

# Gringos Los Locos

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EXT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- TRAIN STATION -- DAY

An engraving reads: John Sumner - 1835.

It is etched on the back of a pocket watch. The cover flips open to reveal the face of the time piece. It reads noon.

Gordon Sumner (27), a good looking, clean, and respectable man, snaps to attention at the sound of a train whistle.

The locomotive grinds to a stop, clouds of smoke and steam spewing from the engine.

Isabel steps off the train a little frantic. She sees him--

ISABEL  
Gordon!

She runs into his arms. They clutch each other desperately--

GORDON  
Isabel, I missed you something fierce.

Gordon kisses her hard, but quickly pulls away. He notices she is distraught--

GORDON (cont'd)  
What is it?

ISABEL  
(in Spanish)  
My father. He's in trouble. He needs your help. All the help you can find.

The gravity of her words drains the life out of him.

EXT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- OPEN RANGE -- DAY

Gordon rides his horse hard across the desert toward the city. Isabel clings to him from behind as they kick up clouds of dust.

INT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- POST OFFICE -- DAY

The door kicks open. In steps Gordon. The old crusty man begin the register eyes him from behind his bi-focals--

GORDON  
I need to send a message. Western Union.

OLD MAN  
All right. To who?

Gordon eyes the wanted posters on the wall behind the old man. He points to the six posters of the Sumner brothers--

GORDON  
To them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fear crosses the Old Man's face as he turns and eyes the vicious looking gang...Blake, Scratch, Avery, Lane, Mitchel, and Shorty.

GORDON (cont'd)  
My brothers.

GUNSHOT TO:

A DOG EARED PHOTO OF--

John Sumner age 27. Rough and tumble. Mean and dirty. He is covered in pelts from hunting--

LANE'S VOICE  
Paw was a trapper until the age of twenty-seven. He made enough off a' skins of coons and coyotes to survive, but it was a solitary existence.

The photo flips down to reveal another picture: John rides his horse to the horizon--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)  
One day he heard they were giving away land out west, so he headed for California along a Southern route. Took him damn near two years to cross the country. It has been said, that over his two thousand mile trek, paw knocked up 'bout thirty ladies. His libido was legendary. Sowed his wild oats across the territories like a regular Johnny Appleseed...only he weren't planting no trees.

The dog eared photos begin to flip down, telling the story in moving pictures: Numerous women snuggling with John -- a Native American, a Mexican, a white woman from a brothel, a Chinese woman in an opium den, a black woman with shackles on her feet--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)  
Pa eventually settled down just outside the great city of San Francisco. He even took himself a wife. Got all respectable and civilized.

A DOG EARED PHOTO OF--

John Sumner, looking less the cowboy with a beautiful white woman on his arm. Behind them, a house is being built. John proudly holds the deed to the land--

John Sumner age 35. He stands by the finished house with his wife and infant child. Nearby is a ranch with 20 head of cattle--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Within three years he had a family and a ranch of his own. It was the American dream, as some folks liked to say, but for Paw something was missing. There was a heavy nagging at his heart. So he set off one day, back across the countryside, retracing his steps, searching for the kin he had left behind.

Another photo flips to see John with a wagon full of kids, black, white, Mexican, and Native American--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

It took him damn near five years to collect up all his bastard sons, but he did it, and then he brought us all home.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

BLAKE SUMNER, *THE LEADER OF "THE Sumner BROTHERS"*, WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE FOR MURDER, ARMED ROBBERY, \$2000 REWARD.

LANE'S VOICE

Blake was the oldest. He was 11 when paw found him at a whore house. I'll tell you, sometimes when I looked at Blake and paw next to each other, I couldn't tell 'em apart.

EXT -- DESERT LAND -- EARLY MORNING

A small shack, a wooden barn, a pen with fifty horses, and a crude fence surrounding it all sit in the morning sun.

LANE'S VOICE

Because he grew up with whores, Blake was naturally endowed with an understanding of the feminine wiles.

GRAPHIC: 1865 CALIFORNIA TERRITORY

Only a cactus and a few tumble weeds look on. Over the crest of a mountain peeks a man on horseback.

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

He constantly he put this knowledge to good use. Probably sowed just as many wild oats as Paw did.

INT -- THE SHACK -- DAY

A WOMAN screams in ecstasy and drops naked to the floor. BLAKE (33) rough, tumble, and always ready to fight, falls naked on the bed--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
Tobacco?

WOMAN  
Dresser.

BLAKE rolls a smoke and offers to her--

WOMAN (cont'd)  
My husband says I shouldn't. Ain't lady  
like. Paw used to say the same thing.

BLAKE  
You want one or not?

WOMAN  
(nods)  
I could fall in love with you, Blake.

He lights both and gives her one. He pulls his pants on--

BLAKE  
Now cut that out. Stop talking stupid.

WOMAN  
You ain't never been in love?

BLAKE  
Not like that. Beside, marrying a woman  
don't make her blood.

WOMAN  
Even if she's the mother of your  
children?

BLAKE  
Well.

WOMAN  
You can't stay wild your whole life.  
Someday you look around and see you're  
all alone...if it don't kill you first.

BLAKE  
I ain't the settling type.

WOMAN  
I know. I want to come with you. Best  
time of my life was traveling over the  
Rockies to get here. It was so exciting,  
living free. I never meant to get tied to  
one spot. I want to go back to that life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

You just saying that 'cause you ain't got much to choose from here.

A voice grabs them--

HUSBAND

Well, fuck you, too, stranger.

In the doorway is the HUSBAND, dusty and beaten from his trip. He has a gun--

Blake eyes his gun belt on the night table--

BLAKE

Howdy.

HUSBAND

Git the hell away from her.

BLAKE

Sure. I'm done anyway. You can have her back.

BLAKE flicks his cigarette, hitting HUSBAND in the eye--

HUSBAND

Som'bitch!

BLAKE grabs a chair and cracks it over the HUSBAND, slamming him against a dresser and shattering the mirror--

BLAKE throws him out the window to the porch. Glass explodes the wooden railing snaps. Husband gets to his feet and runs for his horse near the barn--

WOMAN

Blake, don't kill him! Don't do it!

BLAKE slaps her aside and grabs his six shooter. He puts a single bullet in the back of the HUSBAND'S head, who drops dead just feet from the barn--

BLAKE turns the gun to another figure on the porch. A MESSENGER is on his knees, eyes closed, hands in the air--

MESSENGER

M...m...message for Blake Sumner.

Blake lowers the gun. MESSENGER holds up an envelope--

BLAKE

What's it say?

Messenger opens the telegram and reads--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MESSENGER

Blake. Time to pay Paw's debt. Gather up the brothers. Meet me in San Francisco. Gordon.

BLAKE

Shit.  
(to messenger)  
You ever hear of Avery Sumner?

MESSENGER

I know all of 'em. Stories are legend...

BLAKE

He's somewhere in the canyon. Arizona territory. He'll be hard to find....

MESSENGER

Sir, we're Western Union. We can find anyone, anywhere.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

AVERY SUMNER OF "THE Sumner BROTHERS", WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE FOR MURDER, ARMED ROBBERY, \$1500 REWARD.

EXT -- GRAND CANYON -- EARLY MORNING

AVERY (33) a stern, black cowboy, urinates off a cliff--

LANE'S VOICE

Avery was born and raised on a plantation in Georgia. Paw had fucked a colored girl while spending a night on a cotton farm.

GRAPHIC: ARIZONA TERRITORY

At the sound of a scream, Avery whips out a telescope--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

When paw returned years later to reclaim his negro son, the emancipation proclamation had yet to be signed.

Bandits chase a stagecoach down on the flatland toward the edge of the canyon, to a thousand foot drop. An old man and a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, and a 10 YEAR OLD BOY are inside. A trunk chained to the coach reads: BANK DEPOSIT. Avery smiles--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Avery was good labor. Top dollar. Two fifty, easy. Paw talked 'em down to one seventy-five.

He takes aim on the two bandits with his rifle--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The snap of a twig turns his attention. He spins around, unsheathes his hunting knife, and puts it to the throat of the Messenger--

MESSENGER  
Western Union...

AVERY  
Sneaking up's gonna git you skinned  
alive, boy.

He pins the MESSENGER to the ground--

MESSENGER  
Sorry...urgent message...from your  
brother Blake.

AVERY  
Aw, shit.

AVERY lets him up and returns to aiming at the bandits--

MESSENGER  
(*clears throat*)  
Your brother needs you in Mexico...

AVERY snipes a bandit. MESSENGER flinches at the gunshot--

MESSENGER (cont'd)  
Says, meet him at the border.

AVERY kills the second bandit. MESSENGER flinches again--

MESSENGER (cont'd)  
Says it's of dire importance.

AVERY  
Always is with him...

AVERY jumps off the cliff, slides down the mountain to his horse. He lassoes a large boulder with one end of his rope and the wheel base of the stagecoach with the other--

AVERY sits back in the saddle, lights a cigarette, and watches the rope lose slack until it is pulled taught--

AVERY (cont'd)  
(*to himself*)  
And...halt.

The taught rope yanks the wheels out from under the coach. The horses continue to pull the carriage toward canyon edge--

AVERY (cont'd)  
Shit.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

AVERY shoots the chains to the BANK DEPOSIT trunk strapped to the top of the carriage. The trunk hits the ground, spilling silver coins everywhere--

AVERY blows the door off the side of the coach, spurs his horse, rides up beside, and extends a hand--

AVERY (cont'd)  
Throw me the kid.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Are you crazy?

AVERY  
Either that or he drops a mile into the canyon.

OLD MAN  
Don't be afraid, just do as the man says.

The YOUNG WOMAN looks to the cliff, then to AVERY--

AVERY  
Got about fifty yards, now.

The old man and the young woman shove the boy out to AVERY, who grabs his arm and pulls him up into the saddle. Then he halts his horse--

YOUNG WOMAN  
What are you doing? What about us...?

The horses and coach fly off into the canyon as the old man screams. It crashes to the rocks below--

10 YEAR OLD BOY  
MAMMA!  
(to Avery)  
You som' bitch!

The BOY weeps, hitting and clawing. Avery slaps him hard then grabs his arms--

AVERY  
Hey! There was only time to save one of you. You just a kid. Ain't no reason for you to die like that.

10 YEAR OLD BOY  
But my mamma...

AVERY  
Well...right now you think she's an angel, but you don't know no better. When you grow up a touch, you'll see. Everybody's got some devil in 'em.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AVERY(cont'd)

Everybody deserves to die for some reason  
or another.

