

JANE GOT A GUN

by
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EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Long grass.

The slow clip-clop of a horse.

Speckles of bloody rain as it passes. Like a storm cloud.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

A small, typical prairie home. Wooden. A porch. A chair. All handmade. It sits at the bottom of a mountain, ringed in on both sides by a wooden fence. A horse tied to it.

JANE, pretty and tired, sits in the long grass in front of her home with her youngest daughter KATE (6) on her lap. She nuzzles the back of her neck, tickling the child, who can't stop laughing.

Jane's elder daughter ALMA (11) plays with their muscular bulldog PIG.

Pig starts barking at the horizon.

The horse coming towards them. Clip-clop.

The dog hops the gate and goes after it. The girls watch.

Jane scoops Kate up and sets her on the ground. Stands.

Sees the horse coming.

Sees the mound of a man on the horse's back.

And takes off running towards it.

EXT. THE GATE - CONTINUOUS

Jane guides the horse through their wooden gate.

With great difficulty, she pulls the large man from the horse's back.

Kate begins to cry.

It takes all of her strength to drag her husband into the house.

BLACK

I

8 Bullets.

Tink.

Tink.

Tink.

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT

A metal pan. *Tink.* A FOURTH bloody bullet gets dropped in.

And there are more to go.

The large man lays on his stomach as Jane practically has to scoop the bullets out of potholes in his fat back.

There are explosions of bruises around each hole.

Eight holes, if you're counting.

Alma sits by the bed with her mother, holding a tin cup of steaming water, her hands wrapped in a towel.

Jane presses a knife into one of the holes. Digging. She nods, and Alma pours some water into the wound.

It fills, and overflows. Alma wipes it dry.

The bullet comes up with the knife. With her fingers, Jane pulls it out and *Tink.*

Kate sits on her tiny bed, watching. Distraught.

The home is one room. Two beds. A tiny stove. And that's about it.

Jane sticks the knife into another hole and the big man whimpers like a fucking baby.

Kate starts to cry again.

JANE

(quietly)

Unless those tears can heal bullet
wounds like a saint I suggest you
lock 'em up.

Kate clenches her jaw shut. Smart enough to obey.

The bullet's in much too deep. She digs harder.

The big man yelps in his fever.

JANE (CONT'D)

Easy, Ham.

She takes a break. Puts her hands on his sweat soaked head. Thin hair. He's pushing fifty.

JANE (CONT'D)

Alma, bring some cold water.

Alma sets the hot water down and scoops a tin cup from a bucket of water. Brings it to her mother.

Jane sees her hands are trembling. Smiles at her daughter.

JANE (CONT'D)

Brave girl.

Alma gives as much of a smile as she can.

Jane pours the cold water over his head. Massages it into his scalp.

ALMA

Is he gonna die?

Jane strokes her husband's hair. He wheezes like an accordion that's been shot with eight bullets.

JANE

That poker ready?

They all look over to the stove. A fire poker is stuck in the flames.

ALMA

(mouth dry)

I think so.

JANE

If you girls wanna run outside with Pig, that'd be fine.

The girls look at each other.

KATE

If he dies will he go to heaven or hell?

JANE

Well. He ain't dead yet.

Tink.

Tink.

Tink.

EXT. THE HOME - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane steps out of the house. Looks like shit.

Her dress is covered in almost-black stains. Hasn't noticed yet.

She breathes in the morning. Looks over on the porch.

The girls are curled up together on a rocking chair, a blanket covering them, sound asleep.

Pig the dog is at their feet. He looks up at Jane.

EXT. THE FENCE - MORNING

Jane inspects her husband's horse. A huge, muscular horse. The kind of horse needed to transport a fat man.

Notices a cut on the horse. A bullet graze.

She pats its neck and gives it a carrot.

INT. THE HOME - MORNING

He continues to sound like he should be dead. But he isn't.

Jane sits on the floor beside their bed. Holds the bowl of bullets. Lets them roll around.

His hand is draped over the side of the bed.

His finger moves. Then again. Then again.

Jane notices. Looks at his hand. His finger moves. Like it weighs a ton.

She looks at him.

He has an eye open. It's almost completely filled with blood.

JANE

Ham?

She leans close to him. Holds water to his lips. It doesn't take.

She pours a trickle in to wet his tongue.

His lips move. Like he's trying to say something.

She leans close to him. Ear to mouth.

And he whispers something almost completely incomprehensible.

But she understands.

Her eyes widen.

She looks at him.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (almost a whisper)
 They comin'?

He can't answer.

It's impossible to tell if she's about to start weeping or start stabbing him.

And in the end, she does neither.

She makes a sack out of cloth and fills it with some of the girl's clothes. Fills a large flask with water. Puts some cornbread together.

EXT. THE HOME - MORNING

She wakes the girls on the rocking chair gently. Urgent but calm.

JANE
 Girls.

They come to. Slowly at first, but fast as the memories hit.

KATE
 Did he die?

JANE
 No. Your Pa sounds like the devil moved into his throat, but he ain't dead yet.

KATE
 Can we see him?

Jane presses her lips.

JANE

I need you to do me a favor. I need you to ride off to Sally's and stay with her until I come get you. Alma, do you remember the way?

ALMA

Um-

JANE

You ride straight thatterway until you hit that little road, remember? And then you turn left... show me your lefts, girls.

Both girls raise their left hands. Jane smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)

Perfect. You go left on the road and you'll see her cabin bout five miles down. Remember it?

ALMA

Why do we have to go?

Jane forces a smile.

JANE

Cuz I need you to. Badly. As a favor to your Pa and me.

KATE

But is he gonna die?

ALMA

What if we get lost?

JANE

You won't get lost long as you listen to me, and you're much too smart to forget what I said, right?

ALMA

Yes'm.

Kate starts to cry. Again.

KATE

But-is-he-gon'-die!

Jane cups Kate's chubby wet cheeks in her hands lovingly.

JANE
 Katie, I love you to pieces, but I
 swear sometimes you can be
 blubbering fool.

INT. THE HOME - MORNING

Jane watches as her daughters kiss their father goodbye.

EXT. THE FENCE - MORNING

The girls are on their father's horse. Jane hands the sack up to Katie, who grips it in her tiny hands. A small doll is stuffed in the front of her dress safely.

JANE
 You hold onto this tight. Tight!

She holds her arms to her chest like a big hug. Kate smiles and obeys, gripping the sack to her tightly.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Good girl. Show me your lefts.

They do and it's true.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Don't stop for nothing. Soon as
 your Pa's better we'll come fetch
 you.

Leans up to Alma.

JANE (CONT'D)
 And you tell Sally she mustn't send
 no doctor. One's already coming and
 he's gonna fix your Pa up real
 quick.

She smiles at her girls again.

JANE (CONT'D)
 My Pa died with one bullet right
 away, and yours is still breathing
 with eight.

Jane fixes some stray strands in her hair. Making herself more presentable.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Now git on. I'll fetch ya in a
 couple days.

She slaps the horse and it giddyups. Pig follows them for a while.

She watches them go.

And go.

And go.

And when they are far enough away, she begins to sob.

INT. THE HOME - MORNING

She lifts a floor board where TWO ROLLS OF MONEY sit. She takes them both.

Pig stands at the edge of his master's bed. He will not move.

Roots through his things. His blood drenched shirt and vest. His pants. His hat. Casts them aside.

His pistol belt. His pistol. Opens the chamber. Empty.

She finds bullets and fills the gun.

She changes out of her blood stained dress into a fresh one.

Looks at him.

His eye is open. She continues to change.

JANE

Bill Hammond, eight bullets in and
you're still a horny idiot.

He has no retort.

She takes his pistol belt. Puts it on over her dress.

She looks fucking ridiculous. And she knows it.

JANE (CONT'D)

It goes without saying that if the
bullets don't kill you, and the
shit-show you somehow brought on
yourself don't kill you-

She holsters the pistol.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you.

She kneels at his bed. Pours water to his lips. It takes.

JANE (CONT'D)
But I reckon you may just be
immortal.

It's almost as if he laughs.

She kisses his head and drags herself away from him, as he
lays there alone, wheezing and full of holes.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Jane gallops into frame atop her horse. She heads off to the
left.

Stops short. Grimaces. Left is a bad idea.

Turns and gallops off to the right.

Stops short. Groans painfully.

JANE
(under her breath)
fuck

And turns again and blasts to the left, galloping as fast as
she can.

WIDE

Jane and her horse a tiny spec in open America.

The horse never slows.

EXT. THE FROST RESIDENCE - DAY

A tiny cabin sits several hundred yards away. There are a
couple trees here, a stark difference to the long grass plain
of Jane's house.

The horse and Jane tread quietly, slowly to the place.

Jane looks as if she may turn back at any second.

But instead, she dismounts. Takes off the gun belt and leaves
it on the horse. Leaves the gun.

JANE
Stay.
The horse obeys.

Jane walks towards the house and when-

VOICE

Hi.

She turns back and sees a LITTLE BOY of maybe four sitting against the tree, twirling a stick.

It takes Jane a second, looking at the little boy, before she can speak.

JANE

Hello.

They say nothing more to each other for a beat. Jane kneels to the boy, a safe distance. Takes him in.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is your Pa Dan Frost?

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's asking?

Jane turns and looks at the cabin door.

A COWBOY stands with a RIFLE POINTED STRAIGHT AT HER. Not with an intention to kill. But with an intention to convey the message that he's not here to fuck around.

JANE

I am.

The cowboy steps forward and lowers the gun.

He's a handsome man, probably her age. Longer blonde hair and a beard.

And he's shocked to see Jane.

DAN

Jane. Been a while.

Jane shrugs.

JANE

I need words, Dan.

Dan can't help but laugh.

DAN

Girl, ain't that the truth.

EXT. STABLE - DAY

Dan sets a bucket of water in front of Jane's horse.

Jane leans her head against the body of Dan's white horse ALABASTER.

Jane's eyes are closed as her head lifts and falls with his breathing.

DAN

Eight?

JANE

Unless there are more I couldn't find. Which is entirely possible.

DAN

And he's still alive?

JANE

He's a very big man.

She moves from the horse. Sees the little boy watching them skeptically, still twirling that stick.

JANE (CONT'D)

He yours?

DAN

No, Jane, I stole 'im.

JANE

What's his name?

Dan considers this hesitantly. Then, to his boy:

DAN

Go play inside.

The little boy doesn't move.

DAN (CONT'D)

Now, 'fore I use that twig on your backside.

The boy moves quick.

DAN (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

His mother's dead. Got sick a few years back in the winter.

JANE

I'm sorry.

