

**HELL'S POSSE**  
**PILOT**

Written by  
Lawrence Whitener

*"The only thing you can't take from folk is their fight."  
Sheriff Red Harding, Colorado Territory, 1880*

All three award-winning scripts on IMDb written as a series.  
"Redbear" is backstory and "Shoot Me If You Can" is final trilogy.

WGA-East #I-335468  
303 Fieldstone Lane  
Blacksburg, VA 24060  
(cell) 571-337-8866  
(email) L\_WH@aol.com  
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by Lawrence Whitener

FADE IN:

**CAPTION:** *"There are plenty of targets worthy of a bullet. Some, call them men."* Sheriff Red Harding, Colorado, 1880

**EXT. AMERICAN OLD WEST - NIGHT**

A RED TAILED HAWK flies over desert sands to a prairie lit by the full moon. Hawk searches for its dinner dipping silent between jutting mountains. It glides to lantern light rising from the small town of Cactus Rose near a rivulet fed by a mountain lake which stands ready for railroad expansion.

Hawk circles the town's livery stable, dry-goods store, two-story hotel, eatery, tonsorial parlor with a red-and-white striped pole, freight delivery depot, Pony Express station, a bank, partially-built church, the Rosebud Salon, a tiny red schoolhouse, and their Marshal's Office.

A BLACK-TAILED JACKRABBIT hops from behind the jail towards the safety of a lone tree. The Hawk's keen vision sees its dinner and dives in streaking.

**EXT. JAIL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Hawk flies off with talons sunk deep in crying Rabbit's ribs.

SHERIFF WEBB, 50s, shows age with grey around temples and an iron-gray mustache. He exits concerned looking up to see the Hawk and its prey fly away silhouetted against their night sky's yellow orb. He ties his holster down to a thigh, then steps down into the street to begin his nightly rounds.

WEBB

Never reckoned with why God made  
their screams sound so human.

A shotgun's double-flash *retort* cuts Webb in two.

ARTHUR "CHARON" BOGLE, 40s, Jamaican-heritage, has skin like black leather and a soul to match. He steps out of the shadows wearing a black leather brim hat with Spanish spurs *jingling*. He opens his shotgun's breach, blows through both tubes to empty their smoke, then reloads.

CHARON

T'weren't God that done it.  
(snaps barrels up to lock)  
T'was the Devil.  
(rests shotgun on shoulder)  
So only the fearful, fear death.

**INT. ROSEBUD SALOON - SIMULATANEOUS**

EION LIAM O'CONOR, 30s, blue eyes and red hair with matching mustache, wears a filthy apron. He cocks his head at the *boom* he recognizes while carrying four mugs of beer to a table of FOUR COWBOYS. He delivers his precious cargo, then fast-walks through his *squeaking* home-made batwing doors.

His cowboys are really Four Outlaws from another territory.

HYMAN "HOODOO" AMLET, 25, was to be a Rabi like his father, until his father tried to beat some sense into him. Bad call. Hoodoo wears two holsters that cross over each other with their gun butts facing forward. His pants are jammed into high leather boots and his hat is too small for his head, but never tell that to him. It'll be the last thing you ever say.

BASS "DOC" MILLER, 30, short, was a dentist until his wife left him for a clerk who became his first killing. His thick sheepskin chaps along with his tiny cowboy boots make him look like a centaur. His long mustache is always dirty. Two *Merwin Hulbert* .32 pistols are small like him and holstered over his thighs, not hips. Instead of a knife, he carries a leather surgeon's pouch that holds Civil War flint scalpels.

FELIPE "MEXICALI BOB" ESPINOSA, 30, was born mean. A *Colt Dragoon 3rd Model* on a lanyard around his neck is a muzzle-loader. Its shoulder-stock attachment is in his saddlebag. His colorful poncho, large sombrero, and a single jeweled-gantlet shooting glove leave such a lasting impression on any potential witness, they "can't remember" what he looks like.

CLAY "KING" FISHER, early 20s, doesn't know when he was born. Hung as a horse thief, his posse left before checking if their hanging tree had termites. It did, so his branch broke with his last kick of life. Rope burns left a deep neck scar, so he wears an over-sized kerchief with triple-knots to hide it. Since his throat was crushed damaging his vocal cords, he doesn't speak, just makes noises. He wears a cartridge belt around his waist, not a holster, with a pistol stuck in it.

All Four Outlaws hold up a silent toast, take a swig, then stand with their mugs and exit while sipping.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Second floor living quarters of the town's various shops have window's that light-up as lanterns inside them are lit.

SHOPKEEPERS, in bed clothes, one-by-one poke their heads out of their bedroom windows like gophers.

SIMPSON BARKER, a geeky Caucasian in his early 50s wearing round-rim glasses and a striped nightshirt, is owner of the Cactus Rose General Store below him and is first to yell.

SIMPSON

What's goin' on, Deputy?!

O'Connor gets a slight stutter whenever he's caught off-guard.

O'CONOR

H-h-hopin' night h-h-huntin'.

GLADIOLA BARKER, late 50s, WASP, in a night cap, was no spring flower in any Spring. She pulls her husband back in to stick her nose out and in everyone else's business as usual.

GLADIOLA

Who's huntin' this late at night?!

The Three Outlaws even *laugh* mean. Kinda' hard to explain what King's laugh sounds like. Think a file drawn over metal.

O'Connor has long since learned to ignore being made fun of, but still keeps a mental track of who said what and how.

O'CONOR

That be my concern, t-t-too.

O'Connor takes two more steps before he's blown over by dynamite exploding inside the Cactus Rose Bank Exchange.

Cordite smoke, dust, and falling wood, settle on everyone in the street, then they pick themselves up.

MEXICALI BOB

Dios mio, jefe!

DOC

Damn!

HOODOO

Boooooom --.

O'Connor looks at them, has epiphany, and turns to run.

A bullwhip tail *cracks* against his cheek splitting it open.

CHARON (O.S.)

Where you goin' in such a hurry --  
Deputy?

Charon steps out of the shadows recoiling his bullwhip. His shotgun is now slung across his back in a leather pouch.

O'Connor compresses his cut cheek with a hand. The blood oozes between his fingers.

O'CONOR

Take the money and l-l-leave.

Charon throws his now coiled whip out to the side, then *whips* its tail cutting O'Connor's other cheek.

CHARON

We'll "take" what we wants, and  
leave when "I" wants!

Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob, run *Yipeeing* into the blown-open bank doors while King stands stoic as their lookout.

GLADIOLA

Who do you think you are?!

Charon takes off his hat to sweep it at her bowing deep.

CHARON

Don't thinks, ma'am. --I knows.

GLADIOLA

Then you "knows" you're trash!

Charon grins. His teeth are mostly black from chewing tobacco except the two poorly made gold front teeth. He spits black juice through their gap so it arcs towards Gladiola.

CHARON

Now, if you hadn't gone and gotten  
uppity, I's might have left you be.

Gladiola never did know when to shut up.

GLADIOLA

What does that even mean you dirty  
despicable degenerate desperado?

CHARON

A right catchy head tune that one..

Hoodoo exits the bank overhearing and yells at Charon.

HOODOO

You blew the bank, boss! --Didn't  
blow the safe.

Simpson tries to pull Gladiola back inside their window.

GLADIOLA

Go on, git, you filthy swine!

CHARON

You gonna' take that filth from  
such a swine, Hoodoo?

Doc and Mexicali Bob exit the bank carrying nothing, but were also listening, and now *chortle*.

Hoodoo throws gun belt over a shoulder storming to Gladiola.

HOODOO

Nope, don't believe I will. But do  
believe, I'll "take" some in trade.

SHOPKEEPERS WIVES are ALL now looking out their open windows.

Hoodoo *kicks* open the General Store's front door, then storms inside. Sounds of a fight, a high-pitched *scream*, then silence. Hoodoo sticks his head out the same upper window.

HOODOO

*Uuuueee* boys, she be a two-bagger!

He disappears back inside to sounds of her desperate *screams*.

CHARON

Folks, me and the boys were gonna'  
just loot and scoot! But bein' as  
how your safe ain't cooperatin' --  
(spits black juice)  
we's gonna' vacation here a spell.

ALL Shopkeepers and their Wives *slam* their windows shut.

Doc and Mexicali Bob each marches to *kick* open the front doors of the town's Bistro and the Freight Depot.

Same earlier fight sounds with high-pitched *screaming* inside.

King closes his eyes listening and reveling in the screams.

The Livery doors are ajar, then close fast.

King's eyes snap-open and he marches off to Livery. He pushes on doors, but their drop bar on inside is down. He steps back and charges breaking the thin wood so the doors swing open. He enters. No sounds of a struggle, just a single shot.

CHARON

"Which of you men, if you had one  
hundred sheep and lost one, would  
not leave the other ninety-nine in  
the wilderness to go after the one  
that was lost?!"

Unmistakeable sound of a frontstock being *slid* back, then forward, loading its rifle-breach.

Charon turns cautious to see POPPY MARTINDALE, the town's schoolmarm, 30s, country pretty, wearing a full leather skirt, hip-aiming a Spanish Remington repeater-rifle at Charon. She continues King's *Parable of the Lost Sheep*.

POPPY

And "I tell you --there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents, than the ninety-nine righteous people that need" none.

O'CONNOR (O.S.)

M-M-Matthew Eighteen.

Charon and Poppy look to O'Connor who has stuffed clay in both cheek-cuts to slow their bleeding. He looks demonic.