AVERY drops the kid to the ground.

AVERY (cont'd)

You see that money box? Fill your pockets  
with whatever you can. That's your  
inheritance.

The boy, horrified, begins to fill his pockets. AVERY dumps  
the rest of the money into a sack, then slings it over his  
horse. He hands the boy one of his many hunting knives--

AVERY (cont'd)

It's a kill or be killed world, kid. You  
make sure you strike first.

Avery hitches his horse and rides off, leaving the kid alone  
in the middle of the canyon.

THE MESSENGER

on the cliff, watches through the telescope--

MESSENGER

Damn. Them stories don't lie.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

LANE SUMNER OF "THE Sumner BROTHERS", DEAD OR ALIVE, \$1000  
REWARD. WANTED FOR MURDER AND FRAUD.

EXT -- PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES -- DAY

LANE (30), shifty and lanky, wears a fake beard and mustache  
at the back of a covered wagon, where a crowd has gathered--

LANE'S VOICE

I grew up with a bunch of performers.  
Actor types. We was always on the road,  
performing Shakespeare and what not.  
'Course it was all a ruse. What we was  
really doing was picking the pockets of  
the audience while they watched the  
shows. My mother was a Spanish fortune  
teller, crystal ball and all.

GRAPHIC: PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES

LANE

(to all)

Good people, I tell you this, getting  
long in tooth is no longer a concern of  
mine since I discovered the fabled  
fountain of youth. Ponce de Leon was onto

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE(cont'd)

something, but unfortunately died before he could reach the magic elixir.

A SHERIFF, with a skeptical eye, sits in his wooden chair on the porch of the jailhouse. He lights a pipe--

LANE (cont'd)

I didn't believe it myself at first, but I am sixty-five years of age and I don't look a day over thirty. This is gospel truth, friends.

MAN IN CROWD

So how much?

LANE

Well, normally, I sell it at five greenbacks a bottle...now that's enough for a family of six, but if I have a commitment of a hundred people, then I'll drop the cost down to two dollars.

General interest, until a voice from within the crowd--

PREACHER

(Mitchel in disguise)

Demon, be gone from our midsts! Leave these poor working people to their lives.

LANE

Ah now, this here's the real thing, preacher.

PREACHER

Then it's not of God, but of Satan. Witchcraft and black magic!

The crowd is now skeptical. The preacher coughs--

LANE

Now, now, Jesus tells us quite clearly in the scriptures that he will be with us always, performing miracles and such, even unto the end of the world. Amen. So who's to say that it's not straight from heaven?

PREACHER

I will say, as a man of God.

LANE

Glad to hear it, come on up and play witness for me.

PREACHER climbs up onto the covered wagon, coughing--

LANE (cont'd)

That's a nasty cough, padre. You sick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PREACHER

As some of these people well know, my missionary work for the Lord in many foreign countries has stricken me with the noncontagious disease of bronchitis.

LANE

Then drink this and breathe easy forever more.

The people wait as the PREACHER swigs the blue liquid--

PREACHER

*(coughs)*

As I said, false prophet.

The crowd turns against LANE, booing and hissing--

MAN IN CROWD

Cheating, lying bastard!

LANE

Well, you got to give it a second to take effect.

ANOTHER MAN IN CROWD

Dirty son of bitch!

SHERIFF leans forward in his chair eyeing LANE'S FAKE BEARD which is peeling off. He heads inside the jailhouse--

The PREACHER suddenly halts the booing and hissing--

PREACHER

WAIT!

The crowd quiets. The PREACHER falls to his knees, weeping, as he breathes in a huge lung full of air and exhales--

PREACHER (cont'd)

Dear God in heaven I thank thee for bestowing this miracle upon my undeserving head...

*(to crowd)*

I can breathe! Praise to Jesus, I AM HEALED!

INT -- JAILHOUSE

With a piece of charcoal, the SHERIFF draws a beard and mustache onto Lane's wanted poster. A perfect match.

EXT -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

The crowd rushes the wagon as the PREACHER and LANE frantically collect money and pass the blue elixir. As the crowd surges forward, BLAKE is left standing alone--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
(to himself)  
Oh, boy.

Blake eyes the preacher. It's another brother, MITCHEL (31), who could be Lane's slightly darker-skinned twin--

FLASH TO:

MITCHEL SUMNER OF "THE SUMNER BROTHERS", DEAD OR ALIVE, \$1000 REWARD. MURDER AND FRAUD--

LANE'S VOICE  
Then there was Mitchel. Paw had to hunt down a tribe of Apaches to get him back. Mitchel's tribal name was Pale Devil. Whitest Apache ever born. They couldn't figure out why or how he looked so different until Paw showed up to reclaim him.

INT -- JAILHOUSE

SHERIFF is looking at Mitchel's poster--

LANE'S VOICE  
The injuns was happy to get rid of Mitchel, seeing as how he used to beat up on all the other injun children and cause all sorts of chaos, knocking down teepees and what not.

SHERIFF looks out the window again and peers deep into the face of the PREACHER--

SHERIFF  
Well I'll be goddamned!

HE grabs his shotgun off the wall.

LANE'S VOICE  
Even though Mitchel and I didn't meet until later in life and were separated by a year in age, it was like we was born twins.

EXT -- PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES -- DAY

BLAKE makes his way to the front of the wagon--

BLAKE  
What in the name of all that's holy are you two igits doing?

LANE  
Blake!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Figures you both be running a clown show.

LANE

(soto)

Get up here and help, we're making a killing. Easy three hundred if we sell 'em all.

MITCHEL

The good Lord would appreciate your help.

BLAKE

Shut the hell up, Mitchel. What are we charging?

A shotgun blast blows the lantern off the wagon. Everyone looks at the SHERIFF, who reloads--

SHERIFF

Folks, I regret to inform you that you have all been duped. That there's Lane and his brother Mitchel from the Sumner gang. They're wanted for murder and fraud...

(sees BLAKE)

...well, I'll be goddamned to hell and back. Nice to see you too, Blake. You got the biggest bounty on your head out'a all of 'em. Now the poster says dead or alive and I respect ya'll, so I'm gonna let you choose. Which do you want? Dead or alive?

The brothers answer without even consulting. It's unanimous--

BLAKE / MITCHEL / LANE

Dead.

LANE throws a bottle of GREEN LIQUID at the ground. It explodes in a cloud of smoke. Pandemonium breaks out as people scatter. The SHERIFF fires wildly--

The Brothers dive into the wagon--

MITCHEL slashes the harness that attaches to the wagon, jumps on a horse, and rides out of town--

LANE and BLAKE hop on the other horse and ride in the opposite direction, back into the crowd--

BLAKE

There...the hotel!

BLAKE points to his horse. LANE heads for it, dropping another GREEN LIQUID smoke bomb--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE jumps from Lane's horse to his own and is galloping away before the SHERIFF can even get off the jailhouse porch.

EXT -- JUST NORTH OF LOS ANGELES -- SAME

BLAKE, LANE, and MITCHEL ride over the crest of the hill, closely followed by the SHERIFF and THREE DEPUTIES. Bullets zing around them--

BLAKE  
You silly sorry bastards! What the hell was that about?

MITCHEL  
Just a little magic show. Tell him, Lane...

MITCHEL spins around in his saddle, facing the foes behind. With a bow an arrow, he begins to pick off the trailing deputies--

LANE  
You heard about that mail fraud we was pulling?

BLAKE  
I heard you damn near got your asses shot off, is what I heard.

Still facing backwards, MITCHEL knocks a DEPUTY off his horse with an arrow to the head--

LANE  
Yeah. Well, we had to go in hiding. Shacked up with some gypsies.

MITCHEL  
Like the one's he grew up with...

LANE  
I didn't grow up with no damn gypsies! They were actors!

MITCHEL  
Anyways...

LANE blows out the legs of a horse with his shotgun and upends DEPUTY 2 with an incredible *CRUNCH!*

LANE  
Anyways, Mitchel gets it stuck in his head that this magician guy, our gracious host-- he thinks this dickhead is trying to poison us...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHEL

You can't tell me that chicken didn't taste funny!

LANE

So he fills him full of lead, we take his wagon and make off with all this neat shit.

BLAKE

Like a bottle full of smoke?

MITCHEL

Lord knows how it works, but it is a spectacle, ain't it?

SUDDENLY the ground erupts in a blast near them--

LANE

What the hell?

BLAKE

TNT! Sheriff's got a side saddle full of it!

MITCHEL

No, he don't.

MITCHEL slings his bow over his shoulder, pulls out his pistol and puts two bullets into the SHERIFF's satchel. KA-BOOM! Horse and Sheriff are blown to hell--

The rest of the posse halt and let the brothers escape--

MITCHEL (cont'd)

Boom! Now that there's magic!

BLAKE

They're turning tail.

LANE

So, Jesus H. Goddamn, Blake! It's nice to see you and all, but what the hell are you doing here?

MITCHEL spins back around in his saddle, facing front again--

MITCHEL

Simple brotherly love, man. He missed us.

LANE

Missed us like a blind man misses the sight of his own behind. What for, Blake?

BLAKE

Time to make good on paw's dying wish.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

LANE & MITCHELL  
Oh, hell! Not Mexico!

BLAKE  
(nods)  
Yep. But we gotta stop in 'Frisco  
first...

They ride across the landscape.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

JAMES Sumner A.K.A. "SCRATCH" OF "THE Sumner BROTHERS", DEAD  
OR ALIVE, \$3000 REWARD. MURDER AND ARMED ROBBERY. EXTREMELY  
DANGEROUS.

INT -- SALOON -- DAY

The place is empty except for two old timers, a piano player,  
the barkeep, and SCRATCH (27), wiry, ferocious, and dumb--

LANE'S VOICE  
Nobody can seem to remember where the  
hell Paw found Scratch. Prison, most  
likely. Paw once told us that he drugged  
him up out'a hell itself. God only knows  
what sort of woman could birth such a  
monster. He had no regard for human life  
and he was always instigating some sort  
of mayhem, but he was blood, so he was  
one of us.

Scratch sits at a table, boots up, empty bottle of Tequila on  
its side, and another half gone. He downs a shot--

Three figures appear at the swinging doors, silhouetted by  
the sun behind them--

LANE  
(disguised voice)  
Scratch, I'm calling you out.

In a flash, SCRATCH is turned around with both six shooters  
trained on the voice--

SCRATCH  
Step on up, asshole.

