

**"GODLESS"**

Part V

Written by

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5/17/16

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**BLACK**

TINNY PIANO MUSIC OVER. Now--

1 **CUT INTO A CLOSE UP OF SARAH DOYLE**

1

Her face fully made up, she sings the following:

SARAH

*The Trinidad girl is a haughty  
thing. If she kisses at all it's on  
the wing!*

And now CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE CHARLOTTE who sings:

CHARLOTTE

*The Catskill girl is the one to  
collar. She kisses you good for  
half a dollar.*

2 **WIDEN TO REVEAL THE GOOD LODE SALOON - NIGHT**

2

Where Logan and his men are front and center for a little revue the two ladies of La Belle put on. Grigg sits among them, arm around Sadie Rose, clapping along, riveted...

SARA

*The E'town girl gives a kiss so  
sweet, the poets all fall down at  
her feet.*

The old undertaker, Elmer Knowland, plays the piano while the other women dance in the background. The German Woman barely staying inside of her clothes. Charlotte sings for Logan--

CHARLOTTE

*There's the Red River girls-- ah,  
two for a song. Kissing for meal  
tickets all day long.*

Mary-Agnes stands at the bar away from the others, finishes a glass of whiskey, nods to Barney for another. She looks off to where Callie sits with some other women.

CHARLOTTE & SARA

*But don't forget the girls of La  
Belle won't kiss even mamma for  
fear she'll tell!*

They finish the song and bow to applause from the assembled men. Logan giving Charlotte a drunken standing ovation. Mary Agnes sees Whitey flip some change on the bar, buy a bottle from Barney and slip out the door.

GRIGG

That was some lovely singing. If I didn't know better, I'd think I was in Grand Junction or even San Fran.

Mary-Agnes watches Logan give Charlotte a squeeze

LOGAN

Lottie, you are one piece a fine girlhood.

SARAH

Was a time, La Belle was a cultured place. Minors had their own singing group, *The La Belle Minstrels*. They would sing every Saturday night.

MARY-AGNES

(to no one)

Now better known as the La Belle *Menstruals*.

Grigg looks at Mary-Agnes who belches.

GRIGG

Madame, your husband was the mayor, was he not?

CHARLOTTE

Informally.

MARY-AGNES

He was the mine foreman.  
(to Charlotte)  
Formally.

Grigg notes (and enjoys) the chill between the two. He sits back, holds up his empty glass--

GRIGG

Barney, Another glass, if you would, of your fine potation.

Mary-Agnes cuts a look at Callie, then heads out, taking the mood with her. Logan pounds his glass on the table.

LOGAN

Another song!

3

**EXT. LA BELLE - NIGHT**

3

As Mary-Agnes comes out of the saloon, we hear them start up singing again inside. She sees Whitey stumbling down the dark street.

MARY-AGNES

Hey.

He keeps going, takes a pull from the bottle, corks it, then throws it high up in the air. He pulls one of his pistols to shoot it when Mary-Agnes snatches the gun away from behind.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
You wanna get Logan and his monkeys  
out on this street?

He just looks at her.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with you?

WHITEY  
Love.

MARY-AGNES  
(beat)  
Who's the lucky idiot?

WHITEY  
Louise Hobbs.

MARY-AGNES  
I thought I knew everybody in town.

WHITEY  
She ain't from this town.  
(then)  
She lives out in Blackdom.

Mary-Agnes looks at him.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Go ahead, tell me how dumb I am.

MARY-AGNES  
Pretty damn dumb. But at least your  
dumb in the right direction.

He looks at her.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
You got no fear.

He turns away, walks over and picks the bottle up out of the mud, uncorks it, is about to take a drink when she snatches that away.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
That's enough a that.  
(hauls him off his feet)  
Let's get you to bed.

As she carries the boy down the dark street, we then--

**CUT TO BLACK**

**CREDITS**

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Roy?

4

**INT. LUCY COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

4

It's dark in the house. ROY -- now 15-years-old -- carries his bundle among the beds. He sees that one of the YOUNGER BOYS has awakened.

BOY

Where you goin'?

Roy whispers to him...

ROY

Nowhere. Go back to sleep.

Roy carries him back to his bed, lays him down, moves into the other dark room.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You just gonna leave without saying good-bye?

He pauses, sees the SILVER CROSS glint in the moonlight, followed by Sister Lucy as she steps forward.

ROY

My brother ain't ever comin' back.

She says nothing, just stands there looking back at him.

ROY (CONT'D)

I appreciate all that you done for me. Someday, I'll pay you back.

LUCY

You already have. From the minute you got here.

He extends his hand and she shakes it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I wanna give you something.

She disappears into the dark a moment, then reappears holding a BIBLE. She looks into the other room full of kids.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll learn to read. I wish I'd had more time...

ROY

S'alright. You taught me plenty.

She looks at him, then hugs him tight. Roy hugs her back. She strokes his hair, tears now running down her face...

LUCY  
Such a sweet, sweet boy...

5 **EXT. LUCY COLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

5

Roy hurries away from the house. He pauses to look back. Lucy stands in one of the windows, watching him. They look at each other a moment before he finally turns away and runs off into the night.

6 **EXT. MOSES, NEW MEXICO - MORNING**

6

Roy examines some horses tied up outside a saloon. He unties one, climbs up and rides off down the main street. A moment later FRANK GRIFFIN and GATZ BROWN, both 10 years younger, step out of the saloon and watch him ride off.

GATZ BROWN  
Ain't that your horse, Frank?

Griffin watches as the animal rears, throws the boy from the saddle. Roy sits up in the dirt, his mouth bleeding, his arm at a painful angle, the bone sticking out.

He turns, sees the horse trot back to the two approaching men. Gatz Brown takes the animal by the reins as they continue walking up to Roy. Gatz looks down at Roy...

GATZ BROWN (CONT'D)  
It seems, boy, that your horse has recognized its former owner.

And now Griffin crouches down, puts his full regard on the boy, the pain from the broken arm filling young Roy's face.

GRIFFIN  
Good book says that *Pain is its own teacher.*  
(then)  
What's your name, son?

Griffin looks up at his horse a moment...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
You got a good eye for horseflesh. She's the best animal I ever had. Tireless, surefooted... and mean.

Roy reaches back with his good hand and pulls a small PISTOL from his pants, points it at Griffin. Gatz draws his gun, but Griffin holds up his hand, looks at Roy...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Son, you ain't gonna shoot me. Not now or ever. That ain't how I'm gonna go.

Roy cocks the pistol. Griffin smiles.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinkin'. No fella can know his own demise. But me, I seen mine. I know exactly how it's gonna happen. So when my death comes, I'll be ready for it, on account of I already lived it.

Now Roy sees THE PRIEST COLLAR under his coat. Griffin now calmly reaches out and takes the GUN from Roy, considers him a moment, then:

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Tell me, son. Have you got a pappy?

And now Roy spits in Griffin's face. Griffin calmly wipes his face with his sleeve, then smiles at the young Roy.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Me, neither.  
(then, indicates the arm)  
Let's have a look...

The boy makes a decision, holds up his arm for Griffin.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Looks like you gonna have to learn to shoot with yer other arm.

As he and Gatz Brown start chuckling, Roy looks up as we HEAR A HORSE WHINNY OVER..

7                   **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**

7

The horses are all spooked, bunching up and screeching at each other.

8                   **INT. ALICE'S CABIN - NIGHT**

8

Alice sleeps. We hear A PURRING SOUND and she opens her eyes and stares at a small hole in the wall where presently the mouth and nose of some animal is thrust opposite her face in an attempt to get at her.

She quickly sits back as now a big paw sticks through the crack and tries to reach her...

She gets out of bed, grabs her rifle and quietly moves to the door...

9

**EXT. CABIN - SAME**

9

As Alice quietly opens the door and peers around the side of the house where A WOLF stands with his face pressed into the wall. The horses in the corral beyond are going nuts.

She freezes as she sees TWO MORE WOLVES now move up behind the first. They prowl around the house, then stop, turn to look at something across the yard...

It's now that Alice sees ROY standing in front of the barn, calmly watching the animals. The bigger wolf, the first one, now SNARLS, takes a step towards Roy, and Roy takes a step toward him and we see that HE HOLDS A LARGE IRON HAY HOOK in one hand.

Alice raises her rifle, but stops as the animal sits down in the moonlight and looks off at the corral, then at Roy, then at Alice.

Alice levers her rifle and points it at the wolf. Roy looks at her, slightly raises his hand, then looks at the wolf...

A moment, then the wolf snarls at him once more before finally getting up and walking off into the dark.