O'CONNOR

Poppy, give me your gun, then go back to the schoolhouse.

CHARON

You're the town's teach?  
 (bows deep)  
 "We" has so much to teach, you.  
 (studies Poppy's rifle)  
 That a twenty-two?  
 (steps towards her)  
 Now if that were a Hawken ...

Poppy quick-fires two rounds at Charon's feet *racking* its pump underneath each time. Charon freezes.

POPPY

Fastest repeater made. Holds twelve in the tube. It'll cut you off at the knees, so best crawl away slow.

All shirtless; Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob's heads pop out their windows like Jack-in-the-boxes. King's does not appear.

CHARON

You boys go on back to havin' your fun. We's all just gettin' acquainted out here, that's all.

Hoodoo, Doc, and Mexicali Bob's heads snap back inside like snapping-turtles to sounds of more struggling *screams*.

CHARON

If I promise to leave you be --you  
do the same for me?

Poppy shoulder aims her rifle at Charon's head.

CHARON

That what me thoughtee.

Charon motions with two fingers and an arrow slices the  
outside of Poppy's shoulder making her drop the rifle.

O'Connor steps for her rifle. A second arrow pierces his  
boot's toe pinning it to the ground. O'Connor *yipes*.

Shirtless CHEROKEE "WOLF" WAYA (*WAH-yah*, "wolf") front-spins  
off the roof onto the ground to stand with a bow in one hand  
and quiver in the other. His rawhide pants are laced up the  
sides by leather strips. He doesn't wear a gun, just an  
Indian war belt with two hunting knives in leather scabbards.  
A lightning-bolt is painted across his chest and face. He  
wears a buffalo-bone choker around his neck and hates all  
white people. He pulls a knife stalking to O'Connor.

CHARON

(means, *no*)

Kla!

WOLF

(stops, asks "woman")

Agehya?

Charon nods. Wolf smiles wicked, sheaths his knife, then  
upper-cuts vicious knocking Poppy unconscious.

O'Connor pulls loose and steps to Wolf with arrow sticking out  
of his boot. Charon pistol-whips him down unconscious.

Wolf stabs two-fingers on either side of his own Adams Apple  
at O'Connor, then throws Poppy over a shoulder, and carries  
her to the schoolhouse *wolf-howling*.

Charon grabs O'Connor by the scruff and drags him to the jail.

CHARON

Seem to have a lil' kick left in  
your step. So you can spend all  
your time d-d-dancin' in j-j-jail.

**INT. CACTUS ROSE JAIL - DAYS LATER**

Two side-by-side 4' x 6' cells with no windows, only have a  
wood cot in each.



O'Connor lays on his cot in one cell still bloody and dressed same. Boot *steps* on the floor planking echo and wake him up.

ETHAN MUGGS, late 30s, prematurely bald, huge handle-bar mustache, always wears a British Bowler. As the town's barber and tooth puller, he lost most of his heavy English accent, but managed to keep enough slang, to identify his background.

Muggs opens O'Connor's cell door carrying an 1870 English porcelain bowl with a matching water pitcher having someone's family crest on it. Muggs enters walking stiff, almost like he's in pain, and pulls his shoulder-towel off.

O'Connor sits up barefoot. It's hard for him to talk because of his now twin-stitched cheeks.

O'CONNOR  
*'Ow, l-l-long?*

Muggs sits his bowl on the bed next to O'Connor and washes the dried blood off O'Connor's cheeks, then holds up two fingers.

O'CONNOR  
*T-t-time?*

MUGGS  
It's the morning, of our first day.

O'Connor looks at his injured foot's bloody bandage.

MUGGS  
Used powdered goldenrod to stop the bleeding. Used for centuries by many on a British battlefield.

Muggs unwraps O'Connor's foot, then sits his bloody bowl on the dirt floor. O'Connor puts his foot in water and cringes.

O'CONNOR  
*K-k-keepin' it?*

Muggs reaches under the cot to hand O'Connor an inches-long broken arrow with its flint arrowhead attached.

MUGGS  
Lucky for you, blighter used flint rock and not barrel hoop, or that soft metal woulda' bent and stuck in you like a fish hook. Even luckier, didn't dip in Poison Hemlock, as is often their way.

O'Connor examines his arrow's blood-stained chiseled point.

O'CONNOR

*T-t-town?*

MUGGS

Not so lucky.

Muggs stands with his bloody bowl and towel. He reaches beside O'Conor to hand him a *One-Seed Juniper* tree-limb with a fork near its top as a make-shift crutch.

MUGGS

Let that air in the sun today,  
should heal up clean.

O'CONOR

*W-w-what'd, they d-d-do?*

MUGGS

Other way around, old bean.  
What didn't, the buggers do?

Muggs exits. O'Conor hobbles after him using the crutch.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Now a ghost town. No horses, no people, just tumbleweeds.

O'Conor exits limping on his crutch to stand transfixed.

From hitching posts to store-fronts, the town has been re-painted barn-red. Every store's sign with *Cactus Rose* before its title, now has "Hell" sloppy-painted in red over it.

MUGGS

Scalawags changed the town's name.  
Welcome to --  
(goes arms-wide)  
Helllllllll.

Shock makes O'Conor fall/sit down in the street.

**INT. ROSEBUD SALOON - LATER THAT DAY**

Most tables and chairs are broken. Bar's mirror shot-cracked and all its liquor gone with some empty bottles on the floor.

O'Conor sits on the countertop with crutch laying beside him.

All the Shopkeepers sit or lean around its walls looking like vagabonds. Bruised and broken with lost-not-found spirit.

GENERAL STORE's Simpson and Gladiola sit in far corner. He rests a hand on her shoulder. She shakes it off angry.

BARBERY & TOOTH PULLING belongs to Muggs who leans on the far end of the bar sipping from an in-scrolled silver hip-flask.

LIVERY & SMITHING barn now owned by BINTA SHOER, 30s, African-American, very short hair, in a high-collar dress with bow and a thousand-yard stare. She sits with hands in her lap.

BOARDING HOUSE run by HERALD HIRSCOWITZ, tall, thin European, wearing narrow granny glasses. He and wife, BARBRA, both in their 40s, sit in two chairs ramrod-straight like Puritans.

BISTRO & BAKERY's chef is REMY TOUSSAINT, late 30s, very short, French heritage. He looks stern and dressed like he could be the president of a railroad. He and his wife, BRIDGETTE, sit in the last two chairs like they're in church.

FREIGHT DEPOT's teamster is ALONZO MUDEN, German descent, with arms and back like a bodybuilder from throwing heavy bags. He and his wife, MITHRIL, sit on the floor in a corner with legs out. He has an arm around her. She snuggles.

PONY EXPRESS & COACH wagoner is LUCAS MCGREGGOR of Scottish descent. He still has a Lowlands tongue-trill and temperament to match. A scar takes half-the-place of one eyebrow showing he's no stranger to fisticuffs. He wears a bowler too, but with a shorter brim and not as tall. He stands. Wife, ALANA, has bright red hair that is dirty and not brushed. She stands in front of him leaning back against his massive chest.

RESERVE & HARD CURRENCY banker, BENJAMIN BOSTON, is in fact from a long line of Boston bankers. He came West to build his own empire and brought his high-society wife, CHARTRISE, who has not coped well with their rustic wide open plains. They stand prim and proper in a third corner. She begins to sway, then drinks from a small brown-glass bottle marked *Laudanum*.

GLADIOLA

(stab-pointing to O'Connor)

Where were you --during our fire  
and brimstone!

SIMPSON

Now Gladi, you know there was  
nothing he could have done.

GLADIOLA

(slaps Simpson)

And where were you?!

(breaks down)

*When I needed you?*

The Other women are affected by Gladiola voicing what they are feeling. All except Binta, whose gaze never cracks.

O'Conor slides off the bar putting weight on his good leg.

O'CONOR

Suppose it needs to be said, so  
don't need to be said again.

(stands up straight)

Freedom is what you do, with what's  
been done to you.

REMY

French doctrine of positivism!

Bridgette hits Remy on his shoulder.

MCGREGGOR

Well I'm positive, laddie --that  
just about everything in the Good  
Book's been thrown on and over us.

*Murmuring* of agreement by ALL.

O'CONOR

You all know how I feel about her.

(fists clinch)

So we've all lost something.

*Murmuring* of agreement by ALL, then Gladiola points to Muggs.

GLADIO

Except him!

MUGGS

Steady on, old girl, before your  
idiom makes you into an idiot. You  
don't know what I lost, and I'd  
prefer to keep it that way.

Muggs takes a jolt from his flask.

SIMPSON

We all done been through so much  
just to get here, but to have to go  
through this, too? That don't make  
no God Damn sense.

O'CONOR

Not supposed t-t-to. Is what it is.

ALONZO

Till it ain't.

BENJAMIN

Talking won't bring "it" back. We  
either tuck our tails and run back  
East, or --?

Herald takes off glasses to clean with a dirty handkerchief.

HERALD

We go get "it" the fuck back.

MCGREGGOR

With what, our bare hands, dafty?  
The louts took all our guns!

BINTA

And horses.

MUGGS

And we don't even know the bugger's  
name?

RED (O.S.)

Arthur "no middle name" Bogle.

ALL look to see standing outside the bar's swinging doors,  
ALOYSIUS "RED" HARDING, 50s, tall, a bear of a man with long  
red hair now sun-bleached blonde and a scraggly long blondish-  
red beard. The fact he wears a brownish bearskin coat instead  
of a black one is why the Indians call him, REDBEAR. His big  
black round-brim hat looks like once belonged to a preacher.  
It did, until Red ordained him a sinner.

