

REDFIELD

"Pilot"

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EXT. DALTON WOODS - REDFIELD COUNTY CIRCA 1899 - EARLY EVENING

WILLIAM WEST, 13, tall boy for his age, is crouching low in the bushes with a Winchester Rifle in his hands.

He is laying his sights on a wild elk about fifty yards in front of him. The elk is feeding, totally oblivious. William himself is still and calm, his breathing steady. Slowly he places his finger on the trigger, ready to pull...

A slight breeze blows behind William. The elk raises its head abruptly and spots him. Hurriedly, William shoots but it's too late, the elk has sprinted in the other direction, disappearing into the woods.

WILLIAM
Goddammit!

William stands up and kicks the trunk of a tree next to him.

JOHN (O.S.)
What have I told you bout cursin' boy?

William turns to face his father JOHN WEST, 37, tall and wiry. He has a roll-up cigarette in his mouth and his own Winchester Rifle in his hands. He also sports a brown Stetson hat with a red feather tucked in the hat's band.

WILLIAM
Sorry Pa.

JOHN
You know why that elk got away?

WILLIAM
No, sir. I ain't make no sound or nothin'.

John stubs his cigarette into the tree trunk and licks his finger. He holds it up with his eyes closed.

JOHN
You was standin' upwind. The big fella caught your scent.

William pouts. John chuckles at him.

JOHN
You'll get better next time. Let's get back to the horses.

William follows John through the woods.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - EARLY EVENING

Dalton Farm. Small and modest. Has a master house, cow pen, stables, silo and a barn.

A posse of a dozen men on horseback gallop onto the grounds of the farm. A dog can be heard barking. One of the men on horseback shoots it with his pistol. The dog whelps as it dies.

The men dismount and storm the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DALTON FARM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the barn are half a dozen ranch hands, snoozing in haystacks. They are awoken by the sound of the barn doors bursting open.

RANCH HAND #1
What in God's name...?

RANCH HAND #1 stops mid-sentence as he sees a tall and imposing man with a diagonal scar across his mouth enter the barn last flanked by his men. This is GEORGE JENKINS, 40.

Jenkins has his thumbs tucked into his belt as he swaggers into the middle of the barn. The other ranch hands stare in silence at the men.

JENKINS
Good evenin' gents.

Jenkins draws his pistol and his men follow suit. Bloodshed ensues. The ranch hands are gunned down mercilessly by the posse of men.

Three of the men light up Molotov cocktails and set alight the barn.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - CONTINUOUS

In a montage of mayhem, the men do the same to the silo and the stables, each structure alighting instantly with flames.

There are five horses in the stable. Each of them whinny and neigh in fear of the flames. The men shoot each of them with their pistols to silence them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON WOODS - EARLY EVENING

William and John are watering their horses near a river. William's eye wanders up to the sky.

WILLIAM

Look Pa, there's smoke!

John follows William's pointing hand and sees a large billow of black smoke rising into the air. John looks stricken.

JOHN

Shit! Will, let's go!

John mounts his horse and gallops toward where the smoke is rising.

WILLIAM

Wait for me Pa!

Hastily, William mounts his horse and chases after his father.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - EARLY EVENING

Jenkins is standing outside of the master house as two of his men drag out a woman by her hair, as she screams and curses in protest. This is CATHERINE WEST, 31.

CATHERINE

Let go of me you bastards!

The two men chuck Catherine on the floor in front of Jenkins. He is squats down so that his eye level is closer to hers.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

You must be John's lil' ole miss.

CATHERINE

And who the fuck are you?

JENKINS

Now that ain't no way for a lady to speak. S'pose I ought to teach you some manners.

CATHERINE

You think y'all can just come in here and destroy our livelihood? When John gets back, he'll -

JENKINS

So he comin' back is he?

Jenkins stands up and looks around. No one is in sight. He looks back at Catherine.

JENKINS

I guess we can entertain ourselves while we wait...

Jenkins begins to undo the front of his trousers. Stepping slightly closer to Catherine.

WYATT JONES, 26, steps forward and without warning, shoots Catherine in the head with his pistol.

Jenkins turns around on Wyatt.

JENKINS

That was my kill Jones.

