

WEARY RIDE THE BELMONTS

a record of dust and daughters.

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Paradigm. Writ Large.

And **OVER BLACK**, the violent crickle-crackle of **FIRE**. Except:

EXTERIOR. A DENSE FOREST. NIGHT.

We OPEN ON **SNOW**. A whole lot of it. Flittering like hell against monstrous trunks of pine. As we come down to A **LOPSIDED SHACK** -- -- splintered and squalid. Where, just beyond it, a fucking **WILDFIRE** tears through the forest. Furiously inching closer.

PULL BACK to find a **MAN** silhouetted against this raging inferno --

A SMALL VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Hoagy.

-- just the smallest voice. Distant. And whether the man can hear it or not makes no difference -- he's solely taken with this shack. His shadow frame huffing, exasperated, immobile --

A SMALL VOICE, AGAIN (PRE-LAP)

HOAGY.

The blaze **closer**. As if it jumped in time. On the brink of devouring all in its path, right as:

INT. A MAKESHIFT WOODEN COTTAGE - NIGHT

A MAN'S EYES **SNAP OPEN**. Dim firelight dancing in his tired gaze, brow glistening with sweat, taking a moment to get his bearings.

This is **HOAGY BELMONT**. 53 going on 74. Dirt for skin, broad and grizzled. Tangible evidence of some countless rough years. And most notable: **CHUNKY BURN SCARS** wrapped around one side of his neck.

A SMALL VOICE (O.S.)

--HOAGY!

And **A BOY**. 10. Calmly waking him, yet with the utmost insistence.

THE BOY
Someone's here.

And judging by Hoagy's expression, no one should ever be "here" -- so: he quickly jumps from his busted little cot --

-- swiftly digs under his thin mattress, pulls a **SIX-SHOOTER REVOLVER** because Western, prepared --

-- and he MARCHES through this small cabin space, RIPS THE DOOR OPEN, as we FOLLOW HIM OUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER FOREST - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

And there is no snow here in this forest. No inferno. It's merely springtime damp beneath a starless night -- as Hoagy pauses -- -- because through the dark timber, A LANTERN LIGHT. Bobbing faint, far, **making its way for him.**

EXT. THE FOREST - ELSEWHERE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

We come to a different vantage point. Behind THE FRAME OF A MAN ATOP A HORSE. The lantern in his hand -- as we see ahead:

The light from Hoagy's cottage. Its small fire flickering. This man on the horse trying to navigate his way to it, when:

CR-CLICK.

We heard it. *And the man on the horse certainly heard it*, his frame freezing as we arm around to find -- HOAGY. Stepping from the shadows, six-shooter trained. As the man slowly looks to him --

-- reveals himself to be **GERALD SHAW**. A gentle soul. No older than 20. Naive. Unimposing. Doesn't belong in the wilderness.

GERALD

Easy. I don't mean no harm.

Hoagy glances at Gerald's horse. Burlap sacks bundled tight. A RIFLE strapped along its side. He gestures to the ground:

HOAGY

Slowly.

Gerald nods. Climbs off. Heedful eyes never leaving Hoagy's.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

How'd you come here?

GERALD

Tell the truth, I don't reckon I know where I am. Been headin' west from Virginia for Arizona.

HOAGY

Long way from Arizona.

GERALD

Startin' to realize that myself.

HOAGY

You alone?

GERALD

Yes, sir. Name's Gerald, sir.
Gerald Shaw. Of Virginia. Sir.

Hoagy, reading Gerald, processing what little he's given. While Gerald swallows, battles his nerves to muster some courage:

GERALD (CONT'D)

I -- I don't mean to impose, but. Been outta food three days now. If you had anything you might could spare, well. Me and Joan here sure would be grateful.

Hoagy. Looking Gerald over -- his horse, **JOAN**. Before --

INT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

-- the door swings open, Hoagy leading Gerald inside. And on a chair, in the corner, is The Boy. Watchful. Silent. Neutral.

HOAGY

Sit.

Hoagy cold, calloused. As Gerald looks to a nearby table. Has a seat. Still nervous. Still uneasy. As Hoagy moves for a stovetop --

-- slops some STEW into a TIN CUP, drops it in front of Gerald.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

Couple days old.

GERALD

Older the better, sir, thank you.

Gerald sips the stew. Forces a friendly chuckle, as he slyly clocks **MORE BURN SCARS** twisting around Hoagy's WRIST.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Wouldn't, uh -- happen to have any whiskey, would ya--

HOAGY

--what takes you to Arizona.

Gerald unable to escape Hoagy's eye, a reminder who's in charge.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Gettin' crowded back east. Was hopin' to get in on one of them copper mines. Heard a man can make a nice livin' for a little hard work.

HOAGY

No family with you?

GERALD

Just Joan.

HOAGY

Just your horse.

GERALD

Heh. As I said--

-- *fwinkpf* --

-- **SHUMPF.**

And, respectively, those were the sounds of a **KNIFE** leaving its sheath -- **AND IMMEDIATELY BEING DRIVEN THROUGH GERALD'S HAND** --

-- **RIGHT THROUGH THE FUCKING TABLE** -- and Gerald, CRYING OUT IN A RUSH OF PAIN -- as Hoagy REACHES BENEATH HIS CHAIR --

-- and in a single swift movement, HOAGY NOW HAS A STUBBY DOUBLE-BARRELED **SHOTGUN**, *compact and fierce*, **SHOVED IN GERALD'S FACE**.

And we should note Hoagy's fluidity with all of that. This stiff frame of an aging man proving he's still got it --

-- as Gerald. Staring down the barrel of Hoagy's shotgun. The color draining from his face, blood still exiting via palm.

Just as -- Hoagy lets go of his knife's hilt. Calm, cool, steady.

He dumps Gerald's stew onto the floor, reaches beneath the table again -- and this time, HE INDEED BRINGS UP A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

Hoagy pours a generous amount into poor Gerald's tin cup.

But, then. Hoagy lifts the cup for himself. Drinks it neat, eyes never leaving Gerald as he finishes, pours some more --

-- and slides it to Gerald. And Gerald drinks it. **Needs** it. That knife-in-trembling-hand doing a fucking number on him.

HOAGY

How many more with you?

GERALD

Ro-- rode in alone. Swear it.

Gerald, pale white, eyes welling, body shaking, as we ANGLE ON The Boy. In the corner, quietly observing this exchange --

HOAGY

How many.

-- **because The Boy knows that Gerald knows that Hoagy knows.**

So, Gerald drinks again. Makes the decision only a boy would:

GERALD
Four.

HOAGY
And they sent you ahead.

GERALD
Less a threat, I suppose. Heh. Just
to-- to see. If it really was you --

And Gerald really looks at Hoagy here, suddenly remembering
that he's sitting across from a living fucking legend:

GERALD (CONT'D)
-- if you really was **Hoagy Belmont.**

And this is where Hoagy can see that Gerald is telling the truth.

GERALD (CONT'D)
It, uh -- a group came by me and my
father's farm. A posse, I guess. Said
they heard a lotta rumors -- lotta
rumors that could pay a lotta dollars
and that they needed as many bodies as
they could get. And we needed the
money. For our family. My sisters.
Honestly, we ain't -- we ain't even
interested in why you --

-- and Gerald slows with that. Pausing a confused beat.

GERALD (CONT'D)
-- in why you're still alive.
(beat)
Just -- me and my father. Let us go.
Please. We won't tell a soul, I swear it.

HOAGY
Where are they?

Gerald pauses. Frightened to give up his last bargaining chip.

GERALD
If I tell you, you'll kill me.

HOAGY
My word I won't.

He reads Hoagy a beat, nods. A man's word being everything and all.

GERALD
Down by the riv--

--**BWOOMMM!**

"Bwoom". Because without missing a fucking beat, **HOAGY HAS JUST SHOT GERALD IN THE FACE**. Keeping-a-word be damned.

And Gerald's frame slumps, the wetness of blood dribbling slick onto Hoagy's floor, as he considers what he just did for a few beats -- until he looks to The Boy -- **who looks right back at him**.

A MAN (PRE-LAP)
What do y'all suppose you might ask him?

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

And here's A **MAN'S SILHOUETTE**. Moonlight bouncing off a nearby river to barely give him shape as he finishes pissing into it.

MAN
If it really is him?

Packing himself up, this man turns to reveal himself as **ISAAC**. 40s. Fearless, wily, another RIFLE slung askew on his back.

ISAAC
'cause me? I wanna ask him why.
(beat)
Blood River boys had this country
by the goddamned balls. Why leave
your goddamned family behind?

Come around to reveal **THREE OTHER MEN: CALLAHAN. PLUMMER**. And **SHAW**. This group of **FOUR BOUNTY HUNTERS** Gerald had mentioned.

CALLAHAN
Them two Keller boys. He'da
hanged for sure.

ISAAC
Ah, horseshit. Ain't no reason to
leave any of them behind. Only a
craven old bastard abandons his
family, don't matter what for.

PLUMMER SHAW
Always heard it was 'cause of --I'd ask him if he knows.
his son--

And they all stop, look to Shaw. The stoic one. Keeping an eye out for Gerald's return -- for his son's return --

SHAW (CONT'D)
About her.

-- and a stillness washes over them at that word. HER. But before any sort of explanation -- there's GALLOPING. Faint at first, but coming fast. They tense their guns, as they spot:

The frame of a HORSE approaching. GERALD'S JOAN. **AND GERALD'S CORPSE SWAYING IN ITS SADDLE**, emerging from the dark to reveal:

GERALD'S FACE MEAT FLAPPING ABOUT FROM A SHATTERED SKULL.

Right as -- **fwwwwiiimmmmm** -- a TINY FLAME arches through the trees, falling from the night ink -- **GERALD'S LANTERN** --

-- **FWWWWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHH** --

-- dried twigs and leaves making for one hell of a VIOLENT FIRE, Joan halting at the flames -- and Shaw pauses, because there's his son. But before he has a chance to process any grief: **BLAM!!**

A CRACKLE OF RIFLE FIRE -- AND CALLAHAN IS THE FIRST TO GO DOWN, the bullet through his neck, coming from nowhere. When:

BLAM. Isaac, the CHEST.

BLAM. Plummer, the HEAD.

And here's Hoagy. Rifle aimed as he marches into this little wildfire as if he were fucking fire-and-bulletproof. As Shaw --

-- tries to fend Hoagy off while controlling Joan, using her as a stallion shield as he -- **BLAM! BLAM-BLAM! BLAM!! BLAM-BLAM!!** --

-- RETURNS FIRE THE BEST HE CAN, every shot a long one, until a bullet hits Old Joan, **AND SHE COLLAPSES RIGHT ON TOP OF SHAW**.

A few beats. Before Hoagy steps out into the firelight. Approaches Shaw -- who's transfixed on his Gerald's corpse.

SHAW (CONT'D)

He was my -- my -- my son.

But Shaw's breath is limited. Trailing off as he looks up at Hoagy, mustering his final words to take that opportunity:

SHAW (CONT'D)

D-do-you-- do you know? About-- abou--

But, Shaw trails again. And all that matters to Hoagy anyway is:

BLAM.

Hoagy has shot Shaw beneath the eye. Not looking for any answers.

Just eager to get this nonsense over with. This lone wolf surrounded by dead men and fire. Which is when, from there --

-- we **CUT TO A BRUTALLY HOT WHITE SCREEN**:

HOAGY.

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - LATER - DAWN

The sun creeps. And there's Hoagy's frame, far from us as he struggles to maneuver Shaw's body out from under Joan.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST - LATER - MORNING

The sun higher now. Hoagy in the grueling process of **DIGGING FIVE SHALLOW GRAVES**. This work hard, but necessary.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST - EVEN LATER - DAY

And here's an exhausted Hoagy. Smoking. Finished. All that's left of the five bounties now mere mounds of fertile soil.

He drinks from a canteen -- and turns to spot The Boy. They exchange a look. Before Hoagy joins him. AS WE PULL BACK TO FIND:

SEVEN OTHER GRAVES. Older. Patches of thin grass growing over them, but their shapes undeniable. And with that -- A **CHYRON**:

SOMEWHERE SOME YEARS BEFORE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - LATER - DUSK

Hoagy pulls the saddles off of the Bounties' remaining horses. Collects their bags. Guns. Leaves them to find their way.

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

We're CLOSE ON A WINDOW. Caked with Gerald's blood and bits, the firelight from within bringing this crimson gel to a radiant life --

-- as Hoagy, armed with a worn WIRE BRUSH, scrubs Gerald away, washing the last of the young Virginian long from this earth.

THE BOY (PRE-LAP)
Fourth group in not two years.

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - NIGHT

Dark again. Night falling fast in these parts. Hoagy sipping whiskey out front of his cottage, the Boy beside him.

HOAGY
 Four in a few ain't nothin' to
 concern ourselves with.

THE BOY
None before that. Not ever.

Hoagy pauses. The Boy having a point and all.

THE BOY (CONT'D)
 Something's happening out there, Hoagy.

HOAGY
 Kid said rumors.

THE BOY
 More rumors, more'll come. Bigger
 groups. Bigger bounties.
 (beat)
 We should leave.

Hoagy takes a long hard look at the dark expanse that is this forest. His cottage nestled, his soul tired. All at peace.

HOAGY
 Don't wanna leave.

The Boy looks to him, eyes young, but old, almost as if they were connected to Hoagy's -- while Hoagy's words bring us to:

EXT. A MODEST GARDEN - SOME OTHER TIME - DAY

This garden tucked a ways out back from the cottage. Small, but productive. Lush and perfect. As Hoagy enters --

HOAGY (V.O.)
Land's been good to us.

-- and he harvests small batches of carrots. Onions. Potatoes. All thrown into a burlap sack. All part of his routine.

EXT. THE FOREST - ELSEWHERE - DAY

CLOSE: **TWO RABBITS, A SQUIRREL.** Dead. Bound with string and draped down Hoagy's back as he hoists them over his shoulder.

HOAGY (V.O.)
Plenty to live off of.

EXT. THE RIVER BANK - DAY

Hoagy at the river again, filling two buckets with water --

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - DAY

-- he dumps them into a horse trough, which his HORSE then drinks from because he's Hoagy's horse and Hoagy's horse likes water.

HOAGY (V.O.)
It's quiet.

INT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - DUSK

Hoagy skins, guts the rabbits, the squirrel. He chops the vegetables. Throws them all into a pot suspended over a fire.

HOAGY (V.O.)
And when the sun leaves --

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - DUSK

The sun sets over this land, splattering an unspeakable array of clouds, hot puffs of lava detonating against a dying blue sky --

HOAGY (V.O.)
*-- well, I don't gotta speak on it.
You've felt it take your words away.*

-- and Hoagy, watching it from his porch. In awe as if it were the first time. Such a small moment, and yet --

-- it's as if it were the only thing Hoagy had to live for. So:

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Back with him and The Boy. Right where we left them. Hoagy staring out at the night as he comes to a rigid resolve:

HOAGY
So. Anyone wants to find us. Then
they can come on and find us.

And with that, he stands, goes inside, leaving us with The Boy to consider Hoagy's words -- this eccentrically precocious child.

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - MORNING

The next day. Hoagy throws a saddle over his horse. Fastens straps, climbs on -- as him and The Boy exchange a look --

-- before Hoagy sets off down an invisible trail. Making his way through trees and brush, emerging from his forested foxhole.

EXT. A DUSTY OLD TOWN - LATER - DAY

Here's a place almost as off-the-grid as Hoagy's. Its buildings scarce. Most shuttered. A Western town on the brink of obsolescence. Purgatorial in its desolation.

Hoagy rides in on his horse that likes water. Hat tucked low over his face, not that there's many people to see him anyhow.

INT. ALBERT'S GENERAL STORE & SALOON - DAY

And if the town is dying, then this place is its whimpering heartbeat. Shelves not exactly bare, but not quite stocked.

There's a bar with a few bottles behind it. And at its end, a gentleman we'll come to know as **ALBERT**. 70s. Reading a book, drinking some tea. And when Albert looks up to spot Hoagy:

ALBERT
Mornin', Joseph.

Note the name: **Joseph**. Because Hoagy-in-hiding.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Been that long already?

HOAGY
'fraid so, Albert.

Albert puts his book down, rises, moves with the rickety gait we'd expect from an old man in the middle of nowhere.

ALBERT
Reckon I can put your order
together then.

And **MOMENTS LATER** -- we're CLOSE ON THE COUNTER, where:

WHISKEY. TOBACCO. LICORICE. Some months-worth supply of each.

Then a WARM GLASS OF LAGER placed on the bar. And here, with A LITTLE **TIME JUMP**, we find Hoagy and Albert beside one another.

HOAGY
Been okay?

ALBERT
Ain't dead. Least I don't think.
(beat, drinks)
Yourself?

Hoagy pauses, considers those bounties a beat --

HOAGY
 Ain't dead neither.
 (beat)
 Least I don't think.

-- and he takes a drink of lager, face calm, mind wandering.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 You ever wanna leave this place, Albert?

Albert looks to him, the most personal they've ever gotten.

ALBERT
 The hell'd I do that for?

HOAGY
 Can't say I thought a reason.

ALBERT
 'cause there ain't no reason. Ain't
 nothin' in this world for me except
 this here shop and that there cot
 in the back.

Albert's gaze goes pensive, latching onto something distant.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 Way I see it. If the world's forgotten
 about us folks way out here?
 (beat, sips)
 Then I'd likely go on and forget about
 the world out there all the same.

Hoagy. Looking to Albert. A man with no interest in the outside world nor the lives within it. **The only kind of friend Hoagy needs.**

EXT. ALBERT'S GENERAL STORE & SALOON - LATER - DAY

Hoagy loads his goods onto his horse. Takes a look around this carcass of a town just a world away from everything. Except --

-- this is when he notices: A few buildings down -- A **FIGURE**. Leaning back in a chair on the porch of an ABANDONED SALOON.

And at first, it would almost appear the figure were sleeping. But if we look long enough -- **it could also be staring at Hoagy** --

-- small, unassuming, this spider in wait. While Hoagy, taking one last beat, one last look, *to be sure*, before he climbs on his horse -- and leaves -- as we reverse back to --

-- the seated figure, pushing in on it -- as we **DISSOLVE TO:**

EXT. SOME RAILROAD TRACKS A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY - DAY

Somewhere far from where we were with Hoagy. An expanse of wheat fields in the middle of absolute fucking nowhere, this IRON ARTERY OF A RAILROAD driving right through them.

All sways quiet here -- until. Rumbling. Light at first.

BEFORE A TRAIN RATTLES INTO VIEW. Speeding its ass down the track, as we move down the length of cars -- establishing to find PASSENGERS. Travelers. And we come down even further to --

-- a **PRISON CAR**, black and matted. And printed on its side: **U.S. MARSHAL, SWELTERING FALLS**, towing along at the end of the train.

INT. THE PRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

And it's as lively as we might expect. Drab steel walls, the car windowless save for some narrow GUN SLOTS.

And we find **THREE OFFICERS** playing cards, rocking along with the train's steady teetering -- and these gentlemen are:

MARSHAL JENKINS. 40s. **DEPUTY HANCOCK.** 20s. And **DEPUTY NEEL.** Also 20s. The three smoke, play their hands. Nice and grimy and somewhat worn out from this gig. As we PULL BACK to find --

-- **SIX BOXY JAIL CELLS** lining the walls of this car, hardened iron cages both oxidized but durable. However -- only **ONE** contains a prisoner: A **MAN**. His frame dark. Soul brooding.

Eyes sunk deep into sullen sockets, watching the officers like prey. As Jenkins checks his watch. A beat, before:

JENKINS
Tunnel.

And with that, the officers set their cards down, pull their sidearms, **PISTOLS**, stand to face their **PRISONER** -- and it's how the officers carry themselves, guarding this man, that **tells** us:

-- this lone prisoner of theirs is high profile. Dangerous. Taking their cargo seriously, as the Prisoner looks right back at them --

EXT. THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and we come back out -- following along, because ahead, sure enough: A **TUNNEL**. Buried deep and long in an imposing MOUNTAIN --

INT. PRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and as the train ENTERS -- the officers, the prisoner, all fall into **DARKNESS**, the train echoing against the tunnel's walls.

EXT. TRAIN / INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

And it's just as dark out here -- except, what little light might occasionally be spilling from inside of the train --

-- is just barely enough to make out a SHAPE. Something watching. Human-esque. In fact -- **THERE ARE MULTIPLE FUCKING SHAPES**.

An eerie fraction of a sight in the dark -- until --

-- light. And we stay with the train now, hurtling towards an opening at the end, screaming out of the tunnel, BUT WE HOLD HERE --

-- **UNTIL A HORSE GALLOPS OUT OF THE TUNNEL**, away from us, steadfast after the train. Too fast to get a clear glimpse of its RIDER.

Continue to hold -- because **ANOTHER HORSE**. Then another. And another another. ANOTHER ANOTHER ANOTHER ANOTHER --

-- that's a total of **NINE RIDERS** hauling ass after the train.

INT. THE PRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As the officers holster their weapons, sit back down to their cards. Not taking any risks when it comes to this yardbird.

INT. A PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

We come to a **PASSENGER** reading a newspaper, when: ONE OF THE RIDERS appears outside of his window --

-- and what stands out is this rider's fucking MASK.

Strange, handmade, resembling a **TAXIDERMIC OWL**. Antlers and feathers and goddamn spooky as hell -- and what also stands out?

Is the **FLAMING MILK BOTTLE** in the rider's hand.

