls off her neck chain with a KEY dangling from it. She hands it to Gant and lays back on the bed Gant.

POKER FLATS

I'm a gambler and I play the odds.

PREACHER

And so I say turn back brothers and sisters for the way of the flesh is the way of destruction... for he who only thinks of earthly pleasures... and he did not the Commandments of the Lord is riding straight for hell's fire...and brimstone

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You better have your minds made up by the time you meet Gant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

She'll give you no chance to
change it. Good luck.

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 youm?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Gant is beating us at our own
game...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'll send berry, kane over they're
both quick on the draw

MAN

It's becoming more evident me and
Gant have to settle this with gun
talk

MUNCY

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

HENRYETTA

How long you gonna let Gant
interfer with our business?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not any longer than it take me to
find a way to get rid of her.

HAL

It's high time.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the velvet love nest of an expensive room in Sierra's
secret brothel...

Scantily-clad WHORES and a handful of men, grizzled vets
of the war, some half-clothed in Confederate Greys;
kissing, sucking, fucking in the most intense orgy since
the reign of Caligula.

Sierra and Henryetta in revealing evening dresses hover
in the corner, soak in the debauchery as they talk.

A fancy saloon style bar sits along the back wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SERRA NEVADA ROSE
How long will you be staying.

POKER FLATS
Well I was going to stay a week
but I'll be takin' the next stage.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Why? You afraid of Gant?

POKER FLATS
No, no, not exactly. Just when I'm
with you I feel like I'm living
through the last days of Pompei.

Sierra looks through the window, sees Gant and Mary.

PETE MALONE and WES PARKER, two hard-bitten cowboys enter
through a private door. Two of the bandits.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Any luck?

WES
Yea, but it's all bad.

PETE
There's another stage tomorrow.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
No. You know the stage road
between here and Three Graves?

PETE
Sure, like a book.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
There's a chartered stage coming
through there about a day after
tomorrow. It'll carry a banker
named Stockton and one hundred
thousand in cash. I want that
money.

PETE
Clear enough. Let's go Wes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

I outta warn you, miss. This is
crane Dillion you're slapping
leather withr

MAN

It's becoming more evident me and
Gant have to settle this with gun
talk

MUNCY

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

HENRYETTA

How long you gonna let Gant
interfer with our business?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not any longer than it take me to
find a way to get rid of her.

HAL

It's high time.

A beat, then -

MUNCY

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

GANT

He a friend of yours?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

He runs errands for me.

GANT

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

Gant lunges at Gant. She grabs his cock with one hand,
her pistol with the other, and shoves it under his chin.

Gant un-cocks the pistol and then lets go of his balls.
Gant folds up slightly, hands to his aching nuts.

MAN

It's becoming more evident me and
Gant have to settle this with gun
talk

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Let's not go off half-cocked.

GANT

I've got a right to think.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

GANT

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It want do a bit of harm to let her get one day older. Now after that it's a different story.

GANT

Well I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You may not like how it ends.

POKER FLATS

Bass Reeves picked up Wes and Duke.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

POKER FLATS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Somethin' in your craw, spit it out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You seem to be mighty worried about Gant. What are you driving at?

POKER FLATS

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.

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..

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Work for me. I could use a woman like you. I'll give you thirty percent of the take.

GANT

I already have a business you know. I'm getting a hundred percent of it, remember?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You don't look like the kind of woman that would pass up opportunity.

GANT

I'm usually listening when it knocks. Sometimes I knock myself.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Be my partner, Gant, and they'll be more money than you ever saw, and such a good life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GANT

Your offer is very tempting.

Sees A COUPLE walk hand in hand, then turn into an alley.
The

man presses the woman against the wall, devours her in a
kiss.

The woman tears at the buckle of his belt. The man yanks
at

the draw string of her dress, pries it open. Runs his
hand against her breasts ...

She tosses her head back and emits a moan so passionate,
it almost sounds angry.

She raises her leg and wraps it around his waist as he
tears at the buttons of his pants, then thrusts himself
inside her.

Shea pulls his pistol so quick most don't notice until
the

barrel is pressed beneath the dealer's chin.

GANT

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Which story you want to here. The
one I fascinated with the life,
did someone push me through the
singing doors. I was born in the
Sierra Nevada Mountains under a
chuck wagon. My father was a
preacher, sort of. No church. I
mean he never been ordained or
anything. But he somehow got the
idea in his head that the whole
world was wrong and it was his job
to set them right again. So he
went around preaching to anyone
who would listen, sometimes even
those who wouldn't listen. Oh I'm
not trying to give you this with a
piano. You asked and I'm telling
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GANT

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

INT. CAVE OF OUTLAWS - DAY

A spacious cave, lit by oil lamps hanging on the walls, along with Quantrill's black flag. Horses tied up nearby. Bedrolls laid out.

Two hard-bitten outlaws, RUBE MAMERUN, and JEP KESLER, squat over a pan-roasted rabbit, which they eat with cloth napkins and silverware.

Sierra stares off into the darkness as Poker joins them.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Any trouble?

RUBE MANERUN

Yeah, with the sheriff. They need
a new one now.

