

## **WHITE WORDING SUPERIMPOSED ON BLACK SCREEN**

In the late 1800's, as many as 90 Black Americans wore the badge of U.S. Deputy Marshal. They patrolled the Oklahoma Territory. An untamed region larger than most states. It was the Wildest of the Wild West. Strife with murderers and desperados. Where 120 of the 200 federal marshals who ever gave their lives in the line of duty fell. These lawmen; fearless, dedicated, often alone, rode these dangerous trails...to bring in their man.

SLY (O.S.)

I said therefore unto you, that you shall *DIE* in your sins. For if you believe not that I am He, ye shall die, *DIE* in your own sins.

AFTER THE FIRST FIVE WORDS OF THE ABOVE, THE FOLLOWING WORDS IN WHITE ARE SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCREEN:

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are raving wolves. Matthew 7:15

### **EXT. APPROACHING SLY CAMP ON RIDGE - DAY**

The screen lightens and slowly moves forward, revealing a spacious WESTERN PLAIN of desert-like terrain.

In the distance are a SERIES OF ARID HILLS. The view gains speed as it moves towards this horizon. As it does so, an EERIE SOUND is heard. They are WHISPERS.

The base of A HILL is reached and the view swoops up its face, gaining more speed as the whispers grow louder.

### **EXT. SLY'S CAMP ON RIDGE - DAY**

The view crests the hill, to a ridge that cuts across its summit. It travels along the ridge where stands a LONE FIGURE. His head is titled forward. His face not seen.

The whispers have died down as the camera now lifts up from the figure's boots, coming to rest on the figure's titled head. Slowly, the head looks up, a sharp gaze forward with a lit cigar clenched between his teeth.

SLY STONE, leader of the OUTLAW GANG stands erect. His eyes wide and glaring.

THE WHISPERS suddenly burst with renewed energy.

Lips tight, Sly closes his eyes and listens.

A SHRIEK CUTS THROUGH the whispers. Sly's EYES SHOOT OPEN!

SLY

Yesss, I see. They Come. Blessed  
are thy most holy sacrifice.

A sound is heard from behind. Sly turns.

**EXT. SLY'S CAMP ON RIDGE - DAY**

A young attractive woman, ANNIE WEBB, approaches. Behind her sit three cowboys around a campfire. Others mill behind them. Horses are seen tied to trees and branches. She continues to walk towards Sly.

**EXT. SLY'S CAMP ON RIDGE - DAY**

Sly sees Annie in the corner of his eyes. She draws up beside him and stares out over the valley below.

ANNIE

Figure you already know, but the  
boys, they are feelin' a might  
restless. Complaining about eats  
an' ain't havin' no pleasures.

(sighs)

Sly...it's been a while since our  
last haul.

Sly still stares out over the valley.

SLY

It is a good day to be killin' for  
the Lord.

Annie glances out over the valley and back to Sly.

ANNIE

I'm sure that's not what the couple  
back at that dugout thought.

**FLASHBACK: MAN and WOMAN** sit terrified on the floor of their  
cabin. Faces swollen and beaten with gun pointed at heads

SLY

They were sinners. Right hand of  
the prince of LIES himself.

ANNIE

Don't know. Seemed like decent folk  
to me.

SLY  
Don't you be feelin' no pity.

Sly turns facing Annie.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Can't you see? I was doing the  
world justice by sending their  
cursed souls back to Hell. Now,  
hand me my pain killer.

Annie hesitates. She eyes him, then reaches in her linen  
purse and pulls out a bottle of laudanum [tincture of opium].  
She stares at it then holds the bottle up to Sly.

ANNIE  
Best you go easy. Folks say too  
much can kill a fella.

SLY  
Don't question what I say. DO what  
I say!

He snatches the small bottle from her hand and takes a quick  
swig, handing it back.

SLY (CONT'D)  
'Sides, I need it for my gout.

ANNIE  
You ain't got no gout.

SLY  
(anger)  
If this here partnership is ever  
gonna work out, you gonna stop  
sassing me. You got that!

The whispers are heard once more. Sly turns away from Annie.

SLY (CONT'D)  
(quietly to himself)  
Blessins' of the Lord. An' a reward  
for his faithful servants'  
diligence.

ANNIE  
What?

Sly turns to face the camp. His booming voice calls out.

SLY

The Lord sez, let *EVERY* soul be  
subject unto the higher powers  
ordained by *GOD* Himself.

A view of HIS GANG, ALL TEN now standing.

SLY (CONT'D)

Under His guidance, we...WE are  
that power! The lamb is guided by  
*HIS* righteous hand. Our fast is  
over boys.

Sly turns to the side and THRUSTS OUT HIS ARM, pointing to  
the horizon. He looks back at his gang.

SLY (CONT'D)

THEY COME!

The view shoots out over the ridge and races to the horizon.

#### **CREDITS AND MUSIC BEGIN**

A CONCORD, OVERLAND MAIL COACH gallops on a dusty road,  
pulled by FOUR HORSES. The music continues along with the  
credits as the horses draw the carriage and its occupants  
over the western terrain.

The faces of three top-men are seen; DRIVER JIM, beside him  
CHARLIE RIDING SHOTGUN, and behind is an EXTRA GUARD, leaning  
on a chest. View of the road then peers in through the window

#### **INT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

Seated inside coach are; GUS HUGHES, cowboy, sits erect,  
staring out the window. Beside him by the other window is  
BUCK MORTON, cattleman, who chomps on an expensive cigar with  
head lowered. Across, an elderly man, IRWIN BLACKWELL,  
banker, reads a newspaper.

At the other end, by the window, is CLARENCE, farmer from  
back east. Center is an older woman, MRS. BLACKWELL, wife of  
banker. She sits with a smug, self-important demeanor having  
to travel with such crude undesirables.

#### **EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

The view returns to the OVERLAND STAGE's topside. As credits  
wind down, so too does the stage. Jim, the driver, pulls on  
the reins and calls out, bringing the horses to a slower  
ramble, allowing their periodic rest. View moves inside.

**CREDITS AND MUSIC END****INT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

Buck Morton realizes his cigar had gone out. He ignites a match and brings it to the tip of the cigar. He is about to light the cigar when Mrs. Blackwell, sitting across from him, clears her throat.

Morton eyes her, then removes his cigar and holds it slightly to the side, gesturing towards it. Mrs. Blackwell stiffly nods approval. Morton smiles, but instead of putting it away, he shoves the cigar back in his mouth, lights it, and puffs generously, filling the cabin with smoke.

**EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

JIM, the driver, stares ahead. He half listens to the incessant babble of CHARLIE, the SHOTGUN GUARDSMAN. Charlie sits alongside Jim on the driving box, shouting to be heard over the roar of horses and wagon.

CHARLIE

There sits ole Sparky, driving that stage. An arrow shot clean through 'im. An' the head, stickin' outa' his back. Danglin' a chunk of flesh like RAW meat.

Jim remains focused on the road.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Savages comin' on like the devil's a whipping 'em from behind. An' ole Sparky spittin' up a puddle of blood. Want to know what he sez?

JIM

(snapping the reins)

No!

**INT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

CLARENCE

Will ya look at that. Damned if that ain't a Gezelle.

BUCK

Round here we call them antelope. But then, you ain't from around here.

CLARENCE

It shows?

BUCK

Sodbuster, what brings you  
to these parts?

CLARENCE

My son. He's foreman at a lead mine  
in New Mexico. Found himself a fine  
gal. I plan to be there when they's  
hitched.

BUCK

Commendable. How do you find our  
countryside?

CLARENCE

It's big alright. An' there is some  
choice land but...well, it ain't  
home.

BUCK

An' where might home be?

MRS. BLACKWELL

Stop encouraging the lout.

Buck raises his brows to Mrs. Blackwell then looks at the  
Farmer, as if urging him to speak.

CLARENCE

I, I got a spread outside a'  
Boston. State of...

MRS BLACKWELL

(snorting)

...Massachusetts. Any moron knows  
that.

BUCK

Now that brings to mind what my pa  
used to say.

Morton shoots a look towards Mrs. Blackwell.

BUCK (CONT'D)

A skunk fancies they can always  
sniff out another skunk.

Morton smiles at Clarence who offers a toothless grin then  
slips the cigar back in his mouth. Mrs. Blackwell glares at  
Morton then turns to her husband.

MRS. BLACKWELL

Irwin!

Irwin Blackwell lays the paper down, adjusts his eyeglass, and turns to his wife. Speaks in a weak, submissive voice.

IRWIN BLACKWELL

Yes, my love.

Mrs. Blackwell motions towards Morton.

MRS. BLACKWELL

You heard that man. What have you to say?

Irwin looks at Morton, then back at his wife.

IRWIN BLACKWELL

I, I am afraid I did not hear. I was reading about...

MRS. BLACKWELL

...Good God! You are useless.

**EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

A sudden twist in the road and Charlie stiff arms the seat to keep from tumbling off.

CHARLIE

That ole Injun fighter. Copper skinned varmints, he sez, bad luck to them to shoot a Christian like a buffalo. Hand me my Winchester an' I will scatter 'em!

Jim jerks on the reins. Charlie steadies himself as the coach shifts to avoid a deep rut.

**INT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

Mrs. Blackwell eyes Gus Hughes who is staring out the window.

MRS. BLACKWELL

You there.

Hughes turns his head to Mrs. Blackwell.

GUS HUGHES

Are you speaking to me, ma'am?

MRS. BLACKWELL

Yes. Since I am looking directly at you. I seen you talking to the driver at the last station. How long till we reach Whisperstone?

GUS HUGHES

That would depend.

MRS. BLACKWELL

Depend on what?

GUS HUGHES

What he had to say about Whisperstone.

MRS. BLACKWELL

Well? What did he say?

GUS HUGHES

Why ma'am. I am afraid he said not a word.

Hughes looks askance at Morton who snickers. Mrs. Blackwell stares at Morton with a look that could kill.

**EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

CHARLIE

Soaked in blood to fill a slaughter house, but ain't that ornery cuss done like he said. Scatters them heathens, then tumbles offa' that coach. Smacks the ground hardern' a clubbed mule. An'...

JIM

WHOA!

Jim pulls back on the reins jerking the coach to a dust swirling halt.

CHARLIE

(staring ahead)

What in tarnation?

**NT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

MRS. BLACKWELL

It appears we have stopped. Is something wrong?



GUS HUGHES  
 Pardon ma'am. No concern for alarm.  
 Quite natural to rest the horses.

BUCK MORTON  
 Even more natural if a fella's  
 gotta answer to nature's callin'.

MRS BLACKWELL  
 Sir, you are impertinent!

BUCK MORTON  
 (chuckles)  
 Yes ma'am. On that, I do agree.

**EXT. STAGECOACH - DAY**

Charlie grasps his Winchester. The EXTRA GUARD comes forward. They join Jim as all three stare ahead - DUMFOUNDED AND SPEECHLESS.

**EXT. STAGECOACH ROBBERY - DAY**

A NAKED BLACK WOMAN sits crouched in the middle of the road. Arms wrap around her legs pulled close to her body.

Jim and Charlie look at each other.

CHARLIE  
 Jim, what you figure...

JIM  
 ...Will you hobble your lip for once!

Jim nervously scans the area.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Get down an' see to her.

Charlie starts to climb down from the driving box.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Wait! Give me your Winchester.

Charlie hands his rifle up to Jim. The driver cocks the weapon. He eyes the girl then the woods to either side of the road. Charlie drops down and heads towards the girl. One of the stage doors starts to open.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Shut that door an' stay put!

The door closes. Charlie turns to look at Jim who motions with the Winchester for him to continue. The Extra Driver draws his pistol and sits beside Jim.

LONG SALLY remains bent over. Her hair is tangled. Her arms and legs are covered in dust and soil. Charlie leans over her.

CHARLIE  
Ma'am, you alright?

Long Sally slowly lifts her head to him. Dirt caked blood streaks one side of her face from brow to chin.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Blazes! You all cut up.

He turns to Jim as if seeking help, then back to Sally.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Is there...there anything I can do  
for ya ma'am?

SALLY  
(in a weak voice)  
Yes.  
(growls)  
You can DIE!

HER ARMS SHOOT OUT. She LEAPS UP and a 10 inch HUNTING KNIFE flashes in a savage slice.

Charlie cries out and grabs his neck. A gush of blood spits out between his fingers. Arms drop and his head flops to the side in a grotesque arch of ripped flesh as his body crumbles before Sally. The knife is clutched at Long Sally's side. Blood coats the blade, dripping to the ground by her feet.

A PIERCING YELL IS HEARD.

Jim turns and gasps. AN ARROW sticks out of the Extra Driver's EYE. BLOOD AND BRAIN ooze from the hideous wound, the point sticking out the back of his skull. Jim shudders and BLOOD EXPLODES FROM the Extra Guard's mouth, spraying Jim before the guard's lifeless body keels over.

Jim twists about. View of the ARAPAHO KID sitting his mount, drawing back another arrow. Several other gang members appear and gallop towards the stage.

Jim shoulders the Winchester and fires. Twice more he loosens shots before he hears a sharp click to his right.

SLY

Best you hold right there.

Jim swings the rifle around. Cocks it and points the rifle at Sly who calmly sits on his horse.

JIM

You tell them others to pull back,  
or, or I will drill you at the  
pockets!

SLY

My boys are legions of the Lord.  
An' they ain't pulling back for no  
man.

Jim hesitates. Sly's gaze lifts up slightly and behind the driver. Jim's eyes widen. He swings about and SCREAMS.

ASESINO'S MASSIVE MACHETE plummets down in a vicious blow. It slices through the base of Jim's neck in a fountain of blood that carves through flesh and bone until its buried deep in the driver's lungs. Asesino lays a foot against Jim's quivering body and kicks out, jerking the blade free and tumbling Jim's limp body off the side to the ground below.

Sly glances at the prone body then takes out a handkerchief. He wipes his face while watching the Mexican sheath his blade.

SLY (CONT'D)

Like I said, It is a good day to be  
killing for the Lord.

KINCH rides up to Sly and gestures with his head.

KINCH

Seems that drivers' aim was a might  
good. Bitter Creek is laying in a  
ditch. Got a hole in his chest big  
enough to put your fist through.

Sly eyes where Kinch gestures. View of Bitter Creek's chest blown wide open. Then back to Sly who nods.

SLY

Good. That is very good. Another  
soldier of GOD to stand aside the  
Lord.

KINCH

Skinner an' I will bury him.

SLY  
No! Leave him be. His flesh needs  
no salvation. Let the buzzards and  
coyote have their fill.

**EXT. STAGECOACH ROBBERY - DAY**

The rest of the gang gather near Sly. He twists in his saddle and nods to SKINNER, a former slave.

SLY  
(gestures up hill)  
Skinner. Keep a sharp lookout on  
that ledge. Don't want no surprise  
while we go about our business.

