EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR CARSON CITY, NEVADA - DUSK

The CAMERA opens up with an aerial arc shot from a helicopter slowly zooming in behind a lone rider riding toward the top of a mountain ridge overlooking a town nestled in a valley below.

This panoramic view is accompanied by a rich, powerful music score during the rider’s trek to the top of the ridge. The arc shot is timed so that the CAMERA ANGLE is behind the rider as he tops the ridge.

The rider is the first in a series of challengers looking to make a name for themselves by finding and out-gunning a notorious aging gunfighter, Mark Slade.

In the distant horizon, the crimson dusk sky erupts with a lightning display and the low rumble of distant thunder can be heard.

As the CAMERA slowly zooms in behind the rider, the CAMERA takes on a SUBJECTIVE VIEW through the rider’s eyes, as he strikes a match to light a cigar.

The screen is filled with amplified light and sound from the flashing match.

The CAMERA now shows the rider’s face, as he takes a couple of puffs off of the cigar, pauses as if to think of the challenge that lies ahead of him, and then starts the downward trek into the town below.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARSON CITY, NEVADA - DUSK

The CAMERA takes on a SUBJECTIVE VIEW through the rider’s eyes, as he enters the edge of town. A light rain is falling, and the streets are already muddy. As the rider moves slowly down the street, the CAMERA sees the rider’s hands holding the reins, the horse’s head, and buildings and townspeople on either side of the street.

The audience hears a multitude of SOUNDS emanating from both sides of the street, and the exhausted horse’s heavy breathing and hoof-steps as he sloshes through the mud and pools of water.

The SUBJECTIVE CAMERA view is accompanied by a hodgepodge of SOUNDS, such as, music emanating from several different saloons, street traffic, voices, laughter, fighting, and shooting.
As the rider moves down the street, the audience hears the far off SOUNDS from the front speakers become gradually louder, passing by side speakers, then rear speakers, and then gradually diminished to simulate movement and depth.

The rider (and soon-to-be challenger) dismounts, wraps the reins once around the hitching post, sloshes through a mud puddle, scrapes his boots, walks up some wooden steps, then starts down a wooden sidewalk.

A saloon girl being chased by a drunken cowboy, laughs, staggers into the challenger, and utters a complaint.

   SALOON GIRL
   Hey! Why don't you ...

She stops her complaint in mid-sentence, as she is taken aback by the challenger's intimidating stare.

The challenger continues on a few more steps, reaching the entrance to a saloon, where he enters cautiously through one side of the double swinging doors.

   DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON IN CARSON CITY, NEVADA - DUSK

Seated at a table with his back to the door, Mark Slade enjoys a game of poker.

At this point, with everyone well aware of what is about to take place, the table is cleared as men and saloon girls frantically scamper to safety, knocking over drinks and chairs as they depart. As Slade slowly rises and turns around, the challenger utters his challenge.

   CHALLENGER
   Hey gunfighter, this one's gonna be your last.

Slade turns around calmly, and responds with a smirk on his face.

   SLADE
   (spoken sarcastically)
   Well, well, well! whatta we got here? Hey bartender, bring this man a drink. He looks like he could use it. He's shakin' like it's the middle of winter.
CHALLENGER
I'll get my own drink - right after I finish killin' you.

SLADE
Killin' me? Why would you wanna kill me? I don't even know you.

CHALLENGER
I know you. That's all that matters. I've been trailin' you for over a week. I was a day and a half behind you when you killed that man in Cisco.

SLADE
What are you? A bounty hunter? I ain't no outlaw, and I don't have a price on my head. So why don't you just turn around and walk outta here like nothin' ever happened?

CHALLENGER
You're Mark Slade, the man who used to be the fastest gun alive - until now. You better start prayin' cause you're about 30 seconds away from a destination with Hell.

SLADE
Why don't you come over here, drag up a chair, have a drink, and let's talk about this gunfighter you think I am.

CHALLENGER
There ain't gonna be no more talkin'.

SLADE
If I'm this gunfighter you say I am, why haven't I already filled you full of holes?

CHALLENGER
Cause you're afraid - afraid you've finally met your match - afraid you're gonna die.
SLADE
Yea, I'm afraid alright - afraid you might accidentally squeeze off a shot, wound me in my drinking arm, and spoil the rest of my day.

Now, I'm not this gunfighter you say I am but I am fast enough to convince you not to draw against me. Let me give you a little demonstration.

Slade pulls out a loose deck of cards, tosses it into the air, draws his gun, and fires one shot. He walks over, bends down, and picks up a card.

He walks over to the challenger, getting up close to his face, and peers through the back of the card through a bullet hole in the center of the card.

SLADE
(speaking sarcastically)
Now that right there, is what they call the death card, the Ace of Spades. When you're readin' your future, you don't wanna get that. It's bad for you.

CHALLENGER
That don't impress me none.

SLADE
Oh, it don't? What would impress you - a 45 slug right there between those ugly eyes of yours?

(speaking sarcastically)
Now this right here, is what I like to call the coolin' off period. That's where I give YOU a chance to think about it for a second, and then turn around and walk outta here alive.

You said I had about 30 seconds to live. Either get on with it or get outta here. My patience is wearin' a little thin. You're holdin' up my game.

Obviously frustrated, angered, and showing signs of uncertainty, the challenger makes a play for his gun.
Slade quickly draws, fires, and holsters his gun in an instant. With a look of disgust, he shakes his head sideways as if to say, why didn't you listen to me and leave when you had a chance.

The challenger's face is filled with pain and puzzlement as he looks into Slade's eyes, just before falling backward to the floor.

Slade bends down, picks up the Ace of Spades, holds it up close to his face, turning his head slightly, as if inspecting it for damage.

**SLADE**
(spoken nonchalantly)
This card's startin' to get a little worn. I guess I'm gonna have to make me a new one. I love doing that trick.

Slade pockets the card, turns around un-caringly, adjusts his chair, and sits down to continue his game.

**SLADE**
(spoken with disgust)
Somebody get this garbage outta here.
Who's deal is it?

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. GOLDEN EAGLE SALOON IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - DAY**

Lee Craft, a young, up and coming gunfighter, enters a saloon in search of Mark Slade, with the intent of defeating him in a gunfight and taking on the title and status of the fastest gunfighter.

**CRAFT**
Bartender, bring me a bottle.

The bartender picks up a bottle and glass and brings it over, as Lee starts to interrogate him.

**CRAFT**
You ever heard of a man named Mark Slade?

**BARTENDER**
Who hasn't?

**CRAFT**
I'm lookin' for him.
BARTENDER
You and about half a dozen others. I wouldn't be lookin' for him if I were you. He'll fill ya with three bullets before you have time to think about it.

CRAFT
We'll see about that. You ever seen him?

BARTENDER
Yea, he comes through here a couple of times a year.

CRAFT
What's he look like?

BARTENDER
Like a man with Hell on his coat tails.

Cass Sloan, a young saloon girl, approaches Lee.

CASS
Hi sugar. Want some company?

Lee nods approvingly with a slight smile on his face.

CASS
Name's Cass. What's yours?

CRAFT
(spoken laughingly)
I'm the Devil's son. Can't you tell?
(Lees pours her a drink.)
Ever heard of Lee Craft?

CASS
No, should I have?

CRAFT
Maybe not, but you're gonna hear a lot about him one of these days. After I kill Mark Slade, everyone's gonna know the name, Lee Craft.

CASS
You a gunfighter?
CRAFT
Honey, I'm faster than greased lightning.

CASS
Ever kill anyone?

CRAFT
I've lost count.

CASS
You don't look like you're old enough to have killed anyone.

Two drunks sitting at a nearby table take notice of Cass and decide to join in.

DRUNK # 1
Hey sweetheart, come on over here and join some real men.

DRUNK # 2
Yea, leave that snotty-nosed kid alone and git your ass over here. I've got just what you need.

DRUNK # 1
Hey kid, why don't you go home, I think I hear your momma callin' you.

CASS
You fellas don't know who you're talkin' to, do you?

DRUNK # 2
(spoken laughingly)
Yea, a shit-for-brains kid and a dirty, filthy whore.

CASS
This here's Lee Craft. He's killed more men than your mamma's got lovers.

The two drunks stand up, kick their chairs out of the way, spread out and start to slowly circle Lee and the girl with their hands hovering above their holstered guns.
CRAFT
Which one should I kill first Cass, the ugly one or the stupid one?

CASS
Which is which?

CRAFT
Ah Hell, I'll just kill 'em both.

Cass suddenly kicks a spittoon in the path of one of the drunks as the other one goes for his gun. Lee kills one with his revolver and the other with a derringer that suddenly appears from his sleeve.

BARTENDER
Cass, get outta here. You're fired.

CASS
You owe me a week's pay.

BARTENDER
I'll use it for the repairs.

The CAMERA follows Lee as he starts out the door and down the wooden sidewalk with Cass following behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SALOON - DAY

CASS
We were a pretty good team back there weren't we?

Lee doesn't answer, and keeps on walking.

CASS
Hey, you're not leaving me here, you got me fired. I'm out in the street with no place to stay.

CRAFT
What happens to you ain't no concern of mine.
CASS
Take me with you. I'll take real good care of you, and you'll hardly even know I'm around.

CRAFT
Ah Hell, why not? If you're goin' with me, you gotta get rid of those clothes.

Lee grabs Cass's arm and pulls her into a general store.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GENERAL STORE - DAY

Lee and Cass exit the general store. Cass is now dressed in shirt, pants, and boots.

CASS
These clothes don't fit - they're way too loose, and these boots hurt my feet. You've got me dressed like a man.

CRAFT
Better get used to 'em cause that's what you're gonna be wearing from now on, unless you want to stay here.

Cass, if you're goin' with me, come on. I'm headed for Virginia City.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - EVENING

Near the banks of a stream, Lee is tying up his horse, and removing his saddle and blanket, while Cass is building a fire.

CASS
I'm beat, the rear end of that horse ain't nowhere near as soft as the chair cushion in my old room.

We've been riding all day. What's the big hurry? Where are we headed that's so all-fired important?
CRAFT
Shut up. You wanted to come with me.
You'll keep up with me, and keep your
mouth shut, or I'll leave you right here.

Lee's attitude angers Cass. She grabs a piece of firewood, heads toward
him, and tries to hit him. Lee grabs her arm, wrestles the wood out of her
hand, and pulls her close to him, kissing her passionately. Cass's body
goes limp, and she responds passionately with her hands pressing tightly
against the back of Lee's head and neck.

The romantic mood is spoiled as a stranger's voice interrupts.

JAKE
Well, ain't that sweet? Sonny boy's got
himself a girl friend.

Three strangers have slipped up on the pair unnoticed. All three have their
guns drawn, leaving Lee no opportunity to retaliate.

JAKE
Earl, did you ever see a sweeter lookin' little
gal in your life?

Alright sonny boy, ease that gun outta that
holster nice'n easy like with two fingers,
and toss it over in that stream.

Luke, see if he's got any other guns on him.

Lee does as he's told and tosses his gun in the water. Luke moves
cautiously up behind Lee, patting him down, and finding the derringer he
has hidden in his sleeve.

LUKE
Hey Jake, he's got one of those pea shooters.

JAKE
Earl, tie him up.

Earl ties Lee's hands together behind a tree trunk.

JAKE
Well little lady, you're in for a real good
time. Me and the boys are gonna show you
what it's like to be a real woman.

Sonny boy, you get to watch the whole
thing. When we're through, you get to watch me slash her throat right before I put a bullet in your head.

Jake wrestles Cass to the ground, grabs her shirt with one hand and rips away all of the buttons, as he bends over and rubs his face between her breasts.

At that point, Jake sits up and arches his back with a puzzled look on his face. He turns his head slightly to one side revealing a knife jammed halfway in his neck, with Cass's hand still attached.

**JAKE**

You filthy whore!

Jake pulls his gun, cocks it, and presses the barrel to Cass's head. The CAMERA focuses on the fear in Cass's face and on the gun's trigger, as Jake begins to pull it back.

Jake's expression changes to one of shock and pain, as a far-off shot rings out, and a gushing bullet wound suddenly appears in Jake's chest. Jake reaches up, touches the wound, and looks at his hand curiously as blood drips from his finger tips.

A second shot rings out and another wound appears beside the first, as Jake's eyes roll back in his head, and he falls forward onto Cass's body.

Cass frantically pushes Jake's body off her, as she grabs Jake's gun shakily with both hands and points it in the direction of Earl and Luke. Cass leaps to her feet, running frantically first in one direction and then the next.

Earl and Luke look desperately in the direction where the shots came from, while at the same time trying to decide if Cass poses any threat with Jake's gun. They barely have time to draw their guns when a third shot rings out and Luke falls, crumpled into a ball at Earl's feet.

Panic stricken at this point, Earl looks for cover, but the only place to hide is behind the tree where Lee is tied. Earl starts toward the tree as a fourth shot rings out, a gushing wound appears in Earl's back, and he falls forward on his face dead at Lee's feet.

**CRAFT**

Cass, it's all over, they're all dead, untie me.

Cass unties Lee as they both look in the direction where the shots came from in time to see the sun glistening off of a rifle barrel, just before they
hear a rider mount up and ride away.

As they hold each other tightly, looking into each other's eyes, they ponder over the fate that might have befallen them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - AFTERNOON

Lee and Cass ride into town. Instead of riding double behind Lee, Cass is now mounted on her own horse, that was generously provided by one of the three dead assailants.

They tie up their horses, and the CAMERA follows them into a saloon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - AFTERNOON

Lee picks up a bottle and glasses and they have a seat at a table near a window.

At a nearby table, a stranger strikes up a conversation.

SLADE
You two look like you could use a breather. Been on the road awhile?

CRAFT
Yea, we've just been through Hell, but we're gonna finally get some rest, and spend a couple of days here.

SLADE
Me too, I'm planning on spending a couple of days here myself.

CRAFT
This here's Cass and I'm Lee.

SLADE
My friends call me David.

Say, since we're gonna be here a couple of days together, why don't you let me buy supper for you two over at the hotel tonight. I've been on the road alone for over a week, and I'd really enjoy your company.
Lee and Cass both answer in unison.

CRAFT
Thanks, we appreciate your offer.

CASS
Thank you.

SLADE
I'm gonna go grab a bath and a shave, and I'll join you over at the hotel about 6:00, is that alright?

CRAFT
Yea, we'll see you there.

Slade bids them adieu and leaves the saloon.

SLADE
Alright, I'll see you later.

After Slade has left, Lee tells Cass his thoughts.

CRAFT
There's something strange about that man. He don't look like your average drifter type.

CASS
Whatta you mean?

CRAFT
Did you see the way he wears his gun? It's tied down at just the right height for his hand, and it's tied down tight, so his holster don't move. And that holster don't look like any holster I've ever seen. I'm thinking he might use that gun a lot more than he lets on.

CASS
What difference does that make? He's a nice man that's gonna buy us supper. That's all I need to know about him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - EVENING
Lee and Cass come down the hotel stairs, see Slade standing near the dining room door, and exchange pleasantries.

**SLADE**
Well, there’s my dinner partners, hope you're hungry, cause you're gonna enjoy this. This place is one of my regular stops when I’m in this part of the country.

This place has the best cook West of the Mississippi.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - EVENING

The trio is just finishing up their meal, as the tone of the conversation changes from one subject to another.

**CRAFT**
David, what brings you to Virginia City?

**SLADE**
I spend a lot of time drifting around the country playing poker, and I keep ending up back here.

I've made a good living playing poker. You'd be surprised how much money you can put away if you play a decent game of poker and set aside some of your winnings each time you play.

I've been doing it for years, opened up several bank accounts across the country, and made regular deposits when I'm in the area. How about you Lee, where do you get your money?

**CRAFT**
I play a pretty good game of poker myself, but I also have some money that I inherited. My father was killed when I was a kid, and I helped my mother run our general store and livery stable until she died, and then I sold everything and hit the road.

I ran into a lot of trouble along the way, used my gun to get out of that trouble, and
ended up with a string of dead men which really pushed me over the edge. Over the years, my draw has seemed to get faster and faster, and it looks like my fast draw is the only way I'll ever get any recognition or make anything out of myself.

David, I couldn't help noticing your gun and holster. I've never seen a rig like that. Is that a special design?

SLADE
Yea, it's something I dreamed up myself. It seems to make my draw a little faster and it's a comfortable fit. I'll tell you about it later.

Here's an idea, I just put some money down on a little piece of ranch property just outside of town. There's an old run down house out there that I'm planning on fixing up.

Why don't we all ride out there tomorrow? We can look it over and have a little target practice.

CRAFT
Sounds good to me. I try to get in a little practice at least every other day. We'll see you in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLADE’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slade lies asleep on his back. In his hand is his revolver lying beside him on the bed. Once again, he is experiencing one of his repetitive nightmares that have been tormenting him for years, where he is besieged by ghosts of the men he has killed in the past. He sees visions of guns blazing, men falling, graves dug, bodies buried, families mourning, and preachers sermonizing, "Thou shall not kill."

Each nightmare is different and yet the same. His torment is never ending, as he is plagued with guilt for the sins he has committed in the past against God and man, and he knows he will ultimately burn in Hell for his transgressions.
EXT. SLADE'S DREAM (CONTINUED) - DAY

In this dream, he is walking out of a saloon into the bright sunlight after a session of poker and drinking. He sees a young kid across the street leaning against a hitching post, with his hat cocked down to shade his eyes from the sunlight.

As Slade turns to go toward his hotel, out of the corner of his eye, he sees the kid leaving his resting position against the hitching post, now standing erect with feet wide apart, and adjusting his hat back in the normal position.

As Slade turns back for a full-on view of the kid, the challenger speaks.

CHALLENGER
Are you Mark Slade?

SLADE
Yea. I'm Slade.

CHALLENGER
I'm here to kill you.