The one HE FUCKING HURLS THROUGH THE PASSENGER CAR'S WINDOW --

-- **crssshhh-FWWOOOMMMPPPF** --

-- the poor reading passenger not even having a chance to duck, flames splaying about in the car -- right as --

-- the other side, ANOTHER RIDER. **ANOTHER FLAMING BOTTLE** --

EXT. THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- as here ride some of the other RIDERS. Each with their own fucked up masks, their own fire bottles -- all of them proceeding to **FIREBOMB THE SHIT OUT OF THIS STUPID TRAIN.**

INT. PRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

And now we're at one of the gun slots. The officers rushing to see what the hell is going on -- see the flames, the riders:

NEEL JENKINS

Good -- *hell al'mighty* -- -- rifles, NOW.

They frantically yank RIFLES from a gun rack--

INT. PRISON TRAIN - CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and here's the **CONDUCTOR**. Somehow oblivious to what's happening, but only for a few moments of bliss, before:

BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP-BWUMP -- someone pounding on his door, panicked, frenzied --

A PANICKED VOICE (O.S.)
**FIRE!! FIRE!! STOP THE TRAIN! STOP
 THE TRAIN!!**

EXT. THE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- **RRRRRREEEEEEEEEE!!** Or however one might onomatopoeia a TRAIN SCREECHING TO A FUCKING HALT, slowing fast, smoke billowing --

EXT. TREES AND WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and the train finally stops, RAIL STAFF hastily hopping out to help passengers from the burning car, trying to extinguish the flames, but, for the most part -- they're helpless.

INT. PRISON CAR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Our officers. Going nowhere as they aim their rifles out the slots--

JENKINS
Hold... they want that door open.

-- while outside, it's gone quiet. The burning car still audible, but not a peep out of anyone else. The officers angling their vantage points, but it's all just out of their sights.

Until -- forming two lines: **THE RIDERS** and their terrifying goddamned masks. A string of them on each side of the train --

-- **AND EACH HOLDING A DIFFERENT PASSENGER AT GUNPOINT.**

And that's when -- FOOTSTEPS approach. Delicate with a dash of thunder. As through the slots, we can just barely make out --

-- A YOUNG WOMAN'S FRAME. Keeping herself close to the car, just out of view, but her presence -- is fucking felt here.

A YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
Marshal Jenkins?

The officers twitch in panic, her voice both brusque and harmonious. As they try to get an aim on her, but to no avail --

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
It is Marshal Jenkins, ain't it?

-- as Jenkins tries to think fast, time not on his side --

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Was wondering if we could have a word.

-- and Hancock, working hard to angle his rifle, peering tight --

HANCOCK
I could take a shot.

JENKINS
No -- HANCOCK (CONT'D)
-- right here --

JENKINS (CONT'D)
-- HANCOCK. NO.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
Hancock? Seems like you might wanna go on and listen to the Marshal at a time like this.

Everyone hesitates. Everyone uncertain.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now. From what I understand, you're a smart man, Marshal. Smart enough to know a thing or two about leverage.

Grip those rifles tight, boys. Because here comes that leverage.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Leverage in that -- if you don't put those rifles away and open this door -- then my camp here?
(MORE)

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, they're gonna make this situation a whole lot worse for these innocent passengers of your train. You do understand that, do you not?

And from there, it's just silence. No negotiating. No shooting. Just us pushing in on Jenkins, sweating, scrambling --

-- as if something **deeper** were at stake here. However, he's got no choice. Leverage indeed. So, he brings his rifle down --

JENKINS

Deputies.....stand down.

-- and a beat as the young, confident boys come to grips with their circumstances -- before they lower their guns as well.

MOMENTS LATER:

THE CAR'S DOOR SLIDES OPEN, revealing **THE YOUNG WOMAN**. 20s. Her friendly demeanor encasing a hardened spirit. Someone who's learned to wrangle their demons. And on one side of her neck --

-- a SIMPLE TATTOO of a LONE ARROW. And on the other, a THICK SCAR coiling up to where her **EAR SHOULD BE**, where instead, is **A GNARLED NUB OF TISSUE**. A grotesque tale for another time, but for now:

This is **OPHELIA**. Surname to come soon enough, but here --

-- she climbs up into the car. Takes a look at the empty cages -- **and homes in on the lone prisoner**.

OPHELIA

(to the officers)

Right. Now then -- which one of you dashing devils is Hancock?

Another beat. No one responds.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Come on now.

And fuck it. Here's Hancock. Tough young bastard that he is:

HANCOCK

I am.

--BLAM! !

With a PISTOL we somehow didn't even notice, Ophelia has just **SHOT HANCOCK THROUGH THE THROAT**, dropping him to the floor --

-- as THREE DEAD SOULS COME ONBOARD, MOVE FOR A **SAFE** in the corner, busting it open as Ophelia trains her gun on Jenkins, Neel.

OPHELIA
Keys.

And Jenkins, defeated, hands his keys over to her. Ophelia jangles them in her palm, gestures for them to head outside.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Go on.

Jenkins and Neel climb down from the car, as Ophelia turns to the prisoner, moves his way -- and when she reaches him --

-- it's quite clear: She knows him. **And he certainly knows her.**

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Hello, Stanton.

STANTON RENO. 50s. Eyes dark. Skin scarred, gravelly. This brute with a dark past and a piercing ambivalence towards Ophelia.

EXT. TREES AND WILDERNESS / THE TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Here's one of the masked riders, bounding Jenkins' and Neel's wrists -- **WITH ROPE THAT NOW BINDS THEM TO THE TRAIN.**

ANGLE: A **POCKET WATCH** flips open. Find Ophelia regarding it, snapping it closed as she comes before Jenkins and Neel, balancing herself on the rail beam like a child as she speaks.

OPHELIA
You're supposed to be transporting
two more of ours. **VAL HITCH. ARTHUR
DE VOL.** Where are they?

But neither of them know what the hell she's talking about.

JENKINS
Our rosters are just our rosters.
They never tell us where any other
high-profiles are kept.

And Ophelia. Narrowing her eyes, feigning a fun little suspicion -- as she looks down to her beam, before:

OPHELIA
Well. That really is a damn shame.

And that's when she nods O.S. And right then --

INT. THE TRAIN - CONDUCTOR'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- here's another MASKED RIDER in the conductor's booth. He switches a lever, STARTING THE TRAIN BACK UP --

EXT. THE TRAIN - THE BACK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- as Jenkins and Neel JOLT, the train MOVING, Ophelia playfully balancing along on the rail beam, keeping up --

NEEL

We ain't know 'em! Honest --

-- and Ophelia can only smile wanly, stopping in place to watch Jenkins and Neel pick up speed, forced into a backwards jog.

OPHELIA

Then -- here's hoping news of this little scuffle will bring 'em to us.

Jenkins. Not a man to be bested, and yet -- here he is, **getting bested**. His eyes angry, body helpless, soul not ready for death.

JENKINS

Your reckoning's coming, Ophelia Belmont. One day. Real soon.

Ophelia... BELMONT... hold that thought for now. As we ANGLE ON her, face falling dark, looking to Jenkins with a stern smile:

OPHELIA

'fraid I've seen the world end, Marshal.

(beat)

Any reckoning coming for me's gonna have a whole lot to live up to.

Jenkins, Neel, both puzzled by Ophelia's ominous response, but DESPERATION has now kicked in. No time to decipher --

-- because they have to turn, **start trying to keep up with the train**. Jogs turning into sprints -- faster, fucking faster. Until:

THEY FINALLY DROP FROM VIEW.

As we ANGLE ON Ophelia -- and let's be perfectly clear:

She's not smiling here. She doesn't get off on this.

She's just watching. All of this simply what had to be done.

So. Once again. **OUR WHITE HOT SCREEN:**

OPHELIA.

EXT. THE SAME RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

And here amble our newly-stranded passengers, stumbling onto the tracks to watch -- THE TRAIN. A ways away now --

-- and just barely -- **Jenkins and Neel's frames dragging along like RAG DOLLS** -- as some of the passengers look the other way -- -- to spot OPHELIA'S RIDERS, their frames shrinking fast.

EXT. SOME HORSES - GALLOPING - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Land CLOSE ON: OPHELIA. This sharp glint in her eye. This purpose as she rides, looking over at -- STANTON RENO --

-- riding as well. And yet, as thankful as he should be, **Stanton doesn't look back at her**. He simply stays ahead. As Ophelia, TAKES NOTE OF THIS. And from there, we head back to:

INT. ALBERT'S GENERAL STORE & SALOON - MEANWHILE - DUSK

Albert once again. Going through an age-old routine of putting up bar stools, counting a few dollars. When his DOOR OPENS O.S. --

A MAN (O.S.)
Evenin', sir.

-- and Albert looks to find a **MAN IN A HAT** entering his store. TWO OTHERS close behind him. And this man's voice --

A MAN (CONT'D)
You Albert? This your store?

-- is what's peculiar. Sickly with a touch of coward. And yet, his eyes betray all of that, telling us there's not a cowardly thing about him.

ALBERT
Yes, sir, I am. And yes, sir, it is. But, I was just closin' up.

A MAN IN A HAT
Well, Albert, closin' up is fine.

And the man takes a step towards Albert.

A MAN IN A HAT (CONT'D)
'fraid we ain't here to buy no goods.

Off Albert, as the man's words certainly don't sound great --

EXT. THAT DENSE AND HEALTHY FOREST - ANOTHER DREAM - DAY

-- we head to this **LOPSIDED SHACK** again. But this time, there is no wildfire. Only ghostly trails of smoke left drifting about --

INT. THE LOPSIDED SHACK - THE SAME DAMN DREAM - DAY

-- however, we do land CLOSE ON A **CAMPFIRE**. Inside this shack somehow. The faint shape of a **MAN** hunched over it. As a **YOUNG HAND** reaches for **BURN SCARS**, up this man's wrist, about to graze--

THE BOY (V.O.)

--**HOAGY**--

INT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

--Hoagy wakes with a start, another version of this recurring dream. And once again, he's looking at The Boy -- who looks right back at him. Because whatever it is -- **it's different this time.**

EXT. HOAGY'S WILDERNESS - LATER - NIGHT

And in the distance, A FIRE. Small, but large. Its flames breathing life through congested plumes of smoke rising high into the stars.

Here's Hoagy on his horse, The Boy at his side, both watching with grave expressions -- both know it's Albert's.

THE BOY

Don't.

But The Boy can see it in Hoagy -- **he has to.**

EXT. THE DUSTY OLD TOWN - BEHIND THE SHOPS - NIGHT

Move slow with Hoagy's horse, draped in darkness, steadily clopping behind the town's buildings. Until he stops --

-- and climbs off, brings his RIFLE up, **SH-CLACK**, chambering it as he moves easy -- when he spots: **ALBERT**. On the PORCH OF HIS BURNING SHOP. He's on his knees -- with a ROPE TIGHT AROUND HIS NECK --

-- the rope stretching down behind him, binding his hands, whereas any small move Albert makes, he'll slightly strangle himself --

-- as the fire consumes his store, inching closer to Albert --

-- and Hoagy, looking to this. **This brazen fucking trap.**

As Hoagy steps out into the TOWN SQUARE, takes one more look at Albert -- before Hoagy moves for him -- WHEN:

SOMEONE **WHISTLES** O.S. -- and on a fucking dime, HOAGY SPINS, AIMS -- to find a **FIGURE**, as if appearing suddenly --

THIS FIGURE
HOAGY BELMONT!

-- and as Hoagy tightens his grip, an instant away from squeezing his trigger -- **ANOTHER WHISTLE O.S.**

Hoagy looks to spot **ANOTHER FIGURE**, ON A ROOFTOP. And another. And another. More and more, **BECAUSE HOAGY IS FUCKING SURROUNDED.**

THIS FIGURE (CONT'D)
Why don't you put the rifle down. And we can talk proper -- **OLD FRIEND.**

Hoagy, just slightly reacting to those last words. "Old friend". He takes a few more beats, as he looks to Albert -- his pal --

-- and the Figure gets closer, revealing: The Man in the Hat. And Hoagy knows this man. Hoagy knows this man very well.

THIS FIGURE, THIS MAN
Hoagy. **Bandit.**

BANDIT JACK. 50s. A somber nostalgia in his eye. It's good to see his old friend, but also -- **it's complicated here...**

BANDIT
This -- wasn't part of our
agreement, I know--

HOAGY (CONT'D)
--had your word.

And that's when, as if on cue, THOSE OTHER FIGURES EMERGE. **BANDIT'S POSSE**, well-armed and surrounding Hoagy and Bandit --

-- as Bandit takes a few steps closer, removing his HAT to reveal a gruesome little sight: his hair, HIS ENTIRE SCALP --

-- **MISSING.** The firelight dancing off the dull ceramic white of Bandit's SKULL TOP, tufts of hair jutting this way and that.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
Well, Hoagy. 'fraid we might have a few things to discuss, me an' you.

And Hoagy being Hoagy, he doesn't react. He just looks at Bandit's skull. Unclear on what the hell happened to it.

Which is when -- we do that thing we do -- AND **BRUTAL HOT WHITE:**

BANDIT.

EXT. FAR FROM A FARMHOUSE - DAY

Quiet and remote. Not nearly as isolated as Hoagy's cottage, but we're still far from anyone or anything. A vast stretch of pristine land. And on the horizon, A HORSE AND PLOW --

-- trudging through a field, a FIGURE OF A MAN behind them.

EXT. A FARM - A LITTLE BIT LATER - DAY

We come to the man, find he's in his hat -- and reveal that it's BANDIT. Out here on his **FARM**. Wrapping up his work.

When he stops. Takes a look around. Everything calm. Peaceful.

INT. BANDIT'S FARMHOUSE - LATER - DAY

And Bandit ENTERS through the back door, taking off his hat to reveal **A FULL HEAD OF HAIR**. Making it clear now:

We wouldn't dare call it a flashback, but we're certainly in a time some years before where we were for 24 pages --

INT. BANDIT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and as Bandit enters, he stops. Because there, on a sofa, is his **WIFE, ISABEL**. Next to their **TWO SONS**. **TOM**. **ROB**. Both around 13. All three of them tense, rigid, afraid -- because behind them:

THREE OF OPHELIA'S MEN IN MASKS. Guns in hand. And seated in a chair -- is STANTON RENO. Barely younger. Clocking Bandit --

-- who has no words and no play. As he looks to a coffee table, where **AN OLD NEWSPAPER** has been laid out. Worn and carried-around.

Its headline: **HOAGY BELMONT KILLED BY LONGTIME COHORT BANDIT JACK!**

An old daguerrotype of someone BLUDGEONED TO DEATH. And if it isn't starting to make sense yet -- just hang in there...

OPHELIA (O.S.)
Newspapers said -- **it was an act of rage**.

Bandit whips around, finds OPHELIA. Sitting at his dining room table. Six-shooter in hand. Her small grin front and center.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Is that what it was, Bandit? Was it
rage? 'cause I'm curious what
might've gotten you so riled up.

And Bandit. **Knows what this is.** His every move stringent as he crosses to the table, sits adjacent to Ophelia.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You're a hard man to find. A man as notorious as BANDIT JACK. Don't wanna be seen too much, ain't that right? Asked too many questions.

She leans forward, bright eyes boring right through Bandit.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Because I got a doozy for ya: what's it feel like to bludgeon your friend to death, Bandit? Bludgeon a man who considered you a brother--

BANDIT
--what do you want, Ophelia.

She pauses, as if biting her tongue at the interruption.

OPHELIA
My father trusted you. He loved you. With every ounce of his goddamned soul, and you traded that in for how much? What was that bounty anyhow?

Bandit just stares at her, no rhyme nor reason to be had, as he looks over to a RIFLE leaning against the wall, but --

-- Ophelia's six-shooter. He'd never get there and he knows it.

BANDIT
What do you want.

And she doesn't smile. She doesn't emote. She just, promptly:

OPHELIA
Little revenge, is all.

And with that, Stanton stands, as one of the MASKED RIDERS grabs Isabel, the other two snatching up Tom, Rob, dragging them out of the house -- Stanton whistling as he follows them out.

BANDIT
Wait. **He ain't dead.**

Ophelia stalls, looking to him --

BANDIT (CONT'D)
HE AIN'T.

-- and Bandit rattles off the following with everything at stake:

BANDIT (CONT'D)

After Edwin got killed, Hoagy, he. He wanted his own revenge. **And he got it.** But then he rightly thought you and your mother would be safer without him around. But he knew Augusta -- **he knew your mother**, would never see it like that. So, we killed a fella that looked like him, bludgeoned his face up good, like you said, and I turned his body in for the bounty and then --

(beat)

-- then Hoagy disappeared.

(beat, knows how it sounds)

I -- I arranged for half the money to be sent to you and your mother and that was that. **That was the way of it.**

Ophelia. Silent. Processing. When -- she laughs, THUNKING her six-shooter on the table, looking Bandit over. **What a story.**

OPHELIA

It's no wonder he trusted you.

You're a very clever man.

(beat, sits back)

But I'm afraid tall tales ain't gonna get you outta this.

BANDIT

I ain't lyin'--

His wife, sons -- **SCREAMS from outside.** And Bandit can't take it anymore, **he CRACKS**, foolishly lunges for his rifle -- **BLAM.**

OPHELIA HAS SHOT HIM THROUGH THE LEG, quick and smooth, as she dances upright from her chair, moves to Bandit. And:

BLAM-BLAM. Shoots him twice more, same leg, as she grabs him by his collar, drags him through his own house like a kitten.

BANDIT (CONT'D)

HE AIN'T DEAD!! HE AIN'T DEAD!!

EXT. BANDIT'S FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia fumbles Bandit along the porch, rolls his ass down the stairs. And that's when, Bandit -- sees ahead:

Isabel, Tom, Rob -- **standing on chairs -- AND NOOSES FROM A TREE AROUND THEIR NECKS.** All fucking scared. All fucking sobbing.

BANDIT

-- no --

As Ophelia kneels down to him. Pulls a KNIFE from her belt --

-- JUST AS THE CHAIRS ARE KICKED OUT FROM BENEATH BANDIT'S FAMILY.

BANDIT (CONT'D)

-- NO --

Bandit tries to thrash for his wife, children -- but Ophelia swiftly grabs him by his hair, **jams her knee into his back** --

OPHELIA

'fraid I'm a bit fond of the scalp these days, Bandit.

-- AND PUTS THE EDGE OF HER BLADE TO THE EDGE OF BANDIT'S SCALP --

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes open now. Get as much pain as you can --

BANDIT

-- **HE AIN'T DEAD!! HE AIN'T DEAD!!**

And we stay on her face **as she slips her blade beneath Bandit's scalp, TUGS BACK**, Bandit's wails dissolving into **VIOLENT GASPS** --

-- as we stay on Ophelia. All just simply what had to be done...

So. With this horror-show concluded. We **SNAP TO:**

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA - THE PRESENT - DUSK

HIGH ABOVE AN EXPANSE OF LAND. A **TRIO OF STAGECOACHES** lug along, small as toys as they teeter on a faded stitching of lush wilderness and parched desert. This country vast, ambiguous.

INT. THIS STAGECOACH - RICKETY AND MOVING - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

CLOSE: SOMEONE'S HAND. A **NICKEL WEDDING BAND** rusted to its ring finger. Come up to find Bandit, regarding it. Stoic through heavy eyes as he considers his story, the entire reason he's now here.

BANDIT

Sounded like a thunder I never heard.

Find Hoagy seated across from him in this small wagon space, WRISTS SHACKLED TO THE FLOOR, trying to process Bandit's story.

When Bandit reaches into his jacket, produces some FOLDED PIECES OF PAPER, frayed and torn, he tosses them into Hoagy's lap.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
Lotta months to find you.

Bandit then pulls a FLASK, takes a long drink of regret, swallows hard. As Hoagy unfolds the papers to reveal: MAPS.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
Missing bounty hunters to track.

Scribbled notes, lines drawn this way and that, dead ends abound. **Bandit's years-long tracking process right in Hoagy's hands** --

-- and all culminating in HOAGY'S COTTAGE. Something stirring in him as he regards that little corner of the world he called home.

HOAGY
You're a lawman now?

BANDIT
Some might call it that. Deputy Jack.

Bandit opens his jacket again, FLASHES A U.S. MARSHAL BADGE.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
But truth is, I'm just out for a little tit-for-tat of my own.
(beat, drinks, beat)
THE DEAD SOULS. Is what they call themselves. Ophelia and her bunch. Killed more folks than any soldier or crook this side of the Atlantic. I mean, what we got into in our day was trouble, yeah, but Ophelia. She's waging a war against this country--

HOAGY
--what about Augusta?

Hoagy stopping Bandit. This sudden rush of impatience, as Bandit takes pause. Hadn't considered how hard this would be.

BANDIT
We made a mistake, Hoagy. You and me. A terrible mistake.

Bandit extends his flask to Hoagy. He takes it. Drinks.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
The Clark Council. They were a big old club of Snake Oil Loan Sharks. Powerful members. Senators. Bankers. All founded by a Lieutenant-Colonel **Duncan Frank**. Military man of greed and might.

Bandit drinks. Reflecting on their checkered pasts.

BANDIT (CONT'D)

They say one of us Blood River Boys killed a brother of his or something, never could get a straight story about it. Seemed like nonsense. But he -- Duncan Frank, he --

(beat)

-- preyed on Augusta. From the very morning of your funeral. Peddled the laudanum on her; made her lose herself; started telling her she owed debts she didn't owe --

And Bandit stops. Takes his flask back. Drinks.

BANDIT (CONT'D)

-- then I suppose Duncan Frank decided to make an example of her.

Bandit shifts. Drinks again. Shifts again.

BANDIT (CONT'D)

The outlaw's widow. Reduced to a life of shame and addiction. And in no way above paying her debts.

(beat)

Folks've said Ophelia found her, but I can't know for certain.

And off Hoagy, considering those words -- "found her"...