LANE, MITCHEL, and BLAKE step through the swinging doors--

BLAKE  
Nice to see you're itchy as ever,  
Scratch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's takes Scratch a moment to recognize his own kin. When he does realize, he becomes a giddy child--

SCRATCH  
I'll be a priest in a whorehouse, You  
som' bitches! You got'ta be shitting me!  
It's a Goddamned family reunion! Have a  
seat and some Mexican milk, brothers!

SCRATCH staggers to his feet and they all exchange hugs--

BLAKE  
It's good to see you, but we ain't got  
time to drink.

SCRATCH  
Like hell we don't. DRINK.

Knowing it's best not to argue, they all sit. Scratch hands the bottle to Lane, who swigs--

BLAKE  
So...

MITCHEL  
So we're going to Mexico, Scratch. You're  
coming with us.

SCRATCH  
Ah, what the fuck would I want to go bean-  
town for, Gringos?

Lane hands the bottle to Mitchel--

BLAKE  
The last great ride of the Sumner  
Brothers.

MITCHEL  
(*RE: the bottle*)  
Ain't you heard of glasses?

SCRATCH  
No! Goddamnit! We shook on it! Splitting  
the loot seven ways don't leave much  
whoring money.

BLAKE  
This one ain't about money...

SCRATCH  
Fuck you, we ain't even getting paid?

BLAKE  
This one's a favor to paw. His last  
request.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCRATCH

What are you talking about?

LANE

You remember Ricardo? His friend? Paw owed him a life debt. We gotta make good on it.

SCRATCH

We're going to Mexico for Paw?  
(they all nod)  
Well, all right then...Amen to that.

They all remove their hats and bow for a second--

BLAKE

Good. Where's Gordon?

SCRATCH

Probably at home.

MITCHEL

He finally settle down? He buy some land?

SCRATCH

Yeah. Paw's land. He bought back the old ranch. Says he's fixing it up. Just like it used to be.

They all look at Scratch in surprise.

EXT -- LIVERMORE -- GORDON'S RANCH -- DAY

The brothers look down a hillside at a half-built ranch. A couple horses and cows graze in a pen.

BLAKE

Damn. Like looking back in time.

MITCHEL

I can't believe you and Gordon are sleeping under the same roof.

SCRATCH

Huh? Oh, no. Hell no. He told me I weren't welcome. Wouldn't even let me sack out in the barn.

The brothers laugh at Scratch--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

What's funny?

Blake spots a nearby fenced in cemetery with three crosses pitched in the dirt--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
(nods)  
Look.

Three crosses, in faded and rudimentary penmanship, read:  
Nadia Hernandez, Maw Sumner, and Paw Sumner.

The brothers remove their hats and lower their heads for a  
moment of silence--

MITCHEL  
You all feel that?

Everyone looks at Mitchel, who gets very sad--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
Paw's spirit is wandering in darkness. He  
ain't at rest.  
(shudders)  
Goddamn, there's demons all around us  
here.

Lane puts a hand on Mitchel's shoulder--

LANE  
I tell you what, brother, that Apache  
blood in you is down right mystical  
sometimes.

MITCHEL  
It's a goddamn burden is what it is. Like  
smelling a stink you can't get rid of.

Blake kneels down and pats the grave--

BLAKE  
You take it easy, now, Paw. We'll do like  
we promised. You'll find peace.

LANE AND MITCHEL  
Amen.

SCRATCH  
Damn straight.

Blake stands and puts his hat back on--

BLAKE  
Alright. Enough memories.

INT -- LIVERMORE -- GORDON'S RANCH -- DAY

The brothers wander the house calling Gordon's name to no  
avail--

Scratch stops at the mantle of the fireplace and picks up a  
framed photograph of John Sumner. He gets sentimental--

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CONTINUED:

SCRATCH

Blake!

Scratch shows Blake the photo, who takes it fondly--

BLAKE

Paw.

Scratch snaps his fingers in remembrance--

SCRATCH

I knew it. Damn my head sometimes, you know?

BLAKE

Yeah.

SCRATCH

You ever forget what he looks like?

BLAKE

Sure. It gets fuzzy. You get away from something long enough and it starts to disappear.

SCRATCH

I don't like forgetting. I hate being ignorant.

BLAKE

You ain't ignorant, Scratch. You just got some head challenges. I bet your memory would be better if you cut back a bit on the liquor.

SCRATCH

(flinches)

Naw. Hell no. You bes' give me that. Something to stir up the memory.

Scratch takes the photo and slides it into his pouch as Mitchel comes down the stairs--

MITCHEL

Gordon ain't here.

Lane enters with a type written letter and envelope--

LANE

I don't see him either, but I found this.  
(reads)  
"You been promoted to assistant manager."  
(smiles)  
It's from a bank.

BLAKE

Well, maybe he's at work.

EXT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- A BOOM TOWN -- DAY

The streets bustle with activity.

GRAPHIC: CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

INT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- HOTEL -- DAY

Gordon and Isabel are in bed. She stares at a pair of photos inside a locket hanging around her neck - Ricardo and Nadia Hernandez--

ISABEL  
(in Spanish)  
She died giving birth to me. That's not fair. A girl should at least get to meet her mother.

GORDON  
Nadia.

ISABEL  
You remember that?

Gordon nods. She looks at the photo of her father--

ISABEL (cont'd)  
He's all I have left.

GORDON  
(in Spanish)  
Don't worry. My brother's will be here soon.

Isabel  
And if he's already dead?

GORDON  
You can't think like that.

ISABEL  
I'm taking the morning train. I can't wait any longer.

GORDON  
If he's dead, he's dead. You going down there won't change that, it'll just get you killed.

ISABEL  
I don't care. Meet me when you can...

GORDON  
(in Spanish)  
No. Hell no. I know you love him and I know you are much stronger than most women, but you are not going back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABEL  
(in Spanish)  
You don't have the right to say that to me...

GORDON  
(in Spanish)  
Yes, I do. I love you, Isabel and I cannot lose you. I swear to you I will bring your father back here safely.

A rooster crows.

GORDON (cont'd)  
Promise me you'll stay here. Please.

Isabel nods. Gordon kisses her deep and gets out of bed.

GORDON (cont'd)  
I've got to go to work.

ISABEL  
What?

GORDON  
(in Spanish)  
Work. Work.

ISABEL  
(nods)  
When can I go to your ranch?

GORDON  
After my brothers and I ride out.

ISABEL  
You don't want me to meet them?

GORDON  
Absolutely not. These monsters were going to kill? I guarantee my brothers are worse.

FLASH TO:

ASSISTANT MANAGER PHOTO--

A picture of GORDON SUMNER on the wall of the Wells Fargo bank. He is the clean, prim and proper "Brother".

LANE'S VOICE  
Gordon was a mama's boy. He was the only one of us that was actually born and raised on the ranch. He got schooling and such. Real streak of civility running through him.

EXT -- SAN FRANCISCO -- A BOOM TOWN -- DAY

Gordon, in a nice suit, walks down the street.

LANE'S VOICE

After Paw passed, we all formed a posse and started riding for the law. Bounty hunters. We'd track down dangerous criminals and bring 'em back dead or alive in the name of justice. I should note that we never brought any of them back alive.

HREE CREEPY ROBBERS peek out from an alley as Gordon passes. They follow him as he heads toward the bank--

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

The rest of us were doing it because it was an exciting life and it paid real good. Gordon was doing it because he thought he was helping out society. He had some sort of respect for the law and for decency. We all figured there weren't no such thing. Seems pretty obvious that everyone is a criminal of sorts...some Of them just happen to wear badges.

INT -- BANK -- SAME

GORDON enters, jingling his keys as the OLD TELLER pops his head out of the open walk-in safe.

OLD TELLER

An Assistant Manager shouldn't be late. That's a bad example.

GORDON

I'm less than a minute late...

OLD TELLER

Be that as it may...

OLD TELLER mumbles and shuffles back into the safe. GORDON flips up the shade on the front door, coming face to face with the THREE CREEPY ROBBERS, staring through the window--

ROBBER 2

We'd like to make a big withdrawal.

ROBBER 1 kicks the door open, knocking GORDON over a desk and to the ground. ROBBER 2 locks the door and draws the shade--

OLD TELLER pulls a gun, but ROBBER 3 blasts him backward against the safe door. It slams shut. CLICK!

ROBBER 1

Aw, no! No! You stupid bastard!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROBBER 1 yanks on the safe door. It's locked. He shoots the dead body of the OLD TELLER with each word--

ROBBER 1 (cont'd)  
Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!

ROBBER 3  
Lay off! What was I supposed to do? He was going for his gun!

ROBBER 1  
Shoot him from over there!

ROBBER 2  
Aw, relax! We got our own personal accountant here to open it up for us.  
*(kneels to Gordon)*  
Don't we?

GORDON drives his foot to ROBBER 2's crotch, rolls aside, grabs a chair, and breaks it over ROBBER 1's back--

ROBBER 3 whacks GORDON hard with the butt of his gun--

ROBBER 3  
Bookworm thinks he's a hero.

ROBBER 2  
Shoot him in the leg. Bet he'll give us the combo then.

GORDON grabs for a pistol strapped to the leg of a nearby desk, but a boot stomps his hand--

ROBBER 1  
Look at that, he's still trying. Who you think you are, Wyatt Earp? You wanna do us like Billy the Kid?

Robber 2 grabs the pistol from Gordon--

ROBBER 2  
That's quite a cannon there, cowboy.

ROBBER 3  
Hell that ain't no cannon. That's a slingshot...for a woman.

ROBBER 2  
I'm thinking we should teach this som' bitch how to shoot like a real man.

GORDON stares defiantly, his nose bleeding--

ROBBER 1  
That's a dandy idear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBBER 2

Okay, so lesson number one, don't saddle up a stallion if you're only used to riding ponies.

They laugh and raise their guns--

ROBBER 3

Lesson number two, how to cock a pistol.

They cock their guns--

ROBBER 1

And last but not least, lesson number three...how to shoot...

A barrage of bullets rip through the ROBBERS. They fall dead away to REVEAL--

LANE and MITCHEL with shotguns, SCRATCH and BLAKE with two six shooters each--

SCRATCH

Class dismissed.

The brothers blow the smoke from their guns simultaneously--

GORDON

Better late than never.

BLAKE kneels to attend to GORDON's cuts and bruises--

BLAKE

They done whacked you good.

SCRATCH

Aw, come on. Swig of this an he'll be fine.

SCRATCH holds out his SILVER FLASK. GORDON pushes both of them away--

GORDON

Get off.

LANE

What? No hi? How you doing? Thanks for saving my life?

Blake takes off his hat--

BLAKE

Been a long time.