WYATT

We ain't no rapists George. Skip done told you that many times. We just here to kill these sons-of-bitches and be gone.

Jenkins eyes Wyatt dangerously. The rest of the men stare at Jenkins, waiting.

JENKINS

(to the group at large)
Burn the house to the ground!

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - OUTSKIRTS - EARLY EVENING

John and William have arrived at Dalton Farm. They remain hidden in the bramble of bushes leading into the woods adjacent to the farm.

They both witness their farm encased in flames.

WILLIAM
Where's Ma?

John kneels down and faces his son.

JOHN
Listen Will. I want you to stay
right here okay? You stay hidden no
matter what alright? You promise?

William doesn't respond. His eyes are fixed on the flames.

JOHN
Will! Promise me!

William looks at his father and nods. John takes off his Stetson hat and places it on William's head.

JOHN
I'll be right back.

John stands up and draws his Winchester Rifle. He takes a few steps forward and looks back at his son one more time.

William has taken position hidden behind some bushes. John faces forward and heads off toward the farm.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - EARLY EVENING

John approaches the group of men as they are hooting and jeering around the burning house. One of the men notices him.

OUTLAW #1
Hey lookie here! If it ain't John
fuckin' West!

Jenkins appears in front of the crowd to confront John, revolver in hand.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

Nice to see you again old friend.

JOHN

We was never friends Jenkins.

Jenkins smiles at John.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALTON FARM - OUTSKIRTS - EARLY EVENING

William, from his position behind the bushes, sees John confronting the group of men.

William sees his father raise his voice against the men, though we can't hear what he is saying. John tries to aim with his rifle but is too late.

Jenkins points his revolver at John and unloads, emptying his chamber into John's chest. John drops his rifle and falls backward onto the ground.

William stares in horror at his father's corpse on the ground. Even after John is on the floor, clearly dead, the remaining men bombard John's body with their bullets.

WILLIAM

Pa...

The horses behind William whinny in response to the sound of the gunshots. William, fighting back tears, doesn't notice.

Three of the men, Jenkins included, do notice and begin making a beeline toward William's direction.

William scoots himself back away from the bush he was hiding in and jumps into a thicker one, successfully concealing his whole body.

The three men arrive around the area where William was previously hiding. Jenkins, moves close to where William is currently hiding.

William looks up the man, taking in full view of his face noting the diagonal scar on the man's mouth. He covers his mouth as he tries to control his breathing.

WYATT (O.S.)

Oi George! We found a pair of horses!

Jenkins moves toward the sound of Wyatt's voice.

(CONTINUED)

As soon as Jenkins is out of earshot, William turns around and makes a dash for it.

Branches scratch against his clothes and his face, tears stream down from his eyes as he runs desperately for his life.

CUT TO BLACK:

OPENING TITLE CREDITS

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSY PLAINS - REDFIELD COUNTY CIRCA 1907 - EARLY MORNING

Eight years later. William, now 21, is riding on a wagon filled with sacks of corn, sporting his father's weathered Stetson hat with the red feather.

He's a different person now, more aloof and withdrawn in his disposition. Sitting shotgun next to him is SETH MCKINLEY, 52, a gruff and weary old man.

It's dawn and it's barely light out. William yawns as his whips the reins, the four horses leading the wagon neigh in response and pick up the pace.

SETH

You alright there son?

WILLIAM

I'm fine.

(notices something ahead)

There's something on the road.

Seth follows William's eye line and they both see a body lying on the path next to a dead horse. William halts the wagon.

SETH

This could be a trap boy. Could be rustlers hidin' in wait.

William looks around. There in open country, no where for anyone to hide.

WILLIAM

I doubt it Mr McKinley.

William hops off the wagon and approaches the body. Flies are buzzing around the carcass of the horse, it's blood still wet. Hasn't been dead long.

(CONTINUED)

William turns his attention toward the man laying face down next to the horse. He sees a faded golden badge a few centimetres away from him. William inspecting the badge sees engraved onto it: **Pinkerton National Detective Agent.**

SETH

Is he alive?

William doesn't answer. Putting the badge in his pocket he makes to turn the man over but without warning, the man grabs William's arm.

William tries to struggle free but the man holds a firm grip. Seth gets his rifle ready and points it at the man.

SETH

You let go of him!