EXT. A FIELD - YEARS AGO - DAY

This field broad and bare, reminiscent of some sort of afterlife. Whatever town we're near, its structures rest on the horizon.

And here's **YOUNG OPHELIA**. 11. In a WHITE NIGHTGOWN. Her POCKET WATCH on a thin chain around her neck.

Her eyes beyond her years, expression blank, even as sticky tears burn hot down her cheeks. Tears, because -- PULL UP TO REVEAL:

She stands beside **AUGUSTA BELMONT**. 30s. Ophelia's mother. Laying face down in the field. Hands bound. Shot dead.

BANDIT (V.O.)

Same folks say that's when she proved to be every bit her father's daughter.

And off Ophelia, this young girl bearing witness to what no child ever should, we head to:

EXT. SOME TOWN, SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

And here's a GAMBLING HOLE. The audible plunking of a PIANO from within, the sign above reading: **THE CLARK COUNCIL CARD HOUSE**.

And we PULL BACK -- as **YOUNG OPHELIA** again. ENTERS FRAME in that WHITE NIGHTGOWN, her juvenile form marching for the card house --

-- and what's notable are the **TWO PISTOLS** Young Ophelia carries at her sides. And better believe WE FUCKING FOLLOW HER RIGHT INTO:

INT. THE CLARK COUNCIL CARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Not a single card table with an open stool. Not a single stool without a drunk patron. And not a single patron moves when they notice -- Ophelia. PISTOLS. THAT SHE RAISES --

-- AND PISTOLS SHE LETS FUCKING EXPLODE.

BLAM-BLAM.

BLAM. BLAM.

Ophelia darting about -- stealth, steady, muted, neutral. Using her small frame to her advantage, seeking out every **MUSTACHIOED VILLAIN** known as a Clark Council Member --

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

-- each one dead before they're able to unholster their weapons.

EXT. THE CLARK COUNCIL CARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

All quiet. We push in on the place as Ophelia steps out, white gown now **SOPPING WET WITH BLOOD**, expression blank, hollow.

INT. BANDIT'S STAGECOACH - MOVING - DAY

Back with Hoagy, Bandit giving him a beat to process that.

BANDIT
Could say she has her reasons.
(beat)
Don't change what she took from me.

Bandit pauses. Remorseful. None of this was supposed to be this way. While Hoagy averts his gaze, this shame unrelenting.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
Which is why, old friend: I **aim** to
lure her to us -- and to put six
hearty slugs right through her heart.

And Hoagy absorbs that. Puts it together:

HOAGY
And I'm the bait.

Bandit rattles the rest of his flask down his gullet, he and Hoagy having always found it easy to get on the same page.

BANDIT
Hoagy Belmont. **Found Alive**. Run the story far, run it wide. Let her catch wind, and I think -- same way she came for me -- she'll come for you.

HOAGY
And if she don't?

Bandit smiles small, somber. Offers a toast with his empty flask.

BANDIT
Then may we have one last whiskey together -- before we both hang.
(beat)
Way it was supposed to be.

And off Hoagy, consequences weighing heavy, we PRE-LAP: **BAGPIPES** --

EXT. A RIDGE - DUSK

-- as we come back out high, the sun now burning deep into the horizon, stretching into a bleak flare, these bagpipes distant --

-- and PULL BACK TO FIND WE'RE **SOMEWHERE ELSE**. A ridge overlooking a valley. And REVEAL OPHELIA. Standing here. Alone. Drinking from a **JUG**, watching the sun disappear.

A beat to herself. Processing her own change of the tide. As she turns her head in the direction of the bagpipes, and we go:

EXT. A CAMP-ENCIRCLED FARMHOUSE - MEANWHILE - DUSK

CLOSE: One of the **TAXIDERMIC-ESQUE DEAD SOUL MASKS**. On its side. Staring at us as a CAMPFIRE CRACKLES behind it. Come up to find:

A NAKED, TATTOOED DEAD SOUL playing this withered set of BAGPIPES. His notes erratic, figuring it out as he goes. Other Dead Souls around him laughing, drunkenly encouraging him.

WE MOVE PAST HIM to find we're in THE DEAD SOULS' CAMP. Flies buzzing amid CAMPFIRES, WAGONS, TENTS, all surrounding a withering **FARMHOUSE**, this charming husk of better times.

And these Dead Souls DRINK. EAT. HUFF NITROUS OXIDE. All a well-earned outlet for this rambunctious bunch, forty-odd strong, resembling more of a wartime militia than any band of outlaws.

And as we take all this in, a **MAN** enters frame, lanky with a twitchy gait, as if stopping and starting in an effortless shuffle.

AND WE FOLLOW HIM, moving among these misfits and scoundrels, these sweltering heathens all regarding him like an outsider.

When the tattooed (and naked) bagpiper notices him, calls out:

THE TATTOOED (AND NAKED) DEAD SOUL
Good Satan's Hell, that you, Rascal?

RASCAL. 30s. A ratty BOWLERS CAP atop his head, garbed in a DULL GRAY SUIT, all of it frayed, faded, his entire wardrobe on the brink of tatters while somehow both dapper and gauche.

THE TATTOOED (AND NAKED) DEAD SOUL (CONT'D)
Ain't it just the Queen's Jester
hissself. Here to tap dance for her
with those fancy shoes of yours again?

And Rascal, revealing a THICK IRISH ACCENT, keeps moving:

RASCAL
Fuck yourself as ever, Tonsil.

TONSIL. What a name for a naked (and also tattooed) man, laughing as he returns to his shitty bagpiping. When another Dead Soul --

TORCHY
You bring the news, Rascal?

-- **TORCHY ROSE.** 30s. Wiry, volatile, scarred. Approaching Rascal, skeptical but eager, as he swiftly tosses her a **NEWSPAPER**.

RASCAL
You made the papers, Torch Rose.
You're a famous vagrant now. Fancy
that nightmare, would ya.

TORCHY
Rot away, you Rascal. Rot away.

Torchy, ignoring Rascal, unfolds the paper, excited. As we stay with him, stopping when he sees -- OPHELIA. They exchange a look, before he heads to meet her -- and we RACK BEYOND Rascal to find:

STANTON. Warily watching Rascal and Ophelia's every move...

INT. A COVERED WAGON - LATER - NIGHT

A **SMALL SAFE**. Opening. A modest stack of CASH tossed in. Find Ophelia, whipping the door shut, spinning its dial locked.

RASCAL (O.S.)
Don't make no sense.

She looks to Rascal. Sitting across from her. Confounded.

RASCAL (CONT'D)
Arthur and Val shoulda been on that
train. Had it on good authority.

OPHELIA
Apparently not good enough. Was
just Stanton, all by his lonesome.

Rascal looks through the opening of the wagon, spots STANTON with the others, their long awaited reunion ongoing.

RASCAL
He ask about Longheart?

Ophelia pauses at the mention of that name: "Longheart". Before she lifts her jug, pours a CLEAR LIQUID into TWO TIN CUPS --

OPHELIA
Haven't spoken. But I'd imagine
that'll be first on his mind.

-- as she extends a cup to him. Rascal waves it off.

RASCAL
That venom makes me see demons.

OPHELIA
Maybe seeing demons just means
you ain't lookin' at 'em proper.

He looks Ophelia over as she takes a long drink. Something unsettling about her, Rascal desperate to get something across:

RASCAL
Hey. Longheart was a poisonous
bastard. And you've done a fuck
lot for this camp, Ophie.
(beat)
Don't let Stanton try to take
that from you.

Ophelia winces this harsh beverage down. Averts her gaze.

OPHELIA

No one's taking nothin', Rascal.

He nods uncertain. Anxious. Fixes his hat back onto his head.

RASCAL

Right, well. I'll be off then.

He stands -- **and she places a hand on his leg**, Rascal tensing.

OPHELIA

You could stay. The night.

Ophelia's words sparse, keeping her vulnerability at bay. As it's clear in Rascal that whatever was once between them -- is now gone.

RASCAL

There's one more lead I can look into. About Arthur. And Val.

She removes her hand, smacks her lips with pity.

OPHELIA

I know they're your cousins, but they could be hanged for all we know.

RASCAL

They ain't. I can feel it--

OPHELIA

--and we ride on Fort Horn next **week**. Camp's already doubtful. You don't show for your own plan, how's that look?

"FORT HORN". Almost as if he forgot. Cryptic to us, for now.

RASCAL

And tell me Arthur and Val wouldn't be right handy for it.

She nods quiet. Takes another drink. Confused by this rejection.

OPHELIA

Right. Okay. Alright, Rascal.

He hesitates a beat -- before leaving her to her mystery drink.

TORCHY (PRE-LAP)

...A **BRAZEN TRAIN ROBBERY, IT SAYS...**

EXT. THE DEAD SOULS CAMP - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

TORCHY stands before camp, reading aloud from the newspaper, her performance vaudevillian, voice toggling between high and low.

TORCHY
Yet, with no interest in any money,
the infamous --

-- and Torch holds on that word -- "infamous". Grins wide as she looks to camp, cueing them to cheer, clang, drink.

TORCHY (CONT'D)
-- **THE INFAMOUS DEAD SOULS** came for one of their own. A prisoner called **Stanton Reno** -- believed to be the **founder** of this ruthless band of outlaws, the rep-- th'hell's this word-- repugnant? Repugnant -- heist is thought to have been led by Ophelia Belmont, notorious for her name, and flanked by known associates **BEXTER DEZBA, HONE HART** --

BEXTER DEZBA. HONE HART. 30s/40s. Grizzled, menacing. And both these men hold their drinks in the air. Cheers aplenty.

As Torch holds up a finger, **because here's the best part:**

TORCHY (CONT'D)
-- and none other than the **beautiful**.
The charming -- **TORCHYYY ROSSSEE**.

She takes a theatrical bow. This clown. As the drunken Dead Souls applaud, cheer, when -- **HERE COMES RASCAL**, shuffling past Torch's performance at an anxious clip, desperate to go unnoticed --

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE DEAD SOULS CAMP - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

-- and when he reaches the edge of camp:

STANTON (O.S.)
Well, I'll be, it is Rascal.

Rascal stops, finds Stanton approaching. He forces a smile.

RASCAL
Ah, Stanton Reno. Ain't that just the fellas.

STANTON

You hit a growth spurt, child?
'cause, hell, you was just a pup
when you first came sniffin' around
camp. Woulda thought you'd be the
first to drop since I went away.

RASCAL

Yeah, well, happy to say I rightly
manage a shred of luck out there.

STANTON

Luck, huh?

RASCAL

Luck.

STANTON

Mm. Lotta talk about you, you know.
Makes me curious these circles I
hear you've been runnin' camp in.

RASCAL

You'd still be in a cell weren't
for those circles.

These two men, this undying hatred for each other. As Stanton
gets closer, Rascal tensing, outmatched and he knows it.

STANTON

That's what I heard. And how did
you manage to be so skillful in
tracking me down? Train this on
track that. So specific.

RASCAL

Drink with the right people, find
out the right things.

Stanton chuckles, moves even closer to Rascal -- and Rascal,
struggling to maintain his composure, swallow his fear.

STANTON

And I suppose that's what I wonder
then: just who is it Rascal's out
there drinking with? Lotsa wonderin'.

Rascal, struggling to find a retort, as we --

BACK WITH TORCHY

-- ANGLE ON Ophelia. Positioned a few steps behind Torchy's
ongoing charade. **Eyeing Stanton and Rascal from afar.**

TORCHY

-- and it's this vicious band of **killers** --

Torchy slows. The intent of this article surfacing. Perhaps something not cause for celebration after all.

TORCHY (CONT'D)

-- that this country is long
overdue in -- eradi... **eradicating?**

OPHELIA (O.S.)

Means kill, Torchy.

Ophelia taking notice. Coming up alongside Torchy -- and with a noticeable **LIMP** in her gait, as she takes over.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

And yeah, they don't write about us
way they would've. They woulda
celebrated us a decade ago. Now,
course all we get is slander, calls
for our deaths. 'cause they're scared.
Of the strength we have together.

Ophelia gestures to **all** of them. Doesn't need to say it.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

They'll always be threatened by that.
'til they run us to our demise, and,
well -- I can drink to that kind of
glory if pressed to do so.

The Dead Souls hold up their drinks, a silent toast to their cause. As **BACK WITH RASCAL AND STANTON**, Rascal looks to him:

RASCAL

You see that? See what she does for
'em? Everything you lot never could.

Stanton pulls a **BOWIE KNIFE** from a **SHEATH ON HIS BACK**, puts the point of the blade to Rascal's **BELLY**.

STANTON

One'a these days. When she ain't
around. I'll take **these** out --
(pushes into his belly)
-- and hang you with 'em--

OPHELIA (O.S.)

--**STANTON RENO!**

Ophelia, redirecting her toast to Stanton, breaking it up between him and Rascal. But it's a long beat before -- Stanton removes his blade, one last look at Rascal, and steps away --

-- as Rascal takes a breath, tries to hide it, but he's **rattled**. Forced to watch Ophelia welcome Stanton back in.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Got one of our own back today.
 After quite a long time. A man none
 of us would be here without--

TONSIL
 --and to the gallows he should have
 gone, the dumb fucker!

Everyone laughs. Ophelia tripping up, interrupted but she smiles through it. Too tired for the fun, but playing along.

OPHELIA
 Alright now, Tonsil, alright. We
 drink then. To **Stanton**. If you
 ain't hugged the man since his
 return -- then I don't rightly know
 what you're waiting for.

Everyone raises their own cups. As she holds on Stanton a beat.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Welcome back, dear friend.

THE DEAD SOULS, IN UNISON
STANTON!!

Ophelia drinks. The Dead Souls drink. Tonsil's bagpiping picks back up. The celebration now on -- as Ophelia and Stanton exchange another look, something disconcerting about all this.

INT. THIS CAMP-ENCIRCLED FARMHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Dark in here. Ophelia enters -- jug, tin cup in hand, the raucous celebration behind her. And she looks to the fireplace -- where an **OLDER MAN** is putting a log on a weak fire. **AMOS HOLMES**. 70s.

And in one of two chairs, sits his wife, **BEATRICE HOLMES**. 60s.

OPHELIA
 There's supper out front.

Amos sits, ignoring her. Ophelia clocks that with shame, guilt.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 I told you three weeks. And it's been
 two months, I know that. And I lose
 sleep about it, but I promise. Couple
 more, we'll be gone, you'll be paid,
 and you can go on with your life.

This older couple ghostly still. All fight drained from them.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
I promise.

This urgency in Ophelia. As Amos tilts his head in her direction.

AMOS HOLMES
 I'd venture you sleep just fine.

His voice hollow. In no way inviting. And Ophelia gets it, understands. So, she registers it a beat -- and leaves.

INT. A BEDROOM IN THE FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A LANTERN flickers. Ophelia enters, moving to a STIFF BED, rigid with her limp as she takes a seat, drinks from her cup.

She looks across the room -- to a MURKY WINDOW PANE. Her reflection dirty, distorted. As she takes a breath --

-- and SLIDES A BOOT OFF -- **UNLEASHING A DRIZZLE OF BLOOD DOWN HER LEG**, pooling onto the floor. She dabs at it with her toe, curious about it -- as if it weren't real.

STANTON (O.S.)
 You catch a bullet?

She looks to find Stanton leaning in the doorway.

STANTON (CONT'D)
 Limping way you are?

OPHELIA
 Can't say for sure.

He enters, uninvited as he moves to the window.

STANTON
 Who're they? By the fireplace?

OPHELIA
 It's their land. Been squattin' on
 them to hold us over.

Stanton looks down at The Dead Souls camp, celebration ongoing.

STANTON
 Reckon I owe you some gratitude
 then. Coming for me way you did.
 Tonsil insists you insisted.

She doesn't respond. Stanton watches her drink.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Lotta time to think in those cells.

OPHELIA
That right? Anything telling?

STANTON
Lot about the day we found you.

EXT. WILDERNESS - SOME HOURS-PERHAPS-DAYS LATER - AT DAWN

Spears of morning light stabbing through this forest. As we come down to find Young Ophelia slumped against a tree -- -- she's unconscious. Death's door. Her nightgown now entirely **HARDENED** with the dried blood of The Clark Council.

STANTON (V.O.)
Dying young girl.

And she stirs awake, weakened eyes looking up to find --

STANTON (V.O.)
With a bad name and a halo of blood.

-- A GROUP OF **RIDERS** happening across her. REVERSE UP AT: STANTON. And behind him -- THE DEAD SOULS in their masks.

BACK WITH OPHELIA & STANTON

Stanton pausing at the window. Recalling this memory fondly. Which is why he nods silent, sad. Before he looks to her --

STANTON
Who'd just **tear this country apart**. If I only gave her the chance to do so.

-- and he starts to cross to her. **Getting at something**. As he sits next to Ophelia. Scoots closer than she'd prefer.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Just never imagined you might tear us apart, too.

Ophelia sucks her teeth. Knew this was coming **and here it is.**

OPHELIA
Reckon you're referring to Longheart.

STANTON
Heard you cut him loose.

OPHELIA
He and his brothers--

STANTON (CONT'D)
--and then they were hanged.

They both stop. Ophelia drinks. Letting that settle a beat. This "Longheart" having clearly meant something to Stanton.

STANTON (CONT'D)
What was it then? They question you
a time too many?

OPHELIA
Started acting out of sorts after
you went away. Liabilities. Beating
up whores, shootin' up saloons,
leaving trails. You never would've
stood for it.

STANTON
And that's according to who? You
got half the camp telling you the
sky's blue, the other half saying
hell's hot. And you'll only listen
to **Rascal**. Who tells you to look di-
rectly into the fucking sun--

OPHELIA
--maybe get reacquainted a little
before you start slingin' arou--

--BUT STANTON SNAPS -- SUDDENLY GRABS OPHELIA BY HER NAPE, firm,
violent -- **but in one swift and fluid fucking reflex:**

**OPHELIA UNSHEATHES STANTON'S OWN BOWIE KNIFE, JABS ITS POINT TO
THE CENTER OF HIS BACK** -- as Stanton freezes a beat. Outdone.

STANTON
You've lost sight -- of what's
important. Is what I'm saying.

OPHELIA
And what I'M saying -- **is you've
been gone a long time, Stanton Reno.**

Both unwavering. Until he finally lets go. And she takes a beat
before she gently resheathes his knife, shifts her shoulder
blades, working hard to adjust herself. Make the rage go away.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
I know plenty what's important.

She pulls some FOLDED PIECES OF PAPER, hands them to Stanton. He
unfolds one to find A FLOOR PLAN, reading: **FORT HORN ARMY BASE**.
And the others revealing **SCHEDULES**, other official documents.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Army's about finished with construction on a place called **Fort Horn**. They say it'll be "The Buckle of Peace" -- that it'll **forge stability between the east and the west**. And that they've made it impenetrable. Like a Fort **Knox**. Cash. Bonds. Gold. Jewels.

She brings one of the SCHEDULES to the top of the pile.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 They've been slow to bring troops in. Spacing out regiments -- one regiment in particular: The 42nd of the United States Army. They're en route to Fort Horn. Rascal's been tracking them.

Stanton skeptical of Rascal, of course, but Ophelia continues:

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 We'd take 'em in the night. Use their uniforms to become a part of the 42nd Regiment, disguise ourselves to get inside the walls. And by the time word gets out --
 (beat)
 -- our wagons'll be gone with every valuable their vaults hold. It'd be enough to... enough to quiet down maybe. Find some peace. Lengthen our days a little, you know.

Stanton. Shuffling through the pile of Ophelia's paperwork.

STANTON
 And that's it? Money?

She shifts. Knows he knows her better than that. Comes with it:

OPHELIA
 He's stationed there. Duncan **Frank**.
 (beat)
 Overseeing the whole thing. Appears he's a Lieutenant-**General** these days, but. All the same to us.

Ophelia pulls a **PHOTOGRAPH: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DUNCAN FRANK**.

Of the U.S. Army. Duncan Frank posing noble, dapper.

As Stanton falls silent. Ophelia clocking him.

OPHELIA (CONT'D) STANTON
If you've any thoughts-- --I think you're reckless.

Stanton stands, frustrated with this monster of his own making --

STANTON (CONT'D)
And I think Longheart saw that.

-- Ophelia absorbing that sting, as Stanton moves to leave.

OPHELIA
Truth is, I went against every
instinct of mine coming for you.

He stops. Registering this little confession of hers.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Did it 'cause it's what I knew camp
wanted. Maybe what they needed.
(beat)
But what I need is to know whether
or not you're with us, Stanton.

Ophelia, keeping her back to him with that veiled threat.

STANTON
Don't rightly have a choice, do I.

And Stanton leaves, Ophelia looking to her distorted reflection. The dirty pane now making her face twist --

-- her features indistinguishable -- WHILE JUST BARELY, maybe, morphing into something **GOBLIN-ESQUE**. A spirit now peering back at us from another time, another space --

-- and Ophelia seems to know what it means. Which is when she looks to the floor -- **FINDS HER POOL OF BLOOD IS NOW GONE**. This drink of hers so clearly being one fuck of a booze.

INT. A ROOM SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE: A **BOW TIE**. In a mirror. Hands fixing it up nice. As we ANGLE ON -- A HAND dropping to this person's side --

-- with just the SLIGHTEST TREMOR. Come up to meet **INGRID KELLER**. 40s. Fiercely determined, however, she's sweating profusely. Doing what she can to keep it together, when:

There's a **KNOCK AT THE DOOR**.

A REAL GRUMBLER OF A MAN (O.S.)
Ms. Mayor?

Ingrid being the **MAYOR** of whatever new town we're in.

INGRID

Yes?

The door opens: **SHERIFF FITZ**. 60s. A real broad-shouldered motherfucker, lanky frame of sinew wrapped tight around some grouchy bones. Scars here, scars there. Should probably be dead.