SLADE
Kid, ... go on home. Don't make me kill YOU. Listen to me. Go on home.

Before Slade can say any more. The kid draws. Slade turns to his left, draws, and fires, striking the kid in the chest.

He walks over and looks down at the kid, who is still barely alive, looking up at Slade with a look of fear, fear of dying, and a look of surprise that this is happening to him. The kid reaches out to Slade, as if asking for help, and then dies.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SLADE’S DREAM (CONTINUED) - EVENING

The next scene in Slade's dream is at Boothill, where Slade visits the grave of the kid he killed that morning. Slade's face displays a look of solemn remorse for having robbed this youth of a future life.

Slade kneels at the grave in an attempt to straighten the marker. As he does the loose ground below him erupts as a pair of hands come plunging out of the dirt grasping his neck with a vise-like grip. Slade is gasping for air as he desperately tries to free the hands from his neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLADE’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slade awakens, instantly rising to an upright sitting position in the bed. He turns, swinging his feet down to the floor, and then sits there fixed for a few moments, as if he is trying to catch his breath following the stressful confrontation he has just experienced.

He rises slowly, and stumbles over to the dresser, pours some water from a pitcher into a wash pan, and then scoops up water in both hands and splashes it onto his face. His face is suddenly filled with shock and fear as he gazes into the mirror at the marks on either side of his throat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - DAY

The trio ride up to a dilapidated old ranch house. As they dismount, Slade speaks.

SLADE

Well here it is. It don't look like much, but it's all I need. I'm not gettin' any younger.

I can fix up this house, buy a few head of cattle, and go into town once in a while to pick up a little poker money.

Hey, let's have a little target practice.

Slade gathers up some bottles, rocks, and pieces of wood, and sets them up on a fence.
CRAFT
Hey David, ... what happened to your throat, it looks like someone tried to hang you.

SLADE
(spoken laughingly)
I don't know Lee, I noticed that this morning in the mirror. I guess my collar's too tight. I probably need to start wearing larger shirts, or lose some weight.

SLADE
Lee, I've put up those targets, let's see what you can do with that gun of yours.

Lee draws his gun and fires off 6 shots in rapid succession, knocking six objects in a row off of the fence in an impressive display of drawing and shooting skills.

SLADE
Now that's what I call shootin'. You said you were fast, and you just proved it. You're not only fast, but you hit what you're aiming at.

CRAFT
Hey, Cass. Now's a good time to show you how to shoot.

Lee reloads his gun, and hands it carefully to Cass, placing both of her hands together around it to make sure she has a good hold on the gun before he lets go of it.

CRAFT
Alright Cass, now wrap your right hand around the gun butt, stick your trigger finger through the trigger guard, and steady the gun by wrapping your left hand around the left side of the gun.

Now take careful aim and see if you can hit that bottle there on the fence. Just squeeze the trigger easy like, don't jerk it. Jerking the trigger will make you miss.

Cass steps forward with a wide stance, shakily holding the gun with both hands.
CASS
Stand back, I don't want anybody to accidentally get in the way.

Suddenly Cass lets go with her left hand, brings her right hand down to hip level, and fires off 6 shots in rapid succession, fanning the gun with her left hand like a professional, and breaking six bottles standing in a row.

SLADE
(spoken loudly and jokingly)
Laudy Mercy!
Lee, I think you missed your callin'. You should have been a teacher. You just gave her a thirty second shooting lesson and she performed like a professional.

CRAFT
Cass, where did you learn to shoot like that?

CASS
My daddy taught me to shoot when I was a kid. I used to practice every day til I left home.

SLADE
Lee, get that gal a gun. You need to take her along with you for protection. She can watch your back.

CRAFT
Now, let's talk about that gun of yours David.

SLADE
Lee, like I said before, this gun and holster rig is something I dreamed up on my own. One thing I did to speed up my draw a little was cut away the top front edge of my holster so the gun barrel don't have to be pulled out as far to let the barrel tip clear the holster.

As soon as the barrel tip clears the holster it is lined up and ready to fire. I do all my shooting with the barrel tip just a quarter inch above the holster. It never goes any
higher than that.

I also cut away part of the right side of the holster so I can twist the gun counterclockwise and the trigger can clear the right side of the holster. The twisting motion moves the gun out of the holster faster than a pulling motion.

When the barrel tip clears the front of the holster, and the trigger clears the right side of the holster, the gun is lying on its side when I line up and fire.

You'll also notice that I've filed off the trigger guard so it's not there to slow me down when feeling for the trigger.

CRAFT
(spoken laughingly as he looks over at Cass)
That beats everything I ever saw. Cass we have got to see David shoot now.

Suddenly Lee's laughter stops as he looks over and sees Slade pointing the gun at him and Cass.

SLADE
Don't move!

As Lee and Cass look at Slade, with his gun pointing toward them, a look of shock, fear, and surprise comes over their faces. Just then, Slade fires off a shot and a rattlesnake collapses at Cass's feet.

CRAFT
Whew! When I saw you pointing your gun at us, I thought ...

SLADE
You thought I was fixin' to kill you?

CRAFT
Yea. I did.

SLADE
If I wanted to kill you, I would have done it yesterday when you were camped out by that stream.
CRAFT
(spooken while gasping for breath)
You mean that was you?

SLADE
Yea, that was me alright. I saw a couple of people in trouble and decided they needed some help.

CRAFT
You know, what? Yesterday was not the first time that kind of thing has happened to me. There's been more than one time that I've been saved by a stranger who disappeared at the last minute. Was that you?

SLADE
Do you think all I've got to do is follow you around for years, saving your ornery ass every time you get it in a jam? Hell no, that wasn't me.

CRAFT
You know, I see I have a lot to learn about being a gunfighter, and I need for you to teach me all you know. Would you be willing to do that? It could save my life.

SLADE
I don't know why anyone in his right mind would want to be a gunfighter. But if you have your heart dead set on being one, I'll teach you some tricks of the trade, mainly cause I don't want to see you get killed. Why is it that you're so anxious to get yourself killed?

CRAFT
I don't, but I want to make something out of my life so I will be remembered for something. I have been looking for a man that has a reputation for being the fastest gun alive. I want to kill him so I can claim that title.
SLADE
Who is this gunfighter you're looking for?

CRAFT
It's Mark Slade. Now don't tell me you never heard of him.

SLADE
Yea, I think I do recall hearing his name, but I didn't know he was the fastest gun alive. Alright, you've got yourself a deal. While you're looking for this Mark Slade fella, I'll travel along with you and teach you some tricks I've picked up over the years. I can play poker anywhere, so it won't be putting me out any to go where you're headed over any other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SLADE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slade lies asleep on his back. He is in obvious distress as he mumbles indiscernible words and moves his head slowly back and forth as if to motion that what he is seeing can't be happening to him. Beads of sweat rest on his forehead and eyebrows as others run down his nose, onto his lips, and then off his chin. His shirt is soaked with sweat from the anxiety he is experiencing. He is experiencing another one of his repetitive nightmares.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SLADE'S DREAM - DAY

In this dream, he is standing behind a group of people at a grave-side ceremony, as a minister eulogizes the deceased.

MINISTER
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here this morning to honor a man who was loved among his family and friends. A man who had strayed from the straight and narrow, but a man who loved and was loved, and a man who will be missed. A man struck down in his prime by evil ....

Rain drops fall from a tree limb above, and then off the brim of the minister's hat onto his open bible. An elderly woman stands looking
downward toward the open grave. Her face is turned \textsc{away from the camera}, and is covered by a black shawl extending a couple of inches beyond her face. She steadies herself with a crooked cane held in her wrinkled hand.

Something betrays Slade's heretofore unnoticed presence as the minister stops in mid-sentence, and everyone slowly turns toward him to see who is intruding on this solemn occasion.

The elderly woman's face is filled with hatred as she starts toward Slade with her cane drawn back, as she exclaims...

\begin{center}
\textsc{old woman}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Murderer! YOU, YOU ... murdered my son.
\end{center}

The old woman brings her cane down and across Slade's left cheek, leaving a dark, sunken mark to remind him of her hatred for him.

\textsc{dissolve to:}

\begin{center}
\textsc{int. slade's hotel room - night}
\end{center}

Slade awakens, instantly. His left hand moves to his cheek, as if to soothe the pain. He rises and makes his way over to the dresser, and looks in the mirror. With fear in his eyes, he gazes into the mirror at the mark on his face. Once again a nightmare has resulted in real physical wounds to his body.

\textsc{dissolve to:}

\begin{center}
\textsc{ext. outside the hotel - morning}
\end{center}

Lee and Cass emerge from the hotel to find Slade sitting in one of several chairs that are lined up along the outside wall.

\begin{center}
\textsc{slade}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Well ... Looks like you two decided to sleep in this morning.
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textsc{craft}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Yep, there's no sense getting in a rush when we don't have anyplace special to go to.
\end{center}

\begin{center}
David, what happened to your face? It looks like you ended up on the wrong end of a bull whip. First your neck, and then your face. If I didn't know better, I'd think
someone was beating the Hell out of you every night.

**SLADE**

Ah, it's nothing. Last night after you two went to bed, I went back to the saloon for a night cap, and had a little mishap with a swinging saloon door.

Speaking of not having anyplace special to go to, that brings up an idea I had ... bout someplace where we could go. Since you two don't have anything special in mind, here's an idea. How about us taking a little train ride? ... Verdi’s less than a day’s ride from here. We can catch the Central Pacific there, the Transcontinental, and head East as far as we want to go. We can leave our horses at the livery stable there, and pick 'em up on the way back.

**CRAFT**

Where are we headed?

**SLADE**

Alright, here's my idea. Lee, you and I are half-way decent poker players, right? All we need to do is to find some players that are a little less skilled with a lot of money.

The Texas ranchers are getting ready to make their last trail drive for the season this month up the Chisholm Trail to Dodge City, Wichita, and Abilene.

There's gonna be a lot of drovers ending up in those places. They've just collected their pay for that long drive up from Texas, they're gonna get drunk, and then they're gonna be looking for entertainment like say for example ... a poker game.

We can get on the train in Verdi and step off on the famous Texas Street in Abilene, Kansas, better known as The Wildest and Wickedest Town in the West.
That town's got something for everybody. There's more than a dozen saloons, there's gaudy night clubs, there's gambling houses, and half a dozen hotels. And most all of 'em are open 24 hours a day. And there's plenty of stores where we can buy just about anything we want.

That town's not only gonna provide us with a never ending supply of money from poker winnings, but it's also gonna keep us entertained.

I rest my case. Whatta you say?

CRAFT
You've got me convinced. What about you Cass?

CASS
Me too. Let's go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN VERDI, NEVADA - MORNING

Lee, Cass, and Slade are standing beside the forward passenger coach (one of two passenger coaches preceding the caboose) preparing to board as the whistle blows signaling that the train is about to depart. In front of the forward passenger coach is the baggage-mail car, which is preceded by the express car, coal car and engine.

CONDUCTOR

(Spoken loudly)
All aboard.
SLADE
You two ready for this?

CASS
I am. I'm excited - I've never been on a train before.

CRAFT
I have Cass - and it's nothing to get excited about.

SLADE
He's right Cass, but it beats settin' in the saddle for three weeks. We'll get there two weeks earlier and our butts won't be half as sore.

There's probably a hundred towns between here and Abilene, and we'll probably be stoppin' at more than half of 'em.

Come on - let's get on or they're gonna leave us here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - MORNING

The CAMERA shows the three coming through the rear passageway and making their way down the aisle to their seats. Cass skips ahead excitedly as her eyes dance busily around, as she inspects the interior of a passenger coach for the first time in her life.

She chooses a seat next to a window half-way down on the right facing forward in a group of four seats (two facing forward and two rearward). Lee sits beside her in the forward facing aisle seat, and Slade sits directly across from him facing rearward.

Cass' face is filled with excitement as she presses her face against the window looking up and down the platform and at the people standing outside.

The whistle blows as the train slowly pulls out of the station as the CAMERA views Cass looking through the window and outside scenes moving slowly by.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - SOMETIME LATER

CRAFT
David, right now would be a good time for you to teach me some of those tips and tricks of yours.

SLADE
Good idea, Lee. Alright, let me take a look at your gun.

Lee hands Slade his gun.

SLADE
(spoken emphatically)
Lee, you're a dead man!

CRAFT
Whatta you mean?

SLADE
You're a dead man! You just handed over your gun. You just broke Cardinal Rule Number One of the gunfighter. NEVER GIVE ANYONE YOUR GUN - not even your family, your lover, or your friend.

William Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, once overheard a man bragging that he was going to kill Billy the Kid. The man obviously didn't know what Billy looked like.

Billy pretended to be in awe of this gunfighter and asked if he could take a look at the gun that would some day be used to kill the famous Billy the Kid.

The man handed it over, and Billy promptly shot the man dead with his own gun.

And that brings up another matter, ... Cardinal Rule Number Two. NEVER TRUST ANYBODY! Remember, a gunfighter HAS NO FRIENDS. Sure you'll have people you trust like me and Cass here, but to be on the safe side, it's better to go through life
acting as though you have no friends and trusting no one. You'll live a lot longer if you go by that rule.

Slade hands Lee his gun back.

**SLADE**
Cardinal Rule Number Three is A GUNFIGHTER SHOULD NEVER BE IN A HURRY. There's an old adage that says, "The gunfighter who gets in a hurry is a dead gunfighter."

When you're up against a fast draw, every fraction of a second can mean the difference between life or death. The last thing you need to do is to let being in a hurry to draw and fire your gun confuse or slow down your mind's control of your movements, and cause a split-second's delay.

So just remember, draw fast but don't get in a hurry. Let your natural talents flow on their own. Don't confuse and slow down your natural, instinctive movements by throwing in any sense of worry or fear that you're not drawing fast enough.

**CRAFT**
David, that's some good advice. I never really thought about it before, but I bet you're right. Worrying about not drawing fast enough and trying to fix it by concentrating harder is just going to slow you down or cause you to fumble when going for your gun. It may only slow you down a fraction of a second, but when you're up against a fast gun, that's all it takes to wind up dead.

The thing to do is stay calm, rely on your instinct, and rely on the years and years of practice you've put in to pull you through.

Whatta you think, Cass? Thanks to David's
advice, you might have me around a little bit longer to take care of you.

 CASS
I'll tell you what I think. I think you'd be around a lot longer if you'd just forget this gunfighter thing, and do like David suggested. Just get some land and a few head of cattle, and settle back and live to a ripe old age - not 25 or 30 like most gunfighters end up.

 CRAFT
Cass, those gunfighters that just lived to 25 or 30, were not gunfighters like me. They were just men who practiced a little, and learned how to draw fast and shoot just good enough to get themselves killed. They didn't practice night and day, and every chance they got like I do. They didn't make their gun their whole life.

 SLADE
Lee, just remember that no matter how fast and good you get with a gun, there will come a time sooner or later when somebody will come along that will be that fraction of a second faster than you, and that will be the end of you and your dream.

 Cass is right, you better do what she suggested. I could use some help on that little ranch I've got, and neither one of us needs to be on the road like we're doin', cause we both have all the money we really need. And if that's not enough, we can always win some more in a local poker game.

 CRAFT
If you want to retire in a rocking chair old man go ahead - don't be trying to put me in one. There's too much left out there for me to see and do. And besides, once I'm famous, I can retire, and sit back and tell my grand children about my adventures.
SLADE
What ever you say Lee. Now back to the lessons. There's gonna come a time when somebody is gonna get the drop on you, and they're gonna tell you to throw down your gun.

And don't think that little pea shooter in your sleeve is gonna save you either. Everybody and his brother carries those now, and that's one of the first things somebody looks for when they're trying to disarm you.

If you even look like you're thinkin' about fidgeting with that left sleeve, you're gonna be filled with holes before you know it.

Alright, now watch this, you're gonna love it. Let's say you just got the drop on me and you've just told me to throw down my gun.

While remaining in his seat, Slade turns his body slightly to his left so he is now directly facing Cass, and his right hip is extending out into the aisle to give him more elbow room for his demonstration.

He pulls his gun slightly out of its holster while at the same time twisting it around so the gun butt is facing forward.

SLADE
Notice how I'm twisting the gun around so the gun butt is facing forward. In this position, you stick your little finger in the trigger guard right in front of the trigger. That way when you drop the gun, your little finger can catch the gun by its trigger guard and stop the gun's fall for a split second.

Since my gun has been modified by filing off the trigger guard, I have to stick my little finger behind the trigger and stop the gun's fall with the trigger itself.

The trick is to watch the tip of the gun barrel that's pointed at you looking for any slight movement up or down to indicate that your assailant has relaxed his grip.
When he sees you drop your gun with thumb and three fingers extended, he assumes the gun will fall all the way to the ground.

But at the last second, your little finger breaks the gun’s fall just long enough for you to flip it around into the normal shooting position and kill your enemy.

Slade demonstrates the movement with blurring speed, dropping the gun, catching it with his little finger, flipping it into the normal shooting position, and finally placing it back in its holster, all in one single, mind-boggling movement.

Lee and Cass watch the demonstration with puzzled looks and with their mouths hanging half-way open in amazement.

SLADE
Wanna see it again?

Slade repeats the demonstration three more times within a total period of less than one and one-half seconds to further astound and astonish Lee and Cass.

The next minute of this scene is spent with Lee practicing the movement as Slade coaches him in its execution.

The conductor walks through the car announcing an upcoming stop.

CONDUCTOR
(spoken loudly)
Next stop, Reno, Nevada, one mile ahead.
Ten-minute rest stop.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM, RENO, NEVADA - MORNING

Slade, Lee, and Cass emerge from the passenger car into the sunlight to get a breath of fresh air during the ten-minute rest stop in Reno.

The platform is busy with activity as up to a dozen passengers prepare to board while visiting with family and friends who are seeing them off.

Cass, being the inquisitive type that she is, looks around taking in all the sights and sounds, and checking out the new passengers that will be joining them on their trip.