GORDON

That it has. I didn't know if you all would show up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MITCHEL

We're family, Gordon. Of course we showed up.

There is an uncomfortable silence--

BLAKE

So Ricardo tracked you down, huh?

GORDON

Yeah. He's being held captive in his own town.

BLAKE

How'd he get word to you?

Gordon hesitates--

BLAKE (cont'd)

Gordon, what are you not telling us?

GORDON

It's nothing. It's his daughter. She comes up by train every couple of months to get supplies and run errands for him. Couple weeks ago she shows up telling me some militia of banditos has taken over the whole town. She was barely able to sneak out.

LANE

Wait a minute, Gordy, you shacking up with Ricardo's little puta?

GORDON

You watch your mouth, Lane.

LANE

Oh, he's even sensitive about it.

MITCHEL

You're as much beaner as she is, amigo.

LANE

I'm Spanish, not Mexican, you dumb savage.

They begin boxing each other, playfully, but hard.

BLAKE

I don't know what to say.

GORDON

I'll be honest, Blake. I didn't ever want to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BLAKE

Same here.

GORDON

But whatever the story, we made a promise to Paw.

BLAKE

(nods)

Ain't nothing stronger than blood.

They all remove their hats and bow for a moment--

MITCHEL

Words straight from the book of Jesus, Gordon.

Blake helps Gordon to his feet--

BLAKE

Speaking of the very thing, you heard from Shorty? All'a us seem to have lost track of our little Chinaman.

Lane kneels, ear to the safe. He fiddles with the combo lock--

GORDON

You know the transcontinental railway they're building coast to coast? He's liberating his people from the chain gangs.

SCRATCH

He's doing what?

Lane gets the safe open and begins to load up on cash--

GORDON

Freed a couple hundred Chinese from a way point in Nebraska. Last I heard, he was heading for a unit stationed in Auburn.

Lane holds up four bags of money--

LANE

Ya'll want to help me with these? Six more in there.

GORDON

Goddamnit, Lane...

LANE

Oh shut up, Gordon. Your boss is dead. You're out of a job anyway. Don't make a stink about it.

Gordon sighs--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BLAKE

Load it up. We can be in Sacramento by morning.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

SHING SUMNER A.K.A. "SHORTY" OF "THE Sumner BROTHERS". DEAD OR ALIVE. MURDER, ASSAULT, AND TRANSPORT OF ILLEGALS, \$1500 REWARD.

EXT -- SACRAMENTO -- TRANSCONTINENTAL WAY STATION -- DAY

Hundreds of chained CHINESE stand in long lines alongside a track, pounding spikes and laying more rail--

LANE'S VOICE

Shorty was brother number seven. He grew up in an opium den, lucky bastard. He was taught ancient Chinese secrets and strange Oriental fighting styles. He was from a different world all right, but he was blood.

Wagons full of tools, lumber, spikes, ect, are nearby--

GRAPHIC: SACRAMENTO

FOUR WHITE MEN on horseback with shotguns keep watch. A FIFTH WHITE MAN walks up and down the line, hollering--

WHITE BOSS 5

Come on, you lazy slants! Ain't half as hot as it were yesterday and 'yer tapping these spikes like they're porcelain bowls. Pound those things, goddamn it. What the hell are we paying you for?

Somewhere along the line a OLDER CHINESE MAN drops to his knees, run out from the heat--

WHITE BOSS 2

You got a problem there, rice eater? 'Git 'yer narrow-eyed ass up, chink! 'GIT UP!

WHITE BOSS 2 dismounts, sets aside his shotgun, and approaches the fallen man--

REVEAL SHORTY SUMNER

Hidden behind a pile of lumber. He stealthily grabs the shotgun and slings it over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE BOSS

Alright, shit-heels, take a break and watch as my comrade shows ya'll what we do to those who slack off.

WHITE BOSS 2 slaps the OLD CHINESE MAN around--

SHORTY discreetly attaches two chains to the under side of the rail car, then hooks the other ends to the belts of WHITE BOSS 3 and 4--

WHITE BOSS 2 kneels over the old CHINESE MAN'S body--

WHITE BOSS 2

Whoops. I done kilt him!

WHITE BOSS 5

Well, that's what happens when you piss us off! Now git your indentured asses back to the grind!

The CHINESE MEN begin to work at double the pace--

SHORTY takes aim and fires. WHITE BOSS 5 hits the ground, his chest blown open--

WHITE BOSS 3 and 4 are yanked from their saddles as their startled horses take off running--

SHORTY grabs both chains, wraps them around the fallen men's heads and yanks, snapping WHITE BOSS 3 and 4's necks--

THE CHAIN GANG stops working in confused horror--

WHITE BOSS 1 pulls his shotgun, cocks it, and goes to aim, but TWO CHINESE STARS lodge into his chest and head--

SHORTY

I am here to demand a better wage for my people. Pay these men what they are worth or they will walk.

WHITE BOSS 2, the only one left, is filled with rage--

WHITE BOSS 2

What the hell is this shit?!?!?

SHORTY

Emancipation! This is freedom for all people, not just the black man.

WHITE BOSS 2 cracks his knuckles--

WHITE BOSS 2

I don't negotiate with chinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHORTY

Well, this train don't leave the station  
'til you compromise.

WHITE BOSS 2 takes a big swing. SHORTY ducks and wreaks havoc with his fists and feet. WHITE BOSS 2, bleeding and dazed, finally throws SHORTY off onto a pile of lumber--

SHORTY kicks a wooden slat at the big man, who slaps it away--

REVEAL LANE, MITCHEL, SCRATCH, GORDON and BLAKE

Sitting on horseback not twenty feet away. They watch the brawl with glee--

LANE

Should we help him?

MITCHEL

No, no, no. He's fine.

ANGLE ON SHORTY

As WHITE BOSS 2 swings a mighty fist. SHORTY side steps and the fist cracks against woodpile--

Shorty smacks him around with a couple of 2x4's, using them like sticks--

Shorty cracks WHITE BOSS 2 over the head with the 2x4, dropping him to the ground--

SHORTY tosses keys to THE CHAIN GANG. He instructs them, in Chinese, to unlock their leg irons. They do--

SHORTY

(in Chinese)

When they ask, tell them you want a raise  
and better working conditions!

The chain gang exchange looks of confusion--

BLAKE

(calling)

Shorty! You about done?

SHORTY turns and his jaw drops--

SHORTY

Heeeey! Brothers!

LANE

That was a beautiful performance.

The BROTHERS clap as SHORTY bows--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHORTY

What's with this parade? Where ya'll headed?

Six shots rings out from a few feet away. It's SCRATCH--

THE BROTHERS LOOK TO WHITE BOSS 2, who stands a few feet away, reaching for SHORTY. He falls dead and riddled--

SCRATCH

He was sneaking up you.

GORDON

I think one bullet would have sufficed.

SCRATCH

I don't know, he was a pretty big feller.

BLAKE

Saddle up, Shorty. We're riding south.

SHORTY

Sure. Why?

MITCHEL

Scratch needs more Tequila.

SCRATCH

You keep talking, Mitchel, I'm reloading.

BLAKE

It's time to pay Paw's debt to Ricardo.

SHORTY nods and whistles. His horse runs over the crest of the hill and trots to his side. He mounts and they are off in a cloud of dust toward a setting sun.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF --

Newspaper clippings recounting the violent and vicious early exploits of the Sumner Brother's raids--

LANE'S VOICE

Me and my brothers rode together for the better part of decade, hiring ourselves out as renegades and mercenaries. But somewhere along the way, after we caused too much trouble and killed a few too many innocent folk by accident, they took away our badges. And just like that, we were now the bad guys. Pretty quick we all had bounties on our heads. It didn't take long for our gang to get famous in the new world and riding together brought a lot of unnecessary attention to us, so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LANE'S VOICE (cont'd)

with each of our satchels full of gold and silver, me and my brothers split company and headed off into our own private sunsets...

EXT -- THE OPEN RANGE -- NIGHT

LANE

...wondering if our paths would ever cross again. And I guess they sure as hell did, didn't they?

LANE closes a LEATHER BOUND BOOK and tosses it to MITCHEL. The brothers applaud as they sit around a campfire, eating beans and rice, and smoking--

SHORTY

That's beautiful Lane.

LANE

Don't applaud me, Mitchel's the one that wrote it. I'm just the orator.

SHORTY

And I thought Gordon was the smart one.

SCRATCH

'Yer mama would be proud. You done educated yer'self.

MITCHEL

Can't pull off mail fraud and forgery if you know how to read and write.

LANE puts a silver coin in one hand, makes two fists, and holds them out to SCRATCH--

MITCHEL (cont'd)

People'll pay good money to listen to stories like this. People love hearing about the exploits of desperados.

SCRATCH chooses the left hand. LANE opens both palms and the coin is gone--

SCRATCH

How the hell'd you do that?

LANE

Magic.

MITCHEL

'Sides, we'll be dead someday. If I write it all down, we'll still be famous in a hundred years. Think about that.

SCRATCH

Hey, what the hell ya'll worth now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHEL  
Just a grand.

LANE  
Me too.

SHORTY  
Fifteen hundred on my head, but after  
today there's probably another five.

SCRATCH  
What's that make?

GORDON AND MITCHEL  
Makes two grand, Scratch.

SCRATCH  
Two grand ain't too shabby.

BLAKE  
That's my price tag.

SCRATCH  
What about Avery?

LANE  
Poster for him in Pueblo De Los Angeles  
said fifteen hundred, but he's worth a  
hell of a lot more than that.

SCRATCH  
Shit, I got y'all beat. Three grand.

BLAKE  
Bullshit.

SCRATCH  
God's honest! I got in a brawl 'bout six  
months back in San Antonio killed 'bout  
seven men. Turns out they were big in the  
army...captains or luet...looten...uh,  
whatever the hell you call it...lots of  
stripes.

BLAKE  
Lieutenants, shit fer brains.

LANE  
What was the fight 'bout?

SCRATCH  
Cards. They was cheating.

SHORTY  
Was they cheating or was you just losing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCRATCH  
Shut up, they was cheating!

A small pebble hits SCRATCH in the face. He jumps up and tackles SHORTY. They wrestle playfully--

MITCHEL  
You ain't even got a price on your head, do you, Gordon?

GORDON  
Got a pardon.

LANE  
You skipped out just as it got good. The Brothers are feared in ten states...if you put us all together.

GORDON  
I don't have a date at the gates of hell like you, Lane.

MITCHEL  
That's 'cause you 'git your belly from your mother.