SHERIFF FITZ

They're up the way.

INGRID

Good. Sheriff. Alright. Good.

She takes one last look at herself in the mirror, and we --

EXT. A TOWN CALLED HARPERVILLE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

-- LAND CLOSE ON A **BANNER:**

WELCOME TO HARPERVILLE, A TOWN WITHOUT FALLACY

Swaying loose in the orange glow of this thriving town's night life. Saloons. Gambling joints. This town budding.

INGRID (PRE-LAP)

My friends.

And ahead, a **SMALL CROWD** before a **STAGE** with a **PODIUM**.

Arm around to find something more visceral than determination in Ingrid's eyes. Her pride in this town haunted by something distant in her heart -- **and this moment is a turning point.**

So, it's here, **WHERE WE CHOP UP OUR TIMELINE A BIT:**

INT./EXT. VARIOUS HARPERVILLE BUSINESSES - NIGHT

As MULTIPLE **MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY ARM THEMSELVES:** SALOONMEN. DOCTORS. COWBOYS. COWGALS. MADAMES. MINERS. BARBERS. DRUNKARDS.

INGRID (PRE-LAP)

*I stand before you today, proud of
all we have accomplished in what
little time has passed since the
birth of Harperville.*

Snapping up SHOTGUNS. Holstering SIX-SHOOTERS. Chambering LONG RIFLES. Loading. Dropping. Spinning. It's all guns on deck --

EXT. HARPERVILLE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

-- and they join Ingrid. Their leader. The head of this armed society all flinty-eyed and high on principles, making for one hell of a formidable **HARPERVILLE POSSE**. As we JUMP AHEAD TO:

EXT. THE PODIUM - A BIT LATER - NIGHT

Where here stands Ingrid, watching as, from the darkness, BANDIT'S COACHES EMERGE. And she shifts. Uncertain. Uneasy --

INGRID (PRE-LAP)
*And as your Mayor, I have sworn to
 uphold the laws of this land --*

-- but with her people at her back, she holds. As we head to --

EXT. THE PODIUM - A BIT AGO AGAIN - NIGHT

-- THE WAGONS HAVE NOW ARRIVED, Ingrid watching as Bandit leads his prisoner out of the stagecoach --

INGRID (PRE-LAP)
*-- and to set an example for the
rest of this beguiled country.*

-- and Ingrid, playing it cool, but still unable to fully hide her shock at seeing -- HOAGY. Alive and here.

EXT. THE PODIUM - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

And now we're caught up with Ingrid's speech in real time:

INGRID
 And we will start with a bank
 robber. An animal whose name you
all know: **HOAGY BELMONT**. The outlaw
 who led a campaign of hubris in
 this country.
 (beat)
 Hubris. And gunfire. And he was once
 celebrated for it. Until his crimes,
 finally, became unspeakable. And
 rather than face the law of the land?
 He opted for a coward's resolve: by
faking his own death. A lurid cheat
 in the hopes of never being found.

Ingrid looks to Hoagy with disdain. This pathetic monster.

INGRID (CONT'D)

And yet -- I have dragged him out of hiding like the vermin that he is. To not only hold him accountable for the violence he once inflicted upon this country -- but for that of the monstrous offspring he has left us at the mercy of.

(beat)

And once we finish with her father? Ophelia Belmont -- will be next to face the wrath of our justice.

(beat)

That's my promise to you. And to this country. I bid you good evening.

And Ingrid steps away, as Hoagy watches this crowd watch him.

INT. HARPERVILLE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

A JAIL CELL opens with a CLUNG, as they tend to do. Hoagy shoved in by Sheriff Fitz, locking the bars behind him.

SHERIFF FITZ

Here you sleep, gunslinger. 'til we figure when your sun sets.

Hoagy turns to look at this place. Two cells at one end, SHERIFF'S DESK at the other, Bandit and Ingrid by the door.

And a WOODEN TRIPOD is splayed open, a BOXY CAMERA mounted to it. **GEORGE HADLEY**. 30s. Nebbish, efficient, looks to Hoagy --

GEORGE

George Hadley, sir. Harperville Flag.

-- and George positions his camera, holds up a FLASH LAMP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And, sir, I -- I just gotta say: Grew up reading every last nickel mag about you, I swear it--

INGRID

--Mr. Hadley, **if you'd please**.

Ingrid, moving this along, impatient with George's fandom.

GEORGE

Right then, right.

And the LAMP **FLASHES**. George quickly snaps up his tripod, slings the camera over his shoulder, moves for the door.

INGRID
I want it out at first light.

George nods, leaves, as Ingrid takes a moment to look Hoagy over.

INGRID (CONT'D)
That's a **legend** right there,
Sheriff Fitz. He impress you?

SHERIFF FITZ
I was promised a gunslinger. He
looks like a hermit with dysentery.

Ingrid struggles to smile, Hoagy's presence implacable.

INGRID
Hoagy Belmont. Of The Infamous Blood
River Gang. Wouldn't you know it.

Ingrid grabs the Sheriff's desk chair, drags it loud through this small space. Right up to Hoagy's cell. Where she sits --

-- eyes fixed on Hoagy as she crosses her legs, pulls out a **CIGARETTE TIN**, packing it nice against her palm a few tries.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I imagine Bandit might have
apologized. For breaking his word?

She lights herself a HAND-ROLLED CIGARETTE, puffs it to life.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Shame, really. I quite enjoyed the
narrative way it was.

Hoagy, looking this stranger over, unclear what she wants.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Bandit Jack. Killing his best man 'cause
he lost his way and killed some children.

Hoagy stops. That last part scraping at something raw inside of him. As Ingrid clears her throat, spits on the floor.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Did he tell you the deal we made?
(beat)
That if it really was you out
there; if we really can bring
Ophelia to justice; then I'd spare
both your lives. Suppose I'll have
to make good on that, won't I?

Ingrid looking Hoagy over. Feelings changed in-person.

INGRID (CONT'D)

You know. My husband fought in the war. Right alongside Fitzy back there, ain't that right, Sheriff?

SHERIFF FITZ

Right alongside me.

INGRID

Men who fought to save this country. And when they won the war, they kept fighting. Outlaws. Murderers. Men such as yourself.

Ingrid ashes onto the floor, sweeps them into Hoagy's cell.

INGRID (CONT'D)

My husband's name was Walter Keller.

And Hoagy stops. **Finally knows who Ingrid is.** And she sees that. Smiles small. Takes a long drag, her eyebrows raising.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Sons were Hunter and Caleb.

Hoagy shifts, this guilt like a snake on his shoulders.

INGRID (CONT'D)

They were just boys--

HOAGY

--so was mine.

She notes Hoagy's anger. Long repressed. And she chuckles.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Is that how you've lived with yourself--

HOAGY (CONT'D)

-- haven't lived with myself.

He looks to his hands, the FOLDED MAPS Bandit gave him. **His home.** So, he stands, moves to the cell bars, looks to Ingrid intently.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

I can fix this.

Ingrid spews out a puff of smoke, bit of confusion, disbelief.

INGRID

Oh? Pray tell, Hoagy Belmont.

HOAGY

Ophelia ain't for sure to come here. But you send me and Bandit after her, I can lure her out. I can give her to you.

Ingrid sighs, picks a piece of tobacco from her teeth as she grinds her cigarette into the floor. Rises. Moves to his cell --

INGRID
Lordy lord.

-- and blows her final cloud of smoke in Hoagy's face.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I imagine you'll spend this evening
trying to put all of this in
perspective, so, let me help you:
(beat)
Your wife is dead because of you.
Bandit's family is dead because of
you. My family -- because of you.
(beat)
And your daughter a monster.
Because of you--

--and in an INSTANT, **HOAGY SNATCHES INGRID'S WRIST**. Reflexive.
Ingrid, startled, but only needs a moment to regain her composure --

-- as SHERIFF FITZ is immediately on the cell, HIS REVOLVER TO
HOAGY'S FACE, CR-CLICK. Bandit behind him, unsure how to react --

SHERIFF FITZ
Gunslinger, I'mma count to three--

-- and Hoagy and Ingrid, eyes not leaving each other's, as:

HOAGY
Were you also a Pinkerton with the
Mayor's husband, Sheriff? Do you
know what he did?

SHERIFF FITZ
One.

HOAGY
Or Bandit? You were there --

SHERIFF FITZ
Two.

HOAGY
-- you saw what he forced us to
do. And what he did to Edwin.

SHERIFF FITZ
Three.

But there's no gunshot. There's just Hoagy and Ingrid. This silent standoff for a final beat -- as Hoagy gets closer:

HOAGY

Your husband. Miss Mayor. Was more corrupt than any outlaw in this land.

(beat)

And he deserved the bullet I put in him.

And Ingrid -- knows that. Has heard the rumors repeatedly. However... **this isn't about Walter Keller**. What it is about:

INGRID

And my sons?

And Hoagy stops. Because no. Not her sons. But the truth is the truth. So, Hoagy holds a beat -- before he lets Ingrid go.

And Ingrid exhales, trying to hide her relief. As Sheriff Fitz lowers his gun, reluctantly, staying at Hoagy's cell, cautious.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Truth is, Hoagy. The moment you stepped off that wagon -- I knew I had to see you hang. Which. Sure as demons fly, is precisely what I mean to do.

She looks him over again. **Meant every fucking word of that.** And Ingrid marches away, Sheriff Fitz behind her --

-- and off Hoagy and Bandit, exchanging a look:

INGRID (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

He looks like a ghoul.

INT. INGRID'S QUARTERS - BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Ingrid, another cigarette hanging from her mouth as she UNDRESSES at her window. Frustrated. Angry she let Hoagy even get to her.

INGRID

I could feel the worms in his skin.

She reduces down to an undergarment, starts to approach BANDIT, seated on the edge of a BED, WASHING HIS DIRTY FEET IN A BASIN.

And his hat's off, WHICH MEANS HIS SKULL TOP IS EXPOSED. As Ingrid straddles Bandit's lap, in no way seductive, purely procedural.

BANDIT

Need you to send word to the army.

She pauses, frowning upside down as she draws circles with a fingernail on Bandit's skull-top, a disapproving glint in her eye.

INGRID
We've discussed this.

BANDIT
Yeah, we've discussed it, but we
ain't got enough--

INGRID
--Army gets involved, they'll take
her for themselves. Where if I can
show this state that I can wrangle
petty miscreants like you? Hang a
murderer like Hoagy--

BANDIT
--capturing Ophelia ain't gonna
make you governor, Ingrid.

Ingrid slows at that one, taking Bandit in as he focuses on
scrubbing his feet -- hiding from her.

INGRID
And killing her isn't gonna bring
your family back --

Bandit tries to dodge the pain from that one, but Ingrid won't
let him run. She grabs his chin, brings his eyes to hers.

INGRID (CONT'D)
-- yet here you sit.

BANDIT
And our deal? Letting Hoagy go free?

She puffs, flicks her cigarette --

INGRID
Yes, well --

-- exhales smoke as she MANEUVERS BANDIT INSIDE OF HER --

INGRID (CONT'D)
-- I'm afraid I'll have to find a
way. To make that one up to you.

-- as she moves onto Bandit, down then up and then down again.
Bandit gasping because sex, while Ingrid's mind is elsewhere.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Because seeing him. In the flesh like
that. Changed everything.

She picks up a bit of speed, down up down, Bandit wholly taken with
the intercourse, whereas Ingrid's treating it like a tired hobby --

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Which is why. When I say Hoagy
 doesn't survive this --

-- AND SHE STOPS, making sure Bandit really hears this part:

INGRID (CONT'D)
 -- you'll either stay out of the
 way of that, Bandit -- or I'll bury
 you on top of both the Belmonts.

AND INGRID **RAPS ON BANDIT'S SKULL TOP**. He winces, exposed skulls
 sensitive and all. When she shoves him away -- and we PRE-LAP with:

AN ABSOLUTELY FUCKING BEAUTIFUL IRISH SINGING VOICE (PRE-LAP)
*Come all you warlike seaaaamennnn,
 that to the seas belongggg --*

INT. SOME FUCKING SALOON SOMEWHERE FUCKING ELSE NOW - NIGHT

A saloon. Packed, rowdy. As we're on an **ACCORDIONIST**. Playing while
 SINGING AN OLD SEA SONG, "**WARLIKE SEAMEN**". He's accompanied by a
FIDDLER, a **BANJOIST**. Our rustic version of a NEEDLE DROP.

THE ACCORDIONIST
 -- *I'll tell you of a fight, my
 boys, on board the Nottinghammmmm --*

And find A VERY DRUNK RASCAL. Watching the band. This profound
 yearning in his glassed eyes. When the frame of a WOMAN drops
 into his lap. **LOUISE**, staying only on the edge of frame.

LOUISE (O.S.)
And what's your name, devil?

Rascal lets a delinquent grin spread, like a teen in a peep show.
 His drunken demeanor a stark contrast to when we first met him.

RASCAL
 Rascal.

LOUISE (O.S.)
*A rascal named Rascal. And what is
 it you do, Rascal?*

His smile **freezes**. Takes him somewhere dark for a beat. Until he
 shoots some gin, gulps some beer, washes the darkness away.

RASCAL
 Charm pretty girls like you.

LOUISE (O.S.)
 Yeah? You charm pretty girls like
 me? Well, you got any **dollars** to
 pay for those charms?

RASCAL
 (drunken naughty)
 Ah-haaa. Ha.

He carelessly holds up a WAD OF CASH. Proud, depraved, **numb**.

LOUISE (O.S.)
 Well, alright then, Mr. **Rascal**. You
 can come with me now if you'd like.

She leads him away. As we HOLD ON THE BAND, this lingering of ours
 ominous, their performance carrying us over all that comes next:

INT. THE HARPERVILLE FLAG - MEANWHILE - DAWN

A PRINTING PRESS. Its cylindrical ink rollers CHURNING NEWSPAPERS
 OUT, edition after edition. **As our Accordionist continues...**

INT./EXT. INGRID'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

BANDIT'S WEDDING RING. Come up to find him regarding it on the edge
 of the bed. Ingrid **SNORING**. As Bandit rises, moves to the window.

EXT. THE HARPERVILLE FLAG - LATER - DAY

George Hadley. The Reporter. Sleep-deprived. As he's at a
 HORSE -- **STUFFING NEWSPAPERS INTO SATCHELS** on either side.
 Before he hops up into the saddle, peers upward at -- BANDIT.

And they exchange a look, both knowing that this better fucking
 work, before -- GEORGE RIDES OFF, Bandit watching him shrink.

EXT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHANTY - SOME SHITTY TOWN - DAWN

This saloon-brothel just as sleazy on the outside. When the doors
 swing open. RASCAL steps out. The booze worn off. Back to being
 sober, serious, a victim of reality. He lights a cigarette, as:

A **CHYRON** tells us we're: A HUNDRED OR SO MILES FROM HARPERVILLE.

This cynical twist crossing Rascal's face, exhaling smoke, already
 exhausted with the day ahead. **As our Accordionist yet continues --**

-- over this **MONTAGE** of Rascal's, playing out like a **FEVER DREAM**:

INT./EXT. RASCAL'S TOWN - DAY NIGHT DAWN DUSK MORNING FUCK IT

RASCAL approaches a **NEWSSTAND**. Buys a pint of gin. And he looks to A STACK OF NEWSPAPERS. But nothing catches his eye.

In a **HOTEL ROOM**. RASCAL nervously PACES. Something troubled within.

Rascal swivels on a barstool in **THE CAPTAIN'S SHANTY** yet again.

Another morning. Rascal approaches the same **NEWSSTAND**. Another pint of gin. And yet again, nothing catches his eye.

RASCAL having spiritless sex with ANOTHER WOMAN (O.S.) in a bedroom at **THE CAPTAIN'S SHANTY**, his eyes as if awaiting death.

And finally. Rascal approaches the **NEWSTAND**. Another pint of gin. Another stack of newspapers O.S., except -- **what's this..?**

INT. THE CAPTAIN'S SHANTY - AT THE BAR - LATER - NIGHT

The FRONT PAGE FILLS OUR FRAME: "**HOAGY BELMONT CAPTURED ALIVE!! FAMED OUTLAW, DISGRACED MURDERER'S DEATH A HOAX!!!**"

And the PHOTO GEORGE HADLEY TOOK OF HOAGY FRONT AND CENTER. But there's something else -- TWO OTHERS: "**FOUND ALONGSIDE DEAD SOUL GANG MEMBERS -- VAL HITCH & TUCKER DE VOL!!!**"

TWO WANTED POSTERS SUPERIMPOSED NEXT TO HOAGY. Val Hitch. Tucker De Vol. Two men we've never met, but have heard of...

Find Rascal at the bar. Newspaper splayed before him. He's read it an untold number of times. He shoots more gin. Drinks more beer.

As our Accordionist brings the sea song to a close... we stay with Rascal. Letting this news settle a disquieting beat. Until:

EXT. THIS SHITTY TOWN RASCAL DRANK A LOT IN - DAWN

The next morning -- there rides Rascal, STORMING AWAY ON HORSEBACK. Leaving this town of debauchery and destruction.

INT. THE DEAD SOULS CAMP - THE FARMHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

LAND CLOSE ON: **OPHELIA**. Sitting still. Stunned --

RASCAL (O.S.)

Paper says -- Arthur and Val, they. Somehow came to capture your, uh. Your father. Before they. Then got captured.

-- because her world has just been upended. As we go wide in this room, find she sits at the table with Rascal, Torchy. And Stanton at a window, piecing this revelation together himself.

OPHELIA
What about Fort Horn?

RASCAL
Pack up camp here -- we'll move
on the 42nd from Harperville.

Ophelia, clocking Rascal. This whole thing surreal, numbing.

OPHELIA
You trying to hold us up? Because
of your cousins?

RASCAL
Wouldn't never lie to you.

OPHELIA
That's not what I asked.

Rascal pauses. Shifts. Puts his heart on the line for this.

RASCAL
Just... how long Arthur and Val
ride for you, hm?

Stanton moves to the table, sits close to Rascal, invasive.

RASCAL (CONT'D)
And don't you wanna -- ain't you
even curious why he's-- alive?

And Ophelia. Staring at the photo of her father. His image haunting, piercing, Ophelia trying to fend off this vulnerability.

RASCAL (CONT'D)
Town's small. Quiet. We go in at
night, we'd only need maybe four of
us. Quick on our feet, in and out.

Stanton. Picks a piece of lint off Rascal's shoulder. Blows it at him, Rascal ignoring him, staying focused on Ophelia.

STANTON
Legend of an outlaw locked up in some
small town. Bastard long supposed to
be dead -- and ain't nothing but a
Sheriff gonna be protecting him?

Ophelia stands. Moves to a window -- and pulls out her POCKET WATCH, regards it longingly. Getting lost in it a beat.

STANTON (CONT'D)

If you take no one, you risk Johnny the Bounty happening to be staying over. Or some Pinkertons. Or another gang. You take us all, we overrun the town. Burn it so no one finds a trace. You gettin' how it works, Rascal?

Rascal, clammed up by Stanton's proximity. While Ophelia isn't listening to either of them, as she looks to the window --

-- and she runs a finger along a pane, collecting a smattering of dust on her fingertip, regards it. **Taking her somewhere.**

OPHELIA

My mother used to believe that the dust held ghosts. That it'd let her talk to them. Hear their stories.

Ophelia lost in memory. As we head to, for just a glimpse:

INT. A HOTEL ROOM ABOVE A SALOON - DAY

Young Ophelia peeking around a corner. Slyly watching **AUGUSTA**. At a window, in a daze. **And Augusta runs her finger along a window pane** -- and dust. On the fingertips. As Young Ophelia --

OPHELIA (V.O.)

She used to say -- she could never find my father in any of it. That it was how she knew he couldn't be dead.

-- watches Augusta rub the dust between her fingertips, **listening for Hoagy**. Young Ophelia studying her mother, the curious trauma of witnessing a parent lose their wits.

BACK WITH OPHELIA & CO.

Ophelia. Rubbing the dust between her fingertips. Looking to it for guidance. **Listening for her mother...**

OPHELIA

Used to think it was just the laudanum, but. Maybe it was her gift.

She trails. The dust is gone. She turns back to Rascal. A beat.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

So, what do you know about the town then?

And Rascal, taking an uneasy breath, as we **DISSOLVE TO:**

EXT. HARPERVILLE - DAYS LATER PERHAPS - DAY

A new day in Harperville. Shops opening up. Construction projects resuming -- as Rascal rides into town. Head on a swivel.

And he notices -- that **he's** being noticed. Some **SHOPKEEPERS**, **CITIZENS**, **FIGURES ON ROOFTOPS** -- all of them eyeing Rascal.

INT./EXT. THE DEAD SOULS FARMHOUSE - MEANWHILE - DAY

Back at the farmhouse, where the front door opens. AMOS stepping out, taken aback by what he sees -- The Dead Souls, **GONE**.

Remnants of their prolonged stay strewn about, and on the steps before him -- a **SATCHEL**. Amos opens it -- to find **CASH**.

Ophelia having kept her word.

EXT. HARPERVILLE - MEANWHILE - DAY

Rascal passes the **SHERIFF'S OFFICE**, where **SHERIFF FITZ** is sitting out front, seemingly unaware of Rascal -- **UNTIL**:

Rascal passes him -- **and Fitz immediately clocks him** --

-- and as soon as Rascal's out of Fitz's sight, Fitz **MOVES**, tracking Rascal for as long as he can, before he splits off to:

INT. INGRID'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Bandit at the window. When he spots Fitz arriving, looking to Bandit knowingly -- **what they've been waiting for is here**.

BANDIT

Ingrid.