Roy waits until the animals disappear, then turns and faces Alice across the yard who lowers her gun. They stand there a moment before Roy then walks back into the barn.

Alice remains there in her nightgown a good long while, staring after him.

10

**INT. WHITEY'S SHANTY - NIGHT**

10

As Mary-Agnes pulls off Whitey's boots, the boy nearly passed out in bed.

MARY-AGNES

Fiddle lessons. Jesus. That's a new one. How'd you meet her?

WHITEY

Bunch of 'em come into Asa's store like they do once every few weeks? She was sittin' in a wagon with her fiddle. I come by, told her I had one, but couldn't play it. She told me to come out and see her.

MARY-AGNES

That your daddy's fiddle you were talkin' about? I remember he used to play some.



WHITEY

I can't play a lick. He used to say how much my mama loved music. That she taught him. That's how he wooed her. So I thought maybe...

He shrugs. Mary-Agnes looks at him, shakes her head.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

If I go out there again, Elias said he'd put the switch to Louise.

MARY-AGNES

Quite a spot you got yourself into.

WHITEY

She kissed me.

MARY-AGNES

Did she now.

WHITEY

Was the most incredible thing. Her lips was just like puffy little--

MARY-AGNES

--I really don't care what her lips were like.

WHITEY

Dammit, Maggie, I got all these feelings.

MARY-AGNES

Best keep 'em to yourself.

WHITEY

I feel like... like I sprained my damn heart.

(then)

Course you wouldn't know what I'm goin' through.

She looks at him a moment.

MARY-AGNES

Ain't nothing so fragile as a young man.

(turns to go)

I'll bring you breakfast in the morning. Though I rather doubt you'll much feel like eating it.

She dims the lantern, then starts out, pausing at the door as she hears him OPEN HIS MOTHER'S MUSIC BOX. She listen to it a moment, then gets out of there.

11      **EXT. LA BELLE SHANTIES - NIGHT**

11

As A.T. Grigg walks Sadie-Rose home, his arm in hers.

GRIGG

A young woman should never have to walk home alone in the night. Least of all have to go into a darkened house all by herself.

SADIE

Oh, it's alright. Mrs. Ehrlich is sittin' up with Luke tonight. I'm sure she lit a lantern for me.

GRIGG

Luke?

SADIE

My baby. I told you about him. How he almost died?

GRIGG

(could give a shit)

Oh. Yes. Of course. You thought he had the fever or something.

SADIE

Rubella, but it was that terrible snake that almost got him. Wasn't for Mr. Ward, he'd be dead for sure.

GRIGG

Mr. Ward?

SADIE

Young man helpin' Alice Fletcher with her horses.

GRIGG

Alice Fletcher...

He takes out his notebook, rifles a few pages.

GRIGG (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, the one who married a savage, stole her parcel from Mr. Leopold, got his sons killed and cursed the entire town. How could I forget?

SADIE

About almost none a that is true. I don't think Alice is evil, but I do think the old lady has powers.

GRIGG

You were saying something about a Mr. Ward?

SADIE

That's right, he shot the head off a sidewinder was about to sink his wicked fangs into my boy.

GRIGG

Shot the head off a snake?

SADIE

Yes, sir, from cross the room.

GRIGG

That's some shooting.

SADIE

It was.  
 (stops in front of a  
 shanty)  
 Well, thank you for--

GRIGG

(hanging onto her, looking  
 up)  
 Look at that full moon. Isn't that something?

SADIE

I ain't much for full moons.  
 It's when the Indians like to  
 attack.

GRIGG

Indians?

SADIE

On the way here, me and my cousin Sammy got hit in Nebraska by some Arapaho.

GRIGG

That must have been horrible.

SADIE

They just wanted our coffee.

Grigg looks back at Sadie a moment.

GRIGG

Must be mighty lonely without any men around here.

SADIE

I have Luke.

GRIGG  
Still, it's probably been a while  
since you--

And then he's bumped as Mary-Agnes walks past him, her rifle  
over her shoulder.

MARY-AGNES  
S'cuse me.

GRIGG  
Ma'am.

She looks at the two of them. Smiles at Sadie.

MARY-AGNES  
Sadie-Rose, I believe I could hear  
Mrs. Ehrlich coughing up a storm.

SADIE  
Yes, it's late. I best go relieve  
her.  
(smiles at Grigg)  
G'night, Mr. Grigg.

GRIGG  
G'night.

He watches her hurry towards her shanty. Then looks at Mary-  
Agnes who smiles at him.

MARY-AGNES  
And good-night to you, sir.

He watches her walk off into the night.

12      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - DAY**      12

A horse explodes from the corral with Roy on its back. As it  
gallops away, we see a few horses now grazing in the pasture.

13      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - SAME**      13

Alice is down in the well digging while Truckee works the  
windlass. He watches Roy as we then...

14      **CUT TO: THE BARN - DAY**      14

Where Roy pounds a NEW SHOE on the anvil, shows Truckee how  
to work the bellows while the black horse stands tied just  
outside the barn door, waiting his turn. We then...

15      **CUT TO: ANOTHER HORSE - DAY**      15

With Roy aboard, bolting from the corral. Truckee manning the  
gate, waves him on.



ROY  
Haul it up.

He steps back as she hauls up the bucketful of dirt. He then strikes at the soil beneath him with the shovel and freezes.

His feet are now covered with water. He makes another strike and the water starts coming in even faster.

Roy stands there, watching it fill up around him. He doesn't move. Watches the water quickly rise up around him, creating a muddy Baptismal. We think he might just let himself drown.

ALICE (O.S.)  
Well, hallelujah.

He looks up and sees Alice peering down at him from way up high.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
You best climb up outa there.

23

**EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - SAME**

23

Roy climbs out of the well, soaking wet and covered in mud.

TRUCKEE (O.S.)  
Hey, Roy?

Roy turns, sees Truckee climb onto his horse.

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna rope me one a them cows!

ROY  
You sure you got that horse saddled proper?

TRUCKEE  
Yes, sir.

Roy turns back, watches Alice walk out into the field.

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
Watch this!

Roy watches as the boy lopes his horse towards a LONE COW, spinning his rope over his head as he rides.

He throws the rope over the cow's neck, looks back over his shoulder and grins at Roy.

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
You see that?!

Truckee ties the rope to his saddle horn and turns his horse around.

The cow looks back at Truckee and takes a couple of steps in the opposite direction, PULLING THE SADDLE, WITH THE BOY ABOARD, OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD.

The boy hits the dust, hard, on his ass. He blinks once or twice, looks over at Roy and bursts out laughing.

ROY  
Nicely done.

Roy smiles, looks at the corral. It's empty. The pasture now full of horses. He then looks at Alice, both of them knowing that his work on the ranch is all finished.

24 **INT. MAGDALENA'S - DAY**

24

Callie stands at the front of the red-velvet room teaching a half dozen kids sitting at desks, all them reciting as she points to a blackboard

CALLIE/KIDS  
*A-E-I-O-U and sometimes Y...*

She looks up and sees Mary-Agnes standing there with Bill's kids. She looks tired.

MARY-AGNES  
Sorry, we're late.

She ushers them into their seats. She then nods to Callie and walks out.

CALLIE  
Jeremiah? Why don't you come up and write out the alphabet for us. I'll be back directly.

25 **EXT. MAGDALENA'S - MORNING**

25

As Mary-Agnes walks away from the schoolhouse, Callie comes out the door behind her.

CALLIE  
Maggie?

Mary-Agnes turns and looks at her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
You could apologize, you know.

MARY-AGNES  
Me? For what?

CALLIE  
You hurt me.

MARY-AGNES

That's rich.

CALLIE

I don't fathom how one person can simply forget when another person tells her she loves her.

Mary-Agnes looks around, sees that Charlotte and Sarah Doyle and a few others have stopped to listen.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I don't care who knows it or what anyone thinks. I never did. But I never thought you'd be just like 'em. That you see me the same as they do.

MARY-AGNES

How's that Fritz bitch see you?

CALLIE

Naked. Every square inch.

And then she turns and walks back to the school, Mary-Agnes standing there in the middle of the street watching her the whole way. She turns and sees that Sarah and Charlotte are still staring.

MARY-AGNES

What y'all starin' at?  
(turning away)  
Fuck y'all.

And she moves on.

26 **EXT. BLACKDOM - DAY**

26

THUNDER in a dark sky as Logan and a couple of his men ride down the hill towards the little settlement...

27 **EXT. ELIAS HOBBS HOUSE - DAY**

27

Logan slows his horse as figures begin to appear on the porches, all of them well-armed.

HOBBS

What can we do for you gentlemen?