Skinner grunts and spurs his horse. Sly has already turned to the others.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Kid, you an' Asesino tear into them  
mail sacks. Should be in the rear  
boot.

ARAPHO KID  
But Sly. That Mexican and me,  
neither one of us can read.

SLY  
Damn half-breed! Miners an'  
cowpokes stuff letters home with  
cash an' bank notes. Get goin'!

The Kid leaps off his horse. Asesino shoots across the top of the stage to its rear.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Red, dig out the strong box. Should  
be in the front boot under the  
driver's box. Tex lend a hand.

View of both men dismounting and climbing up front of stage.

Sly and Kinch nudge their horse away from the stage front to face its side. Sly eyes Sage and gestures to the coach. Sage smiles, leaps off her horse and rushes to the door.

Long Sally, now fully clothed, walks over to Sly. He tosses her a pistol.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Stay with Sage an' keep 'em  
covered.

Sage throws the door open and takes a step back.

SAGE  
Sorry for the inconvenience folks.  
Best you all come on out.

Shot of Sly staring out and away from the stage. Annie urges her horse next to him.

ANNIE  
Sly, you alright?

SLY  
(turns to her)  
Annie girl. It's here.

ANNIE  
(looks around)  
You seen something?

SLY  
(shakes his head)  
Not seen. Feel. An it is strong.

**INT. STAGECOACH ROBBERY - DAY**

Shot of Gus starting to slip a pistol out from under his coat. Buck shakes his head and Gus removes his hand.

**EXT. STAGECOACH ROBBERY - DAY**

Shot of Sage before opened stage door.

SAGE  
Get out right now! Or I will drill  
you where you sit.

First out is Gus Hughes.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Get them arms up Reb!

Gus raises his arms. Sage pats down his faded Confederate coat and pulls out an old pistol. She turns and flashes it before the others.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Lookee here! A Griswold!

Sage examines the revolver.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
My, my. Even loaded.

She spins and drives the handle into Gus' jaw, snapping his head back in a splatter of blood as he staggers back against the stage.

The Kid at the rear of the coach is digging through a mail sack. Asesino on top throws down another bag.

Next out is Irwin Blackwell. He sees Jim's bloody body in the road and shrieks. Sage pushes him towards Gus. Mrs. Blackwell steps out in a huff. Rolls her eyes up and down Sage then stomps over beside her husband.

Red and Tex are digging out the strong box.

Clarence steps out. Hands visibly shake as he stands frozen before Sage. She leans in and sticks the barrel of Gus' pistol to his stomach.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
Hoary-headed Chaw Bacon. MOVE, or I  
will gut-shoot you where you stand!

Clarence trips over himself to join the others.

There's a loud bang and Sly looks to the front. The strong box lays on the ground. Tex and Red stand on the coach looking down.

SLY  
Don't jus' stand there. Get down  
an' open it!  
(mutters)  
Imbeciles.

The last to leave the coach is BUCK MORTON. Long Sally eyes him as he joins the others.

O.S. war cry from behind the stage. View of the Kid holding up a fist of dollars.

View of Sly turning from the Kid to Sage and Sally.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Frisk 'em good. Lets see what  
valuables our guests have to offer.

O.S. banging from the front of stage.

Tex is smashing a rock against the lock.

Sly is shaking his head in frustration.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Ain't no time for that. Shoot it  
open!

O.S. sound of shouting.

Sly and Kinch turn back to passengers.

Sage is digging through Mrs. Blackwell's purse while Long  
Sally tries to frisk Blackwell's coat pockets.

IRWIN BLACKWELL  
I said stop it! What is the meaning  
of this?

MRS. BLACKWELL  
For heaven's sake Irwin! It is a  
robbery. Just give the hussy your  
purse and let us be on our way.

Tex comes into view, having retrieved his Winchester from his  
horse. He aims at the padlock and fires, shattering it. Red  
drops to his knees and is about to fling open the box.

SLY  
Wait. I will see for myself.

Sly starts to dismount, but stops.

IRWIN BLACKWELL (O.S.)  
No! No! I cannot! I will not!!

Blackwell falls to the earth, pulling himself into a tight  
ball. Long Sally looks down in frustration, then to Sly.

Red leans over the strong box.

RED  
Sly! You gotta see this.

SLY  
I told you to wait afore you opened  
it. What's in there?

RED  
Uh...

SLY  
...Tell me!

RED  
Nothing.

SLY  
What do you mean nothing?

RED  
Sly. It's...it's empty.

Sly just stares --Dumfounded. Asesino runs up to Sly. He clutches a stash of dollars and holds it up.

ASESINO  
Look Jefe! An' there is more.

Shot of Arapaho Kid walking up with another fist of cash.

SLY  
How much?

ASESINO  
Hombre! Fifty dollar I figure.

Asesino glances back at the Kid then smiles at Sly.

SLY  
Fifty dollar, you figure.

Sly KICKS OUT, landing a vicious blow to Asesino's upper chest that flings him onto his back.

SLY (CONT'D)  
All this! For fifty lousy dollars!!

O.S. more clamor from the passengers.

Sly gestures to KINCH.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Help them women sort that bastard out!

The Kid helps a grunting Asesino off the ground.

Red and Tex stand staring down at the empty box.

Long Sally, joined by Sage, wrestle with Blackwell now rolling on the ground, squealing like a stuck hog. Kinch holds his pistol on the others as Mrs. Blackwell shouts for Blackwell to stop.

View of Sly turning away. His eyes are closed. The whispers return. They quicken and get louder.

ANNIE (O.S.)  
Sly! You hearin' me?



The whispers stop.

Sly opens his eyes and turns to Annie.

She eyes him then points up the road. Skinner is riding hard towards them. He pulls up. His words are fast.

SKINNER  
Seen it. A wagon. Several riders.  
South of here. 'Bout five miles.

Sly just stares at Skinner.

Annie looks to Sly then to Skinner.

ANNIE  
How long we got?

Skinner looks at Sly.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
I said, how long we got!!

SKINNER  
Ways they comin' on. Maybe half an  
hour. Not much more.

ANNIE  
Sly. We ain't got much time.

O.S. sounds of passenger commotion while Sly stares up the road. Annie nudges her horse close.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Sly, we gotta get. Please, do  
*something*.

Kinch is yelling at Mrs. Blackwell.

KINCH  
Keep quiet!

Sage now has Blackwell off the ground in a bear hug while Sally rifles through the squealing banker's pockets.

The rest of gang is staring at Sly.

SLY  
(to himself)  
Yes. The hand of God is just.

Sly leaps off his horse. He struts towards the passengers while pulling his six shooter. He walks up to Blackwell and presses the barrel against the banker's forehead.

THE BLAST and BULLET rips through Blackwell's head. Brain and blood splatters Sage.

MRS BLACKWELL  
(shrieks)

The gory remains of splintered skull and flesh are all that remains of Blackwell from the nose on up.

Sage cries out and heaves the lifeless body aside, cursing in Spanish while trying to brush the gore off her clothing.

KINCH  
All of you! Shut up!

Mrs. Blackwell lunges forward. She drops to her knees and sobs uncontrollably while running gloved fingers over her husband's shattered and bloodied remains. Sly stands over her. A SCORNFUL FACE shoots up at him.

MRS. BLACKWELL  
Monster! I will see you pay for this!

SLY  
Maybe, but from the Devil's Lair!

Sly fires his gun at Mrs. Blackwell. The bullet explodes her face in ripped flesh and shards of bone. Passengers cry out. The Kid howls in a war whoop while other gang member hoot and holler. Sly raises the Colt and fires once more into the air. All is abruptly quiet.

SLY (CONT'D)  
That's more like it.

Sly holsters his pistol and walks over to Annie.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Annie, girl. I still feel it. It is yet strong.

ANNIE  
What do you feel Sly?

SLY  
*Evil.*

Sly turns to everyone.

SLY (CONT'D)  
But the devil's disciples will not stay hidden for long.

Sly walks towards the passengers.

ANNIE  
(calls out)  
Sly, we gotta get.

Sly walks up to Clarence now cowering on his knees.

SLY  
On your feet!

Still quivering, Clarence does as commanded.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Be it known, that the word of *God*  
is quick, and powerful, and sharper  
than any two-edged sword...

CLARENCE  
(trembling voice)  
...even to the dividing asunder of  
soul and spirit.

SLY  
Why, a true Christian of  
scriptures! You must be among our  
Lord's Legions. What is your  
denomination?

CLARENCE  
I, I am a Mormon.

SLY  
(low growl)  
Then you are a false Christian.  
Whose lies flourish to poison our  
*Devine* creation. As such it must be  
purged. Driven back to the putrid  
entrails from which it came.

Sly turns to Red and gestures to Clarence.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Take Tex and string him up.

The two outlaws drag the screaming farmer away.

Kinch comes up to Sly.

KINCH  
Skinner jus' told me 'bout them  
fellas headin' this way. Best we  
take what we have an' clear out.

SLY  
Don't you ever tell me what's best.  
As to what we have.  
(growls)  
We have nothing!

Sly turns from Kinch. He stares at the stage, pausing in thought before turning back to Kinch.

SLY (CONT'D)  
From what I seen, never more than  
one man rides shotgun on a mail  
coach. Why the extra guard?  
Specially when that strong box is  
empty.  
(smiles)  
Unless...

Sly turns away and walks up to the two remaining passengers. He eyes both then stares at Gus.

SLY (CONT'D)  
That Griswold. Rebel officers or  
cavalry ever carried 'em. Hear tell  
mighty important men, men of money,  
look to hire fellas that do.

Gus stands stiffly, meeting Sly's eyes.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Tell me. Why was there another  
guard on this here run?

Gus shrugs.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Great is truth and mighty above all  
things. I ask you again. Why the  
extra gun when that box is empty?

Gus holds his tongue then slowly shakes his head. Sly nods then turns to Long Sally.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Grab him. Rip off that coat an'  
shirt.

Gus soon stands naked from the waist up. Sly shoves him back against the stage then to Sally.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Hold his arm up to the coach.

Long Sally stretches out Gus's arm, laying his hand against the stage with palm out. Sly reaches around his waist. THE KNIFE FLASHES and GUS SCREAMS. A view of the blade plummeting through Gus' palm and pinning his hand to the stage. Blood runs down his arm as Sly pulls up close to his face.

SLY (CONT'D)

The Devil. He gives strength to his disciples. But we, we *warriors* of the Lord are stronger. Now, tell me. Why the extra guard?

Gus bites his lower lip and hisses through his teeth, but refuses to talk.

SLY (CONT'D)

Give me your knife an' grab his other arm.

Sally does as commanded.

GUS HUGHES

No!

Sly drives the gutting knife clean through Gus' other palm, taking off a couple of fingers as that too is pinned to the stage. Blood now runs down both arms, soaking into Gus' trousers. Gus is screaming in agony as Sly draws close again.

SLY

As I answer to the Lord my Savior,  
I *will* be merciful an we stop here  
if,

(smiles)

If you answer me truthful like.

Sly shoves the colt's barrel against Gus' stomach. Gus shrieks under the cold barrel pressed hard against his skin. His jaw is clamped shut over muffled gasps of excruciating pain.

SLY (CONT'D)

Speak! Or I will blow a hole in your gut so wide I can reach in and carve out your innards with my bare hands.

Sly cocks the pistol.

BUCK

Stop!

Sly turns his head and eyes the rancher.

BUCK (CONT'D)

No more. Leave him be. He may see himself a martyr, but not me. I'll tell you what you want.

Sly stares at Buck and nods once. He squeezes the trigger. Gus's body slams back against the stage. A cavernous hole is torn in his gut. A bloody mix of entrails and intestines flop on either side of the ripped skin. Shards of offal drip onto the ground.

Sly holsters his pistol and faces Buck.

BUCK MORTON

What have you done!?

SLY

Figured you'd talk after you seen what I did to your employee.

BUCK MORTON

No, not my employee. Least not directly. He was an agent for the Cherokee Cattleman's Association. Hired to deliver large amounts of proceeds from this region's summer cattle drive to Wichita.

LONG SALLY

Proceeds? What proceeds. There are none.

BUCK

Exactly. We were a decoy.

LONG SALLY

Decoy?

SLY

(nods)

I figured as much. Reason why all these fellas was hired to guard an empty strongbox. Whenever a haul of money is transported through Injun Territory, they send out decoys. Another stage with extra guards to draw off any road agents. Like us.

Sly looks at Buck.

SLY (CONT'D)

Ain't that right?

BUCK

Yes.

SLY

Meanwhile, a lonely wagon, driven by a farmer or minor rides the back trails with the real haul.

LONG SALLY

You said large amounts. How large?

BUCK

This haul. Twenty thousand.

Whistles and murmurs are heard among the whole gang.

SLY

So where's the money?

BUCK MORTON

Went on ahead. Figure by now it is tucked up in the bank.

SLY

An' I take it, seeing how you is all fancy-like dressed. You are one of them cattlemen who gets his share of the proceeds?

TEX

That's right! Thought he looked familiar. Why that's Buck Morton himself boys. We got ourselves a mighty important fella.

Sly eyes Tex then turns his attention back to Buck

SLY

You said you were no martyr. Am I right?

BUCK MORTON

Yes.

SLY

Then you will tell me the name of the town where that money's all locked up *nice and secure*.

BUCK

Whisperstone.

SLY

Mighty grateful.

Sly maintains his gaze towards Buck.

SLY (CONT'D)  
How large is his spread?

TEX  
Biggest there is in these parts.  
From north of the Red clear to the  
Plate.

SLY  
Seems the Lord's blessings burns  
hot in your veins.

Sly turns to KINCH and Tex.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Bring him. Boys. Let's get!

As the gang members head out, the view lifts past the stagecoach to a tree where CLARENCE'S BODY SWINGS FROM A SPACIOUS BRANCH IN A SLOW PENDULUM.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS KILLS OUTLAWS - DAY**

TWO MOUNTED MEN twist their way through a rocky, hilly terrain.

Deputy Marshal IKE TRAVIS is followed by POSSEMAN DUKE HORNER. Heads lowered, they examine the trail.

Travis spots a canteen laying off to the side of the trail. Both men urge their mounts forward, staring ahead at a sliver of smoke snaking upward.

Travis twists in his saddle and glance back while gesturing forward, to where an outcrop of rock blocks their path. Duke nods and offers a grim smile.

Travis is looking at the outcrop as he slowly slides his WINCHESTER RIFLE out of its leather scabbard laced to his saddle.

Duke reaches for his rifle.

A GUNSHOT EXPLODES. DUKE'S HORSE rears up and throws him hard to the ground. The animal gallops away.

TRAVIS spins his horse about as TWO MORE SHOTS RING OUT. He races back to where Duke lies prone and leaps off his horse. SHOTS explode as lead digs up the gravel alongside the two men.



Travis, with rifle tucked under his arm, drags Duke behind a boulder. He stoops over his friend.