As she looks around, she notices two men conversing off to the side. They seem to be a little out of place and exhibiting unusual behavior. First, their appearance and clothing doesn't fit into any of the expected looks of typical passengers. Second, they appear to be making general conversation, not looking directly at each other, etc. Upon seeing Cass looking their way, they immediately move apart with one moving toward the forward passenger car and the other toward the rear car.

CASS
Look at those two men over there. They were just talking, and when I looked over their way they split up, and one headed to the rear car. They don't look friendly either. They look like they would steal from their own mother.

CRAFT
Cass, don't worry about it. They're just a couple of men who are taking a trip.

SLADE
Cass is right, they are kinda rough looking, and they don't look like your average train passengers. They look more like your run of the mill bank robbers. We probably should keep an eye on 'em.

The whistle blows and steam sounds come from the engine, as the train is preparing to depart.
CONDUCTOR

(Spoken loudly)
All aboard.

SLADE
We're leaving. We can talk about this later.
Better get aboard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - MORNING

The trio is seated back in their original seats as new passengers are entering the coach and selecting their seats. Two attractive ladies have a seat directly across the aisle from Lee facing forward. From their dress and appearance, they are obviously two ladies of the night who are on their way to Abilene, or some other cattle town, planning to persuade the Texas drovers to part with some of their pay.

They are both giggling as they direct flirtatious looks toward Slade, who responds with a tip of his hat and a grin from ear to ear.

SLADE
Morning ladies.

CASS
(snickers under her breath at Slade's response)

Cass turns sideways in her seat facing the aisle as she looks around to canvass the new passengers that are boarding. Seated behind the two ladies is a mother and her small son. As Cass looks their way, the little boy makes a face at her with his tongue stuck out.

Cass smiles at him and continues to look rearward. Seated across the aisle in the very last row in the aisle seat facing forward, is one of the two strangers she saw talking together outside. As their eyes meet, the stranger directs a cold piercing stare her way that sends chills up her spine. Cass abruptly turns around in her seat and faces forward, as she raises her eyebrows nervously in disbelief and a lump in her throat slowly makes its way down.

Cass continues to canvass the new passengers who are entering and selecting seats in the forward area of the coach. Seated a few rows up across the aisle in an aisle seat facing forward, is a small meek looking
man with wiper-rimmed glasses, with a slight build, dressed impeccably in a three-piece suit, and wearing a derby. He is wearing a gun, a small revolver, with a holster located at his front midsection rather than on his side.

SLADE

Might as well get comfortable, we've got a week of this ahead of us til we get to Abilene.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

The next minute of film is filled with multiple scenes centering around Cass with other scenes mixed in to indicate time passage from morning in Reno, Nevada to night in Palisade, Nevada, accompanied by an appropriate music score (suggested title "Come Away With Me" by Norah Jones on Capitol Records 2002 label), with several alternating scenes with Cass' face near or pressed against the window as she looks out at the passing scenery and mountainous terrain with varying shades (day, evening, and dusk) of light flickering on her face, adults and children waving at the passing train; Slade in various prone positions with his hat over his eyes and his feet propped up; Lee and Cass cuddling, laughing, and talking together; Lee and Cass asleep with their heads propped together or on the other's shoulder or lap; Slade sitting across the aisle flirting with the ladies, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - NIGHT

The conductor walks through the car announcing an upcoming stop.

CONDUCTOR

(speaking loudly)
Next stop, Palisade, Nevada, one mile ahead. Overnight rest stop. Train leaves promptly at 7:00 AM in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM, PALISADE, NEVADA - NIGHT

Slade, Lee, and Cass emerge from the passenger car.
CRAFT
David, Cass and I are real tired, we're gonna head on over to the hotel. Comin' with us?

SLADE
Naw Lee, you two go on I'll be along right behind you. I'll see you two in the morning.

CRAFT
Alright, David, good night.

CASS
Good night.

At that moment, the two ladies who were sitting across from Lee emerge from the passenger car, both looking at Slade and giggling. Slade, with a big smile on his face, tips his hat and takes a slight bow as if to lead the way to the hotel.

SLADE
Ladies, this way.

Lee and Cass look at each other with smirks on their faces and eyebrows raised, then turn away and walk toward the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM, PALISADE, NEVADA - MORNING

Lee and Cass walk up to Slade standing beside the forward passenger car. Slade looks terrible. His face is drawn and tired looking, his eyelids are drooping, and he needs a shave.

CRAFT
Morning David. Did you have a good night's sleep?

CASS
(Cass snickers under her breath)
Yea, David, you look all rested up, and ready for another long day's ride.

The whistle blows signaling that the train is about to depart, and sounds of released steam are coming from the engine.
CONDUCTOR

(Spoken loudly)
All aboard.

CASS
Look over there, it's that man that's riding in
the rear of our car. He's talking to two more
men that look meaner than him.

When the three strangers see Cass looking their way, the two new
passengers immediately turn and head for the rear passenger car.

SLADE
It's looks like we may have some trouble brewin'
Lee. You and I may need to watch each other's
backs for the rest of the trip.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - MORNING

The three board the passenger car and take their places in their original
seats, as the other passengers enter the car.
Slade's two lady friends enter, smiling and giggling as usual, and have a
seat across the aisle. Once again, Cass surveys the passengers to see if
anyone new is joining them. The mean looking stranger is again seated
across the aisle in the rear and the well-dressed man with the derby is
again seated across the aisle on the forward left side.

Cass notices a new passenger entering the car through the forward
entrance. He immediately has a seat in the front on his right, just a couple
of rows ahead of the man with the derby. This new passenger also displays
the cold, cruel, and hard features, demeanor, and intimidating stare that
Cass noticed in the other strangers.

Cass looks over at Slade, who is already seated and facing rearward. She
motions with her eyes for Slade to turn around and checkout the new
passenger who is taking a seat behind him. Slade sees Cass' signal, and
turns to his right around in his seat to see what it is that Cass thinks is so
interesting. As he turns around, Slade's eyes meet those of the stranger,
who returns a cold, hard, and intimidating go-to-Hell look that would make
most men tremble in their boots. Instead of trembling, Slade tips his hat
and directs a big grin toward the stranger before turning back in his seat
and preparing to take a nap. The stranger returns Slade's grin with a scowl
and look of hatred.
There are now a total of five mysterious strangers on board, (two in the forward car and three in the rear car), all having had short conversations with each other on the station platforms as witnessed previously by Cass, Lee, and Slade.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORWARD PASSENGER CAR - SOMEWHERE EAST OF TECOMA - DAY

The conductor walks through the car announcing an upcoming stop.

CONDUCTOR
(spoken loudly)
Five minute stop for water at the Tecoma water tower.
Everyone please remain seated. We will be on our way shortly.

The train has just stopped for passengers and mail pick up in Toano and Tecoma, and now, just a mile or so East of Tecoma, is stopping at a water tower to take on water for the steam engine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENGINE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

The engineer is looking out of the left side window as the fireman directs the water tower's drain trough down into the engine's water tank.

The CAMERA has a close shot of the left side of the engineer's face as the engineer shouts out.

ENGINEER
Come on Tom, we ain't got all day.

In the next CAMERA shot, you hear the sound of a pistol's hammer being cocked back, a pistol barrel is shoved up against the engineer's temple, and a threatening voice is heard.

BANDIT 1
Don't move a muscle engineer man.
I know how to run one of these engines, so I don't need you.

Now call your man down here now, and let's get this train rolling.
ENGINEER
Alright Tom, that's enough, come on down.

The fireman ties off the drain trough, returns to the engine, and climbs up into the driver's compartment only to find that he and the engineer are being held hostage at gun point. The fireman hears something behind him and turns around to find that a second bandit is climbing into the driver's compartment behind him with his gun drawn.

BANDIT 2
Well, Edgar, it looks like you've got everything under control.

BANDIT 1
See Dan, Dave was right. He said this would be like taking candy from a baby.

FIREMAN
What's goin' on here?

BANDIT 1
Shut up and start feeding the fire, we're movin' out.

The train's stop for water appears normal to the passengers and crew with a total stop time of under 5 minutes, and the hostage situation goes unnoticed as the train pulls out and continues on its way toward Promontory and Ogden, Utah.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS
The next minute of film is filled with multiple scenes to indicate time passage, accompanied by an appropriate music score, including such scenes as the engineer and fireman performing their jobs while being held at bay by two gunmen, scenes of Lee, Cass, and Slade laughing and talking, scenes of the five mysterious strangers in the front and rear passenger cars, scenes of the other passengers, scenes of the well-dressed man with the derby looking around to check out the other passengers and catching Cass looking at him suspiciously, and scenes of the perilous mountain terrain that the train is approaching as it nears Promontory, Utah.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY, UTAH - DAY

As the train approaches a pre-planned location, a perilous stretch of track bordered on the left with a sheer drop-off into a deep ravine below and on the right by steep mountainous cliffs. Edgar (Bandit 1) gives the engineer special instructions.

EDGAR
When you start down that grade, I want you to use the whistle to signal "down brakes."
Don't try anything funny, I'm an old railroad man, and know all the signals.

One short blast of the whistle signals "down brakes" which is a signal to the brakemen to report to the platforms to begin to manually apply the brakes on each car.

This was also planned as the signal for the outlaw band to spring into action. This band of train robbers consisted of Edgar and Dan in the steam engine driver's compartment; Dirty Dave and Mike, the leaders of the gang, who boarded the train in Reno, with Dirty Dave sitting on the back row of the forward coach and Mike boarding the rear coach; Milton, Thomas, and J.D., who boarded in Palisade, with J.D. taking a seat near the front row-left in the forward coach where Dirty Dave has been riding, a couple of rows ahead of the well-dressed man with the derby.

Both Dave and Mike were a few cards short of a full deck, sometimes acting a little bizarre, laughing at things that were not outwardly funny, and quite often breaking into fits of rage over seemingly trivial matters. Mike, who more than likely was a lady’s man, had sort of a Kit Carson, boyish look with his long brown hair and full beard. He had a uniqueness from almost always wearing his hat off his head, draped across his back and held on by two leather thongs tied together under his chin. Dave had a completely different, sort of drunken derelict look with his shorter unkempt hair and two-day beard, and seemed to definitely not be one to be a hit with the ladies, because of his sloppy appearance and mannerisms.

Upon hearing this signal, the outlaws prepare for the onrush of brakemen and conductors from the caboose moving to the rail car platforms to set the brakes.

As the engineer signals with the whistle, Dan begins to climb over the top of the coal car to take his position on the front platform of the express car. At the same time the conductor and two brakemen, coming from the caboose, bust through the rear door of the rear passenger car on their way to begin setting the brakes. Mike, Milton, and Thomas are there waiting for
NOTE: FROM THIS POINT ONWARD, THE CAMERA SHOTS INCLUDE CROSS-CUTS BETWEEN THE FRONT AND REAR PASSENGER CARS, THE ENGINE, AND MAIL AND EXPRESS CARS TO CATCH SIMULTANEOUS ACTION SCENES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REAR PASSENGER CAR - SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY - DAY

CONDUCTOR
Everyone keep your seats, we're just making an emergency stop.

MIKE
(spoken loudly)
Shut up old man, I'm calling the shots now. Everyone, listen up, this here's a holdup. Nobody's gonna get hurt if you do what we tell you. Everybody step out in the aisle with your hands in plain view. Take your guns out real slow and pile 'em up in the aisle in the center of the coach. Let's go ... MOVE!
After you drop your guns, I want all of ya to move to the front of the coach.

All of you women and kids - move to the back of the coach - NOW!

Milton - check out the caboose. If there's anybody back there bring them up here.

Milton returns shortly.

MILTON
Nobody back there Mike.

MIKE
Good. Milton ... Thomas ... While you two relieve these people of their valuables, me and the Conductor are goin' up front. Come on old man - let's go - MOVE!

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. FRONT PASSENGER CAR - SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY - DAY

As the engineer signals with one short blast of the whistle, the outlaws in the forward passenger car spring into action. Dirty Dave stands up in the rear of the car, and J.D. stands and faces rearward as they both draw their guns together and make an announcement.

DIRTY DAVE
(spoken loudly)
Alright everybody, this here's a holdup. Don't anybody make any quick moves.

Howdy, ... my name's Dirty Dave. No one'll get hurt if you all behave. Hey did y'all hear that? I'm a poet and didn't know it.
(laughs sarcastically)

Everyone take your guns out real slow now. Drop 'em up there in the middle of the aisle, then move back up to the front.

I want all of you women and kids to move to the back of the coach.

Slade pulls his gun slightly out of its holster, rotates it around backwards so the gun butt is facing Dave (in preparation for his favorite trick move) when Dave yells out, while pointing his gun straight at Slade.

DIRTY DAVE
(spoken emphatically)
Hold it right there old man! FREEZE! Now turn that gun around real slow now with two fingers and put it back in its holster.

I want to see three fingers stickin' out to the side or you're a dead man.

Slade reverses the gun slowly and puts it back in its holster. Cass snickers under her breath as Slade gives her his meanest look.

DIRTY DAVE
Alright, old man. Now with your thumb and index finger, take out that gun slowly and drop it on the floor. Keep those three fingers out to the side.
Slade drops his gun on the floor and moves to the front of the car. Lee and the man with the derby do the same, dropping their guns and moving toward the front.

**DIRTY DAVE**
J.D. check 'em for backups.

J.D. pats Lee down and finds his derringer.

J.D.
The kid had one Dave.

**DIRTY DAVE**
All you women and kids move to the back - NOW!

Now remember men, if you don't want your women and kids hurt, don't try anything. I'll shoot a woman or kid just as easy as I'd shoot you. Don't try me!

At that moment, Mike and the Conductor enter through the rear door of the car.

**MIKE**
Well Dave, we've corralled everybody in the back, and it looks like you've done the same up here. The Conductor here is gonna escort me to the express car, so we can get down to business.

Mike and the Conductor exit the front door of the coach.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BAGGAGE-MAIL CAR DAY**

Mike and the Conductor (Sam) enter the rear door of the baggage-mail car with Mike following close behind with his gun pressed against Sam's back. Edward, the mail clerk, is standing near the doorway when they enter.
EDWARD
Hey Sam, what's going on? ... Why are we stopping? ... Who's he?

Mike slaps Edward across the face with his pistol, knocking him down to the floor.

MIKE
(spedan angrily)
Shut up!

SAM
(spedan emphatically)
Do what he say's Edward, don't try anything - he'll kill you.

MIKE
(spedan angrily to Edward)
Get up! We're all goin' up front.

MIKE
(spedan angrily to the Conductor)
Alright old man, when we go through that door, you're gonna think of something to say to that express messenger to get him to let us in.

Just remember, if you don't come up with something good to say, and he don't let us in, I'm gonna kill you both, and then blow that door open with dynamite anyway.

The three move slowly toward the forward doorway of the baggage-mail car, with Mike angrily shoving them from behind at gunpoint.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EXPRESS CAR'S REAR PLATFORM - DAY

Sam and Edward step across from the mail car's front platform to the express car's rear platform, followed closely by Mike. Sam knocks on the express car rear door, and calls out.

SAM
(spedan loudly)
Alvin, open up, it's Sam and Edward.
ALVIN
What's going on Sam? ... Why are we stopping?

SAM
Nothing to worry about Alvin, I just spotted a rock slide over the tracks on the grade down below, and they're probably just slowing down so we'll be able to stop when we get down there so we can clear off the tracks.

Let us through Alvin, we need to get up to the engine, and I'm getting too old to have to go topside.

As Alvin cautiously opens the door, Mike conceals himself to the side, out of view, still pointing his gun at Sam and Edward. Alvin, seeing only Sam and Edward standing outside, continues to open the express car's rear door to welcome them.

As Sam and Edward enter, Mike pushes them through the door, and they both fall forward onto Alvin, knocking him down, as all three fall onto the floor. Mike puts his gun barrel in Alvin's face.

MIKE
Well, Mr. Wells Fargo man, thanks for lettin' us in. You saved me a lot of time. Now I won't have to blow half this express car away gettin' in here.

Now take that gun out of your holster slow and easy like, drop it on the floor, and kick it over there in the corner After you do that, get busy opening that safe.

ALVIN
Mister, ... I couldn't open that safe if I wanted to. They changed the combination in Sacramento, and wired the new combination ahead to Ogden. We can't open that safe til we get to Ogden.
MIKE
That's what you think. Now get on up there and open that forward door.

Alvin goes to the front of the express car, and opens the forward door to find Dan waiting there carrying a sack full of tools.

DAN
(spoken excitedly)
Mike, where's the money?

MIKE
Dan, they think they outsmarted us. They changed the combination. ... Time for you to get busy, doing what you do best.

Before you start, follow us back to the mail car, and help me tie these men up.

 Everybody back to the mail car now ...
MOVE!

Mike directs Sam, Edward, and Alvin back to the mail car at gun point, where he and Dan tie them up to the mail car framework, before returning to the express car.

After Mike and Dan leave, Edward get's an idea to help them escape.

EDWARD
Alvin, can you reach my coat laying over there on that mail bag with your foot? If you can, drag it over to you and see if you can get it around behind you so you can get your hand on my knife inside the left pocket.

Alvin is able to do just that, retrieves the knife, cuts the ropes around his wrists, cuts his other ropes, and then frees the others.

SAM
Let's get out of here while the gettin's good.

The three head out the rear door of the mail car with haste, expecting Mike or Dan to return any minute to see if they are still secured.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. FRONT PASSENGER CAR - DAY

DIRTY DAVE

Hey everybody, listen, ... no one's gonna get hurt. We're not here to hurt ya, and we don't want much from anybody. Just as soon as we collect our pay from that safe up there in the express car, we'll be on our way and outta your hair.

(laughs sarcastically)

Dirty Dave stands in the middle of the aisle with a wide stance and feet evenly planted. The women and children are huddled together in fear behind him.