EXT. RUSTLER'S CANYON - DAY

A series of caves on a rocky slope. Donna Juanita wearing a flattering shirt, skirt, and six shooter, looks down a dark smudge on the plains.

We see a trail into town. Below, a SINGLE RIDER appears.

Donna Juanita puts her spyglass to her eye: POV: It's Gant walking her horse.

BACK TO SCENE. Donna Juanita spins, rifle up -- sees Poker and Sierra standing behind her.

POKER FLATS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You got somethin' in your craw
spit it out.

POKER FLATS

I wanna know why you're
entertaining a Yankee spy, a fire
breathing southerner like you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sierra sees Gant below. Not seeming to give too much of a shit, Poker sips from a flask.

POKER FLATS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

POKER FLATS

Dynamite comes in small packages. You got to burn yourself on a fuse before you admit it's lighted?

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.

DONNA JUANITA

Señora, best place for a clean shot.

Donna Juanita draws a bead on Gant. Shuts one eye, sights down the barrel. Pause. Pause.

Sierra grabs the barrel and lowers it.

EXT. RUSTLER'S CANYON - DAY

Gant rides into the canyon, reins in her horse, checking her perimeter. She has no idea where she is.

She dismount, walks around. Looks up at the hills. The sound of horses hooves from behind. A rider approaches.

Gant turns to find Poker riding up on her rear.

GANT

You're quite a tracker, Poker. You been in the military?

POKER FLATS

I've done my time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He withdraws a flask and takes a drink as they move on, cantering down the canyon together.

POKER FLATS

I was with the 118th Regiment,
Pennsylvania Volunteers. That ring
a bell?

GANT

Yes, Ne'er-do-well slacker Pvt.
Hemp Johnson who deserts the
cavalry. The "winter soldier," one
who joins the Army in winter to
enjoy the warm barracks, and then
deserts when the weather improves.
Well it's the dog days of July.
Who side are you own anyway?

Poker looks back at Gant, his alignment yet unclear. In the distance, Gant notices smoke signals.

POKER FLATS

The second one today. What do you
think?

GANT

We better get to some high ground.
If there's a way up there...

POKER FLATS

I'll find it. I like a barber for
my haircuts.

INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

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

CORD

Five thousand dollars.

JOHNNY RAIN

*Five? I didn't expect you to make
such an offer.*

CORD

*You're not complaining we offered
too much.*

JOHNNY RAIN

You know I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

I don't get you.

JOHNNY RAIN

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

CORD

Huh?

JOHNNY RAIN

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

JOHNNY RAIN

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.

JOHNNY RAIN

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.

A beat, then -

CORD

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

JOHNNY RAIN

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY RAIN

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

JOHNNY RAIN

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It want do a bit of harm to let
her get one day older. First I
need you to get that farmer off
his land. Now after that it's a
different story.

JOHNNY RAIN

Well I'll be telling it to her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You won't like how it ends.

Johnny bristles at the challenge to his competence.

Johnny 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 -

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

Up until now the only way you figured you could hurt him was by fucking his wife. Now you got another way you dump her for that colored bitch. Always the biggest and the best so you can brag. Well one of this days your hide gonna trip you up for good.

CORD

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

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Stanton looks up from her work. Both peer across the endless Prairie. Not a soul. But after a moment...

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

The rider draws closer...

A horsewoman cantors up on a pale horse, *The Lone Ranger's* Bohlin Saddle; she's dressed for dusty, rugged business, not dowdy, sexy. Think Sharon STONE in the *Quick And The Dead*; whom will come to know as GANT.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gant brushes aside her embroidered duster coat with capelet, tucks fingerless lace gloves over her gun belt.

A Samuel Colt .44 dual action holstered pistol.

MR. STANTON

What can I do fer ya?

GANT

How much further to Sulfer City?

MR. STANTON

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

Gant tips her hat, spurs her horse.-----

Draws her Samuel Colt .44 and shoots Montreaux right between the eyes. Gant is a quick draw and deadly.

It's all over in a matter of seconds.

Montreaux draws, Gant snags his hand, twists it, wrapping his arm backward around his waist. With him still gripping his pistol --

Gant fans the hammer as she whirls, blasting the Comancheros off their feet, as they try and rush her.

With a final yank, Gant pulls the pistol from Montreaux and crashes it down on his skull.

GANT

Give my regards to those below.

Draws her Samuel Colt .44 and shoots Montreaux right between the eyes. Gant is a quick draw and deadly.

It's all over in a matter of seconds.

She wheels her gun into its holster and exits.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'll just lay it on the barrel-head -- What are you doing here?

GANT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's three 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.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

A GHOST TOWN. The only sound is the WIND as it carries down the street in a cloud of dust.

A fine pale horse, sporting the *LONE RANGER'S BOHLIN SADDLE*, OK, a replica, is tethered to a post.

Emerging from the dust like apparition...

Our RIDER, a scarf swaddles her face. All we see are her eyes, a haunting look in them of a woman who's danced with the devil and lived to tell the tale; she's dressed for dusty, rugged business, not dowdy; think *Sharon Stone* in *'The Quick And The Dead'* whom will come to know as GANT.