All the women cringe behind their husbands, except Binta.

BINTA

What is you, mister --?

Red steps through the doors. He is an imposing sight.

RED

Sheriff, Sheriff Harding. I've been  
tracking Charon ...

MUGGS

As in the Styx River boatman?

BENJAMIN

The one who ferries the dead?

RED

One in the same. I've been huntin'  
him and his murderin' cutthroats  
for nigh on three month.

MUGGS

All by your lonesome?

RED

Posse, turned sixty back.

O'CONOR

So you need a new one.

MCGREGGOR

And what would we use for  
firesticks, ya' big loony?

RED

Hawken and Sharps on my packhorse.

MUGGS

And what will the rest of us Davids  
be usin' --slings?

Red opens his coat to reveal a bullwhip hanging on one side and a spear-point made into a machete hanging inside other. A sawed-off single-barrel shotgun in a special holster is on his gun belt with a *Mare's Leg* sawed-off Henry rifle in its own holster on the other side. Neither have leg tie-downs. A pair of crossed *Navy Revolvers* stick butt-first out of his pants belt front. Two bandoliers, one of .40 caliber bullets and a second of shotgun shells, crisscross his chest.

MUGGS

Blimey, a walkin' arsenal, mate.

ALONZO

How much all that weigh?

MCGREGGOR

(pronounced *skee-en-du*)

Bet a sgiandubh in a boot, too?

RED

One way to find out.

BINTA

Horses?

RED

Take turns ridin' double while  
others walk. 'Less you got a wagon?

ALONZO

Bastards took mine with my hand-  
built tripole winch for big loads.

BENJAMIN

Which is how they carried off my heavy safe, thank you very much.

RED

Hold on?! --Charon's pulling a freight wagon with a bank safe?

ALL nod.

O'CONOR

So --?

RED

"So" --could mean nuthin', could mean everythin'.

BINTA

We, I, I still has a sideboard. Only reason they didn't steal it, got a broke wheel.

RED

I "smith," if you got parts.

BINTA

I got both.

GLADIOLA

And what do "we" do while gone?

All Six Women tilt their heads as one.

RED

Saw your "new" town-name ridin' in. --Might wanna' change that.

GLADIOLA

And what do we do if ...?

ALANA

When!

GLADIOLA

"When" bad men come with our husbands off traipsing the countryside with you?

O'CONOR

Do what you have to, to survive.

ALANA

*Already did.*

The Five Women begin tearing-up, except Binta.

BINTA  
I'm comin' with ya.

RED  
Ma'am, I don't ...

BINTA  
My wagon, my rules.

The stare Binta gives Red leaves no room for negotiation.

RED  
Any of you women a gun-hand?

Gladiola *sniffles* raising a hand. Red reaches behind himself to pull out an Allen & Thurber 6-shot 2" barrel *Pepperbox*.

GLADIOLA  
Muzzle-loader?

RED  
All six loaded and primed.

Gladiola grabs it, then studies it. Alana steps forward.

Red reaches behind his belt buckle for a Remington *Model 95* two-shot derringer. Alana takes it, opens its barrel lock, swivels its barrels up and two rounds fall out in her hand.

ALANA  
.41 caliber. That would be doin'  
it. More?

Red tosses Alana two more rounds. She catches them one-handed, then folds her arms with his gun resolute.

MUGGS  
You came loaded for bear. That how  
you got your coat?

MCGREGGOR  
(*snaps* fingers)  
A company dispatch came in  
mentioning a --Sheriff Redbear?

RED  
Been called worse.

SIMPSON  
That your Indian name? 'Cause they  
gots an Indian with 'em.



RED  
Goes by the name of Cherokee Wolf.

MUGGS  
Unpleasant chap.

O'CONOR  
Took our schoolteacher.

RED  
Sure you want her back?

ALL bristle. O'Connor's fist-knuckles *crack*.

RED  
Good. Take all your anger and turn  
it loose on them. Because you know,  
they're not coming back alive.

ALL *murmur* agreement.

O'CONOR  
All men leave at first light.

BINTA  
And me.

O'CONOR  
"And" you. Rest of you women fix up  
our town, so when we gets back --we  
can dance on their graves.

The Five Women nod in agreement except Chartrise who drinks  
from her bottle. Benjamin notices her, then pretends not to.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - NEXT MORNING**

The Town's Eight Men stand around a weathered high-wheel high-  
sideboard *Bain Wagon* hitched to Red's packhorse. With bruises  
now more colorful and their mismatched from all nationalities  
wardrobe, they do in fact, look like a posse spawned from  
Hell. They toss bags and bedrolls into the wagon.

They say good-bye to their Wives in the way of the times, by  
not speaking with anything except their eyes.

Red trots up loaded for bear as always riding his faithful  
Appaloosa companion, APPLE.

RED  
Wagon loaded, food and water?

Binta climbs up into her driver's seat and reaches behind to pat two barrels behind her.

RED  
Everyone takin' minimal?

Binta lifts up an old meal-sack. It looks heavy. She drops it to a metal *clanking* sound, then takes out a corncob pipe, strikes a wood match against her seat's hinge, lights the pipe's bowl, takes a long draw, then blows smoke.

GLADIOLA  
Why Binta Dart, I didn't know you liked tobackee?

BINTA  
Didn't, don't.

Binta takes a second long draw, then blows a huge smoke ring.

BARBRA  
Then why are you smoking, my dear?

BINTA  
I ain't. I'm rememberin'.  
(examines her pipe)  
This --was my husband's.

RED  
If we get close to them, you'll have to lose that.

FIVE WOMEN  
(all except Binta)  
"If?!"

RED  
If --"you" don't catch them in thirty, you will turn back.

EIGHT MALES  
"Turn Back?!"

RED  
Can't leave your women alone long.

Alana and Gladiola *click* back their derringer's hammers.

RED  
Know of what I speak. Been away from mine so long, her face is beginnin' to fade from my --  
(tips hat to Binta)  
"rememberin'."

Binta blows another big smoke ring, then punches through it.

BINTA  
Burnin' daylight.

Alana and Gladiola release their hammers. ALL Husbands and Wives shake hands good-bye.

Harold goes to climb into the wagon. Red *whips* Harold around the waist and pulls him down to the ground. ALL glare at Red except Binta who looks forward as Red recoils his whip.

RED  
Gonna' be all that packhorse can do  
to pull our wagon. So you all have  
to walk --'lessen we get more.

Barbra hand-motions to Red who walks over.

BARBRA  
*Harold was sickly as a child, prone  
to gettin' colds, watch over him.*

RED  
God, watches over us all, ma'am.

Binta rein-*whips* Packhorse and wagon jolts rolling forward.

The Eight Men trudge along behind her wagon.

Red tips his hat to the Six Wives, then mounts and spurs ahead of the wagon to scout.

GLADIOLA  
Anyone see his sheriff's badge?

Five Wives look after the wagon concerned except Chartrise who turns her back to take a "jolt" of her magic elixir.

**EXT. ON THE PRAIRIE - LATER THAT DAY**

Large open area of tall grassland in the middle of nowhere.

Biddy's wagon and her Eight Men stumble over bumpy terrain.

Red is nowhere to be seen.

SIMPSON  
How long he been gone?

THORNTON  
Couple a' hour.

MUGGS

Do hope the sod hasn't abandoned  
our quest already.

HERALD

"Abandoned?!"

ALONZO

What's a "quest?"

BENJAMIN

Long or arduous search for  
something.

MCGREGGOR

Aye, there's a manly word for ya',  
"arduous."

Alonzo raises a finger. Remy answers before he can ask.

REMY

Involving or requiring strenuous  
effort.

(to Binta)

See anything, mademoiselle?

Binta looks back at her motley crew, and *spits*.

BINTA

You don't wants to know.

(looks back ahead)

*What I sees.*

(stands to gaze far out)

Rider approachin', comin' in fast.

Mass confusion as the Eight Men try to find and load Red's  
Hawken and Sharps rifles in the wagon. Binta looks back, sees  
their chaos, and shakes her head.

BINTA

*Be better off by meself.*

(stands again)

A storm's ridin' in with him.

O'CONOR

S-s-storm?

Red gallops in pulling his reins back hard to stop Apple who  
lowers his head so Red can slide down its neck.

RED

(to Binta)

Unhook your horse, tie and hobble  
it to wagon's side, use a halter!

Red begins taking Apple's saddle off while yelling to Men.

Keep all guns under your clothes,  
grab a blanket out of the wagon!

Binta climbs down. The Eight Men are frozen.

RED  
Move your lazy fat asses!

Red tosses his saddle under the wagon, then removes Apple's reins to slide on a halter and ties it to side of the wagon opposite Packhorse. Red tosses a pair of rope hobbles to Binta, then attaches his second pair to Apple's front legs.

O'CONOR  
W-w-what?

RED  
Knockin' on "his" door, and it  
ain't no Pearly Gates.

MUGGS  
Excuse me for asking, sir, but what  
the devil are we getting ready for?

RED  
Hell.

The black cloud is closer now blocking out its horizon.

MCGREGGOR  
Dè fo shealbh?

Red kicks his Eight Men's backsides under the wagon, tosses a blanket to Binta, then throws his own over Apple's head.

RED  
Exactly.

All normal insect sounds suddenly stop to eerie silence.