GORDON  
My mother was a sweet, good woman. You watch your mouth.

SCRATCH and SHORTY rejoin the group--

SHORTY  
Ah, leave him be. Ain't his fault he grew up prissy.

GORDON  
Like growing up with whores is something to be proud of.

BLAKE  
Stop this nonsense. We were all poured from the same mold and that's all I want to hear about it. We are blood and don't none of you forget it.

There is a moment of silence--

MITCHEL  
So my question is, what's going on with y'all after this? We all jus' gonna split up again?

GORDON  
Why not do something worthy? Join the war. They take criminals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SCRATCH

What war?

SHORTY

Northern and southern states been duking  
it out last four years. Where the hell  
you been?

Shorty slaps Scratch upside the head. The wrestling begins  
again--

LANE

Would you two knock it off?

BLAKE

Hitting the hay ain't a bad idea, boys,  
we got a lot a riding tomorrow.

They grumble and say good-night, digging in near the fire--

LANE

Hey, Scratch.

SCRATCH

What?

LANE reaches over and pulls the silver coin from his ear--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

How the fuck you do that?

LANE

I told you...magic.

BLAKE taps GORDON. He follows him into the darkness--

MITCHEL

Lane, you gonna play us to sleep,  
tonight?

LANE

Sure.

LANE pulls out his harmonica. MITCHEL pulls out his book and  
inkwell to write--

ANGLE ON BLAKE and GORDON

who sit on the cliff side, legs dangling off--

BLAKE

I jus' wanted to apologize fer, you know,  
for all that happened way back then. Now,  
that I'm older...

GORDON

We just want different things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BLAKE

I know, I know, but...hell, I treated you less than civil 'cause you weren't born wild. I know you would'a stayed with that woman and you didn't want to be on the wrong side of the law, but I forced to go. I pushed you. That just ain't brotherly.

GORDON

Nothing says we have to git along, Blake.

BLAKE

Sure it does, Gordon, we're blood.

GORDON

I've heard this yarn.

BLAKE

Well, maybe you need to hear it again. There ain't nothing more important than family. Paw loved me and those other wild oats equal, he didn't have to round us up. And your mama was a good woman to raise a bunch a whores' children like her own. Anyways...

There is an awkward silence--

BLAKE (cont'd)

So what ever happened to that girl?

Faintly they can hear LANE begin a tune on the old harmonica as BLAKE whips out a cigarette, and lights it with a match.

GORDON

Catherine was her name. They got the bullet out, but she died of pneumonia by the time I found her again.

BLAKE

Well, see, that's what you git for hanging on with the weaker sex...

GORDON

Jus' drop it, Blake. You want us to get along, then drop it.

BLAKE

(beat)

We did have some good times, though, didn't we?

GORDON

Sure.

(after a beat)

It is good to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BLAKE  
Same to you, Gordon.

BLAKE sits alone at the edge of the cliff, smoking in the darkness.

FLASH TO:

WANTED POSTER--

EL TORO, A.K.A. THE BULL, WANTED DEAD FOR MURDER, ARMED ROBBERY, DESTRUCTION OF FEDERAL PROPERTY, \$7500 REWARD.

EXT -- GULF OF MEXICO -- DAY

A nasty, beefy Mexican, EL TORO, trots his horse amongst his bad ass posse. He smokes a cigar like a general--

The banditos root through hundreds of crates that litter the beach. Inside are guns, ammo, liquor, and supplies--

EL TORO looks to a Confederate Naval Captain who is strung up to a large rock. Banditos torture him to death--

Anchored off the coast is a Confederate Ship waving an American Flag. Rowboats return to shore, full of loot--

EL TORO  
(*in Spanish*)  
Give me a rifle.

A nearby Bandito tosses over his rifle. El Toro takes aim at the ship and fires, blowing the Confederate Flag off it's mast. It flutters down to the water--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(*in Spanish*)  
It is now El Toro's boat!

All the Bandito's cheer--

BANDITOS  
EL TORO!

El Toro tosses the rifle back and flicks the butt of his cigar at the Confederate Captain lashed to the rock--

EL TORO  
(*in broken English*)  
Your navy is weak. I will conquer your army as well. Soon your country will be my country.

El Toro's right hand man, COCKROACH appears--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EL TORO (cont'd)  
*(in Spanish)*  
 Ah! Cockroach! Tell me about the spoils  
 of war. What did we loot?

COCKROACH  
*(in Spanish)*  
 We have taken many guns, El Toro. Many  
 bullets. Barrels of gun powder. Jugs and  
 jugs of liquor...

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 No Gold?

COCKROACH  
*(in Spanish)*  
 No, senor. No Gold. But we did find a  
 cannon.

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 A cannon?

COCKROACH  
*(in Spanish)*  
 Yes, Senor. A big one.

Cockroach points to a large floor mount Gatling Gun that is  
 being hauled ashore on a rowboat--

El Toro eyes it with evil satisfaction--

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 That is beautiful.

El Toro kneels at the gun and runs his hand along it. He  
 loads the beast with a full belt and takes aim at one of the  
 ships in the gulf--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
*(in Spanish)*  
 Fuck you, boat.

El Toro jams on the trigger. The barrels of the huge gun  
 begin to spin. A hailstorm of bullets launches out--

The sails on the Confederate ship are shredded quickly. The  
 main mast blasts in half and topples into the ocean--

He lowers the aim and soon enough rips open a gaping hole in  
 the hull. The ship begins to roll onto it's side and sink--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(*in Spanish*)  
Hah! Hah! I like this gun. This will lead  
the charge on the front lines.

El Toro steps away from the smoking monster--

A shrill laughter grabs El Toro's attention. He looks over at  
the almost dead Confederate Captain lashed to the rock--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(broken English)  
WHAT-IS-SO-FUNNY...GRINGO?

CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN  
You just sank your own boat. You're not a  
general. You're just a pirate. My country  
may be at war, but you're no match for  
either side.

El Toro spins the Gatling Gun around and aims at the rock.  
Banditos dive out of the way as El Toro pulls the trigger.  
The Confederate Captain and the rock become dust--

El Toro lets off the trigger only after the belt finishes. He  
steps away from the Gatling Gun--

EL TORO  
(to himself)  
Now I have a secret weapon.

El Toro barks to a group of Banditos--

EL TORO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(*in Spanish*)  
Load it onto a wagon. Strap it down. I  
want all of this back at the fort by  
nightfall.

El Toro turns to Cockroach--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(*in Spanish*)  
Assemble my Lieutenants. It is time to  
prepare for the invasion.

El Toro snaps his fingers and a beautiful Mexican Girl brings  
him a cigar and a lighter. He mounts his horse and begins to  
ride. A dozen Banditos ride out with him.

FLASH TO:



EXT -- THE OPEN RANGE -- MORNING

A train chugs across the valley. The hoot from the whistle is heard faintly. A set of horse hooves slowly and quietly trots into the Sumner Camp--

As the Brothers sleep, a hand loads a rifle and slams the bullet home into the chamber. A finger coils the trigger--

BLAM! Avery holds aloft his rifle and fires it--

The Brothers snap awake, guns instantly drawn and leveled at AVERY, who is there on his horse, laughing--

AVERY

I just slit all your throats with my favorite buck knife. Me and everybody west of the Rockies saw 'yer campfire.

BLAKE

Really?

Avery turns to see Blake behind him, hiding in the brush--

BLAKE (cont'd)

I watched you ride up the ridge. I'd of shot you ten paces before you galloped in. Say your hellos, then saddle up.

AVERY

It's the crack of dawn and he's already barking orders. Just like old times, huh?

BLAKE

Nice to see you're still jealous.

Blake and Avery face off, there's tension--

AVERY

Three days. That's all that separates us.

BLAKE

Still makes me the oldest.

AVERY

White devil.

BLAKE

Fucking coon.

After a beat of growling, they laugh and hug--

BLAKE (cont'd)

Alright. We got a train to catch.

LANE

Train? I thought we was under the gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHEL

Yeah, what happened to no horsing around?

BLAKE

We ain't gonna rob it, we're just gonna hitch a ride to the border.

FLASH TO:

YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH--

The BROTHERS all together, weapons drawn. They look like a force to be reckoned with.

EXT -- THE OPEN RANGE -- DAY

The BROTHERS tear up dirt, horses pounding hard. They follow the railroad tracks south, rapidly gaining on the train. AVERY and BLAKE have the lead--

AVERY

My call.

BLAKE

It was your turn last time!

AVERY

Well, it's my turn again. Eagle!

Blake flips a coin. He opens his fist to reveal: EAGLE--

BLAKE

Damn.

AVERY rides ahead while BLAKE hangs back. LANE and MITCHEL move around back of the train to the opposite side of the tracks--

SHORTY rides up to the caboose and dives aboard, leaping from the saddle. GORDON lassos SHORTY'S horse and ties it off on his own saddle horn--

SCRATCH is a mile or so in front of the train. He stops his horse, straddling the track. He rolls a smoke and waits for the train--

AVERY cuts in front of the chugging train. The ENGINEER blows the whistle at the close call--

SHORTY swings up onto the roof of the caboose and stalks toward the front, sprinting across car tops--

MITCHEL and LANE pull themselves onto a cargo car of the train. GORDON ropes in their horses.

INT -- TRAIN ENGINE -- DAY

The Train Engineers look worried and confused as out in front of them, AVERY rides his horse, waving wildly and screaming. It is virtually inaudible over the chug of the train--

ENGINEER  
What? What's he saying?

EXT -- THE OPEN RANGE -- DAY

BLAKE rides up beside the train and boards the front car while the engineers are distracted--

GORDON eyes AN ATTENDANT, who peeks out from between two cars and levels a shotgun at BLAKE--

GORDON lassoes the ATTENDANT and yanks him from the train. He recoils the rope then lassoes Blake's horse--

MITCHEL and LANE unlatch and open the cargo car door. They rummage through the luggage with NASTY LOOKING KNIVES, tossing everything except the valuables out of the train.

INT -- TRAIN ENGINE -- DAY

BLAKE swings in, startling the Engineers--

BLAKE  
Stop the train.

AVERY pulls his rifle out and aims, still riding alongside. SHORTY drops from the ceiling upsidedown, gun leveled.

EXT -- OPEN RANGE -- DAY

THE BRAKES OF THE TRAIN grind to a halt. SCRATCH raises both six shooters as the train halts inches from his horse--

SCRATCH  
I'll be damned, we still have it.

MITCHEL drops a ramp from the cargo car. LANE rides both horses in. GORDON is close behind with everyone's horses.