DIRTY DAVE

J.D., let's see if these fine folks have any valuables we might want to borrow from them.

At that moment, Dirty Dave's facial expression instantly changes from the look of one who's very much in command of the situation to the look of a man who wonders what he's gotten himself into, as he slowly looks down between his legs. The CAMERA closes into Dave's crotch area to see Cass looking up through the gap in his legs, while she points a derringer there, and speaks.

CASS

(spoken sarcastically)

Howdy, ... my name's Cass. Drop it now or you'll get a new ass.

J.D. sees Dave's predicament, points his gun down between Dave's legs at Cass, and exclaims.

J.D.

Why you little whore!

Lee quickly reacts, shoving J.D. backward to the floor, with J.D. still holding on to his gun. With Cass distracted by the possibility of being shot by J.D. and by Lee's actions, Dave sees his chance, strikes Cass across the face with his gun and starts to shoot her. In one quick movement, the meek little man in the derby dives for the floor, grabs a gun, and puts a bullet in the center of Dave's forehead. At the same time, J.D., still in a sitting position, regains his composure and aims his pistol at the man in the derby
who’s lying in a prone position on his stomach. Slade sees what’s about to happen and yells.

SLADE
Look out!

The man on the floor rolls over to his left to look up, and quickly tosses Slade a gun, who catches the gun perfectly, turns to his right, and fires, striking J.D. in the stomach, killing him and knocking him backward through the forward doorway.

Hearing the shots from the rear passenger car, Thomas comes busting through the rear door of the front coach and is met with Slade’s outstretched arm and gun pointing at him. Slade yells out a warning.

SLADE
(spoken loudly)
Hold it right there!

Thomas disregards Slade's warning and raises his gun to shoot, as Slade fires a shot hitting Thomas in the chest, knocking him backward, out the doorway he just entered.

The man on the floor gets up, picks up his derby and replaces it on his head, and dusts himself off, as he introduces himself to Slade.

SPENCE
Sir, I am indeed indebted to you. Aaron Spence, at your service.

SLADE
David Slater, proud to meet ya. Where'd you learn to handle a gun and shoot like that?

SPENCE
Sir, it's my profession. I'm a detective with the Pinkerton Detective Agency, hired by Wells, Fargo and Company to roust any would be train robbers.

There's been a rash of train and stage robberies over the past couple of years and Wells Fargo is placing Pinkerton agents and some of their own people on these trains to be on guard for robberies. The government's is also occasionally placing U.S. Marshals in plain attire on trains and
stages for the same reason.

Mr. Slater, I was very impressed at how you handled yourself in this situation. The Pinkerton Agency could use people like you and your companions, including the little lady there, who also seems to be handy with a gun and not afraid to use it.

SLADE
There you go Lee, ... Cass ... your chance to be famous, to make a name for yourselves, and a chance to make an honest living. Why don't you talk to Mister Spence about it later after we get ourselves out of this predicament. Right now, we've still got work to do.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PLATFORM OF THE REAR PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Slade exits through the rear door, moving to the front platform of the rear passenger car, and cautiously enters while shouting out a warning.

SLADE
(spoken sarcastically)
Are there any train robbers back here that I havn't killed yet?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR PLATFORM OF THE REAR PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Milton, realizing that he is probably alone and outnumbered, scampers out the rear door of the coach and jumps to safety.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. FORWARD PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Slade enters the rear door of the forward passenger car and begins to direct the others.

SLADE
Alright, everything is secure back there. All we have to do now is take care the problems up front.

Slade motions toward the forward door leading to the baggage-mail car.

SLADE
Lee, ... Mr. Spence, ... We've got some work to do up front.

Slade, Lee, and Spence start toward the forward door.

CASS
I'm goin' with you.

CRAFT
Stay here Cass! I mean it! It ain't no place for you up there. You could get hurt ... or killed.

Cass turns around disapprovingly, with her head down, and walks toward the rear of the car, chattering to herself in disgust.

SLADE
He's right Cass, you need to stay here and protect the others in case one of 'em makes his way back here.

CASS
You all could be dead yourself already. If it wasn't for me, those train robbers might have killed you and been long gone. So go on up there and get yourself killed, I'm not gonna try and stop you.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. FRONT PLATFORM OF THE FORWARD PASSENGER CAR - DAY

As Slade and the others cautiously exit onto the forward platform of the forward passenger car, they are met by an onrush of three frantic individuals, who are seemingly running for their life in a frenzy toward the rear of the train.

The three men are the Conductor, mail clerk, and express messenger. All three show signs of being roughed up. They are winded, bleeding, and exhibiting erratic behavior.

CONDUCTOR
(spoken in a frenzy)
He's in the express car,... but be careful, the man's crazy.

Slade and Spence take positions with guns drawn on either side of the doorway on the rear platform of the baggage-mail car, as Slade motions with his gun barrel for Lee to go up topside. Lee swings around on the side of the coach and starts to climb the ladder to the coach roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAY BAGGAGE-MAIL CAR - DAY

Slade cautiously opens the door to the baggage-mail car looking for any sign of movement. The interior of the car is dark and dimly lit, with luggage, tall crates, stacked boxes, and mail bags scattered erratically, creating a narrow winding path through these obstacles with many blind corners that someone could hide behind.

The two take turns covering each other as they navigate their way through the mail car to the forward door leading to the express car. Slade and Spence cross over to the express car's rear platform, and again take positions on either side of the door as Slade cautiously opens the door. Like the mail car, the express car interior is dark but not as cluttered. In fact, the view is clear all the way through the car to the forward door which is open and swinging in the wind, providing a clear view of the coal car in front of it.

Just to the left inside the rear door, is a large massive safe. A little further down on the left side is a chair and desk. There are only a few objects that someone could hide behind, and the car seems to be abandoned. Slade hears something behind him and then a voice.
CASS
I always wondered what the inside of an express car looked like.

SLADE
(spooken angrily)
Cass, we told you to stay back there. Now go on back - NOW!

Cass ignores Slade's command and moves on toward the front of the car busily inspecting its contents, as she looks back at Slade, crinkling her nose in defiance.

CASS
Do you smell something burning?

Slade seems to be trying to remember where he has smelled that scent before, when suddenly, it comes to him.

(it's the smell of a dynamite fuse burning)

SLADE
(spooken first normally, then loudly and frantically)
Yea I do ... It smells familiar. It's .... It's dynamite, get the Hell outta here, NOW!

Slade and Spence make a break for the rear door, as Cass dives behind some boxes near the forward door. Slade and Spence just make it to the crosswalk between the mail car and express car as a blast rips through the doorway, smoke, fire, and debris comes flying out the express car door, and the two are slammed through the doorway into the mail car.

The two are knocked senseless and unconscious for a few moments. As they start to come to, they raise themselves up and look out of the mail car's forward doorway to see the express car rapidly moving away. Mike has uncoupled the express car from the rear cars, and is standing on the rear platform laughing and waving at them as he shouts out a greeting.

MIKE
(shouted out loudly and sarcastically)
I'll see you fellas later. I'm going on into Promontory and beyond to enjoy spending some of these twenty-dollar gold pieces. If you're not there, I'll go ahead and start without you.
(laughs sarcastically)
As the express car moves further away, Slade notices something interesting. Lee is perched on top of the express car, sitting in the Lotus position just back far enough so that Mike can't see him, giving Slade the high sign.

Even though the engine, coal car, and express car are rapidly moving away, the mail car, passenger cars, and caboose continue to roll down the track, and in fact are starting to pick up speed because of the steep downward grade. This is presenting a new danger because of the treacherous terrain with a sheer drop-off on the left side into the canyon. If the cars continue to pick up speed, they could leave the track and tumble into the ravine. Luckily, at that moment, one of the brakemen emerges through the door and begins to apply the manual brake on that platform, while the other brakeman and conductor are braking the other cars to the rear.

Slade gets an idea.

**SLADE**  
*(spoken to the brakeman)*  
Don't bring us to a stop. Just brake enough to slow us down to a safe speed, and pass the word back to the others.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

Accompanied by an appropriate sound track, the next minute of film contains a mixture of scenes, such as, the disengaged, gravity powered rail cars continuing down the mountain in pursuit of the outlaws with Slade and Spence stationed on the forward platform; scenes of the engineer and fireman being held at bay by the two bandits; and scenes of Lee lying flat on top of the express car waiting for a chance to make his move, etc.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. EXPRESS CAR - DAY**

After taunting Slade and the others, as the engine, coal car, and express car pulled away, leaving them in the distance, Mike enters the express car through the rear doorway, and starts gathering up sacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces, tying them together in pairs. Cass emerges groggily from behind the boxes where she collapsed following the explosion, and tries to stand up.

Mike walks over to Cass, looks down at her lustfully, grabs her arm, and pulls her to her feet. With his other hand, he grabs her hair and pulls her head sharply back, as he kisses her passionately.
MIKE
Well, it looks like it's my lucky day. I've just come into a lot of money, and I've also found a good lookin' woman to spend it on - all at the same time.

I think I'm gonna be takin' you with me sugar pie.

Lee enters the rear doorway with his gun drawn.

CRAFT
She ain't gonna be goin' anywhere, but you are. You're goin' to jail for a long time, and I might be collecting a reward for sending you there.

At that moment, Dan enters through the forward doorway, draws his gun, and starts firing at Lee, who ducks behind the desk and returns fire.

Mike grabs up four bags of gold, moving backward past the safe, through the doorway, and out onto the rear platform, while using Cass as a shield.

The train whistle blows, as the train slows down almost to a stop at a predetermined point as part of the gang's robbery plan. A rider comes out of hiding, riding alongside the slow moving train leading several riderless horses, and rides along the right side of the train next to the express car's rear platform. Mike tosses two of the gold bags (tied together) to the rider who throws them over his saddle. Then Mike tosses the other two bags, and the rider does the same. Mike then shoves Cass to the floor as he leaps onto one of the horses.

The riders continue up beside the engine where Edgar leaps onto one of the horses, and the three bandits ride away.

Inside the express car, while hiding behind the desk, Lee takes one more fast peek over the top of the desk, as he fires and hits Dan, killing him.

Lee picks himself up shakily, using the desk for support, as he looks around to see Cass entering the rear doorway with tears in her eyes. He moves toward her, takes her in his arms, and comforts her.

CRAFT
It's over Cass, It's all over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY, UTAH - DAY
The train is stopped now, as Lee, Cass, the Engineer, and Fireman are standing near the rear of the Express car. A short distance away, they see the detached rail cars slowly making their way down the grade toward them. On the front platform of the Mail car, they see Slade and Spence standing there with guns drawn, along with one of the brakemen who is busily applying the manual brake to bring the cars to a stop. Under the loud noise of the squeaking brakes, Lee calls out to them.

CRAFT
(spoken loudly)
Well David, now's a fine time to be getting here, ... after everything's all over, the smoke's cleared, and the train robbers have left.

SPENCE
(spoken excitedly)
DID THEY GET THE MONEY? ... DID THEY?

CASS
Hold on there Spence, they took some money, but they didn't get all of it.

SPENCE
(spoken excitedly)
WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

CRAFT
The last we saw of them, they were headed the same way we're goin', toward Promontory.

Calm down Spence, you look like you're gonna get all choked up and keel over and die over this. You're acting like it was your money they took.

SPENCE
(spoken emphatically)
It might as well have been. I'm responsible for every last dollar. Pinkerton and Wells Fargo are gonna have my head for this.

LET'S GET THESE CARS HOOKED UP AND HEADED FOR PROMONTORY, ... NOW!
SLADE
(spoken loudly)
Ya’ll heard what the man said, ...
LET'S GET A MOVE-ON! ... GO

FIREMAN, ..... BETTER START FEEDING
THAT FIRE ... RIGHT NOW! We need a good head of steam!

CRAFT
Come on Spence, let's ride up front, I think I can get your money back for you. Those outlaws were headed in the direction of Promontory, just like us. They're probably gonna turn loose of those extra horses sooner or later.

We can watch for 'em, stop the train, round 'em up, and mount up and go after your money.

SLADE
Come on Cass, ... you can ride back here with me.

As the Engineer backs the train up to couple the Express and Mail cars, Lee and Spence climb up into the driver's compartment. Slade and Cass walk back to the forward passenger car and board the train. The mail clerk and express messenger go about the task of cleaning up the debris and collecting the scattered Wells Fargo money sacks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE ENGINE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

As the train makes its way toward Promontory, Lee and Spence take their posts on either side of the engine driver's compartment, looking for any sign of the extra horses that the unnamed outlaw had led alongside the train to pick up his partners. Lee spots three of the horses grazing under some trees about 100 yards off to the right, and calls out to the Engineer to stop the train.

CRAFT
(spoken loudly)
THERE THEY ARE, ... GET THIS TRAIN STOPPED!
The Engineer blows the whistle to signal to the brakemen, as he disengages engine power and starts to apply brakes.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY, UTAH - DAY**

As the train grinds to a stop, Lee has already jumped off and started running toward the horses, Spence is climbing down from the engine, and Slade and Cass are walking toward the front of the train.

**SLADE**
(speaking loudly)
DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY LEE!

**Lee**
AS Lee gets closer to the grazing horses, he start's talking quietly to them, trying to calm them down.

**CRAFT**
(speaking softly)
Easy,,,, Easy. That's it, ... Easy.

Lee eases up closer to the horses as he pats them on the neck and back and gathers up the reins. Shortly afterward, he has all three horses in tow, leading them back toward the train.

**SLADE**
Good job Lee, I couldn't have done better myself.

**SPENCE**
(speaking excitedly)
COME ON, ... LET'S GET A MOVE ON.
THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS AND CONGRATULATIONS LATER, ... LET'S GET AFTER THOSE OUTLAWS!

As Slade, Lee, and Spence mount up, Lee gives Cass instructions.
CRAFT
Cass, we'll see you in Promontory, a little later, if everything goes well. If not, we'll see you in Ogden, ... I HOPE.

As the three ride off away from the train in a more direct route toward Promontory than the train's curved rail path through the mountains. We hear the train engine's steam escaping as the train begins to move out. Cass is standing on the forward platform of the forward passenger coach waving to them, as they ride away. Lee turns back for just a second to get a glimpse of Cass, as he waves, adjusts his hat, and then spurs his horse onward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY, UTAH - DAY

Mike, Edgar, and the previously unnamed outlaw, Ben, have stopped to water their exhausted horses under some shade trees near a small stream.

BEN
Mike, what went wrong back there? What happened to the others?

MIKE
(spoken with disgust)
A better question to ask, is, What went right back there? ... NOTHING!
Absolutely nothing went right back there. There's a kid and his girl friend back there that caused me a mess of trouble. If I ever see that kid again, I'm gonna give him back some of that trouble. And if I see her again, I've got something else for her.

BEN
How much money did we get?

MIKE
We're lucky we got away alive, much less getting away with any money. We didn't get it all, but we got some. I figure we've got enough here so we won't have to be robbing any more trains anytime soon.
EDGAR
They're gonna be after us soon Mike, ... we need a plan. We can't go into Promontory, we'll stick out like a sore thumb.

MIKE
We've got a plan, and here it is. Listen close, we don't have time for me to go over this one more time. The way I see it, we've got to hide this gold somewhere and then drop out of sight for a week or two. Talk about sticking out like a sore thumb. If we go anywhere a day or two after the train robbery spending shiny new twenty-dollar gold pieces, we're gonna be caught, tried, convicted, and hanged faster than we can whistle Dixie.

Instead of heading Northeast of Promontory, we're gonna turn around and head up the Immigrant Trail to the City of Rocks, hide this loot, and then blend in with people on the trail, and maybe head Southwest down the California Trail, stopping off at the first town we come to.

We'll get all cleaned up, shaved, and get some new clothes, and try not to look like train robbers for a couple of weeks til this all blows over, and maybe do a little drinking, gambling, and womanizing. How's that sound?

BEN
That sounds good Mike. I can't wait to get there.

EDGAR
(speaking laughingly)
That's a great plan, Mike. I'm surprised I didn't think of it.
MIKE

Now we all have some gold sacks in our saddle bags. If we have to split up for any reason, the plan's still gonna be the same. We'll each make our way up to the City of Rocks on our own, hide our gold, and meet at the first town South on the California Trail.

We all know each well enough to know that nobody's gonna try to double-cross us, RIGHT?

EDGAR

Right, Mike, you know we would never cross you.

MIKE

And we all know each other well enough to know that if one of us did try to cross us, the others would track him down, and make dieing something he would welcome after we got through with him. So I don't think we're gonna have a problem there.

Now all we need to know is where to hide the gold. I've been through that City of Rocks area before, and I saw the perfect spot. That place is full of rock formations, outcroppings, ledges, ravines, caves and the like, and there's hundred's of places to hide valuables. But this one place stuck out in my head, and I thought about coming back there some day to hide something there. It's a place you couldn't forget, and you won't need no map to find it.

Listen real close and put this to memory cause we ain't gonna draw no maps. Head Northwest up the Immigrant Trail til you get to the stage stop and Pony Express station. Then head North about 2 or 3 miles through Pinnacle Pass to the Twin Sisters rock formations at Twin Sisters Ridge. From that
point, you go North less than a mile until you see it, the most beautiful natural sight you've ever seen. It's a window through an arch of rocks. They call it the Window Arch. There ain't nothing else like it anywhere. It's the perfect landmark for a hiding spot.

The window's not a square window - it's jagged with one side lower than the other. There's where we'll hide the gold - in the rocks below the lowest point of the window.

Any questions? If not, let's ride.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE FORWARD PASSENGER COACH - DAY

As the train heads toward Promontory, Cass' face is pressed against the window as she looks out sadly. Left alone with the possibility that she will never see Lee and Slade again, she looks like she is about to break into tears.