The man looks up at William. This is JACKSON CARTER, 32.

JACKSON

Water...

Jackson relinquishes his grip on William's arm and falls unconscious again. William stands up and faces Seth who has relaxed his aim.

WILLIAM

I'mma bring him back with us.

Seth places his rifle down, uncertain.

SETH

He looks dangerous Will.

William starts helping Jackson up.

WILLIAM

I ain't leaving him here.

SETH

Fine.

Seth eases himself off the wagon gingerly and makes his way toward William as he helps carry Jackson back to the wagon.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCKINLEY'S RANCH - MORNING

McKinley's Ranch. It's plentiful and vibrant with a large barn, stables, chicken coop, cow pen, silo, a small church, a physician's office and a local general store. There are multiple huts on the ranch as well. Housing for all of the ranch hands.

Near the chicken coop we meet MAGGIE MCKINLEY, 22, a young woman full of self-assurance, talking to a young ranch hand named RAYMOND as they stand in front of a large puddle of shiny black oil.

MAGGIE

This is the second time?

RAYMOND

The third time ma'am.

MAGGIE

This is gonna bring nothin' but trouble.

RAYMOND

Does Mr McKinley know about this ma'am?

MAGGIE

Not yet. I thought this wouldn't come up again.

Maggie looks around her. She turns to face Raymond closer.

MAGGIE

Seems we won't be able to keep this quiet either.

RAYMOND

What should we do?

MAGGIE

Round up a couple of boys and clean up this leak. And nobody enters the ranch without mine or Daddy's say so, you hear?

RAYMOND

Yes ma'am.

As Maggie leaves Raymond with the oil leakage she notices a wagon entering the ranch.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
(to herself)
Speak of the devil.

William and Seth have returned, their wagon pulling up in front of the McKinley household. Jackson is still unconscious in the cargo hold with all of the corn sacks.

Maggie approaches the wagon.

MAGGIE
You two done took longer than usual.

WILLIAM
We stumbled across a new friend.

Maggie looks at William puzzled. He gestures toward the back of the wagon. She walks around the wagon and sees Jackson unconscious among the corn.

MAGGIE
Who's this?

William jumps off the wagon and carries Jackson off the cargo hold. Seth takes his time getting off.

WILLIAM
Some Pinkerton agent.

Maggie notices the wound on Jackson's abdomen.

MAGGIE
Has he been shot?

Seth finally manages to ease himself off the wagon, wincing slightly as he lands.

SETH
Maggie, be a darlin' and go fetch the physician.

She looks at her father uncertainly.

SETH
Now Maggie! This ain't up for discussin'.

Maggie turns to William as she makes off.

MAGGIE
After all this, me, you and Pa need to speak.

William watches her leave briefly before Seth lifts Jackson's legs and they both carry him into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRAGER HOUSEHOLD - NICKELWOOD TOWN - MORNING

Redfield County Sheriff DONALD TRAGER, 48, is sitting on the sofa, filling up his bandolier with shells. His son and deputy, MICHAEL TRAGER, 23, comes down the stairs all geared up and ready to go. His mother, MIRIAM TRAGER, 44, follows behind him.

MICHAEL

You ready Pa?

Donald shoves in the last bullet into his bandolier and stands up straight.

DONALD

Let's go.

Donald approaches Miriam and kisses her on the forehead.

DONALD

We'll be back soon darlin'.

MIRIAM

Be safe. The both of you.

MICHAEL

We'll be back in time for supper.

Donald and Michael leave. Miriam heads up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. TESSA'S BEDROOM - TRAGER HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

TESSA TRAGER, 20, a petite and scrawny young lady is sitting on the edge of her bed trying to slip on muddy riding boots. She is dressed in typical riding clothes, not something a woman in this day and age would usually wear.

As Tessa finishes strapping up she hears her mother calling her saying -

MIRIAM (O.S)

Tessa?

(CONTINUED)

Tessa quickly jumps into bed, fully dressed and hides underneath her covers.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - TRAGER HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Miriam approaches a closed door and knocks on it.

MIRIAM

Tess? Tess are you ready?

No answer. Miriam opens the door and -

CUT TO:

INT. TESSA'S BEDROOM - TRAGER HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

- finds her daughter still underneath her covers.