INT -- TRAIN ENGINE -- DAY

BLAKE un-cocks his gun and smiles at the ENGINEERS.

BLAKE  
Much obliged. Just needed a ride.

The ENGINEERS smile reluctantly, then start the train again.

INT -- PASSENGER CAR

At the sight of them, passengers clear a section. The BROTHERS stretch outs on the seats--

LANE  
Traveling while you sleep. What will they think of next?

LANE plays a happy tune on his HARMONICA--

An older man eyes Avery--

OLD MAN  
(mumbles)  
Goddamn niggers....riding up front.

Scratch slams the old man against the car window with the butt of his gun to the head. He presses so hard the glass cracks--

SCRATCH  
You watch 'yer mouth. That's my blood 'yer talking 'bout.

GORDON  
Scratch. Calm down.

This has everyone's attention. A quiet tension builds until--

PASSENGER  
Y-you're the brothers...

BLAKE  
Here we go. That's right folks, we're the Sumner brothers. Bunch of reward money between the lot of us.

AVERY eyes a nervous SPANISH MAN amidst the exiting passengers. The more Avery stares, the more nervous he gets--

AVERY  
You got a problem?

SPANISH MAN  
No senior.

Everyone stops and is now looking at Avery--

AVERY  
Just in case any 'a you are thinking a' pulling pistol on us and collecting reward money, here's something else to think about: you might hit a couple of us and you might even kill one, but we will goddamn guarantee take down everyone on this train with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON shakes his head in disapproval. Blake, not wanting to be shown up, butts back in--

BLAKE

So if any of you som' bitches wanna be responsible for all these nice folks going to an early grave, then let's tango, assholes. Otherwise, sit back, relax, and enjoy the goddamn train ride.

The SPANISH MAN lowers his head. The passengers sheepishly exit as fast as possible--

The Old Man's staggers out of the passenger car, practically having a heart attack--

Blake sits next to Mitchel--

BLAKE (cont'd)

You know, that was a fancy piece of something last night. Them stories.

MITCHEL

Well, Lane sure does make 'em sound good.

BLAKE

Yeah, but you wrote it.

Mitchel smiles proud--

The SPANISH MAN is the last to sneak out, he moves slowly, watching the brothers--

SCRATCH

You.

Scratch turns his pistol toward the SPANISH MAN who stops as though caught red-handed--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

Where's the beer shed?

SPANISH MAN

(relieved)

A...a couple cars back...

SCRATCH winks and is gone. LANE follows him out--

LANE

That's a good idear, Scratch.

Avery lies down on a bench, hat over his eyes. Siesta.

BLAKE

(to Mitchel)

I was thinking. I bet we all got plenty

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE(cont'd)

stories of what happened to us while we was apart.

MITCHEL

I bet you're right. I should include those in my book.

BLAKE

(smiles and nods)

Al'right, so this one time I was hard up for coin and desperately need to make some kind of move, so I set my sights on this wagon train...

Gordon is fed up. He stands and exits the car--

EXT -- THE OPEN RANGE -- DUSK

The train speeds along the track, smoke pouring from the stack, as the sun slowly sets behind the mountains. Beside the train, a herd of buffalo keeps pace.

INT -- ANOTHER PASSENGER CAR OF TRAIN

SCRATCH and LANE are at the bar, six shots each lined up--

GORDON grabs one as he passes by, downs it, pats SCRATCH on the back, then continues into the next car--

SCRATCH

Hey...

LANE fondly rubs the dog eared yellow photograph of the gang. Scratch notices--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

When did this happen?

LANE

Jesus, it's our first Christmas together as a family. Don't you remember nothing?

SCRATCH

That was a long time ago. Sometimes hard to tell what's real and what's dreamed.

SCRATCH suddenly points out the window to a bunch of prairie dogs running alongside the train--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

You want to shoot some prairie dogs?

LANE

No. Why would I?

SCRATCH

(shrugs)

Something to do. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They slam their drinks and move to the caboose, as Scratch loads his rifle--

LANE  
Scratch, prairie dogs didn't do nothing to you.

SCRATCH  
Didn't say they did.

Everyone moves out of his way as SCRATCH stomps through the train car, gun ready. Lane follows--

LANE  
Then how come you can't you respect nothing? Bible says we supposed to take care of all the critters.

SCRATCH  
So. Bible says all sorts of crazy stuff.

LANE  
Well, Mitchel would kick your ass for all your senseless killing.

SCRATCH  
Yeah, well, he thinks that even trees and rocks got spirits. People say I'm dumb, but injuns even dumber than the Bible.

LANE  
You are a piece of shit, brother. You gonna burn for all eternity.

SCRATCH  
Who you fooling? You ain't going to heaven neither.

Lane can't argue.

EXT - TRAIN - DAY

Scratch and Lane exit the caboose to the back platform of the train. Lane sits as Scratch leans against the railing and takes aim at the prairie dogs running alongside the train--

SCRATCH  
So what'd we promise Paw?

LANE  
Christ almighty. How much brain is in that head of yours?

SCRATCH  
Come on, now! I was three sheets to the wind the day Paw died...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE

*(sighs)*

You remember his friend Ricardo?

SCRATCH

Yeah, yeah. That Indian that settled his ranch right next to us?

LANE

He weren't no Indian. He's a bean eater. Anyway, 'bout five years after Paw had rounded us all up, these renegades come riding in. Paw had done them wrong when he was young man and they were out for revenge. They slaughtered our livestock. Burnt the crops. But what they really wanted was blood. So we's out trying to keep everything from turning to ash and Gordon's riding around herding the horses to the barn. Meanwhile, these sons of bitches sneak inside to have their way with our step-mother.

SCRATCH

Goddamn low lifes.

LANE

Ricardo fought 'em off-- carved the bastards up like thanksgiving turkeys-- but it was too late, she was a bloody mess.

Scratch shoots a bunch of prairie dogs--

LANE (cont'd)

When all of a sudden, there's more bandits, coming at us from every side. They pushed us to the house. Trapped us in there. They lit the walls on fire.

SCRATCH

Then Gordon saved us?

LANE

*(nods)*

We scrambled upstairs to the roof. 'Member that crazy tank Pa had concocted to irrigate the crops? Well, Gordon lassos his horse to the leg of the tank and takes off riding. The rope snapped the leg, the tank crashed over...

SCRATCH shoots a prairie dog right the face--

LANE (cont'd)

Water rushed in. Flooded the house. Put out the fire. Saved our lives.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Scratch reloads, a trail of dead dogs in the dust behind the train--

SCRATCH

Then we got our guns and blasted those cocksuckers to death.

LANE

Afterward, we found paw in a ditch. His knees were busted and he was shot straight through the lung. As he bleed to death told us two things: One, we was blood, even if we had different mothers and all, we was still blood and to never forget that. Two, we owed Ricardo a life debt. Made us promise to make good on it.

SCRATCH

So Paw owed Ricardo 'cause the renegades burnt down his ranch?

LANE

Well...

(thinks)

Yeah. I guess. After that Ricardo was broke. Had to move back home to Mexico. I suppose Paw felt it was his fault that Ricardo's life was ruined.

SCRATCH

Either way. That's a good story.

The whistle to the train blows...

EXT -- THE TRAIN -- NIGHT (SOUND CARRIES)

...smoke pours from the engine. It chugs steady down the track, as it disappears into the darkness of a tunnel...

EXT -- LIVERMORE -- GORDON'S RANCH -- DAWN

The sun peeks out over the horizon. Cattle, horses, and sheep graze the fenced in field--

Isabel kneels at Nadia Hernandez's cross and weeps.

LATER:

Isabel stands on the porch of the ranch, alone. A rooster crows. She looks at the one shot Derringer pistol in her hand. She stands and heads for the horse pen.

Isabel saddles up a stallion and mounts it. She digs her heels in deep and coaxes it to jump the fence. Soon she is riding the open range at break neck speed.

EXT -- TRAIN STATION -- DAWN

The train puffs to a stop at a small rundown station as the sun slowly rises.

GRAPHIC: TEXAS -- EIGHT MILES FROM THE BORDER

The train whistle blows as people disembark.

EXT -- TRAIN STATION -- DAWN

The cargo door of the train slides open, revealing the seven brothers all mounted up and ready. They ride out--

The SPANISH MAN watches them ride off across the plain. He turns and runs.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

The Sumner Brothers ride full speed, hooves pounding dirt. SCRATCH whips out a flask. SHORTY rides up from behind and snatches it--

SCRATCH  
Hey! Come back here China-man!

They ride off in chase--

BLAKE  
Quit yer horsing!

SHORTY tosses SCRATCH his flask--

SCRATCH  
Got me in trouble.

BLAKE  
When we git close, we'll find a bird's nest. Avery and Shorty, you go into town, find Ricardo and assess the situation.

MITCHEL  
Blake, I gotta say that Lane and I should do the sneaking.

BLAKE  
Between the two of you the dead will hear you coming.

MITCHEL  
Hell, we won't be quiet, we'll just be in disguise.

LANE  
We're the only ones that know the native language.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

When did y'all pick up Spanish?

LANE

'Bout a year ago we infiltrated a little Mexican militia. They'd swiped a bunch of bullion so we pretended to be part of their crew and convinced them to let us take the stash back to the hideout.

BLAKE

Where was the hideout?

MITCHEL

Hell if we knew!

LANE

We jus' killed the rest of the party and headed back here to the States. They're still probably wondering where the holy hell we is.

SHORTY

What happened to the gold?

MITCHEL

Shithead lost it crossing a river.

LANE

It weren't my fault, current blew me off a waterfall.

SHORTY

And you trust them, Blake?

BLAKE

Well, if they know the amigos language talk, then maybe they can git some information from the banditos.

The BROTHERS ride off, leaving a trail of dust.

EXT -- GULF OF MEXICO -- DAY

An army of Banditos is being assembled. There are tents being filled with various stolen weapons, a large pen full of horses being outfitted for battle, and rows of tents filled with soldiers ready to fight--

Nearby is an enormous tent. Cockroach leads a band of Banditos into the tent.

INT - EL TORO'S TENT - DAY

A hundred Banditos are assembled, the Lieutenants in El Toro's army. When they are seated, Cockroach motions to El Toro, who slams a shot of Tequila, the speaks--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EL TORO

*(in Spanish)*

My friends. My fellow freedom fighters. As a Mexican people our entire history has been about struggling for our independence from foreigners. Fifty years ago, Father Miguel Hildago struck the first blow that freed us from the King of Spain. He rang the church bells and we answered the call, "Long live our Lady of Guadalupe!" Soon after we became La Nueva Espana! Now we fight the invaders from France. Our beloved President Juarez faces off with the last of our European enemies. I am confident the armies of Mexico will be victorious. But while most of our country's resources go to fight this disease within, another threat looms on the borders. As you know, twenty years ago the United States took our land to the north, claimed it as their own. Now these white devils slowly invade what is left of Mexico. They even have the cahones to call some of this land the New Mexico territory. As if we no longer matter. If we do not act swiftly, all of our beloved land will become part of the Americas. I cannot find the heart to celebrate Cinco De Mayo, because we have too many battles left to fight!

The room cheers his speech. When they settle, El Toro continues--

EL TORO (cont'd)

*(in Spanish)*

We are the secret army of Juarez. We will engage in this war, while the rest of the country fights the French.

The room cheers again, stomping their feet--

EL TORO (cont'd)

*(in Spanish)*

I was with General Juan Alvarez when he marched into Mexico City ten years ago and took it back for the people. He told me in confidence that if Mexico wanted to take back the land from the Americas, then we would have secure the train stations and turn the border towns into a frontline of defense. We have achieved this! We have drawn a line in the sand. And now that the states are distracting themselves by fighting each other, it is time for us to push north. We will take back this place they have named Texas. We will gain control of their California.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) EL TORO (cont'd)

And we will plant our flag in their New Mexico and make it our New Mexico once again!

The room cheers again--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(in Spanish)  
You will be my Lieutenants in battle.  
Each will be assigned a platoon...

Suddenly the cheering ends as a new commotion sets in: The SPANISH MAN bursts into the tent, ranting out of breath. Hundreds of guns draw on him--

SPANISH MAN  
(in Spanish)  
El Toro! I beg your forgiveness, but bad news! White men...on a train...very dangerous...

El Toro stands and approaches SPANISH MAN as Banditos swarm--

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
Let him speak.  
(to SPANISH MAN)  
What bad news? Tell me, my friend.

Banditos back off. SPANISH MAN catches his breath--

SPANISH MAN  
(in Spanish)  
Seven men have come to ride against you.

El Toro bursts out laughing--

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
Seven? Seven men? Quick! Pack up the camp, we must retreat!

El Toro slaps the SPANISH MAN across the tent as the Banditos laugh--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(in Spanish)  
My militia is ready to fight an entire country! Seven men! Hah!  
(thinks)  
I am curious. Tell me: who are these seven men? Who would dare ride against me?

SPANISH MAN  
(in Spanish)  
It is the Brothers. The Sumner Brothers. Reunited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

El Toro's eyes narrow as SPANISH MAN holds aloft the wanted posters--

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 Sumner Brothers...I have heard of these men. Outlaws in their own land. Why would they come here?  
*(to Spanish Man)*  
 Where are they?

SPANISH MAN  
*(in Spanish)*  
 They rode to the town of Ricardo.

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 Ricardo? No. It is not Ricardo's town. It is El Toro's town!

All the Banditos cheer--

BANDITOS  
 EL TORO!

El Toro beckons Cockroach over--

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish)*  
 I will not lose one of my strongholds to some pale faced desperados. Take a platoon and wipe them out.

The Banditos cheer and begin loading the wagons. El Toro looks at the Spanish Man--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
*(in Spanish)*  
 You will go with them to be my eyes and ears. When the brothers are dead, you will report back.

The Spanish Man nods in fear.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

A sign reads: Ricardo/population 130-- but it is scratched out with "El Toro" written over it--

P.O.V. TELESCOPE: The town is mellow, but clearly under BANDITO control. Some mill around drunk, some are passed out in the street--

TWO BANDITOS sit at a burnt out campfire, at the crest of a hill overlooking the town--

BLAKE, hidden in the crags of a mountain, gives the signal--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON lassoes both BANDITOS. SHORTY spurs his horse. The rope yanks the BANDITOS from the campfire and drags them to--

MITCHEL and LANE

Who stomp the BANDITOS dead, then steal their clothes. GORDON collects his rope and hands a slip of paper to LANE--

LANE  
What's this?

GORDON  
When you find Ricardo hand it to him.  
That way you won't blow your cover.

SHORTY  
What's it say?

GORDON  
What do you think it says, Shorty? It says, "I'm a horses ass. Kiss me."

SHORTY and GORDON rejoin BLAKE and SCRATCH at the look out. AVERY is watching through the scope on his rifle--

AVERY  
Smooth as silver. Here comes the changing of the guard.

TWO MORE BANDITOS approach from town. They stop at the campfire and talk to LANE and MITCHEL--

Everyone holds their breath, then sighs as THE BANDITOS take their place at the campfire. LANE AND MITCHEL head to town--

SHORTY  
I'm gonna go snuff out those two new lookouts.

SCRATCH  
Me too. I wanna kill someone!

BLAKE  
Let Lane and Mitchel git inside first.

POV RIFLE SCOPE: LANE and MITCHEL saunter toward the brothel at the far end of town. No one pays them any mind--

AVERY  
I'll lose 'em once they's inside the whorehouse.  
(beat)  
Gone.

Scratch slips away. Shorty follows him--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

Twenty minutes. If they ain't heading  
back our way, we ride in.

GORDON pops open his pocket watch and sets it down so they  
can all see the time.

INT -- BROTHEL

LANE and MITCHEL check the place out, then finally sit at the  
bar. A BANDITO next to them gives them the eye--

MITCHEL

*(in Spanish)*  
Did you drink it all yet?

The Bandito claps him on the back--

BANDITO

*(Spanish)*  
No, there's plenty more.  
*(to BARKEEP, in English)*  
Gringo! Three Tequila for me and me,  
uhhhh...  
*(to LANE, Spanish)*  
How do you say "Friends" in English?

LANE

*(Spanish)*  
I don't know. No English.

BANDITO

*(to BARKEEP, English)*  
Three tequila for me...amigos.

The barkeep approaches. It is RICARDO, and he looks very  
beaten and down trodden. He sets up the three drinks--

RICARDO

Your tequila.

BANDITO slaps RICARDO--

BANDITO

*(in English)*  
What I tell you? You say to me...  
*(Spanish)*  
...your tequila, my master and high  
king...  
*(in English)*  
...whenever you serve me, you say this to  
me and me amigos or I fuck your bitch  
daughter with a knife. Where is that  
cunt?

Lane raises an eyebrow at the mention of the daughter--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RICARDO  
Your Tequila, my master and high king.

BANDITO puts a gun to RICARDO'S head--

BANDITO  
In Espanola.

RICARDO  
(*Spanish*)  
Your Tequila, my master and high king.

BANDITO  
Beuno.

BANDITO lowers the gun with a chuckle as MITCHEL grabs RICARDO'S wrist and stuffs a wad of money in his hand--

MITCHEL  
A tip, Gringo.

MITCHEL pushes him away and the three at the bar laugh hysterically--

RICARDO scowls at the three of them and turns away. He looks at the money in his hand and notices that one is a note--

He reads the scratchy piece of paper: THE Sumner BROTHERS ARE IN TOWN. WHERE CAN WE TALK?

RICARDO looks at LANE, who gives a sly wink.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

The TWO BANDITO LOOKOUTS pass a bottle back and forth. A third hand grabs the bottle and swigs. It's SCRATCH--

SCRATCH  
Gracias, fuckface.

TWO BANDITOS go for their guns. SCRATCH smashes the bottle over the head of BANDITO 1, then faces off--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Come on, hombre.

SHORTY grabs BANDITO 2 by the hair and snaps his neck--

BANDITO 1 goes for his gun, but his holster is empty. SCRATCH holds up the gun, smiles, and tosses it aside--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Whoops! What'cha gonna do now, greasy boy?

The BANDITO pulls a big knife from his boot--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Ohhhh. I was hoping you'd say that.

BANDITO 1 swipes. SCRATCH grabs his arm, breaks the elbow, turns the knife around, and jams it deep into his chest--

SCRATCH sits down Indian style, whips out his flask, and watches the BANDITO struggle for life--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Go ahead. Pull the knife out, you re-fried bean. Come on.

SHORTY positions the dead body of BANDITO 2 so it is sitting up near the campfire--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Look at the way he's twitching, Shorty. Ain't that creepy?

SHORTY slits BANDITO 1's throat and drags him to the fire--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Hey!

SHORTY  
No time for your perversions.

SCRATCH  
My what?

INT -- BROTHEL

The drunk BANDITO at the bar is rambling on and on--

BANDITO  
(*in Spanish*)  
When I see El Toro, I will tell him, face to face, that I alone have the balls to turn this white man's town into a military base. He will make me a Captain in his army! Soon we will march into America! We will kill all of the white people! We are going to take back the land that is rightfully ours!

MITCHEL  
(*in Spanish*)  
Aren't you...we going to be a bit out numbered?

BANDITO  
(*in Spanish*)  
This is the genius of El Toro. The states fight each other. The north has weakened the south and vice versa. Their country  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: BANDITO(cont'd)

is torn in half. We could march right to their capitol and claim it for Mexico!

RICARDO comes over--

RICARDO  
We need more Tequila.

BANDITO  
*(in Spanish)*  
You let it run dry?!? Damn you!

Bandito smacks Ricardo--

RICARDO  
There's more in the store house. I'll need to bring over a crate.

LANE  
*(Spanish)*  
Captain, I'll take him.

BANDITO  
*(Spanish)*  
You call me Captain, that's funny!  
See how good it sounds to call me  
Captain?

LANE  
*(Spanish)*  
If El Toro puts you in charge, I want to be your first in command!

BANDITO  
*(Spanish)*  
I promise you will be, mi amigo.

MITCHEL  
*(Spanish)*  
We need more TEQUILA!

BANDITO  
TEQUILA! Take the prisoner to get more!

LANE  
Si Senor El Captain!

LANE escorts RICARDO outside as MITCHEL and BANDITO laugh.  
BANDITO laughs so hard he falls to the floor.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

AVERY, BLAKE, and GORDON wait for movement--

AVERY  
Ricardo's wife must have been something special, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
What do you mean?

AVERY  
I've heard of men owing each other a life debt before, but never because of a woman.

Gordon looks at them suspiciously--

BLAKE  
Accidentally shooting her was just part of it.

AVERY  
How so?

BLAKE  
She ain't never gave him no sons, just the daughter. Paw felt guilty. Not only did he kill the man's wife, he killed his chance of having a bloodline.

AVERY  
Why didn't he just take anther wife?

BLAKE  
I don't know. That's a good question.