The train is now far ahead of Lee, Slade, and Spence as it rolls closer and closer to Promontory. Suddenly, Cass's face and eyes light up as she spots another one of the outlaws' horses left behind and grazing in a field just up ahead.

Without a moment's thought, Cass jumps up from her seat, grabs her garment bag, and heads to the rear door of the passenger coach, where she exits to the rear platform and leaps to the ground. Cass rolls head over heels several times, dropping her bag as she does, finally coming to rest in some high grass.

Almost instantly, Cass is upright and running toward the strayed horse who doesn't seem to notice her as he grazes with his reins dragging the ground. As Cass gets closer, she slows down to a gentle walk and begins to talk softly to the horse.
CASS
(speaking softly)
Easy. ... Easy. ... Easy boy. ... There, ... there.

As Cass pats the horse on the back and neck, she talks to him and leads him as she walks back to where she dropped her garment bag. She reaches down, picks up the bag, and ties it to the saddle horn, and then climbs into the saddle.

As she spurs the horse into a gallop, and turns back toward the direction that Lee and the others are coming from, she yells out.

CASS
(speaking loudly)
Alright Mr. Craft, it looks like you're not going to wind up getting all the glory this time.

Come on, ... get up!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE WEST OF PROMONTORY, UTAH - DAY

Lee, Slade, and Spence are sitting on their horses side by side at the top of a hill, with Slade in the middle, Lee to his left, and Spence to his right. They are all obviously hot, tired, and frustrated, having had no success thus far in their search for the escaping outlaws.

As the three sit there silently, thinking back on the past happenings of the day and what lay ahead of them, Slade takes off his hat, wipes his brow with his shirt sleeve, and surveys the horizon with squinting eyes as if pondering the situation and in the process of making a brilliant deduction. Lee and Spence, waiting with baited breath, sense that Slade is about to give them the direction that they so desperately need at this moment. Finally, Slade speaks.

SLADE
(speaking with disgust)
Am I wrong, or do none of us know the first thing about tracking?

CRAFT
You're right David, all I know is how to play poker and how to do a little riding and roping.
SPENCE
Same here, I couldn't track my way out of a potato sack.

SLADE
(speaking loudly and angrily)
Then WHAT IN THE HELL DO WE THINK WE'RE DOIN' OUT HERE? There must be 4000 miles headin' off in all directions. How in the Hell are we gonna pick the right direction to go in to chase down those outlaws?

CRAFT
I'm for goin' on into Promontory, and tellin' them that after a blazing gun battle and hail of bullets, they got away at the last minute when we ran out of ammunition.

SPENCE
We can't do that Lee, we have an obligation to give this our best try. How could you ever have a good night's sleep again after doing such a preposterous thing as you propose?

CRAFT
(speaking with a big smile)
Oh, I could sleep real good.

SPENCE
We at the Pinkerton agency have our own ways of catching criminals.

SLADE
What would you do when you caught them? With that little pea shooter of yours, you probably couldn't hit the broad side of a barn. When you killed that fella back on the train, you used a real gun. I'm wondering what that gun of yours is good for. Do you mind if I take a look at it?

CRAFT
(speaking under his breath)
Rule Number 1.
SPENCE
What did you say Lee?

CRAFT
Oh nothin'.

Spence takes his small revolver out of its holster and hands it to Slade. Slade takes the gun and looks at it inquisitively, turning it from side to side, holding it with his arm outstretched to take a practice aim. Then he takes it, gives the cylinder a couple of spins, opens up the cylinder, looks through the holes in the back at the bullets that reside there, and recloses it. He then cocks and gently releases the hammer a couple of times, goes through the motions of making a few practice draws, and then hands it back to Spence.

SLADE
That’s quite a weapon Spence. I guess it serves its purpose.

SPENCE
As I was saying previously, we at the Pinkerton agency have our own ways of catching criminals.

We keep records of past crimes of all types and develop profiles of criminals including their methods of operation, their past behaviors, and the like.

Based on our location, the possible alternatives for a fleeing criminal to choose in this situation, and histories of past crimes of this type in the area, I can use sound reasoning to come up with the most probable alternative that the criminals would choose, and then we can pursue them in that direction.

They obviously didn’t head South across the great salt flats because they didn’t have provisions to cross the desert. Their partner arrived with horses but no pack mules.

In crimes of this type, there has been a history where more times than not the first
thing the criminals plan to do following a crime is to hide the loot until everything blows over. On three or four occasions, maybe more, over the past couple of years train robbers and stage robbers have been tracked by local authorities and Wells Fargo and Pinkerton personnel to the City of Rocks, Northwest of here just across the border in Idaho where they have attempted to hide their stolen loot in the rock formations and caves there. On one occasion, the criminals traveled Northeast of here and hid their gold in a cave. There's also some caves in the City of Rocks area where they could hide their loot or just hide out themselves.

These criminals seem to prefer going to the City of Rocks because of the influx of travelers entering that area from all directions along the California Trail and the Salt Lake Alternate Trail, Immigrant Trail, and the Oregon Trail. Once they hide their loot, they plan on blending in and getting lost in the crowd, pretending to be travelers headed to Oregon, California or back East.

So my suggestion is for us to turn around and head Northwest to the City of Rocks.

SLADE
Sounds good to me. Whatta you think Lee?

LEE
Me too, let's ride.

The three turn their horses toward the Northwest and head out toward the City of Rocks in search of the outlaws.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SOUTH OF TWIN SISTERS ON IMMIGRANT TRAIL - EVENING

(Accompanied by an appropriate sound track for 1-2 minutes)
As Mike, Edgar, and Ben approach the historic City of Rocks, they pause on the trail to view the spectacle of this out-of-the-way location besieged by travelers headed East and West. Instead of a remote location in the middle of nowhere, you would swear this was a scene showing busy main street traffic in some old west town. The trails past this point became popular routes for wagon trains, stage coach lines, Pony Express, and travelers. During the California gold rush, some 52000 people passed this point on the way to the gold fields of California.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

As the sound track plays, the audience gets a view of a glimpse of history as scenes of covered wagons, horses, families, and livestock pass on their way to a new life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH OF TWIN SISTERS ON IMMIGRANT TRAIL - EVENING

BEN
I can't believe it. Look at all the people. This looks more like main street in Sacramento than the middle of nowhere.

EDGAR
Yea Ben, this trail is heavily traveled alright, and tomorrow we're gonna be traveling on it like all the rest, trying to look just like three more travelers headed West to California, instead of three train robbers on the run.

As the three approach the Twin Sisters area, they see a pretty settler girl fetching water from a creek bed. The girl looks up to see Mike smiling at her from ear to ear. She is obviously flattered and quite taken by Mike's forwardness and attention.

MIKE
Well now, what's a pretty little gal like you doin' out here all alone.
BECKY
I'm fetching water for my family. We're
camped out right over there.
I'm on my way to Sacramento with my folks
and grandparents.

MIKE
I bet the fellas in Sacramento are gonna be
real glad to see such a pretty gal movin'
into their town.
You're probably gonna cause quite a stir.
What's your name, sweetheart?

BECKY
(spoken shyly and softly)
My name's Becky, and you sir, are
embarrassing me. I have to get back to my
family, we've got supper to prepare.

MIKE
Becky, my name's Mike. Don't you forget
that now cause you might be seeing me
again someday. Alright sweetheart, you run
along now, and take care of yourself.

The three start off to continue their ride past the Twin Sisters rock
formations on their way to their destination, the Window Arch. As they ride
away from the trail, Dan speaks.

DAN
Mike, I think that little gal liked you. Did you
see the way she was smiling at you?

MIKE
Yea I did. I might just have to pay that little
gal a visit later.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDOW ARCH IN CITY OF ROCKS - DUSK

Mike, Edgar, and Ben approach their destination, the Window Arch, where
they plan to hide the stolen gold.

MIKE
There it is, the Window Arch, just like I
remembered it.
EDGAR
Yea, ... Mike, it's just like you described. I see why you wanted to hide our gold here. I think I could have found it alone, just from your description and directions. There couldn't be another formation like that anywhere.

MIKE
Let's wait a while before we hide the gold, in case anyone's watching us, there could be someone hiding up there in those rocks someplace and we'd never know it. Let's just act like we stopped here to rest and talk. And then when we do hide the gold, act like you're just unloading our horses and getting ready to make camp.

If my memory serves me, it seems like there's an entrance to a cave near the top of that hill right over there. I went in it the last time I was here, thinking it might make a good hideout some day. There's room in there for us to camp and for the horses too. I want us to spend the night here so we can make sure no one's been watching us and planning on coming along after us and taking our gold. We can watch this spot unnoticed from that cave up there.

As the sun starts to set, Ben moves some stones away from the base of the Window Arch to make room for the gold sacks. Mike and Edgar bring the sacks over making two trips each, and then the three of them cover the sacks with the stones, making it look much like it did before they arrived. With that done, Mike gives them some additional instructions.

MIKE
Ben, ... Edgar, take your horses up to the cave and make camp inside. I'll be back later. I've got a little errand to run.
BEN
Mike, you're not planning on going back to visit that little gal, are you?

EDGAR
Don't do anything to stir up any more trouble. We're trying to lay low and drop out of sight - not have a bunch of angry settlers after us with shotguns.

Mike says nothing, mounts up, and rides off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH OF TWIN SISTERS ON IMMIGRANT TRAIL - DUSK

As Lee, Slade, and Spence approach the City of Rocks area, they see two Conestoga covered wagons parked together near a large campfire, with several people sitting around it.

SLADE
Evening folks. ... Nice cool evening for sitting around the fire ain't it?

The family head (Jonathan) of this traveling party stands to meet the three as they approach and speaks.

JONATHAN
Evening folks, my name is Jonathan Price, and this here's my family, ... my wife Sarah, daughter Becky, and over there's Sarah's father, Tom Clark, and her mother Rebecca.

You folks are welcome to share our fire, and there's some hot coffee on the fire over there to warm you up if you want some.

SLADE
Evening Jonathan, we appreciate your hospitality, I'll take you up on that offer of a cup of coffee. Folks, I'm David Slater, this here's Lee Craft, and that's Aaron Spence.
TOM
Mr. Spence you're dressed real nice. You look like you're on your way to a party.

CRAFT
Mr. Clark don't mind him, he's always dressed like that. He'd probably be wearing a suit if he was going out to slop the hogs.

SLADE
What brings you folks to Idaho?

JONATHAN
We're moving from Illinois out to California. We'll probably give Sacramento a try first when we get out there. What about you fellas? Where are you headed? You all look like you're travelling a little on the light side.

SLADE
We're looking for three men. Did you happen to see three men today travelling together?

JONATHAN
We've been camped out here since late afternoon and we've seen quite a few people passing by going both East and West.

SLADE
One of 'em is fairly young, has a full head of long brown hair, a full beard, and wears his hat off his head hanging over his back.

BECKY
Papa, I saw a nice lookin' young man fitting that description this afternoon. He had two men with him too.

SPENCE
Miss, can you tell us which way they were headed?
BECKY
Yes sir, they all headed up there toward the Twin Sisters rock formations.

TOM
Are you fellas lawmen?

SLADE
No sir, we're not, but you might call Spence there a lawman. He's a detective with the Pinkerton Agency.

SPENCE
I'm not a lawman but I work with them on a regular basis in solving crimes against the railroad and Wells Fargo.

CRAFT
We were all on a train headed for Abilene, Kansas when it got held up. The three of us volunteered to go after the robbers.

SPENCE
That's all I need to know. I'm sorry but I'm going to have to excuse myself. You know how it is. Work always comes first. Are you two coming with me?

SLADE
Folks, we're gonna have to pass on that coffee, we've got work to do.

Lee, Slade, and Spence excuse themselves, and mount up and head toward the Twin Sisters. There's a full moon with no clouds and their path through the rock formations is well illuminated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH OF TWIN SISTERS ON IMMIGRANT TRAIL - NIGHT

As the camp fire is dying out, everyone has gone to sleep inside the wagons. Becky is doing some last minute cleaning up of the pots, plates, and utensils, before she retires. She hears a faint noise coming from a group of bushes about 50 feet away.
MIKE
(sounds made at whisper level)
Psssst .... Psssst

Becky spots Mike's head peaking out from behind a bush, and walks over to him.

BECKY
(whispering)
What are you doing here?

MIKE
(whispering)
You were so pretty, that I had to come back and get one more look at you.

Let's walk further over there, where we won't have to whisper.

Becky nods her head in agreement and follows Mike to a safe distance.

BECKY
(spoken softly)
Are you out of your mind? If my Papa were to catch you here, he'd fill you full of buckshot.

MIKE
(spoken softly)
I know that, but I just had to come.

BECKY
(spoken softly)
For what?

MIKE
(spoken softly)
To talk you into coming away with me.

BECKY
(spoken softly)
They said you robbed a train. Is that true?

MIKE
(spoken softly)
Yea, it's true, but I did it just this once so I could have enough money to settle down
and stop the kind of life I'm livin' now.

Who said I robbed a train?

BECKY
(speaking softly)
Three men who were just here an hour or two ago.

MIKE
(speaking softly)
Which way did they go?

BECKY
(speaking softly)
Toward the Twin Sisters.

MIKE
(speaking softly)
I've got to go. I'll be back to get you tomorrow. Have your things packed.

BECKY
(speaking softly)
What makes you so sure I'll go with you?

MIKE
(speaking softly)
THIS!

Mike takes Becky tightly in his arms and gives her a long and passionate kiss. As he releases Becky, he has to grab her again to keep her from falling. After she regains her composure and footing, he lets her go and turns to leave.

BECKY
(speaking softly and indecisively)
I'll .... I'll .... be ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDOW ARCH IN CITY OF ROCKS - NIGHT

Lee, Slade, and Spence wind their way among the rocks on a narrow trail leading to the Window Arch. A full moon lights their way, but they pass through areas of darkness where large rock formations block the moonlight. As they near the Window Arch area, Lee hears something and raises his hand for the others to stop and listen.
CRAFT
(spoken softly)
Did you hear that?

The others listen but hear nothing.

CRAFT
(spoken softly)
There it is again.

Faint sounds of a horse whinnying can be heard from above.

CRAFT
(spoken softly)
It's coming from up there.
(pointing toward the top of a hillside)
Stay here.

Lee dismounts and slowly makes his way up the hillside where he discovers the cave entrance. He cautiously enters and takes a few steps until he sees light flickering on a cave wall coming from a large open cavern area where he sees two men sitting by a fire with two horses tied a short distance away. Lee slowly and quietly makes his way back to the cave entrance and over to the edge of the hill where he motions for Slade and Spence to come up to join him.

SPENCE
(spoken softly)
Go on, I'll tie up the horses and be right behind you.

Slade starts up the hill and meets Lee at the top. The two men enter the cave entrance with their guns drawn and then step into the open cavern area.

SLADE
(spoken loudly)
Alright, hold it right there - don't move til I tell you!

Now unbuckle those gun belts and kick them over to me.

The two men do as they're told, then stand behind the fire, waiting for Slade's next command.
CRAFT
(speaking loudly)
Where's the other one?

EDGAR
He took the gold and ran off.

By this time, Spence has tied up the horses, made his way up the hill, and entered the cavern with his gun drawn behind Lee and Slade.

CRAFT
You men are going to be put away for a long time.

Edgar and Ben begin to laugh.

CRAFT
What's so damn funny? I don't think you're going to jail is anything to laugh about.

As the men continue to laugh, Slade turns slightly to see Spence pointing his gun at Lee and him.

SLADE
Spence, don't you think you should be pointing that pea shooter at them and not at us?

SPENCE
I think it's time for the masquerade to end don't you Mr. Slater?

Drop your gun Mr. Slater, or I'll kill you where you stand.

SLADE
You're not going to kill anybody Spence.

CRAFT
Do what he say's David.

SPENCE
Mr. Slater, if you're relying on the fact that you removed the bullets from my weapon earlier, don't. I was well aware of what you were doing and reloaded it shortly afterward.
Ben, ... get their guns.

Ben collects Lee's gun and Slade's gun.

CRAFT
David, you removed his bullets? Oh,... when he showed you his gun.

SLADE
Right Lee, remember Rule Number Two?

CRAFT
Spence, what's going on here?

SLADE
Lee, isn't it obvious? Mr. Spence is a train robber. He's not a Pinkerton detective.

SPENCE
Shut up Mr. Slater, I think you've given me just about enough trouble, don't you?

SLADE
Not near as much trouble as you deserve, Spence.

CRAFT
But Spence, you shot one of your own men back there on the train.

SPENCE
I did didn't I. You know I never liked Dave very well anyway, and he was about to kill that pretty little girl friend of yours. I couldn't let that happen, now could I?

At that moment, Mike enters the cavern with his gun drawn.

MIKE
What's going on?

SPENCE
Mike, come on in and join the party. We were just relieving Mr. Slater and Mr. Craft here of their weapons.
And while we're at it, Mike drop your gun and Ben, throw down their guns too.

Mike throws down his gun and Ben throws down the guns he just collected.

SPENCE
That's much better. Now I'm the only one with a gun. Now that I've got you all here, I need you to answer a question.

(spooken emphatically)
WHERE'S THE GOLD?

MIKE
What gold?

SPENCE
Mike, Mike, Mike ... don't insult my intelligence. It's a known fact that the three of you left the train with several sacks of gold.

Mike, I'm not a patient man. I'll kill two of you and torture the third if I have to for that gold.

Once more now Mike, ... WHERE'S THE GOLD? I'll count to three.
ONE,,, TWO,,, THREE!

Spence fires his weapon and kills Edgar. This prompts Ben to dive for one of the guns on floor, and Spence fires once more, killing him.

SPENCE
Mike,... see all the trouble you've caused.
NOW WHERE'S THE GOLD?

Still silent? Alright, Mr. Slater's next.