Miriam heads over to the bed.

MIRIAM

Tess, get up and get dressed.

TESSA

Why?

MIRIAM

I got a few errands to run. I could do with your company.

TESSA

But I don't have to come do I?

MIRIAM

No, but you damn well will. I'll be waitin' downstairs.

She leaves the room. Tessa waits for a beat. She hears her mother's footsteps walk down the stairs.

Quickly, she hops out of bed and heads over to her closet wherein lies a small chest. Tessa opens it and takes out two revolvers in holsters.

As she straps them on, we hear the sound of a horse neighing. She heads to the window. She sees her father and brother riding off on their horses. There is one more horse left in their private stable. She grins to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - TRAGER HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Miriam approaches the outside of Tessa's door and knocks on it.

MIRIAM

How long are you gonna take Tess?

When no answer is given, Miriam opens the door to find the bedroom empty and the window wide open.

She rushes to the window and sees her daughter riding the horse in the distance, whooping in joy. Miriam shakes her head, but can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF NICKELWOOD TOWN - MORNING

A posse of men on horseback arrive at the outskirts of the town. At the forefront of the men is a large and imposing man with his face hidden under his Stetson hat.

Next to him, George Jenkins, now 48, approaches on horseback.

JENKINS

The wagon's ready. On your word.

The man lifts his head as we see his face for the first time. This is EARVIN "SKIP" WALTERS, 51. He is a fierce and intense man with eyes that are lodged with purpose.

He lifts his hand and points forward. They all begin to ride off.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - NICKELWOOD TOWN - MORNING

First National bank is relatively busy with smartly dressed men and women. Miriam is waiting patiently at the front desk for the bank manager PATRICK WELLS, a thin and balding man who returns with his face all smiles.

MIRIAM

Is it all good?

PATRICK

All good. That'll be fifteen dollars.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM

Fifteen? Last time I was here, the price was twelve.

PATRICK

I'm afraid I don't make the rules Mrs Trager. Plus, sending a telegram to the Governor of Texas don't come cheap. I wonder what was so important you had to contact him?

Miriam ruffles through her bag and hands him the money.

MIRIAM

I've never known you to be this nosy Mr Wells.

PATRICK

I was just curious is all.
(beat)
Say Mrs Trager, I've got something I'd been meaning to show you.

MIRIAM

What is it?

CUT TO:

INT. WELLS' OFFICE - FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MORNING

Patrick and Miriam enter the office. Patrick heads over to behind his desk where a narrow glass case is hanging on the wall. He takes it down and lays it on his desk. Miriam approaches the desk and looks at it.

It is an old and worn cutlass that looks very old. Patrick smiles enthusiastically.

PATRICK

Do you know what this is?

MIRIAM

A cutlass?

PATRICK

Not just any cutlass. This is early 18th century. Was owned by the notorious pirate Edward Low.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM

How did you get such a weapon?

PATRICK

Won it at an auction in Sweetwater.
Cost me damn near a fortune.

MIRIAM

Why did you get it then?

PATRICK

Because I know you like antiques.
And with your husband's job, I know
you -

Patrick is interrupted by the sudden gunshots heard within the building. Patrick runs over to the door and locks it.

PATRICK

Go and hide!

Miriam does as she is told as Patrick makes to barricade the door with a bookshelf.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

The outlaws circle around the main foyer of the bank, intimidating customers and employees with their shotguns, rifles and revolvers. Walters stands on top of a desk.

WALTERS

Good mornin' ladies and gents! As
you can see, me and my men are
robbin' your bank. You keep your
mouth shut and cooperate we'll be
out before you know it. You try and
act a hero, then you will be shot.
In the head. Hope I made myself
clear.

Walters hops off the table. The rest of his men are scouring behind the desks and heaving bags of money into the centre of the foyer. Walters approaches Wyatt Jones, now 34.

WALTERS

When we clean this place dry, kill
everyone here.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Why?

WALTERS

'Scuse me?

WYATT

I mean, yes boss.

WALTERS

That's what I thought.

(beat)

Where's George?

WYATT

I think I saw him go upstairs.

WALTERS

Bring him down here.

Wyatt leaves the main foyer and heads for the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. WELLS' OFFICE - FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MORNING

Banging is heard on the barricaded door. Patrick and Miriam are hiding underneath the desk.