TRAVIS

You hit?

DUKE

No. Damn horse kicked me off, but I ain't much help. Think my ankle's twisted.

Keeping low, Travis looks around.

TRAVIS

Where's your rifle?

DUKE

With the horse.

TRAVIS

(tight-lipped grin)

You're right. You ain't much help.

Travis chances a quick look around the boulder. More fire and stone chips explode in front of his face. He manages a quick shot with his rifle before he ducks back. He pauses in thought, then digs in his jacket pocket and hands Duke several bullets then his Winchester.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You keep 'em busy. I'll work my way around an' hit 'em from behind.

Travis checks his six shooter then crouches down and eyes Duke. A quick nod, and Duke pushes up and fires several rapid shots in the direction of the rock outcrop. Travis dives to the left and scampers out.

Travis' progresses through the terrain while O.S. sounds of the gun battle between Duke and the outlaws is heard. Travis continues to scramble and weave his way up the hillside. There are several quick closeups of the two lawmen along with rifle flashes from the outlaws firing from the outcrop.

Travis silently creeps forward to not so distant sounds of gunfire. The THREE OUTLAWS are up ahead. ONE lies on his stomach off to the right. ANOTHER, center, crouches behind a boulder. A THIRD, further to the left, kneels alongside a boulder. All are shooting in Duke's direction.

Travis is getting closer.

Travis, now with a clear view of the outlaws, silently slides his pistol from his holster. He steps over some loose rocks that suddenly tumble in a loud crash.

The three outlaws spin around with leveled weapons. In the open, Travis rushes them beneath a hail of lead and loosens a shot. The first outlaw crumbles to the ground. Travis dives and hits the ground hard and his pistol flies from his hand.

Travis gains his feet and runs directly at the man in center while ducking shots from the outlaw on the left. The center outlaw aims his revolver, but Travis grabs the pistol's barrel and twists it away just as it erupts in flame.

Twice more the pistol fires as both lawman and outlaw wrestle with the weapon. The Third Outlaw rushes forward and stops aiming his rifle at the grappling pair. He hesitates, afraid to hit his friend.

Travis muscles the man to the ground, keeping a firm grip on the barrel. The Third Outlaw sees his chance and aims.

Travis twists the Second Outlaw's hand and points the barrel at the Third Outlaw. The revolver fires and the Third Outlaw's chest explodes, catapulting him backward. But the blast's concussion also rips the barrel from Travis' hand.

The Second Outlaw immediately levels the six shooter at Travis. He squeezes the trigger to an empty click. He throws the pistol at Travis, grazing his head. The outlaw bellows and leaps onto Travis. Both men grapple in death's clutches.

Travis pins the man beneath him then grabs the outlaw's head, the man kicks out and punches Travis on the side.

Travis wraps a hand around the outlaw's face. He presses his thumb against the man's eye lid. Travis yells and drives his thumb into the outlaw's eye, burying it as he rips the socket to the side with all his might. Blood gushes up as the thumb drills deeper into the man's brain.

A FERAL SCREAM, and the man stops thrashing. He is dead.

Travis stands and wipes the blood from his hands on his trousers. He sees and picks up his revolver. He hears a groan and walks over to the First Outlaw he had shot.

The outlaw winces in pain and glances at his bloody hand pressed against his gut-shot stomach then at Travis.

OUTLAW

I'll be damned. Always thought I'd  
die with my boots on.

He looks over and gestures with his head to a pair of boots lying near the smoldering campfire, then back at Travis.

OUTLAW (CONT'D)  
 Marshal. You mind?

Travis lifts his pistol and draws back the hammer.

TRAVIS  
 I ain't so accommodating.

The outlaw's faces explodes in a blast of bloody carnage.

#### **EXT. TRAIL TO WHISPERSTONE - DAY**

Long shot of Sky's gang riding into view. Mainly in single file, Sly rides up front as the rest trail behind. Skinner and Kinch bring up the rear leading a PACK MULE.

Long Sally nudges her horse and comes alongside Red.

LONG SALLY  
 Heard you said you know that fella.

TEX  
 Don't know him. Only know of him.

LONG SALLY  
 What can you tell me?

TEX  
 Not much. Like I said. Owns one of the largest spreads these parts.

Long Sally glances at Buck then back at Tex.

LONG SALLY  
 I got that. What of the man? Is he married? Got kids? Looks to me he ain't too soft to make a living honestly.

TEX  
 Drovers I run into got little to say, 'Cept Morton keeps a tight outfit. Sees his cowhands is well fed. When the haul's over, money enough for well-deserved pleasures. Can't never fault a boss who keeps his word.

Long Sally drops back and stares ahead at Buck.

**EXT. TRAIL TO WHISPERSTONE COWBOYS - DAY**

TWO COWBOYS ride towards the gang. They approach Sly.

SLY  
You fellas from Whisperstone?

COWBOY ONE  
Passed through.

SLY  
When?

COWBOY ONE  
Left there jus' afore sunrise.  
Mind I askin' if you fellas can  
spare a little grubstake?  
(gestures to companion)  
Damn fool forgot to pack the  
coffee.

SLY  
(grins)  
Grub's on the pack-mule.

COWBOY ONE  
Much obliged.

The two cowboys ride along the line of outlaws. When they pass Buck, the first cowboy stops alongside.

COWBOY ONE (CONT'D)  
Buck? Buck Morton? That you?

Buck tucks his head and quickly looks away.

COWBOY ONE (CONT'D)  
You was on the mail coach. Fella  
rode in hard last night. Said they  
come across it. They's all dead.  
Figured road agents bushwhacked em.

Buck glances at him then a quick shake of head.

COWBOY ONE (CONT'D)  
Say, how did you end up with this  
here bunch when...

The cowboy's words trail off. Eyes widen. Asesino's machete flashes from behind and carves a deep gash across the back of the cowboy's neck, nearly decapitating him. The other cowboy spurs his horse.

SLY

Boys! We got ourselves a turkey  
shoot!

Rifles and pistols blast away. The cowboy is flung from his horse.

Gunfire ceases. Sly holsters his pistol.

SLY (CONT'D)

Word travels fast. Best we get a  
move on. Gotta make Whisperstone  
afore nightfall.

**EXT. SIXKILLER ON RIDGE - DAY**

A lone Native American, SIXKILLER, is mounted on a ridge looking down at Sly's gang as they cut across the plain.

**EXT. FORT SMITH - DAY**

A TUMBLEWEED WAGON [buckboard prison wagon that also serves as supply wagon] rumbles down the main street of FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS. The wagon is driven by CHUB who serves as both cook and guardsman. Travis rides in front while Duke brings up the rear. Three bodies lie in the back, their boots, except one in bare feet, stick out. PEDESTRIANS stop, stare and call out.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN

Hey, Marshal. Hanging Judge Parker  
ain't gonna be too happy. Stiffs  
don't thrash about when that ole  
rope snaps.

SECOND PEDESTRIAN

Least ways, they ain't got nothin'  
to say when the hangman gives 'em  
their last words.

THIRD PEDESTRIAN

Amen to that!

Laughter as the wagon passes and heads toward the courthouse at the top of the street.

**EXT. FORT SMITH COURTHOUSE - DAY**

The tumbleweed wagon draws up to a watering trough in front of the courthouse. Travis dismounts and trots back to the wagon and Chub.

TRAVIS

Soon as the horses are watered, get  
them bodies to the barber's. Then  
douse that wagon good.

CHUB

No amount of water an' arm grease  
gonna wipe away what's soaked in  
them there boards.

TRAVIS

Quit your belly-achin' an' do like  
I say.

Travis heads over to Duke while Chub grumbles to himself.

CHUB

Keeps pilin' rottin' carcasses in  
my grub wagon. Haulin' 'em all  
across the damn territory. Ain't  
never gonna fix decent eats without  
it tastin' like skunk innards.

JUDGE ISAAC PARKER is standing at a second story window  
looking down.

Duke glances up at Parker in background, then eyeing Travis  
as he walks up.

DUKE

Don't you insult the Judge none.  
Every time you rile him up, we're  
right back on the circuit with  
another handful of warrants.

TRAVIS

Duke, I seen Miss Pearl on her row  
house balcony jus' now. Why you  
ain't fixing to head out too soon.  
She sure does light a fire in you  
with that rich body of hers.

Chub calls out from the water trough.

CHUB

Hell Duke, that skinny little  
thing? Now I like my women big.  
Yessir. Warm in winter and shady in  
summer.

DUKE

You quit hollerin' down the rain.  
An' quit prying in other fella's  
affairs.

(MORE)

DUKE (CONT'D)  
Jus' you do right this time an'  
keep your peace. Ya hear?

Travis turns and looks up at the Judge who still stands in the window staring down at them.

**INT. HANGING JUDGE PARKER'S OFFICE - DAY**

View of Judge Parker's office. He is rifling through one of the cabinets when there's a knock on his door.

JUDGE PARKER  
Enter!

Travis walks in and stands before the judge who slams the cabinet drawer shut and stares at him.

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Why is it every time I tell you to  
bring 'em back dead or alive, you  
just can't seem to get past the  
dead part?

TRAVIS  
Ain't my call Judge. Why don't you  
ask one of them damn outlaws.

JUDGE PARKER  
I would. If you ever brought one  
back still kicking. Take a seat.

Travis sits and Parker walks over to the window.

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Marshal, my lawmen have to ride  
circuit over an area five times the  
size of most states. Oklahoma  
Territory. A haven for murderous  
desperados who will peel back a  
fellas skin, just for the pleasures  
of watching him squirm.

There's a knock at the door.

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Not now! Ike, I need men whose  
split second decision, when faced  
with death, is to become a greater  
killer than the murderous thief  
they were sworn to bring to  
justice. But for law to survive in  
this God Forsaking land, I need  
bodies.

(MORE)

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Warm bodies, sitting in my  
courtroom. Be they bootleggers or  
bloodthirsty killers.

Parker stares out the window then back to Travis.

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
So if those bushwhackers are to die  
for their sins, then they will do  
so not out on those plains  
(pointing out window) but where  
folks will see 'em swing. On MY  
Gallows. NO ONE stands between me  
and GOD Almighty. You hearin' me?

Parker sits at his desk. He picks up a paper and hands it to  
Travis.

JUDGE PARKER (CONT'D)  
Head out soon as you resupply.

TRAVIS  
Judge. We just pulled in after near  
a month on the trail. Why ain't  
Morgan ridin' on this warrant. Saw  
his horse tied up outside.

JUDGE PARKER  
You seen his horse, but you can pay  
your respects at the barber's.  
Morgan came in day afore yesterday,  
tied over his saddle. Bushwhacked.

Travis eyes the judge then looks at the warrant.

TRAVIS  
Who is this Sly Stone?

JUDGE PARKER  
From what I hear, a fire breathing,  
scripture spouting lunatic.

TRAVIS  
Sounds like the preacher you got  
here at Fort Smith.

JUDGE PARKER  
(chuckles)  
Word is he and his gang of  
murdering thieves slithered south  
outa Kansas. Was seen in Muskogee a  
few weeks back.



TRAVIS

Ain't our problem. Let Kansas send their own marshals after 'em.

JUDGE PARKER

It cannot be a coincidence. Wire from Fort Reno. The Whisperstone bound stage was robbed. All killed. Brutally from what I can gather.

TRAVIS

A gang you say. I'm gonna need a strong posse.

JUDGE PARKER

I have two guards and two more possemen available.

TRAVIS

Ain't enough.

JUDGE PARKER

All I got. And marshal. I want them alive. If Sly and his gang did this hideous deed, they must hang. Here. For all to see.

TRAVIS

(under his breath)

Duke ain't gonna be too happy.

JUDGE PARKER

What was that?

TRAVIS

Said best I get going.

JUDGE PARKER

Yes. Best you do.

#### **EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DAY**

Whisperstone. Typical wind-swept plains town tucked along a defunct Texan cattle trail. It has been tamed through an influx of 'respectable' citizens, leaving just a single saloon and one bordello.

View of Sly and his gang as they trot along main street. SOME TOWNSPEOPLE cast cautious glances at the drifters. One points to Buck Morton and whispers among others. Gang looks around.

KINCH

Be more fun to watch a weevil  
burrow in a buffalo chip then the  
pleasures offered in this dried up  
shithole.

The gang halts in front of the saloon, dismount, and head in.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

COWBOYS AND TOWNSPEOPLE stand at the bar. OTHERS sit at tables, gambling at faro and poker. THREE PROSTITUTES stand or sit among the customers. Sly's gang pours in through the saloon's batwing doors and approach the bar. THE BARTENDER takes one look and calls out.

BARTENDER

We don't serve no darkies or  
Injuns. As for the women, they have  
to leave. Less they are sporting  
girls looking for work.

Sage slips around the bar and rushes the bartender. She GRABS HIS CROTCH while the other hand pulls out a HUNTING KNIFE. She holds the knife up to the bartender's neck.

SAGE

I ain't no whore. An I decides  
who's prick I give a larkin'.

She lowers the knife to the bartender's crotch.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Now Hombre. You *will* serve me and  
the other ladies.  
(gestures)  
That there Injun. An' one very  
large and angry black gentleman.

Skinner glares at the bartender who nods his head profusely.

**INT - SHERIFF BARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY**

CHET BARLOWE, sheriff of Whisperstone sits at his desk.  
DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS sits across from Barlowe.

The door bursts open and DAVID STRUM, TOWNSMAN, rushes in.

DAVID STRUM

Sheriff Barlowe. It's them. I tell  
you its them. Me an the boys we...

BARLOWE

...Damn it Davie, quit squatting on your spurs an' talk slower.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

That gang of desperados. They just rode in.

BARLOWE

Hold up. This is the first I heard of any road agents in town.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Well they looked mean enough.

BARLOWE

Hell. Could be jus' a bunch of drovers up from Texas.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Nosir. It's that bunch alright.

BARLOWE

Damn it, what bunch?

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Them who bushwhacked the stage.

BARLOWE

Davie, ain't no call for that. We heard about that holdup jus' last night. Fellas who done that are long gone. Be plumb loco to ride in town right after.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Then they's crazy alright. Like I tried to tell ya. Me an' the boys, we seen Buck Morton wid 'em.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS

Buck? Figured him dead. Along with the rest on that coach. Where's he now?

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Sittin' in the saloon. Him an' that gang. Sheriff, what you gonna do?

View of Barlowe standing and staring out window.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Gang members stand at the bar or sit at tables gambling. View of Long Sally talking to Buck Morton and Sly and Annie sitting at a table. EDWINA 'EDDIE' MCBRIDE, owner of the saloon and BORDELLO that occupies the saloon's second floor, walks up to Sly and drapes her arms around him.

EDDIE

My, what broad shoulders. I imagine they are not all you have that would impress a girl.