Spence points his gun toward Slade as Mike makes a dive for Spence and tries to wrestle the gun out of his hand. Spence fires, wounding Mike in his left side, causing him to fall to the ground incapacitated.
SPENCE
Mike, I purposely didn't kill you just then. I want you to stay alive until you tell me where that gold is.

As far as these two go, I think it's time that Mr. Slater and Mr. Craft cease to being a thorn in my side.

Spence points his gun at Slade's head and starts to pull the trigger, when a shot rings out and a gushing wound appears in Spence's chest as he releases his grip on his revolver and slowly collapses to the floor with the pistol still dangling by one finger.

Lee and Slade look toward the cavern entrance and find Cass standing there holding a rifle with smoke coming from the barrel.

CASS
spoken sarcastically
What would you two do without me to protect you?

Lee rushes to Cass and grabs her up in his arms as she drops the rifle to the floor.

CRAFT
Cass, ... where in the Hell did you come from?

CASS
I've been following you since you turned and headed Northwest. I figured you'd get yourselves in trouble, and it was better if I stayed behind you, out of sight watching your back, and I was right.

I found your horses down below and didn't find the cave until I heard the shots being fired.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDOW ARCH IN CITY OF ROCKS - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS
Next, we see the following scenes: (1) Lee, Slade, Cass, and Mike, sporting a bandage on his side that Cass made during the night, exiting the cave and starting down the hillside; (2) At the bottom of the hill, Mike leading them to the location of the hidden gold; and (3) Lee and Slade moving the rocks away to reveal the gold sacks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDOW ARCH IN CITY OF ROCKS - MORNING

The next scene shows everyone saddled up and ready to ride. The three dead outlaws, tied on their horses, are being led behind.

SLADE
Cass, you saved my life back there, but before you saved my life, Mike saved it first. Mike I want to thank you for saving my life.... Now go on, get the Hell out of here.

Mike looks at Slade, smiles, nods approvingly, and starts to ride off.

SLADE
Mike, hold up a second.

Mike turns around to see what Slade wanted, and Slade tosses him a sack full of gold.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH OF TWIN SISTERS ON IMMIGRANT TRAIL - MORNING

Becky's family have just finished loading up their wagons and are about to leave. As Becky looks longingly toward the Twin Sisters, her mother calls to her.

SARAH
Becky, come on, ... get in the wagon, ... we're leaving.

Becky takes one last look, and then jumps into the back of the wagon just as it starts to move out from the campsite. The CAMERA closes in on Becky's face as a tear starts to roll down one cheek as she watches for the slightest sign of Mike's approach. Suddenly her face brightens up as she sees someone approaching. The CAMERA turns backward down the trail to reveal a cloud of dust as a horseman races to catch up. When Becky realizes that it is Mike she is seeing, she calls out.
BECKY
(spoken loudly)
PAPA, ... STOP THE WAGON!

Becky's father stops the wagon, grabs his shotgun, climbs down, and walks to the rear of the wagon, as Mike comes riding up behind it and swoops Becky up into his arms and onto the horse behind him.

JONATHAN
(spoken loudly)
WHAT IN THE HELL'S GOING ON?

BECKY
Papa, ... Momma,... don't try to stop me. I know you think I'm crazy but I love Mike, and I'm goin' with him. If you don't like it, I don't care, and I'll never see you again.

If you accept him and me being together, then you will see me again. I'll come see you in Sacramento.

Which is it going to be?

Jonathan and Sarah look at their daughter, at Mike, and then at each other.

JONATHAN
Mike, ..... tie on your horse and get in the damn wagon, we can't stay around her gabbin' we're headed for Sacramento.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM, OGDEN, UTAH - AFTERNOON

The scene is mass confusion with Lee, Cass, and Slade being the center of attraction as swarms of curious spectators, newspaper reporters, photographers, U.S. Marshals, and Wells Fargo and Pinkerton officials are standing around talking with the trio, train crew, and passengers. A gray haired Wells Fargo official approaches the trio and speaks.

OFFICIAL
Mr. Slater, the officials at Wells Fargo were highly impressed with what you were able to accomplish. Would you and your associates be interested in coming to work for Wells Fargo and Company? You would be very well paid. What do you say?
SLADE
Well sir, I believe I can answer no for all of us. I think we've all seen enough rail travel, train tracks, trains, train robbers, safes, gold, and dynamite to last us for quite a while.

Lee, ... Cass, ... we'd better head over to the hotel and get some rest. Tomorrow, we're gonna be on our way to Abilene, and hopefully, we won't have any more incidents like this to slow us down.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT ABILENE, TEXAS - NIGHT

The trio has just stepped off the train in Abilene, Kansas, and they are standing in the center of the street looking down a large stretch of saloons and gambling halls lined up on either side of the street for as far as the eye can see.

A mixture of sights and sounds fill their senses with anticipation of the excitement that lies ahead of them.

Slade looks at the pair with a big grin on his face, and gives them a little introduction.

SLADE
(spooken with a sense of pride)
You are standing in the middle of the famous Texas Street, in Abilene, Kansas, the Wildest and Wickedest Town in the West.

Whatta you think about that?

CRAFT
What can we think about it? We've never been here before. Come on Cass, let's go find out what it's all about.

They start to walk toward the town as Cass stops them.
CASS
Do you two think Wells Fargo would still want us to come to work for them if they could see this?

Cass opens up her coat to reveal a large inner pocket. As the two look inside her coat curiously, she pulls back the pocket to reveal a large sack of twenty-dollar gold pieces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALAMO SALOON - NIGHT

The trio stand in the center of the famous Alamo Saloon, taking in all of the sights and sounds. Lee goes over to the bar, picks up a bottle and three glasses, and motions Slade and Cass over to an empty table he has claimed.

Cass' expression is one of awe as she looks around at her surroundings, such as expensive paintings, stained glass, massive chandeliers, brass railings, polished mahogany bars, and brightly colored mahogany gaming tables.

CASS
I've never seen anything so beautiful and expensive. Sacramento never had anything half as beautiful as this.

As the three sit there surveying the crowd, an eccentric looking gentleman enters the saloon, and joins some men in a poker game across the way.

SLADE
Now Lee, see that man over there that just came in? Over there just sitting in on that poker game?

CRAFT
Yea, what about him?

SLADE
You said you wanted to be a gunfighter and be known as the fastest gunfighter around, right?

CRAFT
Yea - go on.
SLADE
Well that man right there is one of the men you'll have to beat to get that title. You know who that man is?

CRAFT
No, who is he?

SLADE
That there's James Butler Hickok, alias Wild Bill Hickok, the meanest, deadliest, and fastest shootin' man around.

CRAFT
Yea? Well he ain't Mark Slade.

SLADE
No he's not. But who says Mark Slade's faster than him?

I'll tell you something else. You don't ever want to make fun of his long hair, his mustache, or his fancy duds, ... mark my words.

A mature and attractive looking saloon lady acts as though she recognizes Cass and approaches the trio.

JESSIE
Cass, is that you?

CASS
Jessie?

JESSIE
Cass, it is you. I thought sure you'd be stuck back in Sacramento at the Golden Eagle for the rest of your days. What brings you out here?

Was it like it was for me, - for the money? You remember when I left, I told you I thought these Texas drovers out here in Kansas had more money than most of the prospectors we ran across in Sacramento. I made my way out here as fast as I could,
and I've been here at the Alamo Saloon ever since.

**CASS**
Jessie, I've missed you like I'd miss my own sister. It's good to see that pretty face of yours again.

Jessie, these are my friends. This here's Lee and that's David. This is my best friend, Jessie Hazel.

This time Jessie, it's not the money. We're all here to pass the time, they're here to play poker and win some money, and I'm just taggin' along for the ride.

**JESSIE**
Cass, from the way you two are cuddled up together, I take it that Lee here is your sweetheart. Am I right?

**CASS**
Well, kinda.

**JESSIE**
And how about David there, is he spoken for?

**SLADE**
No, Jessie, I'm not spoken for. I'm never anyplace long enough to be spoken for. And even if I was, I'm too ornery and cantankerous to be around for very long.

**JESSIE**
Well, I'm sorta spoken for by that man playing poker over there. Most folks call him Wild Bill, I call by his given name, James.

**SLADE**
I know James. I guess you could say James and I are old friends though I havn't seen him in years.

**CASS**
Jessie, does he treat you alright?
JESSIE
Yea, James roughs me up a little every now and then when he gets drunk, but most of the time he's real good to me. He's mighty jealous though, James has a friend, Phil Coe, who runs the Bull's Head Saloon down the street who has his sights set on me. Phil don't like the way James treats me and they had it out once. They ended up shaking hands, and James said he was sorry. James acts like everything's back to normal, but I think he'd just as soon kill Phil as look at him.

At that moment, the conversation is interrupted by chairs, bottles, and glasses falling and raised voices coming from the poker game across the room.

WILD BILL
(speaking loudly)
I said, we don't allow card cheats in this town.

CARDSHARP
You don't have any proof I was cheatin'.

WILD BILL
I don't need any proof. I can spot a card cheat a mile away.

The cardsharp goes for his gun. Wild Bill grabs the man's wrist, draws his gun and pistol-whips the man to the floor. Wild Bill's deputy, Mike Williams arrives on the scene just as the confrontation comes to an end.

WILD BILL
Mike, why don't you introduce this man to one of our jail cells?

Mike picks the man up and escorts him out of the saloon.

Wild Bill holsters his gun, dusts himself off, and looks around the saloon, spotting Jessie and the trio across the room.

JESSIE
James hates cardsharps, even though they say he's one of the world's worst himself. No one's ever proved it though, and no
one's man enough to question it to his face either.

CASS
Oh no, he's headed this way.

Wild Bill walks up, smiles at Jessie, and looks down at the three sitting at the table. He does a double-take upon seeing Slade.

WILD BILL
Jessie! Who do we have here? Well, Mark, I never thought I would see you anywhere East of Denver.

SLADE
James, how've you been?

WILD BILL
Good, ... I'm Sheriff here in Abilene now. No more roaming from town to town for me now. How about you?

SLADE
As you can see, I'm still roamin'. These are my friends Lee and Cass. This here's my friend, James Butler Hickok, alias Wild Bill Hickok.

How'd you get that nickname, Bill?

WILD BILL
I think it musta come from my bad temperament. I never have been one for keeping a cool head.

JESSIE
James, Cass here and I are old friends from back in Sacramento. She and I worked at the Golden Eagle for a couple of years before I came out here.

WILD BILL
Well Jessie and I were about to call it a night. We'll be back in here in the morning, and Jessie and Cass can catch up on old times.
We'll see you all in the morning. Good night.

CASS

Night.

Wild Bill walks over to the bar, picks up a bottle, and escorts Jessie up the stairs. Slade looks over at Lee and sees him glaring at him.

SLADE
Lee, what's wrong with you?

CRAFT
What did he just call you? Didn't he just call you Mark?

SLADE
Yes, he did as a matter of fact. That's my first name. I go by my middle name, David.

CRAFT
So, you're Mark David Slater?

SLADE
Well, not exactly. I guess you're gonna find out sooner or later. My real name's Mark David Slade.

Slade's revelation leaves Lee speechless. His chin drops open, as he pushes back from the table and stands up shakily. Lee backs away as he points toward Slade, as if he is demanding that Slade give an explanation for his deceit.

CRAFT
(spoken emphatically)
SLADE? ... SLADE? ... You mean you've been right under my nose all this time? ... The man I've been lookin' high and low for? ... You? ... You're ... the fastest gun alive?

SLADE
That's what a lotta folks say, but I wouldn't bet on it. If it's true, you've been learning from the best.
CRAFT
You knew all along what I was planning, and yet you've been teaching me all your tricks?

Why? ... Why would you do that?

SLADE
Cause you asked me to, and I took a liking to you and didn't want to see you go gettin' yourself killed. And I wouldn't go and say I've been teaching you all of my tricks. I need to hold out a few little secrets to give me a little edge, just in case you try to kill me.

CRAFT
But you knew I'd find out sooner or later? ... Didn't you?

SLADE
Yes, that I did. But mainly I just wanted to keep you around for a while, hoping that someday I could talk you out of that nonsense bout being a gunfighter.

Believe me, it's not what you really want. Look at me, I'm old and broken down, and constantly on the run from men like you who want to prove to everybody that they're the best.

If you kill me, you're gonna spend the rest of your life sleeping with one eye open and your gun by your side. Every sound you hear will be someone drawing a bead on you. Every shadow in every alleyway will be someone waiting for you to walk by so they can plug you in the back. Every friendly gesture, greeting, or handshake will be someone playing up to you to catch you off guard so they can put a bullet in your head when you least expect it.

Look at me, I wish that right now you'd pull that gun of yours and put me out of my
misery. Don't get me wrong, I'll try and stop
you, and most likely I'll succeed, but what
will that prove? Nothing ...
Nothing much more than my gun cleared its
holster a fraction of a second quicker than
yours. You'd be dead, I'd lose a friend, and
Cass here would have to go back to her old
job and die a lonely old lady someday with
no fond memories to look back on other
than the few days you two spent together
during the past weeks.

Listen to me Lee, I'm too fast for you, and
that ain't braggin' ... just fact. And I couldn't
stop myself from killin' you even if I wanted
to, and I do want to. My instinct for self
preservation won't let me.

Now listen, before you do anything stupid,
let me give you a little demonstration.

Slade reaches up to his shirt pocket and pulls out a loose deck of cards,
and starts to toss it up into the air. Before he can throw the cards, a shot
rings out as Lee draws, shoots the deck out of Slade's hand, and reholsters
his gun - all in a fraction of a second.

CRAFT
Don't bother with any demonstrations
Slade, I'm gonna kill you just like I set out to
do.

Cass rushes between the two, pleading for them to stop.

CASS
(spoken emphatically)
Lee! Have you lost your mind? ... David's
our friend.

SLADE
Don't be a fool Lee. Forget about this.
You've got plenty of money, You've got
nothing to prove. Take Cass and get outta
here, find a place to settle, and spend the
rest of your life making memories for you
two to think about when your sitting in your
rocking chairs.
CRAFT
Slade, I'm gonna count to three then and I'm gonna draw. Now you can draw if you want to, I don't care, but I'm gonna draw, and when I draw, I'm gonna shoot. Get outta the way Cass!

CASS
I'm staying right here between you two. If you draw, you're gonna have to kill me first before you kill each other.

CRAFT
Get outta the way Cass. I mean it. I'll kill you both if I have to.

The argument ends abruptly when two shots ring out, but the shots are not fired by Lee or Slade. Slade is struck from behind in his left shoulder and falls forward pushing Cass to the floor. At each end of the bar, stand two strangers with guns drawn and smoking. One of the strangers calls out to Slade.

CHALLENGER
Hey Slade, are you ready to die?

Slade rolls over behind an overturned table, dragging Cass with him all in one single motion. Lee fires two shots into the chest of the challenger at the bar behind Slade. At the same time, Lee is struck in the right rib cage by a bullet fired from the other end of the bar.

Slade peeks around the card table he is using for cover, and fires a quick shot at a chandelier, causing it to come crashing down on the bar beside the challenger. The challenger is distracted for a second as he looks toward the sound of the crash, just long enough for Slade to stand and fire a shot into the challenger's forehead. With both challengers dead, Lee rushes to Cass' side.

CRAFT
Cass, are you alright?

CASS
Yea, I'm alright, but what about you, you're bleeding. And why do you care about me? Just a minute ago you were ready to kill us both.
CRAFT
I didn't mean it Cass, I wouldn't have killed you, I just wanted you outta the way.

SLADE
Well luckily you didn't shoot me. Cause if you had, you'd probably be dead yourself right now, killed by one of those two.

Do you see what I've been talkin' about. Multiply what just happened by 100 times, and that's what your life's gonna be like if you kill me. You need to take Cass and get outta here and go have a good life together somewhere.

Wild Bill comes storming down the stairs in a fit of rage wondering who's just spoiled his night's rest. As he surveys the damage, he looks over at Slade shaking his head in disapproval.

WILD BILL
Slade, I might have known it was you. You're still up to your same old troublesome ways. You draw trouble like a magnet. You know I'm the Sheriff now, and it's my job to make sure there ain't no trouble in Abilene. Why don't you try to avoid situations like this in the future so I won't have to run you outta town.

(spooken loudly)
Somebody get the Doc for these two! I'm going back to bed.

Slade walks shakily over to the bar, picks up a bottle, and then falls weakly into a chair.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. SLADE’S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sporting a bandage on his left shoulder, Slade falls exhausted into his bed, and falls asleep almost instantly.

Once again, he begins to experience one of his repetitive nightmares that continually torment him. This time he sees himself walking out of a saloon into the bright sunlight where once again he is confronted by a challenger.

The challenger calls out to him, draws, and fires and Slade does likewise, but this time something is different, the challenger doesn't go down. Slade knows he has to fire another shot to bring the challenger down but he can't. His trigger finger won't move and his hand has loosened its grip on his gun as it falls to the ground.

Slade looks up into the sun and turns around almost full circle as a dizziness comes over him, going down at the same time as his knees buckle from lack of strength. He is lying on the ground now, in sort of an extended fetal position with his legs crossed over each other and the toes of his boots dug into the ground and bent back slightly from the weight of his legs. What an embarrassing way to die, he thinks, he's always heard of dying with his boots on but this is ridiculous. His neck is bent with his chin pressed against his chest and his head is cocked slightly with only his right shoulder and the upper-right portion of his forehead touching the ground.

Out of the corner of his eye, he can see the challenger reholstering his gun and calmly walking away, just as Slade had done a hundred times or more before.

An old man drives up in a wagon, gets off, loads his body onto the back, then climbs back into the seat and slowly heads up the hill outside of town to the place collectively called "Boot Hill" in most towns, where he rolls the body off into a pre-dug grave. He lands on his back looking up at a tree's overhanging branch. The old man starts shoveling the cold dirt into the grave. First it lands on his chest, then the next shovel-full hits him in the face, followed by more and more until there is no light above, and everything goes dark. After a few short moments a peace comes over him followed by an onrush of bright light surrounding him, a light that is a thousand times brighter than any sunlight he has ever seen.