Patrick turns to look at Miriam, who is holding a rosary in her hand and praying silently.

PATRICK

Listen Mrs Trager. I don't know if we'll survive this but -

MIRIAM

Don't say such things Mr Wells. We'll get through this. By the Grace of God.

Miriam closes her eyes and clutches the rosary all the more tightly. The banging is getting louder on the door.

PATRICK

I still have something I need to say to you.

Miriam looks at Patrick. Patrick opens his mouth but his words are drowned out by a loud gunshot and another loud bang.

(CONTINUED)

There is a silence, broken only by ominous footsteps that enter the room. Patrick and Miriam stay resolutely still, holding their breath until...

A face up in front of them upside down as George Jenkins spots under the desk.

JENKINS

Found ya!

Jenkins face disappears as the desk is thrown off to one side, knocking Miriam and Patrick backwards.

JENKINS

Well, well. What do we got here?

PATRICK

Please, just take what you want and leave.

JENKINS

Not even gonna put up a fight?

Patrick says nothing.

JENKINS

Alright. What have you got for me?

Miriam offers her bag. Patrick throws his wallet on to the ground.

PATRICK

There's a safe through there.

JENKINS

You two really ain't gonna fight back or nothin'? You both smarter than you look.

Jenkins laughs to himself as he walks toward the safe but his eye catches the antique cutlass in its case.

JENKINS

This looks like it'll cost a pretty penny.

PATRICK

Don't touch that!

Patrick rushes forward to stop Jenkins but stops dead in his tracks almost immediately. Jenkins is pointing his pistol at revolver at him. Patrick backs away slowly, but Jenkins pulls the trigger, shooting Patrick square in the head. Miriam stares at Patrick's lifeless body.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

Things were going so well and he just had to spoil it.

MIRIAM

You're no man. You're the devil.

JENKINS

If being evil means I get to be free, then I'm the evilest bastard in the whole of Texas.

Jenkins moves closer to Miriam.

JENKINS

And even evil bastards need a little comfort.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MORNING

Wyatt is searching the upstairs when he hears a gunshot. He rushes toward where the sound was coming from. He comes across a door with its handle blown off. He opens the door to find -

INT. WELLS' OFFICE - FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

- Jenkins on top of Miriam on the floor, having his way with her.

Wyatt just stares for a while before snapping out of his shock.

WYATT

George?

Jenkins stands up abruptly and looks at Wyatt.

JENKINS

(pulling up trousers)
Shit. Wyatt.

WYATT

The fuck do you think you're doin'?

Jenkins draws his revolver and points it at Wyatt. Wyatt freezes up.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

You ain't goin' nowhere boy.

Wyatt and Jenkins face each other for a while, until Jenkins is tackled to the ground by a hysteric Miriam. She claws at his face frantically and attempts to wrestle the revolver from his grip.

In the ensuing struggle the gun goes off and Miriam rolls off Jenkins onto the floor, a bullet hole where her left eye should be.

Jenkins gets up and looks for Wyatt, only to discover that he's gone.

JENKINS

Goddammit.

Jenkins rushes over to the door and looks down the hallway. No one in sight. He then decides to double back and exit through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jenkins exits the window and sits on the window sill. Below him, there is a small patch of bushes. Jenkins takes a deep breath and jumps down from the window sill. He lands awkwardly on his feet, yelling in pain as he caresses his ankle.

After a while, he hoists himself up to his feet and limps his way around the back of the bank's building and toward the stables.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MORNING

Wyatt returns to the main bank foyer where he spots Walters sitting on a small mound of dead bodies, smoking a cigar.

WYATT

Boss?

Walters turns to face him.

WYATT

I found Jenkins. But he was...

(CONTINUED)

WALTERS

What is it?

WYATT

He gone.

WALTERS

Gone? What do you mean gone?

WYATT

He high-tailed it outta here coz
I... Coz I caught him with a
lady...

Walters face darkens. He gets up and dismounts the pile of
bodies.

WALTERS

Lawmen will be here soon. We ride
out now!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MCKINLEY'S RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

William, Maggie and Seth are sat in the living room. Seth is
resting on a large armchair smoking a cigar, whilst William
and Maggie sit next to each other on teh couch.