LOGAN

Just out here to pay our respects to Corporal John Randall.

He smiles at ELIAS' BROTHER.



LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 We heard tales, but had no idea you  
 was right here.  
 (tips his hat)  
 You're quite the legend, sir.

The man just nods, wary.

HOBBS  
 That the only reason you come?  
 Salute a war hero?

LOGAN  
 No, sir. We come to let y'all know  
 that the La Belle claim has recent  
 been bought out by the Quicksilver  
 Mining Syndicate and is gonna be  
 starting up again soon.

The others react to that.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
 Now I know there's no love lost  
 between you and the folks in La  
 Belle--

HOBBS  
 --Was the mine poisoned our water.  
 Only since it's been dead, we got a  
 chance to grow something out here.

Logan looks at the pathetic field.

LOGAN  
 Just barely, I'd say.

HOBBS  
 These rains been helping some.

LOGAN  
 Rain's unpredictable. But the  
 Quicksilver folks be willing to  
 divert some water from the La Belle  
 river, give y'all rights to it.

HOBBS  
 At what cost?

LOGAN  
 At the cost you keep to yourselves.

HOBBS  
 We been doin' just that.

LOGAN

That you have, but one or two a them ladies might get it in their heads to come down here, ask you for help.

(smiles at Randall)

Maybe look for some brave men to back 'em up. Maybe even offer to make you partners, like they did the Paiutes.

HOBBS

We don't owe them folks nuthin'. We tell 'em the mine is poisoning our land, they didn't do boo about it. Leave us to die out here.

LOGAN

Well, that's just who they are. You best remember that. Otherwise, you could lose your land, have to move on. And that, sir, would be a damn shame after your all your hard work.

HOBBS

That a threat from the mining folks?

LOGAN

That ain't no threat. That's a near guarantee. Statehood's comin'. And gonna be all kinds of new laws come along with it. And just like they done in other states-- some of them laws ain't gonna be so friendly to y'all. War heroes or not.

The faces keep hard, keep looking back at him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Now I know I'm looking at free men. Y'all fought for your country and damn well earned the right to be here. But not everyone sees it that way.

HOBBS

But them Quicksilver folks do.

LOGAN

I promise you, mister, that if you do as I say, mind your own business out here, we'll look after you.

He gets skeptical looks from them all. Logan smiles, looks once more at John Randall. Salutes.



GRIFFIN

See if you two can't roust who's  
ever inside without killin' 'em.

Donnie and Daryl slide off their horses and creep up onto the porch. Both check their guns, then kick the door open and go into the dark space--

DONNIE

Ollie ollie oxen free!

There's a commotion inside. Gatz and Griffin calmly watch as A SHOTGUN BLAST blows a hole in the wall, and then a moment later A MAN IS TOSSED THROUGH THE BROKEN PLANKS HOUSE ONTO THE DIRT. The Devlin brothers follow him out, holster their guns.

DARYL

He's all by hisself.

When the man picks himself up, we see that he's filthy, his clothes are torn, toes stick out of one boot. A TRAMP.

GRIFFIN

What's your name, friend?

The Tramp spits into the dirt.

TRAMP

Fuck you.

GRIFFIN

Well, Mr. Fuck You, I'm looking for  
Sister Lucy Cole, used to live in  
this here shack.

TRAMP

She moved.

GRIFFIN

How far back?

TRAMP

Six months or so.

GRIFFIN

Where'd she go?

TRAMP

I heard Ponca City. Bought a saloon  
up there.

Gatz and Griffin exchange looks. Not what they expected to hear.

GATZ

Reckon it's worth waiting around  
some, see if he comes back here?

GRIFFIN

Seems he's already come back here,  
left behind some of our money.

GATZ

You think the money's *here*?

GRIFFIN

Not no more it ain't.  
(turning his horse)  
I think now it's in the walls of a  
saloon in Ponca City.

30      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**

30

THUNDER. A STORM brews in the distance. LIGHT leaks from the  
barn.

ROY (V.O.)

*With you it must now be near eight  
o'clock.*

Alice now STEPS INTO FRAME, looks off at the barn.

ROY (V.O.)

*You have finished your own supper  
and are about now undressing our  
boy.*

She starts for it...

31      **INT. BARN - SAME**

31

Where Roy sits with the MAILBAG that he and the boy found  
earlier at his feet. He reads haltingly from a letter...

ROY

*Do you speak to him of his Papa?  
When he is laid down to rest, do  
you sit in the twilight and think,  
where oh where and how is Papa? I  
know your thoughts are with me and  
I hope your prayers are for me, as  
I'll be coming home soon...*

Alice steps into the barn unseen yet as Roy feels the words a  
moment, then sets that one aside. He picks up another...

ROY (CONT'D)

*Dearest Lil: I have just supped at Cold Spring on ham, beans, chili, warm bread crackers and coffee and have walked along the road to see if I could not kill an antelope--*  
 (looks up, to himself)  
*Jesus Christ, the man's writin' about what he et for supper...*

ALICE

You read it fine, though.

Roy looks up as Alice now materializes in the lantern light, standing there in her nightgown.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You sure no one taught you before?

ROY

Woman who raised me tried to off and on. But... I was always more interested in other things.

She looks at the mailbag.

ALICE

Where'd that come from?

ROY

Found it in the river-- old stage went sideways. Thought I'd hand it over to McNue when he gets back.

She sits down beside him on the bale.

ALICE

Read another one.

ROY

Kinda feel bad pokin' into other people's business.

ALICE

I won't tell if you won't.

She watches him as he pulls out another weathered envelope, the seal broken, and pulls the letter from it. He looks at it, clears his throat and haltingly reads:

ROY

*Dear Joseph: As soon as I collect my money I'm leaving Cimarron for a... k-- k--*

ALICE  
 (looks at the word)  
 "Quieter."

ROY  
*For a... quieter... place. "Who was shot?" is the first question Miners ask when they come in from their diggings on Saturday night. Seldom is the answer "no one..."*

He feels her close to him, feels her still watching him.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 I been to Cimarron. I know what this fella's talkin' about...

ALICE  
 Read another one.

Still feeling her eyes on him, he reaches into the bag and extracts another opened letter, pulls it from its envelope. He studies it a moment, glances at her, then begins:

ROY  
*My own darling husband. No letter from you by yesterday's mail and the stage not running, so I do not know whether I have any today or not. You cannot know how I long for my daily crumbs. I feel so...*

ALICE  
 (looking over his shoulder)  
 "Thoroughly."

ROY  
*...thoroughly alone here that it, by the most natural process in the world, launches my thoughts and desires westward in an untold degree. I wonder if you will be glad to see me upon your return. I wonder if the long months haven't blurred the clearness of my outline and the joy of my com-- com-pannnn...*

ALICE  
 "Companionship."

ROY  
*How I look forward to even a short interval of having you alone with me with all the antic--*

ALICE  
 (not even looking)  
 Anticipation.

ROY  
*Anticipation... of a bride to her  
 honeymoon. For I know that if I had  
 the chance to make love to you, and  
 you were not too shy, I think I  
 could be quite enter-taining -- for  
 a little while. Until then, I kiss  
 your image carried in my memory and  
 never cease wishing it were real.  
 Your devoted wife, Anna.*

Roy keeps his eyes fixed on the letter, can feel her right next to him. Watching him. He looks at her. Sitting there in her nightgown. Her hair still damp from the rain. Their faces only inches apart.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 She writes straight.

ALICE  
 She does.

Alice breaks the moment, looks at the pallet. THE LETTER FROM LUCY COLE sitting beside it. She picks it up...

ALICE (CONT'D)  
 How 'bout we read this one?

He looks back at her, unsure of how to answer when--

TRUCKEE (O.S.)  
 Mama?

Roy sits back and Alice gives him one last look, gets up, quickly moves out of the barn. He listens as--

ALICE (O.S.)  
 I'm right here, honey...

TRUCKEE (O.S.)  
 Thunder keeps wakin' me up...

ALICE (O.S.)  
 Me, too.

TRUCKEE (O.S.)  
 Is Roy awake in there?

ALICE (O.S.)  
 Let's let him sleep.



32      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**

32

Roy walks out of the barn, looks at the house. The lantern burning inside. Roy watches Alice kiss Truckee good-night, then turn down the lantern.

                                GRIFFIN (V.O.)  
I was born right here at Bald  
Knob...

33      **EXT. BALD KNOB - DAY**

33

Roy, his arm wrapped, on the back of Gatz horse, follows Griffin and Gatz into the "hideout."

                                GRIFFIN  
Oh, I ain't saying I hadn't lived  
some before, but it was *here* I was  
*born*, if you follow. All of us  
were. And it's here *you'll* be born,  
too.