Ingrid at her desk, doing some Mayor shit, when she looks to Bandit. Sees -- **and fucking KNOWS**. So, off her look --

MOMENTS LATER

-- an ARMOIRE OPENS. Ingrid pulls a RIFLE -- **SH-CLACK**. Didn't need to know when the day was gonna come to be ready for it.

INT. THE HARPERVILLE HOLE - MEANWHILE - DAY

No one really in here -- as Rascal enters. Stepping lightly. Takes a seat at the bar, looks to the corner of the saloon --

-- and spots GEORGE HADLEY at a table, having a morning beer. When George lifts his glass to Rascal. **As if to say hello...**

Rascal pauses at that, strange, before he looks to the **BARKEEP**.

RASCAL
Gin.

But the barkeep just chews a toothpick. Because fuck Rascal. Rascal looking back at him, patience thin, nerves fried.

RASCAL (CONT'D)
Get a fucking GIN, sham?

But the Barkeep just chews that toothpick. Because fuck. Rascal.

EXT. HARPERVILLE - MEANWHILE - DAY

Bandit, Ingrid, Sheriff Fitz marching through town, steadfast, urgent but calm, Bandit letting out **SNIPPY LITTLE WHISTLES** --

-- SIGNALING to their armed community that the time has fucking come. Folks heading outside, weapons in tow, and **DISPERSING** --

-- INGRID SPLITS OFF from Bandit and Fitz -- as they march past a **TWITCHY MAN** we'll come to know as **GATLING GARRETT**.

BANDIT
Garrett. Meet me at Sophia's.

GATLING GARRETT
Yes, sir, Deputy Jack.

Gatling Garrett jogs off, as we follow Bandit and Fitz to --

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and Hoagy lurches upright, Fitz approaching his cell in a hurry.

SHERIFF FITZ
Gimme your hands, gunslinger.

But Hoagy, hesitant, looks to Bandit a beat.

SHERIFF FITZ (CONT'D)
Hands. NOW.

Hoagy's eyes never leaving Bandit, as he puts his hands through the bars, Fitz SLAMMING shackles around his wrists, as we **GO TO** --

EXT. HARPERVILLE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

-- Fitz escorts Hoagy with **TWO HARPERVILLE DEPUTIES**, Hoagy noticing the folks on rooftops. In windows. Armed, waiting.

INT. INGRID'S HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

They approach Ingrid's door, Fitz turns to the two posse members.

SHERIFF FITZ

You two man the hall. Holler if anyone comes yonder.

And as Fitz throws open Ingrid's door --

INT. INGRID'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

-- he shoves Hoagy into the room, slams the door behind him.

SHERIFF FITZ

On the bed. Be still. Be quiet.

Hoagy looks to the bed, as Fitz drops down into a chair, six-shooter trained on Hoagy -- and Hoagy eyeing Fitz...

SHERIFF FITZ (CONT'D)

Size me up all you like, gunslinger.
Just know -- you twitch? I pull.

Hoagy, heeding Fitz reluctantly as he sits, patient...

INT. THE HARPERVILLE HOLE - MEANWHILE - DAY

Rascal in his petty showdown with the Barkeep.

RASCAL

INGRID (O.S.)

Mate. I'll come back there me- --well?
fucking-self--

Rascal, startled as he whips to find Ingrid. Holds a beat. Before:

RASCAL (CONT'D)

Yeah. They're outside of town.
(beat, conflicted)
It worked.

"It worked." Because Rascal's been in fucking cahoots with Ingrid this entire time. Which is why there's a hint of shame, concern:

RASCAL (CONT'D)
 Noticed something though. The army.
 Wasn't nowhere I could see.

Ingrid pauses. A sensitive subject, so she moves this along:

INGRID RASCAL (CONT'D)
 How many with her-- --where's the army, Keller?

A beat. Before Rascal realizes -- **there is no goddamned army**.

RASCAL (CONT'D)
 Oh, jesus hell christ--
 (to the barkeep, sharply)
 --mate, a fucking GIN, please--

INGRID
 (to Barkeep)
 --give him the bottle.

The bottle slides to Rascal. He uncorks it, swiftly pours, drinks, lets it burn like hell. Hangs his head, this is fucked.

RASCAL
 Look. While you took heavens time
 finding the old man, she's been
 planning a move on Fort Horn. Grab
 her there instead. Where the army is--

INGRID
 --no. This happens here, today--

Rascal SLAMS his glass down. Looks to Ingrid, unhinged, desperate.

RASCAL
 What happens today is your **town burns**.
 And I ain't been ducking in the
 shadows this long for you to off and
fuck this up now with just your merry
 band of fuckin' villagers out there--

-- and Ingrid STEPS TO RASCAL. Her very presence slowing him.

INGRID
 Why're you here, Rascal?
 (off his look)
 Because you came to us. You wanted
 an out. I recall that correctly?

Rascal. Tears of desperation in his eyes. Because Ingrid's right.

RASCAL
 I-- I tried to tell you. They were
 never gonna let her ride light.

Ingrid nods, knows. But it doesn't fucking matter now.

INGRID
You just get 'em to the tunnel.
Like we told you. Understood?

And off an exhausted, defeated Rascal -- we **HEAD TO:**

INT. A TUNNEL IN THE FOREST - A BIT LATER NOW - DAY

AN **UNASSUMING COVERED WAGON**, crooked in the mouth of this tunnel, only three surviving wheels. Seemingly abandoned. As we pull away from it, retreating into this old, dark space --

-- **WHEN OPHELIA ENTERS FRAME**. Staring down long at the wagon, curious and cautious all the same. As she turns to find --

-- STANTON. Stepping into the opening, taking in the forest around them. All quiet; all just as suspicious as it should be.

INT. THIS ABANDONED COVERED WAGON - MEANWHILE - DAY

LAND CLOSE ON: A **FUCKING GATLING GUN** hiding in here, moving long down its barrel, "**SOPHIA**" etched into its steel -- as we find:

GARRETT at the CRANK-TRIGGER, BANDIT beside him with BINOCULARS.

BANDIT
Steady now, Garrett... steady...

Reverse to just barely see through a slit in the wagon's opening, OPHELIA'S TINY LONE FRAME far from them --

EXT. THE FOREST SURROUNDING THE TUNNEL - MEANWHILE - DAY

-- and it's hard to say where we are here, these trees looking like any other. Except we boom down to just barely spot --

-- **TOWNFOLK**. Crouching lightly amongst the trees. RIFLES AIMED DOWNHILL AT OPHELIA AND STANTON OUTSIDE OF THE TUNNEL --

INT. THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Ophelia takes a step forward. Moving with measured confidence, Stanton behind her. And behind them: **THE DEAD SOULS EMERGE FROM THE TREES, THIS BATTALION ON THE MARCH.**

INT. THE WAGON - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Bandit tenses, seeing them through his binoculars, as through the wagon's opening -- THE SILHOUETTES OF THE DEAD SOULS --

-- closer, closer, closer, WHEN:

BANDIT

Now.

GATLING GARRETT TURNS THE FUCKING CRANK, UNLEASHING:

-- THIS OLD RATTLE GATTLE BUSTING OFF .45 SLUGS COARSE AND DRY --

INT. THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and indeed, **THE DEAD SOULS ARE CAUGHT OFF GUARD**, these masked ghouls taking fire, **SOME GETTING HIT, COLLAPSING** --

-- as we ANGLE ON OPHELIA, dropped to the ground, flat on her belly, **WATCHING THIS FAMILY OF HERS FALL AROUND HER** --

INT. THE WAGON - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Bandit at Garrett's side, dropping CARTRIDGES into the MAGAZINE extending upwards from the gun, **RELOADING AS THEY GO** --

INT. TUNNEL/EXT. THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Ophelia scrambles to a crouch, as they all RETREAT, crouching as this gunfire continues -- EXCEPT: THERE'S THE TOWNSFOLK.

And when The Dead Souls emerge, THE TOWNFOLK OPEN FIRE: **BLAM-BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM-BLAM--**

INT. THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Ophelia taking fire from both sides, this gunfire unrelenting --

OPHELIA

Torchy!

TORCHY

Ma 'am!

OPHELIA

Get your **long eye** on that wagon!

TORCHY

Yes, ma'am!

-- and Torchy rolls over, produces a **SNIPER RIFLE**, takes aim, but she's flinching beneath the gunfire, trying to get steady --

-- **AND THROUGH HER RIFLE SCOPE**: A narrow view inside of the wagon, difficult to get a shot, when -- she locks on Garrett--

EXT./INT. THE GATLING WAGON - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Bandit stops reloading, gestures for Garrett to cease fire. And it's gone quiet. Bandit peering through binoculars...

While Gatling Garrett, none too bright, gets excited, GUFFAWS.

GATLING GARRETT

Hell, it's **wor**--

--**FWLAPFK**--

-- **BUT A BULLET HAS JUST GONE THROUGH GARRETT'S HEAD**, crimson bits splattering against the wagon's canvas -- and Bandit --

-- taking a moment, before -- HE JUMPS TO THE FUCKING CRANK --

--**BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK-BRK**--

-- but he's got no one to reload for him. HE RUNS OUT. Fumbles for some cartridges, right as -- **BLAM..! BLAM..!** Torchy's shots WHIZZING around Bandit. He's pinned. Desperate. **SO, HE RETREATS** --

-- **AND HURLS HIMSELF** through the back of the wagon. Escaping, as he slows, looks to the tunnel -- **AND SEES IT**:

The silhouettes of The Dead Souls on the march, **APPROACHING FAST**. So, he pulls TWO SIX-SHOOTERS, turns -- zig-zags through trees --

-- **BLAM-BLAM. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM**. Firing at the encroaching Dead Souls, **AND THE DEAD SOULS RETURNING FIRE JUST THE SAME** --

-- when Bandit stops. Eyes filled with fire, brimstone, but his face falls -- because The Dead Souls are now CHARGING OUT OF THE TUNNEL -- this trap of Bandit's having barely slowed them down --

-- and while Bandit doesn't waver, **the sight of those masks...**

It's the first time since... well... that day. As we GO TO:

EXT. THE FOREST SURROUNDING THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The ambushing Townfolk outside of the tunnel, realizing -- **The Dead Souls are gone**. One of them **WHISTLES**, gestures to move...

INT. THE GATLING WAGON - MEANWHILE - DAY

And here's Torchy and Bexter, **hopping up into the wagon**. Torchy positioning herself behind the crank, Bexter at the magazine. And these two no strangers to a fucking gatling gun, right as --

-- the end of the tunnel, **HERE COME THOSE TOWNFOLK**. And Torchy --

-- TORCHY AND BEXTER BEATING THE TOWN OF HARPERVILLE AT ITS OWN GAME --

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and Bandit, hearing the gatlingfire, stops. SEES HIS HARPERVILLE COHORTS GETTING MOWED DOWN IN THE TUNNEL --

-- a beat. This whole thing slipping from his grip and fast... so, he turns, runs, **UNFUCKINGWILLING TO LOSE THIS FIGHT...**

EXT. THE HARPERVILLE BANK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

And in a window, a **BANKER WITH A RIFLE**, watching with concern as we see in the pane's reflection -- Bandit running into town like the devil's on his tail -- **AND A WAYS BEHIND HIM:**

THE DEAD SOULS ARE DISPERSING INTO THE TOWN, SPREADING OUT.

BANKER WITH A RIFLE
...good heavens...

And the Banker opens the window, sticks his rifle out, **FIRING** --

EXT. HARPERVILLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- as we move with Bandit, running for THE HARPERVILLE HOLE, WHEN THE ENTIRE TOWN ERUPTS INTO GUNFIRE AROUND HIM -- the Townfolk all firing on any Dead Souls they can see from their positions.

INT. INGRID'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Sheriff Fitz. Pistol still locked on Hoagy, these two deadpanning each other in spite of the warzone that's just erupted outside.

EXT. HARPERVILLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Except here marches TONSIL. Armed to the teeth and with a little something extra: **A VEST OF DYNAMITE**. From which he pulls a stick. **LIGHTS IT**. And casually fucking **TOSSES IT** --

-- **WITH BANDIT** as he hears -- **TONSIL'S STICK OF DYNAMITE**, its fuse fizzing, whip-whittling through the air, right into --

-- **THE BANKER'S WINDOW** --**BA-WWWOOOOMMMMM!!!** Bandit slowing only for a second as the fucking top floor of the bank **EXPLODES** --

INT. INGRID'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and Fitz finally **REACTS**. No explosion was part of any fucking plan he knew of. So, he darts to the window, **SEES THE FIREBALL** --

-- as we **RACK TO** Hoagy, who's been waiting for any opportunity -- **TO LUNGE FOR FITZ** -- and right as Fitz turns --

-- **HOAGY LANDS AN ELBOW TO HIS HEAD**, quickly wraps his chain around Fitz's neck. But **FITZ BLOCKS IT** --

-- and his pistol clumsily slides across the floor --

-- which is when the **DOOR BURSTS OPEN**, **THE TWO DEPUTIES**, but in a **FLASH, HOAGY PULLS FITZ'S OTHER PISTOL** -- **BLAM-BLAM**.

SHOOTS THEM BOTH SQUARE IN THE FACE, precisely the gunslinger Fitz has deemed Hoagy to be -- and now these two ancient hellhounds **THRASH AROUND THE ROOM**, fighting like hell, zero room for error --

-- when Fitz breaks free, **LANDS A PUNCH ON HOAGY** --

-- but Hoagy's quick to return **A MASSIVE BLOW TO FITZ'S JAW**, some of Fitz's fucking **TEETH SKITTERING ACROSS THE ROOM** --

-- as Hoagy grabs him again, tosses Fitz one way, Fitz pushes another, and somehow, **some fucking way** -- **CRRRSSSHHHHH** --

-- **FITZ HAS JUST GONE THROUGH THE FUCKING WINDOW**. And Hoagy pauses a beat, dumbfounded by this unintentionally sudden victory --

-- as he looks around a beat, spots Fitz's OTHER PISTOL on the floor, right as -- **BA-WWWOOOOMMMMM!!!** Outside...

EXT. HARPERVILLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Tonsil, just strolling through the town plaza throwing dynamite. Having fun. **Sensing these Townfolk lack what this battle takes.**

ANGLE ON BANDIT, dashing to The Harperville Hole -- snatching up a **SHOTGUN** waiting inside just for him -- **BWOOM. SHK-RK. BWOOM** --

-- Bandit firing from his new position -- as we leave him to QUICKLY MOVE DOWN THIS ROW OF STOREFRONTS -- until we reach --

INT./EXT. INGRID'S HOTEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- HOAGY. Appearing in the doorway, his wrists still shackled but he manages to carry **BOTH OF FITZ'S PISTOLS** --

-- and Hoagy looks out to take in what we've only heard ever so loudly: the entire town of Harperville **under fucking SIEGE**.

Their trap, their whole plan now hanging by a thread.

EXPLOSIONS here, there, **GUNFIRE everywhere**. The Dead Souls outshooting, outstealthing, outkilling. A tragic sight --

-- one which Hoagy only takes a beat to process, before --

-- he retreats back into the hotel, and we FOLLOW HIM to A BACK DOOR, he breaks out. Pauses. Gets his directions in order --

-- MOVE WITH HOAGY, ducking here, there, **SHOOTING ANYONE IN HIS WAY**. This hellscape impossible to navigate, as we GO TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE - DAY

The cells still empty. The Sheriff's Desk MOVED. Positioned in the middle of the room. And we come around to find --

-- INGRID. Crouched behind the desk, CLUTCHING her rifle alongside **TWO TOWNFOLK**. And for all the mayhem outside, these three are ghostly still. Lying in wait for something...

When. They hear, we see -- THE DOOR SWING OPEN. They tense. Stay low. Out of sight. No one enters. Not at first, when --

-- someone from outside **whistles** into the office. Playful. Teasing. And a MASKED DEAD SOUL ENTERS. **TWO MORE** --

-- **AND FOLLOWED BY OPHELIA**. A beat, before Ingrid and the two townfolk jump to their feet -- **BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM** --

-- **INGRID AND THE TWO TOWNFOLK EXCHANGING GUNFIRE WITH OPHELIA AND THE DEAD SOULS** -- and look. This small space?

The accuracy is impossible. These seven people just opening fire on one another and somehow barely able to hit anyone, until --

-- the townfolk are hit, the two dead souls are hit, and Ingrid drops back behind the desk, **RELOADS**, **SH-CLACK**, takes a beat --

-- when she hears a **CREAK**, gets to her feet, **BLAM** -- hits the doorway, but before she can chamber her rifle again -- **OPHELIA**.

OPHELIA
Alright now, alright.

Back inside. Pistol trained on Ingrid. Rifle trained on Ophelia. And Ophelia takes a step in. Closer. Smiles nice.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You ever been in a duel before,
miss? 'cause I sure ain't ever been
in one like this here.

Ophelia closer. Ingrid tensing. They start to circle each other.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
See, you haven't racked your rifle.
But you've reloaded. And I ain't
gotta rack nothin' -- but you don't
know if I've reloaded. See that?

Ingrid. Terrified in Ophelia's presence, but holding her ground.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Where's Arthur and Val?
(beat)
Where's my father?

And as Ophelia's pistol gets a little too close to Ingrid --

-- SHE SNATCHES INGRID'S RIFLE BARREL. SOCKS HER ACROSS THE FACE. But is immediately thwarted, as -- **BA-WOOOOMMM!!** -- A FUCKING HOLE BLOWS OPEN IN THE CORNER OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE --

-- sending Ophelia and Ingrid to the floor. Ingrid winded. Hurt. While Ophelia only takes a beat to get to her feet. She catches her breath. Casually picks a pistol up from the floor --

-- and she JAMS HER PISTOL INTO INGRID'S MOUTH. A beat. As Ingrid, so clearly not conditioned for such brutal violence.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Where's my father.

Ingrid doesn't answer. So, Ophelia cocks her hammer back--

--**BLAM!**

--but it's OPHELIA WHO TAKES A BULLET TO THE SHOULDER, falls behind the desk -- and we find: **HOAGY IS THE SHOOTER** --

-- marching right on into this scene, ready for a shootout --

-- but as he rounds the desk -- Ophelia's GONE. Somehow, like a fucking ghost, she's darted out the hole in the office wall.

As Hoagy looks to Ingrid. Ingrid looking back at him, furious he's free, barely able to speak, Hoagy stepping to her --

INGRID

You-- you can't--

-- Ingrid can't catch a break, looking up at Hoagy, stubborn.

As Hoagy processes that. All his guilt. When he looks to HIS CELL.

HIS **MAPS**. He grabs them. Stuffs them in his pockets. Moves to Fitz's desk -- rummages through, can't find the fucking keys to his shackles, so, fuck it. He looks to Ingrid. **Gets an idea**.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - OUT BACK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Hoagy on the move now, **BUT BARELY**. INGRID HOISTED OVER HIS SHOULDER, Hoagy awkwardly keeping her in place with his shackled wrists -- but he looks about, **SPOTS A HORSE** --

-- and makes a move for it, when:

BANDIT (O.S.)

HOAGY!!

He stops, spots Bandit charging down an alleyway with his shotgun fucking **TRAINED ON HOAGY**. But Hoagy can see it in Bandit -- **he can't take the shot**, just as --

-- **BAAAA--WWOOOOOOOOOMMMMM** --

-- another EXPLOSION behind Bandit. Way too fucking close.

-- Bandit drops to the ground. Ears ringing. And we look at him a beat -- so much worse for wear. Soot and blood and fuck knows what else. And when he looks back up -- **HOAGY IS GONE**. Fuck.

And Bandit takes a moment here -- to take Harperville in. Multiple fires. Blown out buildings. All may just be fucking lost...

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - OUT BACK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Hoagy darts to the horse, tries to throw Ingrid onto it, but she ends up **FALLING TO THE GROUND**. Nearly impossible with his shackles. But he's desperate. Tries to lift her, when --

--**FWOPFK**.

HOAGY'S JUST BEEN FUCKING KNOCKED OUT COLD -- **BY RASCAL**.

This fucking rascal. Scared to death, unable to believe his fucking luck. Explosions and gunfire distant now, as he struggles to lift Hoagy, toss him over the horse --

-- WHEN INGRID GRABS RASCAL'S PANT LEG. They exchange a look. Rascal getting a little payback. As he shakes her loose, frantic as he climbs on the horse, looks over his shoulder --

-- cannot. believe. his **fucking**. LUCK --

RASCAL
(to horse)
Come on.

-- and just like that, Rascal's out of there. A fading Ingrid watching him shrink away from Harperville, as we go:

EXT. HARPERVILLE - RASCAL'S HORSE - RIDING FUCKING FAST - DAY

CLOSE ON Rascal. Riding with all the anxiety in the world. He pulls out one of his GIN BOTTLES, takes a messy mid-ride-fucking-celebratory-swill -- **leaving Harperville behind him** --

-- as we ANGLE ON an unconscious Hoagy a beat, before: BLACK.

A few beats. Let it all settle. When:

THE BOY (PRE-LAP)
We should have left.

INT. A BURLAP SACK OVER HOAGY'S FUCKING HEAD - LATER - DAY

Hoagy, just barely. Fragmented contours of his face hard to make out. The sun beating hot through this burlap fabric.

THE BOY (O.S.)
Do you see that now?

A beat with the blurred edges of Hoagy.

THE BOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hoagy. *Do you see that?*

But before he can respond, **THE BURLAP BAG IS RIPPED FROM HIS HEAD** --

EXT. SOME LAND SOMEWHERE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- Hoagy wincing in this brutal transition to sunlight, as almost immediately -- he's RIPPED from the horse --

-- **AND STRUNG UP FROM A TREE BY HIS ANKLES**, upside down, swaying in circles, blood rushing to head. When he sees:

SHERIFF FITZ beside him. Also strung up. Also upside down. Unconscious, however. Maybe even finally dead, Hoagy can't be sure.