DAN

I didn't tell you for your sympathy, I told you cuz I know it was the next thing you was gonna ask.

JANE

Well, you were wrong.

DAN

Wouldn't be the first time.

JANE

The next thing I was gonna ask is for help.

Dan leans back and laughs to himself.

DAN

First words, then help. I ain't no doctor.

JANE

(incredulous)

I don't need no doctor. I pulled eight bullets and then burned the holes clean on a bucking three hundred pound man! Doctors need me more than vice versa, Dan Frost.

Dan chuckles, starts walking away with the empty water bucket.

DAN

They need you like a gun needs a drink a'water. You want your fat man to live? Then you need a doctor.

JANE

I don't need no doctor, I need a gunslinger.

Dan stops. Looks back at her.

DAN

Please tell me I misheard.

She doesn't answer.

DAN (CONT'D)

The fuck he do?

JANE

I don't know. But it was bad enough that he got shot to hell and back. I imagine he put down every poor bastard that owned those bullets.

DAN

You imagine that why?

JANE

You aim to kill someone, you don't let their horse take their living body all the way home from God-knows-where.

DAN

So if he laid 'em all down why do you need a gunslinger?

Jane looks at Dan like he's an idiot.

JANE

I don't reckon he laid *all the gang* down. He's hard to kill but he ain't no great shot.

DAN

That's it?

JANE

That.

(beat)

And he told me they were comin'.

DAN

He did? The not-dead-fat-man-with-eight-burned-out-holes told you The Bishop Boys was comin'?

Jane doesn't answer.

DAN (CONT'D)

He could've meant Jesus Christ himself was on his merry way to trade him off to Lucifer for all you kno-

JANE

I need help and if you won't give it to me then I need to go and find someone who will.

Dan laughs again.

DAN
Hammond have a bounty?

She doesn't answer.

DAN (CONT'D)
You go into town and you blab and say you're Fat Bill Hammond's wife, and you need a gunslinger because The Bishop Boys are comin' after him, you know what'll happen?

JANE
The gunslinger'll take my money and then shoot him to collect the bounty?

DAN
No, you'll got laughed at and then they'll take your money and shoot him to collect the bounty.

He walks towards her.

DAN (CONT'D)
If I were you, I'd go home, sling that fat sack of shit on your horse and take him into town yourself. They'll hang him quick, the gang'll be sated and you'll be alive. Anything else you choose to do is fucking ignorant.

He spits. Like it's a punctuation.

DAN (CONT'D)
And no, you do not have my help, because I am not fucking ignorant.

He turns to leave. Turns back fast.

DAN (CONT'D)
And maybe you have forgotten this key fact in the light of your fat sack of shit husband being eight bullet holes lighter lately or maybe in the fact that it has been years since you or I saw each other last, but I *strongly* dislike you and your company and your fat sack of shit husband.

Jane starts walking to her horse. No time for this shit.

JANE

I thank you for the hospitality you showed my horse and granting me the words I asked for.

DAN

My pleasure, darling.

JANE

As for whether I am forgetful, I am not in the slightest, but I am desperate and frightened, though I realize my calm demeanor may not portray those facts.

DAN

The desperate I got. The frightened you hid well.

She mounts her horse.

JANE

Your boy looks like the best parts of you.

DAN

(hesitantly curious)
You got kids?

JANE

Two girls. Sent 'em off to Sally's.

DAN

That old spinster still kicking?

JANE

And hard, last I heard.

DAN

Damn.

She begins her trot.

DAN (CONT'D)

Jane.

She looks back.

DAN (CONT'D)

It's not worth your life.

JANE

My life's worth ain't your concern
anymore, and hasn't been for years.

She nods her goodbye and rides off.

The Gunslinger Dan Frost watches her go.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Jane and her horse gallop through the fields. Hard and fast
and true and-

EXT. LITTLE WOOD - DAY

Jane walks through the dusty and depressing town of LITTLE
WOOD.

A town made of blood and splinters. The only way to survive
it is by drinking through it.

A couple buildings on each side. People milling about. A few
horses.

The gun belt is around her waist. No way to hide it, and no
way she's going through here without it.

She stands out like a sore thumb wearing a gun belt.

She feels eyes on her. She keeps her head high and straight
and walks calmly, much more calmly than she wishes she could.

A WHORE passes by. Ugly teeth and big tits. Jane stops her
politely.

JANE

Excuse me, ma'am, but where could I
find myself some-

WHORE

I don't *fuck* women.

And the whore walks.

Jane swallows fast. Takes it in stride. Skips beside the
whore.

JANE

Coincidentally, neither do I, but
I'm looking to fuck some men with
my gun, if you get me, and need the
proper tools.

The Whore looks Jane up and down. Humored.

WHORE
You're a pretty one.

JANE
I'm a pretty *married* one.

WHORE
(laughs)
Sweetheart, everyone's married.
(waves her hand)
Go to Bucks. He'll sort you.

Jane nods her thanks.

JANE
Obliged.

She heads off to BUCKS. Designated by the sign that says BUCKS. She keeps her head high and straight and-

That's when TWO LARGE HANDS grab her and toss her-

INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Jane hits the ground hard.

She flips on her back faster than you'd expect and pulls her gun out-

Points it up at a MAN.

An ugly son of a bitch. His head twitches involuntarily. Nerve damage from a chunk of his neck missing where a bullet slipped through. There are scars on his face in unflattering places.

FITCHUM.

And he has his gun pointed at her face.

FITCHUM
How bout you scoot on back there?

JANE
You'd shoot a woman in a-

FITCHUM
Do I look like I'd have a problem shooting you?

The answer is FUCK NO. Head twitch.

Jane begins scooting towards the back of the alley. Tries to keep her gun on him.

When he talks, it's in a sing-song kind of way. Like it's impossible for him to keep his voice monotone.

FITCHUM (CONT'D)

How is it that no one in this town knows where Ham lives?

JANE

Who?

FITCHUM

You'd think just one drunk sumbitch would know where he lives. But nope. Not a one.

She stops scooting. The main street a good space away now. She holds the gun with two hands. He holds his with one.

She sweats despite herself.

JANE

Listen, sir, I don't know wh-

FITCHUM

I was with him when we got you back, Jane Hammond. You can cut that shit promptly.

And this is more than enough to make Jane cut that shit promptly.

JANE

I ain't seen Ham in four weeks.

FITCHUM

You always come into town wearing a gun?

JANE

It's a rough town and I'm generally opposed to getting raped.

Fitchum laughs.

FITCHUM

Where you live, girl?

Jane tries to regain her breath.

JANE

Why you looking for him?

FITCHUM

Let's say I have something he needs.

JANE

And what's that?

FITCHUM

A bullet from my fucking gun.

He laughs again. It sounds like a cat having sex.

JANE

Honestly, sir, that's not the incentive I would need to tell you where my husband is. If I knew. Which I don't.

FITCHUM

Ya know, lady, I could believe you. I could. I would not be remotely surprised if he was dead in some riverbank with a vulture picking at his eyes. But I'd like to be sure that he's not at your house or in your whereabouts. And if you take me there, and he ain't there, I give you my word, I probably ain't gon' kill ya.

Jane can't help but laugh at this tremendous deal.

JANE

I'm not taking you to my house.

FITCHUM

Cuz he's there?

Head twitch. We hear his neck pop.

JANE

Cuz like I said prior, I'm generally opposed to rape, most of all in my own home.

Fitchum laughs. Like he thinks women who are opposed to getting raped are funny because they are delusional.

FITCHUM

You even know how to use that gun?

The answer is probably not. Jane's answer is:

JANE

How bout you put your mouth on it
and we'll find out.

He pulls a knife from his belt.

FITCHUM

How bout I cut your tits off?

He absolutely will. And Jane knows it. Her arms instinctively
get tighter to her chest.

JANE

No, thank you.

He laughs again.

FITCHUM

This goes two ways. You stand up
and take me home, or I slice you up
until you beg me to come back to
your home. Both ways end with me in
your home.

And in the brief silence, we HEAR A GUN COCK-
Fitchum swings a SECOND PISTOL towards the street-
Where a COWBOY stands holding a pistol at him.

FITCHUM (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

VOICE

Up, Jane.

Jane, pointing the gun at Fitchum, rises to her feet.

The cowboy advances.

DAN FROST.

He never takes his eyes or gun off Fitchum.

DAN

Ya alright?

JANE

He threatened to cut my tits off!

Dan looks at Fitchum in shock.

DAN

What's wrong with you? You don't take a knife to tits, you sick fucker.

JANE

Especially my tits.

DAN

Especially her tits. I think she's a self-centered bitch most days but even I can't argue that she's got a chest on her.

They close in on Fitchum, who looks like a cornered dog. But a rabid dog nonetheless.

FITCHUM

I ain't alone-

DAN

Yeah y'are, I watched you go in and I waited to see if anyone even noticed and the answer, my sick-fucker-friend, was no.

JANE

What did Ham do?

Fitchum's eyes dart to Jane, but only briefly. He's much more concerned with Dan.

Head Twitch.

FITCHUM

He killed four of us.

JANE

Why would he do that?

FITCHUM

Maybe you should go home and ask him.

JANE

You think he's dumb enough to go home?

Fitchum's eyes dart to her again. He shrugs.

FITCHUM

Yeah, I think he's dumb enough! He shot four of us!

Head twitch.

FITCHUM (CONT'D)

What's your stake in this, cowboy?

DAN

I'm not sure yet. But I know I don't want her to die in an alley way like a used up whore.

JANE

Thanks Dan .

DAN

Shut up Jane.

FITCHUM

We'll split with ya.

DAN

How're you gonna get the bounty on Hammond without getting hung yourself?

FITCHUM

We got a kid. He ain't done as much as shot a bird.

(twitch)

You help us find him, we cut you in.

Dan is quiet. Then:

DAN

How much?

FITCHUM

Three.

DAN

Three?

JANE

Three?!

Dan is quiet. Jane tries to not look as panicked as she is.

Dan spits, like it's a punctuation.

DAN

Ah. I can't. Damn.

Head twitch. Neck pop. Fitchum laughs skittishly.

FITCHUM
Bishop's gonna get him.

DAN
I've no doubt he'll try.

FITCHUM
And after he gets 'em, he'll kill
you. And her. And their wee gir-

BAM!

Jane BLOWS A CHUNK OF FITCHUM'S FOREHEAD CLEAN OFF.

Fitchum DROPS.

Dan STOMPS ON ONE OF FITCHUM'S GUN-GRIPPED HANDS.