SETH

I don't want that man staying here
too long. As soon as he wakes,
we're sending him on his way.

MAGGIE

We can't do that Daddy.

SETH

Why not?

MAGGIE

We should at least wait until he
gets his strength back.

Seth scoffs to himself as he takes a drag on his cigar.

MAGGIE

Will, what do you think?

William hasn't been paying attention. He looks at Maggie and
realises she is talking to him.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Erm... sorry, what were we talking about?

Maggie scowls at William before the door to the living room swings open. At the threshold is Jackson Carter, hunched over as he clutches his bandaged abdomen.

Maggie stands up and approaches Jackson. She puts her hand out. Jackson shakes it.

MAGGIE

Howdy, my name is Maggie McKinley. That there is my father Seth McKinley and my fiance William.

Jackson studies both of them, wary. William stands up and approaches Jackson.

WILLIAM

We found you on the side of the road with that nasty wound.

SETH

Cost us eighteen dollars to patch you up. Eighteen dollars!

JACKSON

I apologise Mr McKinley. I thank y'all for findin' me and nursin' me back to health when you ain't have to. You'll be compensated for your troubles. You have my word on that.

SETH

You better.

MAGGIE

Daddy!
(turns to face Jackson)
I'm sorry about my father. He's been in a bad mood all day.

JACKSON

It's no problem. If I'm not wanted here, I'll leave.

MAGGIE

You ain't have to rush. You should rest until you're stronger again.

Jackson looks out at the window. The sun is starting to set.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON

It's nearly dusk. I suppose I could just stay the night and leave in the mornin'.

(Looks at Seth)

If that's alright with you Mr McKinley.

Seth waves his hand dismissively.

SETH

So be it.

Jackson retreats upstairs. William follows him. Maggie retakes her seat and looks at her father solemnly. Her gaze gets his attention.

SETH

What is it?

MAGGIE

Daddy, I need to talk to you about the ranch.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM - MCKINLEY'S RANCH - AFTERNOON

Jackson is entering his bed when William enters in the bedroom after him. Jackson looks up at him when he notices his presence.

JACKSON

What do you want?

WILLIAM

You a Pinkerton agent right?

Jackson studies William, eyes suspicious.

JACKSON

Seems you already know the answer to that question.

WILLIAM

So that means you hunt outlaws?

JACKSON

Is this goin' somewhere? Coz I could really do with some rest if you don't mind?

(CONTINUED)

William enters the room, pulls a seat from underneath an empty desk and sits on it.

WILLIAM

I wanna be a Pinkerton. I wanna catch outlaws.

A short pause as Jackson studies William.

JACKSON

No.

WILLIAM

What do you mean 'no'?

JACKSON

You don't know what 'no' means?

WILLIAM

Why not then?

JACKSON

You ain't serious. You don't know what outlaws are like. You'd be chewed up and spat back out.

WILLIAM

I can prove to you I'm serious. Tell me what I have to do.

Jackson turns in his bed to face away from William.

JACKSON

Go away. You're annoying me.

William glares at Jackson. Reluctantly, he turns and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINNEGAN RIVER - FINNEGAN'S REACH - AFTERNOON

Tessa is stroking the thick mane of her horse as it guzzles down water near the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTY HOOF SALOON - FINNEGAN'S REACH - AFTERNOON

Tessa hitches her horse outside the saloon. Several people around her give her covert stares due to her attire. She is dressed very masculine.

Tessa ignores the onlookers and enters the saloon.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSTY HOOF SALOON - AFTERNOON

Tessa enters the saloon. It's large and musky. The bartender, BOB, is washing glasses behind the bar with a dirty old rag. A SCRAWNY YOUTH is sweeping the floors. A few men are asleep at some of the tables. Others engaged in low conversation.

Tessa approaches the bar.

TESSA
Bourbon, on the rocks.

Bob eyes Tessa suspiciously.

BOB
You from round here?

TESSA
What's it to you?

Bob scowls at her. A few men in the saloon turn their heads to watch them. A young woman enters the saloon, dressed in masculine clothing. She notices the atmosphere in the saloon has become tense. This is SALLY HARDING, 26.

BOB
You got some tongue on you woman.
Your daddy teach you to speak like that?