RED  
See ya' on the other side.

Red ducks under blanket pulling it tight over Apple's head.

Binta does the same with her blanket over Packhorse's head.

The black cloud races to them *sounding* like a freight train.

**EXT. UNDER THEIR WAGON - MOMENTS LATER**

The Eight Men huddle under holding onto their blankets.

MCGREGGOR

What the soogee-moogee --?

Black cloud is upon them as they are hit hard by billions of American Grasshoppers who pinch at the Men's faces defending themselves. The Men scream like frightened girls.

EIGHT MEN

Aieeeeeeeee!

RED

Get under the god, damn, blankets!

The Eight Men scramble to pull the blankets over themselves.

Day turns to night. Harold begins to cry.

**EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON ON THE PRARIE - MOMENTS LATER**

Daylight returns as the last stray locust swarm away to total and complete eerie silence again. All grass has been sheared down to dirt making the area look like Hell on Earth.

Red emerges from under his blanket hand-brushing stragglers off Apple while talking soothing.

RED

*Good boy, great job, thank you for  
being my horse, etc.*

Binta throws off her blanket to do the same with Packhorse.

One-by-one, the Seven Men, but not Harold, peek out from under their blankets, then crawl out from under the wagon.

Benjamin stands angry going to Red.

BENJAMIN

Mister, next time ...!

Red spins with a haymaker sending Benjamin flying.

RED

Won't be no next time --mister!

Remy goes to assist Benjamin.

REMY

Putain de merde?

All Seven Men thought they had already met the Devil, twice. Charon got nuthin' on Red, whose face contorts in loathing.

RED

You're all turning back!

Alonzo rolls up his sleeves, then puts up his dukes.

ALONZO

Not me, laddie.

Alonzo never saw it coming. Red side-kicks Alonzo's knee dropping him to both, then punches Alonzo's temple knocking him cold. Red spins to the Six Men speaking as God almighty.

RED

None of you have what it takes to survive out here!

(spits in disgust)

None of you had what it took to do what it took --back there.

O'CONOR

Off with yourself, you ...!

Red's huge bear claw grabs O'Conor around his throat lifting him off his feet. Red throws O'Conor away snarling at rest.

RED

Real men would have died, to save their own woman.

Red checks Apple's nostrils for any "critter" blockage.

Muggs helps Alonzo stand groggy, then stands up to Red.

MUGGS

Now see here, you ball-bag!

Red double-slaps Muggs who jumps back holding his cheeks.

RED

Tell your boys, what "his" --done to you!

No response from Muggs who turns away. The Other Six Men, minus Harold, look questioning to Red.

RED

Charon --don't like the female.

The Six Men gasp. Muggs turns back tearful.

MUGGS

Yeah, he buggered me, okay?!

Muggs turns away ashamed. Even Red, has feelings.

RED

You're not his first. It's all about control, you know.

Red swings saddle up on Apple and removes Apple's hobbles. Binta tosses Packhorse hobbles to him. Red stores all four in a saddlebag.

RED

You can use my packhorse to pull the wagon back to your Hell-hole.  
(to Binta)  
Use him any which way that helps.  
(points under wagon)  
Somebody go check on the crybaby.

The Seven Men look. Harold is still under his blanket under the wagon. Remy crawls under and pulls off the blanket to reveal Harold is having a seizure. Red spins to Binta.

RED

Bug dander! Needs cider vinegar!

Binta brushes a straggler off a barrel, then opens its lid to toss a small brown bottle with a cork-top down to Red.

RED

Water!

Remy climbs into the wagon. The lid of their water barrel slid off so now hundreds of locust are swimming on the water's surface. Remy jumps back.

REMY

Mon Dieu!

RED

None a' you fleabags had the brains to lock it down? Dump its top water off to clean, but get me a God Damn cup --now!

O'Connor climbs into the wagon to help Remy pour out half their lifeline, then O'Connor jumps down with a cupful.

Red dumps Bidy's bottle into the cup, then stirs it with a dirty finger while barking.



RED

Waitin' for a God Damn telegram?!  
Drag his sorry butt out here!

Seven Men drag Harold's twitching body from under wagon. His eyes roll back into their sockets. Red kneels beside him.

RED

You're havin' a powder-fit. Gulp  
this down if you wants to live!

Red pours the liquid down Harold's open bird-mouth. Harold gags wanting to spit it up, but Red's paw slams Harold's chin shut. Water shoots out Harold's nose, then he swallows. His eyes close and his body goes rigid. Moments pass in silence, Some Men bow their heads. Herald resurrects bolting to his feet coughing and spitting.

Red mounts Apple. Binta mounts his Packhorse bareback.

RED

Where you goin'?

BINTA

Same place "you" goin'.

RED

Hell you are.

BINTA

Hell I ain't!

Both glare at each other like poker players. Red folds.

RED

What about them?

BINTA

What about 'em?

RED

They're, your men?

Binta looks over the Eight sorrow-looking Males, then spits.

BINTA

They ain't --men.

The Eight Men bristle.

REMY

You expectin' us to walk back?

BINTA

You --ain't my concern.

Sound of a gun-hammer *clicking* back. ALL look to Harold who now holds a James Reid *My Friend* derringer with a hole in its metal handle to be gripped-through for hand-fighting.

RED

Knuckle duster .22, huh?

HAROLD

(shakes head)

.41.

RED

That --would be doin' it. Five shot. Only a hundred and fifty made. Best ten dollar can buy.

The Other Seven Men's heads have been following their two conversations like a tennis match.

O'CONOR

You had that --!

MUGGS

the whole bleedin' time!

The Other Seven Men step to Harold angry. Red sees them.

RED

Shoot me.

ALL stare at Red in disbelief.

RED

Shoot me, maggot!

Harold *fires* in anger. Who knows where the bullet went?

RED

If'n he tried, he'd be buried now.

(to Harold)

Slide its housing all the way back  
in on your finger like a ring.

Harold does as told, a perfect fit, then nods.

Red turns Apple to ride off. Sound of Harold's hammer *clicking* again.

HAROLD

'Preciate you savin' my life,  
mister. But --

Harold puts a finger against a nostril and blows water out of the other.

HAROLD

I'm either going with you, or shooting you. Your choice.

RED

You'd shoot a man in the back?

HAROLD

I'll do now, what I shoulda' done -- then.

O'Connor and Benjamin remove the Hawken and Sharps from under their coats to *cock* their hammers and aim at Red's back.

Red slowly wheels Apple around smiling at them.

RED

Congratulations --gentlemen.

The Eight Men stare at each other.

RED

Thought the only one of you with any balls --  
(tips hat to Binta)  
ain't got one.  
(dismounts, hand-on-hips)  
Time to have a serious come to Jesus meetin' --my brethren.

Binta dismounts. ALL gather around Red who bows his head.

**EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON ON THE TRAIL FURTHER ON - THAT NIGHT**

They have now made camp in a new grassy plain with mountains still two days away. Binta sits on the Packhorse as lookout.

Remy is *humming* as he stirs something in a pot over a large open fire. His Seven Men sit on the ground playing cards.

Red rides in furious sliding off his saddle before Apple even stops to kick dirt on Remy's fire putting it out.

RED

God Damn Idgit! Fire can be seen for miles. If they're anywheres close, we've been spotted.

The Seven Men watch Red, then go back to their card game.

Red grabs their deck and throws it in the fire beyond insane.

RED

Binta, hitch up the wagon!

Red turns, then turns back switching his angry-button "off" to tip his hat at her.

RED

Please. --And thank you, for standing watch.

O'CONOR

We're walking at n-n-night?

Red turns back full "on" and backhands O'Conor.

RED

"We" is. You all, is runnin'.

The Seven Men look at each other.

MUGGS

Excuse me, but I could have sworn I heard you say we're --"running?"

Red flat boot-kicks Muggs sending him flying backwards.

RED

Any other of you dummies, hard a' hearin'?

Binta smiles hitching the Packhorse to her wagon.

Red offers a hand down to Muggs and pulls him to standing.

RED

Pain --helps you remember. And since you all seem to have a brain the size of a gopher, you all get to "go fer" a run.

Red turns to Remy. The sound of Harold's knuckle-duster's hammer *clicking* back makes Red spins so fast his coat flies open. He doesn't draw his two rifles, doesn't have to, their holsters rotate. Red pushes down on their handles to swing their barrels up ready to pull both hair-triggers at Harold. Harold fumble-drops his derringer with both hands held-high.

RED

Miss Binta?

BINTA

Yes'm?

RED  
I do believe Mister --?

HAROLD  
Harold, Harold Herscowitz.

RED  
Harry, wants to make a present to  
you of his "Best Friend."

Binta picks up Harold's derringer.

RED  
May I have mine back please?

Binta hands Red his own derringer. Red swings down his Mare's  
Leg to take his derringer while still aiming his shotgun.

RED  
Extras?

Harold nods tossing a pill box with bullets in it to Binta.  
It falls short on the ground and spills open. Binta bends.

RED  
Leave It!  
(to Harold)  
Pick them up! Then "hand" them to  
the pretty lady --please.

Harold does as instructed. Red swings his shotgun down.

RED  
Respect is earned. And this lady --  
(tips hat to Binta)  
keeps earnin' mine.  
(spins back to Men angry)  
But if you sorry excuses for a male  
species wants mine, you'll have to  
damn well earn it! And I won't be  
calling you gentle-men again --  
'cause you're neither. You're not a  
band, clan, crew, squad, tribe, or  
troop. What you is, is one big --  
(French, *gah-lairh*)  
galère.

Remy's frown turns upside-down as he fast-claps once.

REMY  
C'est la galère!

ALONZO  
What's it mean, froggy?

Red pushes down on handle raising his shotgun at Alonzo.

ALONZO

I, I mean, Remy?

REMY

Galère, means "galley" as in a ship with oars. It can also mean difficult or --

MUGGS

Hellish.

RED

Or a chore, pain, mess, or in you idiots case, a freakin' nightmare.

Red turns to Remy and asks him in French what was he cooking.

RED

Que faisiez-vous?

Remy clutches chest hearing his native language, then goes to kiss Red who holds a fist in Remy's chest stopping him.

RED

I only Frenchs, so far.

REMY

Bien sur. I cooked lapin.

RED

Rabbit stew?! Be it done?

Remy nods. Red pulls a hand-made wooden spoon from inside his bear-coat and tastes from the pot. His eyes roll back.

RED

When we get to foot hills, I'll teach you how to make a fire so can't be seen.

(to the rest)

In the meantime, everyone eat up, clean up, then drink up, you have a forced fast-march ahead.

BENJAMIN

Still making us run?

Red "flicks" the end of Benjamin's nose with a finger.

RED

You ain't graduated --yet.

**EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NOW NEAR A DESERT - NEXT MORNING**

Prairie scrub-grass dead-ends onto a large expanse of sand.

The Eight Men have been running all night and it shows.

RED

Hold Up!

Like dominoes, the Eight Men fall over each other exhausted.

RED

Sleep under the wagon. We'll cross  
at night.

Sound of loud *snoring*. Red looks. All Eight Men are asleep.  
Red grabs each to throw under the wagon screaming at them.

RED

I said "under" vermin! If you make  
me repeat an order again, it'll be  
the last one you never hear!

The Eight Men are exhausted so don't care and pass out again.

Red hits his "off" button taking his hat off to Binta.

RED

Ma'am, if you'd be so kind as to  
unhitch, feed, and water both  
horses, I'll build a lean-to out of  
blankets so you can have a proper  
private rest.

Red grabs blankets out of the wagon.

Binta does as instructed while watching Red build her hut.

BINTA

*Now that's, a man.*

Binta gets out her pipe and lights its bowl nodding.

**EXT. BIDDY'S WAGON NEAR THE DESERT - NOW SUNSET**

All Eight Men are now awake and breaking camp.

Red re-built his blanket lean-to into a standing triangle  
tepee of blankets with one as a flap opening. Remy is inside  
it cleaning up after cooking. Red stands beside him.

RED

See? Firelight goes straight up.

Remy hands Red the now empty cook-pot. Red swabs its bottom with four fingers, then licks them clean *Mmmm-ing*.

RED

Know about a dozen trail herds  
that'd love to have you as their  
chuck wagon Cookie.

Red hands the wiped-clean pot back to Remy.

RED

Use desert sand to scrub clean.

REMY

(*slaps own forehead*)  
Bien sûr!

Remy walks out into the desert to "scrub" his pots. Red heads for the wagon. Remy *screams* in pain. Red runs to screaming.

**EXT. REMY IN THE DESERT - MOMENTS LATER**

Remy is writhing on the sand. Red runs to hear unmistakable sound of *rattling*. Red steps on the rattlesnake's head, picks it up by tail, and *snaps* it like a wet towel breaking it.

The Seven Men have run onto the sand. Red tosses the snake to Harold. It hits him in the chest and he faints.

Binta picks it up by its tail smoking her pipe.

Remy tries to sit up rambling. Red pushes him back flat with his boot stepping on him.

RED

Where?!

Remy gives up. Red kneels grabbing Remy by the lapels.

REMY

*Tell my wife, I loved her.*

RED

You tell her, pussbucket.  
(*shakes Remy*)

WHERE?!

Remy points to a leg. Red pulls a knife from behind his neck and slits Remy's pants leg from cuff to crotch, sees a small blister raising near two red marks and pulls off his kerchief to tie off as a tourniquet above same marks. Remy tries to get up. Red pushes him back flat.



RED

Stay down, stay quiet!

Remy tries to stand again. Red cold-cocks him unconscious, then uses his neck-knife to cut a "+" across the bite, and repeatedly sucks the wound spitting venom to the side.

RED

Two of you clear the back of the wagon. Four of you put Remy in the back and wrap him in blankets. Last man standing pack up his cook-site. Bury the fire, remember, no sign.

No movement by his Seven Men. Red *stomps* a boot forward and the Seven scatter like a starter's pistol following orders.

Remy is carried away. Binta walks to Red with the snake.

BINTA

Want me to cut off the head, fangs still gots poison in 'em?

RED

As is, stay fresher.

BINTA

Breakfast?

RED

We'll know by then if he'll make it. If he do, kinda' fittin' he bites the thing that bit him.

BINTA

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger?

RED

Sometimes. Sometimes it just -- kills ya'.

Red *laughs*, then tilts his head at Binta.

RED

I like you, woman.

Binta hits Red hard on his back knocking him forward.

BINTA

I likes you, too --

Red *coughs* trying to catch his breath.

BINTA  
ya' big ole' stuffed toy bear.

This is the first time we hear Binta *laugh*. It is unique. She walks to her wagon with the dead snake.

**EXT. BINTA'S WAGON ON THE DESERT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Red rides Apple. Binta drives the wagon with Muggs in the back caring for Remy who has a fever and is hallucinating.

The Other Six Men walk beside the wagon in two groups of three on either side pushing the wagon and grumbling.

ALONZO  
Why we still gotta' walk?

RED  
*Shhh.*

ALONZO  
Don't shush me you ...

Red tickles Apple's rear who kicks its hind hoofs at Alonzo.

ALONZO  
Hey?!

RED  
*Is for horses. Shhhh.*

MUGGS  
Don't you think you're carrying on this Color Sergeant attitude just a wee bit too ...

Red spurs Apple to a gallup leaving them in his dust.

MUGGS  
Where the blazes is he off to now?

ALONZO  
Wherever he's going, hope he stays.

MCGREGGOR  
Right beside ya', laddie.

ALONZO  
I know you are, ya' crazy Scot.

MCGREGGOR  
No, I meant --

MUGGS

Are you that daft, man?

MCGREGGOR

Oh, I --How's he doin' Muggsy?

MUGGS

Whatever rock moss Red put on him seems to be drawing the poison out. We'll know come sun-up.

BENJAMIN

If we're not dead by then.

HAROLD

Binta, can we ride in the wagon? We'll jump out when we see him.

BINTA

(whispers her answer)

*If you all don't start listening to "him," I'll ride off and leave you myself. You heard what he said about sound carrying so -- shhhhhh.*

ALONZO

This is ridiculous, I'm getting in the wagon.

Red rides in at full speed running Apple's chest into Alonzo knocking him backwards in somersaults. Red dismounts and goes to offer a hand to Alonzo who knocks it away to stand angry.

ALONZO

I didn't sign up for this!

RED

(points behind them)

That-away, dingle-berry.

Red turns and walks towards wagon. He reaches inside his coat and pulls out the rattler's tail he cut off and rattles it.

Alonzo was walking away when he hears the rattle and sprints to the wagon flailing his arms. Red sticks out a boot and trips Alonzo who face-plants in the sand. Red reaches down to rattle the tail beside Alonzo's ear who goes from prone to sitting in the wagon in one giant leap.

Way too funny, ALL except Alonzo laugh. Tension is broken.

RED

Binta, let's take a break. Would you water the horses, please?

Binta stops the wagon and climbs into the back for the water barrel. Red looks over its sideboards.

RED  
How's he doing?

MUGGS  
Too early to tell either way.

RED  
Keep me informed.  
(to the Six Men)  
On me!

The Six Men don't move. Red moves so fast, they can't react as he trips, flips, chest-bumps, throws, and yanks them all down to the ground. If one tries to get up, Red pushes them back down with his boot. Red stands hands-on-hips as God.

RED  
On --Me.

The Six Men crawl to Red on all-fours and sit cross-legged.

RED  
You're all lower than a snake's belly in a wagon rut. Do you think Charon's gang questions his orders?  
(no response)  
Well do ya'?!

The Six Men are slow on the up-take, then start wondering.

RED  
Two things have to happen if any of you are gonna' come out this alive.  
(sucks teeth)  
First, you're gonna' have to trust I know what I'm doin'. Second, you all have got to start following my commands with immediate dispatch.  
(stares hard at each)  
Don't think, do. Don't react, act. You have to always move forward in battle trusting the man beside you has your back. Right now, you're all still actin' citified selfish, independent, reckless, and stupid. Stand, up!

Some kinda' go to stand, some don't.

Red *stomps* a boot forward and all stand at attention.

RED

Jump.

All Six Men look at each other, then laugh.

RED

JUMP!

All Six Men rocket up into the sky.

RED

Take a knee.

Some get on one knee, some on both.

RED

One knee only, please.

All Six Men *grumble* getting on one knee.

RED

You're gonna' have to push this wagon because the sand's too soft. Having Muggs and Remy in it doubles the work for our one horse. If we lose him, we all die. Comprenez?

The Six Men acknowledge-mumble understanding.

RED

We have to get off this desert before daybreak or we'll never get off. And yes, your sound carries. I rode out near a half-mile and still could hear your tongues a-flappin'.  
(to Binta)  
Horse ready?

BINTA

Ready as can be.

RED

Gentlemen, you have to come together as a unit, solid in your demeanor, one-minded in purpose, to be a force to be reckoned with. Tomorrow, we'll start weapons training, Day after that, tactics. Then you learn hand-to-hand.

O'CONOR

Thought you'd been doin' your latter --all along.

ALL *laugh*. Now they are one.

RED

That's why I've been so rough on you boys. I'm trying to get you ready for the war that's comin'.

BENJAMIN

When's it a-comin'?

RED

Fortnight, if I reckon right.

HAROLD

How are you tracking them?

RED

Ain't.

*Murmur* of surprise by ALL.

MCGREGGOR

"Ain't" trackin' them?! Then what the malarky are yee doin'?

RED

Out-thinkin' them. If they're goin' where I think they're goin', then they're goin' by the easy route. Cuttin' through this desert should let us meet them in five day.

O'CONOR

And "if" they ain't goin' that way?

RED

I'll have to out-think 'em more.

MUGGS

I think, we're all out-thunk!

*Murmur* of agreement.

RED

Gentlemen, a lot of sheriffin' is luck. And so far in my career, I've been pretty lucky. Let's move out.

Red mounts Apple. Binta mounts her wagon. The Six Men divide into two groups of three on either side of the wagon and push. Red waves a silent hand forward. All move as one now.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - THAT MORNING**

Alana, Bridgette, and Mithril, are decorator-painting over their own building's existing red with designs and flowers.

Barbra simply changed the name on her sign to, *Red Roof Inn*. She is rebuilding the bank's door with nails in her mouth holding a ball-peen hammer. Chartrise is inside cleaning.

COWBOY ONE and COWBOY TWO, both unshaven and dirty, looking like ruffians, ride up main street and stop to look around.

COWBOY ONE

Have you ever seen --?

COWBOY TWO

Nope, never. You?

COWBOY ONE

Musta' had a sale on red.

Both ride on to tie-off in front and enter the saloon.

GLADIOLA

Sorry, boys, closed. Come back next week.

The Two Cowboys go in anyway, then walk back out confused.

COWBOY ONE

You all get hit by a twirly-wind?

BARBRA

Felt like it.

The Two Cowboys look at each other, then cross to the bank.

GLADIOLA

Closed! Come back next week.

Barbra is trying to nail the bank's two doors together to make one and stands centered in its door frame. Cowboy One picks her up by the waist to move her. Two Cowboys enter.

Alana, Bridgette, and Mithril, look at each other, then lift their long skirts to scurry over to the bank. Bridgette and Mithril have their free hands behind their backs.

CHARTRISE (O.S.)

Nooooo!

The Two Cowboys exit the bank now holding Chartrise's bottle.

COWBOY ONE

Heard a' dry towns, but never seen  
one up close.

COWBOY TWO

(holds up Laudanum bottle)  
Looks like this'll have to do.

Cowboy Two takes a swig. Chartrise exits the bank and tries to take back her bottle. Cowboy Two grabs her around the waist and hands bottle to Cowboy One who drinks.

COWBOY ONE

Where all your men-folk at?

ALANA

At the river fishin'. Be back  
shortly.

The Two Cowboys look at each other and grin. Cowboy Two hands the now empty bottle back to Chartrise who tries to drain it.

COWBOY TWO

Not what I'm thinkin'.

GLADIOLA

Surprised you even know how to.

COWBOY ONE

We're both reasonin' they're out  
chasin' whoever did this.

COWBOY TWO

Leavin' you pretty lil' things --

COWBOY ONE

(to Gladiola)  
'cept you --

COWBOY TWO

all by your lonesomes.  
(to Barbra)  
Ain't that right, darlin'.

Cowboy Two embraces Barbra kissing her. She spits her nails into his mouth. He *slaps* her jumping back spitting them out.

COWBOY TWO

Think I swallowed one.

COWBOY ONE

Shoulda' a' oughta' done that.



Cowboy One draws. Chartrise cuts his hand off at the wrist with a curved hand-scythe. He grabs it as blood spurts.

Cowboy Two draws. Barbra hammers his wrist with the ball of her hammer as bone *cracks*. He drops his gun grabbing wrist.

Gladiola puts her derringer against Cowboy One's forehead.

GLADIOLA

Looks like --

Alana puts her derringer against Cowboy Two's forehead.

ALANA

you road ruffians --

Bridgette brings out brand new axe from behind her back.

BRIDGETTE

done picked the wrong --

Mithril raises her new axe two-handed above her head.

MITHRIL

God Damn --

Chartrise raises her bloody scythe above her head.

CHARTRISE

bunch a ladies --

ALANA

(*clicks* back her hammer)  
to mess with.

Gladiola *clicks* back her derringer's hammer.

BARBRA

Don't it?

Both derringers *fire* as both axes, scythe, and hammer bring down Judgement Day upon the Two Cowboys miscreant heads.

**EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NOW OUT OF THE DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS**

Binta and her wagon are riding out of the sand back onto prairie dirt. The Six Men beside her collapse on firm ground.

Red rides out from the trees on Apple.

RED

Little ways further, men. Found a  
run-off crick no more wide than  
your boot, but its clean and cold.

Red tosses his canteen to Binta who drinks. She tosses it  
over a shoulder to Muggs who drinks then gives some to Remy.

RED

Left a dead squirrel hanging by its  
tail there. Who here can cook?

From inside the wagon, Remy's weak voice answers.

REMY (O.S.)

*Moi.*

Red jumps into the wagon as the Six Men gather around its  
sides reaching over to congratulate Remy. Binta spins around.

SIX MEN

Remy! ...Good to have you back ...  
Had us worried there ...Great Job  
comin' back, etc.

Harold tears-up and has to wipe his glasses dry.

Red offers his hand to Muggs. They shake.

RED

Mighty fine doctorin'.

MUGGS

You saved him first.

RED

(to Remy in French)  
Comment allez-vous?

REMY

Like someone *danse* on my head.

Red unwraps to hold up the dead rattler. Remy shrinks away.

RED

Be glad it was a baby dancer.

REMY

Sacre bleu, why did you --?

RED

Thought you might enjoy eatin',  
what tried to eat you.

Remy nods smiling.

RED

If you're up to it when we make camp, I can teach you to make rattlesnake chili.

REMY

(raises an eyebrow)  
With wild garlic and field onion?

RED

Yep, saw both up there.

Remy tries to sit up. Red's fist pushes him back down.

RED

Not till we get there --  
(with a French accent)  
Serpent.

Remy raises the other eyebrow. Red talks to All.

RED

Boys, it's customary to give someone a nickname a' whatever done tried to kill him. From here on, this here fella be called --Snake.

The Six Men and Muggs congratulate Remy, aka SNAKE.

Red climbs out of the wagon onto Apple.

BINTA

That how you got your nickname?  
(no response)  
Gonna' nickname them all?

RED

Prob'ly not.

BINTA

Got one picked for me?

Red smiles big, then waves a paw forward.

RED

Move out --Big Bad Mama.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE TOWN OUTSKIRTS - THAT SUNSET**

DRIFTER rides up the town's dirt road, then stops seeing something. He crosses himself, then spurs away at an angle.

He rides hard past the still painted-over *Hell Town* "Welcome" sign next to a tree. He scares buzzards off it who fly into the air to reveal they were feasting on Cowboy One's bloody mangled corpse hanging with a wooden flowered sign around his neck reading, "Don't Bother."

The buzzards fly on to feast on Cowboy Two's similar warning at the town's other end.

**EXT. BINTA'S WAGON NEAR THE MOUNTAINS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Red and his Gang made camp near a tiny creek in a prairie.

Most Men are asleep except Remy who stirs his pot.

REMY

Dîner!

Red walks through the camp kicking the soles of boots.

RED

Come on ...Get Up ...Soup's on  
...Hey, the man almost died for  
your dinner ...Let's go, etc.

Binta sits under a tree smoking her pipe. Red goes to her.

RED

You need to eat, too.

BINTA

Not hungry.

RED

Soul might not be, but your body  
sure is. Hate'll eat you from the  
inside out if you let it. Are ya'?

BINTA

Don't know how else to deal with  
it.

Red kneels to pick up a stick and draw with it in the dirt.

BINTA

What's this Charon to you?

RED

Life-saver.

BINTA

Life-taker for sure, but how --?

RED

My son's got a lung condition. Doc  
said he needs to move to a dry  
climate.

Binta blows a smoke ring, then fans it towards her to smell.

BINTA

Arizona, New Mexico, that'd be  
doin' it. Anddd --?

RED

I loves sheriffin', but barely pays  
room and board. Wanted Poster on  
Charon came in. Took it as our  
ticket to a better life. Here I be.

BINTA

You're doin' this for his ree-ward?

RED

Started out that way. But your  
town's not the first they hit. Now,  
I have to finish what they started,  
but for all the right reasons.

Red and Binta watch the Eight Men eating and *laughing*.

BINTA

White man's got no idea how hard it  
is bein' colored. Doesn't matter  
how hard you work, or how smart you  
be, if you don't keep your place --  
(blows interlocking rings)  
Fear a' dyin', is death to the  
livin'. That's why my husband and  
me came West. And for what? He's  
gone now, and I'll follow shortly.

Red brushes away whatever he was drawing and stands. He  
offers a hand down to Binta. She accepts. He pulls her up.

RED

Make a deal with ya'. If you keep  
on livin', I'll make sure you don't  
go dyin'. Deal?

Binta now sees Red different. She shakes his hand.

BINTA

Heard said on th riverboat ride,  
"House always wins."

RED

In the House of the Lord, we's all winners.

BINTA

Amen, brother.

Red crooks his arm sticking out his elbow.

RED

Shall we walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death --together?

BINTA

(hooks his arm)

With you, I will fear no evil.

They walk to the Eight Men.

RED

There ya' go.

**EXT. REMY'S CAMPFIRE NEAR MOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER**

Red and Binta walk up to the fire. Remy hands them both a metal bowl of food. Red puts his machete's blade in the fire.

RED

How's the grub, bub?

ALONZO

(in his native German)

Fantastisch.

MUGGS

He's a fairly decent cook actually.

O'CONOR

How come your eatery food don't taste this g-g-good?

MCGREGGOR

Because you're hungry-hungry, not "dinner-time" eat anyway hungry.

Red finishes his bowl of food with his home-made spoon, *belches* like a bear, pours hot coffee over the spoon, shakes it dry, then puts back inside his jacket. Red takes machete out of the fire. Its tip glows red-hot. He turns to Remy.

RED

Ready?

REMY

*Pouuur --?*

RED

Left your wound open so the moss  
could drain it. Time to close it.

MUGGS

Afraid he's right, old bean. It'll  
get infected if not closed, and I  
don't have the wherewithal or means  
to stitch it up proper.

REMY

(pleads to Red)

*Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen?*

RED

*Sorry, no other way.*

McGreggor and Alonzo take Remy's arms. Red shakes his head.

RED

Let Snake go, boys. He needs to man-  
up, if he wants to heal up.

Remy *sighs*, then sticks out his leg shaking his split pants-  
leg open to expose his wrapped injury.

Red head-motions to Muggs who unwraps Remy's bandage.

RED

(pronounced *dahn-nah-she*)*Get him ready, Didanawisgi.*

Muggs smells Remy's poultice, then throws it in the fire.

MUGGS

*What the blazes does that mean?*

RED

*Lakota Sioux for "Medicine Man."*

O'CONOR

*Saved my foot he did.*

RED

Any of you don't believe him --  
(head-motions to Binta)  
just ask Binta.

All Eight Men turn their heads to Binta, *Huh?* Red lays his  
machete's end on Remy's cut. It *sizzles*. Remy *Yipes* glaring  
at Red.

RED

Gentlemen, just learned your first lesson in tactics --distraction.

**EXT. CACTUS ROSE MAIN STREET - NEXT MORNING**

Renovations are coming along slowly in their town of red.

Bank and Bar are boarded up. General Store has a field of flowers motif. Bistro's outside is now painted a red sunset.

**INT. ROSE DE CACTUS BISTRO - MOMENTS LATER**

Barbra, Mithril, Alana, and Gladiola, now all wear their husbands pants and shirts sitting at a table being served breakfast by Bridgette. Chartrise is not present.

MITHRIL

Vorks good ya, our, uh, *vogelscheuche*. How you say --?

BARBRA

Scarecrow.

MITHRIL

Ya', our "scarecrows" vork vell.

ALANA

Just hope it don't scare our husbands away, too.

BRIDGETTE

(snaps to Gladiola)

We have to do something!

GLADIOLA

Fact of life, can't help someone doesn't want to help themselves.

ALANA

Aye, that's common sense talkin'. But the Good Book also says "We then that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

GLADIOLA

Romans 15, 1. But if a person's soul is black, taking them all the dandelion tea in the world won't brighten their day.



MITHRIL

Are you saying she won't make it?

GLADIOLA

I'm saying, I've seen this before. The loneliness of prairie life can wear down a person's belief in living, especially in a woman.

BRIDGETTE

Well, I for one am not giving up on her. And I think it'd be best if you don't neither. Otherwise, we can't tell our husbands, we did everything possible for her.

The Five Ladies think, then nod. Bridgette puts her hand on the table. The Four Ladies put their hands on top of hers.

FIVE LADIES

Chartrise!

**EXT. RED'S CAMP NEAR THE MOUNTAINS - SIMULTANEOUS**

Binta hitches the Packhorse to her wagon. Seven Men breaking camp. O'Connor is not with them. Red walks into the woods.

O'Connor is relieving himself against a tree when he is shoved into it from behind. He spins angry buttoning up his fly.

RED

Where's your badge?

O'CONOR

My wh-wh-what?

Red *slaps* O'Connor.

RED

Said, where's your tin s-s-star?

O'CONOR

D-d-didn't think ...?

Red *backhands* O'Connor. O'Connor has had enough as he grabs out both of Red's Navy pistols hip-aiming them at Red.

O'CONOR

Don't, do that again.

RED

Why not? You let everybody else slap you around?

O'Conor thumbs back both gun hammers *click, click*.

O'CONOR  
You ain't, every body.

RED  
No I ain't. In fact, I ain't,  
nobody.

O'CONOR  
You're a sheriff?

RED  
Same as you.

O'CONOR  
I'm only a dep ...?

Red swings at O'Conor who ducks bringing one of Red's barrels up under Red's chin, then goes nose-to-nose with him.

O'CONOR  
Told you. Ain't tellin' you again.

RED  
Yes you did. And did you notice,  
you didn't stutter once doin' it?

O'Conor tilts head, then steps back releasing both hammers.

RED  
You think you're the only to have a  
speakin' problem?

O'Conor tilts his head the other way.

RED  
Couldn't say my R's as a kid.  
(sucks teeth)  
Had to teach myself to say a word  
in my head right, before I can say  
it out-loud right.

O'CONOR  
But you still don't, do you?

RED  
Every God Damn day.

Red tosses his own Sheriff badge to O'Conor who quick holsters the two Navys in his pants to catch the badge.

O'CONOR  
What's this?

RED

Yours.

O'CONOR

But I'm not ...?

Red *punches* O'Conor in the stomach doubling him over, then takes back his two pistols to put in his own belt.

RED

Where's your town's Sheriff?

O'CONOR

(catching breath)

Dead?

RED

There ya' go. Still have your deputy badge?

O'Conor pulls it out of a pocket and tosses it to Red.

RED

Alrighty then. Let's go swear-in "your" new deputy.

O'CONOR

Who?

(no response, extrapolates)

H-H-Harold?!

Red pulls back a haymaker. O'Conor ducks down. Red bends his knees down to now be at O'Conor's lower level.

RED

Think on it.

O'Conor stands, thinks, then speaks clearly.

O'CONOR

He drew on you?

RED

(stands)

Judge a man on his innards. He was the only one stood up to me.

O'CONOR

You think he has what it takes?

RED

He will have --after you beat it into him.

O'CONOR  
Me?! You don't ...?

Red grabs O'Conor by his throat to plant against the tree.

RED  
Don't matter what I think, or  
anybody else that matters. Only  
matters what you believe. Do you?

Sound of a gun-hammer *clicking* back. Red looks down. O'Conor has his hand on one of Red's triggers.

O'CONOR  
I get that pain helps rememberin'.  
But if you keep tryin' to painfully  
remind me, I might have to shoot  
something vital of yours off.

RED  
Welcome to try.

O'Conor releases the hammer and steps back. Red tosses him same gun, then pulls the other out aiming it at O'Conor who thinks it's a joke. Red pulls back his hammer to *click*, then takes dead aim at O'Conor's forehead.

RED  
Think on it.

O'Conor reasons, then opens his gun's chamber. It's empty.

O'CONOR  
Son of a b --!

Red releases hammer, opens chamber, loads bullets in, then gives gun to O'Conor.

RED  
Never let a man bluff you with an  
empty weapon. Learn to count when  
he's firin' and "feel" the  
difference if its loaded.

O'Conor "weighs" the two guns in his hands, then clicks the hammer back on the loaded one and fast-brings it under Red's chin smiling. Red eye-motions for O'Conor to look down. He does. Red's derringer is pointed at O'Conor's crotch. O'Conor hands both pistols back to Red who now loads the empty one.

RED  
Ready to go teach all of the above,  
to your newbie Dep-u-ty?

**INT. CACTUS ROSE BANK - LATER SAME DAY**

The Five Ladies pry open its makeshift door and enter looking for Chartrise. Nothing has been done to clean up.

GLADIOLA  
Poor thing hasn't done a thing.

ALANA  
Where is she?

BARBRA  
Shhhh, listen.

They hear quiet *sobbing* and spread out searching for source. They find it. She's under husband's desk in fetal position.

GLADIOLA  
Poor thing.

BARBRA  
Are you okay, sweetie?

CHARTRISE  
No, I'm not "okay," okay?!

Alana gets down on her knees.

ALANA  
Can I help you come out?

CHARTRISE  
I'm never coming out!

Gladiola grabs Chartrise's ankles to pull her out.

GLADIOLA  
Stop being silly.

Chartrise tries to crawl back under. Gladiola blocks her.

GLADIOLA  
You can't stay under there forever.

CHARTRISE  
Watch me!

Chartrise tries to bite Gladiola's ankle who grabs the back of Chartrise's hair to pull her head up.

GLADIOLA  
Grab ahold, ladies!

The Four Ladies, in pairs, grab Chartrise's wrists.

GLADIOLA

You think the rest of us like  
having the memory of those pigs  
grunting on top of us, inside us?!

Chartrise turns her head away. Gladiola grabs her chin.

GLADIOLA

No! But the only way to keep them  
in the past, is by moving forward  
in the present. We, Need, You!

Chartrise kicks Gladiola in the shin who uppercuts Chartrise  
knocking her out. The other Four Ladies catch her weight.

GLADIOLA

Alana, you go over to Muggs place  
and bring a brown bottle of  
something called Chloraformee. Me  
and the rest are gonna' tie her  
down on one of your beds and make  
her get some sleep. We'll feed her  
back to strength. You can stay  
working on just your place till she  
comes around. Losing both of you  
will slow us down, but once we get  
her back on her feet, we'll get  
back on ours. Questions?

The other Four Ladies all raise their free hands and open  
their mouths to talk, but Gladiola shuts them down.

GLADIOLA

No? Good, so let's get it done.

The other Four Ladies carry-drag Chartrise out. Gladiola  
follows them closing the door behind talking to herself.

GLADIOLA

*Been there --honey.*

**EXT. BINTA'S WAGON ON THE MOUNTAIN - SIMULTANEOUS**

Her wagon, now empty, has the Eight Men walking in two groups  
of four on either side of it pushing. They are angling their  
way at 45° up across the face of the mountain's grassy slope.

O'CONOR

How long he gone this time?

BINTA

Why, you got somewheres you'd  
rather be?

MCGREGGOR  
Aye, back home.

BENJAMIN  
Join the club, pal.

HAROLD  
Scouting, takes time.

All look at Harold who points ahead.

HAROLD  
See?

All turn to see Red trotting to them through the trees.

RED  
There's a pass up ahead that will  
take us to the other side.

ALONZO  
Of where?

RED  
Crippled Creek.

MCGREGGOR  
We've covered a hundred mile --?!

ALONZO  
In five day?!

BINTA  
Thanks to our bootstrapper, yes.

O'CONOR  
You make a Trail Boss look like the  
town drunk.

Red smiles a crooked smile.

MCGREGGOR  
Pony Express relay station should  
be near there.

ALONZO  
Where?

MCGREGGOR  
Somewheres?

O'CONOR  
Know its station manager?

MCGREGGOR  
Only by repute.

ALONZO  
Which be --?

MCGREGGOR  
Ornery cuss, likes the hermit-life.

MUGGS  
Surprised the bugger doesn't live  
in a cave.

MCGREGGOR  
Did, till mama bear had cubs and  
threw him out.

All, including Red, look at McGreggor who holds up a hand to  
swear it's true.

MCGREGGOR  
Bear claimed he "wasn't pulling his  
weight."

All continue to stare, then All break out *guffawing*. Red hand-  
motions for them to continue on. They do, still talking.

MUGGS  
Probably just pulling his pud.

*Chuckling* by All. Harold turns to McGreggor.

HERALD  
Why'd they name your company such?

MCGREGGOR  
You try writin' "Central Overland  
California and Pike's Peak Express  
Company" on all the stationary.

More agreement-chuckling from All.

O'CONOR  
Think maybe he'll have horses?

MCGREGGOR  
One or two --maybe.

RED  
May be, he'll have more than that.  
(no response, explains)  
Most horse-thieves, steal to sell.



HAROLD

"Our" --horses?

O'CONOR

Do station managers have money?

MCGREGGOR

Hell, no! We pretty much just get room and board.

RED

Pretty much same for a Sheriff.

HERALD

Then why do it? Free mail service?

Red turns in his saddle to look at McGreggor.

RED

At five dollar per ounce, I'd expect one prone to over-writtin', might find it mighty attractin'.

MCGREGGOR

So you know my wife?

More *laughter* from All as Red turns back to riding.

O'CONOR

No money means no buyin'.

RED

One could write a company draft.

MCGREGGOR

Aye, one could at that!

RED

Honored by any money exchanger.

All tilt their heads at Red's back.

O'CONOR

You planned on them doin' that?

RED

(doesn't turn)  
Only a fool, brags on "that."

BINTA

Proverbs 13:16.

SIMPSON

"Every prudent man dealeth with  
knowledge."

Red turns in his saddle as ALL look at Simpson.

HAROLD

Didn't know you read the Good Book?

SIMPSON

Didn't, don't. But listen real good  
to the missus --Deputy.

Harold looks down at his badge with pride.

MUGGS

Do you ever --not listen?

Simpson covers his ears making a face. ALL *laugh*.

Red turns forward in his saddle smiling to himself.

RED

Now, "we" are one.

**EXT. A MOUNTAIN PASS - THAT NIGHT**

Bottom of a natural steep "U" in the mountain creating a God-given pass-through. Trees grow straight up on either side of it with a couple of "sinners" growing out at an angle.

Their campsite is the only flat area available. Most of the Seven Men and Red take advantage of the curvature to lay heads on rocks with feet angling up and boots off.

O'CONOR

Don't know how important your feet  
are, till they don't want to be.

Two skinned squirrels *roast* on stick-spits on two separate branch-yoke stands. Remy turns the first as Binta turns the second skewer from opposite side of the fire.

REMY

Mmmm, what I couldn't do with a pan  
and some flour.

BINTA

What I couldn't do, with "that"  
third squirrel.

RED  
Told ya', ole' grumpy ahead might  
be more accomadatin', if we come  
bearin' a gift.

*Murmuring* of agreement from Others.

MUGGS  
Do believe, was lucky you found  
their nest.

O'CONOR  
Don't believe luck, has anything to  
do with what he do.

Red covers his face with his hat and drifts off to sleep.

RED  
*One way to find out.*

**EXT. THEIR MOUNTAIN PASS CAMP - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Meal is done, bones buried, fire stoked for the night, and  
being tended to by Binta.

All Eight Men sleep sound, then Muggs begins fidgeting.

MUGGS  
No.

BINTA  
Trouble sleepin' a'gin?

MUGGS  
(sits up)  
"Again?"

BINTA  
You been doin' that the whole trip.

MUGGS  
(goes to her fire)  
Have I now?

BINTA  
Why are men such babies?

MUGGS  
Pardon me?

BINTA  
Oh, I'm not sayin' men don't have  
their uses.

Binta pulls a burning stick out to light her pipe.

BINTA

But if not for us women, you'd all  
be in layin' in some ditch  
somewhere mopin' and a moanin'.

MUGGS

Would we, now?

BINTA

Yes'm. Take you for instance.

Muggs points at his chest asking in French which wakes Remy.

MUGGS

Moi?

BINTA

What done to you, done to me.

MUGGS

I'm quite sure, I don't understand.

BINTA

Well I'm quite sure, that if you  
don't, then you won't, come to  
peace with it.

MUGGS

What the blazes are you rambling on  
about, woman?

BINTA

Why the blazes are you not?

They sit in silence. Muggs fumes, then he softens.

MUGGS

Just assumed that, you know, being  
a woman, yours would have --?

BINTA

Don't make no never mind to one  
that don't see past color.  
(throws her stick in fire)  
Said he didn't want to put his  
precious pecker in no "black box."  
(blows a huge smoke ring)  
Shoot, if you all bothered to look,  
you'd see we're all pink inside.

Muggs mouth falls wide open. Binta reaches over and closes it  
from underneath with two fingers.

BINTA

Fish-mouth shaped that way, to get caught.

Muggs is speechless as his mouth moves pantomiming until...

MUGGS

I say, steady on, old girl.

Binta inhales hard making her pipe's bowl glow red.

BINTA

Who you callin' old, Methuselah?

They sit in silence. Binta puffs as Muggs takes her same stick to poke at the fire.

MUGGS

Does it still, you know, *hurt* back there when --?

BINTA

Every God Damn time.

They sit in silence. Muggs nods his head.

MUGGS

You're a very special woman, woman.

BINTA

"We" all is.

**EXT. PONY EXPRESS STATION IN MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NEXT DAY**

Most common of all 150 stations is a long wooden bungalow with Manager's living quarters and a small second sleeping area for a Rider's cat-nap. Smoke wafts this one's chimney. A small covered corral holds THREE MUSTANGS. It stands beside another smaller corral only this one has a V-shaped roof inverted with wood troughs feeding into several rain barrels.

Red and his motley crew of Nine arrive.

RED

Hello inside!

DUTCH CHARLEY long forgotten his last name and yells inside.

DUTCH (O.S.)

Move on by, Move on by!

RED

What's your name, neighbor?

DUTCH (O.S.)  
Ain't your G.D. "neighbor,"  
neighbor! And who wants to know?

RED  
Sheriff Red Harding!

DUTCH (O.S.)  
Prove it!

Red pats, remembers, then looks at O'Connor who holds it up.

DUTCH (O.S.)  
Why he carryin' it?

RED  
He keeps it shiny! Look, it'd be a  
whole lot easier confabin' closer.

Moment, then door opens on leather hinges. DUTCH, 60s, with a long white beard, almost looks anemic. He steps out in bib-overalls hip-aiming a 10-gauge 24" double-barrel shotgun.

DUTCH  
Coach Gun fires a wide spread!

Red lays his hand over his coat covering his own shotgun.

RED  
Noted. What's your name, friend?

DUTCH  
Ain't your G.D. "friend" neither!

MCGREGGOR  
You Dutch Charley, Station Manager?

DUTCH  
Who wants ta' know?!

MCGREGGOR  
Lucas McGreggor, Cactus Rose  
Station Master.

DUTCH  
Prove it!

McGreggor pulls paper folded to an envelope, then refolds it into a paper airplane and flies it to Dutch who's mesmerized.

Red's bullwhip-tail *cracks* Dutch's hand making him drop gun.

O'CONOR  
Those our horses in back, "friend?"