(she releases him)

Eddie McBride at your service, owner of this here saloon. An', may I add, the territory's finest collection of nature's most desired pleasures. The choice is yours. Angelic, bewitching, elegant --or nasty. May I...

SLY

...Enough! Lips of an immoral woman drip honey, but she is bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two-edged sword. Madam, others may fall prey to your viperous tongue, but never, NEVER, peddle your sinful wares to me again.

Eddie takes a step back. She stares openmouthed at Sly.

EDDIE

Well, don't hold back none on my account.

Eddie turns away and heads to another table. Annie leans in.

ANNIE

Sly, why did we jus' ride on in? Especially tottin' that cattleman. Folks might know he was on that stage. Maybe been better to let a couple of the boys look things over first. Wouldn't attract attention. Give us time to make a plan.

SLY

Annie girl. Look around. What do you see?

Annie does so.

ANNIE

Fellas drinkin' an' gamblin.  
Sporting girls makin' a livin'.  
Plain folk I figure.

SLY

It is what Satin wishes. But they  
cannot hide from me. I alone see  
them.

ANNIE

Who?

SLY

Demons. They lurk in the bowls of  
his filth until summoned to hurl  
themselves against our shields.  
It is why I will not wait for  
Satin's treachery. I intend to  
strike an' strike hard.

ANNIE

So we gonna fetch the cattlemen's  
money and skedaddle?

SLY

Yes. But upon the command of God, I  
will cast these wretched fiends  
back into purgatory's fiery abyss.

**INT. - SHERIFF BARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY**

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS

Chet, now that don't make no sense.

BARLOWE

Listen to me. Buck mighta' got away  
somehow. Maybe them cowpokes  
helped.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS

So tell me this. Why are they in  
that there saloon, 'stead of  
standing here afore you?

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Sam's right sheriff. Why's Buck  
ain't tellin' you what happened?

Barlowe walks to his desk. Glances at rifles in the gun case  
and sits down.

BARLOWE

I sent word to Fort Reno. They'll wire the marshals at Fort Smith.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS

You know that's a two days hard ride. What do we do till then?

BARLOWE

Sit tight. If that is the bunch as robbed that stage, maybe they'll jus' spend what money they got an move on.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS

An' what if they ain't content to jus' our drink an' Eddie's girls?

Barlowe eyes his deputy then the desk top.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Kinch rushes over and sits down across from Sly.

KINCH

Word's out that we're the ones who robbed that stage.

ANNIE

Knew we shouldn't have come in with that cattleman.

KINCH

Too late for the bank. Sheriff will be gathering his deputies. Best we get.

Sly slams his hands on the table.

SLY

I told you before. Don't you *EVER* tell me what is best! I am guided by the Holy Spirit. The blood of my existence! An' HIS word is clear. As such, HE knows what has truly brought us here.

Sly looks out the saloon window. Across the street reads a sign, WHISPERSTONE MERCANTILE EXCHANGE. He stands then stares down at Kinch.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Call the boys together. We're  
hitting that bank...Now!

**EXT. TRAVIS POSSE ON SLY'S TRAIL - DAY**

View of Travis' Posse crossing the plain. Travis and Duke ride forward. Followed by TWO POSSEMEN, Chub's tumbleweed wagon with ONE GUARD riding alongside the cook, the OTHER GUARD rides behind, bringing up the rear.

View of Duke and Travis.

DUKE  
Be meanin' to ask. You always got  
that bible tucked close to your  
belly. But ain't never seen you  
readin' it. Why's that?

TRAVIS  
A fella has his reasons.

DUKE  
You sound like my paw. Good man.  
Jayhawkers kilt him when they ran  
shotgun over Kansas. Why I rode  
with them rebel Bushwhackers.

TRAVIS  
Won't hold it again' ya.

DUKE  
(eyes his friend)  
So you were a bluebelly during the  
war?

TRAVIS  
I was a slave. In Arkansas. But  
yes. Run off an' joined the  
unionists. Wounded at Pea Ridge.

DUKE  
Well. I won't hold it again' ya.

Travis glances at Duke and smiles.

View of Tumbleweed Wagon with Chub and Guard.

GUARDSMAN ON WAGON  
I do remember Blackfoot. He was one  
hell of a fighter.

CHUB

Bad as they come.

(chuckles)

I recall the time he looked Slim mean in both eyes. That deputy was thinner' a gnat's whisker an' small...Hell, he'd have to stand, jus to look a rattler in the eye.

View of Duke and Travis with O.S. laughter.

DUKE

Fellas said you was a Texas Ranger after the war.

TRAVIS

Till reconstruction ended. Left all us negroes without a job. Found myself back in Arkansas.

DUKE

Wid family?

TRAVIS

Most us slaves was sold off so many times, never knew much of family. Took up smithing. How I ended up marshaling.

DUKE

That's right. You ain't never told me how that star was pinned on ya.

TRAVIS

Not much to tell.

View of Tumbleweed Wagon with Chub and Guard.

CHUB

Blackfoot sez you move one inch an' you are a dead man.

GUARDSMAN ON WAGON

What did Slim do?

CHUB

Slim? Why he was the fastest draw I ever seen. Ain't he draw himself right up an' out them saloon doors. Hollarin' to the cayotes an' quickern' a preacher callin' on the town's newest lady of the line.

View of Travis and Duke with more O.S. laughter.



DUKE

I'll be pesterin' ya till you do.  
So best you tell me.

TRAVIS

There was a Deputy Marshal, Jud Graves. Came often to get his horse shod. He was a lawman with a backbone. One of Hanging Judge Parker's best.

DUKE

I recall a Jud Graves. What become of him?

TRAVIS

Ambushed. Not on some lonesome trail. But in town. Broad daylight.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK: EXT - DEATH OF MARSHAL GRAVES - DAY**

BLACK MARSHAL GRAVES' blood soaked body lies in the middle of the town's street.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

There he lay. Blood pooling beneath.

Graves reaches out. Scene of Townsfolk peeking out through windows.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Think anyone in that Godforsaken town would go to him? Heard it took over an hour for him to bleed out his last.

Graves collapses and remains still. Man in glasses stands at a doorway gazing out at Graves' body in background.

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Seemed not even the doctor wanted to soil his hands tending a Negro.

**END FLASHBACK: PRESENT DAY**

Travis gazes out towards the horizon, to the sound of the horse's hoof beats.

DUKE

Mighty sorry Ike.

TRAVIS

Don't matter none. Seems ole Jud told Parker about me afore he was kilt. How I was a former ranger. Damn if that judge can be persuasive when it comes to pinning a tin star on a fella.

View of Travis turning back towards the posse. Chub's voice carries to them.

CHUB (O.S.)

Ooweee, could that fella lie. He'd beat every inch of you raw, then say you done fell off your horse.

O.S. laughter as Travis swings to Duke

TRAVIS

Duke, you keep the boys heading this way. I'm gonna ride up ahead to see if I can pick up the gang's trail. With some luck, see you afore night fall.

DUKE

Maybe there be no luck. You come back empty handed. No other call but to turn back.

TRAVIS

(smiles)

Now you can't be that sore on missin' Miss Pearl's fine hospitality. Still got ole Chub to bed down aside you.

Duke cusses, but Travis has already given spurs to his horse.

# **INT. SHERIFF BARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Barlowe sits at his desk. David Strum stands over him.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

You can't jus' sit there an' do nothing.

BARLOWE

What will you have me do?

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Least ask Buck what the hell he's doing at that saloon.

BARLOWE  
Nosir. We wait for the marshal.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS  
Least the cattlemen's gold is safe.

BARLOWE  
(eyes Sam)  
What do you mean safe? Thought it was on that stage.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS  
Chet, you know well enough them cattlemen send out decoys. Money's tucked up in the bank. Twenty thousand I hear tell.

Barlowe stares open mouthed. Then pushes up from the desk and rushes to the gun cabinet. Tears the door open and grabs two rifles, tossing one each to Sam and Strum. He grabs a shotgun, checking to see if its loaded.

BARLOWE  
I've been a sow arsed fool! Reason those bastards are in town after hittin' that stage. Didn't find any money. Usin' Buck to rob the bank!

Barlowe rushes to the door and turns.

BARLOWE (CONT'D)  
Round up as many as you can. Get 'em over to Harvey's Feed an' Supply. Tell Harvey to give the boys all the firearms and ammunition he's got.

DEPUTY SAM TIMMINS  
Why you takin' the shot gun?

BARLOWE  
Loaded with blue whistle, an' get close enough, it will cut a fella in two. And I mean to get close!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION IS HEARD. Barlowe stares up the street then back to those inside.

BARLOWE (CONT'D)  
MOVE!

**INT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Dust and debris litter the bank lobby.

KINCH  
 Damn it Skinner.  
 (coughs)  
 You used too much dynamite. One day  
 you're gonna blow yourself to bits.

Skinner and Tex rush past Kinch to the ruined safe and begin stuffing the money in canvas bags. View of Red, his neckless of severed ears prominent, and Asesino, guarding a half dozen bank staff and customers.

KINCH (CONT'D)  
 Thought we was gonna have that  
 cattleman get 'em to open the safe?

Sly stares down at the bank manager. A bullet hole blasted between the eyes.

SLY  
 Change of plans.

Long Sally bursts through the front door.

LONG SALLY  
 There's a bunch of fellas gathering  
 at the supply store. Figure they's  
 arming.

SLY  
 You and Sage keep their heads down.  
 We're almost done here.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Long Sally and Sage position themselves on the wooden porch and blast away at the supply store. Fire from the supply store increases as more townsmen join in the gun battle.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Sly pulls the bank curtain aside and looks out. O.S. sounds of shots being fired.

MINISTER (O.S.)  
 Though your sins be as scarlet, may  
 they be white as snow.

Sly turns to a preacher crouched with back against the wall.

SLY  
What's that you muttering?

MINISTER  
Nothing.

Sly takes out his pistol and stoops down. Close up of bible in preacher's hand.

Still sounds of outside shots being fired.

SLY  
The Lord said be sure your sin, as  
it will surely find you out. So  
preacher, best you be truthful and  
tell me what you jus' said.

MINISTER  
I asked the Lord to have mercy for  
your miserable soul.

SLY  
Now ain't that something.  
(stands and smiles)  
The Lord an' me, we keep a close  
eye on a fella's soul.

MINISTER  
You are no man of the cloth.

SLY  
Ordained to purify His Creation of  
sinners and heathens.

MINISTER  
Does He tell you to terrorize the  
innocent?

TEX  
(calls out)  
Sly. We got it all!

SLY  
Get it to the horses. Long Sally  
an' Sage will cover ya. Kinch you  
help 'em.

Sly turns and stares down at the minister, levels his pistol,  
and to the click of a drawn hammer...

SLY (CONT'D)  
Preacher, best you ask Him that  
yourself.

Ear-shattering blast and the MINISTER'S FACE EXPLODES. His brain splatters the wall behind.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Barlowe inches along the bank, clasping his shot gun close. He reaches the end of the ally and peers around the corner. View of Tex and Skinner bursting out of bank carrying money sacks. Kinch joins Long Sally and Sage in the gun battle with the townsfolk.

**INT. WISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Sly turns a demonic face to Asesino and Red and shouts.

SLY  
Bullets for Jesus boys!

He points his pistol at the customers and bank staff.

SLY (CONT'D)  
HAVE AT 'EM!

Red giggles and levels his two pistols. Asesino unsheathes his machete. To the sound of blood curdling screams and blast of six shooters, view of Sly walking past the bodies as they are riddled with shot or hacked by Asesino's massive blade.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

View of gang members running down the street, firing at the townsmen. Shots chew up the ground by gang members' feet.

View of the gang's horses further down the street. Mounted are Annie, and the Arapaho Kid guarding Buck Morton.

Scream and view of TOWNSMAN HIT, falling over hitching rail.

Gang members reach their HORSES. A few of the horses are panicked from the gunfire. They spin and rear, making it difficult to mount.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Barlowe claps the shotgun and takes a deep breath then leaps out of the ally onto the porch just as Sly exits the bank.

BARLOWE  
Stop! I'll shoot!

Barlowe freezes when Sly drags A SHRIEKING WOMAN out of the bank and uses her as a shield.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

View of gang members still firing while others try to mount their horses. A TOWNSMAN is shot and hurls back through a storefront window. Red cries out, shot in the leg.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

SLY  
 Sheriff! You shoot an' you'll hit  
 the girl. Now you lower that  
 scatter gun.  
 (tightens grip on crying  
 woman)  
 NOW!

Barlowe hesitates. Starts to lower his shotgun and closes his eyes. THE BLAST hits him in the chest. THE SHOTGUN FLIES FROM HIS HANDS as he's catapulted to the street and onto his back.

Sly lets the girl go. Walks to the edge of the porch. Looks down at Barlowe and fires twice more into his body.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Sly rushes towards the horses. Bullets dig up the gravel by his feet. He turns to fire. But stops. He stares up the street. View of the firing townsmen and just beyond. At the top of the street. A CHURCH. The WHISPERS RETURN. Sly closes his eyes and the WHISPERS GROW.

SLY  
 Ye dragons and all deeps! Fire an'  
 hail! Satan, your demon's barbs  
 FALL at my feet.  
 (opens his eyes)  
 For thy Holy Spirit has covered my  
 head. In this day of slaughter.

The gang are all mounted on their horses.

KINCH  
 Let's get!

ANNIE  
 No! Sly ain't with us.

Kinch looks to where Sly stands in the street.

KINCH  
 What's that crazed lunatic doing?  
 (spurs his horse to Sly)  
 Sly! We have the money!

Sly looks up at Kinch.

SLY  
 Lift thou up the light of thy  
 countenance. For I have *seen* HIS  
 face. An' HE has spoken unto me.  
 This is where I am needed. THIS is  
 where we stay.

A shot whistles by Kinch and he ducks. He looks at the gang  
 and then back to Sly.

SLY (CONT'D)  
 The Lord sez to live is to die.  
 Through me, to live is to KILL.

Sly points up the street to the shooting townsfolk.

SLY (CONT'D)  
 See. The Heathen. Those who fire  
 upon us! I am thy sepulcher. Kill  
 'em. KILL 'EM ALL!

#### **EXT. WHISPERSTONE BANK ROBBERY - DAY**

Sly stands facing the church with outstretched arms. The gang  
 rides past. Winchesters blast. Doors are kicked in. Pistols  
 blaze. Limbs hacked. The gang cuts a bloodbath up main street  
 as they kill and club all who had resisted.

#### **INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - NIGHT**

Kinch, Annie, Sage stand at the bar speaking in hushed tones.  
 Sly stands at the doorway staring out. Besides the bartender  
 and Eddie McBride, the saloon is empty.

KINCH  
 He must know the marshals are  
 coming. Hell, Fort Reno is jus' a  
 hard days ride. A rifle of Troopers  
 could be headin' this way.

SAGE  
 When Sly's spittin' scriptures,  
 that won't matter none.