INT. SALOON - DAY

The SMOKE is thick, funneling in cross-pockets. The joint is half-packed with unsavory types, drinking, laughing and arguing.

Gant enters. The men look her up and down, grin. Laughter & cat-calls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Five COMANCHEROS at a table. PERCY and MONTREAU, the leader of a mongrel mix of Indian, Mexican, and white. They're dirty, brutal, bandoleers crisscross their shoulders.

Percy nudges Montreaux and asks who is she. Montreaux shrugs -- he doesn't know.

MONTREAU

You got something in your craw
spit it out.

GANT

If you know any prayers you better
start sayin' now.

PERCY

I suppose you're leading the
services.

She brushes aside her embroidered duster coat with capelet, revealing the coup de grace; *Samuel Colt .44 dual action pistols in each holster.*

She tucks lace mitts over her gun belt.

MONTREAU

Do I get the pleasure of knowing
your name before we kill ya?

GANT

Names are for tombstones.

A nervous laughter... they rise, fan out.

PERCY

I've had enough of this shit. If
names is for tombstones, then yurs
is goin' up on one right now.

GANT

Give my regards to those below.

Gant is lightning-fast -- draws BOTH GUNS AND FIRES THEM-- instantly taking down TWO MEN-- FIRES and nails Montreaux.

It's all over in a matter of seconds.

She wheels her gun into its holster and exits.

EXT. HOMESTEAD - DAY

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

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

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

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

Sensing something, Mrs. Stanton 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...

Gant cantors up. She lowers her scarf, purses her dry, blistered lips, sun-leathered face...

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 --

Gant brushes aside her embroidered duster coat with capelet, tucks fingerless lace gloves 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.

Gant tips her hat, spurs her horse.

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

It's dark in here with the curtains drawn. They fuck as if their lives depended on it-- passionate, intense, nothing held back.

Both are silent so as not to wake the hotel guest. Locked in a struggle, it's THAT personal-- as if any sound would be an admission.

Gant lies down next to Sierra, adjusts the pillows so she's comfortable. Sierra hands Gant a pouch of coins.

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.

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.

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 turns from her look, as if she's just been caught.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees River's conflicted position, leans to her, an aside-

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.

A beat, Sierra 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. Jebediah Gant. Cord hired him to kill you.

There's a commotion from down the hall, then someone pounds on the door relentlessly.

Sierra hops up, grabs her nickers and Courtesan wardrobe.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Just a minute, I am not yet decent.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAM

What's this? Pills?

MARY

No, gumdrops.

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.

POKER FLATS

Quiet. Gentle like until you cross her. Then she's like a rattler. Just naturally unwraps herself. Why I seen her toss six slugs into a fella's belly button and never seen her draw her guns.

MAN

She probably got wise when you got caught

MAN

Now don't go trying to cover her tracks in my boots

MAN

Well you probably said somethign when you went in theer to look around.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

The saloon is not crowded. Rivers' at the bar. Sierra joins her. Clem puts a bottle down and pours them drinks.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I was born in the Sierra Nevada Mountains under a chuckwagon. Never got much higher. Anything was a step up. My mother was part paubelo. My father was a boss hand in Texas. Grew up there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Must have been a tough life.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It was alright as long as I was with my father. After that it was either the Apaches or cowpokes. Not sure which one was worse. You know, let's go look at the moon. That was on clear nights. Rainy weather, it was like let's go inside the barn and pitch a little way. You probably played that game yourself. After my ma died, I headed to San Antone and became a dance hall girl. I was a whore at 16, and I never went without anything.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Gant wanders up to the barred window where the POSTMASTER stands at the counter.

GANT

I'm expecting a general delivery letter.

He rummages through mail, pausing long enough, then...

POSTMASTER

Got nothing her fer ya.

GANT

When is the next stage through here?

POSTMASTER

Noon tomorrow.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Down the street a "WELL FARGO" stagecoach is rolling down the main thoroughfare. Sierra and Poker comes out of the saloon.

The stagecoach has pulled up to the bank.

EXT. BANK OF PURGATORY GULCH - DAY

In the box, two old geezers. REBEL, ties down the reins, wears a worn rebel hat. YANKEE, the shotgun guard in a ratty Union Army jacket.

They disembark. Flynn exits the bank, checks his pocket watch. Duncan follows. Sierra moves through the assembled townsfolk.

FLYNN

What held you up, Rebel?

REBEL

Bandits. We ain't get there names either.

FLYNN

The strongbox?

Rebel and Yankee unloads the strongbox.

YANKEE

Right here. I guess they didn't wanna wait for the mail to be delivered.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Gant. Sometimes she receives her target general delivery.

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.

SERRA NEVADA ROSE

How long will you be staying.

POKER FLATS

Well I was going to stay a week but I'll be takin' the next stage.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Why? You afraid of Gant?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POKER FLATS

No, no, not exactly. Just when I'm
with you I feel like I'm living
through the last days of Pompei.

Sierra looks through the window, sees Gant and Mary.