Fitchum's nerves spasm and he FIRES BOTH OF HIS GUNS. **BAM!**
BAM! BAM!

Jane leaps into the air as his stray gun flops as it fires.

And then, at last, it stops.

Jane and Dan stand there, motionless, for a still, quiet
moment.

DAN
YOU STUPID GIRL!

Dan grabs Fitchum by the collar and DRAGS him to the back of
the alley.

DAN (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

Jane just stands there, holding her gun.

Sees the chunk of head on the ground, and the bits lodged in
the wooden wall.

She looks at Dan.

JANE
I thought I would feel sad-

DAN
(growls)
Great. Good for fuckin' you.

She thinks about it. Can't really figure it out.

Dan props Fitchum's body against a wall.

DAN (CONT'D)
Ya know his stray shots coulda
killed both of us?

JANE
But they didn't.

Jane walks towards him.

DAN
People in this town heard shots,
Jane. You can bet your ass there's
a group of people at the edge of
that alley waiting to see what
comes out. And if they see a man
with no fucking head, they'll hang
you.

He looks at her.

DAN (CONT'D)
Dirty up your knees.

JANE
What?

DAN
Just do it!

She gets on her knees. Scruffs them up.

Dan undoes his belt and zip.

JANE
What are you doing?!

He reaches to her dress and PULLS DOWN HER CLEAVAGE.

She gasps. Swats him away. He grabs her hands. Hard.

DAN
You listen to me.

She looks him up and down. And obeys. She fixes her cleavage
low.

She nods to Fitchum.

JANE
Put your hat on him.

DAN
What?

JANE

Put your hat on him, Dan.

He sighs. Knows she's right. Takes it off. Sets it on what's left of Fitchum's head. Covers the wound completely.

DAN

I like this hat.

EXT. LITTLE WOOD - CONTINUOUS

A group of patrons stand by the alley way. Some have their hands on their holstered guns and-

They hear laughter.

And out stumbles Dan and Jane. Dan, his pants low on his waist. Jane, her knees dirty and her cleavage low.

Dan's flask is in one hand, his gun in his other.

They laugh hysterically, apparently drunk as skunks.

The group begins to disperse, disappointed.

As they keep their act up-

JANE

I need to go to Bucks.

DAN

Why?

JANE

I got a shopping list.

Dan laughs riotously, and stumbles. She helps him up.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're good at pretending to be drunk, with whores.

DAN

Well I been drunk with you before, haven't I?

She shoots him a *fuck you* look. He smirks at her.

DAN (CONT'D)

You're welcome, by the way.

Jane leans an appreciative shoulder into him as they stumble towards Bucks.

Outside the store, is a billboard where the posters of WANTED MEN are plastered.

Ham is there. So are others, faces that will be familiar in time.

Most curious, the largest WANTED poster has NO FACE on it. It offers \$5,000 for the delivery of JOHN BISHOP. Dead or Alive.

Jane stops and stares at the poster.

JANE

Where's his face?

DAN

If John Bishop introduces himself to you, he's introducing yourself to your end. Ain't your fat man told you that?

JANE

He don't talk much.

And she walks into the store.

INT. BUCKS - DAY

BUCK, an older gentleman who's probably a grand pervert, stares at the list in his hand. It's long.

He looks up at Dan, hatless and dirty and no longer pretending to be drunk, and Jane, cleavage out, hair a mess and knees brown.

BUCK

This here's a long list.

Jane pulls out a roll of dollars.

JANE

This here's my answer to that.

Buck and Dan look at her. Buck reaches for the money and Dan stays his hand.

DAN

How bout we get everything first.

Buck stares Dan down, and relents.

Goes to fill the list when-

JANE

Also, I'm gonna need some pants.

Buck and Dan slowly look at her like she's fucking lost her mind.

II

Fortification.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Years ago.

Dan Frost, a mess of a human being, is half asleep by a shot glass when a MAN enters frame.

MAN

Dan Frost?

Dan looks up without moving his head.

MAN (CONT'D)

May I?

The Man sits. Handsome. Spectacled. A nervous gentleman.

MAN (CONT'D)

My name is Colin Oaks and I was hoping to speak with you regarding an opportunity for employment that would not necessarily have to hinder your lack of sobriety.

Dan does not move his head from the table.

COLIN

I represent a gentleman and his organization that are fans of your work.

(quieter)

With a gun.

Dan, still not moving his head, draws lightning quick and points his gun at Colin's head. Colin pushes up his glasses nervously. No one in the saloon gives a fuck.

DAN

This gun?

COLIN

I believe the arms in general.

DAN

Who sent you?

COLIN

John Bishop sent me.

Dan moves his head slowly from the table. Rolls a hand through his hair.

Slacks the gun.

As Colin talks, Dan surveys the bar a little more closely.

COLIN (CONT'D)

John Bishop is looking at... expanding his options in his occupational capacity and believes you and your skills would make a fine addition to his team. His offer is an even share of the profits and the camaraderie and protection of a fine group of men.

DAN

These men?

Dan swings his gunned hand through the bar. No one is paying attention to them, it would seem.

COLIN

Truthfully, some.

Dan takes another swig from his empty shot glass.

Colin reaches over and refills the shot glass from a pocket flask. Dan salutes.

DAN

Colin, right?

COLIN

Correct.

DAN

Tell me. Does John Bishop still have an inordinately large man by the name of Bill Hammond in his company of merry men?

COLIN

I'm not sure. It's entirely-

DAN

You relay the following to John Bishop. He can have me if he wants me, but my terms are that Bill Hammond must die. Don't much care if it's my bullet or not.

Colin is forced to suppress a smile.

COLIN

Who's this Bill Hammond to you?

Dan laughs.

DAN
How much liquor you got?

COLIN
Well, we are in a saloon.

Then, Colin does something strange.

He lays his hand on Dan's gun and calmly lowers it to the table. Dan doesn't resist. The gun is still pointed at Colin, after all. He leaves his hand there.

COLIN (CONT'D)
John Bishop is not a man used to hearing terms and conditions to getting what he wants. He's a man whose used to getting what he wants.

DAN
You mistake me for a man that gives a shit.
(drinks)
Tell me, my bespectacled friend, where is the famous John Bishop if he wants my services so badly?

Colin smiles. Removes his hand from the gun and stands up.

COLIN
I'll pass on your message, but I'd wager you will be declined.

Dan shrugs as Colin leaves the saloon.

And then, one by one, spaced apart by a few seconds each, other patrons file out.

Dan watches them go. Suspicious. He struggles to stand and stumbles out of the bar as-

INT. THE HOME - EVENING

Now.

Jane bursts into her home and sees her husband almost exactly where she left him and in almost exactly the same condition.

Pig has not moved.

She exhales and rushes to his bedside. Props his head on her lap and begins pouring water into his mouth, onto his scalp.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dan Frost ties Alabaster beside Jane's horse at the gate.
Looks at her tiny home, the mountain behind it.
And it hurts.

INT. THE HOME - EVENING

Jane is washing the bullet holes in Ham's back. They are scarlet and blistered and look like hell.

JANE
Were you pals with that feller with
the neck scar?

Ham doesn't answer. Obviously.

JANE (CONT'D)
I don't want to add worry to your
mind, but I hope his death is not
something you will cry over.

She looks up and sees Dan standing in the door frame. He's looking at Ham, his exposed back.

Pig growls threateningly. Dan pays him no heed.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hush up, Piglet!

Pig obeys. Dan takes a step forward. Stares at Ham.

DAN
Shit.

JANE
Yep.

DAN
That there's eight bullets.

JANE
Yep.

Dan takes a step in. The spurs of his boots jangle. He doesn't take his eyes off of Ham.

DAN
He's fatter than I recall.

JANE
Age has not been kind to his
figure, no.

DAN
Nor have you.

JANE
Evidently.

Ham groans in his sleep. Jane soothes him. Dan watches.

Jane reaches into her dress and tosses Dan the second roll of dollars. It lands well short of him and rolls uselessly. He stares at it.

JANE (CONT'D)
That fair?

DAN
Jane.

JANE
What?

He sighs.

DAN
You gotta start with that part! You come to a man and beg for help in a shit-situation, *you throw a roll of dollars at him before he can even say no!*

JANE
You still woulda said no at first!

DAN
That is besides the point I'm making right now!

Jane laughs. Dan bottles the desire to smile with her.

JANE
Why'd you change your mind?

Dan looks out to the front.

DAN
We best get working.

JANE
Answer me, Dan.

He looks at her. She looks at him. It's hard.

DAN

If Ham and I were in each other's boots, I'da hoped he helped my wife.

JANE

He wouldn't've.

DAN

Well dammit I know that Jane. That's the difference between him and I.

He leaves, as she has no argument.

EXT. THE HOME - SUNSET

Jane follows Dan as he walks around the side of the house. There is a vegetable garden.

DAN

(re: the house)
You build this?

JANE

Ham and me, yeah.

She holds up her hands. Worn. Dan notices. Says nothing.

At the back of the home is about a dozen feet of space between the house and the rock wall. Dan checks it out.

Thinks to himself. Jane watches him. Waits. And waits.

JANE (CONT'D)

Whatcha thinking?

DAN

I'm thinking God help us if we ever get cornered back here.

JANE

That all?

DAN

Also how much I'd hate to die back here.

JANE

Dan Frost, you are a ray of sunshine.

Dan spits.

EXT. THE GATE - DAY

Jane unloads the last of her purchases from her horse. Has them all set out on the ground at Dan's booted feet.

She moves around them and stands beside Dan.

JANE
Think it'll be enough?

DAN
It'll be loud enough, that's for sure. How many sticks you get?

JANE
...three.

DAN
Yeah, it'll be loud enough.

He points to the fence.

DAN (CONT'D)
Can you break a log off here?

She doesn't understand.

JANE
...Yeah. Why?

DAN
I need a shovel.

EXT. THE HOME - SUNSET

Dan is shirtless, digging a hole between the fence and the house.

Jane is sharpening the end of one of the logs from the fence into a point with a knife.

(NOTE: Jane and Dan never discuss what they're doing, as odd as it may seem.)

Jane looks full on exhausted. Takes a break. Breathes.

DAN
When's the last time you ate?

JANE
I don't remember.

DAN
When's the last time you slept?

JANE
(laughs)
You're just trying to get me to
sound repetitive.

Dan keeps digging.

DAN
You ain't no use to anyone bleary
eyed.

JANE
But if they come-

DAN
I'll wake you, or the hail of
bullets will wake you. Either way,
you'll be awake.

She looks back at him. He doesn't look at her. Just keeps
digging.

Jane sets the shovel down, and walks past him inside the
house.