OPHELIA (O.S.)
What's your name?

Hoagy doesn't answer. Throat like sand. Head like lead. As Ophelia squats down, her amorphous shadow obscured by the sun.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
What is your name?

Hoagy tries to breathe, but, again -- he's fucking upside down.

HOAGY
Bel-- Belmont.

She **SMACKS** him. Holds a beat.

OPHELIA
What. Is your name?

Hoagy looking to her. Doesn't know how else to put it:

HOAGY
Hoagy-- Belmont.

And we finally REVERSE onto a clear view of Ophelia. Her entire origin story no longer making any sense to her. As she notices --

-- **HOAGY'S BURN MARKS**. Instant recognition, the flicker of emotion. She reaches for them, triggering a **GLIMPSE OF A FLASHBACK**:

A CAMPFIRE. A YOUNG GIRL'S HANDS. BURNS ON A MAN'S NECK, the girl's hand reaching for them -- until we ABRUPTLY CUT BACK TO:

OPHELIA. Recalling that distant memory a beat, when:

STANTON (O.S.)
Told us the tunnel.

She looks over her shoulder, finds Stanton **MARCHING FOR RASCAL**.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Third of our camp. Lost. In the tunnel.

Rascal, shaken because guilty, trying to save face:

RASCAL
Th-- th'fuck you goin' on about?

Stanton reaches him, **PUNCHES HIM**, IMMEDIATELY GRABS HIM UP --

STANTON
You told us through the tunnel, right into a fucking ambush--

RASCAL (CONT'D)
--f'fuck's sake, I'm the one that grabbed the old bastard!

-- and Stanton **SOCKS** Rascal silent, throws him to the ground, in an instant, has his **PISTOL** to Rascal's head, ready to pull--

OPHELIA
--Stanton--

-- Stanton looks sharply to Ophelia, a fierce glint in his eye --

STANTON
--got nothing to hear from you.

-- she stops. Looks back to Hoagy, sighs without sighing, as she stands, turns to Stanton, this angry challenger of hers --

STANTON (CONT'D)
Third of our camp. No Arthur. No Val.
Because you let this rodent lead us into a trap. A third. Dead. You thought about that yet?
(beat, looks to Hoagy)
Or too busy with your own business?

Processing his point, she glances at Rascal, back to Stanton --

-- and she puts her hand on a revolver on her belt, COCKS IT. Stanton, smiles incredulous a beat, AND TURNS HIS PISTOL ON HER.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Yeah? **Go on then.**

A beat, before she moves towards him, Stanton unwavering.

OPHELIA
I ain't even sure there's a bullet left in here, Stanton. Just wanted to wake her so she could see this.

She closes their distance. BLOCKS HIS PISTOL. And **SOCKS STANTON ACROSS THE FACE** -- Stanton quick to **SWING BACK** --

-- and just like that, here's a **FUCKING FISTFIGHT**. Improvised and messy, elegant Ophelia up against the monstrous Stanton --

-- the other Dead Souls tensing, unsure whether to interfere --

-- as Stanton **grunts, yells, FURIOUS** -- but Ophelia is **silent as a stone**, moving deftly, absorbing every blow returned to her while not even trying to favor her SHOT FUCKING SHOULDER --

-- until STANTON THROWS A HOOK RIGHT INTO OPHELIA'S ABDOMEN --

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

--*mmoomph*--

-- the first sound she's made this entire ordeal, dropping to a knee, as Stanton, primal, fed up, grabs her by her fucking hair --

-- but Ophelia UNSHEATHES A KNIFE, gives his fingers a quick little SLICE, Stanton *YELPING*, letting go --

-- as OPHELIA KNOCKS ONE OF HIS KNEES OUT, drops him on it, and before he can get to his feet -- **SHE'S ON HERS** --

-- **WITH HER PISTOL TO HIS GODDAMNED HEAD.** And they stop. Panting. Beat to absolute shit. Disappointed in what they've become.

STANTON
Thought no bullets.

OPHELIA
Said I wasn't sure.

STANTON
Mm. You do what you want with that then. They know what you did.

And Ophelia doesn't even have to look at the group. **She can feel their gaze.** So, she lowers her gun. Defeated in spite of victory. As she looks to HOAGY with a glimmer of embarrassment --

-- before she moves to leave.

STANTON (CONT'D)
What about **Rascal**.

And Ophelia stops. **Knows.** Looks to the other Dead Souls, looking back at her to do the right thing. Which is why Rascal tenses.

RASCAL
I didn't-- didn't know about no ambush--

But he was told the tunnel. And that's why **she moves for him.**

RASCAL (CONT'D)
--Ophie--

--**blam**--

And just as quick as we've seen her do it, **OPHELIA HAS SHOT RASCAL IN A KNEE**, dropping him as she closes right on in --

RASCAL (CONT'D)
--!!!opheli!!WAI--

--**BLAM.**

AND SHE HAS SHOT POOR RASCAL RIGHT THROUGH HIS EYE. His frame lurching up stiff, as if to process death. Before he slumps. Gone.

Ophelia looks at his corpse. Because Stanton was right. She let Rascal in. A tough pill as she turns, looks to the group a beat.

OPHELIA
Never said I was anyone's leader.
Only that I'd ever bleed my last
drop for every single one of you.

And she looks to them -- a stark contrast to their response to her previous speech. Her toast for Stanton. Because here, they're worn out. Uncertain. **Frustrated**. And Ophelia nods. Knows.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
This camp's tired. I can't blame
you. But the kinda rest we need. Is
the kind that means disappearing.
(beat)
And disappearing requires a hefty
purse. So, if we wanna make our
move on the 42nd -- if we wanna
move on Fort Horn -- then we've
only got a couple days.
(beat)

Any of you still care to join me, then.

A beat. No protests nor cheers. So, Ophelia moves to leave, when:

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| TONSIL (RE: HOAGY + FITZ) | OPHELIA (CONT'D) --let the sun eat 'em. |
| What do you want with them-- | |

And with that, Ophelia's gone, Stanton watching her, before he turns to look at Hoagy. Still hanging upside down, Hoagy exchanging a look with the angry man -- before Hoagy drifts away.

EXT. HARPERVILLE - LATER - DUSK

The sun falls the color of steel. Smoke twisting through the town, some buildings in rubble, bodies getting cleaned up --

-- as BANDIT moves among it all. Covered in filth. This man defeated, eyes dejected. And he stops as if overwhelmed --

-- to take his hat off, skull top shimmering in the surrounding firelight, this moment of depleted mourning.

INGRID (PRE-LAP)
My father was in dentistry.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BACK IN HARPERVILLE - NIGHT

CLOSE: A PAIR OF FORCEPS. Gelatinous blood clinging to their tips.

INGRID (O.S.)
He never -- quite understood my... political ambitions, sadly, but.

Find Ingrid in a chair. Weak. Exhausted. But her eyes are vibrant.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Though that's not to say he wasn't an encouraging man, no, sir, he was.

Reveal her sleeves rolled up as she regards these forceps with a curious nostalgia, this fond recollection of her father.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 He believed in me. It was nice.

Come around to find BEXTER. Stripped naked, tied to a chair, half-conscious with a gentle stream of blood down his chin.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Which is why I suppose... he thought teaching me a few tricks of the trade might sway my interests.

Ingrid pries Bexter's mouth open with the forceps, revealing THAT MOST OF BEXTER'S TEETH HAVE BEEN YANKED OUT --

-- and we STAY ON INGRID, as she lifts a pair of DENTIST PLIERS, begins to work them around a **TOOTH** in Bexter's mouth, INGRID TWISTING, BEXTER WRITHING, too drained to scream -- as we hear:

crrrrkkkkccckrrkkc--

--PLUNK. INGRID DROPS A TOOTH INTO A TIN BUCKET CONTAINING MANY OF BEXTER'S OTHER TOOTHS, each wrapped in ribbons of blood.

When, behind Ingrid -- Bandit enters. Takes the scene in a beat.

BANDIT
 Can't imagine a man would have a whole lot to say in such a state.

She doesn't look back at him, just stares into her tooth bucket.

INGRID

He had plenty to say.
(beat)

Ophelia's camped on a farm by the
Crestfalls. We'll round up whomever's
left. And ride in the morning. Before
they ride on fucking **Fort Horn...**

Bandit looking to Ingrid a beat, her back still to him,
before he takes a few steps in, gingerly keeps his distance --

-- as Ingrid pries Bexter's mouth back open, goes on digging.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Suppose here's where I concede--
(pauses to twist, YANK)
--tell you we indeed needed the army.

Plunk. The tooth in the tooth bucket, Ingrid nodding to herself.
Before she wipes her hands with a rag, stands --

-- and moves to Bandit. Takes his unfortunate state in, before she
affectionately places a bloodied hand on his face. Warm. Euphoric.

INGRID (CONT'D)

So, I apologize to you, Bandit. I
concede. We did indeed need the
army. But I want you to know --
(beat, smiles, beat)
-- ain't no one in this life know
this pain the way me and you do. You
remember that, you understand?

But Bandit can't look at her. As she smiles warmer, **kisses him.**

INGRID (CONT'D)

Whomever's left. In the morning.

And removes her hand, smearing a streak of Bexter's blood on
Bandit's cheek, leaving him to consider their path forward.

A STRUGGLING VOICE (PRE-LAP)
Gunslinger.

EXT. HOAGY AND FITZ'S TREE - LATER - NIGHT

Hoagy. Unconscious. Burnt out from the sun. Still upside down.

SHERIFF FITZ (O.S.)
Hey. Gunslinger.

Hoagy stirs, struggles to peel his eyes open. And Fitz. Dried
blood spackled, gumming his words out of a bent mouth.

SHERIFF FITZ (CONT'D)
 You took my teeth.

Hoagy ponders that, fighting through dehydration and all the blood in his body being in his skull and whatnot.

HOAGY
Errm-- sure they're around somewhere.

Sheriff Fitz laughs, nice and hoarse.

SHERIFF FITZ
 Do me a favor, will ya. Put in a good word for me with that wretch of a daughter of yours --

Off that, Hoagy looks -- to spot Tonsil and Hone approaching.

SHERIFF FITZ (CONT'D)
 -- I still got a few loose ends I wouldn't mind tying up.

TONSIL
 Which one is he? They look the same.

HONE
 The one on the right, you dumb shit.

Which is when -- Tonsil moves straight to Fitz -- **AND SLITS HIS FUCKING THROAT. Just like that.** And all Hoagy can do --

-- is watch Fitz bleed out. Deadpan as he is. When -- a **SNIP O.S.** Hoagy crumples to the ground. Hone, having cut his rope, lifting Hoagy to his wobbly feet -- and they start to lead him off:

EXT. OPHELIA'S CAMPFIRE - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

CLOSE: OPHELIA'S SHOULDER WOUND. Needle and thread piercing flesh, a haphazard stitching underway. And we come out to find:

Ophelia drinking from her jug, sitting beside a **CAMPFIRE** -- and Torchy at her side, doing the stitching. And judging by the sway in Ophelia's frame, she's been **DRUNK** for quite awhile now.

As her eyes drift reluctantly to Torchy, sensing something in Torchy's silence.

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| OPHELIA | TORCHY |
| Hell, Torchy, if I'm on | --hold still. |
| death's door-- | |

Torchy's curtness jarring. Ophelia steels herself a beat.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Somethin' you wanna say to me.

Torchy stitches a moment, before looking to Ophelia.

TORCHY
We all did know about him. **Rascal.**

Ophelia sits with that. This drink indeed making her too dull to respond. Drunkenly suffocating her anger. So, she drinks more --

-- when she looks ahead, spots Hone approaching with Hoagy, weaving through various campfires -- when they reach Ophelia --

-- and Hone shoves Hoagy to the ground, Ophelia avoiding eye contact with him, wincing as she stares into her fire.

OPHELIA
Took a bullet, Mr. Belmont.

"Mr. Belmont". Because what the hell else. And Hoagy takes his daughter in a beat, all she's become, her intoxication obvious.

HOAGY
'fraid that was me.

Ophelia stops. Torchy stops. Both looking at this brazen bastard. Before Ophelia CHUCKLES dark, pours into a tin cup --

OPHELIA
Well, ain't this just the reunion.

-- and hands the cup to Hoagy. A somehow uninviting offering.

HOAGY
What is it?

OPHELIA
A drink.

He takes it. Hesitates -- before he drinks. And immediately **CHOKES**, COUGHS. A booze burn unlike this old man has ever had.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Take you places if you let it.

Hoagy doesn't know what that means. Torchy finishes with a snip --

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Obliged, Torch.

-- but Torchy doesn't respond, stealing a stern look at Hoagy as she leaves. Ophelia drinks, Hoagy looks her over -- her scar.

HOAGY OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Happened to your ear-- --I wanna ask you why.

Hoagy stops. A firm reminder that this is Ophelia's show tonight.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Why so-- **elaborate** like that. A lie.

She stops, gaze lost in that fire. This whole ordeal unimaginable.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
But I'm not sure I care enough.
Hell, not sure I **should** care at all.

When she looks to Hoagy. Her eyes falling serious. **Fucking dark** --

-- as she unholsters a PISTOL -- AND POINTS IT AT HIM, struggling to keep it level, her aim swaying with one eye open.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You loved your wife, yeah?

And Hoagy, plenty of guns have been in this man's face, but... this situation is certainly unique.

HOAGY
Wha--

--cr-click.

OPHELIA
--my mother. Your wife. You loved her.

Hoagy. Not exactly one to wear his heart on his sleeve, but:

HOAGY
More than anything.

OPHELIA

Hoagy, confused, as Ophelia leans forward as much as she can.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
-- describe the **hurt** I saw in her
eyes. As she stood beside your
fraud of a grave.

A long beat. Hoagy unable to find those words -- because words like those don't fucking exist. He knows it. And Ophelia knows it.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
A hurt like fucking fire. And, so,
what do I do with you then? Hm?
(MORE)

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Shoot you here? Drag you behind my
 horse? Maybe string you back up in
 that tree, let the wolves nip at
 you, th'hell do I do?

Ophelia pushes her pistol towards him, as if convincing herself to shoot. Before she stops. Stumbles it back into its holster.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Bandit tell you what I did to him?

HOAGY
 Yeah.

OPHELIA
Yeah.

She takes a long, defeated drink. Shifts a beat.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Boy, hell, a man's **family** like
 that? His children, I just--

She pauses. Sharing more than what's comfortable.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 --th'hell's that make me.

Hoagy watches her struggle with that. Something resonating in him.

HOAGY
 Makes you a Belmont.

And Ophelia stops a good long fucking while at that one, clocking the shame of his own legacy in his eyes.

OPHELIA
 It true what they say you did?

Hoagy doesn't answer, hides in a drink, Ophelia watching him.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Hmph. I bet it does hurt like that--

HOAGY
 --the woman back there. The mayor. Her
 husband was a Pinkerton. Walter Keller.
 One of the ones that took Edwin.
 (beat)

They were... corrupt as the sun's
 hot. Held him for ransom, but the
 ransom was... they wanted us to rob
 a stagecoach. **Kill** a Union officer
 in the process.

(MORE)

HOAGY (CONT'D)

But it was a trap, of course. Shot
our way out, found where Edwin was,
but... by the time I got to him--

EXT. THAT DENSE SNOWY FOREST FROM OUR OPENING - DAY

And we're behind Hoagy, **RIDING LIKE HELL THROUGH THIS SNOW.**

EXT. THE LOPSIDED SHACK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The shack. But here, everything is lucid. Nothing's a dream.
As Hoagy storms up to the shack, hops off his horse, and --

INT. THE LOPSIDED SHACK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- a BOY. **EDWIN BELMONT.** 15. Tied to a chair that's fallen on its back -- **with a gunshot wound in his head.** Just a beat, before:

INT. BACK WITH OPHELIA & HOAGY - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Hoagy. Recalling that day clearly here. Ophelia considering that.

HOAGY

So, Bandit and me. Hunted 'em down,
every last one of 'em.

OPHELIA

And the Keller boys?

Hoagy stops at that. Conflicted by this terrible memory.

HOAGY

They -- came out with rifles. There was
only -- only one thing I could do.

Except. It wasn't just one thing. And Hoagy knows that.

OPHELIA

I only -- only knew him as a girl, but
even then -- it's like I understood it
in my heart. How pure Edwin was. **Pure.**
Boy wasn't no outlaw. Didn't belong
riding with you.

(beat)

And bringing him in like you did?

That's where you really betrayed her.

Hoagy nods, looks to the fire, considers these years.

HOAGY
Reckon it is.

Ophelia looks back out at the camp a beat, takes a complicated drink, watching The Dead Souls pretend not to be watching them.

OPHELIA
This how it felt for you?
(off his look)
The end?

Ophelia smiles sad, a lone drunken tear streaming down her cheek, this tragic longing as her tonic takes full effect.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
'cause I've seen the world end, Mr. Belmont. Seen it -- fall away. Piece by piece. Leaving me a dweller of this hell. But, see, even then, it's -- it's never felt like this. Not like losing everything. Losing them.

She looks to A **CLUSTER** OF DEAD SOULS around a campfire -- as a **DRUMMING** BEGINS TO BOOM ON THE HORIZON. As if something were coming -- as we ANGLE ON HOAGY, looking to his **BOOTS**, where --

-- **BLOOD** dribbles down his ankles, pooling around his feet, Ophelia's tonic officially doing its thing -- as Ophelia watches:

The Dead Souls. Their bodies **ELONGATE**, stretching high towards that ink, their hues shifting, **HEADS MELTING** to form a **BODY** --

-- torsos striking downward into the shape of spindly legs, the cluster of them now twisted, shifting -- to form a **MASSIVE SPIDER** --

-- this **DEAD SOULS ARACHNID**, toggling between various dull fluorescent colors -- and Ophelia. Processing this omen --

-- while Hoagy's feet -- the **BLOOD POOLS LARGER**, startling him, but he can't react. As that **DRUMMING GETS LOUDER** -- and we **CUT TO**:

EXT. THE LOPSIDED SHACK - DAY

Hoagy. Approaching this lopsided shack again. As we PULL BACK, FIND A GROUP OF NINE **HORSEMEN**, Hoagy making his way through them --

-- and he's confused, struck with emotions we've yet to see from this stoic, silent man: **Angst. Dread. DESPAIR.** As we ARM AROUND --

-- to the HORSEMEN behind Hoagy. They're OUTLAWS on horseback, yes, but each bizarrely donning **THE GROTESQUE FACES OF GOBLINS**.

But Hoagy pays them no mind. His focus is solely on the shack.

HOAGY
I'm here, I'm... I'm looking--?

Hoagy stammering, falling short of his words, before:

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 --looking for my boy.

No response from anything anywhere. Hoagy speaking into a void.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 Have you seen him--?

Which is when -- *fwum-fwum. fwum-fwum. fwum-fwum.*

THE BEATING OF WINGS. Distant, but incoming. Closer. *fwum-fwum. fwum-fwum. fwum-fwum.* **And CLOSER.** *fwum-fwum. fwum-fwum* -- **FWÖMPF.**

A **GARGOYLE**. Landing HARD on the shack's roof. Perching itself with intent. Hoagy freezing at this otherworldly, horrifying sight.

Its beady eyes vacant. Smoke escapes its every limb in perpetually extinguished flames, bathed in this harsh winter light while still somehow draped in shadow. And in ITS HANDS: SOMETHING **FLOPS**.

And the Gargoyle's JAWS **TEAR** AT IT LIKE A **LOOSE SACK OF MEAT** --

-- as Hoagy steps cautiously, realizing -- it's a flailing **CORPSE**. This ghoul tugging at it like a steak. Noshing. **FEEDING**.

And Hoagy. Tears in his eyes. **Understands** what he's seeing.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 Have you seen my son.

But the Gargoyle simply continues with its meal.

Hoagy watching in horror.

When:

STANTON (**O.S.**)
 Heh. You know, all these years --

He looks to find STANTON, atop one of the horses, lighting a cigarette real cowboy style. Puffing as he regards the gargoyle.

STANTON (CONT'D)
 -- always figured I was way more
 a father to her than you ever
 coulda been--

EXT. THE DEAD SOULS TRANSIT CAMP - THE NEXT MORNING

--and Hoagy's eyes **SNAP OPEN**. Exasperated from that little trip. Half his face, his body twisted in some slick **mud**.

STANTON (O.S.)
Felt a sorta pride --

Reveal Stanton sitting with his knees up. Smoking his cigarette.

STANTON (CONT'D)
-- that maybe I taught that Pistol
Whipper everything she knows.

Hoagy groggily follows Stanton's line of sight -- to find Ophelia. This "Pistol Whipper" eating breakfast on a felled tree.

STANTON (CONT'D)
But, boy did I realize a thing or
two. Can't teach bad blood loyalty.

Stanton nods to himself. Spits. Looks to Hoagy, smiles dark.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Curious -- why the "Blood River
Gang"? Th'hell did that mean?

Hoagy doesn't respond, still trying to snap out of it. Stanton clocks that, smiles, *as to be expected*, so he continues:

STANTON (CONT'D)
She tell you why we call ourselves
"The Dead Souls"?

This cocky hound, looking to Hoagy expectantly.

STANTON (CONT'D)
'cause sometimes, ain't no one with a
soul can do what truly **needs** to be
done. Hell, you oughta know that.

And that finally prompts Hoagy to glare at this cretin.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Things they say you did? Whew.

Stanton shrugs a beat, considers the potential nuance:

STANTON (CONT'D)
Suppose ain't never had children
myself, but. Can certainly understand
why a man'd be more than happy
shedding some blood in their name--

HOAGY
--nothing happy about it.

Stanton, taken aback he finally got the slightest response. Considers all he knows about Hoagy, as he flicks his cigarette --

STANTON
Well. Any consolation? It is true
the things they've said she's done.

-- and Stanton rises. Looks down at Hoagy.

STANTON (CONT'D)
Just ain't sure what of it ever
needed to be.

And Stanton leaves Hoagy with that -- as Hoagy looks to find Ophelia, clocking their exchange, concerned in her own way.

EXT. THE DEAD SOULS TRANSIT CAMP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Ophelia looks to find Hoagy approaching, half-caked in mud. She looks him up and down a beat. Chews. Nods.

OPHELIA
Yeah. Ol' Martha's Shine will do that
to ya. Heavens, I miss that woman.

Hoagy pauses, doesn't know who Martha is. Doesn't need to.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Get some breakfast. Have a seat.

Hoagy fills a tin cup with stew out of a pot suspended over a nearby fire. He sits next to Ophelia on the felled tree.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Boy, they did you wrong, didn't they?
To think you almost got to die alone.
You were alone, weren't you?

Hoagy looks to the campfire, where beside it, stands **THE BOY**. He exchanges a look with him, a strange moment. Out of place.

HOAGY
Nothing but me and the words of my youth.

And that's when we ANGLE ON The Boy. **Hoagy's youth.** Hoagy regarding him here, tormented by this visage of his past.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 Telling me where I'd go wrong.
 Where I went wrong. Preparing me to
 go to hell on my own terms.

Ophelia looks to him. His words resonating, sure, but:

OPHELIA
 This camp here... only family I've
 ever truly known. And I -- I let
 them down, I did. Chasing answers
 that I ain't sure I needed.

Hoagy sits with that one. Because "answers" = Hoagy.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 And a buncha them got killed
 coming for you, Mr. Belmont.

A beat with Ophelia as she considers what she just said.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 And if I'm being honest, I can't
 rightly be sure it was worth it.
 (beat)
 So, I'm gonna need you to make it
 worth it. To move on The 42nd
 Regiment and to do it right, we're
 gonna have to split up --

HOAGY
 -- the 42nd Regiment?

OPHELIA
 You can catch up on your own time,
 Mr. Belmont, but my point is that I
 ain't sure I can trust 'em.

As Ophelia looks to Stanton and Tonsil, conversing as they side-eye Ophelia and Hoagy, nothing looking good about it.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 You asked me what happened to my ear.

She pulls a piece of paper, unfolds it to reveal the **PHOTOGRAPH OF DUNCAN FRANK**, tosses it to Hoagy.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 That man there -- that man took it.
 Right at our kitchen table with a
 very dull blade. Said it was
payment. For a debt of mother's.
 (beat)
 A debt that didn't exist.
 (MORE)

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Right before I then watched him take
 mother out the home you built. Shoot
 her right in the back of the head,
 and all because... why?

Hoagy processing that turn, as Ophelia looks back to Stanton.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 I ain't about to let Stanton out of my
 sight. So, when we split up, I'm gonna
 need you to keep an eye on Tonsil.

Ophelia sets her bowl aside, stands. Looks to him a beat.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 'fraid you're going to hell on
my terms now, Mr. Belmont. Hope
 that sits alright with you.

And she tosses him a **BELT WITH PISTOLS**.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 Pick a horse. We ride within the hour.

And with that, she leaves. And from there, we kick into a:

EXT. ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT COUNTRY OF OURS - DAY/NIGHT/COSMOS

MONTAGE. Find ourselves BEHIND HOAGY once again, riding slow and fast. As he looks over at -- OPHELIA. Riding alongside him -- -- and she doesn't look back to him. She just rides. The Dead Souls all charging behind them, a **STORM** distant on the horizon.

And in **HARPERVILLE**. Here's Ingrid. Dressed to ride far. Rifle in hand, travel bag on her back, as she loads up her horse -- -- and looks to Bandit. Putting his hat on, covering up that skull top, before joining what remains of the Harperville Posse.

A NOT-SO-BEAUTIFUL SINGING VOICE (PRE-LAP)
O, they call me Hanging John-nie /

EXT. THE 42ND REGIMENT'S CAMP - LATER - NIGHT

And CLOSE: **A DRUNKEN SOLDIER OF THE U.S. ARMY**, hoisting a flask, singing another shanty, jolly as all jolly can be.

DRUNKEN SOLDIER
*/ a-away-ay aye-all / but I never
 hanged nobody / so hang, boys, hang /*

"HANGING JOHNNY". And surrounding this crooning patriot is a **CLUSTER OF OTHER DRUNKEN SOLDIERS.** Joining in when prompted.

DRUNKEN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
/ o, they say I hanged me granny /

FUCKING EVERYONE
A-AWAY-AY AYE-ALL!!

Come out to find tents nestled in this **FOREST**. Fires. **SOLDIERS** mulling about. Their uniforms dusty, worn, their journey's been long, but a celebratory tone signals the end is in sight.

And they're thinning for the night. Soldiers retiring to tents, collapsing on cots and/or blankets on the ground.

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEARBY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The soldiers' camp distant through the trees from here.

DRUNKEN SOLDIER (O.S.) / *they say I hang for mon-ey* / FUCKING EVERYONE (O.S.) / **A-AWAY-AY AYE-ALL!!** /

OPHELIA. HOAGY. TONSIL. STANTON; quietly watching the army camp.

OPHELIA
We stick to the plan then.

And we come out further, find the remaining Dead Souls amassed behind them. **waiting...** As we **JUMP AHEAD TO:**

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEARBY - LATER - NIGHT

The Dead Souls **SPLITTING UP**. Heading off through the trees. **TORCHY** leading one group -- as we ANGLE ON Hoagy --

OPHELIA (V.O.)
Four groups.

-- he exchanges a look with Ophelia, before she heads off with Stanton -- and Hoagy with Tonsil and Hone, some others.

EXT. 42ND REGIMENT'S CAMP - WITH HOAGY - LATER - NIGHT

The Soldiers' camp quiet now. No one sings. Only a few drunken stragglers remain. And on the edges of their campsite --

OPHELIA (V.O.)
We flank their camp from every corner.

-- **THE DEAD SOULS ON THE MOVE.** Mere shadows, until we angle on Hoagy. Moving with Hone and Tonsil, until Tonsil halts them.

OPHELIA (V.O.)
Silent as stones. And wait for my whistle.

-- and they stop, wait. Hoagy clocking Hone, Tonsil.

EXT. 42ND REGIMENT'S CAMP - WITH OPHELIA - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

Ophelia, Stanton, **some others** moving through these woods, when Ophelia slows, noticing -- TORCHY up ahead. Her SNIPER RIFLE slung over her back, **waiting for them here...**

OPHELIA
 Torch --?

Torchy with a pained expression, the kind where something unpleasant needed to be agreed upon -- and off Ophelia --

WITH HOAGY

-- as Tonsil stealthily positions himself **behind** Hoagy, while Hoagy, eyes on Hone ahead -- because Hone is not only putting a hand on his **KNIFE HILT**, but he's fucking **TREMBLING. NERVOUS** --

WITH OPHELIA

-- and right as Ophelia is realizing something is very wrong, that Torch is isn't responding to her -- **STANTON FUCKING WHISTLES** --

-- Ophelia confused, frustrated. **She** was supposed to whistle and not this fucking soon -- but this all happens so fast, as we see:

EXT. 42ND REGIMENT CAMP - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

DEAD SOULS EMERGE FROM THE DARK. Nimble, silent, advancing on SOLDIERS asleep or drunk or both -- **AND SLICING THEIR THROATS** --

WITH OPHELIA

-- AS A KNIFE IS DRIVEN INTO OPHELIA'S BACK. She **GASPS**, stumbles right into Torch, **WHO DRIVES ANOTHER INTO HER ABDOMEN** --

-- AND **STANTON ARMS OPHELIA'S THROAT, SUBDUIING HER.**

STANTON
 Hush now, Ophelia. Hush...

Torchy stepping in front of Ophelia, bloodied knife in hand, looking Ophelia over -- this is sad, **but necessary** --

WITH HOAGY

-- just as Hoagy watches Hone -- **PULL HIS KNIFE, WHIPS AROUND, but HOAGY GRABS HONE'S BLADE WRIST** -- AS TONSIL WRAPS A HANDKERCHIEF AROUND HOAGY'S THROAT, **STARTS TO STRANGLE** --

-- but Hoagy, fluid old bastard, **YANKS+TWISTS ON HONE'S WRIST** --

-- AND KICKS OUT HONE'S ANKLE, **FREEING HONE'S FUCKING KNIFE**, HOAGY WITH HONE'S BLADE NOW -- **THAT HE DRIVES INTO TONSIL'S EYE** --

-- **AND HOAGY RETRIEVES THE BLADE JUST AS QUICK AS HE USED IT**, and Tonsil doesn't even scream. He just freezes, drops, as Hoagy --

-- with another whip and a **SHUMPF** -- has brought the blade around, **RIGHT INTO HONE'S THROAT**. No time to waste with these jesters.

Hoagy takes a beat, catching his breath. Before realizing:

HOAGY
Ophelia...

So, he SNATCHES UP TONSIL'S RIFLE, **AND RUNS**.

WITH OPHELIA

She struggles. Incapacitated. Stab wounds + Stanton's grip.

STANTON
Think back to it now, Ophelia.
Think back. That morning in the
forest. Sweet girl you were.
Troubled girl. All you needed was
the right path. And we tried, good
hell, did we try. But --

And Stanton holds on this, feeling Ophelia fade in his arms.

STANTON (CONT'D)
-- you never could let your **soul** die.

And Stanton places the blade to Ophelia's throat, when--

--BLAM.

A BULLET GOES RIGHT THROUGH STANTON'S SHOULDER.

Stanton and Torchy whipping to spot -- **HOAGY. COMING FOR THEM.**

BLAM. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. BLAM.

Stanton and Torchy scatter, **RETURNING FIRE**, but ambushed, as --

EXT. 42ND REGIMENT CAMP - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

-- a **CORPORAL** erupts from his tent, **ON ALERT NOW**, the gunfire in the distance, when he sees: **A DEAD SOUL STABBING A DRUNK SOLDIER.**

SOLDIER
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!! WAKE U--

--**BLAM!** A gunshot right in the heart of this soldier, dropping him. But the point is -- **no more silence. GUNS ARE FAIR GAME NOW -- WHICH MEANS CHAOS FUCKING ERUPTS, AS:**

WITH OPHELIA

Hoagy drops down to Ophelia, her gaze distant, but she's **PANICKED**. Gripping for his face, in shock, severely wounded, death soon.

HOAGY
Ophelia, *Ophelia* --

OPHELIA
-- *I'emrmpf* --

But she can't form any fucking words. Just desperate to hang onto Hoagy, bad shape so very fast -- no way she's making it. And here --

-- is where Hoagy pauses. Just a beat. As he regards this young woman's dying eyes -- his **daughter's** dying eyes, but --

-- now is not the time to process such a thing. So:

HOAGY (CONT'D)
Alright, come on, **COME ON.**

Hoagy hoists her up onto his shoulders, **AND HE RUNS FOR IT --**

-- while **CHAOS** all around them in this camp, Hoagy making for a **HORSE**, throws Ophelia over it, **HOPS ON, AND FUCKING RIDES --**

-- **BLAM! SH-CLACK. BLAM! SH-CLACK. BLAM! --**

-- Hoagy huffing, turns to see **TORCHY SHOOTING AFTER HIM** with her rifle -- as we ANGLE ON Torchy, **taking careful aim... BLAM!**

-- AND THAT FUCKING SHOT **HITS HOAGY IN THE BACK**, he crumples forward, but just when we think he might be going down, **HE WHIPS AROUND**, and with merely a fucking **SIX-SHOOTER --**

-- **BLAM.** From such a goddamned distance, **HE'S SHOT TORCHY IN THE FUCKING THROAT.** A knee. Shock, choking, sudden regret. And before she can reach for her wound, **she falls.** A goner.

EXT. 42ND REGIMENT CAMP - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

And we move through the chaos of this battle, The Dead Souls so easily taking these drunken, off-guard soldiers down --

-- while on the horizon, a distant THUNDERHEAD comes to life, an electric sky, as HOAGY RIDES FAST FROM THIS BETRAYAL.

EXT. A NIGHT'S RIDE AWAY - MUCH FUCKING LATER - DAWN

The sun peeks pretty over the horizon. Dawn breaking. As we PULL BACK -- to reveal we're outside of THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE --

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

-- pull back further through a window, find AMOS. Looking out at the horizon where, as if Amos expected it, A HORSE APPEARS.

EXT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

Come to find Hoagy, exhausted, right as -- **HE COLLAPSES INTO: BLACK.**

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - LATER - DAY

The Holmes' **FIREPLACE**. As someone removes **A BRANDING IRON** from the flames, an **H** glowing as red hot as hot can glow.

CLOSE: The branding iron **PRESSES TO OPHELIA'S STAB WOUNDS**. Hissing, searing, branding and cauterizing all the same.

CLOSE: The branding iron **PRESSES TO HOAGY'S GUNSHOT WOUND**.

CLOSE: Hoagy, half-conscious. Watching Amos' blurred figure maneuvering about. Taking us back to -- **BLACK**. Before:

INT. THE BEDROOM OF A HOME - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Somewhere we've never been, as through a **WINDOW** --

-- another **RIDER** appears on another horizon.

Find a **BOY** at a desk. 15. Inquisitive soul. Watching this arrival.

AUGUSTA (O.S.)
Edwin? Your father's home.

EDWIN BELMONT. Alive. Watching this rider get closer to the house.

EXT. THE BELMONT RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

THE PORCH. Edwin steps out to find Hoagy. Seated with a whiskey, a smoke. He smiles the stern smile of a father at Edwin.

HOAGY
Son. Sit.

And Hoagy, old enough where we can recognize him, but far more regal than we've ever known him. In his absolute **prime**.

Edwin sits. As Hoagy looks out at that horizon contemplatively. Licking the end of his smoke, enjoying it. As he nods to himself.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
You know what's in a name, Edwin?
(off Edwin's look)
Legacy.

Hoagy's demeanor here a stark contrast to how we've known it.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
I don't -- plan on climbing off my horse no time soon, but. It **will** be up to you how long this country knows our name. You understand that? Because when I'm gone?

Hoagy grows suddenly conflicted. As on the horizon -- the **BOY**. Standing by a tree. Watching Hoagy and Edwin.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
Ain't gonna be nothing but dust. And you'll have to decide -- how to take that dust. And rebuild with it.

And with that, Hoagy's concentration is broken from the Boy, as he looks to the floor, grabs something, hands it to Edwin --

-- reveal: A **GUN BELT**. Two **SIX-SHOOTERS**. Both Hoagy and Edwin contemplating them, before Edwin takes them, as we **SNAP TO**:

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hoagy STARTLES awake. Finds himself sprawled on the floor before the Holmes' fireplace. Takes a moment, when --

BEATRICE (O.S.)
She's breathing. In her, uh... "room".

-- he looks to find Beatrice in her chair. Eyes on the fire.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You're fortunate. Took a horse that
they took from us. Knew its way home.

Hoagy struggles to a knee.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Amos would fancy a drink with you.

And through the window. Amos' frame on the porch. A puff of
smoke dying in the night air. And off Hoagy --

EXT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

-- Hoagy steps onto the porch. Favoring his wounded side. Not
even close to 100%, but he's on his feet.

AMOS HOLMES

Y'all are branded with my iron rest of
your days, but. Wasn't no other way.

Hoagy looks to Amos, before he sits. Amos pours him some
whiskey, Hoagy drinks it. Nice to have some normal booze again.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

Reckon you don't remember me.

HOAGY

No, but. Have yet to meet someone I
haven't wronged, so I can imagine.

AMOS HOLMES

(nods, drinks)

My brother. Was one of the men captured
your son. Before you killed him.

HOAGY

You're a Keller?

AMOS HOLMES

No. Holmes. But heard about the Keller
boys though. And my brother was no
saint, I know. Crooked man, but...

Amos trails. Because brother. And at this point, all Hoagy
can do is nod. Learning of his damage becoming commonplace.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

I was a pastor damn near two decades and
a third after the war. Walked my brother
and the Kellers to the gates myself.

Amos drinks good at that bittersweet recollection.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

Man of God I am, but, Lord. Never
imagined I could want blood the way
I wanted yours.

(beat)

Is why when I heard the rumors you
were alive? I retired my collar. Put
together a posse of boys from my
unit. Came looking for you.

Amos drinks. Smiles as if he's impressed.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

But you stayed a ghost. And we hung it
up. I started this here farm, and lo
and behold, wasn't years later, I
thought: ain't no way the good Lord
wasn't testing me by sending her here.

Hoagy considers the odds of Ophelia crossing paths with Amos.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

People in town love to say -- she's
far worse than her daddy, but. To
me? Wouldn't be who she is weren't
for her Daddy. You understand?

Hoagy. Exhausted. Sips. Yeah. Understands.

HOAGY

Coulda just left us for dead up there
then. Even get yourself a bounty.

Amos drinks. Because Amos knows that. But he's got a point:

AMOS HOLMES

Far be it from me to rob a man of one
last chance at his atonement.

Hoagy looks to Amos -- atonement?

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

Especially when it's only a
staircase away.

And Amos gives a Hoagy a very fucking knowing look.

AMOS HOLMES (CONT'D)

Your gun belt's on the table. You could
remedy your demons with one squeeze.

Hoagy, incredulous, but numb. Drinks, as he looks out.

HOAGY

Most folks'd string you up from your own tree, suggesting something like that. A man killin' his own daughter.

Amos smiles. Because yeah.

AMOS HOLMES

You ain't most folks, Hoagy Belmont.

And off Hoagy -- Amos making a little too much sense here...

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Hoagy lifts his GUN BELT from the table. Hefts it a beat. Before he looks up that staircase...

HOAGY (PRE-LAP)

You asked me how it felt.

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - OPHELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

And here's Ophelia. Pale. Gaunt. Stirring awake -- to find Hoagy in a chair in the corner of the room.

HOAGY

(off her look)

The end.

(beat)

Blood River Gang, we. Took that name as a superstition. Told ourselves, the blood on our hands? Wash it off in a river and we'd start anew. Each and every time.

(beat)

Most foolish belief I ever did have. Until what I did to Edwin: That life was my life -- and I believed it was up to him to carry on the Belmont name.

Hoagy rotates one of his pistols in his hand. Longingly.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

But you saw what I ignored. It wasn't that he was clumsy with a pistol. Wasn't that he couldn't learn his way 'round a saddle.

(beat)

He was pure.

Hoagy's gaze grows distant. This vulnerability foreign to him.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

Horrid truth is -- I saw Edwin in those boys' eyes. But I still squeezed my trigger. When I coulda just... I guess I thought --

(beat)

-- that so long as there were rivers in this land, I could keep Satan at bay. But, that's what I --

(beat)

-- what changed, I guess, I... after Edwin. Must've washed my hands half a thousand times in twice as many rivers, but there was no cleansing.

(beat)

There was no atoning for what I'd done.

Hoagy. This confession to a guilt far greater than sin.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

It's why I thought you and your mother'd be safer. Thought if the world believed I had met my end, then maybe the Belmont name might still stand a chance. But.

And Hoagy trails a beat, the thought still nice and all.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

They're right when they call me a coward. Been too afraid to put a pistol in my mouth, but figured I could at least live with my shame instead of pay for my sins.

Ophelia takes that in a beat. Smiles sad to herself.

OPHELIA

Then you've seen the world
end, too--

HOAGY (CONT'D)

--th'hell do you always say
that for?

She stops, no one ever having questioned her about it.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

About the world ending.

Ophelia slows as she props herself up. Chuckles pained.

OPHELIA

Most times just something to say to someone before I send them on their way. Make 'em feel they ain't gonna be missing much in this life.

And Hoagy watches as that pained chuckle turns into something dark, fierce. As she truly starts to reflect on it here.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 But I **have** seen it end. It ended with you. It ended with mother in that field. It ended in that card house --
 (beat)
 -- it ended with every drop of blood since.

Ophelia. Coming to a resolve here. Rage, pain, sorrow.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
 I ain't ever had no rivers, Mr. Belmont. Just a Colt in my hand and every goddamned **reason** in my heart--

--**cr-CLICK.** Ophelia interrupted -- **BY HOAGY COCKING HIS GUN.**

HOAGY
 Tryin' to say: This world don't need no more killing from a Belmont. **Our name.** Deserves to fade. **Needs** to.

Ophelia pauses, puzzled by that one. As Hoagy tries to push to:

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 For the all that's left of what so little is good in this world.
 (beat)
 s'why I'm giving you a choice.

He hesitates, rotating the pistol in his hand.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
 I **end** our name right here. With you. Then I head back to my spot, hell on my own terms, just like I said. **OR:**
 (beat)
 You come with me. Spend the last of your days taking in the quiet this world has to offer. Hell on **our** terms.
 (beat)
 But I'd need your word, Ophelia.
 That you can leave it behind you.
 That we can be on our way.

Ophelia looking at Hoagy, this ultimatum of his a tough one. As she forces a smile, looks to that distorted reflection of hers.

OPHELIA

I ain't -- sure where I just was.
If I was dreaming, or -- the steps
of hell, it ain't clear.

She pulls her POCKET WATCH from around her neck. Opens it.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Only thing clear is -- I gave them
my everything. My every ounce. But
that camp never truly was mine.

And Ophelia snaps the pocket watch closed -- and extends it to Hoagy. A beat. He takes it, curious. Opens it, and we finally get to see: a PHOTO of AUGUSTA inside, opposite the clock --

-- and Hoagy. Reacting to the image of his wife.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Gave it to me on my birthday. Last
one before she died. And I always
believed, so long as I kept her by my
heart -- then she'd keep me alive.