KINCH

Well someone has to set him to rights.

SAGE

Where's Long Sally?

KINCH

She's guarding that cattleman.

Kinch looks at Annie who shakes her head.

KINCH (CONT'D)

You gotta. He won't hear any of us out. Figure there's twenty thousand reasons why he has to listen to ya. Say, where is the money? Ain't tied to the horses no more.

Other two shrug then all turn and look at Sly.

# **INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - NIGHT**

Second floor saloon. Long Sally opens a door to one of the bedrooms and shoves Buck Morton in. Peers down the hallway and enters, closing door.

BUCK MORTON

I'd figured that murderous madman needed my help to open the safe. But now what? Why am I still alive?

LONG SALLY

Maybe Sly figures to ransom ya. Don't rightly know. Things change. One minute he talks fine. Next, all hell an' brimstone.

Morton gestures to the bed and they sit.

LONG SALLY (CONT'D)

What you told me in the saloon earlier. About your dead wife. Your children. It true?

BUCK MORTON

(offers his tethered wrists)

Cut me loose so we can talk.

LONG SALLY

We can talk jus' fine the way you are. Now, tell me.

BUCK MORTON

Yes. Every word.

LONG SALLY

An what Tex said. You ownin' a large spread jus' north of here?

BUCK MORTON

That too. Would like to show you. Cut me loose an' we can ride on out.

LONG SALLY

I... I don't know. Part of me wants to.

BUCK MORTON

An' the other part?

LONG SALLY

It's Sly. I'd do anything for 'im. Anything he asked. But now...jus' don't know. Not after all these killings. Never thought I'd feel this way...but I'm scared.

Morton shifts closer.

BUCK MORTON

Then why stay?

LONG SALLY

(laughs)

For my share of the money.

BUCK MORTON

Fellas ever tell you how beautiful you are when you smile?

LONG SALLY

Don't soft talk me thinkin' I'll help you get out of this.

BUCK MORTON

Here's a thought. Why settle for a share. When you could have it all.

Long Sally stares at him. Buck offers his tethered hands.

BUCK MORTON (CONT'D)

Cut me loose. Lets talk.

Sally hesitates. Then slips out a knife and severs the rope. They stare into each other's eyes. He reaches around and draws her to him. They kiss, falling back onto the bed.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - NIGHT**

Annie walks over to Sly. He continues to stare out the door.

SLY  
Blessings of a gracious Lord.

View of the Church at the top of the street. Candle light flickers in the lower floor front windows.

Sly turns and calls out to Kinch.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Kinch, you an' Sage. Set up a night watch with the others. I want no one slippin' out of town.

KINCH  
Haven't seen the Kid.

SLY  
Sent him to scout to our east.

Kinch and Sage glance at Annie as they leave.

ANNIE  
Sly, where did you hide the money?

SLY  
Only me an' our Lord Jesus knows that Annie Girl.

ANNIE  
The boys. They figured we'd ride in an' ride out with it. 'Stead, here we sit, while a dozen of its townspeople are hauled to bone hill.

SLY  
This town stinks of sinners and heathens whoring after false Gods.

ANNIE  
You gonna deal with 'em how you did that farm couple in the dugout?

**BEGIN FLASHBACK: COUPLE KILLED IN CABIN - NIGHT**

In a farmer's cabin, Sly stands over a man and woman who cower on the floor in fright before him.

SLY (O.S.)

They were agents of the devil. What pity is there for those who refute the Lord?

A PICK AX PLUNGES, CARVING IN THE MAN'S SKULL and splattering blood and brain. The view goes black with woman's bloodcurdling scream.

**END FLASHBACK: PRESENT NIGHT**

SLY (CONT'D)

None.

ANNIE

So we stay?

SLY

Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain. But Annie girl, a woman who *fears* the Lord is to be praised. Don't you forget that.

ANNIE

How long Sly?

SLY

HE guided us among these demons. Then showed me that there church. He will tell me when we leave. The Lord works in mysterious ways.

ANNIE

Yea. Heard that before.

Sly SLAPS ANNIE. Hard enough she's flung onto the floor.

SLY

Don't you hear none!? I *told* you do not sass me. Now then. I'm hungry. Get into that kitchen an' rustle up some eats.

Sly storms out of the saloon.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - NIGHT**

Annie starts to get up and is helped to a table by Eddie McBride. They both sit.

EDDIE

You ok? Been watching. You ain't like them others. Ain't no killer. How did you get mixed up with this bunch? With that crazed maniac?

ANNIE

He wasn't always like that.

EDDIE

Hell, from I seen, he'd find the Lord's blessin' in carving up his own mother. But you ain't told me how you ended up with him.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK: INT. CABIN. ANNIE AND SLY MEET - NIGHT**

Cabin. Family sits around table-ANNIE, MOTHER, FATHER

ANNIE (V.O.)

We had just sat down to dinner when we heard a knock at the door.

The Father gets up and opens. Sly stands at the door.

ANNIE (V.O.)

It was Sly. He looked mighty pretty. All duded up in preacher clothes. Holding a bible. Said he was traveling through an' hoped for a grubstake.

Father seen inviting Sly in to join them at the table.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Seein' how it was late, maw insisted he stay the night. Bed down in the barn.

Annie's bedroom. Door opens. The father enters and slips in bed beside Annie.

ANNIE (V.O.)

That night, like most nights, my paw. He come to me for...favors.

Father having intercourse with Annie.

ANNIE (V.O.)

He could be hard. But that night,  
it was harder than most. I musta'  
cried out. All of a sudden. There  
he was.

Door bursts open. Sly stands in the doorway. Father leaps up  
off Annie who gathers the sheets around herself.

ANNIE V.O.

Afore my paw could do anything. It  
was over.

Sly whips the knife around. The father falls back onto the  
bed. HIS CHEST IS TORN WIDE OPEN.

**FLASHBACK END: PRESENT - NIGHT**

ANNIE

Last I seen was my paw, carved up  
with maw, lying over him, a wailing  
to beat hell. Sly took my hand.  
With him ever since.

Annie stares at Eddie who reaches out and takes her hand.

**EXT. TRAVIS POSSE ON SLY'S TRAIL - NIGHT**

The Tumbleweed Wagon sits off from a campfire. Four possemen  
sit around the fire chatting. Chub stands by the wagon,  
spooning food onto a plate. Duke rides up and dismounts. Chub  
hands him the plate. Duke takes a bite and spits it out.

DUKE

This grub ain't nothing what I got  
my face fixed for. Toughern' stewed  
skunk.

CHUB

I wouldn't talk none. Your coffee's  
so strong as to raise a blood  
blister on a boot.

DUKE

Speakin' of talkin', you ever quit  
that gob of yours?

(mumbles to self)

Could talk a gate off its hinges.

CHUB

What'd you say?

DUKE

(louder)

I said you got tongue enough for  
ten rows of teeth.

CHUB

Humph! What else is a fella to do  
buckin' that damn wagon all day  
long?

Travis rides up and calls out.

TRAVIS

A fella could hear you two  
dickerin' a mile out.

CHUB

Duke here ain't recallin' one of  
them ten commandments.

(glares at Duke)

Don't rile the wagon master.

DUKE

One of these days I am gonna show  
you the business end of a forty-  
five.

CHUB

I hear you clucking, but I'll be  
damned if I can find your nest.

TRAVIS

Found 'em.

The two stop and face Travis

DUKE

How you know its them?

TRAVIS

Them alright. Come across that  
stage's fresh dug graves. Picked up  
the trail straight off. Headin'  
southeast.

DUKE

Whisperstone.

TRAVIS

Yea. Tell the boys to bed down  
straight off. We got a long day  
ahead of us.

**EXT. TRAVIS POSSE ON SLY'S TRAIL - NIGHT**

The Arapaho Kid lies on the ground staring out. He suddenly gets up and rushes to his horse and gallops off.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE MAYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Spacious office - Sly, Sage, Tex, and Red stand before MAYOR BRET CUMMINGS, wife MARY CUMMINGS, SON CHARLES and DAUGHTER LISA - both late teens. Also Deputy Timmins and David Strum.

MAYOR CUMMINGS

Murderous bandits. The law will see you brought to justice. You have your money. Now go!

SLY

Mayor, it is God's law that guides my hand. As such, I stand afore His justice an' His alone.

TOWNSMAN DAVID STRUM

Your last words on the gallows.

SLY

Shame ain't no one to hear yours. Tex, haul him to the stables. String him up.

Tex strong arms a yelling Strum from the room.

SLY (CONT'D)

Sage. See that deputy joins him.

SAGE

My, ain't you a pretty one.

Sage grabs Timmin's arm and hauls him out just as Kinch rushes in and pulls Sly aside whispering.

KINCH

Arapaho Kid jus' rode in. Marshal an' his party headin' this way. We gonna head out?

Sly stands silent in thought. Then to Kinch.

SLY

Evil comes to us. An' I accept Satan's challenge. We ride. To smite the Devil's Legions.



KINCH

Won't have the guns. Especially if we gotta leave half our boys behind to watch this town.

SLY

Found four prisoners in that sheriff's jail. We can persuade them to join us. Now just need a little cooperation from the Mayor.

Sly walks up to the mayor.

SLY (CONT'D)

Need your help. Me an' the boys, we gotta head out for a spell. While gone, I don't want your folks to join in any mischief. No one leaves town. Is that understood?

MAYOR CUMMINGS

Go to hell!

SLY

Not afore your family.

Sly plunges a knife in the son's neck and rips it aside in a spray of blood. Wife Mary shrieks and falls on the lifeless body. The mayor stands in shock. Sly motions to the daughter.

SLY (CONT'D)

Red, take her. Don't harm her none. Less needs allow it.

Red giggles and pulls the screaming daughter from the room.

SLY (CONT'D)

Now then mayor. Your daughter. Your wife. We can continue on like this, *one dead body at a time*. Or...

MAYOR

(cries out)

Please, for the love of God YES!  
I'll do it. Anything you wish.

SLY

The Lord will be mighty pleased.

#### **EXT. POSSE ATTACK - DAY**

Travis' posse winds it way across the rocky plain. Riders in front pull up and stop. View of Chub and guard in wagon.

CHUB  
Found him in the pen. Lying there  
peppered full of holes. Hogs ate  
away half his face. Them others...

Chub's voice trails off as the wagon stops and joins the  
others --ALL STARE. A DRAW DROPPING STARE.

CHUB (CONT'D)  
Well dang my melt.

On a flat plain in front of a deep gully cut by a dried creek  
bed -- A STAKE is driven into the ground. And tied to that  
stake by a long rope stands Long Sally...TOTALLY NAKED.

TRAVIS  
Duke, What you figure?

DUKE  
That she'd be mighty fine dealin'  
faro. Just the way she is.

TRAVIS  
Damn it. How did she get there?

DUKE  
Don't know. Some Injun thing maybe.  
Countin' coup? But ain't never  
heard no squaw staking herself out.  
Not like this.

Duke twists in his saddle and looks around.

DUKE (CONT'D)  
Seems she's by her lonesome.

TRAVIS  
You see she's cut loose. I'm gonna  
ride that ridge over there to get a  
better look.

Travis spurs his horse towards the nearby hill. Duke motions  
to the two possemen. They eagerly ride up to Sally and leap  
off their horses.

One of the possemen draws his knife. He's about to cut the  
thongs around Sally's wrists when she slips the knot and  
grabs the knife from him.

In a vicious swipe, the blade slices a deep gash across his  
waist, spilling guts and offal as his body crumbles.

Sly's gang leaps up from the gully. Pistols and Winchesters  
blast away at the posse.

Travis spins his horse around and spurs him back to his men.

The mounted guard is cut down in a hail of lead. The guard sitting next to Chub leaps up and shoulders his Winchester. A blast to the chest and he's catapulted off the wagon.

The other posseman near Sally turns and runs for his horse. Sally digs up the dirt by her feet. She grabs and aims the colt. She fires. The bullets rip through the man's back in a gush of exploding blood.

Duke heels his horse and drives through the gang, aiming for the gully. As he passes the Kid, the half breed hurls a spear. The lance plunges through the back, the point bursting through his chest. Duke falls from his horse, snapping the spear. He lies on his back gasping and spitting blood.

Asesino walks up. He lifts his machete high over his head.

DUKE

NO!

The blade slices through tendons and bone, decapitating the lawman.

As Travis nears the carnage, shots sound from his left. He rears his horse. Tex and Kinch shoot. Travis returns fire and the pair are driven behind a rock. Travis aims his pistol.

SLY (O.S.)

You! Devil's Horde!

Travis swings his horse around. Sly sits his mount directly behind him; his two six shooters pointing at Travis. Travis jerks up his pistol just as Sly fires.

A shot grazes his scalp in a burst of blood. Another drills Travis in the stomach. Before Sly can shoot again, Travis loosens a shot. Sly's horse rears and spins the outlaw away. Travis slumps over his horse and the animal gallops off.

Tex and Kinch run up to Sly, they level their Winchesters.

SLY (CONT'D)

Leave him to the cayotes. He's gut shot. Be dead by morning.

Shots are heard from behind. Sly swings his horse and looks.

SLY (CONT'D)

Fools!

View of Chub lying on his stomach beneath the wagon. He loosens his rifle again, pinning the gang down.

CHUB

Come on you cowardly dogs! Have at me! Hah! Oily bastards. You ain't never faced real men till you come up again' ole Chub.

Chub fires several more shots, keeping the gang's heads down.

CHUBB

Greased arsed sons-of-bitches. Low-bellied snakes...Show yourselves!

One of the FORMER PRISONERS runs between rocks. Chub fires. His chest explodes in blood as he tumbles to the earth.

CHUB

Got ya. Oowweee, it's hog-killin' time.

(to himself)

What the? Feel somethin' pickin' at my boots.

He swings about, but sees nothing. Fires but happens again. Cursing, Chub scoots out from under the wagon and looks up.

Sly squats in the wagon box just above, wielding A LARGE AXE. The handle taps the buckboard side.

SLY

Someone mention hog killin'?

Sly leaps and drives the axe downward. THE BLADE STAVES IN CHUB'S FACE, gouging a carnivorous gash from forehead to chin. The drayman's body shudders, spurting blood and brain.

#### **EXT. POSSE ATTACK - DAY**

View of gang members rifling through dead posse's clothing. Red giggles as he slices off more ears for his neckless. Kinch walks up to Sly.

KINCH

Ain't no marshal among 'em. Musta been that fella you gut shot.

SLY

Which of our boys got kilt.

KINCH

Jus' one of them jail prisoners.

SLY  
Round 'em up. We're heading back to town.

KINCH  
I figured once we done in this posse, we'd ride out.

SLY  
God empowered me to rid that Gomorrah of its false priest and demons. Corrupted souls now cry out for salvation.

SAGE  
Sly! This one is still breathing. What you want us to do with him?

Sly walks over. Pulls his Colt. Three shots riddle the body.

SLY  
(to Sage)  
Nothing.

KINCH  
Sly, ain't no time for preachin'. Once word's out what we done, the next posse will be twice this size.

SLY  
He has spoken. I will obey. Come. My flock awaits.

#### **EXT. TRAVIS FALLS FROM HORSE - NIGHT**

A silhouette of a horse with slumped body in the saddle walks slowly then stops. Travis slides off and lies still.

#### **INT. SLY AS BOY CHURCH SEQUENCE - NIGHT**

A young priest in flowing robes stands before AN ALTER facing the pews. An ALTER BOY, early teens, walks the aisle towards him. As the boy approaches, the priest steps to meet him.

A FLASH to the boys left. He stops and turns. Nothing. The boy resumes. ANOTHER FLASH. To his right. He looks over the pews. Still nothing. The boy suddenly spins to his left. A HIDEOUS DEMON is seen for a split second, then ducks down. The boy looks to the priest who gestures for the boy.

PRIEST  
Come my son. Sit beside me.

They sit in the front row pew. The boy twists and looks back. TWO DEMONS duck down. The boy stares up at the priest.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Did you lock the door like I asked?

The boy nods. The priest's voice remains soft and consoling.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Good. You listen well.

The priest places a hand on the boy's leg.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Do not tremble. You must give  
yourself fully unto the Lord.

A FLASH OF DEMONS creeping over the pew from behind.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Relax my poor boy. My low and  
wretched sinner.

The boy glances back. Demons squirm and slither, worming  
towards them. Reaching out. The boy stiffens in terror.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Take comfort. You are with God.

The boy GASPS. The priest's eyes are now RED AND FIERY. A  
demon from behind SUDDENLY GRABS the boy's shoulder. The  
priest's hand slides up the boy's inner leg.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
You must find comfort and surrender  
to Him, for through me...

The priest's FACE MELTS away. A MONSTROUS FIEND now glares  
down, grabs the boy and hisses.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
...is there salvation.

Demons swell up and swarm over the boy.

BOY  
(shrieks)  
NO!

The boy rips free and runs to the alter followed by the  
priest. He grabs a HEAVY CHALICE with both hands. The priest  
grabs his waist. The boy spins and CAVES IN THE GHOULISH  
PRIEST'S SKULL. The boy turns, and drops to his knees on the  
bloody alter before A WOODEN STATUE OF JESUS ON THE CROSS.

BOY (CONT'D)  
 (sobbing)  
 Please, Lord...Please, forgive me.

The boy stares up at Jesus' face. The crowning thorns shimmer then --ENTRAILS OF BLOOD SEEP out from under the briars. Thin rivulets trace the face and drop to the floor, mixing with the pool of blood under the ghoulish priest. The fiendish priest shimmers and turns human, but now old and withered.

A commanding voice suddenly fills the church.

GODLY VOICE  
 Pick it up. Thou knowest what you  
 must do.

The boy picks up the chalice that laid in the priest's blood. He drinks the mixed blood that had pooled within. View of surreal blurring then a sound. --THE STATUE'S HEAD MOVES. A HAND tears through a nail and wrenches free of the cross.

GODLY VOICE (CONT'D)  
 When the light came, darkness rose.  
 Satan as lightning fell from Heaven

The other hand rips away in bloody shards. The boy drops the chalice.

GODLY VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Put on your armor of righteousness,  
 to cast aside the Demons of  
 Darkness who sow the land

Christ's feet tear themselves free in fleshy sinews from the massive nail holding them to the cross. Christ now hovers before him.

GODLY VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Evil will BURN in the eternal fires  
 for through you, GOD will crush  
 Satan's horde beneath your feet

Christ's figure slowly drops to the alter. An eerie, skeletal creaking sound fills the church as it walks towards the boy.

GODLY VOICE (CONT'D)  
 The Devil's blood flows through  
 your veins. You now see through the  
 disguises that shroud his demons.

The statue stops before the boy. Both voices enjoined.

GODLY VOICE AND BOY'S  
 Together, we will seek them out.  
 Hurl their wretched souls back to  
 the fiery depths of HELL!

The boy turns. He faces the monstrous horde of demons that surge towards him. The statue LAYS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

THE BOY  
 The wages of sin will be DEATH!

The boy throws out his arms. A BRILLIANT FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT blinds the demons. He thrusts his arms forward. FLAMES IGNITE THE CHURCH and pews, engulfing all in a blazing inferno.

The boy walks the aisle unscathed amidst demonic shrieks.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE BORDELLO - NIGHT**

Sly sits up abruptly in cold sweat. Annie is beside him. He gets up and walks to the window and gazes out at the church.

SLY  
 They must burn. All of them.

**EXT. SIXKILLER CAMP - MORNING**

Travis wakes in pain. He tries to move and realizes his hands and ankles are tied. Bloodied rags wrap around his head, shoulder, and waist. Metallic sounds of scrapping are heard.

View of MAN leaning over a fire stirring a pot. The man suddenly stands. He is a tribesman of the Cherokee Nation.

Alarmed, Travis pulls at the rope, trying to rip free. SIXKILLER eyes him then squats back down, stirring the pot.

TRAVIS  
 Hey! Injun.

Sixkiller looks over. Travis licks his lips.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
 Could use a drink. You hearin' me?

Travis brings his tied hands to his mouth, making a drinking motion.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
 WA...TER.



Sixkiller grunts, turns and begins to ladle food on a plate. Travis looks to his side and sees his rifle, saddle, and all his gear neatly laid out on a rock, his horse tied alongside.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
See you're helpin' yourself to my gear. Guess laid up like a spit-hog, can't stop you none. But that's all you're gettin'. Ain't got no money. NO WAMP-UM.

Sixkiller grunts, walks over, lays the plate by Travis, then walks away.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Hey! How am I gonna eat this? Great. I gotta deal with some dumb arsed savage.

Travis leans to the side and buries his face in the food.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Humph. Pretty damn good. Hey Injun. What is this?

Sixkiller returns. Travis chews a mouthful and shrugs his shoulders, motioning to the plate of food.

SIXKILLER  
Dog.

Travis spits it out. Sixkiller draws his knife.

TRAVIS  
No! No you don't! I'm a Federal Marshal. Ya here?  
(kicking out with heels)  
Get back you half-breed!

Sixkiller leans forward. Travis thrusts his tied wrists before his face. In a quick twist of hand, Travis' wrists are freed; then his ankles. Sixkiller stoops down before him.

SIXKILLER  
My name is not *Injun*. I am Sixkiller. And not a half-breed as you so colorfully assume, but full blooded Cherokee.  
(he stands)  
And what you slopped down like some fattened pig is called lapin mijote. Or perhaps you prefer it's Mexican name...estofado de conejo. Rabbit stew. Not dog.

Sixkiller tosses him a fork, turns and walks back towards the campfire, growling loud enough for Travis to hear.

SIXKILLER (CONT'D)  
Great! I Gotta deal with some dumb  
arsed lawman.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - MORNING**

Annie enters from a side room with a towel wrapped around her.

Sly, fully clothed, is sitting on the bed.

ANNIE  
You're up early.

SLY  
Jesus rose at sunrise. My favorite  
time of day.

Sly gets up from the bed and walks to the door.

ANNIE  
You don't have to head out.

Sly eyes her then opens the door and leaves.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE STABLES - MORNING**

Sly stands in front of open stable doors. Kinch approaches.

SLY  
Rouse the boys. They's to gather at  
the saloon.

KINCH  
So we're headin' out?

SLY  
Jus' do it.

Kinch calls out to Tex. Sly turns and sees Strum hanging from one of the stable beams. He calls out to Kinch, pointing.

SLY (CONT'D)  
There should be two bodies hanging.  
What happened to that deputy?

Kinch joins him and shrugs.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE BORDELLO - MORNING**

View of Sage and Deputy Timmins in bed going at it. Timmins hands are tied to the bed posts. Sage on top.

Tex walks down the hallway banging on doors, shouting.

TEX

Get up! Sly's callin' a meetin'  
downstairs.

View inside room. Asesino lies with A PROSTITUTE ON EACH ARM.

View of Long Sally and Morton in bed. Long Sally leaps up naked and starts to dress. Morton calls over.

MORTON

When you figure we run for it?

LONG SALLY

Soon. Timing gonna be tricky.

MORTON

Not without the money.

LONG SALLY

(pauses and eyes him)

Ain't be easy. I'll think on it.

Tex bangs on a door. View of Red lying in bed naked beside the mayor's daughter. He giggles then flops over onto her.

Tex bangs on another door. Sage now sits up in bed smoking.

SAGE

Go away!

TEX

Sly's orders. Get up.

SAGE

Fuckin' cowboy. Give me a minute!

Sage grabs a knife from the side table and swings it across her body, stabbing down hard beside her. A GRUNT is heard.

View of Deputy Timmins lying on his back. The knife is buried deep in his chest. Blood pulsates up from the hideous gash.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Have to tidy up first.

**EXT. SIXKILLER'S CAMP - DAY**

Sixkiller sits by the fire smoking a pipe. Travis lays his empty plate down and calls out.

TRAVIS

You made me out for a fool.

SIXKILLER

You do not need my help for that.

TRAVIS

Could have easily killed me. Taken my guns. My horse.

SIXKILLER

If I were to do so, I would be a thief and murderer. I am neither.

TRAVIS

Speakin' of killed. I was gut shot. Why am I still breathing?

Sixkiller leans over, grabs a book and throws it to him. View of a bible, its leather binding blasted by a bullet hole.

SIXKILLER

Found it along your waist. Enough to slow the momentum and reflect the bullet, leaving bruised ribs and a nasty flesh wound.

TRAVIS

But I passed out.

SIXKILLER

Simple. Loss of blood. But the real culprit was that cut to your head.

TRAVIS

Humph. My maw gave me this bible. Said it would save my life.

(chuckles)

Figure she was thinkin' on my soul, 'stead of my hide. You talk all fancy like. Missionaries learn ya?

SIXKILLER

Missionaries? What you pale faces read in your frivolous dime novels.

TRAVIS

Well, if you haven't noticed, I ain't exactly a pale face.

SIXKILLER  
(looks over hides grin)  
I studied law at University.

TRAVIS  
A lawyer? Mighty impressive for a  
redskin.

SIXKILLER  
Do not call me a redskin. It is not  
in reference to my pigment. But to  
the color of what is left...after  
the scalp is torn from my head or  
the skin is ripped from my flesh.

TRAVIS  
Enough said. Say, how'd you find  
me?

SIXKILLER  
Something even us civilized Indians  
are good at. I tracked you.

TRAVIS  
Tracked me?

SIXKILLER  
Picked up your trail of blood.  
After I came across your posse.

TRAVIS  
My posse! Gotta get to 'em.

Travis jumps up and winches, gets dizzy and falls back down.

SIXKILLER  
You are not going anywhere. As much  
as I would favor your departure,  
you'd risk ending up like your  
friends

TRAVIS  
Meaning?

SIXKILLER  
Dead. All of 'em.

Travis' face hardens. He pushes himself up and stumbles to  
his horse. Grabs his saddle and throws it over the animal.  
Sixkiller gets up and approaches.

SIXKILLER (CONT'D)

What good would come of this? After the buzzards and coyote, nothing would be left to bury but a pile of gnawed bones.

Travis continues to gather his gear and load his horse.

TRAVIS

You're right. No need.

SIXKILLER

What then? Go after the gang that did this?

Travis secures the saddle straps and mounts.

TRAVIS

Much obliged for not killing me. But I do mean to hunt down that maniac and his thieving murderers. For what they did to my boys.

SIXKILLER

Saw them from a distance on the trail. Too many to capture.

TRAVIS

Ain't my worry. I'll bring 'em in...deader'n' a hammered skunk an' stacked stiffer'n' cord wood.

SIXKILLER

You cannot do that by yourself.

TRAVIS

You're right. You ready?

SIXKILLER

Ready? Ready for what?

TRAVIS

You're coming.

SIXKILLER

What nonsense is this?

TRAVIS

Posseman pay is two dollars a day. Eats included. 'Cept I don't have any grub so guess you'll have to provide that for us both.

SIXKILLER

Let me understand fully. I would  
join you to go up against a deviate  
gang of vicious desperados  
for...what is the pay?

TRAVIS

(smiles)

Two dollars a day. With eats.

SIXKILLER

For two dollars a day...with  
benefits. Of course food provided  
by myself. And if by some miracle,  
I am not mutilated and survive this  
appalling ordeal. I would receive  
future revenues of...?

TRAVIS

Half of the reward.

SIXKILLER

There is a reward?

TRAVIS

Hell no. Least none that I know of.  
But doesn't mean there ain't one.

SIXKILLER

Why are you so sure I will agree to  
such insanity?

TRAVIS

I figured a learned gent with  
morals ain't gonna watch me ride  
off alone to my certain death.

Travis mounts his horse, looks down, and smiles.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Even if he is a lawyer.

Travis rides off leaving Sixkiller watching.

# **EXT. TRAVIS TRAIL TO WHISPERSTONE - DAY**

Travis rides alone. Moments later, Sixkiller gallops up.

TRAVIS

Name's Ike. What do I call you  
stead of Injun?

SIXKILLER  
Whites call me Sixkiller.

TRAVIS  
(grins)  
An' Darkies?

SIXKILLER  
(slight grin)  
Same. Where to?

TRAVIS  
Whisperstone. The stage they  
bushwhacked was headin' there.

SIXKILLER  
(openly smiles)  
Ah, Eddie McBride's establishment.

TRAVIS  
Maybe I should have told you that  
straight off.

SIXKILLER  
I still would have told you to go  
to hell.

TRAVIS  
Exactly where we're headin'.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

The whole gang is gathered in the saloon. Kinch stands next to Sly at the Bar. Long Sally and Morton sit at a Table.

KINCH  
Sly, when you planning to preach  
this sermon?

SLY  
Need time to prepare.

KINCH  
Well me...me an the gang. We figure  
best split up the money now. Then  
scatter. Can pull together when  
things soften up a might.

Sly nods. Glances around the room. He SUDDENLY PULLS HIS SIXSHOOTER and lays the muzzle against Kinch's forehead.



SLY  
 I will smite thee Judas right where  
 you stand. An' anyone else who  
 wallows in the slime of Satan's  
*foul* deceit.

Sly cocks the pistol. Then smiles and holsters the gun.

SLY (CONT'D)  
 Jus' need a couple of days. Then we  
 get. You have my word an' the  
 Lord's. Boys, ain't get much  
 bettern' that.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Morton and Long Sally are at the table. Buck Morton whispers.

BUCK MORTON  
 Sly is diggin' your graves. We  
 gotta act soon.

LONG SALLY  
 I will ready the horses.

BUCK MORTON  
 And the money? Overheard a couple  
 of 'em say Sly's hid it.

LONG SALLY  
 I'll find it.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Travis and Sixkiller sneak up on the town cast in silhouette.

TRAVIS  
 Barely enough light to see.

SIXKILLER  
 You are in luck.  
 (smirks)  
 Injuns see in the dark.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Travis and Sixkiller stand by a building. Sixkiller draws his knife and points to SECOND FORMER PRISONER pacing in front of another building holding a rifle. Travis nods.

Pacing man starts to turn when Sixkiller grabs him from behind. Covers his mouth and slices his neck. Travis and Sixkiller drag the bloodied body into an ally.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Travis and Sixkiller stand in shadows outside the saloon. Lights filter from windows and sporadic laughter is heard.

TRAVIS

You keep watch.

Travis shimmies up a post to the second floor. Slips over the railing and scoots along the balcony's length. He stops at one of the windows. Draws his knife and quietly opens it.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - NIGHT**

A BED heaves up and down. Moaning of TWO PEOPLE going at it. Tex lies naked on top. Travis sneaks up. Leans over the headboard. Eddie McBride stares up in surprise. Travis puts a finger to his lips while Tex is still pumping away.

Travis GRABS Tex and throws him on his back. Eddie leaps up as the point of the knife hovers over Tex's throat.

TEX

(eyes wide)

It...It can't be. You're dead!

TRAVIS

(snarling)

No. You are!

The knife plunges in Tex's throat. Travis twists the blade and jerks it aside to the sound of ripping skin and flesh. Eddie stands with a sheet hiding her nakedness.

EDDIE

(whispers)

Mighty glad you ain't dead marshal.

TRAVIS

You will be discreet?

EDDIE

Happened so fast. Ain't see a soul.

(mischievous smile)

But next time. I charge you double.

Have to make up for new bedding.

Travis steals out into the hallway and turns towards the stairway. He stops. ANNIE STANDS BEFORE HIM. They stare at each other. Annie looks down at the bloodied knife.

ANNIE  
These stairs are no good. Behind  
ya. Another leads to a side ally.

Eyes are fixed before Travis turns and rushes out the back.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DAY**

Next morning, Sly and his gang stand by the dead former prisoner. The Arapaho Kid stoops down and examines the body.

ARAPAHO KID  
This is not the work of Ve'ho'e. No  
white did this.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - DAY**

Annie sits on the bed besides Sly who is furious.

SLY  
Annie girl, give me my pain-killer.

Annie reaches in her small, drawstring fabric bag and takes out a bottle of laudanum, passing it to Sly who downs a swig.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Two killed in one night. An' no one  
heard a thing. Kid sayin' it's an  
Injun. But I think it is one or  
more of these sinful townsfolk.

Annie presses closer to Sly. She takes his hand in hers. The other hand begins to unbutton her blouse.

ANNIE  
(seductive tone)  
Sly, you need to ease your mind  
some. I was told there's a cabin  
jus' outside a' town. A water  
hole's nearby. Lets you an' me head  
there. Go for a swim. Then  
afterwards...maybe see to that  
cabin...Like we used to.

SLY

You plumb loco? I ain't about to  
carouse about when there's too much  
to figure on here. You go. Take  
Skinner with ya to keep a look out.

**EXT. SWIMMING HOLE OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY**

Skinner waits by the cabin. He grumbles an oath then cuts through the brush to the edge of the swim hole. He watches the backside of Annie's naked body just as she dives in.

TRAVIS

Ain't polite to spy on a lady.

Skinner spins about and Travis drives his fist into his face.

Annie wades in the water then begins to exit. View of Annie's backside as she exits. Travis stands on shore. Annie pauses, then walks up into his arms. They kiss and drop to the grass.

**EXT. SWIMMING HOLE OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY**

Now fully clothed, Travis helps Annie mount her horse.

ANNIE

Where's Skinner?

TRAVIS

He's tied up at the moment.

Skinner sits in a shithouse. Arms and legs are tied to a stake driven in the ground. A chord lashes his head back. A STICK OF DYNAMITE IS STUFFED IN HIS MOUTH held by a tied rag.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DAY**

Annie rides into town alone. Sly steps out of the saloon.

SLY

Where's Skinner?

Annie twists in her saddle and looks back.

**EXT. SWIMMING HOLE OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY**

Skinner still sits tied to the shithouse. His eyes bulge as he huffs and puffs around the dynamite - a hissing black match fuse burns. It abruptly sputters out.

Skinner sighs relief. The SUDDEN EXPLOSION blows up the outhouse, as well as his body, into a thousand pieces of bloody shards.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DAY**

The explosion dies down and a cloud of black smoke is seen.

KINCH  
Said he'd blow himself up one day.

Gang members gallop out of town.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DAY**

Tired gang members slowly ride back into town. Hitch their horses and enter the saloon. Kinch dismounts. Sly exits the saloon and stands on the porch eying Kinch.

KINCH  
Rode hard. Ain't seen nothin'.  
'Cept ole Skinner's body parts.  
Blowed clear to the Red.

Sly turns, throws the doors back, and stomps into the saloon.

Kinch leads his horse to a water trough. Before his horse drinks, he leans over the water to splash his face.

TWO ARMS BURST FROM THE WATER AND GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK. His head is yanked under the water. Kinch struggles as he's held under. He finally goes limp - choked and drowned.

TRAVIS EXPLODES FROM THE WATER AND SITS UP, spitting the hallow reed out from his mouth. He stares up the street.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - DAY**

Long Sally rushes in and rifles through the dresser. Buck sits in a chair. His wrists are tied together.

LONG SALLY  
Horses an' gear are in the side  
ally. We gotta leave. Now!

BUCK MORTON  
And the money?

LONG SALLY  
I got it.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Sly and Annie are at a table. Sage is flirting at the bar with ONE OF the TOWNSMEN when Red bursts in.

RED  
Kinch is dead. Found him floatin'  
in a water trough.

Sly slams his palms onto the table top. Just then the mayor and a TOWN COUNCILMAN storm in. The mayor rushes up to Sly.

MAYOR CUMMINGS  
One of your monsters has raped my  
daughter! You told me you would not  
harm her if I did as you asked.

Sly stands and SHOTS THE COUNCILMAN. The body hurls onto its back. A gaping, bloody hole is all that's left of his face. Sly grabs the mayor's neck collar and pulls him close.

SLY  
Be truthful, for I *will not* accept  
falsehood. One or more of your  
people are killin' my men. I want  
to know who they are.

MAYOR CUMMINGS  
(sputtering)  
I...I do not know what you speak!

SLY  
My strength is made perfect in your  
weakness. If you lie, there ain't  
no escaping my wrath.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - DAY**

Travis, soaking wet, walks up to Sixkiller who waits with their horses.

SIXKILLER  
I would offer a change of clothing,  
but I do not think you have quite  
the Injun look about you.

TRAVIS  
We hit 'em again tonight!

SIXKILLER  
And you have a plan?

TRAVIS

Yes. I am going to rip the heart  
out of each an' every one of those  
sons-of-bitches left an' stuff it  
down their fucking throats.

Sixkiller watches Travis mount his horse and mutters.

SIXKILLER

And they call us savages.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Annie is with Sly at a table. Red and Sage are drinking at  
the bar.

ANNIE

Sly. All these killin's. Maybe the  
fella doing this ain't a townsman.

SLY

What are you sayin' Annie girl?

ANNIE

That posse we kilt. You told me a  
black marshal rode off.

SLY

I also told you he was gut-shot.  
Ain't no way he'd live a day with a  
wound like that unless...less he  
was an angel of the devil. Yes!  
That would explain it. Explain it  
all.

(calls out)

Red!

Red downs his shot and rushes over to Sly.

SLY (CONT'D)

I an't waitin' on tomorrow. What we  
spoke of. Take Asesino an' the Kid.  
I want things ready. Tonight!

Red hurries out the saloon just as Long Sally comes in.

ANNIE

Sly. Been wondering? What about  
that cattleman Morton. What you  
figure on doing with him?

View of Long Sally who stops and stares at them.

SLY  
Haven't given him much thought.

Long Sally has started up the stairs when Sly calls to her.

SLY (CONT'D)  
That cattleman. He ain't needed no  
more. You an' Sage. Kill him.

Sage unholsters her pistol and checks it out while brushing  
past Long Sally. Annie watches them head up then turns to Sly

ANNIE  
What did you speak to Red about?

SLY  
This town's corrupted souls will  
have their due salvation. While  
Satin's agent will be snared in his  
own trap. Two birds Annie girl,  
done in with one stone.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - DAY**

Long Sally and Sage stand before the bedroom door.

SAGE  
You first girl.

SALLY  
(voice strained)  
No...you go.

**INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - DAY**

Morton stands by the window. He hears them enter, turns, and  
face Sage's pistol.

SAGE  
Hombre, time you don them angel  
wings. Or maybe a pair of horns is  
more to your liking.

Sage hears a click and turns. Sally's pistol points at her.

MORTON  
Shoot her! They'll think it's me  
getting shot.

LONG SALLY  
No. We'll tie her up.



Sally takes Sage's gun, tucks it under her belt and cuts Morton's bonds. He drags Sage to a chair and starts to rope her to it. She begins to laugh.

SAGE

Figure he'd been sweet on you. He tell you about his wife dyin' early. Leavin' him to raise them innocent little younguns'?

MORTON

Hold your tongue!

SALLY

Buck, how does she know about your wife and children?

SAGE

Yea *Buck*. How do I know that?

(looks at Sally)

Fella I was with earlier. Told me more about Mr. Cattle Baron here.

Morton pulls the chords tightly, causing Sage to wince.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Thing is, he ain't got no children. Wife he done beat to death. As for his fancy spread. Ain't no more. Bit of a gambling problem. Ain't that right...Buck?

BUCK MORTON

Ain't true, what she's saying. She's all riled up on account when she come on to me, I rejected her.

SAGE

Rejected? Hah! I know all about them lips of his. Sweetern' honey.

Morton slaps her hard with the back of his hand.

SALLY

Enough!

Morton walks up to Long Sally and puts out his hand.

BUCK MORTON

I need a gun.

Long Sally eyes him then hands over Sage's pistol. Morton ducks out the door. Sally looks at Sage then follows.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - DAY**

Sixkiller and Travis ride towards town. Sixkiller suddenly pulls up and stares. Travis stops and turns back to him.

TRAVIS  
Why did you...

SIXKILLER  
Do not move! If you do so. You are dead.

Sixkiller draws a tomahawk then holds it high over his head. A long moment of silence then Sixkiller lowers his arm.

TRAVIS  
What the hell was that all about?

Sixkiller points. View of an arrow driven into the soil.

SIXKILLER  
A sign. Of the Dog Soldier.

TRAVIS  
What does it mean?

SIXKILLER  
It is a challenge. I have accepted.

TRAVIS  
How long I gotta stay frozen?

SIXKILLER  
It is now safe to move.

TRAVIS  
How do you know?

SIXKILLER  
The fact that you are still alive.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - DAY**

Long Sally and Morton duck down the back stairs to the side alley. Morton races to the horses. He rifles through the saddle bags. Turns and runs back, grabbing Long Sally.

BUCK MORTON  
The money? It ain't there!

LONG SALLY  
What Sage said back there. It's true. Ain't it?

Buck pulls out Sage's pistol and lays it against Sally.

BUCK MORTON  
*Where is the money!*

LONG SALLY  
I don't have it. Never did. Figured  
with your spread and all your  
money, it wouldn't matter none.

BUCK MORTON  
You bitch!

Buck FIRES TWICE, HURLING SALLY ONTO HER BACK. He runs to the horses and is about to mount when he hears Sly call out.

SLY  
Where you headin' in such a hurry?

Sly, Red, and Asesino stand in the street with drawn pistols. Buck fires as do they. He runs back inside. Just as he enters SALLY SUDDENLY BLOCKS HIS PATH, COVERED IN BLOOD and GORE.

SHE EMPTIES HER PISTOL, riddling him in spurting blood and heaving him into the ally. Sally stares, then collapses dead.

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - DUSK**

Travis readies his pistol and Winchester. Sixkiller approaches decked in bands of warpaint. Instead of shirt and trousers, he wears deer skin leggings and is bare chested, dangling beads and polished bones. He holds a stone ball war club.

TRAVIS  
Since you're totin' that head  
breaker, mind loanin' a fella your  
tomahawk?

SIXKILLER  
(tosses it)  
Be assured. I expect it returned.

TRAVIS  
Them fancy Injun duds. Battle to  
the death I suppose.

SIXKILLER  
You suppose correctly.

TRAVIS  
Why not sneak up on the bastard an'  
jus' plug him?

SIXKILLER

Two problems with that proposal.  
First, there is no honor. Second,  
you do not sneak up on a dog  
soldier...not ever.

TRAVIS

I see a third problem.

SIXKILLER

(eyes him curiously)  
And what is that?

TRAVIS

You keep forgetting you're a dumb  
arsed savage.

SIXKILLER

Which leads to your problem.

TRAVIS

Which is?

SIXKILLER

(mounts his horse)  
You fail to admit you are a dumb  
arsed lawman.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - DUSK**

Sly eyes the church then turns to Red.

SLY

Church ready? Proper locks an'  
windows barred?

Red nods.

SLY (CONT'D)

Good. Soon as these sinners are in  
that church, post yourselves around  
town. Evil will not shy from God's  
chosen.

RED

Think that marshal will show  
himself?

SLY

The black demon will come.  
Now, gather my flock. The Lord's  
word and Destiny awaits.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Travis and Sixkiller stoop down in tall grass outside town.

SIXKILLER

They know you're coming this time.  
Be watching main entrances to town.

TRAVIS

Then we cross here an' jump 'em.

SIXKILLER

Not here. It is too exposed.

TRAVIS

Alright, you seem better at this  
than me. What do you suggest?

SIXKILLER

That you approach from the side  
street and slip between buildings.  
They will be watching for you, but  
there, only in passing.

TRAVIS

Keep sayin' you, meanin' me. Where  
will you be?

SIXKILLER

As you know, I have a previous  
engagement.

TRAVIS

An' how you gonna find this dog  
soldier?

SIXKILLER

Simple. He will find me.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - NIGHT**

Annie's with Sly who wears his best Sunday preaching clothes.

ANNIE

Let's jus' take the money an' get.

SLY

Annie girl. It's not about the  
money. Never was.

ANNIE

You don't have to do this.

SLY

Yes I do! God's command speaks through me. It sez in the bible to delight in sacrifices. An' I obey.

ANNIE

I believe it says delight not in sacrifices, for it is a broken spirit.

He glares at her as Red bursts through the saloon doors.

RED

Folks all in the church. Asesino guards 'em. Sage an' that prisoner is watchin' for the marshal.

SLY

What of the Kid?

RED

Ain't seen hide or tail of him.

SLY

Damn half breed. Help Sage. I want that black demon taken alive if possible. To lie at my feet as the Wrath of God rips out his innards.

#### **EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

The THIRD FORMER PRISONER is crouched along a porch watching. He rises, inches forward, and passes a window left open.

TRAVIS SHOOTS OUT OF THE DARK, GRABS HIM AND DRAGS HIM INSIDE. He is thrown to the floor. THE KNIFE is buried to the hilt, the man's chest ripped open and spurting blood.

Travis hovers over his victim then peers out into the night.

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Under a pale moon, Sixkiller slips through the grass. He stops, then turns to an open field where the Arapaho Kid stands. DOG SOLDIER, he is painted white from head to toe. He wears only a loin cloth and holds a jaw bone club.

Arms outstretched, the Dog Soldier sings his DEATH SONG as Sixkiller, stone ball club in hand, nears.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Red heads along one side of the street and nods to the FOURTH PRISONER on the other side. A SUDDEN THUD AND MUFFLED GROAN is heard. Red crosses the street. A BODY lies on the porch. Red turns him over. A TOMAHAWK is buried in his head. The blade sliced an eye, carving a gory crevasse in the skull.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE CHURCH**

Sly enters the church. Asesino closes the door behind. He walks up the center aisle in silence under Townsfolk's stares

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

An arrow is driven in the earth between Sixkiller and the Kid

ARAPAHO KID

Keetoowah. Your people have forgotten the ways. Forgotten your courage. Go. Back to the desert women who eat all cowards.

SIXKILLER

Tell me Inunina, why do your people hide beneath the skirts of the Cheyenne?

ARAPHAO KID

Hide? Hah! We face the sun and ride the wind in pursuit of game. While you *farmers* wallow in dirt to feed your squaws roots and maggots.

SIXKILLER

From one *so young*, I would expect less thunder in the mouth and more lightning in the hand.

ARAPHO KID

Leave old man. There is no honor in killing you.

SIXKILLER

Yet you find honor slithering among ve'ho'e snakes?

ARAPHO KID

Enough. Cross my arrow Cherokee, so I can send your spirit to live among the worms.

Sixkiller crosses the arrow. He holds his club before him. The Dog Soldier swings the jawbone club before him.

SIXKILLER  
How does it feel, *half-breed*,  
knowing you stand before me only by  
a white man's loins...and your  
mother's rape.

ARAPHO KID  
Aaagh!

THE DOG SOLDIER CHARGES

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Red leaves the corpse and ducks into the shadows. He listens. There's a loud crash, coming from the stables. He smiles, draws his pistol, and races down the street towards it.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

The jawbone club clashes against Sixkiller's club. The Dog Soldier lashes out again. This time it ricochets off Sixkiller's club and strikes a glancing blow to his head. It stuns the Cherokee to his knees. Sixkiller tries to lift his club, but the Kid swings again and swats it aside.

Sixkiller scrambles to his feet and draws his knife. The Dog Soldier smiles. He drops his club and pulls his knife.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE STABLES - NIGHT**

Red throws the stable doors open and rushes inside. He turns around, leveling his pistol. He hears a sound and looks to the side. He fires just as the bale of hay crashes against him. The pistol flies out of his hand. He starts to get up, but Travis tackles him. The two rolling in the dirt.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE CHURCH - NIGHT**

Murmur among the congregation who heard the shot. View of Sly looking out the window and smiling.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Sixkiller and the Dog Soldier circle each other. The Kid lashes out, the tip of the blade slices across Sixkiller's chest. The Kid lunges again and drives his blade downward.



Sixkiller's knife blocks his blade. He then slashes upward, drawing blood across the Kid's shoulder blade.

The Kid howls and rushes Sixkiller. Knives flash in sharp metal clashes. Again and again they lunge. Sixkiller suffers a gash to his arm. He jumps back, winded. Kid circles him.

ARAPAHO KID

You fight like a squaw. Time to end  
this old man.

The Kid picks up his jaw bone club and rushes Sixkiller.

#### **INT. WHISPERSTONE STABLES - NIGHT**

Red scrambles out from under Travis and pulls a knife. Travis gets to his feet and backs up. He hits the back of his head on a beam and stumbles against a stall. Red rushes and pins the dazed lawman against the stall. The blade is pressed against Travis' throat.

RED

Sly said to take you alive. But  
then maybe I ain't hear so good.

A LOUD BLAST. Red is flung to the side. Travis looks and sees the Mayor's daughter holding Red's smoking gun.

#### **INT. WHISPERSTONE CHURCH - NIGHT**

Having heard the second gun shot, Sly turns to Asesino.

SLY

Appears Satin has reclaimed his  
demon. Now to these wretched souls.

Sly walks towards the pulpit.

#### **EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Sixkiller twists and swerves, avoiding the Kid's repeated blows. Winded with tiring legs, Sixkiller stumbles. The Kid lands a blow and Sixkiller collapses to his knees. The Kid ducks behind and with both hands, pulls and tightens the club's handle against Sixkiller's neck, choking him.

Unable to breathe, Sixkiller grabs at the Kid's arms.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE STABLES - NIGHT**

Travis stoops down by Red. He coughs up blood then giggles.

RED  
You're too late Marshal.

TRAVIS  
Too late for what?

RED  
Sly's got 'em. All of 'em. Locked  
up in that church. Soon as he's  
done preachin'. He's gonna burn it  
to the ground.

Travis leans over and picks up Red's knife. RED SCREAMS as a  
crunching sound is heard. THE KNIFE SLICING OFF RED'S EARS.  
Travis tosses them on Red.

TRAVIS  
Add these to your collection.

As Travis passes the Mayor's daughter he gives her the knife.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
He's all yours.

Travis leaves behind Red's horrific shrieks as the mayor's  
daughter repeatedly plunges the knife into him.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Sixkiller's body goes limp and the Kid throws him to the  
ground. He stands over Sixkiller. The club before him.

ARAPHO KID  
Before I cave in your skull, I will  
tear out your bowels and stuff them  
down your throat.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Travis rushes onto the street. He runs toward the church then  
stops. A wagon sits to one side, loaded with hay. He drags it  
closer to the church in the middle of the street. He strikes  
a match and sets it afire. Then moves to the side, aiming his  
pistol at the front doors.

He hears a click and turns to face Sage's leveled pistol.

SAGE  
Marshal either you're a gamblin'  
man, or you can't count so good.  
Don't move. Sly wants you alive.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

The Kid stoops down by Sixkiller and is about to plunge his knife in the Cherokee's stomach. Sixkiller clasps his hands together and hammers the Kid hard. The Kid yells. Throws away his club. And with both hands, clasps his knife.

The Kid looks up. Cries a war whoop. Then with the knife before him, lunges onto Sixkiller's chest.

Sixkiller thrusts his knife upwards. The force and weight of the Kid's lunge drives Sixkiller's knife through his body. The point bursts out his back in a gush of blood.

The Kid trembles then lies still across Sixkiller.

**INT. WHISPERSTONE CHURCH - NIGHT**

Sly stands on the pulpit before the silent townspeople. He DRAWS HIS SIX SHOOTER and holds it for all to see. He opens his mouth to speak then stops and stares.

A light flickers across the windows at the back of the church. It grows into a large, reddish glow. Sly grumbles.

SLY  
Fools! They set it too early.

He holsters his pistols. Then rushes down the aisle followed by Asesino. Sly lays both hands on either handle. Waits -- THEN THROWS THE DOORS OPEN. He stares then turns to Asesino.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Lock the door. Torch it!

**EXT. OUTSIDE WHISPERSTONE - NIGHT**

Sixkiller flops the Kid off him. He stands. Stares down at the bloody remains of his enemy then throws out his arms, howling his victory war cry. He takes one step, stumbles, then falls to the ground unconscious.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Sly walks down the church steps while Asesino locks the church door. He approaches and calls out to Travis who is still covered by Sage.

SLY

Give not theyself to the Devil. Or  
ye shall be *doomed* to stand before  
the deep, and stare into the bowls  
of everlasting slaughter.

(points to fiery wagon)

Marshal! Why the theatrics?

TRAVIS

Got you out of that church.

SLY

Ah yes. But not soon enough.

View of flames building up and smoke pouring out windows. The cries of the townspeople can be heard.

TRAVIS

Sly. Take the money. But please.  
Get them people out of there!

SLY

Those children of darkness must  
bathe in the flames of Hell. As for  
you, your cursed soul will be cast  
once more amongst the venomous  
serpents who slither the realms of  
darkness.

TRAVIS

In other words you figure on  
killin' me.

SLY

(shrugs)

The Lord commands it.

Asesino now stands beside Sly.

SLY (CONT'D)

Kneel before God's Wrath and accept  
thy doom.

SAGE

You heard him.

Sage whacks Travis hard with her pistol.

SAGE (CONT'D)  
On your knees.

Travis drops to his knees. Sly unholsters his pistol and walks up, leveling his gun at Travis' forehead.

A LOUD CRASH OF PANE GLASS FROM THE CHURCH is heard. Sly glances at Townspeople screaming out through barred window.

Travis GRABS SLY'S ARM AND TWISTS IT VIOLENTLY. Sly is thrown back, dropping the gun. Travis scoops it up as Sage fires. A burst of blood and Travis is hit in the leg. He aims, fires.

SAGE HURTLES onto her back. Glazed eyes stare upward. The bullet having CAVED IN HER FOREHEAD.

Sly and Asesino duck behind the blazing wagon.

SLY  
Time we head out. You keep him  
busy.

Sly races towards the saloon. Asesino peers around the wagon.

Travis is tying his belt around his leg to stop the bleeding. Asesino fires. Travis returns fire. He sees Sly disappear into the saloon. He half drags and runs after him.

Shots slam into the porch as Travis reaches it. He turns to fire, but the gun jams. Asesino walks towards Travis, his machete unsheathed.

# **INT. EDDIE MCBRIDE'S BORDELLO - NIGHT**

Annie stands by a window. Sly bursts in.

SLY  
Grab you gear. Time we get.

ANNIE  
Sly, where's the money?

SLY  
Told you, it don't matter none.

Sly is stuffing a leather bag. Hears a click and looks up. Annie holds a pistol on him.

ANNIE  
It does to me. Now where is it?

SLY  
It's in the Lord's hands. Now stop  
this nonsense and lets get.

Annie looks out the window. At the church. Looks at Sly.

ANNIE  
Of course.

SLY  
Now Annie girl...

ANNIE SHOOTS. TWICE. Sly flops onto the bed. His blood soaks  
the sheets. Annie leans over.

SLY (CONT'D)  
Baby. Always loved you.

ANNIE  
I know.

She stands and fires. SLY'S JAW EXPLODES IN A SHEET OF BLOOD.

#### **EXT. WHISPERSTONE SALOON - NIGHT**

Travis starts to drag himself up onto the porch. Asesino  
rushes forward and yanks him off. He kicks Travis several  
times. Blood smears Travis' swollen face. Travis crawls along  
the ground. Asesino follows, laughing.

Travis crawls under the porch. Asesino reaches down and grabs  
his ankles and pulls.

ASESINO  
The rat burrows. Good way to kill  
the rat, eh hombre? Cut him in  
half.

As Travis is dragged, his hand falls upon a long piece of  
metal. He grabs it as he's pulled out from under the porch.

Asesino lets go and raises his machete. Travis twists about.

THE SHERIFF'S SAWED OFF SHOTGUN IS IN HIS HAND. Travis fires  
both barrels. The blast CUTS ASESINO IN TWO. The TORSO  
hurtles onto the street. The lower half caves to the side,  
oozing blood and gore around shattered bone.

Annie bursts out the saloon door. She looks at Asesino's  
shattered remains then at Travis.

ANNIE  
Lets go. Gotta get them people out  
of that church!

Annie helps Travis to his feet and the two hurry up the street.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE CHURCH - NIGHT**

Annie shoots off the lock. Travis flings the door open. People and smoke pour out. After the last person leaves, Annie ducks inside. Travis yells after her then follows.

Travis runs up the aisle, flames now spreading up the church walls. He sees Annie trying to topple the statue of Jesus.

ANNIE  
Jus' don't stand there. Help me!

Both jerk on the statue and it falls. Annie leans in the hole beneath. She pulls out and tosses a bag to Travis. She leans back in and grabs another.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Come on!

As beams and rafters crackle, they race out of the church.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Townspeople form a bucket brigade to put out the Church fire. Bruised and bloodied, Travis leans against a porch. He looks over at Annie. He smiles and shakes his head. She has her pistol trained on him. A money bag is by her feet.

ANNIE  
Toss me that other bag.

Travis looks down at the bag he carried out of the church.

TRAVIS  
So, you had this figured all along.  
You played me. Played all of us.

ANNIE  
Hadn't figured all of it. Good part  
was pure luck. In the end. All  
worked out. Now, toss me the bag.

Travis picks it up.

TRAVIS  
Always about the money.

He tosses her the bag. She grabs it. Keeps him covered while she walks toward her horse.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET DEATH OF SLY - NIGHT**

SLY SUDDENLY FLASHES BEFORE HER, CAST BY THE FLAMING WAGON. Annie Shrieks. HE IS HIDEOUS WITHOUT A JAW. Mangled flesh with splintered bones hang strips of bloodied skin. In his hand, a six shooter points directly at Annie.

View FROM Sly looking at Annie. SHE FADES AWAY, REPLACED BY DEMONS CRAWLING TOWARD HIM. They shriek as misshapen limbs reach out, swarming and hissing all around him.

A LARGE SHADOW SUDDENLY LOOMS UP BEHIND SLY. It SWINGS A MASSIVE SCYTHE. THE BLADE SLICES THROUGH SLY'S NECK. THE HEADLESS CORPSE COLLAPSES IN A GUSH OF BLOOD. The head lies in the street, seeping blood and gore.

THE MAYOR looks down at Sly, then throws away the Scythe and walks away.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Annie looks at Sly, then raises her pistol at Travis. She continues to her horse. Stuffs the money in saddle bags and mounts. Then trots up to Travis.

ANNIE  
You're wrong marshal.  
(smiles)  
Weren't all about the money.

She pulls away and heads down the street.

**EXT. WHISPERSTONE STREET - NIGHT**

Sixkiller limps up. His is coated in dirt and dried blood. Watches Annie riding out.

SIXKILLER  
What was that all about?

TRAVIS  
Never mind. Could have used your help around here.



SIXKILLER

(looks at mangled bodies)  
Seems you managed without me.  
Though you look terrible.

TRAVIS

You don't look so good yourself.  
Give me a hand will ya?

Sixkiller lays an arm around Travis and helps him up. They watch Annie until she rides out past the wagon bonfire's dying glow.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

With Duke gone, need a new posseman  
Pay's two dollars a day with...

SIXKILLER

Yes. I know. Eats, which I will  
supply myself of course.

View rises showing Sixkiller helping Travis onto the porch where they disappear through saloon doors. The view pulls back showing townspeople as they continue to throw water on the Church, the flames gradually dying down.

**END**