Slade awakens instantly, as he had done many times before, rising to an upright sitting position in the bed. This time he is noticeably shaken by what he has just dreamed.
He rises slowly, and stumbles over to the dresser, and looks into the mirror, feeling his face and carefully inspecting it to see if he has sustained any noticeable injuries from his dream like the mysterious mark on his face from the woman’s cane in a previous nightmare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BULL'S HEAD SALOON - DAY

Cass enters the saloon, scanning the crowd looking for Lee. The CAMERA shows a close shot of the shock, disgust, and disappointment that comes over Cass' face as she finally spots him sitting at a poker table, with a lit cigar in his mouth, a glass of whiskey in one hand, and cards in the other. Seated on each side and slightly behind him sit two attractive saloon girls who are acting like he is the richest man in the world, and all they need to do to get some of it is to shower him with affection.

Lee's hair is messed up from the girl's running their fingers through it, and his face and neck are plastered with lipstick prints. His eyes are droopy and his speech is slurred from the massive quantities of alcohol he is consuming.

Cass approaches him from the opposite side of the table, and slowly walks around the table to get closer to him as she tries to extract from him some sense of shame and remorse for his behavior.

CASS
Lee, I've been looking all over for you. What the Hell do you think you're doin' with these women?

CRAFT
(spoken with contempt and slurred speech)
Cass, get the Hell outta here. I'm playin' poker. Go on, get out. Don't bother me.

Cass' face is filled with pain as she begins to cry and scream out at Lee as she heads for the door.

CASS
Lee, you sorry sack of shit, I hate your guts. I never want to see your sorry ass again.
CRAFT
(speaking non-chalantly)
Whew! Women!

INT. SLADE’S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Slade is seated at a table with a bottle of whiskey and glass to his right, gun cleaning equipment on his left, and a disassembled revolver spread out in front of him.

There's a light knock at the door.

SLADE
Who's there?

CASS
(speaking softly)
It's Cass. Are you decent?

SLADE
Lee's not here. He's down at the Bull's Head.

CASS
(speaking with contempt)
I know, I just left him there. The sorry bastard. I'm not here lookin' for him - I want to talk to you.

SLADE
Alright, come on in.

Cass enters sheepishly, leaving the door slightly open, as she comes over and pulls a chair up close to Slade's left side.

CASS
Whatcha doin'?

SLADE
What's it look like I'm doin'? I'm cleaning my gun. Sounds like you're mad at Lee bout somethin'. Am I right?
CASS
Yea, he's down there, drunk as a skunk, with two whores at his side, and a major go to Hell attitude. I told him I never wanted to see his sorry ass again. Can you blame me?

SLADE
Cass, you know you don't mean that.

CASS
What's he wanna go and hang out with those whores for? Ain't I enough for him. Ain't I pretty enough for him?

As Cass watches Slade clean his gun, she seems to be looking at him in a new light. Instead of a friend and mentor, he may be a possible replacement for Lee. As Slade looks away for a second to pour another glass of whiskey, Cass unbuttons the top button on her shirt and tugs at it to reveal a tempting bit of cleavage.

CASS
Slade, do you ever look at me?

SLADE
Yea, I've been lookin' at you for bout a month now.

CASS
No, I don't mean like that. I mean like a woman. Like a woman you want. Don't I look good to you?

SLADE
Yea Cass, you do look good. You look damn good. You also look damn young, damn spoken for, and damn taken by Lee, a good friend of mine.

Cass leans over and gives Slade a kiss. He looks shocked and surprised at her advances, and pauses for a second, as if he is about to take her up on her offer, before he comes to his senses and gives her a little lecture.

SLADE
Cass, let me give you a little lesson bout poker players, not just any poker players, but men who do it for a living.
What you saw over at the Bull's Head was an act. It's all part of the act. Without the act, you can't make a livin' playin' poker.

When you're takin' someone's money, you have to take it the right way, or they'll resent it in the worst way. And some of 'em will resent it so much that they'll kill you for it.

So you have to put on the act, and the act is that you're winning their money by a rare streak of luck, or by accident, and never by skill. You never want to let on that you have the slightest bit of skill in the way you play poker.

You also have to put on the act that you're drunk, you're an easy mark, and that sooner or later your luck will play out and your opponent's skill will win out in the end. Sometimes the act of being drunk isn't an act because you really are drunk, but most of the time it's an act.

You have to put on the act of being distracted and your mind's not on the game, and that's where the ladies came in today over at the Bull's Head. Sure it's fun to have the ladies make over you, but it's only an act.

If you're not gonna put on the act, you might as well hang it up and quit playing, cause not only will the man who detects a bit of skill in your poker playin' quit giving you his money, but everyone in town except strangers will quit giving you their money, because word gets out, no matter how much you think it don't.

So with that in mind, the next time you see Lee, you tell him you're sorry for the way you acted, and you understand his reasons for doing what he does.
Slade gives Cass a little hug with his left arm to comfort her. As Cass looks over at Slade, with a slight smile, nodding approval, the moment is broken by the sound of a pistol hammer being cocked. Slade looks toward the door that is now standing wide open where a stranger stands with his gun pointed at Slade.

**CHALLENGER**
They told me you were in town and you were stayin' here at the hotel, so I thought I would pay you a little visit. I've been looking for the famous Mark Slade for over a year now, and now I've finally found him.

Slade, you're gonna make me famous.

Slade lifts a shot glass full of whiskey, as if giving the stranger a slight toast, before taking a sip and responding.

**SLADE**
Mister, you wouldn't shoot an unarmed man would you?

**CHALLENGER**
Naw, I wouldn't do that. That's why I'm gonna give you a sporting chance and count to three to give you a chance to put that gun back together fore I kill ya.

Alright, ya ready? Here we go.
ONE ... TWO ...

A shot rings out as a sick look appears on the stranger's face with his eyelids drooping, as he utters one last word before crumpling to the floor.

**CHALLENGER**
THREEeeeee ...

Cass coughs from a cloud of smoke billowing up in her face from a pistol in Slade's left hand sticking out from under her left arm pit.

**SLADE**
(speaking with a lackadaisical attitude)
Gunfighter's Cardinal Rule Number Four ...
NEVER CLEAN YOUR GUN UNLESS YOU HAVE A SPARE LOADED AND LYING NEARBY. ... Well Cass, I guess this is gonna be the straw that broke the camel's
CASS
Whatta you mean, David?

SLADE
I expect that James is gonna be escorting us outta town because of this little incident.

INT. ALAMO SALOON - DAY

Slade and Cass enter the saloon. Slade spots Lee in a poker game across the room and starts in that direction. Cass sees her old friend Jessie standing at the bar, and walks over to talk to her.

JESSIE
Well Cass, I'm glad to see that you survived the little shoot-out we had in here last night. James wasn't too happy bout having his night's rest disturbed, and Will, the Alamo's owner, wasn't too happy about the damage either.

CASS
Jessie, I'm alright. My friends didn't fare too well though, they both got shot up a little. I can pay for the damages.

Cass reaches into her shirt pocket and pulls out three twenty-dollar gold pieces. There ya go Jessie, why don't you keep one of them for yourself?

JESSIE
Well well, ... ain't we doin' good?

I heard about the incident over at your hotel this morning. You know James ain't gonna be too pleased about that, ... bein' Sheriff and all. You know what's coming next, don't you?

CASS
We're way ahead of him Jessie, David's over there talkin' to Lee right now bout us leaving.
DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALAMO SALOON - DAY

Slade walks up to the table where Lee is involved in a game of poker.

SLADE
Lee, are you ready to get the Hell out of this town?

CRAFT
(spoken while rubbing his bandaged rib cage)
I guess so, this town ain't too friendly. I heard you shot another man this morning over in the hotel.

SLADE
Yea, Cass was there. She saw the whole thing.

CRAFT
Cass ain't too happy with me. She interrupted my game this morning over at the Bull's Head, left crying, and said she never wanted to see my sorry ass again.

SLADE
Don't worry about that Lee, I had a little talk with her about that, and she's all back to normal now.

Lee pushes his chair back and starts to get up.

CRAFT
Well gentlemen, I've enjoyed the game, but it's time that I be on my way.

Cass runs up and gives Lee a big hug.

CASS
Lee, I'm sorry I was such a bitch this morning. I didn't understand. David set me straight though. Is it true, are we really headed back to Virginia City?
CRAFT
Yea, it's true. David's finally got me convinced that I need to settle down. He says there's plenty of space to live and plenty of work to keep us busy on his ranch. Are you ready for that?

CASS
I'll say. I was ready for that, the first time I saw you in Sacramento.

Cass runs over to Jessie to tell her goodbye, and gives her a big hug.

CASS
Jessie, we're leaving. I'm really gonna miss ya.

JESSIE
Cass, I'll miss you too. You know if you ever need anything you can find me here.

CASS
And Jessie, if James ever does you wrong, and you get tired of this place, you can always come to live with me in Virginia City. We can sit on the porch, sip whiskey and tea, make quilts, and talk about the times when we were young. Now you take good care of yourself, alright?

Cass joins Slade and Lee as they start toward the door. She is so happy and excited that she is just bouncing. As they start down the steps, she turns back toward Lee with a big smile on her face.

CASS
(speaking excitedly)
Lee, you stay here, I've got all our things packed up and ready to go. I'll go get them and be right back.

It's the middle of the day and the town seems noisier than usual. A half-block around the corner, a group of drunk drovers have just come out of a saloon, mounted their horses, and are riding around in circles in the middle of the street, yelling and firing their guns in the air.

The noise frightens some horses harnessed to a wagon that is parked in
front of a store. As they rear up, their reins come loose from the hitching post, and they start off down the street in a frenzy, pulling the heavily loaded wagon behind them. The horses and wagon round the corner unannounced, as they start down the street in front of the Alamo saloon, hugging the hitching posts as they go.

As Cass looks back to Lee as she walks, she starts to step out in the path of the runaway horses. Slade sees what's coming, and yells out to her.

    SLADE
    (spoken loudly and frantically)
    Cass, look out!

Slade grabs Cass by the left arm just above the elbow, and gives her a strong tug backward pulling her back to safety. The force of his pull though propels him forward, and as he tries to regain his footing and recover, he trips and falls forward into the path of the horses' hooves and wagon wheel.

As the horses and wagon continue down the street, Cass runs frantically to Slade's side as Lee pulls her back.

    CRAFT
    Get back Cass, don't move him, he's hurt real bad.

    (shouting for help)
    SOMEONE GET THE DOCTOR, NOW!

Lee kneels beside Slade as Cass, with tears rolling down her cheeks, comes around to kneel on his other side and places her arm under his head. Slade looks up at them weakly with a slight smile on his face and speaks softly to them with strained voice.

    SLADE
    I knew this day was coming sooner or later, but I never thought I'd be done in by a wagon wheel.

    CASS
    You're gonna be alright David, the Doc's on his way.

    SLADE
    No need for the Doc, I'm not gonna make it. I knew after my dream last night, this was coming.
Lee, there's an envelope in my boot. When you get back to Virginia City, give it to my attorney, Jim Daniel. He'll know what to do with it.

CRAFT
Lee, don't talk like that. You're going back to Virginia City with us.

SLADE
(spooken with voice getting weaker and weaker)
Lee, take good of care of Cass, and Cass, ... stay with him, he needs you.

Slade's voice grows faint, as he collapses in Cass' arms. Cass calls his name out looking for the slightest response, but none comes, sending her into a frenzy of screaming and crying.

CASS
(screams and cries with grief)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOOT HILL CEMETERY JUST OUTSIDE OF ABILENE - MORNING

Attending Slade's grave side ceremony is Lee, Cass, Jessie, and James. Cass cries while Jessie holds her tightly and comforts her. James is outwardly saddened both by the loss of a friend and by an awareness of his own mortality which is brought on by the death of someone much like himself. Lee has chosen to say a few words in Slade's memory.

CRAFT
We are honoring a dear friend today, one we were not fortunate enough to know for very long. But in the short time he was with us, we were truly blessed by his presence.

Mark David Slade will remain in our memories as we go through the remainder of our lives.

The four walk sadly and silently down the hill, just a short distance to the edge of town to the point where Lee and Cass veer off toward the train station and James and Jessie start toward the Alamo saloon. Lee shakes hands with James as they say their good-byes, and Jessie and Cass have one final hug.
CRAFT
James, ... Jessie it was a pleasure meeting you both. It's too bad we couldn't leave under better circumstances.

CASS
Good bye Jessie, ... James.

JESSIE
Good bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - VERDI, NEVADA - DAY
Lee and Cass have returned to Verdi (just outside of Virginia City) where the trip had begun. They have picked up their horses where they left them before boarding the train for their trip to Abilene, and they are heading back to Virginia City. Behind them, they are leading Slade's horse.

CASS
I never thought I'd be so glad to get back on a horse's back again, but it seems so normal to be riding again. How bout you, Lee?

CRAFT
You're right Cass, we probably shouldn't ever get on a train again, we don't belong there.

We'll be back in Virginia City late this evening, and tomorrow morning we can figure out what we're gonna do next.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. JIM DANIEL'S LAW OFFICE, VIRGINIA CITY - MORNING

JIM DANIEL
Lee, ... Cass, I was deeply saddened at the news of Mark's death. In addition to being Mark's long time legal advisor, we were also very close friends. I've known Mark for over 20 years.

I took a look at the paperwork in the envelope that Mark gave you, and it just reinforced what Mark had already authorized me to do.

Lee, had you known Mark very long?

CRAFT
No sir, Cass and I both only knew him just under a month.

JIM DANIEL
Well, he certainly seemed to know you for some reason. As I mentioned before, we've been friends for over 20 years and he started putting things in place to provide for your future about 20 years ago. You were added as beneficiary on all of his bank accounts, scattered all over the West.

Jim walks over to a wall safe that's standing open, reaches inside and pulls out a small metal box.

JIM DANIEL
Mark left instructions for me to give you this if anything ever happened to him.

Jim hands the box to Lee, who sets it down in front of him on the table, and slowly opens it to inspect the contents. Cass moves closer to get a better look as Lee opens the box. Inside, are some bank notes, bonds, deposit records, a couple of newspaper clippings, and a gold ring. Lee picks up the ring for a closer look. The ring is a man's ring, solid gold, with an inlaid image of a revolver laid out with tiny diamonds. Cass reaches for it admiringly.

CASS
Lee, the ring is beautiful.
CRAFT
Cass, you know I'm not much for wearing jewelry, why don't you wear it.

CASS
It's too big to wear on my finger, but I've got a chain that I can use to wear it around my neck.

Lee pulls out the newspaper clippings and begins to read them aloud.

CRAFT
Jim, this is strange. Both of these clippings are from the Stockton Gazette. Stockton's the town where I was born and grew up. I was about five years old when this happened. Here's the first one.

(reading the article)
"Stockton's peaceful existence was interrupted last week when violence broke out in front of the local saloon. Three strangers called out one of the saloon's patrons, and a gun battle ensued, resulting in extensive property damage and the death of the three strangers and one of Stockton's own business leaders, Alvin Craft, proprietor of Stockton's general store and livery stables. Alvin's survivors included his widow, Myra Craft and their young son, Lee.

Apparently, the gun battle was not the result of a falling out or disagreement, but instead one spurred by a recent rash of gun duels brought on by notoriety resulting from press coverage of such incidents, whereby winners of these shoot-out gained undeserved popularity and a following because of their perceived speed in wielding their weapons."

(reading the other article)
Here's the other one.
"Mysterious benefactor allows Stockton business owners to recover from losses incurred in last week's gun battle. Last
A week's gun battle in the streets of Stockton inflicted extensive damage to business property, and also resulted in the death of one of Stockton's respected citizens. These types of conflicts often result in damage and casualties from stray gunfire, but in this case, retribution was made. Several business owners reported that they had received anonymous donations for their losses. Myra Craft, a widow as a result of the accidental slaying of her husband Alvin, received a large sum of money anonymously, which she used to avoid almost certain foreclosure on the Craft properties, the general store and city livery stables. Local attorneys were questioned about the donations and were quoted saying that if they had been involved in the distributions, they couldn't reveal that fact because of attorney-client privileges."

Jim, that was my father that was killed by a stray bullet from that gunfight. Do you know anything about those mysterious donations?

**JIM DANIEL**

Lee, I think Mark would have wanted you to know. I lived there during that time, and I knew your father and mother very well. Mark was the target of that gun battle, the one mentioned in that first article.

The next morning was the first time, I ever saw Mark. He came into my office and told me he felt responsible for the destruction that occurred the night before, and responsible for your father's death. He said if he hadn't been there in our town, the incident would never have happened. He hired me to distribute the anonymous donations for him. He also hired me to keep him informed about the whereabouts and well being of you and your mother, which I did and have done over all these years.

After your mother's death, he seemed to
take on even more concern about your well being and whereabouts, and stayed in touch with me. After you sold your mother's businesses and left town, I lost track of you, but Mark seemed to know where you were. I suspect that you had someone watching over you where ever you went after that.

Well Lee, according to my calculations, you are now a very wealthy man. Mark was able to put away a large sum of money in multiple bank accounts across the country. You are now the owner of those accounts. Here's a list of those accounts. You're also the owner of the property just outside of town that Mark recently purchased.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE'S RANCH OUTSIDE VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - LATE EVENING

Lee and Cass ride up to Slade's dilapidated old ranch house, where the trio had gone for target practice the day after they first met. They dismount, tie off their horses, and stroll toward the house while they talk.

CRAFT
Cass, when we first came up on this place, I never dreamed we would end up here, callin' it our own, did you?

CASS
No, I didn't Lee, but now that it's ours, I see it in a different light. I see a place where we can be happy, a place that we can fix up and call our own. A place we would never want to leave.