PETE MALONE and WES PARKER, two hard-bitten cowboys enter
through a private door. Two of the bandits.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Any luck?

WES

Yea, but it's all bad.

PETE

There's another stage tomorrow.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No. You know the stage road
between here and Three Graves?

PETE

Sure, like a book.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's a chartered stage coming
through there about a day after
tomorrow. It'll carry a banker
named Stockton and one hundred
thousand in cash. I want that
money.

PETE

Clear enough. Let's go Wes.

INT. RANCH HOME - DAY

Spartan interior of a nice homestead.

A muscled black man is having doggy-style sex with a
seriously hot wife, DOTTIE MIRANDA, 30s. She struggles to
take him, overwhelmed by his size and strength.

MIRANDA

Jeez, easy, you're thicker than a
tree stump.

She freezes, hearing a DOOR OPENING.

MIRANDA

Oh, God. It's him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs his clothes, a SILVER BADGE pinned to his shirt. The naked Miranda, nipples erect, tresses wild, ushers him towards a window --he jumps, butt naked.

INT. RANCH HOME - DAY

A very lovely, frontier home. The room is comfortable in a simple way. Rev Prospero grabs a bottle and glass.

Miranda exits the bedroom, her hair, face a bit unkept, casually 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.

He stares hard at Miranda, pours himself another drink.

MIRANDA

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

REV PROSPERO

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

He reaches for the glass and fills it again. Miranda just glares at him.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

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

*Frank and Hemp approach, lay hands on their pistol grips.
JASPER joins them, a shifty, beady-eyed rogue.*

FRANK

I'm ordering you out of town.

GANT

You getting tired of living?

HEMP

*The town don't want no trouble
here. Just get out of town. You're
not welcomed here.*

FRANK

*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.*

*All this commotion has attracted some attention and
amusement from passersby.*

*Gant draws, almost faster than the eye can follow - her
GUNSHOT bites Frank in the shoulder. He grabs at it, goes
down screaming and rolling in the dirt.*

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

GANT

*Get your hands off that gun your
covered and my fingers might slip.*

MAN

The odds are a little heavy on
your side. Gant, you're dead. The
bullet that'll kill you ain't
caught up with you yet, but it
will.

MARY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GANT

I'll finish it a little everyday.

VERN

It's becoming more evident me and Gant have to settle this with gun talk.

Gant looks at Gant a long time and laughs.

MAN

I know you don't like us hanging around town, but I never thought you'd employ boggiemen to scare us away. Well it aint against the law to be friends with outlaws and boogymen haven't scare me since I was a toddler.

INT. MARY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CANDLE LIGHT. Gant and Mary sit in warm water and suds in a silver bathtub. They hear POUNDING on the front door.

She RISES, soapsuds clinging to her body. Mesmerized, River's watches her step out of the tub--

She rushes to the window, sees the MOB. Alarmed. Gant joins her.

INT. SIERRA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Gant, back in her corset, garters, and stockings, searches the room, the drawers, lots of lingerie.

EXT. RANCHERO - DAY

A small RANCHERO that has seen better days as EL NEGRO, 30s, black, fit, eye-patched, takes Sierra's horse while DONNA JUANITA, a descendant of Spanish Conquistadors, who's lead many men to ruin, sits with her back to a wall, her Mexican dress pulled up, legs spread. Only a tequila bottle hides her genitalia...

Duncan and his deputies move towards Rivers' table and he pulls up a chair

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Stranger you have business in this town or you just passing through?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIVER

I don't see what business that is of yours, you should mind your own cause this doesn't concern you.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Stranger you are welcomed to stay and have a drink but this here town is a peaceful one and we don't want no trouble from strangers. So if you can't mind yourself then you should head out of here before the sun sets.

GANT

Sheriff, you don't know what trouble is but it's coming and you ain't going to know what hit you when it does.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Just the same you heard what I said and I am not to remind you again. You stay peaceful or leave town.

He gets up, and exits.

INT. SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF DUNCAN

What's the big idea?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You seem to be under the impression you run this town.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

I'm wearing the badge

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Pay no mind to Gant. You just keep watch on the rest of the town. Make sure they stay clear of Gant. And if she does try and goad them to walk away, And if they do carry a gun to keep it holstered. Trust me, they'll live longer and you will too. You'll thank me for it later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

How it goes, Flynn, you doing OK
this fine day?

GANT

I understand you just about own
everything in town,

MAN

Yea, she sure does throw a lot of
weight around here.

MAN

Gant is responsible for this. I'm
going to town and settle with her.

MAN

I'm aimin' to get her before you
do.

MAN

There's been some bungling
somewhere.

POKER FLATS

Prehaps you underestimatrd Gant
ability.

MAN

It's becoming more evident me and
Gant have to settle this with gun
talk

Sierra catches him, masking his fury with a smile.

GANT

Your hands. Get'em up empty.

RIVERS

Soemthing I can do for you,
Marshal?

MARSHAL DUNCAN

We don't like trouble makers. We
got a nice community here chalked
with law and order. And we aim to
keep it that way.

CHEYENNE

I'm all in favor of law and order

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I'm glad to hear that because if you wasn't I might just have to run you outta town.

GANT

Maybe I'm wrong still figuring this is a free country.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

Not for your kind it isn't. You're not gunning anybody in Forsaken Rock.

RIVERS

I got no quarrel with you folks. My business is my own. So long as you all keep to yourselves, you ass should be jes fine.

MAN

Just a minute. Maybe I ain't made myself clear enough. Forsaken Run is a respectable town. And we'd like to keep it that way. I recommend you leave by sunup.

RIVERS

When someone tells me to do something I tend to get hard of hearing real quick.

FLYNN

I heard about a town once where she rode in like a ghost. It was like the wind stood still. People hid out. Stores closed. Everybody afraid. Men died...shot by that death rider.

Deaf gets out his his TELESCOPE for a better view-

SERGEANT EPHRAIM KNOWLES (30s), a shifty, beady-eyed roque, discreetly mounts his horse with fully stuffed saddlebags.

Cord, Hal, and Flynn rush in, followed by a few townfolk; VERN, 40s, good looking, cruel, dangerous; SKEETER, 30s, with long wiry hair and a drawl;

YANCEY acts more worldly than he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARSHAL DUNCAN

And as my first pledge, I aim to get Gant out of town, in the name of justice... And I ask now for volunteers. To help--

They're already walking away from Duncan.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

I'd expect it from you... expect you... to muster civility... and say that this can't stand.

One of the last to leave is Silva. He spits and walks away.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

You're not wanted here. Keep riding. I meant what I said, keep riding.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

When people see you, Rivers. They see only one thing. Their own mistakes.

MARSHAL DUNCAN

So you here to make us pay for our mistakes?

CHEYENNE

No, you do that all by ourselves. Each one of you from now on.

DENVER

I got nothing against you, Marshal. I just assume keep it that way, wouldn't you?

Logan raises the rifle... but before he gets it halfway up, Cheyenne shoots him in the shoulder. he goes down screaming and rolling on the floor.

She looks at the other men, now discouraged by the speed with which that pistol appeared in her hands.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the gray morning light, JB, sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on his boots. A nearly empty bottle of rye whiskey stands on the night table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WHORE watches idly from the bed, her head propped on her hand. The hint of a smile. He grabs his book, an article falls out unbeknownst to him....

Rips down a poster; JOHN WILKES BOOTH - 'WANTED FOR MURDER - REWARD \$25,000 DEAD OR ALIVE.

A crude likeness to JB Wilkerson, if he had a moustache. A newspaper clipping on Lincoln's Murder...

MAN

What is he doing with this? Why would he keep this particular article?

ASA

Same old lies. Listen to this. Report of death of John Wilkes Booth. April 24, eighteen sixty-five. Reports have been received of the assassination of President Lincoln... John Wilkes Booth was killed last night at Garrett's farm near Port Royal Virginia.

(then)

I remember seeing this very report at the office. And thirteen days of the greatest manhunt in the nation's history. Booth and two heavily armed accomplices took refuge in a barn where federal agents ignited after vainly calling on the assassin to surrender. Booth permitted his accomplices to surrender then either shot himself or was wounded by one of the men surrounded the conflagration. The circumstances are not definitely ascertained. He died several hours later. According to reputed eyewitnesses his last words were useless. By an odd coincidence the location of the fatal wound was identical to the martyred President's. The man that was captured at Garrett's barn was never proven to be Booth. To this day the authorities haven't revealed where the body was buried.

WOMAN

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

Because the whole thing was trumped up by men hand and glove with Booth and his gang. Men in high places. Still in power.

MAN

Northerners

MAN

In cohorts with the leaders of the Confederacy. Lincoln's murder was a treacherous conspiracy to rob us of the fruits of victory. Why was he left unguarded? Why was the telegraph shut off? By official order. And the Potomac bridge. The only bridge by which he could escape. Why was it left open that far side of Garrett's barn? The trial of his accomplices a secret. And They were young with hoods over their heads and a gag in their mouths.

WOMAN

And booth himself?

MAN

Still alive. There's been reports of him from Texas to California. Places in Boston.

MAN

Wilbert? I believe you said his first name was Jogn.

MAN

He limps. One of the Assassins caught one of his spurs on one of the flags draped over the President's box when he jumped from it to the stage at Ford's theatre. It broke his leg. Dr. Mudd was sent to prison for setting it. He testified he'd be maimed for life.

WOMAN

No, if you knew the kinda person he is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAN

Shakespeare, this clipping, the resemblance, the name. What more do you want?

MAN

Why you can't be serious.

MAN

Does he seem like a man from the stage to you?

MAN

If I were the fugitive you claim me to be would I call myself John Wilbert. A name so similar to the other? Or would had been wiser for a desperate hunted man to assume a name completely different.

MAN

Pride. Vanity. The very vicarious contempt of the criminal. Does that answer your question?

MAN

We've all heard the rumors before about Booth being alive. But we've also heard talk about marshal Nay upon. And what about the fountain of youth..they've been looking for it for a long time and I don't think they've found it.