TESSA
Am I gonna get served or what?

Bob puts his glass down, he is about to say something when -

SALLY
Hey, Bob. How you doin'?

Bob softens as he notices Sally.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Hey Sally. What can I get ya?

SALLY

You know what I like. And make the two. One for Miss Troublemaker over here.

Bob skulks away to prepare the drinks. Tessa turns to face Sally.

TESSA

You ain't need to do that.

SALLY

Well someone had to save your sorry ass from gettin' torn a new asshole.

Tessa studies Sally. In attire, they are both the mirror images of each other.

TESSA

What's your name?

Bob comes back with the drinks (bourbon on ice) and serves the both of them, not looking Tessa in the eye. Sally pays for the drinks.

SALLY

Thank Bob.
(sips drink)
What was that?

TESSA

Your name. What is it?

SALLY

What makes you so curious?

Tessa says nothing. She sips her drink.

SALLY

Name's Sally Harding. I used to be a scout. For the Easton-Sharpe Party back in '01. Now I bounty hunt for living.

TESSA

You a bounty hunter?

SALLY

Yep.

TESSA

But... you're a lady.

SALLY

If you do all the paperwork and bring back the fugitive, the judge don't care none.

TESSA

So you kill outlaws?

SALLY

You ask a lotta questions... er, I didn't get your name.

Tessa turns away from Sally and sips her drink.

TESSA

Smith. Tessa Smith.

SALLY

Nice meeting you Tessa.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN enters the saloon with an acquaintance of his. They both speak rather loudly.

MAN #1

It's damn right lucky we left Nickelwood Town last night.

MAN #2

Yeah, who'd of thought that Walters' gang would strike there.

MAN #1

They sure are some fearless motherfuckers.

Tessa, overhearing this, gets out of her seat and strides to the both of them. She seizes Man #1 by the collar.

TESSA

What happened in Nickelwood?

MAN #1

What the fuck? Get off me lady!

Man #1 pushes Tessa off him. Tessa gets up and seizes him again.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA
Tell me what happened in
Nickelwood!

Man #1 makes to slap Tessa but Sally intervenes. Sally looks at at Tessa solemnly.

SALLY
I came from Nickelwood a few hours
ago. There was a bank robbery there
this morning.

Tessa stares at Sally in horror before storming out of the saloon. Sally watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTY HOOF SALOON - FINNEGAN'S REACH - AFTERNOON

Tessa exits the saloon, unhitches her horse, hops on and gallops out into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICKELWOOD TOWN - EARLY EVENING

Tessa races back into town as dusk settles in. She races toward her father's office.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Tessa bursts in to find her father Donald Trager sitting behind his desk and her brother Michael standing by the fireplace. They both have solemn expressions.

TESSA
Where's Ma?

Donald looks up at Tessa. His eyes heavy. He shakes his head.

Tessa slowly starts to breakdown in tears. Michael walks over to her and comforts her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - MCKINLEY'S RANCH - EARLY EVENING

Jackson is sitting alone on the porch smoking a roll-up cigarette in peace. William approaches the house, wiping sweat off his face with a towel.

Both William and Jackson's eye meet. William decides to approach Jackson as he takes a seat next to him.

WILLIAM
Your gut feelin' better?

JACKSON
I'll live.

A short silence.

WILLIAM
You mind sharin' how you ended up
half-dead on the side of the road
this mornin'?

Jackson looks at William, his face impassive.

WILLIAM
You ain't got to tell me if you
don't wanna. Just curious is all.

Jackson stubs out his cigarette.

JACKSON
Let's just say I made a bad
judgment call.

WILLIAM
Was it outlaws?

Jackson hesitates.

JACKSON
Yeah.

WILLIAM
Perhaps if you had a partner with
you, you could've avoided bein'
shot.

JACKSON
I did have a partner. He died.

WILLIAM
Oh... I'm sorry, I didn't -

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON
Don't worry about it.

A short silence between the two.

WILLIAM
Where you and your partner close?

JACKSON
I wouldn't say we were close. We didn't really get along most of the time. But we did make a helluva good team. Yeah, when the Pinkerton Agency was given a high stakes assignment, Robert and I were always the go-to guys for the job.