CRAFT
(spoken laughingly)
Look over there Cass, there's where I was gonna teach you how to shoot. Remember, I said, "be careful, hold the gun with both hands so you can hold it real steady and not drop it."
CASS
(Cass laughs)
Yea Lee, I guess you look at me differently now, after all we've been through.

As the sun begins to set, Cass takes a seat on the edge of the porch with her left foot on the ground, her right foot on the porch with knee bent, and her chin resting on her knee.

Lee sits down behind her pulling her close as he looks over her shoulder at the sunset. Cass fiddles with the gold ring now on a chain around her neck, as she speaks.

CASS
Lee, it's too bad David's not here to enjoy this place. He dreamed of being here, away from that life that kept him on the move and always afraid that he'd be killed at any instant.

Now it's our chance to do the same. Let's not mess it up. You need to hang up your gun and forget about everything you used to want and think about what we want together.

The CAMERA draws away behind them slowly, further and further away to reveal a wide screen view of their outlines against the crimson sunset.

DISSOLVE TO:
SERIES OF SHOTS

The next minute or more of film shows scenes to indicate the passage of time extending over several months and possibly up to a year. Accompanied by an appropriate music tract (suggested title "Only Time" by Enya on Warner Music UK Ltd), scenes could include: the pair fixing up the old place; Cass cleaning the windows with a soapy rag or sponge; laughing as Lee pushes the sponge toward her face leaving a ball of suds on her nose; the pair going for a walk on their ranch; the pair on horseback rounding up some cattle on their ranch; Lee on the rooftop repairing a leak; Lee fiddling with the ring and chain on Cass’ neck, and when she looks down he bumps her nose with it, Cass wearing a pretty dress on a shopping trip to town, the pair attending a social function in town, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CITY - DAY

Lee and Cass are strolling down the street in Virginia City on a shopping spree. Cass is wearing a pretty dress and Lee no longer wears a gun, having promised Cass that he would give up the life of a gunfighter.

Approaching them are two of Cass’ newly found friends, two girls who are both near Cass’ age, one married and the other single.

JANE
Morning Cass. So this is that handsome husband you’ve been telling us about. Mine’s not near as handsome.

CASS
Lee, these are my best friends Jane and Ruth. Jane’s landed her husband and Ruth has one on the string.

RUTH
Cass, are you and Lee going to the dance Friday night at the town hall? Jane’s dragging her husband and I’m bringing my beau.

CASS
Are we Lee?
CRAFT
Cass, you know I'm not a social person. I can't dance, and I don't talk much.

CASS
Come on, let's go, you'll have a good time. Why don't you go just to make me happy.

CRAFT
Alright Cass, I'll think about it.

CASS
Girls, you heard Lee. We may be there and we may not. Don't look for us though.

JANE
Bye, we hope to see you there.

As Lee walks on, Cass turns back with a big smile and winks at her friends, as if to say we'll be there, don't worry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CITY - DAY

Lee and Cass have just loaded their wagon with the things they purchased and are headed down Virginia City's main street.

Two drunken cowboys, just coming out of a saloon, spot Cass and begin to taunt Lee and Cass with whistles, cat calls, and out of place comments.

FRANK
Wooeee! Billy, look at that. Wouldn't you like to try that on for size?

BILLY
Ain't she sweet? I want to get me some of that.

The CAMERA focuses between Lee and Cass as Lee reaches for the rifle that's leaned up against the seat between them, and Cass's hand pulls his hand back, as if to say it's alright what the men are saying, just don't do any more killing.

Lee releases the rifle and continues to move the horses and wagon slowly down the street.
The men seem to catch onto this and begin to taunt Lee directly, trying to spur him into action.

    FRANK
    (spoken hatefully)
    Hey Mister, are you gonna let us talk to your woman like that?

    BILLY
    (spoken laughingly)
    Yea, why don't you loan her to us for a while? We promise we'll clean her up real good and bring her back to you in the morning.

    FRANK
    Billy, I think that little gal's got a yellow belly for a boy friend, whatta you think?

    BILLY
    Me too Frank, I think he's hidin' behind his woman's skirts.

Finally, Lee can stand no more. He stops the wagon, puts on the brake, picks up the rifle, and steps down.

    CASS
    Lee, you promised me.

    FRANK
    Now you've done it Billy. Farmer John there's all riled up and he's fixin' to shoot us with that rifle of his.

Lee faces the men silently with a big grin on his face and no sign of fear. The men now sense that the man they have been taunting is not a coward after all and someone they shouldn't have messed with. The expressions on their faces immediately turn into expressions of fear and uncertainty, as they slowly move apart with their hands ready to draw their weapons.

Before they can do anything, Lee fires a shot which severs the holster from Frank's gun belt. The holster flips over upside down, still hanging by the leather strap tied around his leg, as his revolver falls down in the dirt. A second shot, fired almost immediately after the first, does the same to Billy's holster.
The two find themselves standing there with no weapons, their revolvers are lying in the dirt out of their reach, and Lee's standing there laughing at them as he aims his rifle between Billy's eyes and cocks the hammer.

**BILLY**
Mister, you know we were just funin' with you and meant no harm, don't ya?

Still not uttering a word, Lee moves the rifle over to aim it between Frank's eyes, as both men's faces break into a heavy sweat and their breathing becomes labored.

**CRAFT**
Which one should I kill first Cass, the ugly one or the stupid one?

**CASS**
Which is which?

**CRAFT**
That's a good question, they're both ugly and they're both stupid.

Let's ask them. Which one of you should I kill first?

I'll tell you what. I'm gonna let you go, and give you sixty seconds to get out of town. Leave your guns right there in the dirt. I'm gonna keep 'em and if you're still here after sixty seconds, or if I ever see your ugly faces again, I'm gonna kill you and bury you with your bare asses stuck out of the ground with these guns crammed in them. Whatta you say about that? ... Is that an agreeable arrangement? ... Any objections?

While still holding his rifle with his right hand, Lee pulls out his pocket watch with his left hand.

**CRAFT**
(speaking loudly)
YOU'VE GOT SIXTY SECONDS, GO!

Frank and Billy look at Lee and each other, and then run to their horses, mount up, and ride out of town at full gallop.
CASS
(spoken sternly)
Lee, you promised me.

CRAFT
(spoken laughingly)
I promised no more killing. Those men are still alive, aren't they?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIRGINIA CITY TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Lee and Cass enter the Town Hall for the Friday night dance, and stroll over to the punch bowl, where they are handed two glasses of punch by a pretty lady.

VAL
Hi Cass, this must be the handsome husband, Ruth and Jane were tellin' me about. Lee, isn't it, I'm Valerie, my friends call me Val. Speak of the devil, here's Ruth and Jane now.

JANE
Cass, ... Lee, this is my husband James. That's Ruth's friend Jack.

CRAFT
It's a pleasure meeting you all.

JANE
Lee, I see Cass persuaded you to come.

CRAFT
I didn't want to come. These things make me nervous. I only came to make Cass happy.

JANE
Which you did Lee, you can tell it in her face. That gal is smiling from ear to ear.

CASS
Lee, there's Jim, let's go over and say hello.
Lee and Cass walk over to Jim Daniel to say hello.

JIM DANIEL
Well Lee, ... Cass, what a pleasure to see you two here. Lee, you look like you're not having a good time, you need to loosen up a little. Do you want something to add to that punch to give it a little zing? I've got a flask inside my coat if you need it.

CRAFT
No thanks Jim, that won't help. The only thing that's gonna make me feel better, is to get the Hell outta here.

JIM DANIEL
By the way, I've been meaning to talk to you. There's an opportunity for you to purchase the property adjoining your ranch if you're interested. The woman's husband died and she's selling out and moving back East. If you're interested, I'll draw up some preliminary paper work. It will be a good investment.

CRAFT
Alright, Jim go ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

The next minute includes scenes at the dance including Cass teaching Lee how to dance, Cass and her girl friends laughing and talking, and Lee loosening up a little and starting to have fun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CITY OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Cass finally gets Lee to herself and leads him outside.

CASS
Lee, you don't know how happy you've made me tonight. And not just tonight, but every day starting with that first day when you walked into the Golden Eagle Saloon in Sacramento and got me fired.
CRAFT
I'm glad you're happy Cass. Cause when you're happy, I'm happy.

CASS
Just think Lee, we've got each other now, we've got the ranch, we've got friends, and you're not being shot at every day. And we owe every thing to David Slade. If you hadn't been looking for him, you would have never met me. If he didn't save our lives that day by the stream, and save your life several times before that I'm sure, we wouldn't be together now.

CRAFT
You're right Cass, we owe it all to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEE'S RANCH OUTSIDE VIRGINIA CITY - EARLY MORNING

Lee is doing some fence repair, as Cass rides up in the wagon.

CASS
I'm headed into town to get some supplies, do you want to go with me?

CRAFT
No Cass, go on without me. I need to get this fence fixed before dark.

CASS
(said laughingly)
Alright, if you want to pass up a ride in the country with a pretty gal, go right ahead.

Lee stands there wiping the sweat off his brow as he watches Cass drive away. Cass turns with a big smile on her face and blows Lee a kiss. Lee grins at her and goes back to his work.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. ON THE ROAD TO VIRGINIA CITY - MORNING

As Cass nears the town, she is met by three dirty looking scoundrels headed the opposite way away from town. One of the riders grabs the reins near one of the horses and stops her wagon's movement. Ike, the apparent leader of the derelict gang, is wearing a dirty black hat with a snakeskin hat band. Ike rides up close to Cass and speaks, as he eyes her up and down like a delicious steak.

IKE
Well, ain't she a cutie pie?

CASS
Get the Hell outta my way mister and tell your dumbass friend there to let go of my reins.

IKE
You're a sassy one aren't you?

Ike eyes the ring hanging on a chain around her neck, as he draws his revolver and lifts the chain out of Cass' shirt with the gun barrel. With his other hand, he grabs the ring and jerks it off her neck, breaking the chain.

Ike keeps his gun pointed at Cass as he holds the ring up for a closer inspection.

IKE
This is a mighty pretty ring, does this belong to your husband?

CASS
No, it belonged to a good man, and a good man is something you've never been or ever will be.

IKE
Well, I think I'll just take this ring off your hands. I've always wanted a ring like this and I think It'll look real good on my hand, Whatta you think?

Ike slips the ring on his left hand, and holds it out for Cass to see.
IKE
You're a sweet little thing, I think I'm gonna lay you down in the back of that wagon and show you what a real man's like.

Still pointing the gun at Cass, Ike reaches out and sticks his left hand in Cass' shirt to grab her breast.

CASS
(spoken loudly and emphatically)
YOU BASTARD!

Cass pulls a derringer with her right hand and points it toward Ike. Before she can pull the trigger, Ike shoots her in the chest, killing her instantly. Cass' body falls slightly backward over the back of the wagon seat as Ike yells out.

IKE
(spoken loudly)
Let's git!

With no one holding the reins, the frightened horses turn and head for home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANCH OUTSIDE VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA - EARLY MORNING

Lee looks up from his work to see a distant cloud of dust as the frenzied horses race toward the ranch. Within moments, Lee realizes what he is seeing, and frantically mounts his horse and rides toward them. As he gets closer, he sees Cass’s lifeless body draped backward over the wagon seat with both arms dangling behind her.

Tears roll down Lee's face and he screams out in pain as he realizes that Cass is no longer with him. He grabs the reins, pulling the wagon to a halt, and then approaches Cass' limp body. He reaches out and pulls Cass to him as he tries to cry away the pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A HILLSIDE NEAR LEE'S RANCH - AFTERNOON
With his face drenched in tears, Lee places a marker in the ground on Cass' grave, looks in the direction of Virginia City, and then looks down and places his hand on his side where his gun used to rest. His face begins to take on a new look, a look of hatred and contempt, and a look of a man set on revenge, as he mounts up and rides toward his ranch house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE LEE'S RANCH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Lee opens a closet door to reveal Slade's gun and holster hanging on a wall hook. Holding the holster in his left hand, he pulls the gun out with his right and inspects their design with the holster cut away in the front and side and the revolver's trigger guard filed away. Lee straps on the holster, tying it tightly around his leg, and then makes a couple of practice draws to see how it feels.

Lee throws a few things into a saddle bag, takes one more look around the room, and then starts toward the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIM DANIEL'S LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

JIM DANIEL
Lee, what brings you to town?

CRAFT
Jim, have you seen any strangers in town the past few days?

JIM DANIEL
Yes, as a matter of fact, why are you asking?

CRAFT
Someone killed Cass today.

Jim is obviously shocked and taken aback by the news.

JIM DANIEL
Lee, ... I, ... I'm shocked, and so sorry. I, ... I, .... don't know what to say.

CRAFT
Jim, don't say anything, just tell me about the strangers.
JIM DANIEL
Well, there were three of them. They came into town last night, and started causing trouble over at the saloon. The sheriff finally ended up running them out of town this morning.

CRAFT
What did they look like?

JIM DANIEL
They were really dirty and unkempt. One of them had a rattlesnake skin for a hat band. None of them looked like they had shaved in a week.

CRAFT
Which way were they headed?

JIM DANIEL
I was watching when they left town this morning. They were headed in the direction of Carson City out past your ranch.

Lee starts toward the door to leave.

CRAFT
Goodbye Jim, I'm goin' after 'em.

JIM DANIEL
Are you still coming in next week to go over the paperwork for the purchase of that property adjoining your ranch?

CRAFT
No, forget about it Jim. I'm not coming back. Sell the ranch, sell everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON IN CARSON CITY, NEVADA - DUSK

Lee walks into a saloon in Carson City, which is the same saloon where the movie began. He walks over, stands next to three men standing at the bar, and orders a bottle. The men are extremely drunk and noisy, and seem to be unaware of Lee's presence. The man standing closest to Lee is Ike. The CAMERA takes the subjective view through Lee's eyes as he looks their way, first focusing on Ike's hat with its disgusting rattlesnake hat band,
then moving downward to Ike's left hand where he is wearing a solid gold ring, with an inlaid image of a revolver - Slade's ring. Lee pours another drink and then slams the bottle down hard on the bar. The noise directs the attention of the men to his right.

CRAFT
That's an interesting ring you're wearing. Where did you get it?

IKE
I've had this ring a while. I can't rightly remember. I picked it up somewhere along the way.

CRAFT
That ring looks like the ring my wife was wearing around her neck when she was killed. Take it off, I want to look at it.

Upon hearing this, Ike's mouth drops as he turns toward Lee showing signs of shock, surprise, and fear. The other two men back away from the bar and move apart.

CRAFT
(spoken loudly and angrily)
I SAID, ... TAKE IT OFF!

NEVER MIND, I'LL TAKE IT OFF FOR YOU.

Lee draws and fires, shooting Ike's finger off. Ike cries out in pain as he goes for his gun. The other two men also reach for their guns. Lee fires three more shots within a fraction of a second, and all three men fall to the floor.

Lee bends down and picks the ring up off the floor, puts it in his shirt pocket, and walks silently out the door as saloon patrons stare in shock and amazement at what has just transpired.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT SALOON IN CARSON CITY, NEVADA - DUSK

The CAMERA moves outside as Lee exits the saloon, unties his horse, mounts up, and rides out of town. As he rides off, saloon patrons start to emerge cautiously through the swinging doors to watch this mysterious man depart.

DISSOLVE TO:
SERIES OF SHOTS

The next two minutes (accompanied by an appropriate music score) are filled with a series of scenes designed to represent the passage of time of many years, as Lee encounters gunfight after gunfight, and slowly turns into an aged gunfighter like Slade at the beginning of the movie. No longer a young man, Lee’s hair has grayed, and his face now is wrinkled and dry, showing signs of years, weather, stress, and sorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT OUTSKIRTS OF EL PASO, TEXAS - DUSK

One of the final scenes of the movie shows Lee winding his way through cactus plants and sagebrush coming from his desert trek into a small town with a small cantina on the outskirts of El Paso.

During Lee's entrance from the desert into the town, the audience hears a few bars of an appropriate sound track that will be replayed during the closing credits.

( A suggested sound track for this scene and closing credits is Bob Dylan's "Knockin' On Heaven's Door, on Columbia's "Pat Garret & Billy the Kid" released July 13, 1973."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CANTINA ON OUTSKIRTS OF EL PASO, TEXAS - DUSK

The music dies down as Lee enters the dimly lit cantina. Outside, the soft sound of a guitar being strummed down the street, can be heard faintly.

Lee has a seat at a table that is dimly lit by the flickering light of a lantern hanging nearby. An elderly Mexican bartender looks Lee's way as if to ask what he wants.

BARTENDER

Señor?

CRAFT

Bring me a bottle.

The bartender brings over a bottle and glass. As Lee sits there sipping his whiskey. The CAMERA focuses on Lee's face with the flickering light from the lantern across his face as he thinks back over his past.

DISSOLVE TO:
SERIES OF SHOTS

Accompanied by an appropriate music track (suggested title "Only Time" by Enya on Warner Music UK Ltd), we see flashback scenes from Lee's past, such as the trio having target practice at Slade's ranch, the trio on the train together with Slade teaching Lee his tricks, the three laughing and talking, Lee and Cass sleeping with their heads together, the train robbery, Lee perched on top of the express car waving to Slade, the City of Rocks and outlaw hideout, the Alamo saloon, Jessie and Wild Bill, Slade's funeral, Lee and Cass together on the ranch after Slade's death, and Cass wearing a pretty dress as the two shopped together in Virginia City, the Friday night dance, and Cass' death and burial.

DISSOLVE TO:

As Lee stares into the flickering lantern, he hears someone entering the cantina door from behind, he hears the hammer of a revolver being cocked, and a man calling out.

CHALLENGER
Hey gunfighter, this one's gonna be your last.

The camera freeze frames on Lee's look of surprise, as the credits roll and we hear Bob Dylan's "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" (or other appropriate sound track).