MAN

Well the death of Ceasar and Lincoln have certain parallels.

MAN

Explain that limp?

MAN

Congenital defect, childhood accident. I could give you many explanations but I'm sure you wouldn't accept any of them. What leg did he limp on?

MAN

I don't know, right, left, it don't matter.

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.

Sierra in a rain slicker, sits quietly in a chair, eyes on Gant. No telling how long she's been here. O.S. THUNDER & RAIN OUTSIDE punctuate the silence.

FLASHBACK - INT. CABIN - NIGHT

On a dingy BED, Gant and Sierra have hot, passionate SEX.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN, LUKE, a beefy Texan steps in, face red angry, a double barreled shotgun ready to fire.

In one gut-wrenching motion Gant rolls Sierra on top of her, reverse cowgirl, using Sierra's stellar nude body as a human shield. Sierra SCREAMS --

Gant fires!

Brilliant bursts of light. Muzzle flashes capture Luke in a sequence of still-life's as he's blown to kingdom come. Six portraits.

Then darkness.

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.

GANT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 You put me in a real pinch. And
 that's the kinda shooting I don't
 like to be in the middle of.
 You coulda got me killed.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 (in the throes)
 Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Swearengen and Persimmon Phil drink. Shouts and thumps
 against walls announce Tom Mason's banging a prostitute in
 the adjoining room -

WOMAN
 Listen to Poker carry on.

Sierra doesn't seem interested.

INT. RANCHERO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily re-emerges with a BLUE BOTTLE labeled "OPIUM." She
 stashes inside her silky robe

Sierra grabs the BLUE BOTTLE, pops the cork and
 seductively sips the liquid opium. She closes her eyes,
 enjoying the warm effects of the opium..

CANDLE LIGHT. Sierra and Gant sit in warm water and suds
 in a grand silver bathtub.

Gant turns to look about, very nice, canopied bed on
 which Gant allows her gaze to linger. With a sly smile..

She RISES, soapsuds clinging to her body. Mesmerized,
 gant watches her step out of the tub--naked, dripping,
 shrugs on an attractive robe.

the beautiful

carpets, mahogany furniture, silver candelabras, et

Cord, and two cowboys. One seems calm, the other jumpy.
 FRANK GENTRY and HEMP REEGER, respectively. These are not
 law-abiding men. They're outside the land office.

VERN HUNTINGTON, a beefy redneck rancher, impeccable
 attire

He jerks for his pistol, before he gets it halfway out,
 she shoots him in the shoulder. He grabs at it, goes down
 screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAR on his vest, a weathered man sits, 50s, with a salt and pepper handlebar mustache. This is SHERIFF LANGSTON BANKS.

JEB KESLER, early 40s, bald, scraggly beard, spits brown, real sympathetic.

SPRAK. A match is struck and lights a lantern, revealing

This is DULIN CAIN, 40s, a quiet but deadly gunslinger...

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

Sierra watches from the saloon doors as Gant helps Mary down. Mary grabs her bag. A definite sexual attraction developing between them.

A nervous Gram appears. Sara at his side. He confronts Gant.

GRAM

You outta be proud of yourself hounding a man for something he did when he was a boy. Sure I busted out. I had a girl. I wanted to get married and make a clean start. Ain't done nothing dishonest.

MARY

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

GRAM

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

Gant studies Gram. Mary whispers to Gant.

MARY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAM

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

GANT

I always try and start even. You gotta be fast, but you gotta know when to be fast. And where to shoot. Maybe that's what makes a fast gun, knowing when.

GRAM

Is that what makes the fastest gun?

GANT

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

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

POKER FLATS

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

GANT

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

GRAM

No, I'm not John Wesley Hardin.

GANT

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

MARY

Go home, Gram.

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

MAN

I'm no horse

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

And I'm no nurse, but you're going to get horse liniment...it's good for toothaxce and corns and it won't hurt your arm

WOMAN

Horse liniment is a top

INT. SIERRA'S PRIVATE BROTHEL - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Shabby, run down. Threadbare curtains hang at the cracked windows. Worn down tables, furniture, and chairs litter the room.

A dirty saloon style bar sits along the back wall.

PROSTITUTES in sexy showgirl garments. Some so worn through exposed breasts are on display, wander through the clientele of *HARD 'N' READY MEN*.

In the corner, Sierra and Henryetta stand in the shadows, watching everything that happens, not missing a thing.

HENRYETTA

How long you gonna let Gant interfere with our business?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not any longer than it take me to find a way to get rid of her.

HENRYETTA

It's high time. Our boys can handle her.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No, we'll need them all for the train robbery. Don't fuss -- I followed my husband to his grave.

HENRYETTA

I followed my brother to his. Told you the day we left New Orleans I'd follow you to the ends of the earth.

One unshaven COWPOKE, 29, grabs CARMELA, a cinnamon-skinned whore. He tugs at her ripped dress but she smiles as she jiggles her cleavage in his face.

When the cowboy gets too handsy Sierra steps forward. She puts her hand on the cowboy's grimy arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA JUANITA

You know the rules, you touch, you pay.

The cowboy tries to shrug her off. Sierra grasps his arm a little harder. Carmela walks away, but winks at him.

Donna Juanita appears, her right hand caresses her thigh holster, then fingers her BABY LEMAT.

A beat. Donna Juanita pulls out the gun. Spins it around, showing off.

The cowboy quickly digs into his pocket, hands over five twenty dollar bills to Sierra.

Carmela grabs his hand and pulls him towards the rickety staircase.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

She moves to a FARO TABLE where Sierra deals, and several MEN, mid-game. In no mood to socialize, the men get up to leave as Gant exchanges cash for chips.

Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their low voices fire with intensity --

After a beat, Gant stops, sees BROM, 30s, a genial dilettante, unloading supplies in front of the GENERAL STORE.

Gant stares at him. He limps. The nervous Brom notes it as well. A BEAT. It ain't him. Gant continues on.

INT. THE SILVE SPUR - DAY

Hickok's seated beside Jack McCall. Con Stapleton and WILLIAM R. MASSIE and Johnny Varnes at the table also. The others having shown their hole cards, Jack McCall now turns his

The players toss in their antes. McCall fans his stacked chips. The chips click

CALLUM BANE, ragged scar across his face, soulless black eyes, watches something with just a flicker of amusemen

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

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. There's another stage tomorrow.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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.

MAN

So when's we robbing the bank, Sierra? D'you know when the gold's coming in?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You'll be the first to know...McGreeves. Now head back out to the Rancho and wait for my orders.

MCGREEVES

When's it coming?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Three days.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's a chartered stage coming through there about a day after tomorrow. It'll carry a banker named Stockton and one hundred thousand in cash. I want that loot.

MCGREEVES

Clear enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A flicker of pain lands, resting in her eyes. Still raw.
Like it was days ago instead of years

Heading for the saloon,

INT. DOC HALLADAY'S HOME/PARLOR - DAY

Mary finishes bandaging Deke's shoulder.

MARY

You're a pretty lucky man, Deke,
one more inch--

DEKE

And it would have killed me. Well
it was meant to.

MARY

No, if she wanted to kill you
you'd be dead.

DEKE

You know I don't often get a
doctor who is efficient and
attractive.

MARY

I suppose that's a nice way of
saying I'm efficient for a woman
doctor.

DEKE

No, not at all. I believe in
progress. You must've wanted to me
a doctor pretty badly.

MARY

I did. I had to make a choice
between that and marriage. I chose
medecine that's why I'm here.

DEKE

Well you'll find a good man.

MARY

I think you're being presumptuous.

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.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

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

She moves to a FARO TABLE where Sierra deals. Three MEN,
 mid-game, leave as Gant exchanges cash for chips.

Their faces remain placid to anyone watching, but their
 low voices fire with intensity -

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
 (lays down cards...)
 Betting's closed. Ten not part of
 the action. Eight loses. Four
 wins...six of hearts...six of
 spades...King of spades.

GANT
 Well, looks like I beat the lady.

Sierra pays her off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

A little short there ain't you?
It's four to one when you call a
turn.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not on a cat hop.

GANT

A cat hop?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

A cat hop happens when two of the
last three cards are paired
calling a turn in that situation
pays two-to-one.

GANT

I'm sure those cards will start to
fall the other way.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Surely you're well enough
acquainted with faro to know it's
a game of pure chance. Luck isn't
with you.

Her eyes engage Gant, searching for a sign that she
understands.

GANT

Still running cold. When comes the
thaw?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It's more fun this way.
(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

I didn't like your place in new
Orlens. 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.

A beat, Sierra dismisses Donna Juanita.

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.

*INSERT CUT: INT. CABIN - DUSK, in 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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (V.O.)

You told me you had kilt him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

INSERT CUT: INT. CABIN - DUSK, 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 --

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You coulda got me killed.

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's his limit.

GANT

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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

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

CORD

Any trouble?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No trouble t'all.

CORD

You don't like me much, do ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

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. Cord's distressed:

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.

Cord notices them together and is not happy about it. He hurries away, Sierra turns back to Gant.

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

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?

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....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. There's another stage tomorrow.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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.

MAN

So when's we robbing the bank, Sierra? D'you know when the gold's coming in?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You'll be the first to know...McGreeves.

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

Back behind Sierra's desk, Poker plays SOLITAIRE with a worn deck. Donna Juanita and Poker Flats nearby.

Sierra addresses "LEFTY" HASTINGS, early 40s, bald, scraggly beard.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You were told to stay out of town!

MAN

You given orders?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Yes! The one I gave to Cord. He spent ten years in Yuma State prison fore killing someone for not taking'em.

MAN

He shoot him in the back?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

MAN

I need a place to hold up.
How much is this costing me?

Sierra moves to her desk, pulls out a ledger,

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That depends on how much your worth. Dead or alive.

MAN

Why?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I sell insurance. If you're wanted for a robbery, say a thousand reward dead or alive you pay me the one thousand in cash. In return I provide you protection from the law, a good place to hide out, good men to work with you when needed, and a freebie.

MAN

Don't sound too bad.

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SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I have rules. I get half of whatever you take. You don't leave without seeing me first, and I get paid in advance. What's the price on you?

MAN

Ten thousand.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's what you owe me.

Reluctant, he reaches into his saddle-bag, pulls out a bundle of cash. Sierra counts it, turns to Donna Juanita.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Take'em. Get him settled.

have been here three or four times. This is probably the most cautious place that I have been to. Obviously, they worry about LE . The MMS is 45 - 50, thin, and attractive. I have had a couple of massages from her. I have also had a couple from her workers. They attempt to keep you covered at all times, even keeping one butt cheek covered while massaging the other. The MMS and workers have no personality whatsoever, but they provide a decent massage and HJ . I have gotten my hand under the clothing of both the MMS and workers on their ass and tits. I think one thing I like about this place is that the MMS gives the impression of being a very legit, business woman. It's kind of fun getting inside her clothes. What I don't like is their complete lack of personality. Every time that I've told them that the towel is not necessary, they have always uncovered me and understood what I am there for.

Upon arrival, I was welcomed by the mamasan, who naturally inquired if I had visited before. I responded affirmatively, although in reality, it was my first visit. Surprisingly, after my reply, she didn't continue with more probing questions. The mamasan then escorted me to a room and instructed me to wait. Although no line-up was presented, I didn't request one either.

A lot of foot traffic in the near vicinity, but everyone is minding their own business, so no issues going in or leaving the spa. Clean and cozy on the inside and decent service from a very attractive provider.

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She eventually asked if I wanted oil I said yeah and she oiled up my body working my upper body then massaged my ass, legs and inner thighs, about half an hour went by and she wiped me down with a hot towel and then asked me to flip over and asked if it was feeling good,

Her massage is CMT -style and she puts a lot of effort into it. Plenty of teasing on the back-side to let you know what is coming on the flip, went as expected; she began by rubbing my neck and slowly made her way down to my hips and legs; she began teasing them until jr stood up; and she's very skilled when you turn over. She's not a jackhammerer. She mixes up hands and techniques and builds really nicely while talking just dirty enough. No tipping issue, I just thought she deserved more than 40. Very highly recommended. we flipped halfway through, and began her signature soft release. She's great about slowly building up. She came to play with her ass and tits but outside only. , She uses spit to relube, and does light ball massage that definitely took me to the moon and back. She knows how to time everything to perfection. I was so relieved afterward.

As I'm laying on the massage table butt-ass naked, she started massaging me for like 2-3 mins.. then she got called and said her appointment is here... she apologize and said someone else will have to finish the massage and then left the room.. I was laying there naked still. 3 mins later, in comes Coco. As soon as she enters the room she dimes the light and started the massage by climbing on top on her knees spread on top of my head.. back massage was great with lots of teasing on my ass and ass crack and occasionally reaching down to jewels. 5 mins of that she moved on to work on my lower back. 1 hand on massage my lower back and the other hand teasing my prostate and balls. Best feeling ever! She went at it for over 15 mins and it felt so good that I almost lost it.

She told me to flip.. I did and she started teasing my nipples slowly lowering her way to jr and ass.. she oiled me pretty good as I felt it dripping down my ass.. and there was a shit load of oil that she used... she gave me an amazing, slow, and sensual prostate massage while working her HJ skills..I reached up to feel her small tities and razor nipples...then unbuckle her jeans and play with her pussy.. she moaned and I inserted a finger inside.. 5 mins of it I exploded all over as her moaning was too good..The surprising part was that I was ready to call it a day.. but she wouldn't stop..she kept on jerking me slowly to a point it got so sensitive that I had to hold her hand and stop her... she giggled and said come look for me next time.. Girl: Coco Age: late 30's or early 40's didn't ask Looks (6/7):had her mask on the whole time Body (6): Average Asian lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

No ass no tits, but made up for her skills Service (9):
very good. She listens to your needs WIR: HELL YA Good
luck and have fun!

Ahoy blueflames 53 - hmm.. ok, 60 words is a lot for a
log line. You could definitely streamline this - if
anything, for clarity and a greater impact.

Ok, here's an attempt to better streamline it;

[i]"After the tragic death of his beloved, a grief-
stricken man attempts suicide, only to find himself
trapped in a sinister realm formed from his own memories.
He must confront physical manifestations of his deepest
sorrows and regrets, battling to escape this treacherous
domain before it consumes him entirely."[/i]

It's a bit shorter, still too long methinks, but it's a
good starting point. Salt to taste. G'Luck with it.
:)[color=purple][b]-Andrea

[/b][color]

This revision aims to streamline the description while
maintaining focus on the central conflict and stakes.
It's important to clearly convey the protagonist's
journey, the obstacles he faces, and the ultimate goal of
escape. How does that sound?

After the tragic death of his beloved, a grief-stricken
man attempts suicide, only to find himself trapped in a
perilous realm of his own memories. As the once-familiar
landscapes turn sinister, he must battle physical
manifestations of his grief and despair to escape."

This version clarifies the central conflict and stakes
while keeping the focus on the protagonist's journey.