Stops.

JANE
If I asked ya if we were digging a
grave right now, would you answer
me honestly?

DAN
I would.

He keeps digging. She waits for an answer, but one is not
forthcoming.

She shuts the door.

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Jane crawls into her daughter's bed. She breathes in their
blanket. And for a moment, she looks like a little girl
herself.

She stares at her wheezing husband, and shuts her eyes.

Pig has not moved.

EXT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Clear night. Silent.

Dan Frost finishes digging and tosses the shovel on the ground.

He washes his face and hands from a water basin. Towels up.

Looks into the night's horizon. Clear and empty.

He reaches into the supplies Jane brought back and pulls out GUNS AND BULLET.

He takes a handful of each and moves to the

EXT. BACK OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Where he sets guns beside and under rocks. Hides them.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

He returns to the porch and suddenly stops-

Turns slowly-

And SEES A MAN STANDING AT THE FENCE.

Frost is completely unarmed. A dead man.

The Man in the dark does not move.

For a long time.

Dan thinks about going inside the house-

But instead he raises his arms slowly into the air-

And sits on the rocking chair.

After a beat-

The man runs forward. Awkwardly.

He stops again in front of the house. Waits.

Dan has not moved. He sets his leg against his knee. Hands in the air calmly.

The man moves up to the porch. Dan sees him clearly for the first time.

HE is clearly mentally disabled in some severe capacity. He has paint over his face.

Hope it's paint.

He smiles crooked at Dan. Raises a finger to his lips, asking for silence.

Dan smiles back. Raises a finger to his lips in response-

But it's not his finger.

It's a KNIFE.

The Man realizes too late-

Dan THROWS THE KNIFE-

It slices clean through the Man's throat and sticks into a wooden post.

Before the Man can even react, Dan's grabbed him by the back of his shirt.

He drags the dying man away.

Picks the shovel up.

Drags him past the fence.

Into the distance. Never stopping.

INT. THE HOME - MORNING

Jane opens her eyes to see Dan STANDING OVER HAM. The sun is pouring in from the front door.

DAN

Ya know what the funniest thing is?
Ain't no reason I shouldn't put a
bullet in his head. God knows he's
earned it.

Jane watches him, quietly.

DAN (CONT'D)

I remember I was with you first
time I heard about Fat Bill
Hammond.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Ol' Jim told us about this outlaw that got in a fight with some injun. The red had cut him in the shoulder-

Dan turns Ham's arm gently and there, sure enough, is a long scar.

Pig growls.

DAN (CONT'D)

And Fat Bill Hammond had responded by stabbing him in the gut. Killing him. But he wasn't done. He cut him from navel to rib, reached in with two hands and pulled the poor bastard inside out. Cuz Fat Bill Hammond ain't no killer. He's a fuckin' destroyer.

Dan pulls his hair over his ear.

DAN (CONT'D)

I should have you over his body.

Jane is still quiet.

And then, suddenly, Dan leaves.

DAN (CONT'D)

I made bacon.

EXT. THE HOME - MORNING

Jane walks out, dressed, and surveys the front yard. She's impressed.

JANE

You sleep at all last night?

DAN

I did. Slept in the chair on the porch.

He hands her a plate.

She notices specks of dried blood on his hands. Says nothing.

She sits beside him.

JANE

My girls love that chair.

Dan chews. Reluctance loses to curiosity.

DAN
They got names?

JANE
Alma's the older, Kate the younger.
Yours?

Dan is quiet for a moment.

DAN
Will.

JANE
He at Sally's too?

DAN
No.

And that's that.

Jane picks at her plate.

JANE
You kill Ham, I kill you.

Dan looks at her. Nods.

DAN
That mountain. Any way a man get a
shot off from up there?

Jane laughs.

JANE
No siree.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

She sighs. Wrong.

DAN
Jane, this is a prime location for
firing!

JANE
You have to be a helluva shot to
hit from here!

Faster than you can imagine, Dan whips out his pistol and
FIRES TWO SHOTS at the house below.

The two plates they ate breakfast on explode into pieces.

Dan looks at her as he holsters the gun.

JANE (CONT'D)
Dammit Dan, they were good plates!

DAN
I'll buy you new ones.

He walks away.

Jane stares down at her house. At the horizon, clear and clean.

JANE
Nothing coming yet.

DAN (O.S.)
Nope.

JANE
Well what's the plan?

DAN (O.S.)
I got it covered.

She follows after him, annoyed.

JANE
Like that does me a lick of good!

EXT. THE HOME - DAY

Dan sticks the shovel in the ground, finished. Points down, off screen.

DAN
What ya got to cover this?

She looks at him. Gets it. Smiles.

JANE
A blanket?

Dan spits.

DAN
Best hope they come at night then.

Later, they weigh the blanket down with dirt, covering it completely with a light coat.

Jane is not impressed.

JANE

They'll see through it! Or they'll think, hey, why's there a patch a dirt in the middle of their grass. Let's trod on it.

DAN

Maybe, or maybe their eyes will be on the house and the gun round your waist instead. Either ways, this is the best we can do. Put some grass on it from the back. I just dug you a damn hole, don't go bitchin' bout it.

She regards the dirt covered sheet in the middle of her yard.

JANE

Let's put one in the house.

DAN

(sarcastic)

And ruin your beautiful floors?

She smiles and heads inside.

INT. THE HOME - DAY

Dan and Jane smash the floor by the front door, breaking the wood, and digging below it.

Pig is miserable about this.

Ham wheezes.

JANE

How many you reckon're coming?

DAN

If any, ya mean?

JANE

Naturally.

DAN

More than ten. Less than twenty.

JANE

Based on what?

DAN

Based on the fact they don't seem to know how bad he's hurt, so they'll judge him a threat. So at least ten. Under twenty based on the fact that the law is after Bishop's boys in a bad way. We know Ham's killed four, and you killed yourself one, so hell I'm not sure they even got twenty left.

JANE

Holy shit.

DAN

What?

JANE

...I forgot I killed him.

DAN

You did?

JANE

Holy shit.

Jane sits on her wooden floor. Her legs dangle in the pit they've made. There's dirt piles around her. Dan keeps digging below her.

JANE (CONT'D)

His whole life led to a moment where I put a bullet in his forehead.

DAN

It did. We can stack the dirt around Ham-

JANE

He survived bullets only to be felled by mine. He had a name. And now he's dead.

(beat)

I put him in hell.

DAN

Darling I doubt you had any say in the location of his final resting place. You just got him there on time.

JANE

Ya know fireworks? His forehead
looked like a firework.

She takes a deep breath in. And a deep breath out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Man had a name. And I never knew
it.

DAN

If you're fixing to puke, you best
remember you already gave my hat
away so you aim somewhere else.

JANE

How old were you when you first
killed a man?

Dan stops digging. Looks up at her, in her filthy dress.

DAN

You know damn well how old I was,
Hammond.

She does.

JANE

You cried.

DAN

Everyone cries.

JANE

I haven't.

DAN

Not in front of me, no.

Jane looks out her front door.

JANE

Ham is gonna be mighty pissed when
he sees what we've done.

DAN

He ever hit ya?

JANE

Sometimes.

DAN

It ever take?

She smirks.

JANE

Seldom.

Dan spits.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't spit in my house!

Dan, five feet deep in dirt in a hole in the middle of her house, looks up at her silently. She understands the predicament.

JANE (CONT'D)

Fine.

Dan smiles proudly and holds a hand up to her.

DAN

Give me a hand out-

She takes his hand, and he pulls her into the pit in her floor. She laughs. He smiles.

They stare at each other for a moment. His smile fades.

DAN (CONT'D)

My wife looked not a thing like
you.

He pulls himself out. The pit is a good five, six feet deep. Jane Hammond looks out the top.

JANE

You gonna pull me out?

DAN (O.S.)

Nope.

Jane sighs.

JANE

Son of a bitch.

DAN (O.S.)

Heard ya.

JANE

(yells)

It was not meant to be no secret!
Son of a bitch!

We hear him laugh. She smiles.

EXT. THE FENCE - AFTERNOON

Dan and Jane stand at opposite ends of Jane's wooden fence, painting it BLACK. Jane scrunches up her nose in disgust.

JANE
This is wretched.

DAN
Hush.

She obeys. For a spell.

JANE
You think-

DAN
I think you ask me another question, Imma light a match.

She laughs. Dan looks over at her, in the sunlight, in her dress, painting a fence and laughing.

DAN (CONT'D)
Jane.

JANE
Yes, Dan?

He sighs.

DAN
Tell me something I missed over the last ten years or so.

JANE
More than ten years.

DAN
You are not making my desire to light a match subside, girl.

Jane scrunches up her nose again. Both from the smell and from thought. A long time thinking.

DAN (CONT'D)
Well. Glad I ain't missed much.

JANE
Oh? Then you go?

DAN
I saw both oceans. West and east.

JANE

Why?

DAN

My wandering foot gets to itching.

She stops. Looks at him.

JANE

One day, we was all just sitting right back there, and on the horizon, we see an elephant, calm as you like, just walking. No man. No chains. Just an elephant. None of us had ever seen one before. Ham rode out, had pleasant interactions with it, and then came and brought us all out to it. And for a good hour or two, til it was dark, we all played with this elephant. I remember I looked at my girls and saw the looks in their eyes and thought, aye, I can go now.

DAN

All that over an elephant?

JANE

Ayep. And when we were done, she kept on going.

She tips the rest of her paint on the fence. Sits tired and sadly on the ground.

JANE (CONT'D)

You miss your kid?

Dan laughs.

DAN

The fuck kinda question's that?

JANE

I dunno. I miss mine fiercely.

Dan finishes his paint and looks at her.

DAN

I think you're the first adult I've spoken to in a couple years.

Jane smiles up at Dan.

JANE
Whiskey?

INT. THE HOME - AFTERNOON

Dan rests on the floor of the home, downing a shot.

Jane treats Ham.

Dan stands and walks over towards Ham's belongings. Reaches for a hat.

Pig snarls. Dan raises a hand and kneels to the dog.

DAN
Name's Pig?

Jane shrugs.

JANE
I got two daughters.

Dan turns his eyes back to Pig.

Pig snarls again.

JANE (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's not gonna like you.

DAN
I'm really gonna go through this whole fucking thing without a hat?

Jane smiles to herself. Ham wheezes.

EXT. THE HOME - EVENING

The day is getting old.

There are MOUNDS OF DIRT by the sides of the house. Dan lays behind one, aims with his pistol over the side of the barrier. Satisfied.

He leaves the pistol under a rock and moves to the other side of the house, where Jane is also aiming her gun. But much more awkwardly.

DAN
How good are you with a gun?

JANE
Y'already saw me kill a man.

DAN
Inches away.

JANE
Well, I'm guessing we both know how good I am then.

DAN
Oh, the confidence you fill me with.

Jane nods to the two horses at the fence.

JANE
What we gon' do with the horses?

DAN
Alabaster's gonna run on for the night. Your horse needs to stay.

JANE
She'll get killed!

DAN
Yep. But for a few minutes she'll give the illusion that you are alone and unsuspecting, and those few minutes are all we got.

Dan is drenched in sweat. Takes off his shirt.

She watches. His body is full of scars.

JANE
Lotta them are new.

DAN
Lotta them are none-your-fucking-business.

JANE
How'd you meet your wife?

Dan stops short. Stares at Jane for a second.

DAN
I swear, you ever get a clue to shut your mouth.

JANE
All the time, but it runs away frequent.

Jane smiles. She's a pest.

Dan sits and begins attaching a BAYONET to his WINCHESTER.
It will FUCK YOU UP.

DAN
I was a drinker for a while. Usin'
the bottle as a grave-shovel.

JANE
When was that?

He looks at her. She understands.

He sharpens the musket blade on a cutting stone.

DAN
Cleaned up 'ventually. Based on
some advice, be it sound or not, I
put out an advertisement looking
for a woman.
(beat)
She was a French girl.

JANE
She speak English?

DAN
Not really, not well at least.
Suited me fine. Everyone always
said I was quiet to the point of
being handsome.

JANE
I was never one of them.

DAN
Shit, I know that well. You ask too
many questions for me to be
handsome.

She laughs. Dan doesn't quite appreciate this, or this topic.

DAN (CONT'D)
She got better at words though.
We'd converse and the like. My boy
can speak both languages. Which I
reckon will do him no benefits in
this life.

He attaches the blade to the rifle. Aims it to the horizon
where the sun is setting.

JANE
How'd she die?

Dan ignores this for a spell. Practically mumbles.

DAN
This'n that.

JANE
Dan.

DAN
The Pneu-monia.

Jane lets this sink in. Looks away. Dan looks up at her.

DAN (CONT'D)
You-

JANE
I'm fine.

She force a smile. Dan returns his eyes to the horizon.

DAN
I used to read to her. Anything she could find. She would just sit and listen with her eyes closed. Don't know how much she understood. But she loved it.

JANE
You used to read to me.

He glares at her and it is fucking terrifying.

DAN
(growls)
That's the last you say to me about that, you understand me?

She's quiet.

DAN (CONT'D)
It ain't kind and it ain't appreciated. I ain't here to have you fix what you did or have you fill the void I gotta go into town to get now days. I'm here because you went and married the wrong man and that choice has led you down a road that'll probably kill all of us-

JANE
Then why you even here? So you can add to your lore?

DAN

Nah, Jane. I don't give a shit bout my lore. I'm here partly because you're payin'.

He stands and walks to Alabaster at the fence. Unties and nuzzles him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Mostly I'm here cuz I'll be damned if my son knows his father turned down a woman in need.

He whispers to the horse and with the gentlest of taps, she TAKES OFF, galloping away. He watches her go, his gun at his side.

DAN (CONT'D)

Even if she's an indisputable cunt.

JANE

Oh, pretty words, Dan!

Jane steps in front of him angrily, facing the house-

Dan stares at her, and in the horizon behind her, far off like a star in the sky, he sees a RIDER.

And he makes NO MENTION OF THIS.

JANE (CONT'D)

You don't know the first damn thing about why I've done the things I've done!

DAN

I gave up caring about why you do the selfish shit you do. The reason you came to me was because you were hopin' I was different than the man you married. I don't think for one second you ever thought of me before you needed me.

JANE

You think I don't miss you? Fuck you. I oughta put a fuckin' bullet in you.

DAN

Bullets are actions, girl. You can wish 'em back, but after you let 'em loose they're loose for good.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)
And what you got in that homemade
house of yours is a bullet you
can't ever take back.

He steps towards her, a calm fury.

DAN (CONT'D)
You keep your tears and you cry for
your fat sack-of-shit husband, and
you get in that house before I
unleash on you.

Jane is ready to explode but doesn't quite know how. She
turns and storms off into the house.

JANE
Fuck you, Dan!

DAN
Aye, you said that already.

JANE
I meant it every time!

She slams her door closed.

Dan stands, the sun burning the horizons behind, his
bayoneted rifle over his shoulder like the weight of the
whole world.

And the Rider leaves.

III

The Siege of Bill Hammond.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Dan sits on the porch, his spurred feet on the rail. He plays his harmonica.

His eyes open. His hair flicking in the night wind.

Fireflies.

Jane opens the door. With difficulty she steps over the pit and onto the porch.

She holds a LANTERN.

Closes the door.

He acknowledges her presence politely.

Jane has changed. Bathed. She wears her prettiest dress. It's not lost on Dan.

She sits in her rocking chair. And they are quiet together.

Dan plays on.

JANE

I am so scared.

He stops and looks at her. Beat.

DAN

There's still time.

JANE

Dan.

DAN

Go to your girls. These men coming, they have no quarrel with you.

Jane smiles at Dan sadly.

JANE

I killed their man.

DAN

I killed their man, and I hardly doubt they're gonna wanna fuck with me over him.

He leans forward. Defiantly serious.

DAN (CONT'D)
That man in there isn't dead yet,
but Jane, *he will be*. We could cut
down fifty men tonight and that
ain't gonna bring him back.

JANE
He brought me back.

Dan doesn't follow.

And Jane tells him something he missed in the last ten years
or so.

JANE (CONT'D)
My daughter-

DAN
Alma or Katie?

JANE
(smiles)
You remembered.

DAN
Remember everything.

JANE
Mary.

They are quiet together. Dan gives her the space she needs.

JANE (CONT'D)
You 'membered how he killed that
indian. He killed more than that
one, plenty of times over. And one
day it was bound to catch up to
him, and it did... but he wasn't
home. It was me and my girl, in our
house, a different one than this.
And they came. She giggled at
first. She was two. And I turned
and I saw and I screamed and next I
knew I was naked and tied up and
wishing more than anything I be
killed.

Dan stares at her hard.

JANE (CONT'D)
And he brought me back.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT, YEARS AGO

BILL HAMMOND stands, younger and stronger and the meanest sumbitch you ever did see. He is dressed in a hearty coat, and it is winter.

He is not alone. There are ten with him.

One is **FITCHUM**. His neck is fine. Still an ugly fucker.

The rest are as follows:

THE TRIPLETS. Three blonde identical triplets in their early twenties. Individually, they may be beautiful. Together, they are discomfoting.

COLIN. Different then when Frost met him. No spectacles. More calm.

VIC. A man more refined than his action's reflect.

MONTGOMERY. A negro. He dies tonight. As does **SMITH**, a yank good with a blade. As does **O'CALLAHREN**, a man whose only home has been in the low ranks of gangs.

And lastly, a man known only as **DOWD**. He is a complete psychopath.

Bill stares out at the colony.

And pulls out two pistols.

He is the God of Death, and he is outside AN APACHE CAMP.

(The entire sequence takes place in silence but for the score, and is filmed in one take.)

There is no sneak attack.

This is a full annihilation.

We follow ONLY BILL HAMMOND, as he fires through any Indian he sees.

The camp instantly COMES ALIVE.

FIGHTS BACK.

Smith throws a knife and for once, it misses, and he takes an arrow in the throat behind Ham.

Ham takes an ARROW INTO HIS SHOULDER.

He points his pistol straight up at the archer and sends a hole clean through his eye.

He pulls out the arrow and, when another Indian comes at him with a blade, Ham dodges and lodges the arrow into the base of the young Apache's neck.

He enters a TENT.

Finds TWO OLD WOMEN.

He leaves.

The winter air is nothing but stray bullets and flying arrows. Snow falls oblivious to both.

Ham aims to kill another Apache. His gun is empty. He holsters it.

The Apache slits Montgomery's throat.

And Ham snaps his neck in his hands.

He enters another tent.

And this time, HE SEES SOMETHING.

Whatever it is.

It is THE WORST THING HE WILL EVER SEE.

He falls to his knees. Eyes well up.

An Apache enters the tent and STABS HAM IN THE BACK.

And for a moment.

It's like Ham hasn't even noticed.

The Apache sees what Ham is looking at.

And is equally horrified. Takes a step back.

Ham barely moves.

Points his gun at the Indian, and ENDS HIM.

With all the strength in the world, Bill Hammond rises to his feet, and leaves the tent.

The knife is still in his back.

O'Callahren is dead at his feet. A sword in his hand. A wound across his face.

Bill picks up the sword, and uses it for its intended purpose.

He enters another tent.

Finds TWO TRIBAL ELDERS.

Kills them both.

Leaves.

Enters another tent.

And THERE SHE IS.

JANE.

BARELY CLOTHED.

TIED ROUND THE CENTER POST.

Drugged, or unconscious, or both, or neither.

He stops.

Sticks the sword in the dirt.

Drops to his knees beside her.

And holds her face in his hands.

His giant hands.

Her eyes open. And she sees him.

She starts to cry.

He kisses her cheeks.

And in this one moment, everything becomes clear about how Bill and Jane Hammond feel about each other.

They adore each other completely.

He takes off his hearty winter coat and helps her into it.

He cuts the ropes that bind her.

Her wrists are swollen blistered bloody.

He scoops her up in his humongous arms. Her head leans against his chest, and he holds it there with his hand. Shielding her as best he can.

He grabs his sword.
And leaves the tent.
The massacre is still underway.
COLIN sees Bill and Jane.
Whistles.
The remainders of the gang begin collecting.
Surrounding BILL as he carries JANE.
Some take arrows or bullets.
But they help each other move on.
A FAMILY.
They reach the edge of the forest.
Where Bill kneels, cradling Jane.
The wounded of the gang take a knee.
Those not wounded launch back into it.
But Bill stays with Jane.
He cups her face in his hands.
He kisses her forehead as the Bishop Boys burn the Apache
teepees to the ground.
She looks up at him.

JANE

Mary?

INT. JANE AND HAM'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane is screaming weeping at Ham, who stands there quietly
and takes it.
She holds a doll.
He does not cry.
Jane is hysterical. She attacks Ham and he lets her hit at
him until she gets tired and falls to the floor.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

A different night.

Jane rides in the distance, only to be caught up to by Ham. He grabs her from her horse and takes her home.

Even in the dark, we see her hitting him.

EXT. JANE AND HAM'S OLD HOUSE - DAY

Jane has a pistol aimed at Ham. Who simply stares her down.

She looks like hell.

He walks towards her calmly and disarms her.

She cries in his arms.

EXT. THE HOME - DAY

Ham and Jane ride up to the spot where their home will be. By the wall.

He smiles warmly at her and dismounts.

She does not.

EXT. THE HOME - A DIFFERENT DAY

The house is about half built.

Ham is working alone.

Until he sees Jane begin helping on her own.

He smiles to himself.

EXT. THE HOME - A DIFFERENT DAY

Jane is working beside Ham now. Does not look at him.

INT. THE HOME - A DIFFERENT DAY

Together they finish the floor of the house. He touches her swollen hand. She doesn't flinch.

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT

They make love in the dark.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Jane awakes alone in bed. Hearing something outside.
She wraps a blanket around her and grabs Ham's coat.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Ham, butt naked, sits on the porch. Lost in his mind.
She puts his coat over his giant back, and sits beside him.
Leans her head on his arm.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Now.

Jane and Dan sit in silence. Jane stares at her feet. Dan the distance.

Jane takes all the time in the world to start speaking again.
And when she does, her voice is dry. But firm.

JANE

Way Ham tells it, a stray bullet
went through the Indian tent and
hit her.

DAN

I'm sorry-

JANE

He built me a house with God's wall
at the back of it so I could see
what was coming. But some days, all
you see coming is your husband
slumped over the back of his horse
and you realize that safety don't
mean shit.

She looks at Dan, as he stares into the distance.

JANE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I don't remember what
people look like. My parents. You.
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Her. You have any idea how pretty
she was?

Dan looks at her.

DAN

I can imagine that.

She smiles softly at him. He smiles at her. She opens her
mouth to speak-

And he raises a finger to his lips.

She listens.

And through the cicadas and sounds of the night, we begin to
hear it too.

The gallop of horses.

Dan and Jane look out to the night sky. Too dark to see much
yet. But the sound is unmistakable.

JANE

Is it now?

He nods.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shit.

DAN

You remember what to do?

She looks at him. The answer is most definitely no.

He smiles at her. As kind a smile as he's ever given her.

He picks up his bayoneted rifle, and without much fan fare,
walks off the porch.

But Jane remains. She stares out to the horizon, as the
horses get closer and closer.

And she begins to rock back and forth in her chair.

IV

The Bishop Boys.

EXT. THE HOME - NIGHT

At least TEN HORSEMEN wait in a line a distance from the house, while TWO RIDERS come towards the gate slowly.

Jane Hammond walks past her gate and meets them halfway. Holds her lantern.

Unarmed.

She does her best to control her breathing. In and out. In and out.

Before she can see the lead rider's face, she hears his voice.

RIDER

Jane Hammond, starlight suits
you... *just fine.*

And then she sees him.

COLIN.

He grins at her from atop his horse. Takes off his hat politely.

COLIN

You remember me?

Jane looks up at him. Nods, but the man tells her anyway.

COLIN (CONT'D)

John Bishop, ma'am.

JOHN BISHOP. Leader of The Bishop Boys. A legend in a world full of them.

NOTHING like the man who interviewed Frost.

Jane hides her surprise and fear well enough.

JANE

John Bishop. Face as pretty as yours and it's not on a one of your posters?

Bishop laughs. Loudly. A man without fear.

BISHOP

Ham always said you had a good way with the words.

JANE
He with you?

BISHOP
He is not, sadly, though he's why
I've come.

Jane feigns a calm worry.

JANE
You and more.

BISHOP
Ayup. Me and more. This is Vic.

VIC tips his hat. Age has not been his friend. A dark beard
with flecks of grey. Doll eyes.

VIC
Ma'am.

JANE
Sir.
(then)
What happened, John.

Bishop takes caution when choosing his words.

BISHOP
I was actually hopin' he was here
so we could discuss some
particulars.

JANE
He ain't. I haven't seen him in
four weeks.

Bishop nods. Accepts.

JANE (CONT'D)
What happened, John.

He sighs, weary-hearted.

BISHOP
From what I can gather, Ham was
looking to loose the price on his
head by turning in some of us.

JANE
That sounds decidedly un-Ham-like.

BISHOP

I'd agree. But you know he has the cancer-

Jane does not react one way or another to this.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

So I'm figurin' he was lookin' to cash out so you and the girls were set.

JANE

He's a loyal man, John.

BISHOP

Not a fellow here would fight you on that. But everyone knows he'd slit his throat for you and yours.

Jane is quiet. Bishop sighs a second time. Leans forward on his horse.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

May I level with you, ma'am?

JANE

You may.

BISHOP

We had a *devil* of a time finding this place. Hell... Think we lost a couple fellows who got close.

JANE

I told you, John Bishop, I ain't seen Ham and the first man I've seen looking for him is in this conversation.

BISHOP

Yeah? A pretty boy. Name of Fitchum.

JANE

Nope.

BISHOP

Huh. He was with us when we got ya back from the Apaches.

Jane is quiet.

And that's when Bishop reaches in to a satchel on his horse.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dan quietly cocks his rifle at Bishop. Aimed dead.

EXT. THE FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Jane's hand tightens around the lantern.

But Bishop doesn't pull out a weapon.

He pulls out DAN FROST'S HAT.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

DAN
Son of a bitch...

EXT. THE FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Bishop holds the hat quietly, looking at Jane. He smiles. Asks almost sheepishly.

BISHOP
Can I level with you again, ma'am?

JANE
Don't have to ask, John.

BISHOP
Well in that case, let's say we found our boy Fitchum back in Little Wood with his forehead missing and wearing this hat that neither belongs to him nor fits him. And let's say Vic here was looking for this very house and sure enough not but six hours ago he found it. And ya know what was curious about that incident?

JANE
Besides the stalkin'?

BISHOP
Besides. Vic, tell her what you saw.

Vic takes a moment to speak. Almost as if he has to wind himself up for every sentence.

VIC

...I saw two people.

BISHOP

He saw a woman *and* a *man* outside the house! Now the woman, I imagine I am correct in assuming, was you. The man, though... *well*. Two things come to mind. The first is that, and I don't mean to pry, but you have been having yourself a little bit of a side serving and-

(raises hands
understanding)

I say good for you. Sincerely. Pretty girl like you should not be alone at nights. I am not what you might call an ethical man, so you will see no judgment from me. But, the second thing come ta mind, is that Bill Hammond came home.

He sighs again, like he hates being a burden. There's a theatricality to his sympathy.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Now Jane, I'm more'n willing to play cordial with Ham-

JANE

If I told you once I've told you enough, *Ham is not here-*

BISHOP

Regardless of your strong tone, I need to be sure of that.

Jane glares at him.

JANE

You mean to come inside my home?

BISHOP

Good Lord, no. That would be entirely too rude, without an invitation. I hope you think better of me than that.

JANE

Apologies, John.

BISHOP

Accepted, Jane. But Vic's gonna have to go in.

Jane looks at Vic. Vic has no expression.

JANE

And you brought a posse to ensure it?

BISHOP

Of course not. I brought a posse because Ham is a very big man.

JANE

I have two wee girls, John Bishop. And if he pulls a stunt-

Bishop almost gasps, places his hand affectionately over his heart.

BISHOP

Jane, no stunts will be pulled. I swear to Christ if Vic so much as looks wrong at those girls I will put him in the ground myself.

Jane takes a pause, then nods her okay.

She takes the horse rein from Vic and leads him towards the house.

Bishop stays motionless. Watching.

And towards the dark blanket covered in dirt.

Jane stares at it. She can't help it.

Clip-Clop. Clip-Clop.

VIC

A fine house you have here, ma'am.

JANE

Thank you.

Clip-Clop.

Clip-Clop.

VIC

I knew your Pa, back when.

JANE

That would be a statement only one of us can make without lying then.

They keep on in silence.

VIC
Met your ma once too. Pretty lady.

JANE
Dead lady.

VIC
How long now?

JANE
Long.

Clip.

Clop.

Closer.

VIC
How old were you?

JANE
Two when he got shot, seven when
she got sick.

VIC
Who looked out for ya then?

JANE
I looked out for me then.

And HE STOPS THE HORSE. Feet from the blanket.

It's impossible to tell if he's seen or suspected it yet.

Jane sweats.

VIC
...When John suggested you may be
straying from your vows, you made
no argument. ...I find that
curious.

Jane stares up at him. Quiet. He smiles at her.

JANE
He said he was an unethical man so
I deemed any excuse or explanation
unnecessary. Was I wrong?

VIC
No ma'am.

And the horse begins walking again.

CLIP.CLOP.ALMOST.

VIC (CONT'D)
 ...Ham would kill you though.

Jane looks at him. He does not look at her.

JANE
 Are you calling me a fool?

VIC
 No ma'-

THE HORSE COLLAPSES INTO THE PIT!

Jane yelps, drops the lantern.

Picks it up fast. Pulls something from her dress.

Vic begins screaming.

John Bishop does not move in the distance.

Jane looks inside.

The horse is dead. Jane's wooden spike shoved through its neck, its legs broken from the fall. It lays in a horrible disfigurement.

The spike is cut straight through the horse up through the center of Vic's leg. He is wedged between the horse and the wall of dirt, unable to reach his gun or remove himself from the spike.

VIC (CONT'D)
WHAT IN THE HELL-

Jane tries to regain her breath.

JANE
 Yo-you listen to me and you listen fast!

He tries getting his gun. With great difficulty. Cries.

The riders begin approaching.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Bill Hammond is in that house with eight bullet holes in his back and I want you to know this because he is not the one to do what's about to happen.

VIC
WHAT IS IN MY LEG?!

JANE
You all come to my home, and the
home of my daughters, and you
expect a smile and a welcome in the
aid of you and your boys murdering
my dying husband? You know what I
say to you?

Jane opens the lantern.

And now we see what she pulled out of her dress:

IT'S A FUCKING STICK OF DYNAMITE.

And SHE LIGHTS IT.

His eyes widen. Almost at his gun-

VIC
WHAT THE-

JANE
I say you're the fool.

She turns to run and-

Tosses in the dynamite-

Vic breathes in to scream-

A bullet flies by Jane Hammond's head-

And for a split second-

Nothing happens.

Until THE PIT EXPLODES.

Jane is thrown from her feet.

The riders stop short.

And then, it starts RAINING MEAT.

JANE (CONT'D)
Ugh!

Jane gets to her feet fast. Grabs the lantern again. Still lit.

The riders CHARGE again.

John Bishop doesn't move as the riders pass him.

He simply watches.

Jane's horse is freaking out, still tied to the fence.

The riders begin firing, too far still to be too accurate.

But not too far for Dan Frost.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Who FIRES his first shot.

In the distance, we see A HORSE COLLAPSE FROM A HEADSHOT.

Dan sees Jane running, bizarrely, TOWARDS the fence.

DAN
FUCKIN' NOW JANE!

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jane sees the Riders coming as she HURLS THE LANTERN AT HER FENCE WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

When it SMASHES-

THE ENTIRE FENCE IGNITES IN GASOLINE-DRENCHED FLAME.

The riders all stop short. Have to back up from the heat.

The fire burns through the rope that ties Jane's horse. It runs away frantically.

Jane stares at the inferno for a moment. Dumb-founded.

DAN
JANE!

Jane comes to, and RUNS.

EXT. DAN'S SIDE OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dan aims through the flames. Like shooting demons in hell. Impossible to see anything.

Pig is barking but has not moved.

Dan can hear the Bishop Boys yelling.

Organizing.

And every time Dan hears a different voice-

HE FIRES.

And that voice never speaks again.

He's not even shooting by sight.

Just sound.

He fires again and again. Every bullet a kill.

Dan re-aims for his fourth-

When a couple pebbles trickle down of his shoulder.

He looks at them quietly.

AND SPINS ONTO HIS BACK-

A BULLET HITS THE SPOT WHERE HE WAS-

DAN FIRES STRAIGHT UP-

Lodges a bullet straight into the forehead of a GUNMAN.

He falls forward, and Dan rolls out of the way as the dead gang member crashes into the ground.

Dan does not seem impressed.

DAN

Told her.

He takes the gun from the shooter-

And sees the dead man's hat on the ground a few feet away.

The Gunslinger Dan Frost smiles.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jane pulls off her dress, revealing PANTS.

She lifts a rock by the wall of her house, revealing THE GUN BELT.

She puts it on. And this time, she looks ICONIC.

She turns to face the fire-

And sees A STICK OF DYNAMITE FLYING THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS HER.

She scrambles for her gun when-

BAM!

It *EXPLODES MID-AIR!*

Jane gets thrown back-

And lands at a pair of boots.

She looks up.

DAN FROST.

His gun still smoking.

JANE
You got a hat.

DAN
You got pants.

She offers her hand to get pulled up.

DAN (CONT'D)
Not now.

He creeps forward. She pulls herself to her feet and follows him.

He presses his body against the rocks. Studies the fire.

Jane copies him. Terrified.

JANE
What are they doing?

DAN
Stop talking.

JANE
They threw a stick of dynamite at me!

DAN
Stop talking.

JANE
How long until the fence burns-

Then Dan sees it-

The spark of a second stick of dynamite getting lit.

DAN

Boom.

He fires repeatedly at the stick with his pistol-

IT EXPLODES-

BLOWING UP THE WIELDER-

AND A CHUNK OF THE FENCE-

Flaming wood falls from the sky.

Dan instinctively covers Jane with his body-

She looks up at him, and the fire in the sky.

Wood lands around them, but they are fine.

Dan looks back.

The opening in the fence hasn't been filled yet.

He loads his RIFLE.

JANE

How many are left?

DAN

How bout you count 'em while I kill
'em.

He runs towards the opening like a mad man.

JANE

DAN!

And before he even gets to the opening-

A BULLET RIPS HIM IN THE ARM.

Spinning him around completely. He crashes to the ground in a heap.

JANE (CONT'D)

DAN!

Jane runs towards him-

But before she goes to take care of him-

DAN

Jane-

She runs right past him-

JANE

NOT NOW.

Dan, grabbing his arm, grins up at her.

She pulls out her gun-

A MAN appears in the opening and starts firing at her-

He misses-

She unloads FIVE BULLETS AT HIM.

Only two stick. Both in his legs.

He falls to his knees in agony.

Raises his gun at her-

But before he can fire-

She PUNCHES him in the face with her gun, FIRING at the same time.

Half of his face is OBLITERATED.

Before she can reload, another shooter comes running at her with his gun.

One of the **TRIPLETS** from earlier.

His **BROTHER** behind him.

The Triplet goes to stab her when-

Dan Frost throws his bayoneted rifle through the air like a spear-

Where it sinks into the Triplet's throat.

He gurgles.

TRIPLET TWO

NO!

He runs towards his brother.

Dan leaps for his rifle.

AND FIRES-

SENDING THE BULLET THROUGH ONE'S NECK AND INTO THE BROTHER'S MOUTH.

Dan pulls his rifle out and the triplet drops dead.

He looks at the two boys as he helps Jane to her feet.

DAN
Fucking twins?

Jane reaches over Dan's shoulder and FIRES-

Blowing out his ear-drum-

JANE
Triplets.

The **THIRD TRIPLET** falls into the flaming fence.

DAN
JANE MY FUCKING EAR!

JANE
STOP TALKING!

They split up and run towards either side of the house.

The fence is almost completely destroyed.

There are six left.

EXT. BACK OF THE HOME - NIGHT

They reload their weapons as fast as they can at their stash behind the house.

Dan looks up at Jane.

Her hands are trembling so hard she can barely load her gun.

He takes her gun in his hands. Loads it.

When he speaks, he doesn't look at her.

DAN
Let's run.

JANE
What?

DAN
Your girls and my son. It could
work.

JANE
I'm married.

DAN
To a corpse. And I ain't asking you
to marry me. I'm asking you to stay
alive.

He hands the gun back to her.

And walks away.

JANE
Dan.

He turns-

And sees a shadow approaching Jane from behind-

DAN
Jane!

Jane sees a shadow approaching Dan from behind-

JANE
Dan!

They run towards either-

Pull their guns-

And FIRE

Their faces inches apart.

The two gunmen fall down fucking dead.

And Dan and Jane stare at each other.

JANE (CONT'D)
How-

And Dan Frost KISSES HER.

She doesn't resist.

It's been over ten years coming.

He pulls back.

They look at each other.

She SMACKS HIM IN THE FACE.

They look at each other.

Laugh.

And run opposite directions.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jane reaches the front of the house and sees a MUSCULAR MAN about to walk through the door.

DOWD.

She aims her pistol with one hand and FIRES.

She slams the hammer again and again and FIRES REPEATEDLY.

Completely empties her chamber at him.

And he remains unscathed.

Stares at her. THICK Irish accent.

DOWD

How the *fock* did ya miss?

Jane is breathless. Swallows.

JANE

I'm just a prairie wife.

Dowd grins and takes off after Jane.

Jane reaches for her second gun but the Irishman is too damn fast.

Dan Frost aims his gun at the man from behind-

But is TACKLED from off screen-

Just as Jane gets her gun out of the holster-

DOWD LEAPS at her with both of his feet.

Sends Jane FLYING.

She loses her gun-

He pounces on her.

She kicks him off of her body-

He pulls a knife and SLICES AT THE INSIDE OF HER THIGH.

DOWD
CUT-CUT-CUT-CUT-CUT!

Jane screams and keeps kicking-

Reaches for the gun she dropped-

When he presses the knife on her crotch. A little too hard.

She stiffens. Stills.

He grins and leaps up, sitting on her chest.

DOWD (CONT'D)
(gaelic)
Conas a ta tu, Jane?

And PUNCHES her square in the jaw-

JANE
UGH!

Jane lays there, dazed.

The Irishman laughs at her.

Pulls out his gun and puts it IN HER MOUTH.

DOWD
Know what happens when I pull the
trigger?

Jane nods her head violently.

DOWD (CONT'D)
Shall we find out, yeah?

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER.

JANE YELPS-

And nothing happens.

DOWD pulls the gun out and gets low to her face.

LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF.

DOWD (CONT'D)
You shoulda seen your fucking face!

Jane leaps up and BITES HIS FOCKING FACE AS HARD AS SHE CAN.
He instinctively leans off of her, trying to free his nose-
As soon as she has enough room-
Jane pushes him off of her and takes off running to Dan-
Who's in a painfully even matched brawl.
He sees her coming to help.

DAN
(screams)
GET IN THE FUCKING HOUSE!

She turns and SPRINTS for the house as Dowd gets to his feet.
Laughing.

Dan gets thrown on his back.

His assailant has both hands around his neck, choking the
life out of him.

Jane throws open her door-

And is nearly bowled over by PIG-

Who charges to Dan Frost's aid.

Jane turns and SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER before we can see
what happens.

INT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

From Jane's P.O.V.

Staring UP at the front door.

We hear Jane's gun- Ca-CHUNK.

We hear Pig barking. Growling.

We hear men yelling. Screaming.

We hear a stick of dynamite EXPLODE. The house shakes.

Then for a moment-

We hear nothing.

Nothing.

Until we hear footsteps on the wooden porch.

DOWD

Jane-Jane-Jane-I can smell ya!

The front door swings open!

Dowd stands with two guns drawn!

He doesn't find Jane-

Until he looks DOWN-

And sees her IN THE PIT-

A SHOTGUN aimed at his face.

Jane FIRES.

Dowd's head completely explodes in a splash of red.

His headless body falls in the pit with her.

JANE

Eugh!

She pushes the body off of her-

And hears footsteps running towards the house-

Ca-CHUNK. She aims and hears-

DAN (O.S.)

You shoot me Jane I swear to
Christ!

She lowers her rifle as Dan jumps over the pit, kicking the door closed behind him.

JANE

Is he still alive?

Dan turns and looks towards the bed.

DAN

They shot Pig.

JANE

Fuck!

DAN

Pig tore his throat out first.

JANE
What was the explosion?

DAN
That was the dynamite.

JANE
Is it done?

DAN
I don't know.

JANE
Is he still alive?

Dan looks at the pit. Then at the bed.
He stands and walks towards the bed.
Blood DRIPS from his spurs as he walks.
He stands over Ham.
Still alive.
Staring up at Dan. Who stares back.

JANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dan Frost! Is he fucking alive!

Dan PULLS out his pistol lightning fast and shoves it between Ham's eyes.
Ham doesn't blink.
Two big sad eyes staring up at Dan.
Jane tries to climb out of the pit with great difficulty.
Dan pulls the hammer on the gun.
His hand trembles as he tries to will himself to pull the trigger.
Tries so hard.
And then-
He holsters the gun.

DAN
(quietly)
That's the difference 'tween you
and I, Hammond.

Jane finally gets out of the pit. Covered in blood.

Sees Dan and Ham.

With great difficulty she stands and hobbles over to them.
Dan helps her.

She looks past Dan at Ham.

JANE
Is he alive?

DAN
Are you shot?

JANE
Cut. This is Irish blood.

She hobbles past Dan to Ham's side.

He watches them.

She strokes his head. He reacts not one way or the other at her appearance.

JANE (CONT'D)
Is it over Danny?

Dan holds his rifle to the door. Waiting.

DAN
I doubt it, girl.

JANE
How many bullets are in you right now?

DAN
...I haven't the slightest.

JANE
(lovingly to Ham)
This is a regular shit show, and you're missing it.

Ham just gazes up at her.

Then.

They hear a noise outside-

Moving UP THE HOUSE.

Dan and Jane stare AT THE ROOF.

Footsteps up there.

Calm.

Quiet.

Until *BAM!*

A bullet hole pierces the ceiling, a yard from them!

Jane aims her gun to the ceiling but Dan lowers it fast-

DAN
(whispers)
If he has dynamite and we hit it...

She gets it.

The footsteps move across the house-

They move away from the sound, towards the door-

BAM!

Another shot hits the floor, a few yards away from them-

JANE
(whispers)
What do we do?

DAN
(smiles, whispers)
You're the boss.

Jane smiles and-

The front door is KICKED OPEN-

A MAN WITH A RIFLE **FIRES** BEFORE DAN OR JANE REACT-

The bullet rips through Jane's stomach.

Blood from her back splashes the wooden wall behind her a second before she's sent crashing into it, like a fist.

BLACKNESS.

Blackness for far too long. Sounds begin returning. Yelling. Scrambling. Whimpering.

But they sound far, far away.

The sound gradually becomes more clear and focused, until finally, the title card appears.

v

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Dan is crouched behind Jane, his back against the bloody wall.

He has his rifle furiously pointed straight ahead. It's a damn miracle he hasn't fired yet.

As best as he can, he protectively covers Jane, who sits against him. Alive but very much fucked up. Her shirt is crimson.

She holds her hands tight against the gunshot. Uselessly.

She stares with fire at the man who shot her.

BISHOP.

He kneels calmly by the bed, gun pointed at Dan and Jane.

BISHOP

Dan Frost. I'm not often surprised
but consider yourself surprising.
You and Ham under the same roof,
alive, more or less.

Dan doesn't say shit.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Time heals all wounds, right?

Dan doesn't say shit. Bishop sighs.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

My gun's pointed square into her
forehead, and if I so much as think
you're gonna fire, I'm gonna fire,
and we're all gonna die. I'd prefer
the way you don't fire, I don't
fire, the Kid don't fire, and we
all leave here in an unchanged
condition. That's my dream and
offer.

Jane grunts, heaves. Dan has limited options.

A young boy, maybe not even fourteen yet, stands a few yards back, his gun also pointed at Dan and Jane.

THE KID.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I'd take it, considering I'm not
sure you even got a bullet in that
gun.

DAN
We can find out quick enough.

BISHOP
You really want to be the quick
tongued one right now?

Dan's quiet.

**NOTE: This entire scene takes place with Dan and Bishop never
taking their eyes off of each other. No matter what.**

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Kid, what's Mr. Hammond's
condition?

Kid looks over at Ham.

KID
I'd say the fucker's shot to shit.

BISHOP
Language.

KID
What?

BISHOP
Mind your language.

KID
You guys all swear-

BISHOP
Kid, you kill a man and you sleep
with a girl, then you earn the
right to use whatever words you
want but until those both happen
you speak like you're talking to
your mother.

The Kid is quiet. Everyone is quiet.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
What am I not hearing?

KID
Yes sir. Sorry sir.

BISHOP

Ahh. Music.
 (to Jane)
 Where the girls?

JANE

Go to hell!

BISHOP

Jane, I mean not to find or harm them. I thank you for sending them from here, and this madness you was concocting. Last thing a man needs is finding a bullet of his in a wee girl's face. We've had enough of that, 'aven't we.

JANE

Imma-motherfuck-you-

BISHOP

Have you been planning this? Wipe out all the men who could've owned wee Mary's stray bullet?

Dan is quiet.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

How'd ya know it wasn't Ham's? Or did he bringing you two gals make up for it? Two's better than one, mathematically speaking.

Jane looks like she's about to become the most violent creature on the planet.

Dan knows better than to look at Jane. But damn if he don't look shocked.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I was there when he kill't their pa, who admittedly was a real ill character, and their ma was screaming when he put a bullet in her brain.

(to himself. Honest.)

I have nightmares sometimes.

(taps Ham behind him)

I saw this very man, drenched in blood, pick up two wee babies and carry them like he was a hero. It fix you up?

Bishop, for all of his kind demeanor, is a real nasty son of a bitch.

JANE
How many of you come?

BISHOP
Eleven. Twelve? I barely count 'em anymore.

JANE
How many of you leav'n?

BISHOP
Three, I'm hopin'. I, The Kid, and your husband. My goal coming tonight was three. Breaking even.

Jane smiles a mouth of blood.

JANE
I kill'd the Bishop Boys.

BISHOP
Seeing as there's me and one other, I feel the urge to correct you. But I already shot you and frankly, I'm trying hard not to be too much of a dick.

(he laughs)
You should join my brand new gang. Interested?

JANE
-Shoulda started the night with that.

Bishop laughs. Jane winces.

BISHOP
Kid, take care of Ham.

Kid nods. Walks to the foot of Ham's bed. Pulls out his pistol and-

BANG! BANG!

Puts bullets in both of Ham's feet.

Blood splashes onto The Kid's face.

He turns and vomits on the wall.

Bishop never turns around. Shocked.

Jane turns her face away. Cries into Dan's bleeding arm.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
(to Dan)
What he do?

DAN
He shot Ham's feet off.

Bishop roars with laughter.

BISHOP
I meant carry him out, not blow his feet off! That's hilarious.

The Kid wipes his mouth.

KID
I thought, in case he tried to run-

BISHOP
He's already been pumped full of sky! Where's he gonna run to? Hell?

KID
I don't know-

BISHOP
How bout you get him out of here and up onto one of the horses that's not in multiple pieces, alright?

The quiet stand off between Dan and Bishop continues.

The Kid is motionless.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Well!

KID
He's really heavy.

BISHOP
Son, I swear, you can either carry him out or you can change spots with me and I'd bet your life that this gentleman here ain't half as scared of you as he is of me. Would I be right?

DAN
No, by all means, switch places.

BISHOP
I'd get moving child.

With extreme difficulty, the Kid begins dragging Red off the bed.

Ham's body THUMPS onto the floor when it runs out of bed. A tiny groan.

Jane watches her husband go.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Jane.

She reverts her attention to Bishop. His gun pointed right between her eyes, his eye staring straight into Dan's.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Why'd you do it? The bounties?

Jane looks at him and simply answers:

JANE
This is my home.

Bishop nods like he understands. He stands, guns still pointed.

Begins backing up towards the door as The Kid struggles to get Ham past the pit in the floor.

KID
I can't-

BISHOP
Fiiiiigure it out, boy.

Bishop's gun pointed at Dan. Dan's pointed at Bishop.

Bishop hops over the pit. Almost out of the line of vision. To Jane.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
(sincere)
I sincerely hope you recover from
your bullet.

And he disappears from frame.

Dan instantly covers Jane's body with his. Gun still at the door.

Expecting dynamite. Or worse. But it never comes.

Jane points her gun weakly at the wall, where Bishop's opposite of.

Dan tries to lower her arm.

She persists.

He wraps his arms around hers tightly.

She struggles and runs out of steam.

He holds her there, like that, until the sound of horses leaving fills the wet air.

He lets her go and tries to lay her on the floor, to look at the wound-

JANE

No! Stop!

DAN

What?

She pants. Winces.

JANE

I wanna sit in my chair.
(desperate)
Please Dan.

He reluctantly nods and scoops her up in his arms. She cringes, and as he lifts her, she reaches and grabs her daughter's blanket.

It drags on the floor as he carries her out.

EXT. THE HOME - NIGHT

Dan carries Jane gently onto the front porch. Sets her in the shot-to-shit rocking chair. She gasps and winces but doesn't complain.

DAN

You good?

JANE

I got a bullet in my gut that says
no, but aside from that...

The blackened remains of the fence still smoke.

There are bodies in her front yard.

The Bishop Boy's horses eat grass in the distance as if nothing happened.

Jane looks out into the horizon. Vic and The Kid are almost out of view.

JANE (CONT'D)
You gotta get him.

DAN
Jane-

JANE
You listen to me. You get that
sumbitch and you fill him with
holes.
(gasps)
Then you take Ham's body and you
get that money. And you give it to
my girls. Yeah?

Dan kneels in front of her.

DAN
I'll bring you the money and you
can give it to 'em.

She winces. Touches the wound. Sees the blood.

JANE
Dan?

DAN
Yeah?

JANE
If you can, would you bury him nice
for me?

Dan is quiet for a moment, and then honest.

DAN
If I can, yeah.

She smiles up at him gratefully as he puts her daughter's blanket around her.

JANE
I wished it was us sometimes.

Dan tucks her stray hairs behind her ears.

DAN
Well. That's your own damn fault.

She laughs through the pain.

He kisses her forehead. She smiles up at him.

He takes HER PISTOL. Checks the chamber.

JANE

Whatchagot?

Three bullets.

He slams it shut. Holsters it.

DAN

Full chamber.

(taps pocket)

And change.

He stands and hands her HIS WINCHESTER. She takes it. Proud.

Weaker now.

DAN (CONT'D)

You better be breathing when I get
back.

He doubts she will be.

She smiles for him.

JANE

Yessir. I got a house to clean up.

He takes a beat to look at her.

DAN

Prettiest girl with a bullet I ever
seen.

JANE

You charming devil.

He winks at her. Says goodbye as best he can.

Then takes off SPRINTING.

She watches him go.

EXT. PRAIRIE - CONTINUOUS

He may never have run faster in his damn life.

He yells.

DAN
ALABASTER!

And in the distance, we hear the horse answer.

WIDE: The white horse galloping towards Dan from behind.

The orphaned horses of The Bishop Boys follow after Alabaster and Dan like an alcoholic in search of a drink.

Dan doesn't slow down, and when the beautiful stallion is beside him, he mounts and they take off.

DAN (CONT'D)
To the sun boy, straight into hell.

The horse has no time for answers and charges off. The house disappearing in the dark behind them.

EXT. THE HOME - CONTINUOUS

She watches Dan and his horse crest the horizon.

The sun breaks through, just the tiniest of slivers.

She feels her blanket in her bloody fingers. Grips it tightly.

In the morning breeze, as the sun rises, Jane Hammond rocks in her chair.