Roy notices Griffin's rifle. Griffin catches him staring without looking at him.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Winchester '73. Best firearm in the  
west.  
                                (then)  
A repeating rifle makes twenty men  
out of one.

He nods to TWO GUARDS standing high up on the rocks.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Can hit one of those boys in black  
of the eye from all the way down  
here.

                                ROY  
Gotta be 400 yards.

                                GRIFFIN  
Rifle can still bite you hard at  
400 yards.  
                                (smiles at Gatz)  
Course then them boys on the *other*  
side wouldn't much like that...

And now Roy notices TWO MORE GUARDS high up on the *other* side of the trail.

                                GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
...and then we'd be in a *real*  
pinch, wouldn't we?

Griffin winks at Gatz.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 That's the kinda shooting I don't  
 like to be in the middle of.

Griffin looks over at Roy, squinting to see the men.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 You don't ever wanna skyline  
 yourself. You wanna be in a  
 position where the sun comes up  
 behind you at daybreak. Gives you a  
 better view a your enemy, makes you  
 harder to be seen.

As Roy looks up at the guards, takes that in...

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna teach you lots a things.

33A           **EXT. BALD KNOB - DAY**

33A

Roy, his arm wrapped, follows Griffin and Gatz into the  
 "hideout." And while the gang isn't the size it will be  
 several years from now, a few of the regulars are here--

                  GRIFFIN  
 Roy Goode. Say hello to Dyer Howe.  
 Bill Ledbetter. Floyd Wilson. Bill  
 Chick. And Alonzo Bunker.

They all nod to Roy.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 Go on. Have a seat, Roy.

Griffin looks around at the group.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 Y'all need a bath. And a shave.  
 Fuzz looks good on a peach, not a  
 man.

                  DYER HOWE  
 That from the bible, Frank?

                  GRIFFIN  
 Burmashave. Midget barber had it on  
 the wall in Denver. Remember him?

They all have a laugh at that. Roy's handed a plate of food  
 and looks up at a smiling Alonzo.

                  ALONZO  
 Go ahead. Eat. Make you big and  
 strong like me.

They're all smiling at him. Roy tucks into the meal. Hungrier than he realized. Griffin watches him eat.

                  GRIFFIN  
 You been poor your while life, I  
 assume?

The boy nods. Griffin tosses him his frayed BIBLE.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 Life's hard-- It's already hard, a  
 course -- but it's even harder  
 without luck.

                  ROY  
 Bible says that?

                  GRIFFIN  
 Have yourself a look.

                  ROY  
 I can't read.

                  GRIFFIN  
                   (beat)  
 That's alright.  
                   (then)  
 I can read for the both of us.

Griffin turns to Roy...

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 You got a family now, son. These  
 are your brothers and I aim to be  
 your pappy. And a good one, too. I  
 won't mistreat you. I won't beat  
 you. And I won't ever lie to you.  
 Ever. And neither will these boys.

Alonzo holds out his hand for Roy to shake. The kid can't because of his broke arm. They all have a good laugh at that as now Griffin nods.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 Welcome home, son.

34

**EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**

34

As Roy sees the glow of Iyovi's cigarette in the dark.

                  GRIFFIN (V.O.)  
 There's different sorts of men...

35      **EXT. TOWN - DAY**

35

Roy, his arm long since healed, sits alongside Griffin on his own horse, watching people go by. He's been with Griffin a while now.

                  GRIFFIN

Some don't have the taste for a fight. But they can talk. They can *reason*. And that's almost as good. Then there's some men can only talk through their guns or their fists. There ain't no reasoning with a man like that. A man like that comes at you, you best just be prepared to meet him.

                  ROY

Prepared how?

                  GRIFFIN

That's what I aim to teach you.

Griffin turns his horse and Roy follows him...

36      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**

36

Roy stands there in the dark, the wind picking up...

                  GRIFFIN (V.O.)

I want you to hold onto this.

37      **EXT. A CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

37

As Griffin finishes carving the wooden gun, wipes it off and hands it to Roy...

                  ROY

That's only a toy.  
(no answer from Frank)  
How come I don't get a real one?

                  GRIFFIN

Cuz you ain't ready. Go on now--  
(holds it out)  
Take it. Keep it in your hand all day. 'Til it feels strange *not* to have it there. 'Til you miss it. Like it's part a your arm.

                  ROY

I wanna shoot a real gun.

                  GRIFFIN

What you gonna shoot at?

ROY  
Any man tries to shoot me.

GRIFFIN  
Say you get shot anyhow? Then what?

ROY  
Then I guess I die.

GRIFFIN  
And would that be so bad?  
(then)  
Death ain't such a big deal. It's  
dyin' that's no Goddamn fun."

Griffin laughs softly, then studies Roy, the laugh gone from his face just like that. He nods to the wooden gun...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Ain't nothin' scarier than a man  
with a gun. And ain't nothin' more  
helpless than a man without one.

38      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**      38

Roy hears the horses and moves to the corral. He locates the horse with the white forelock among the dark shapes. GRIFFIN SCREAMS OVER...

39      **EXT. BALD KNOB - NIGHT**      39

Griffin has woken up from a nightmare in some crazed state. He's got his gun out and now points it at the other men--

GRIFFIN  
Go ahead. Betray me. Any of you,  
got the guts to do it!

FLOYD  
Frank--

He backhands Floyd, puts his gun on Gatz who steps forward.

GATZ  
Frank. It's me...

GRIFFIN  
I'll fuckin shoot you dead.

Griffin moves to do just that when the 15-year-old Roy steps in front of him, giving Griffin pause.

ROY  
It's okay. It's just us.

GRIFFIN  
Roy?

ROY  
That's right. It's Roy.

Griffin reaches out for him and Roy moves into his arms, the man now clinging to the boy, staring over his shoulder.

40     **INT. ALICE'S BARN - NIGHT**     40

Roy comes in and lays down on the pallet...

                  GRIFFIN (V.O.)  
Beautiful country, ain't it?

41     **EXT. CAMPSITE - OPEN RANGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**     41

Roy, now 18, drops a stack of cut wood beside a fire.

                  GRIFFIN (O.S.)  
Good book says, prosperity is the  
path to Godliness...

Roy watches Frank Griffin a coiled rope over his shoulder, move through a group of grazing horses.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
That if God wanted man to be poor,  
he wouldn't've surrounded him with  
so much bounty.

Roy smiles as he tends the fire.

                  ROY  
And which good book is that, Frank?

                  GRIFFIN  
(ignores him)  
Out here, the man, the horse, the  
rope and the gun are inseparable.

Griffin takes in the other horses, moves to one of the.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
You sure know how to pick fine  
horseflesh, son.

Roy looks over, watches as Griffin begins stroking the animal.

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
You get to readin' someday, you  
might come across a fella named  
Xenophon.

                  ROY  
(another smile)  
Xenophon?  
(shakes his head)  
(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Frank, just admit you make  
all this stuff up.

GRIFFIN  
(as he works)  
Was a Greek fella. Student a  
Socrates and, some say, the first  
real horseman.

Roy watches as Griffin calms the horse.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
He believed that horses, bein' prey  
animals and all, greatest instincts  
were fear, flight and lastly fight.  
So on account a that, ol' Xenophon  
thought tamin' 'em made more sense  
than breakin' 'em.

And now Griffin grabs hold of the horse's mane, and begins  
firmly pushing on his back...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
He thought that rather than haulin'  
and beatin' on the animal, he'd use  
a bit a rope, some gentle restraint  
and kindness--

And Roy watches in awe as the horse now lays down, Griffin  
going down to his knees with him.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
--do it that way.

The same way we saw Roy do this earlier. Only now, we know  
where he learned how. As Griffin strokes the horse...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Not natural for a horse to be laid  
down. Makes him amenable, but full  
of fear. Makes it hard for him to  
do what he wants to do, which is  
bolt. So he's gotta trust you.

Griffin looks down at the prone horse...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
And despite what some men think,  
it's not just about showin' him  
who's boss. It's about showin' him  
that you're the one's gonna feed  
him and water him. You're the one's  
gonna take care of him.

Roy doesn't move, watches Griffin stroke the animal.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 It's about showin' him that he can  
 trust you.

And now Griffin puts a leg over the back of the horse and  
 looks at Roy as he says--

                  GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
 Always and forever.

Roy watches in awe as the horse stands up with Griffin on his  
 back. Griffin strokes the animal, praises it. He's turning it  
 in a circle when we hear A GUNSHOT and the animal suddenly  
 collapses out from under him.

Roy stands there stunned as the animal, blood running from  
 its head, goes down in a heavy heap, throwing Griffin free.

Roy starts to turn when a rifle is put to his ear.

                  VOICE  
 Move, boy, and I'll open your  
 fuckin head.

And now Griffin gets to his feet, and watches as four RIDERS  
 emerge from the trees. An OLDER MAN with three COWBOYS. All  
 three with rifles pointed at Griffin. The fourth is off his  
 horse with the rifle to Roy's aforementioned head.

                  GRIFFIN  
 That was a fine animal you just  
 shot.

                  OLDER MAN  
 (ignores him)  
 My name is Ben Broome. I own a  
 spread sixty miles east of here  
 called the Double B.

                  GRIFFIN  
 Lucky you.

                  BROOME  
 Maybe you can tell me, sir, how it  
 happens that them cattle grazing  
 yonder all got my brand on 'em?

Griffin turns and looks at the cattle as if seeing them for  
 the first time.

                  GRIFFIN  
 They must've wandered off.

                  BROOME  
 That they did. With a little help  
 from you an' your son here.



Griffin looks at Roy, smiles. Calm. Then...

GRIFFIN

You accusing me of something, Mr. Broome?

BROOME

No, sir. I'm too busy and too damn tired to waste that kinda time. So I'm just gonna hang the both a you, and be done with it.

Roy is shoved to the ground, his face in the mud as his hands are tied behind him, his head hauled back so that a noose can be slipped around his neck. He gags as it's pulled tight.

He's hauled to his feet and sees the other three have now got Griffin down, a rope around his neck as well.

Before he knows what's happening, a terrified Roy is hoisted onto a horse. And then Griffin is hoisted onto another one.

The rancher calmly rolls a cigarette as Frank and Roy are both led to the stand of trees. Griffin chuckles as they throw the ropes over a low branch...

GRIFFIN

This ain't my death, boys.

Griffin looks at Roy. It may be his death, however.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid, son. I'm right here.

Roy's pulled up tall on his horse, has to stand in the stirrups as they pull the rope tighter over the branch.

BROOME

Hurry up, get it done. We still gotta round up all them--

He's blown from his horse. The cowhands all turn and look as Gatz Brown rides down the hillside, a shotgun in one hand, a string of fish tied to the horse.

GATZ

If the rest of you wanna live, you'll unbuckle them belts and throw 'em into the brush.

The men do as they're told. Gatz immediately shoots one of them with the remaining barrel then pulls his pistol and commences firing until the cowhands all lay in the mud beside the horses. Roy jolting at each shot, cannot stop shaking.

GRIFFIN

What took you so damn long?

GATZ BROWN

That stream was positively afire  
with trout. You'd just ask and  
they'd bite. I ain't never seen a  
thing like it in my whole life.

He gets off his horse and pulls his knife and cuts the ropes  
binding Roy's hands, then cuts Griffin's as Roy stares at the  
bodies, sees Ben Broome crawling away...

ROY

Frank--

GRIFFIN

(looks, frowns)  
Now where you runnin' off to, Mr.  
Broome?

(then, to Roy)  
You best kill him, son.

Gatz Brown hands Roy a gun. Roy stares at it in his hand and  
then watches as Broome struggles now to stand. Griffin grabs  
his shirt, puts it on...

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Mr. Broome don't strike me as the  
type a feller who learns from his  
mistakes, and I don't much like  
lookin' over my shoulder.

Roy still doesn't move. Watches Broome gain his feet, reach  
for his saddle. Griffin fastens his preacher's collar, turns  
to Roy.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Man was gonna hang the only kin you  
got without so much as a nod.

Roy nods, takes the gun in his left hand and points it at the  
wounded rancher who struggles to get a foot in his stirrup.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Family's everything, son. Without  
family, we're lost.

(looks Roy in the eye)  
I ain't your brother and I will  
never leave you. Not ever. You  
understand?

Roy nods.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Now do as your told.



MAJOR LOWELL  
 Sooner or later, men like Griffin  
 find the wrong end the rifle. It's  
 only a matter of time.

MCNUE  
 And until that happens?

MAJOR LOWELL  
 He's the responsibility of brave  
 men such as yourself.

MCNUE  
 He's not far. I saw him but a day  
 past at the Purgatoire River.

The major exchanges a look with the sergeant.

MCNUE (CONT'D)  
 I bet you and your Crow scouts  
 could pick up his trail and have  
 him in hand within a week.

MAJOR LOWELL  
 I bet we could, too. But as I said--  
 (extends his hand)  
 --My orders point me elsewhere.

McNue doesn't move. The Major turns away.

MAJOR LOWELL (CONT'D)  
 Good hunting, sir.

44 **EXT. CAVALRY CAMP - DAY**

44

As McNue rides away and the old Indian and his dog fall in  
 beside him.

MCNUE  
 I can't take Griffin on my own,  
 that's for damn sure. Be suicide.

INDIAN  
 So go home to your children.

MCNUE  
 I can't do that either. Not without  
 a head to show for it.

INDIAN  
 This head will bring your family  
 luck?

McNue doesn't answer.

INDIAN (CONT'D)  
 You found the man. Is that not  
 enough for you?

MCNUE  
 (stops his horse)  
 Let me ask you something, Mr. Wise  
 Old Shoshone Nuisance-- you go on a  
 buffalo hunt, how's it feel, you  
 come home with a rabbit?

INDIAN  
 Not so good.  
 (urges his horse forward)  
 But I come home.

45      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - THE PASTURE - DUSK**

45

Roy checks the injured leg on the old pack horse he rode in  
 on. He sees Alice make her way out to him.

ALICE  
 She seems to be doing better.

ROY  
 She's nearly rode out, but she's  
 gentle, and she can still pull a  
 wagon. Be good for Sadie'n her  
 little one.

Alice nods as Roy next indicates a big dun grazing nearby.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 Now, that one there's ornery, keeps  
 bitin' the others. I thought the  
 Sheriff's sister might like him.

Despite herself, Alice has to smile at that. He sees her  
 looking at a white and grey dapple.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 That one's yours.

ALICE  
 Why's that?

ROY  
 She keeps her head up.

She turns to him, but he turns away, watches Truckee across  
 the pasture pull the saddle from his horse like a seasoned  
 cowboy.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 I thought we'd take 'em all in  
 tomorrow.

ALICE

Roy--

ROY

--I have to go.  
 (turns to her)  
 There's somethin' I gotta finish.

ALICE

You're gonna kill Frank Griffin.

He digs the toe of his boot into the dirt a moment.

ROY

When I first left Frank, I spent some time in the Fairview hills. The more time I spent alone, the more I began to have a bad time with myself. I started gettin' crazy thoughts. I couldn't just leave Frank alone. So I started harrassin' him. I'd follow him, then steal from him.

ALICE

Why?

ROY

I don't know. Maybe because I couldn't kill him. Least not until I saw what he did in Creede. On account a me.

ALICE

You did try to stop him.

ROY

No ma'am, I come there to rob him. Which I did. But then it all went wrong in Doubtful Canyon.

ALICE

Wrong, how?

ROY

Neither of us died.

He looks at her.

ROY (CONT'D)

After that, I went back to Moses to rebury my Daddy. Something I'd always swore I'd do. Ain't right puttin' a man straight into the dirt for all eternity.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I was so tired after I dug him up, moved him, then dug a whole new grave, I thought I'd lie down and bleed out right beside him. And while he was nuthin' but bones, his clothes were all still there, they hadn't rotted away. I don't know how that could've happened. I recalled him wearin' them clothes. I'm older now than he was when he died, so I was recallin' a younger man. I've lived longer'n he did. Just then it seemed right to me that I put on my daddy's clothes. I don't know, I was dyin', not thinkin' right, and maybe I figured by doin' that, I'd end up wherever he is. I laid down alongside him and waited to die. I waited all night. Then, at dawn, I had this vision...

46 **EXT. CEMETERY - MOSES (FLASHBACK)**

46

Roy lies on the fresh dirt of his father's grave. He opens his eyes, sees Frank Griffin looking down at him, his face hovering over Roy's like a black-eyed moon...

GRIFFIN

*May God's fruit ripen black over  
your grave.*

Roy sits up and Griffin's gone.

47 **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - DUSK**

47

Roy puts a hand on the pack horse, turns to her.

ROY

I realized then that hell's gonna follow me wherever I go.  
(looks off at Truckee)  
And I realize now that I don't ever want it to follow me here.

48 **INT. MAGDALENA'S - DAY**

48

Callie examines a lacy pair of UNDERWEAR.

CALLIE

You made 'em yourself?

And now reveal SADIE ROSE standing there.

SADIE

Nearly fifty pair. I hope the new preacher won't frown upon it...

Sadie shoves the undergarment back into her apron.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
I wanna sell 'em. Through the mail.

CALLIE  
Through the mail?

SADIE  
I know it sounds crazy, but if  
Sears does it, I could, too...

CALLIE  
But they got a catalogue.

SADIE  
That's why I approached Mr. Grigg  
about taking out an advertisement  
in his paper.

She moves to the window, looks across to where Grigg holds court in front of the general store with some of the other local women. All of them now laughing at something he said.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
He said an advertisement would cost  
five dollars, but that he would do  
it for free if I...

CALLIE  
If you what?

She comes over and whispers in Callie's ear, the ex-whore's expression darkening as she listens. Callie puts a hand on Sadie Rose's shoulder...

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
You don't worry about a thing. And  
don't you talk no more to Mr. Grigg  
about it. I'll give you whatever  
you need.

We hear a bit of a rumbling and a rise of voices and they both look out the window.

SADIE  
Dear God...

49

**EXT. LA BELLE - ASA'S STORE - SAME**

49

As Barney steps out of the saloon and Asa moves to the porch, the few folks on the street now looking off at an approaching CLOUD OF DUST.

CRANE UP to reveal Roy, Alice and Truckee leading a long string of horses into La Belle.



Hiram swings open the gates of the livery and they herd the animals into the corral there.

Logan steps out of the sheriff's office and watches Roy lead the horses in, noting Alice now as she leads her own string.

Grigg stands on Asa's porch, dabbing at his eye, watching the animals come in.

GRIGG  
Who, pray tell, is that woman?

ASA  
Cause of all our distress.

GRIGG  
Really. *That's* her?

And now Grigg puts his gaze on Roy. Watches him work the horses into the livery. Gently instruct the boy.

GRIGG (CONT'D)  
And that I'm guessing is her hand,  
Mr. Ward?

ASA  
That's him.

GRIGG  
(then, watching)  
Not from around here then, is he?

ASA  
Not that I know of.

GRIGG  
Where all you think he come from?

ASA  
(watching Alice)  
She broke him out of jail.

Asa goes inside. Grigg remains, watches Roy.

50

**AT THE LIVERY**

50

Roy closes the gate and now he and Alice face the gathered group.

ALICE  
They're all yours.

And now the women all begin to take in the horses. Alice turns to Roy and Truckee, starts to head off...

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I got someone to see and then we're  
gonna go.

Roy sees A.T. Grigg watching him from up the street.

ROY  
We'll wait here..

51 INT. MAGDALENA'S - DAY

51

Callie is cleaning the school desks when Alice enters, holds  
out the primer for her...

ALICE  
I wanted to return this to you.

CALLIE  
That was fast.

ALICE  
He's a fast learner.

CALLIE  
I imagine so.

Callie puts the book on her desk, sees Alice lingering.

ALICE  
There's something else.  
(then)  
I was wondering if you'd like to  
buy my ranch.

CALLIE  
Your ranch?

ALICE  
I'll give you a fair price.

CALLIE  
Why me?

ALICE  
I thought I'd start with the  
richest person in town.

Callie smiles.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
There's a well, freshly dug. Barn  
and the house are in good shape. I  
got most of the land fenced.

CALLIE  
It's tempting, but I'm thinking of  
leaving myself.  
(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)  
 (off Alice's look)  
 Nothing here for me.

ALICE  
 When the mine starts back up, all  
 that will change, won't it?

CALLIE  
 I don't want to go back to that.

ALICE  
 No, I don't see as you would.  
 (extends her hand)  
 Thanks for the book.

They shake hands. Alice turns to go...

CALLIE  
 You've proved it up so nice. Be a  
 shame for you to leave.

Alice says nothing, just nods and leaves.

52

**EXT. LIVERY - SAME**

52

Roy and Truckee sit on the rail. Roy carefully watching Grigg  
 up the street in that way Roy watches everything -- without  
 really watching him. Truckee takes out the wooden gun--

ROY  
 You steal that from me?

TRUCKEE  
 Watch--

Truckee tries to spin the gun around like a gunfighter, drops  
 it in the dirt.

ROY  
 Well done.

He jumps down and picks it up, tries to spin it again.

TRUCKEE  
 When you gonna teach me?

ROY  
 Never most likely.

TRUCKEE  
 How come? You wanna teach me  
 everything else.

ROY  
Well, I ain't teachin' you how to  
be no show off.

TRUCKEE  
(trying again)  
I don't think you even know how to  
do it.

ROY  
You're right. I just know how to  
get it clear a my holster without  
shootin' my damn foot off. The rest  
is silly nonsense. And you know  
what? I'm done talkin' about guns.

Truckee continues playing with the wooden gun. Pointing it  
this way and that when--

VOICE  
Don't shoot!

And now they see Logan on his horse with his hands up.

LOGAN  
We meet again.

Roy looks up at him and nods. Logan takes in the full livery.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Look at all them beautiful animals.  
I may just have to purchase a few  
for myself and my deputies.

ROY  
I'm afraid they're all spoken for.

LOGAN  
All of 'em?

ROY  
(indicating the women)  
Belong to the ladies.

Logan nods, takes that in.

LOGAN  
Things really are lookin' up for  
them. Gladdens my heart.

Roy says nothing to that. Logan now watches him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
I always get a bad feelin' when I  
keep bumpin' into a man I don't  
know. Makes me wonder.  
(leans down)  
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me, friend, should I wonder  
about you?

ROY  
Nope. There's plenty others more  
worrisome than me.

LOGAN  
You understand, I'm the new law  
around here.

ROY  
What happened to the old law?

LOGAN  
Your guess is as good as mine.

ROY  
Well, sir, I ain't your problem.  
I'll be leavin' soon.

LOGAN  
Town?

ROY  
The territory.

Truckee reacts to this. Logan looks down at him.

LOGAN  
Remember me.

And Truckee fixes him with a glare. Logan smiles.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Look at him. You can tell he'd like  
to knock the turkey out of me. How  
'bout I get down off this animal  
and give you one free shot?

TRUCKEE  
How 'bout I pull you off?

Logan stares back at him, then chuckles. Roy puts a hand on  
Truckee's shoulder. Sees Alice heading their way and now  
leads the boy towards their horses.

ROY  
(to Logan)  
We'll be on our way.  
(then)  
Feel better?

TRUCKEE  
I do.

They get to their horses, watches Logan's men head into town.

ROY  
And nobody got shot.

TRUCKEE  
Nope. I sure do hate that man. Some  
day I'm gonna get him back.

ROY  
I don't doubt it. But keep in mind--  
(helps the boy onto his  
horse)  
--person ain't careful, they can  
make a profession out of revenge.

**ON GRIGG**

Watching as Alice joins Roy and Truckee. He steps forward,  
says to himself...

GRIGG  
(watching Roy ride off)  
Shot the head off a snake.

54      **EXT. ALICE'S RANCH - NIGHT**      54

LIGHTNING, like the first night Roy got here.

55      **INT. ALICE'S RANCH - THE BARN - NIGHT**      55

Roy packs up his saddle bag. He sees the bible, the LETTER  
FROM HIS BROTHER sticking out of it. He takes it out, sits  
down and stares it in his hands. Slowly--

ROY  
*To Roy Goode, cee oh Lucy Cole.  
Moses, New Mexico.*  
(turns it over)  
*From Jim Goode. Atascadero,  
California.*

He takes a breath and starts to open it when--

TRUCKEE (O.S.)  
You can't go.

Roy glances at the boy standing in the light of the door.

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
Who's gonna help us around here?

ROY  
(puts the letter away)  
You don't need my help. You can  
take care a things just fine now.

TRUCKEE  
She needs you.

ROY  
Y'all are going to Boston.

TRUCKEE  
She always says that. We never go.

Roy's startled as the boy comes up, puts his arms around him.

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
You can't go.  
(then)  
You don't even have a gun!

Roy looks down at the boy. Knows exactly how the kid feels. Even so, he gently pries his arms from his waist.

ROY  
I'm sorry, son.

Roy reaches into his pocket and takes out the wooden gun.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Thought I'd leave this with you.

TRUCKEE  
I don't want it.

Truckee starts out of the barn, pauses and looks back--

TRUCKEE (CONT'D)  
Goddamn you, Roy Goode. Goddamn you  
to hell.

--and then turns and storms out of the barn. Roy turns back to his packing. He shoves the bible and the letter into the saddle bag. He then grabs a bridle and turns to see Alice standing there now.

ROY  
You mad at me, too?

Her answer involves reaching out and pulling his face into hers, kisses him.

He recovers right quick from his startled state and returns the favor, lifting her up off the ground and carrying her over to the pallet.

As they begin doing what they've both wanted to do for some time, the weather hits and we--

It's POURING RAIN as Roy, on the black horse, bursts out of the barn and gallops straight into the gathering storm.





59           **EXT. OUTSIDE LA BELLE - DAY**

59

As Roy rides through the rain away from town...

ALICE (V.O.)

*I've learned that life is a gift we  
are given and that we should live  
it with honor and, God willing,  
leave something of our best selves  
behind.*

60           **INT. ALICE'S BARN - DAY**

60

As Truckee listens to his mother read:

ALICE

*Truth is, once our time is done,  
all that remains of us is our  
children, and so it's our duty to  
leave them happy and strong. I know  
now that money matters only to the  
man with a small mind. The harder  
thing is to do the best one can  
with what one has.*

61           **EXT. BLACKDOM - DAY**

61

As Roy rides past the little community...

ALICE (V.O.)

*I learned these words and thoughts  
from reading, something I shoulda  
learned how to do a long time ago.  
Something I shoulda taught you and  
maybe saved you some heartache.  
The truth is, books have taught me  
that I am not at all the man I  
could've been, but I wanna try.*

62           **INT. ALICE'S BARN - DAY**

62

As Alice continues...

ALICE

*I'm asking you to come now to the  
Atascadero Territory in California  
and live with me and my wife. Yes,  
I got me a wife. I have a son, too.  
His name is Roy.*

Truckee and Alice both react to this. She regroups...

ALICE (CONT'D)

*He's but three. And you won't never believe the job I got, so I'm not even going to bother telling you about it less I see you in person. Which I am hoping I will.*

63      **EXT. CAMP - NIGHT**

63

Roy sits alone in the dark beside a small fire.

ALICE (V.O.)

*I live near the Pacific ocean as I always said I would and it is everything I always said it would be. I can't wait for you to see it. I don't think you have ever seen a body of water so big or so beautiful.*

64      **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

64

Truckee tries to picture all of this--

ALICE

*They got fish in there the size of plow horses. And the water itself is the cleanest and clearest I have ever touched. You ride down to the sea, pull your boots off and stand in the salt water barefoot and feel yourself go light. You look out and all you see is blue. Blue sky. Blue water. It's overwhelming. You feel as if you're on the edge of something powerful. It's like you're right there holding onto the knob on the door to heaven--*

Alice laughs softly at the rather purple turn of phrase. She glances at Truckee -- who didn't seem to notice, just stares off -- then she clears her throat and continues.

ALICE (CONT'D)

*This place has changed me and I do believe it will change you, too.*

65      **EXT. CAMP - DAWN**

65

As Roy down the middle of a misty creek...

ALICE (V.O.)

*I know I ain't been the brother you needed me to be.*

(MORE)

ALICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I know I ran off when you needed my protection, but I'm asking you now to come to Atascadero and give me a second chance. To let me teach you the things I should have taught you long ago.*

66 INT. ALICE'S BARN - DAY

66

As Alice finishes the letter...

ALICE  
*Take your time. I will always be here waiting. Signed... Your loving brother. Jim.*

She looks up and she and Truckee sit there a moment, both of them moved.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
*Knob on the door to heaven.*  
 (then)  
 Quite a poet his brother is.

TRUCKEE  
 Wonder what the job is, he got that Roy wouldn't believe?

ALICE  
 Preacher, sounds like.

She picks up the envelope. Sees another page inside. She takes it out, unfolds it. They both stare at--

A CRUDELY DRAWN MAP. It shows the way from Moses, New Mexico to Atascadero. An "X" marking the destination.

TRUCKEE  
 That Atascadero sounds fine... with the blue water and the big fish and all.  
 (touches the X)  
 Think that's where he's headed?

ALICE  
 (finally)  
 I hope so.

67 INT. THE DAILY REVIEW OFFICE - DAY

67

A.T. Grigg, wet and wrung out from a long ride bursts inside, startling his young APPRENTICE who had just sat down to his lunch.

APPRENTICE  
 Mr. Grigg-- I didn't expect--

GRIGG

--Get up off your lazy ass, we've got a special edition to put out!

APPRENTICE

You mean the fire at the feed store? How'd you hear about--

GRIGG

No, I don't mean any damn fire. Not in this town anyway. Come on, move! I need to get the issue out and get right back down to La Belle.

APPRENTICE

What for?

GRIGG

So I can be there when Frank Griffin comes ridin' in.

APPRENTICE

What?

GRIGG

Here--

Grigg unfolds several sheets of paper from his vest.

GRIGG (CONT'D)

--get started on this. I'll write the rest as we go.

The boy takes a look at the article, his eyes widening.

APPRENTICE

Is this true?

GRIGG

I saw him with my own eyes.

APPRENTICE

You warn them poor folks?

GRIGG

Boy, you as slow as the second coming of Christ! Go!

68

**EXT. LA BELLE - DAY**

68

A MAN in a dark suit walks the muddy street, looking around. He sees Mary-Agnes crossing and gives her a long once-over.

MAN

Excuse me, ma'am.

(she pauses)

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)  
I wonder if you might help me with something.

MARY-AGNES  
Depends.

MAN  
I'm looking for this woman.

He takes out a photograph and passes it to her.

69

**INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH**

69

A formal wedding photograph of the German woman and her HUSBAND.

MARY-AGNES  
And who might you be?

MAN  
The name's Webster--  
(flashes a badge)  
I'm with the Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago.

MARY-AGNES  
(looking at the photo)  
The husband hire you?

WEBSTER  
Mr. Bischoff's very concerned about his wife.

MARY-AGNES  
I'm sure he is.

WEBSTER  
(looking around)  
I'm told she lives here now.

Mary-Agnes considers the man, considers his gun, considers the whole damn situation. And no matter which way she does the math, it comes out in her favor. But, nevertheless, she ain't cruel (just lonely). So--

MARY-AGNES  
You just missed her.

WEBSTER  
What?

MARY-AGNES  
She moved on.  
(off his look)  
Must be a week now.

WEBSTER

Any idea where?

MARY-AGNES

Back to Germany's what I hear.

Now it's the Pinkerton's turn to consider *her*.

WEBSTER

That's unfortunate... seeing as Mr. Bischoff had originally brought her to Mexico for her health.

MARY-AGNES

Mr. Bischoff sure sounds like a nice man, go through the trouble and expense to hire an armed detective to fetch his wife.

WEBSTER

He just wants her back, safe and sound.

MARY-AGNES

"Safe" is one a those funny words, sometimes means something different to the person who says it and the person who hears it

WEBSTER

I don't follow.

MARY-AGNES

Maybe Mrs. Bischoff felt safer away from Mr. Bischoff than with him.

WEBSTER

Maybe so, but she's still his wife. And as such, it's not up to her.

MARY-AGNES

I didn't realize that "I do" meant "You go right ahead, honey, do as you please."

She adjusts her hat, looks around

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

She was gonna take the Southern Pacific from Santa Fe to New York, get the boat from there. Train only runs but once a week. So if you ride hard, you can make it in a day, maybe catch her.

(puts her hat back on)

Though I doubt it.

Mary-Agnes can feel Webster's eyes her back as she walks oh-so-casually towards the shanties, now picking up her pace as soon as she's out of his sight.

She hurries between the shanties and knocks on the door.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
C'mon, woman, open up.

She's knocking again when the door now opens and MARTHA (the German woman) is standing there her usual half-naked. She smiles at Mary-Agnes, starts to say something in German when Mary-Agnes ushers her back inside--

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
You best keep yourself out of sight  
for a while...

70 **INT. MARTHA'S SHANTY - SAME**

70

As Mary-Agnes checks outside and then closes the door.

MARY-AGNES  
There's a man here from Pinkerton,  
wants to--

She stops, suddenly stupefied, looks around the shanty.

71 **REVERSE - THE SHANTY**

71

Full of OIL PAINTINGS. All of them of La Belle, the area around it, the people in it. All are stunning in their clarity and observation.

Martha smiles at Mary-Agnes' reaction and begins chatting away at her in German.

MARY-AGNES  
(looking around)  
Shhh... you wanna keep your voice  
down. The man's probably creepin'  
around outside...

Amongst all of the paintings are many fine things that Martha absconded with from her old life-- China, glass lamps, even a red velvet chair. An Oriental rug covers most of the floor except for near Martha's easel where it's been rolled back.

There's an armoire stuffed with gorgeous clothes. Mary-Agnes turns as Martha pulls a blanket over her and continues on in German, gesturing, as she explains how the paint ruins them, so she doesn't wear them.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
(touching a dress)  
I'd be scared to wear 'em, too.

She turns to the easel and goes stiff at the sight of the canvas there.

MARTHA  
Beautiful, yes?

Mary-Agnes stares at the likeness of Callie on the easel. She sits draped in the red velvet chair. Mary-Agnes nods.

MARY-AGNES  
Yeah.

MARTHA  
For *you*.

Mary-Agnes looks at her.

MARY-AGNES  
Me?  
(dawning)  
Shit. No. Not for me.

Martha nods. Mary-Agnes, now feeling worse -- if possible -- than she did before.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
Shit shit shit shit...  
(then)  
Why didn't she just say so?

MARTHA  
Surprise. Your birthday.

MARY-AGNES  
My *birthday*? Oh come on. How could she--  
(looks at the painting)  
I don't even know anymore when is my damn birthday.  
(then)  
That stupid, stupid--  
(then, just--)  
Goddammit.

She faces Martha, is about to say something, most likely along the lines of "I'm an idiot," when THE DOOR's kicked open to reveal Webster standing there with his gun out.

Of course, Mary-Agnes gets hers out and, wouldn't you know it, somehow Martha's got a damn rifle in her hand. She and Mary-Agnes look at each other, surprised, but not half as much as the Pinkerton in the doorway--

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



MARY-AGNES

Sure. Come on in. Have a seat.

WEBSTER

I suggest we all first lower our weapons.

MARY-AGNES

After you.

He doesn't. And, of course, they don't.

WEBSTER

Seems we're deadlocked.

MARY-AGNES

Seems so.

WEBSTER

(looks at Martha)

Mrs. Bischoff. Your husband--

And that's when Martha shoots him in the leg, knocks it right out from under him sending him straight to the ground like an upended table.

MARY-AGNES

Jesus--

Martha sets the rifle aside, drags the wounded and now loudly whining man inside. Or tries to. She looks at Mary-Agnes for help. Mary-Agnes shakes her head, holsters his pistol and grabs an arm. They get him inside and shut the door.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)

I'm not sure that was the best way to handle that situation.

But Martha isn't listening. She's shouting at the man in German. She pulls his trousers down and inspects his wound-- sees an entry and an exit.

WEBSTER

I'm crippled!

MARY-AGNES

I doubt it-- shot went through and through, missed the bone looks like.

(nods to Martha)

Nicely shootin'.

Martha finds the photograph on his person and looks at it. Then tears it in half. Webster seems more hurt by this--

WEBSTER

No-- don't!

She grabs a rope and starts to tie Webster's arms...

MARY-AGNES  
What are you doing?

She now straddles Webster, leans down like a lover and says something to him in German. Jabbing her finger at the half-image of her husband. The name "Otto" heard most prominently.

WEBSTER  
I don't care none what Otto says--  
I just had to see you for myself!

Mary-Agnes looks at the guy.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)  
That picture's in my pocket for the  
better part of a year now. I'd look  
at your lovely face every night--

Martha slaps him. Clearly doesn't understand him, where he was going with that sentiment. Mary-Agnes looks at her--

MARY-AGNES  
You know, I think this fool may  
have some feelings for you.

And now Webster says a sentence in German. Clearly one he's practiced. Martha pauses in her trussing and looks at him.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
I can pretty well guess what that  
meant.

Martha stares at him a moment, but then finishes tying him up, pulls him into a sitting position and grabs a bottle of whiskey.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
What are you gonna do with him?

Martha doesn't answer, just angrily pours some whiskey on the wound, sending Webster into a yelp which she cuts off with a SLAP. She looks at him, then starts to wrap his leg.

MARY-AGNES (CONT'D)  
I'll just be goin' now.

As Mary-Agnes exits the shanty, takes in what she just saw, then walks quickly away. She hears voices, THE POUNDING OF NAILS and looks off at the church.

73 **ON THE ROOF**

73

The women are all up here pounding nails. Callie among them. Mary-Agnes watches them from below a moment, then disappears from our view. A moment later we see her climbing the ladder and stepping onto the rafters.

MARY-AGNES

Ladies.

They watch as she grabs a hammer and joins them. Callie looks her way, but Mary-Agnes sets to work without a look back.

74 **EXT. CABIN IN THE TREES - DAY**

74

More dugout, really, than cabin. And now near ruin as the trees and greenery have nearly consumed it. Roy now comes through the trees and stops his horse, takes in the place.

We hear SCREAMING OVER...

75 **EXT. VERY NEAR THIS SAME PLACE - A FEW YEARS EARLIER**

75

As Frank Griffin and his band, including Roy but not as many men back then, move through the trees, hear THE SCREAMS. Now GUNFIRE and all goes SILENT.

Griffin raises his hand and the men rein up and listen to the trees. After a moment there's movement ahead-- figures coming at them. Everybody except Griffin pulls a weapon and waits--

Soon enough, two men -- just barely, both maybe 19 or 20 -- run up to them. Each one is wide eyed with panic and covered with blood, so we might at first not recognize them, but as they get up close, we grok that these boys are the Devlin Brothers.

GRIFFIN

Easy there, fellas. What y'all  
runnin' away from?

The two brothers look at each other, begin frantically signaling with their hands, making strange sounds.

FLOYD

I think maybe they're simple.

GATZ

I seen this one time before up in  
Nebraska. Pair like these two had  
their own kinda talk, only the two  
a them could savvy.

Griffin watches the two blood-covered creatures fascinated.

GRIFFIN

Boys, where's your kin at?



GATZ  
Whatta you think, Comanche? Kiowa  
maybe?

FLOYD  
Or maybe their *spirits*.  
(stands up)  
Whoever it was, they left no  
tracks.

Floyd looks at the KNIFE tucked into Donnie's belt and the  
pistol tucked into Daryl's.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
I think it's more likely this here  
"massacre" was home grown.

Floyd looks in the cabin as Griffin consoles the two boys.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Whatta we tell him?

GATZ  
He knows.

Gatz turns to see Roy staring down THE WELL. He walks over to  
him. Looks down. A DEAD INFANT lies at the bottom, partially  
buried in leaves. Gatz shakes his head...

GATZ (CONT'D)  
Sometimes the folks you love are  
the folks you hate.  
(looks around the woods)  
Especially when y'all are way the  
fuck out, the middle a nowhere.

Roy looks into the cabin at the twins--

ROY  
Wonder whose it was.

GRIFFIN  
Boys, I'd like y'all to meet Donnie  
and Daryl Devlin.

Roy looks at the two young men, their smiles in the face of  
their dead folks saying everything. Roy instantly hates them.  
He watches as they grab their things, lead a couple of horses  
from the corral.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
They gonna be riding with us now.  
So from here on-- what's ours is  
theirs.

The Devlins both grin at Roy as they mount up and he  
instantly hates them.

Roy sits there staring at the cabin, the gang's voices ECHOING as they HA their horses forward and we then--

78

**CUT TO THE CABIN IN THE TREES - NOW**

78

As Roy sits there looking at the cabin... at that WELL out front now long overgrown. Tempted to get off and look down, but he keeps to his horse and keeps moving.

DONNIE (V.O.)

*In the absence of God, it's up to men like us to make the important decisions...*

79

**EXT. GRIFFIN CAMP - DUSK**

79

Frank sits with his men around a fire. In the distance, Gatz Brown approaches on horseback throughout the following--

DONNIE

*...for it's the ancient fears of loneliness, sickness and poverty that create men like us.*

Griffin watches Gatz approach now.

GRIFFIN

Very good.

DARYL

(jumping in)

*Book says, death ain't no big deal. It's dyin' that's no Goddamn fun.*

GRIFFIN

That's right.

DARYL

*Man lays down like a lamb, stays down.*

DONNIE

*Only thing a man can truly count on is hisself.*

GRIFFIN

Amen.

He takes a sip. Winces--

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

You rinse out that there coffee pot afore you started brewin?

DONNIE

I did.







There's Sarah Doyle and Charlotte with their husbands.  
There's Mary-Agnes now with her husband, her arm in his.  
Whitey walks with his FATHER. All of them warmly greeting  
each other as they join the group and walk down the main  
street.

John Doe joining in as Mary-Agnes says hello to someone else  
and thus missing the man's name as he introduces himself to  
her husband...

They get to the mine and the women stop, say their good-byes  
and watch as the MINERS climb the stairs to the skip and get  
on board.

Sadie Rose waves once more to her husband as the skip begins  
its descent into the mine, her husband waving back as we now  
go down with them until, finally, all goes--

**BLACK**