WILLIAM
Do you know who killed him?

Jackson starts to roll-up another cigarette.

JACKSON
I have a good idea who was responsible.

WILLIAM
And you can't tell me who?

JACKSON
Of course not.

WILLIAM
Well, at least the both of us have one thing in common.

Jackson sticks his cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

JACKSON
And what's that?

WILLIAM
Both of us lost someone we care about to outlaws.

Jackson turns to face William, intrigued.

JACKSON
Who did you lose?

William pauses for a second. He looks out straight in front of him, but his gaze drifts back to the past.

WILLIAM
I was thirteen when it happened...

JUMP CUT TO:

Jackson's cigarette has finished. He takes a last drag and stubs it out.

JACKSON
That sounds pretty fucked up. Who was the man?

WILLIAM
George Jenkins.

Jackson stares at William for a while. William feels Jackson's gaze and looks at him, startled by Jackson's surprised look.

WILLIAM
What?

JACKSON
Ain't that a coincidence? Jenkins works for the man I'm after.

WILLIAM
He does? Well damn, it must be fate come a-callin' after all.

JACKSON
And why's that?

WILLIAM
What d'you mean why's that? We got a common interest.

JACKSON
Hold your horses. This doesn't mean I'm lettin' you tag along or nothin'.

WILLIAM
Why not?

JACKSON
Coz your a civilian. You're no Pinkerton agent.

William stands up abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Then make me one! I want Jenkins to pay for what he did to my folks. For destroying my home. He needs to be stopped. And I wanna be the one to stop him.

Jackson considers William.

JACKSON

You sure about this? You'd be throwing away a nice life that you have here.

WILLIAM

I've never been more sure of anything else in my life.

JACKSON

There may be hope for you yet West.
(beat)
But I'll have to warn you. The man I'm after is someone far worse than George Jenkins.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - EVENING

An abandoned barn in the middle of a desolate farm. Inside the barn we hear the screams of a man. We move inside the slightly open doors of the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BARN - EVENING

In the centre of the barn is a BEARDED MAN, barechested and barefoot with nothing but his breeches on. There are lacerations all over his body as blood trickles down from each of them.

He is bound to a small wooden chair, tied to it with leather belts.

Surrounding the man are a large group of men, all outlaws as is evident by their rough attire and aggressive expressions. Skip Walters is circling the Bearded Man carrying a sharp bloody knife that he slashes against the Bearded Man's chest.

The Bearded Man yelps in pain.

(CONTINUED)

WALTERS

I'm gonna ask you again. Where is
George Jenkins?

The Bearded Man doesn't respond, his breathing is extremely labored as he struggles to scream.

WALTERS

We know he came in this direction.
You'll make things easier for
yourself if you just tell us where
he went.

BEARDED MAN

(panting)

I... I don't know... please...

Walters carves a small laceration on the Bearded Man's left foot. The man yells in pain.

WALTERS

If you don't tell us where he is,
I'll cut off your legs and feed
them to your pigs.

BEARDED MAN

(panting)

I don't know...

WALTERS

You know what this Jenkins did? He
stole the dignity of a woman. He
raped her whilst under my command.
That's something I can't forgive.
You understand right?

The Bearded Man nods weakly.

WALTERS

So help me find this
son-of-a-bitch. That way I won't
have to kill you.

Walters leans closer and puts his hand on the Bearded Man's face.

BEARDED MAN

(panting)

I... don't know... a man called
Jenkins.

(CONTINUED)

WALTERS
But a man was here?

The Bearded Man nods weakly again.

WALTERS
Where did he go!?

BEARDED MAN
He... he...

WALTERS
Where!?

BEARDED MAN
Tombstone...

The Bearded Man passes out. Skip Walters backs away from the Bearded Man. He sticks out his hand and one of his men gives him a bottle of liquor. Walters opens it and takes a swig.

WALTERS
It's a shame to waste good liquor.

Walters smashes the bottle against the Bearded Man's head, causing him to be drenched in liquor.

Walters then lights a cigar with a match then flicks the still-lit match onto the Bearded Man's body as it erupts in flames. The Bearded Man awakens and his screams echo throughout the barn.

Walters turns his back on the the burning man and heads for the door.

WALTERS
Let's move out!

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS