

(Name of Project)

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FADE IN:

EXT. A SMALL HOMESTEAD - DAY

In a Prairie, lush rolling hills rise out of the horizon.

A plow is stuck in muddy earth. Mr. STANTON, 50s, in a hat and dirty chaps pushes and strains to un-stick it.

MRS. STANTON, 50s, in a chair, crochets on the orch. A DOG, a mean-looking mutt, barks furiously.

Sensing something, Mrs. Stanton looks up from her needle-work. Both peer across the Prairie. Not a soul until...

A RIDER approaches. Too far to know for certain, but whoever it is, fills them with dread, as the rider draws closer...

She cantors up on a pale horse, the *LONE RANGER'S BOHLIN SADDLE*; dressed for rugged, dusty business, not dowdy; It is sexy, but it isn't overtly obvious.

Think *Sharon Stone in 'The Quick And The Dead'* whom will come to know as *JEDEDIAH GANT*.

She 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 --

She brushes aside her embroidered duster coat with capelet, *Samuel Colt .44 dual action pistol*.

She tucks fingerless lace gloves over her gun belt.

MR. STANTON

What can I do fer ya?

GANT

How much further to Lordsburg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. STANTON

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

Gant tips her hat to Mrs. Stanton, rides off.

EXT. RIM OF TOWN - DAY

Gant reins in shy of a 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. The graves are randomly arranged, many unmarked. Like gopher holes.

EXT. LORDSBURG - DAY

All the prerequisites of a frontier town: The epicenter; THE SILVER SPUR; a fancy saloon of gambling and drinking and pleasure.

A tall gallows is being constructed behind the jail.

Workmen pause in their labors to watch Gant ride past.

Hat in front of him for "donations," a PREACHER, in dirty buckskins, holds a BIBLE - surreptitiously drinking from a FLASK between verses.

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.

GANT

Save your sermons, Preacher... They'll need them.

Gant spurs her horse on. Preacher. Uneasy. To himself...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREACHER

The lamb opened the fourth seal
and John heard an eagle-like
animal say, "Come!" John saw a
pale horse. Its rider was named
death and hell followed.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Its barnlike, piled with provisions and equipment.

A swarthy hard-faced man, JASPER WELLS, his clothes worn
but nice, whistling softly, loads lumber onto a wagon.

CLINT BORDEN, 37, He's rough looking, not fully sober,
which makes him all the meaner.

Gant stops, takes a passing interest in them. Both trade
glances among themselves. Long beat.

Gant rides on. Cold. Hard. Looking back at no one.

INT. THE UNTERRIFIED EPITAPH - DAY

ASA JONES, the editor, sets type for the next issue.
ELMER, a young apprentice works the press.

Asa looks out the front window, up the street, sees Gant.
A different kind of weariness comes into his face.

ELMER

Hey! What troubles you, Asa?

ASA

A vulture just rode into town.

EXT. BLACKSMITH SHOP/LIVERY STABLES - DAY

SAWBONES, 60s -- leather apron, stands at the forge
heating a horseshoe while pumping the bellows.

Gant grabs her saddlebag and Henry rifle.

SAWBONES

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

SAWBONES

How do I know you'll be in town?

GANT

Would you leave a horse like that
behind?

SAWBONES

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

(she nods)

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

GANT

Caesar.

SAWBONES

The name fits.

GANT

By chance, is there a doctor in
this town?

SAWBONES

One of the best. Doc Halladay.

GANT

Hotel?

SAWBONES

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAWBONES

That'd be fair.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

It has seen better days. At a table -- a rouges gallery of GAMBLERS play poker, dressed in expensive suits.

CORD, a tough-as-nails cattleman.

FLYNN, 40, the banker, face of a shady past.

HAL CAVENDISH, 40s, the Mayor, who acts more worldly than he is, and DEKE-- worn clothes, a filthy bruiser of a man.

Gant strolls towards the bar where GATOR, a portly clerk, wipes down the counter.

GATOR

How do, good miss? Can I fetch ye a beverage to wash the grit down?

GANT

A room.

GATOR

Then it's eight bucks, cash in advance.

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

GANT

I'll pay when I leave!

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

DEKE

Is there a problem

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEKE

Some.

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

GANT

You only have to lose one.

Deke flies backwards and hits the wall. Dead on impact.

Gant holsters, scans the room, and heads up the stairs. A terrified Gator spins a registry around, extends a pen.

GATOR

Uh, you have to sign. It's a formality in the New Mexico territory.

GANT

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

Gator gives a resigned shrug.

GANT

Gant. Jedediah GANT!

A collective intake of breath. Gant bounds up the steps.

CORD

Gator. Better inform the Sheriff.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

A well-lit saloon. Ceiling frescoes. Venetian glass. Cards fly. Scantily-clad DANCE HALL GIRLS.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE, 40, a real looker, iron-willed, watches everyone like a hawk in a Courtesan wardrobe.

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:

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Gator hurries out into the middle of the street, shouting unintelligible. Several passersby stop to look at him.

Sierra exits through batwing doors of the saloon.

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

GATOR
Gant's in town.

Gator runs off. Poker watches a moment thoughtfully, then crosses towards Sierra, 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/OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. MARY'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

A splendidly decorated home/office, warm and comforting.

MARY HALLADAY, 30s, a pretty Southern Belle, warm and kind, places a letter in its envelope.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Shelves of medical books. A tiny hospital with two beds.

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

Not far off, baby-faced Deputy WILL SUNDAY.

MARY
I heard back from that physician
in Boston who specializes in palsy
and described your symptoms.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

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

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

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.

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF 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 --

SHERIFF DUNCAN

-- Gant's in town. Nothing I can
do about it.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Who's this Gant?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

A hired killer. Known in Mexico as
"La Pistolera." Translation -- the
Gunslinger.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Oh, no. A gunslinger is one thing.
Gant is another altogether.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERIFF DUNCAN (CONT'D)

A professional assassin, an
arbiter of fate.

GATOR

She just kilt Deke.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Who drew first?

GATOR

Deke provoked her and drew first.
Gun never left its holster.

Duncan almost looks relieved.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

So, shall I arrest her?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

She shot him in self-defense.
Its a pretty good way to kill
someone. The law can do nothing
about it.

MARY

Honest to God, Jim, Deke's been
bucking for this for a longtime.
Six times I've dug lead out of men
-- who weren't fast enough for
him. Six times I told you it had
to end, just like this.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

GATOR

Deke was pretty fast with a gun.
But this ones faster than the
Devil.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

For all we know, she is the Devil.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Gator, did she say how long she
was going to stay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GATOR

Nope. Who you suppose she's after?

SHERIFF 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*"?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Been a lawman half of my life and
I can think of a few people who'd
wish me dead. Everybody steps on
somebody's toes sometime.

INT. GANT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Gant in fresh duds, cleavage showing, 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, the one used
to shoot Lincoln).

She adjusts. A key rattles in the lock. She quick draws.
Her caller is Sierra. Gant holsters..

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

What do you think of Lordsburg?

GANT

Well I'll say whoever named it
wasn't aiming very high.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Maybe it is a little seedy, but
it's a friendly town.

GANT

Sounds like a law abiding one.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

There's a history here, but Gant's not one to dwell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

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.

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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. LORDSBURG HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Poker joins the table, sense tension. The game goes on.

POKER FLATS

Deal me in. Feeling lucky.

Cord deals, bets go in. Cord eyes Flynn who looks pale.

CORD

You got the heebie jeebies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLYNN

Whaddya think?

CORD

Guilty conscious?

FLYNN

Ain't we all.

CORD

You think she's after you, Hal?

HAL

What would she want with me?

CORD

I don't know. I thought 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.

A silence falls as Gant comes down the stairs. She
approaches their table. Flynn nearly wets himself.

GANT

Cord McLlyntock. Seems nothing
happens around here without your
say-so.

Cord suddenly fidgets, nods, uncomfortable --

GANT

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

He LIGHTS the match off his thumbnail. Holds the flame to
his cigar - his hands shake - his voice trembles...

CORD

She's pretty tough with those
guns. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POKER FLATS (CONT'D)

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.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

WADE, sits in his barber's chair reading the paper.

JOHN Willis, 46, bearded, walks slowly. Deliberately. A
limp to his gait as he leans on a cane with a pistol grip
for a handle.

WADE

John, 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.

John sits. Wade gets to work.

John sees Gant walk past, eyes flashing. Recognition.

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

JOHN WILLIS

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

John LIMPS on his cane at full speed out the back door.

EXT. LORDSBURG - STREETS - DAY

Townspeople stop and pause as Gant walks the planked
sidewalk, whistling a tune, making mental notes of her
surroundings.

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. Mary, in a hurry, grabs her black
bag. She turns to go -- Gant appears, takes off her hat.

Mary looks stricken - collects herself.

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
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, turns to go --

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.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY (CONT'D)

(then)
S'cuse me.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

HENRYETTA, 40s, the proprietor, stocking shelves, looks terrified as Gant reaches into a JAR for some licorice.

Henryetta moves behind the register, a .36 caliber Confederate six shooter is within reach.

GANT

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

Lays two silver dollars on the counter, nods respectfully, heads out.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

At hitching rail, Mary looks on as a lanky man, EARL, 40, makes his saddlebags and books secure. Gives the strap a final tug, Duncan approaches.

EARL

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

MARY

Three Graves?

EARL

Cemetery Ridge. When you ride into
town you'll notice three
headstones that gives the place
its name now.

(sadly)

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. Everyone in town hung up their guns.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

They'd have strung him up. Gant probably did him a favor.

EARL

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

EXT. LORDSBURG HOTEL - DAY

Gant sits, feet kicked up. Mary pulls up in her fancy ONE-HORSE CARRIAGE.

GANT

Mary. Where you off to?

MARY

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

GANT

You know my reputation.

MARY

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

GANT

You're not afraid?

MARY

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

Gant smirks as Mary extends the reins to her. A beat, something catches Gant's eye --

FRAN MESSERSCHMITT, 50, haunted, sad eyes, heads up the steps of the church-- dressed in a heavy black dress and bonnet. *The war is not over for her.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Fran Messerschmitt. A war widow.
Mostly keeps to herself.

GANT

Did the war take her husband?

MARY

In a manner of speaking.
(long pause)
Shot in the back. The slug I took
out of him came from an old paper
cartridge -- a dance .44 Civil War
gun. Don't figure to find many of
them anymore.

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.

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.

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....

(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. A
hint of jealousy on her face.

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.

Through a private door--

RAQUEL NORIEGA, a badass Mexican bandida-- corset over a
tailored blouse, chaps, pistols, cleavage showing.

She deposits a saddlebag on the desk. Sierra checks it,
pulls out bundles of cash.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Have any trouble, Raquel Noriega?

RAQUEL
No, Senorita -- got the stage
coming through the pass. Driver
handed over the money like it was
a real pleasure.

Raquel pours herself a drink.

RAQUEL
How are things around here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Not so good. Gant's in town.

In lock step behind her--

MCGREEVES, a mean-looking hombre with a penchant for violence enters. Red handkerchief around his neck.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Any luck?

MCGREEVES

Yea, all bad. There's another stage tomorrow.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No. Six Union regiments are getting their payday from Fort Lincoln. 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 coming into Three Graves and when it does, we're robbin' it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Duncan checks his gun. Sunday cleans a shotgun.

From the cell in the jailhouse, a DRUNK starts to yell --

SAM (O.S.)

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Is there anything special you want?

SAM (O.S.)

Yeah - a hacksaw and a gun!

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Will ya settle for a steak?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

GATOR

Jim, she just left town with Mary.

CORD

You gonna pick her up?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Cuz she makes y'all nervous?

A beat, Sierra sweeps in...

ASA

If'n the good folks of Lordsburg
let her walk their streets then
they'll have no streets. Or
people, for that matter.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Pass an ordinance. No guns
allowed.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Normally I'd agree Jim, but no,
that way they'll be trouble for
sure, just seeing them on her with
keep the smart alecks quiet.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Then my hands are tied.

HAL

I'll send Brodie and Frank over
there -- both quick on the draw.
Deputize them.

SHERIFF 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.

Duncan shakes his head, pours himself another coffee.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Look, there's two kinds of
Sheriff's, the ones like me you
think with there head and those
like Liam Walker who let their
guns do the thinking for them. And
that's why he's out there on boot
hill waiting for Gabriel's
trumpet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERIFF DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Why I'm down here trying to put
her outta town.

(agonizing beat)

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

(to Sunday)

Better go out there, then--
keepin' your distance of course,
and see if that sharp eye of yours
can pick up anything.

EXT. LAKE STREAM - DAY

Gant takes in a dramatic, grass covered bluff. Mary sits
on a boulder, tossing pebbles into the water.

MARY

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

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.

(a sad beat)

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

GANT

Uh huh...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. They're
going to die anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT (CONT'D)

Best thing you can do is drag out
their wretched lives.

MARY

I was just readin' somethin' that
all gunslingers ought to read.
*"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may/
For all time is flying. And at my
back I always hear/Death's winged
chariot hurrying near."*

GANT

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

MARY

It means a great deal to me.

GANT

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

MARY

Guess you can say that.

GANT

Well, I have a job to do too.

MARY

Why do you have to do it at all?

GANT

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

MARY

You sound like a shrink than --

GANT

-- a killer?

MARY

You're awfully nosey, aren't you?

GANT

Just professionally. Kinda like a
doctor in that respect.

Mary gestures towards her pistols.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 --

Mary screams as if she's about to be shot. Gant blasts
the head off a rattler, and the dead snake collapses.

Mary looks back, sees the snake.

GANT

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

They trade looks - in which many things can be read.

INT. LORDSBURG HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A shaky hand pours a glass of whiskey.

The hand belongs to Clint. Gant crosses to the bar, on
cue, Gator pours a cup of coffee for Gant.

GANT

Clint.

A nervous Clint looks at Gant, like he's been caught.

CLINT

Um...how did ya know my name?

GANT

Read it on a wall some place.

Clint trips over his own legs bolting out of there. Gone.

EXT. LORDSBURG - DAY

Clint stumbles arounds the thoroughfare, drunk.

Most of the Townsfolk know him, and so they also know to
stay the hell out of his way.

CLINT

Who does she think she is, roaming
the town like she was an honored
guest or... or somethin'.

He turns and see Mary standing there, looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Yeah! Graveyard's full of 'em.

Clint scoffs, gets on his horse and rides away.

INT. LORDSBURG'S HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Empty at this hour. Gant sits alone.

A chess board set up on the table. Gant concentrating.
She lifts a white pawn, hold it a sec and then set it on
another square.

She rotates the board, the BLACK PIECES in front of HER.
A nervous Gator approaches with a fresh pot of coffee.

GATOR

More coffee?

Gant looks at him, the barest glance, then back down at
the board.

GANT

Sure. Thank you.

GATOR

(pouring)
How's everything?

She takes a sip, winces. Would spit it out if she could.

GANT

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

Gant touches one of the knights, thinking... looks up --

Hal escorts an entourage of nervous COUNCILMEN. Beat.
They cautiously approach Gant.

She studies their grim faces, her own, unreadable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAL

Mayor Hal Cavendish and these gentlemen are members of the city council. I wanna speak with you.

GANT

Talks cheap. I can spare you some.

HAL

Drop this manhunt.

GANT

Now why would I want to do that?

FAT COUNCILMAN

For the good of the town. People settle here from a lot of different places. And we don't ask questions about their 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

Well -- we're prepared to offer you four thousand dollars out of the town treasury.

GANT

Switching sides for money that's most unethical.

Gant resumes her game, takes a white pawn off the board.

FLYNN

You're making a mistake.

GANT

Could be, but you'll never know unless it's your name is on the bullet, banker.

Flynn pulls out a handkerchief to wipe his clammy sweat.

FLYNN

If I had a conscience as black as yours I'd put a bullet in my brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He storms off. The disgruntled men follow him out.

EXT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

Cord, Hal, and two hard-bitten cowboys stand on the porch leering at Gant. *One calm, the other jumpy. FRANK and BRODIE, respectively.*

EXT. THE PONDEROSA - DAY

Gant steps outside, stops, then lights a cheroot.

Frank and Brodie approach, deputy badges, hands on pistol grips...

FRANK

Now I'm ordering you out of town.

GANT

You getting tired of living?

BRODIE

If you know what's good for ya,
you'll get out of this town..

GANT

Usually when some one tells me to
do something, I get hard of
hearing real quick.

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

BRODIE

I outta warn you, miss. This is
Frank Sturgis you're slapping
leather with.

GANT

I sure wish you'd stop shootin' of
at the mouth and draw those guns.

*Frank and Brodie jerk for their guns, but she beat him to
the draw. Maybe we saw her pull it, maybe we didn't, but
her pistol is just there all of a sudden.*

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

Get your hands off that iron
you're covered and my finger might
slip.

No argument, resigned, they comply.

A beat --Duncan and Sunday approach, eye the carnage.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Will get their guns, maybe a night
in one of our cold cell's a cool
'em off.

Sunday grabs their guns, and escorts them to the jail.

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

GANT

You cold or scared, Sheriff?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

A tense beat.

GANT

Something I can do for you?

SHERIFF 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.

GANT

I'm all in favor of law and order

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

GANT

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

INT. MARY'S HOME / OFFICE - DAY

The curtains are drawn. Duncan slumped in a chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary adjust a head mirror, catching light from a brightly illuminated oil lamp. She aims her light at his cornea, as she does an exam.

MARY

Well...uhm-- sorry, but you're getting cataracts, too.

Done, Mary adjusts, opens the curtains.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Anything be done, Doc?

MARY

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

No sense in gettin' all hot 'n bothered, Doc.

(rises)

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

MARY

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

I'd say so -- her modus operandi is always the same, rides into town, stays awhile, get the lay of the land, sizing up her next victim known only to her. An' let the nervous citizens take themselves and each other apart until the day of reckoning. Baits and needles him until there's nothing left to do but draw on her. Shoots him down in front of witnesses.

MARY

You can't hang someone on their reputation.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

She seems friendly enough.

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

SHERIFF 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.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Doc, you surprise me. 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.

EXT. LORDSBURG - MAIN STREET - DAY

Gant steps off the boardwalk by the restaurant, sees -- John Willis load supplies in front of the GENERAL STORE.

Gant stares at him. His limp. A nervous John notes it as well. *Is it him?* She's not sure.

John Willis LIMPS on his cane at full speed down the sidewalk, terrified. DODGING citizens calling "Please help me!"

Gant follows, nonchalant, heads for the saloon.

A giddy Ambrose in Sunday best, rides up in a wagon loaded with fresh coffins.

AMBROSE

Well, well, Gant. Pleasure's mine, I'm sure. Do appreciate the business -- it's been kinda slow. May I be as bold as to wager the man you come fer is still yonder?

GANT

You're not my target, but if pester me again -- I'm going to add you to MY list.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

GANT

Still running cold. When comes the thaw?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It's more fun this way.

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

SHERIFF 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, Sheriff. 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.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Now you're talking sense.

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.

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.

(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, 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 --

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.

GANT
I didn't care for your place in
New Orleans. 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 --

Raquel appears in *showgirl garments*, a *pistol strapped to her thigh*. *Hot*.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Straight Kentucky Bourbon. Two
shots.

Raquel nods, hustles off.

GANT
You have a good memory.
There's a drifter in the jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

GANT

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

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

GANT

You're 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 McGreeves and
BRODIE STURGIS,

CORD

Any trouble?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

No trouble t'all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CORD

What's your business in Lordsburg?

GANT

Maybe I've come to go fishing, the kind of fish I've never gone after before, this kind of fish live out of water. Land sharks they call 'em.

And to Gant's satisfaction, Cord is duly unsettled.

CORD

You don't like me much, do ya?

GANT

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

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 you.

GANT

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

MCGREEVES

Maybe you can hear me better.

Flaring, McGreeves slaps a hand to his pistol, waits for Gant to go for hers.

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 'em yourself.

MCGREEVES

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Gant tosses Poker's drink in his face

McGreeves draws his gun to coldly blow Gant's head off.
Sierra quickly slaps it away - his GUNSHOT goes wild.

Then SLAMS a bottle upside McGreeves' head, knocking him
unconscious. Gant spins, quicker on the draw --

GANT

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

A stare down. Cord's scared stiff. A woozy McGreeves gets
to his feet. As Gant heads out.

MCGREEVES

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Let's not go off half-cocked.

CORD

Sierra's right. You're too quick
tempered.

MCGREEVES

I've got a right to think.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

I'm not denying you that, but
Gant's faster'n a ring-tailed
bobcat!

McGreeves bristles at that as he goes.

INT. SIERRA'S OFFICE - DAY

The air heavy with cigar smoke.

Cord, with a thousand yard stare, sits across from
Sierra. Hal and Flynn nearby. Snifters of brandy.

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

CORD

She wanted me to draw. I wonder
why?

From Sierra's expression she's wondering too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORD

You have strange friends, Sierra.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

FLYNN

Why do you let her hang around?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

She ain't done no harm this trip. Not yet. Maybe she don't mean to.

POKER FLATS

That's like giving the rattlesnake the first bite.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

(re: flynn)

And I'm getting fed up of your bellyaching. *Why? Why? Why?* Sounds like a Mozart refrain -- he was a composer, a great one, but you wouldn't know about that.

CORD

Why you sticking up for that side winder? Don't ya want to see Gant out of town?

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.

A beat, Sierra, shifting uneasily, hoping against hope she's put matters to rest.

CORD

(tense beat)

Hal -- send for Dulin Kane in Salts Flat. Wire him five hundred -
- have him come runnin.'

FLYNN

Dulin Kane?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POKER FLATS

He used to gamble down on Larimer
Street in Denver. Never carried a
gun; never needed one, til one day
a young punk shot him in the face.
Became a killer - a fast one.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The homestead is spartan and modest.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

It's damn near pitch dark with the shutters closed...
John drinks. His wife BANGS on the door. He ignores it.

CARMELITA (O.S.)

Open up or I'll blast this door.

He gets up, unlocks it.

A curvaceous CARMELITA, 30s, barges in-- wildly
attractive, but worn Señorita who has lead many men to
ruin.

CARMELITA

I didn't expect you back so soon.

JOHN WILLIS

You never do.

CARMELITA

And what're you doing in here?
It's darker than the inside of a
grave.

She lights an oil lamp then sees his worried face.

CARMELITA

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

JOHN WILLIS

Gant's in town.

CARMELITA

Yea, I heard the name but not
anything good connected with it.

JOHN WILLIS

We could pull up stakes. Maybe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMELITA

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

JOHN WILLIS

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

He tops off his glass again.

CARMELITA

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.

JOHN WILLIS

What do you want? A punch in the nose?

CARMELITA

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

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

KATHLEEN, maybe 40, a beautiful, weathered face, stands at the open door, shaking hands with the WORSHIPERS as they leave.

KATHLEEN

Thank you for comin'. God bless you. God bless all of you.

Kathleen turns -- Gant's just a few feet away. Kathleen's instantly wary.

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DRESSING AREA - NIGHT

Half-naked saloon girls getting into costumes while Mary wraps the ankle of GLORIANA, a buxom girl. Sierra nearby.

GLORIANA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Bring back memories?!

INT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

Gant leans against the bar, orders coffee from Clem. She
draws a bead on a poker table, Poker cheats at solitaire.
A bottle of whiskey nearby.

Gant approaches. Then sits at the table.

POKER FLATS

Poker Flats at your service.

He pours a shot, slides one towards Gant.

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.

Suddenly grabs a crumbled ball of silk. A coughing fit.
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.

He drains his glass, pours a chaser.

POKER FLATS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

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

POKER FLATS

From what I hear not with your speed.

GANT

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

POKER FLATS

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

Poker pours himself another drink. Mary joins them.

POKER FLATS

Yes, siree, the finest doctor there is out west. Lordsburg 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 old maid.

(re: his drink)

You s'pose to have that stuff?

POKER FLATS

Why not? We all have to die sometime. Me. You.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OKER FLATS (CONT'D)

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. It is a horrible, racking cough with no end.

Mary reaches into her little medical bag. She takes out a bottle of laudanum. She spoons some into his mouth but it has little effect.

She holds him until the coughing abates.

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

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - NIGHT

A lantern throws soft light on Mary, as she steps out, looks sympathetically at Flynn who takes a long pull off a bottle of whiskey.

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.

EXT. LORDSBURG - VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Lit lanterns and music and laughter fill the air.

A anxious Clint makes his way through the gloom to the end of the alley.

Then watches Gant and Mary coming down the street.

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

EXT. LORDSBURG - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The gas lights of town glow a dim orange, like stars through a mist. Gant escorts Mary home.

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

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

Mary is smiling at her warmly when suddenly her eyes shift, her expression changes, and she screams -

MARY

No, Clint.

FIND Clint coming from a dark alley. Gant is already in motion, spins, BLAM! BLAM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clint's leg buckles, a bullet explodes his kneecap.

He claws through the dirt, wheezes, breathless with pain:
Mary rushes to him, Duncan comes running over.

GANT

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

Gant holsters her gun.

INT. MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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.

SHERIFF 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 Mary's bloody hand.

CLINT

Doc, you cut off my leg?

MARY

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

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

EXT. LORDSBURG - NIGHT

Late. Silhouettes cautiously hug the facades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gant strolls along, taking in the surroundings with the kind of caution that men who are vastly outnumbered generally show.

She senses she's being followed. Quick draws, turns, a man lurks the shadows. It's Duncan on his nightly rounds.

GANT

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

Gant as she rolls her gun and holsters it.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

When people see you, Gant. They see only one thing. Their own mistakes. So you here to make us pay for our mistakes?

GANT

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

EXT. HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN - NIGHT

Behind the saloon -- a shabby, two-story cottage that's crumbling on the exterior. The sign over the door, which reads: *"House of the Rising Sun."*

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

A dirty, run down whorehouse.

A HUGE CHEER, WHOOPS & HOLLERS as a PROSTITUTE dances on a table, her NAKED BODY PAINTED EXACTLY LIKE THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

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

A dirty saloon style bar sits along the back wall where Sierra observes the proceedings.

Preacher presents his hat of coins and bills to Sierra.

PREACHER

The church's offerings.

Sierra takes it, hands it to Raquel, who counts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOWLES from Louisiana with long wiry hair and a drawl

KNOWLES

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That depends on how much the price
on your head.

KNOWLES

One thousand reward.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

That's what you owe me.

Reluctant, he reaches into his saddle-bag, counts out the cash, then hands it to Sierra.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

(to; Raquel)
Escort him to the Ranchero. Get
him settled at the bunkhouse..

EXT. LORDSBURG - NIGHT

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

INT. GANT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gant sleeps on her belly, naked, sheets around her knees.

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

She listens to the RAIN FALLING. The rain sound getting LOUDER as we...

FLASHBACK: INT. CABIN - DUSK

Sierra's face flushed, sweaty, eyes glowing, as she lays back in the throes of passion.

A beautiful WOMAN moves on top of her, fucking her.

Sierra takes the woman's face in her hands, and we see that it's Gant. But it's more than sex, clearly they're in love.

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN, BEN enters, face red angry, a six shooter in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Muzzle flashes capture Ben in a sequence of still-life's as he's blown back. Six portraits. Then darkness.

Out of the FLASHBACK, next to Gant's ear, the click of a gun being cocked. She jerks awake and looks at Sierra in a rain slicker.

Above her, a baby Le Mat 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 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.

Sierra stares Gant down.

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.

Gant gets into a revealing purple silk nightie with Mexican-style embroidery that barely covers her ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

GANT

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

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

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

A beat, then--

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

It hasn't changed you after all, has it? Where ever you go you always draw trouble and violence just as you always had.

GANT

What made you think I had?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

In five years, a person should learn something.

GANT

Five 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE
Is that supposed to excite me?
(then)
I saw you sweet talkin the doc --
never figured you to go much for
barnyard hens. I thought you like
your chicks wild and gamey.

Sierra SLAPS Gant across the face.

Gant folds Sierra into her arms. She kisses Sierra -
hard. They fall back on the bed... their pent-up passion
now unhinged.

INT. MARY'S HOME / PARLOUR - NIGHT

A heavy downpour. Thunder booms.

Mary, in a sexy nightdress and robe, messy hair from
sleep -- lights a lamp and carries it to the door.

MARY
Coming.

She opens the door to find John Willis in a wet poncho,
standing in the shadow of her porch.

EXT. MARY'S HOME/PARLOUR - NIGHT

John Willis sits - strain and tension on his face. He
reads a book. Mary returns with a bottle of Opium.

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

JOHN WILLIS
Things change.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

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

JOHN WILLIS

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

Mary stares at him, shoulders heaving.

MARY

No man or woman has the right to
become another man's conscience.

JOHN WILLIS

No, the Devil takes care of that.
I've had my share of him. *"Like a
dull actor now, I have forgot my
part, and I am out. Even to a full
disgrace."*

MARY

Shakespeare as well?

JOHN WILLIS

The tragedy of Coriolanus. A man
can't go in hiding forever while
his debts accumulate.

MARY

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

JOHN WILLIS

Much obliged Doc. What I owe you?

MARY

I'll send you a bill.

JOHN WILLIS

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

Mary smiles as he shuts the book, an article falls out
and to the floor.

She picks it up, glances at it before he plucks it from
her grasp.

JOHN WILLIS

Thanks again, doc.

INT. GANT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Gant & Sierra fuck as if their lives depended on it - passionate, intense, nothing held back. Both are silent so as not to wake the other guests.

Locked in a struggle - it's THAT personal - as if any sound would be an admission. They climax.

They lie naked in bed - together. Sierra tenderly, lovingly kisses the scars on Gant's backside while they talk quietly.

GANT

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

Sierra smiles, but there's a hint of worry behind her eyes.

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.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

EXT. MESSERSCHMITT WAY STATION & CANTINA - DAY

A way station for travelers in the middle of nowhere on the road west. Approaching the rough-board building, Gant on horseback takes note of a sign POSTED:

"NO SHOOTIN', NO CUSSIN', NO FIGHTIN' AND ABSOLUTELY NO SPITTING ON THE GODDAMN FLOOR!" Signed by: "FRANCINE MESSERSCHMITT, PROPRIETER, AND ONLY LAW AROUND HERE EXCEPT GOD."

In smaller print: *"CAN SERVE AS DOCTOR IN A PINCH."*

Frans comes out, rifle in hand. If she's scared we can't tell. Gant tips her hat, then-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAN

What brings you here, Misses?

GANT

Ma'am, I'd fistfight the devil for
a bowl of your Irish stew.

A hint of a smile pierces Fran's lips - lowers her rifle.

FRAN

First you must clean up proper.

A ranchhand, EL NEGRO, a lithe back man wearing
suspenders appears...

FRAN

Samuel, tend to her horse.

EXT. THE SILVER SPUR - DAY

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

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

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

POKER FLATS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Got sumthin' in your craw spit it
out?

POKER FLATS

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Oh, just showing her a little of
my Southern hospitality.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

POKER FLATS

I fear this cough is going to be the death of me.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

EXT. LORDSBURG - STREETS - DAY

If we've been paying attention, almost every door, every window is shut. Only a few people in sight, a WELL-TO-DO TOWN SCARED SILENT.

There is an O.S. MUSIC of someone playing a harmonica, as it plays the "*Oh Susanna.*" It's Ambrose who stops to take notice of --

DULIN rides in on a limp horse. He's a gunslinger, ragged scar across his face, soulless black eyes.

DULIN

Old timer, it's a Ghost town -- where is everyone?

AMBROSE

Gant. Boot Hills across the west are filled with men she's killed -- more than there were Union soldiers in the Battle of Bull Run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DULIN

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

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.

She turns to Sawbones, nods her appreciation. Hands him several silver dollars, then:

They observe Dulin riding up on a limp horse.

GANT

Looks like you got a customer for
your blacksmith shop.

SAWBONES

Ahh. Ornery lookin' critter, ain't
he.

GANT

Looks like he's thrown a shoe.

SAWBONES

I mean the rider.

Johnny dismounts his horse, hands it to Sawbones. He looks sharply at Gant. With some heat --

EXT. LORDSBURG - MAIN STREET - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUTCH HENRY

You can't go around terrorizing
the citizens.

GANT

Who's going to stop me. You?

DUTCH HENRY

The law, public opinion, decency.

He continues on towards the Sheriff's office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Dutch Henry walks slowly. Deliberately. A limp to his gait as he leans on his pistol-grip cane. Duncan leads him to a cell.

DUTCH HENRY

How many times do I have to tell
you. No one has a reason to kill
Judge Dutch Henry Brown. Out west -
- I'm known as the 13th Apostle.

SHERIFF 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
Talbot, is your age, your height
and your weight.

SAM

I tell ya' they got it wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The gang is here. Sierra enters. Dutch Henry and Duncan sits around talking. Sunday stare out the window.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Whatta you think, Jim?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

Your guess is as good as mine.

(to sierra)

You musta found out somethin'.

DEPUTY SUNDAY

I know there ain't a dirty trick you wouldn't play to get what you want.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Maybe who she come for haven't been in town yet. Call it a woman's intuition.

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

For starters, been asking about Dutch Henry.

SHERIFF DUNCAN

The Judge? That right?

DEPUTY SUNDAY

Say, you might be on to somethin'. Makes sense...she's still in town.

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

There's something else. Gant paid Sadie a visit. Raquel saw it with her own eyes.

(off their looks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE (CONT'D)

*It's been a year, no one has been
fitted for a necktie for Silas'
death.*

Duncan grimly acknowledges that...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Perhaps your hearing's going too.

Sunday and Duncan exchange looks.

DUTCH HENRY

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

SHERIFF DUNCAN

You sure?

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

*Can't be sure of anything with
Gant. She plays her cards close to
her vest.*

DUTCH HENRY

*(grabs his hat)
Better have a word with her.*

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Poker and Gant play chess. Poker moves his knight.

Gant moves the pawn. Poker moves his knight back.

Gant trades her bishop for his knight. Soon her pawn is one move away from becoming queen.

POKER FLATS

An interesting game you play.

As Poker contemplates his next move... Gant looks towards the bank, sees Flynn sneaking peeks out the curtains.

Poker drinks from a flask, follows her gaze.

POKER FLATS

He's locked himself in his office.
Know why?

GANT

I reckon he's afraid of me.

POKER FLATS

Should he be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GANT

I know nothing about the man -
except he's a thieving
whoremonger!

Defeated, Poker topples his king. Something catches
Gant's eyes -- a stunning Kathleen heading towards the
bank.

GATOR

There's Kathleen.

POKER FLATS

What she's doing here?

GATOR

I didn't know Dutch Henry ever let
her out of his sight.

Gant raises an eyebrow, crosses the street...

POKER FLATS

I'd sure like to hunt a little of
that quail.

GATOR

Look, the judge is a pretty mean
man, you better stick to hunting
turkey.

INT. BANK OF LORDSBURG - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. BANK OF LORDSBURG - DAY

Kathleen and Gant exit the bank -- they talk barely above
a whisper.

KATHLEEN

I know who you are.

GANT

By reputation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHLEEN

No, by your notoriety.
Gant -- what do you want?

GANT

So you're married to judge Brown.

KATHLEEN

Do you believe in salvation?

GANT

Sure, I guess it's different for everybody. Like this church you help keep for a lot of folks. With all the prayers, repentances and all the trimmings that come with it. For me, salvation is a clean pistol and vengeance.

KATHLEEN

I've been wanting to talk to you.

GANT

We might talk bout it sometime.

She moves to her buggy, Gant helps her up. Kathleen forces a smile at a PASSERBY...

KATHLEEN

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

(Gant tips her hat)

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

Gant tips her hat, leaves.

INT. MCLYNTOCK'S LAND OFFICE - DAY

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

CORD

Vern Huntington. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DULIN

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

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

DULIN

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

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

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Well - you better have your mind made up by the time you meet Gant. She'll give you no chance to change it.

DULIN

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

I don't want to see you getting gun crazy now. We're going to do it the way I have it set up. You understand?

DULIN

She's outsmarting all of you --

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Maybe but I'm paying for your guns and I want you to leave them right where they are until I tell you to use them.

Cord grins, reaches for his glass and fills it again.

CORD

It want do a bit of harm to let her get one day older. The railroad could be extending a spur line below Lordsburg. There's some valuable wheat that I'd like to buy up and sell cheap to the railroad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DULIN

So you want us to scare the farmer into selling.

CORD

That's the general idea. Now after that it's a different story.

DULIN

Well I'll be telling it to her.

Sierra studies him for a beat, then -

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

You may not like how it ends.

Johnny bristles at the challenge to his competence.

MOMENTS LATER...

SIERRA NEVADA ROSE

Aren't you smart. Offerin' 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 somethin' 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 Vern. Up until now the only way you figured you could hurt him was by fuckin' 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 these days your hide gonna trip you up for good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CORD

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

EXT. MESSERSCHMITT'S HOMESTEAD - DAY

A simple homestead. A small corral, a bit of livestock.

Fran hooks the horses to the wagon, but all the time looks over to Duncan and Dutch Henry.

DUTCH HENRY

Do you really expect us to believe your hootenanny bullshit?

FRAN

Don't know why she gave me that reward money, perhaps the Lord works in mysterious way, but I'm grateful. I can stay on my land now. My husband's buried there.

But Duncan purposely turns his attention to a grave with fresh flowers near the homestead. A sad beat.

FRAN

You gonna arrest me, Sheriff?

SHERIFF DUNCAN

No. But people 'round here might get the idea you hired Gant.

DUTCH HENRY

Fran -- you realize that hiring a killer is just as sinful as committing the murder yourself?

FRAN

I'm not in the mood for any of your sermons. Not unless it's delivered at that man's funeral. You're a big man Dutch Henry with words, but talking is not going to bring Chester back.

DUTCH HENRY

And killing this man won't bring him back, either. All this raving about killing and revenge is as blasphemous as praying to the devil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

FRAN

If the devil can stop some of this
pain in me, then I'll even pray to
him.

EXT. LORDSBURG - MAIN STREET - DAY

Hal and Cord walk towards the bank.

INT. BANK OF LORDSBURG - FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Flynn drinks heavily. He looks ill. Cord and Hal stride
in. And, suddenly, Flynn pulls a gun.

Cord grabs for it -- but Flynn doesn't aim it at them,
instead swings it against his own temple, and --

Flynn contemplates the benefits of a quick, merciful,
self-inflicted death.

In the b.g., townsfolk doing bank business look on.

CORD

Put that gun down, Flynn.

FLYNN

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

-- a shot rings out! Flynn's body clatters into view,
falling to the floor, the smoking gun in his hand.

INT. AMBROSE'S BURIAL SERVICES - DAY

Flynn's body lies on a table. A somber Mary, surrounded by town officials, watches as Ambrose, the Undertaker pulls back a sheet.

Duncan remains in a far corner, away from the rest.

AMBROSE

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

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!

EXT. AMBROSE'S BURIAL SERVICES - DAY

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

INT. GANT'S 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 figured as much.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

And that makes it all right.

GANT

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

(off Mary's look)

I'm sure as a doctor -- some have
even called you a professional
killer.

MARY

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

GANT

Take two bandits. Say they have
lied, cheated, and robbed, and
have never paid. The bandit whom
one of them has cheated comes to
me and says, "*Kill that man who's
cheated me.*" And I kill him. The
other bandit gets sick with the
fever and would die, except for a
doctor who nurses him to health to
rob, lie, and cheat again. Who's
the villain in this picture? Me or
the physician?

Mary just looks at her, emotional, torn.

INT. MARYS HOME/PARLOR - NIGHT

Gant sits in a chair, looks a little sickly. Mary grabs
some meds from a cabinet.

MARY

You're running a fever.

MARY

You best stay here tonight. I have
a spare bed.

GANT

What's wrong with yours?

INT. MARY'S HOME/OFFICE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gant's naked in bed. Gant sleeps fitfully in the moonlight. Blinks awake:

THE BARREL OF THE HENRY is pressed against her throat. And there, in the shadows, is Mary.

MARY

Are you here for me?

Mary PRESSES the muzzle harder against Gant's throat. She locks eyes with Mary. Fierce.

Pause... as this sets in. Gant shakes her head slowly:

GANT

No.

Mary looks away, ashamed, After a beat, lowers the gun barrel.

GANT

You got family?

MARY

Had two brothers. Both of 'em were killed at Gettysburg. One wore blue, the other grey.

(a sad beat)

They were always fighting. Funny, in a way, isn't it?

GANT

Whatever happened in the war don't matter. We're all starting over.

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.

This surprises Mary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

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

They hear POUNDING on the front door.

*Mary moves to the window, sees the MOB. Alarmed. Gant
joins her. Mary puts on an attractive nightdress and
robe.*

GANT

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

MARY

Stay here. Doctor's orders.