(beat)

Maybe it's time she do the same
for you.

And for what might be the first time in one hundred fucking pages -- Hoagy smiles. Small. Faint. But it's there.

HOAGY

Then what'll you do?

OPHELIA

I'm with you now.

Hoagy looks to her a beat. These two reaching an agreement.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

You put that watch around your
neck -- then you have my word.

Hoagy reads her a beat -- before he holsters his pistol. Takes a long look at the pocket watch -- and puts it on.

And Hoagy. Feeling the weight of Augusta. He looks to Ophelia.

HOAGY

The morning then.

OPHELIA

The morning.

A beat. Before Hoagy leaves her to the end of her road here.

EXT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The porch. Hoagy finds Amos with his whiskey. Didn't hear any gunshot. As Hoagy sits, resumes his drink a long beat, before:

HOAGY

Ain't gonna ask you to forgive me.
Not when I can't forgive myself.
(beat)
You and me might just have a different
understanding of atonement, pastor.

Amos nods, fixated on the horizon as if he weren't listening.

AMOS HOLMES

Not in the face of all the perils in
this world -- has my faith ever been
shaken. And tonight? It tells me that
before you breathe your last breath?
(beat)
You and me will come to understand
it all the same.

Hoagy considering that, as Amos refills his cup. Before he looks back to the evening horizon, as we PUSH IN on it -- where it would almost appear that a **FIRE** is starting. Deep, far, intense. Until:

THE BOY (PRE-LAP)

Hoagy.

INT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Hoagy startles awake again. Finds himself on a shabby little COT. But there is no Boy here. Something's off. **Very off**. The house quiet, a faint commotion outside. Unsettling.

INT. OPHELIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Hoagy finds Ophelia's door ajar. Takes a beat -- before he PUSHES IT OPEN -- FINDS **BANDIT**. Sitting in the chair --

-- and Hoagy, **instantly PULLS A PISTOL**, except -- **SHK-RK**. One of Bandit's POSSE MEMBERS, in the corner with a **SHOTGUN**.

As Bandit looks to **A PIECE OF PAPER** in his hands. Reads from it.

BANDIT

*Mr. Belmont. I can't feel right
about going to hell -- without
seeing their world end first.*

And Bandit, this man ready for war, levels his eyes at Hoagy.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
Signed, Ophelia.

He lets the paper drift to Hoagy's feet. As Hoagy picks it up. Reads it for himself, Bandit watching him.

BANDIT (CONT'D)
You know why we all rode behind
you, Hoagy? Me and the others?
(beat)
Was a hell of a thing to read about
ourselves like that: **HOAGY BELMONT**
AND THE BLOOD RIVER GANG. Made a man
feel some sorta deeper reason to
exist. A purpose. That you gave us.
(beat)
And I always thought if I was ever
gonna be so unfortunate as to one
day see you hang -- that it'd be
from the looking point of hanging
right by your side. Like it was
always supposed to be, yeah?
(beat)
But afraid she don't see it that way.

And in an instant, a **ROPE LOOPS AROUND HOAGY'S NECK** by **INGRID**,
SUDDENLY BEHIND HOAGY, **TIGHTENING THE ROPE FUCKING TIGHT** --

INGRID
Morning, Hoagy.

-- and **INGRID KICKS HOAGY DOWN THE STAIRS**, the length of rope
trailing behind him in Ingrid's hands.

Hoagy thrashing, barely getting air, head filling with blood --
-- as Ingrid calmly steps down after him, moves past Hoagy --

EXT. THE HOLMES FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

-- and she proceeds to **DRAG HOAGY FROM THE HOUSE** by his fucking
NECK, she hands the rope off -- and places her RIFLE to Hoagy's
head, the remnants of her Harperville Posse surrounding them.

INGRID
Tighten that rope for me, will ya? I
want this monster's head filled as much
as possible before I squeeze here.

Hoagy looks to find AMOS and BEATRICE, bound on their knees.

HOAGY

They ain't-- ain't do nothin'.

INGRID

Aiding and abetting fugitives of the law ain't nothing. And they told us -- you brought her back here. Nursed her back to health, that right?

HOAGY

I-- I know where she's going.

INGRID

Hell, I know where she's going, Hoagy. And I know where you're going, too.

SHK-CLACK -- Ingrid RACKS her rifle, as--

HOAGY

--**SHE BROKE HER WORD.**

Ingrid stops. Hoagy, by some miracle, squeezing out an outburst.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

She broke her word.

He looks to Bandit with a desperation we've yet to see from him.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

Same way you did.

Bandit absorbs that a beat. Can't deny Hoagy here.

HOAGY (CONT'D)

You owe me-- owe me this chance to...

INGRID

You ran outta chances long ago.

But Hoagy looks over -- **AND LOCKS EYES WITH AMOS.**

HOAGY

...to atone. A chance to atone...

And Ingrid looks to Bandit a beat. While, with that, we **HEAD TO:**

EXT. A TRAIL SOMEWHERE - DUSK

The sun's dropping, as we're following behind -- **THE 42nd REGIMENT**. What's left of them marching along this trail. As we ANGLE ON these men, most with the expressions of PRISONERS --

-- but among them, we find: DEAD SOULS -- **STANTON**. All in army uniforms, rounding a bend to behold a **MASSIVE STRUCTURE**.

A cross between **THE ALAMO** and a fucking **CASTLE**. Medieval in spirit, rooted in Americana, its aspirations grandiose --

-- this, finally, is **FORT HORN**. A sprawling army base nestled in these wooded hills. Still under construction, as we've heard.

And as the 42nd Regiment approaches the **MAIN GATE**, a **TRUMPET SOUNDS**. Stanton peering up to spot **SOLDIERS** in **WATCH TOWERS**.

INT. FORT HORN - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

CLOSE: A SPEAKEASY WINDOW OPENS, revealing one of the **SOLDIERS** at the head of the group. This proud man forced to recite:

42ND REGIMENT SOLDIER
42nd Regiment. Re-- reporting for duty.

As we RACK TO **STANTON** behind him --

INT./EXT. FORT HORN - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

-- and ANGLE DOWN to reveal -- **STANTON HAS A PISTOL TO THIS SOLDIER'S BACK**. Everyone being cool -- as **THE GATE OPENS**.

The 42nd Regiment marches in, met by a group of **FORT HORN SOLDIERS**, led by a **CAPTAIN WHITTIER**. Slowing as he notices:

Another Dead Soul has a gun to another soldier's back. And another. And another -- and right as Whittier now realizes --

-- **STANTON PULLS HIS TRIGGER -- BLAM**. Killing his captive, **AND INSTANTLY TRAINING IT ON WHITTIER -- BLAM!** Whittier gone --**BLAM-BLAM-BLAM--** The Dead Souls now executing their prisoners --

-- **WHICH MEANS THE MOTHERFUCKING CHAOS HAS FUCKING BEGUN**.

The soldiers of Fort Horn, scrambling to react to this sudden siege, **AS THE DEAD SOULS DISPERSE INTO FORT HORN. ON THE HUNT**.

EXT. A HORSE - *GALLOPING LIKE HELL* - MEANWHILE - DUSK

OPHELIA RIDES. This suicidal fury in her eyes. And **behind her**, oddly in the **SKY**, a **FIRE** burns among the clouds, morphing and twisting into an encroaching **hell** --

-- because Ophelia -- this Pale Rider of the Apocalypse is en route to her death. And that's a-ok.

EXT. A HILLTOP - FORT HORN IN THE DISTANCE - DUSK

Ophelia appears on her horse, taking in Fort Horn from this distance, the **GUNFIRE**, **COMMOTION** erupting from within.

EXT. THE TRAIL TO FORT HORN - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

THE DEAD SOULS' WAGONS. ANGLE ON: A Dead Soul standing guard. As Ophelia appears behind him. **SLITS HIS THROAT.** And instantly:

BLAM. BLAM-BLAM. SHOOTS THE OTHERS. Smooth, quick, unaffected.

INT. A COVERED WAGON - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Ophelia hops up and in. Knows what she's looking for: A **CLUB**. A **HATCHET**. A **BANDOLIER OF AMMO**. **AND A FUCKING CRATE OF DYNAMITE**.

INT. FORT HORN - PLAZA - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

AND THIS DOGFIGHT IS ALL OVER THE PLACE NOW. Soldiers under attack from every angle. Frantically running about, battle mode as fast as they fucking can -- **AS THE DEAD SOULS DO WHAT THEY DO BEST.**

And **OPHELIA STALKS IN.** Gets the lay of the land for just a beat, before she channels her inner Tonsil -- and **LIGHTS A STICK OF DYNAMITE**, lets the fuse burn dangerously low, before --

-- **SHE FUCKING THROWS IT.** It whip-whittles. It fucking **KA-BOOOOOOMMMMS!** Ophelia upping her game here. Upping the ante, as:

A **FIRE** now burns. Ophelia lights another, throws another, announcing her arrival with **A FLURRY OF EXPLOSIONS** --

-- **AS WE FOLLOW HER, WAGING HER BATTLE.** And she's here for everyone, soldiers and Dead Souls all the fucking same.

She hacks. Clubs. Shoots. Hacks. Every move swift. Cunning. Calculated. **Fueled by a vengeance she's never known.**

And around her -- **FLAMES BEGIN ENCIRCLING FORT HORN**, that dynamite having set fire to various locations within.

EXT. A HILLTOP - FORT HORN IN THE DISTANCE - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

Night has now fallen. Hoagy, Ingrid, Bandit arrive with the rest of the Harperville Posse. They slow, as they see:

FORT HORN IN FLAMES. So much worse than they had anticipated.

BANDIT

We got no chance to announce
ourselves. Soldiers see us, they'll
kill us like the rest of 'em.

But Ingrid doesn't give a shit.

INGRID

Hoagy? You find her. You kill her.
Because if you don't...

Ingrid knows she doesn't have to say anything else. As Hoagy looks beyond her to Bandit. This one last ride into hell together.

INT. FORT HORN - A CORRIDOR - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

Here's STANTON. This brute filled with fury. Fighting with every ounce of his dead soul. Stalking, seeking, killing.

THE PLAZA

Hoagy moves in with Ingrid, Bandit, their posse. Hesitate for just a moment, the chaos in this place overwhelming to process.

THE KITCHEN

Ophelia moves in, right as she encounters **TWO DEAD SOULS**, their soldier uniforms fraying. Two-on-One, but Ophelia fucking **DANCES WITH THESE TWO**. Club, hatchet, dodge, swing, as we head to --

A CORRIDOR

-- Bandit, Ingrid. Moving along when: a **TRIO OF SOLDIERS** coming their way. They duck into a corner, hiding as the soldiers pass...

OFFICER'S QUARTERS

Hoagy, moving with a furious limp. Hurt. In no great shape. As he enters these QUARTERS -- and, immediately --

-- is **ATTACKED** by a **SOLDIER**, the fight playing out fast. Hoagy's able to shove him away, **PULLS A PISTOL** -- **blam** -- onward...

THE KITCHEN

Ophelia still battling with these two. Before the **HATCHET IN ONE'S CHEST** -- and as she turns to other, **SHE FUCKING STOPS**.

Because this other man she's fighting -- is **LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DUNCAN FRANK**. In the flesh. Sweaty, sleazy. He and Ophelia out of breath, this brief respite of their fight to the death, before:

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DUNCAN FRANK
The hell you imbeciles trying to
achieve here, hm?

Ophelia. A beat before -- she smiles. Tiny. Mournful.

OPHELIA
You don't remember me?

And Ophelia steps lightly for Duncan, predatorily.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
No?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DUNCAN FRANK
Princess. After I hang you and your
friends out there, ain't no one
rememberin' no one.

When Ophelia pulls a tuft of hair back, exposing her gnarled ear --
-- and stopping Lieutenant-General Duncan Frank in his tracks.

He goes white. Shoulders fall. As he refocuses on Ophelia's eyes.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DUNCAN FRANK (CONT'D)
Oh--

--and Ophelia. Yeah. Oh. So, in a strangely minimal-yet-satisfying three-move quickie, Ophelia rushes Duncan --

-- it's a punch. A throat chop. Before Ophelia's able to **DRIVE A KNIFE INTO DUNCAN FRANK'S THROAT**. Pausing to look in the man's eyes. Before she removes the blade -- and leaves him.

INT. THE FORT HORN CHAPEL - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

Perhaps the most completed structure in Fort Horn. Beautiful in its design -- even as the fire is creeping in. And here's **STANTON, THREE OTHER DEAD SOULS, SHOOTING IT OUT WITH SOLDIERS**.

Bandit, Ingrid, some Posse Members step in. **JOIN THE FIREFIGHT**. Killing Dead Souls, Dead Souls killing Soldiers --

-- and Bandit... freezing up for only a moment as he notices **STANTON**. And only a beat before Stanton notices -- **BANDIT**.

Ingrid, still taking cover, but Bandit -- MOVES FOR STANTON, crossfire be damned. As Stanton smiles small. Content with death to come at any moment -- **AND HERE GO THESE TWO.**

Exchanging blows, Stanton the more formidable foe, as we:

ANGLE ON INGRID, stopping when she sees Bandit's struggle with Stanton, raises her rifle, can't get a clear shot.

As Stanton pulls his blade. **SWIPES** at Bandit. Bandit dodging, when Stanton tries to bring it down into Bandit's collar bone --

-- **BUT BANDIT BLOCKS IT**, but now he's struggling, Stanton's blade getting closer, closer -- Bandit **PUSHES BACK** --

-- but in a fluid twist, Stanton swings with his knife, **AND BRINGS ITS HILT RIGHT DOWN ONTO BANDIT'S FUCKING SKULL TOP.**

CL-RACK.

The top of Bandit's skull, **CRACKED**, a wedge of it sunk into his head like a broken fucking egg. And his face falls. Frame loosens.

As Bandit looks empty at Stanton -- **empty, but LUCID.**

BANDIT
I always hoped... hoped I'd remember
your face...

And Stanton -- **STABS BANDIT IN THE BELLY**, brings his ear close.

STANTON
Ain't no one deserve to leave here
alive more than you, Bandit Jack.

And Bandit. A tear or two escaping his eye. Drops. As we:

ANGLE ON INGRID. Freezes. Bandit's death. This subdued wave of emotion coming over her. A strange new emptiness in her heart.

Before she rallies. AND TAKES A FORCEFUL STRIDE TO STANTON. **SH-CLACK**, chambers her rifle, right as fucking: **SSSSHUUMMPPFFFF**.

Stanton, pure instinct, has whipped around -- and deftly **THROWN HIS BLADE RIGHT INTO INGRID'S ABDOMEN**. Right in her tracks.

Stanton pausing as he takes her in a beat, approaches her. Ingrid falling to her knees, in shock. As Stanton grabs the hilt --

-- but right before he can pull out his knife-- **CR-CRACK!!**

HERE'S OPHELIA. She's just **CRACKED STANTON WITH A CLUB**. Blood from his mouth, but he's in no mood. He quickly engages --

-- Ophelia with her CLUB, her HATCHET, an unrelenting attack on Stanton, but he's blocking her every swing, her every blow --

-- **AND HE DELIVERS A MASSIVE ELBOW TO HER CHEST** -- Stanton tired of this. Ready for it to end. As Ophelia falters, wounds still raw --

-- but she doesn't let herself fall, as Stanton grabs her HATCHET -- **BUT OPHELIA SWINGS WITH HER CLUB** --

-- BLOCK, SWING, THWACK, THUNK, ALL THAT SHIT. **UNTIL:** A flip. A swing. And Ophelia **THROWS THE CLUB** --

-- Stanton **SWATS IT MID-AIR WITH THE HATCHET** --

--and **BLAM!** Ophelia suddenly has her pistol.

AND HAS SHOT STANTON RENO RIGHT IN HIS STUPID FUCKING FOREHEAD.

No dramatic pause for him. He's **been** ready for this death. He just drops. Goes away. As Ophelia takes a beat to process that --

-- BEFORE SOMETHING DAWNS ON HER, **SHE WHIPS AROUND, AND** --

-- **HER PISTOL ON INGRID, INGRID'S RIFLE RIGHT BACK ON OPHELIA** --

-- these two in another standoff, rotating around one another. And Ophelia, for the first time, uncertain what her move is. **AS:**

HOAGY

Stalking along a corridor neighboring THE CHAPEL. When he SPOTS: **OPHELIA, INGRID, SQUARING OFF.** He takes pause.

This whole thing one big fucking mess. But. He's gotta do it.

He sneaks around, behind Ophelia. **INGRID SPOTS HIM** -- as Hoagy --

-- **creak-clack** -- has stepped on a **PIECE OF BURNT WOOD** --

-- Ophelia SPINS AROUND, zero hesitation, just fucking **BLAM.**

And Hoagy lurches. Because **Ophelia has just shot him.**

Clear in her expression -- she didn't realize it was Hoagy. **But now she does.** And she also sees the PISTOL in Hoagy's hand.

And, so -- **BLAM.**

She's shot Hoagy again. Dropping him to a knee. It's her every instinct. It's who she is. **It's who he made her.**

So, ANGLE ON OPHELIA here. This storm of emotions taking her. Staring at her father on the floor of this burning fortress.

As Ingrid levels her rifle again -- but Ophelia **SPINS BACK AROUND ON HER**. They both stop. Taking each other in a beat --

-- and Ingrid, slowing as she notices -- Ophelia is trying to keep it together -- because Ophelia is **DEVASTATED THAT SHE HAS JUST SHOT HER FATHER**. As Ingrid, Ophelia... hold... and hold...

Ingrid looks to Hoagy, Hoagy looks to Ingrid. He tried. He tried to atone. As Ingrid looks around -- and it's brutally clear:

The Dead Souls are losing to the army. The fighting has slowed. Quieted even. Soldiers struggling to extinguish flames.

Ingrid, defeated, losing blood, weak -- as she looks to Ophelia. Knows this isn't her own right thing to do, but:

INGRID
Get him outta here.

Ophelia looks back at her father. Back to Ingrid, a bit dubious.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll catch up with you
one of these days.

Ophelia processes that one last beat -- before she moves to her father, **HOISTS HIM UP, AND MOVES AS FAST AS SHE CAN MOVE THEM**.

As Ingrid watches them go out the back of the chapel, right as **SOLDIERS ENTER**. Encroaching on Ingrid, guns raised on this stranger -- as Ingrid drops her rifle, hands up, surrendering.

EXT. THE TRAIL TO FORT HORN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

And Ophelia **STORMS OFF ON A HORSE**. Hoagy slumped over the back.

EXT. A HILLTOP - FORT HORN IN THE DISTANCE - LATER - NIGHT

Hoagy. Dying eyes taking in the Fort Horn inferno burning into the night. Ophelia beside him. Processing her regret.

When she chuckles sad. Knows Hoagy knows what she's going to say:

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| OPHELIA | HOAGY |
| I've seen the world end, <u>father--</u> | --the world doesn't end, Ophelia. |

Hoagy. As -- Horn's flames begin to bleed into the ink sky, morphing into his sunset. Gifting him with one last gander. And this is, perhaps, the greatest clarity Hoagy has ever known.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
Its beauty, it-- it takes our every sin.

Hoagy takes a short breath.

HOAGY (CONT'D)
Our every resentment.

Which is when Hoagy hands her bloodied papers -- she unfolds them to reveal his MAPS. His home. Ophelia looking to him.

EXT. A HILLTOP - FORT HORN IN THE DISTANCE - LATER - DAWN

Fort Horn smolders now. Faint wisps of smoke rising from the flameless rubble. And Ophelia still sits beside Hoagy --

HOAGY (V.O.)
And turns them into dust.

-- **who has now passed.** As we ANGLE ON Ophelia. Dried tears stuck to her face. Taking one last look at Fort Horn.

BEFORE SHE RIDES OFF. Hoagy's WRAPPED BODY slung over the horse.

EXT. ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT COUNTRY OF OURS - DAY/NIGHT/ETC.

She traverses an ambiguous blend of desert and wilderness.

HOAGY (V.O.)
Because maybe it never forgives --

Ophelia at a fork in a trail. Turning Hoagy's maps this way and that, trying to navigate her way to --

EXT. A DUSTY OLD TOWN - DAY

-- Ophelia rides into town. Even emptier than before. **ALBERT'S STORE** boarded up now, didn't survive the fire --

HOAGY (V.O.)
-- *but it does forget.*

-- as she moves on past it --

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - DAY

-- and she arrives. Coming up the same path the ill-fated Gerald Shaw did in our beginning, Ophelia stopping to take the place in.

INT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - DAY

She enters. Hoagy's place untouched since his departure.

HOAGY (V.O.)
So. Put an end to our name. Let it rest.

She finds the bottle of whiskey on the kitchen table.

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - DUSK

The POCKET WATCH. Ophelia puts it back around her neck.

As we find she now sits on Hoagy's porch.

She now watches that very sunset he was so taken with --

HOAGY (V.O.)
Let the world forget it.

-- and, indeed. Ophelia. Just as taken with it as her father once was. Forcing perspective on such a wicked existence.

EXT. HOAGY'S COTTAGE - LATER - DAY

Another day now. Ophelia DIGGING A GRAVE. Right in front of Hoagy's porch. Right where his sun will forever set --

-- when Ophelia stops, sensing something. As we ANGLE ON --

-- THE BOY. In the distance. Watching Ophelia dig Hoagy's grave.

And BACK ON OPHELIA. As she looks around. Every corner, as we --

HOAGY (V.O.)
Let our quiet stay quiet.

-- ANGLE BACK where The Boy was... but he's gone --

HOAGY (V.O.)
Let the land move on.

-- as we ANGLE BACK where Ophelia was... and she's gone.

HOAGY (V.O.)
And on. And on.

This land now empty. This dust blowing through. As we:

end.