GORDON  
Paw didn't kill Ricardo's wife. She died giving birth.

BLAKE  
No, that ain't right. Is it?

GORDON  
You don't even know why we're down here, do you?

BLAKE  
All right, you tell me.

SHORTY and SCRATCH rejoin at the vantage point--

SHORTY  
Mission accomplished.

BLAKE, AVERY, and GORDON look over to the look outs, who seem to be sitting around the burnt out campfire, dozing--

BLAKE  
Accomplished? They're still sitting there. What the hell?

SHORTY  
Naw, they're dead. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Blake shrugs as Avery points to the brothel--

AVERY

Movement...it's Lane and it...looks like Ricardo.

BLAKE

Looks like?

AVERY

It's been damn near fifteen years so lay off.

They all mount up--

BLAKE

Gordon, get Ricardo up here nice and safe. The rest of us... guns blazing!

They mount up and take off down the hillside toward the town.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

LANE keeps a firm hand on the nape of RICARDO'S neck, pushing him along roughly--

LANE

*(hushed)*

What do you figure?

RICARDO

'Bout sixty of them, most passed out in the brothel...the rest are scattered.

LANE

What about the town?

RICARDO

All dead except the girls at my brothel.

LANE

So who's this El Toro?

RICARDO

Self appointed General of his own outlaw army. He's been turning small towns into outposts all over Mexico. He's been preparing to invade America.

LANE

He sounds crazy.

A BANDITO, half asleep in the street, eyes them. LANE shoves RICARDO forward in a very violent manner--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE (cont'd)  
(screaming in Spanish)  
You want your ass shot off? Walk, Gringo!

RICARDO  
Jesus.

LANE  
Listen to me: you see my brothers riding  
toward us, there? From that hill?

RICARDO  
Yes.

LANE  
There's your cavalry. Should be over by  
dinner time.

RICARDO  
God bless you...

LANE  
There is, however, a small issue we  
should clarify before we go any further.  
The extermination fee.

RICARDO  
Fee?

LANE  
Well, we got travel expenses, supplies,  
ammunition...it ain't cheap.

RICARDO  
I have nothing. I have the land this town  
was built on. It's yours if you want it.

LANE  
Now we're getting somewhere. You got  
whores, too, right?

RICARDO  
Yes. Lots of whores.

LANE  
We'll take the town and a wife each.

RICARDO  
You get me out of this alive and you can  
have them all.

Lane spits in his hand. They shake--

LANE  
You got yourself a deal, Ricardo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GORDON comes riding to a halt, pulls RICARDO onto the horse, then is off and riding back up the hill--

AVERY, BLAKE, SCRATCH, and SHORTY begin to unload on any and everything in the street--

SHORTY  
YEEEEEEHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!

LANE rips off his Bandito attire and unloads his guns in the middle of the street--

BANDITOS, taken by surprise, are torn apart. Some drop from rooftops, falling to the street.

INT -- BROTHEL

MITCHEL is at a table with four BANDITOS playing cards. They all look up at the sounds of gun fire--

The brothel erupts into action, all the BANDITOS drawing their guns and running for the windows and doors--

MITCHEL picks off BANDITOS from behind with his six-shooters. He counts them out loud as they drop. He gets to seven before they realize gunfire is coming from behind--

MITCHEL dives behind the bar to reload. The BANDITOS turn their on him and blast away. Glass, mirror, and liquor rains down on Mitchel--

MITCHEL  
Why do I always end up with the shit end  
of the stick?

MITCHEL pops up from behind the bar and takes down a few more. He ducks and reloads as THREE BANDITOS duck into the backroom and shut the door for cover.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- SAME

LANE heads for the brothel, screaming--

LANE  
Mitchel's pinned down inside! Come on!

SCRATCH, reins in his mouth, yanks his horse toward the brothel--

BLAKE slides out of his saddle, hits the dirt, and rolls to his feet shooting--

AVERY climbs a balcony and scopes the brothel from afar--

SHORTY searches the south side buildings with a Chinese Broadsword. He disarms, impales, and chops Banditos in half.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

GORDON and RICARDO ride to the top of the hill--

RICARDO  
Thank you, Gordon. Thank you. It's good  
to see you, my son.

GORDON  
Likewise. Stay put.

GORDON drops RICARDO from the saddle and rides down the hill  
side in a fury.

Ricardo turns around to see the two dead look outs, propped  
up to appear alive.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO

Gordon hits the town, dismounts, and begins searching the  
north side buildings.

SCRATCH and LANE tip a wagon over as a shield against the  
Banditos in the brothel. They pick off a few, but the  
Banditos have dug in deep--

BLAKE flanks from the alley beside the brothel--

BLAKE  
What do we got?

LANE  
Upwards of sixty these poncho wearing  
som' bitches.

BLAKE  
How many you think we got already?

LANE  
Math ain't my thing, Blake.

Blake looks up at a rooftop where Avery is firing away.  
Killing spree.

INT -- BROTHEL

BANDITOS peek out from the rooms and sneak down the stairs.  
MITCHEL pops up and takes out three. He reloads--

MITCHEL  
I'm running low on ammo in here, guys!

Bullets pelt his hiding place. He grabs a bottle of whiskey  
and throws it at the huge chandelier. *SMASH!* It sways back  
and forth--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
See, the trick is timing. If you don't  
time it right...

MITCHEL pops up and unloads a six shooter into the chandelier. It snaps from the ceiling and crashes down midway on the staircase, crushing a BANDITO--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
...then you're a dead man.

The fallen chandelier on the staircase makes it difficult for the BANDITOS to get down to ground level.

MITCHEL hops over the bar and dives toward the back door, kicking over chairs and tables for cover.

INT -- BROTHEL -- BACKROOM -- SAME TIME

The door kicks off its hinges, to reveal MITCHEL, guns blazing--

MITCHEL  
(in Spanish)  
You can't hide from me, amigos!

ONE BANDITO takes it in the throat, ANOTHER takes three in the chest. The last BANDITO is winged in the leg and wrist. He swears at Mitchel in Spanish--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
Don't worry, salsa-man.  
(in Spanish)  
I'll give you a fair shot.

MITCHEL holsters his guns and puts up his dukes.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- SAME

BLAKE, SCRATCH, and LANE reload--

BLAKE  
We gotta git inside.

LANE  
Oh, hey! Don't shoot the whores, Ricardo  
promised 'em to us as payment.

BLAKE  
Nice work, Lane!

BLAKE blasts two shotguns bursts as cover, while SCRATCH and LANE roll out from either side of the wagon and move to the front of the brothel--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AVERY jumps from the hotel to a neighboring roof. He settles down, sets his scope rifle, and surveys--

BLAKE kicks open the main brothel door as SCRATCH and LANE cover him through the blown out windows on either side.

INT -- GENERAL STORE

GORDON and BANDITO 1 spot each other and lock eyes. They run across the length of the store, emptying their six shooters through aisles of canned goods--

Their guns click empty and they dive behind either end of the long checkout counter. They race to be the first to reload--

GORDON  
(to himself)  
Goddamn, I'm rusty...

GORDON slaps the chamber home just as BANDITO 2 appears, kicking over a rack of food and running straight at him--

GORDON (cont'd)  
Jesus!

GORDON puts three bullets in him, then ducks back behind the counter as BANDITO 1 pops up and fires--

BANDITO 1  
You die, Gringo pig!

The cash register above GORDON *DINGS!* and the drawer pops open, bopping him on the head--

GORDON  
Why do I always get the shit end of the stick?

GORDON gives the register a mighty shove. It slides the length of the counter. It stops short, hanging precariously off the edge--

GORDON fires a bullet, knocking the register off the counter with a *DING!* It crashes down onto the hiding BANDITO 1--

But there is no time to breathe as bullets come at him from the opposite end of the store, turning his hiding place into splintered wood.

INT -- BROTHEL

BLAKE enters front and center. SCRATCH and LANE hug opposite walls. The three slowly stalk inside--

A noise from behind turns SCRATCH and LANE. It's SHORTY. They sigh and turn back. SHORTY walks backward, keeping an eye out for an ambush from the rear--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BANDITO

Hidden behind the fallen chandelier, gets a bead on BLAKE. He licks his lips, and moves his finger to the trigger. Suddenly he is blown backward, his head bursting open.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- SAME

A shell flies from AVERY'S rifle. He chambers another round and resets himself for another shot--

AVERY  
Fish in a barrel.

He pin-points another BANDITO hidden inside the brothel and blasts him as well.

INT -- BROTHEL -- SAME TIME

A BANDITO is hit dead center of the chest. He flies over the second floor railing and crashes down into the center of the room, smashing a table just feet away from BLAKE--

BLAKE  
(to himself)  
Sharp as ever, Avery.

SCRATCH moves up the stairs, using the chandelier as cover--

BLAKE motions to LANE and SHORTY who dart outside and scale the outside of the brothel to the second-floor balcony.

INT -- GENERAL STORE

GORDON reloads, pinned down. He eyes the shelf above BANDITO 3. It's stacked high with bags of flour, sugar, and rice--

GORDON whips out his rope and lassoes the arm of the shelf. He yanks. It collapses, burying the BANDITO under heavy bags.

INT -- BROTHEL -- BACK ROOM

The groggy BANDITO is badly beaten. Mitchel smacks him around then grabs him by the hair and jams a knee to his face--

The bandito drops, unconscious. MITCHEL quickly frisks the body, pocketing some coins and some spare ammo--

A creaking floorboard whips him around, guns trained on the door. IT'S BLAKE. They lower their weapons--

MITCHEL  
Howdy brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
Stealing from the dead again?  
(*RE: the floor*)  
What's that?

MITCHEL looks to the ground to see a latch of some sort,  
disguised by the floor boards.

MITCHEL  
Looks like a trap door.

BLAKE opens the trap and fires a round from his shotgun into  
the hole. There's a shattering of glass. They sniff the air--

BLAKE  
Cellar. It's where they keep the liquor.

MITCHEL  
Fancy.

INT -- BROTHEL

SCRATCH makes it to the top of the stairs. There are seven  
closed doors and a load of dead bodies in the hallway--

SCRATCH  
(*licks his lips*)  
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.

SCRATCH kicks open the first door, emptying both six shooters  
in a quick blaze. BANDITOS die left and right--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Yer dead.

A door at the end of the hall kicks open and a BANDITO pops  
out firing. SCRATCH dives into the cleared room for cover--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Oh, goddman it!

BLAKE and MITCHEL move to the stairs for backup--

BLAKE  
You okay, Scratch?

SCRATCH  
(*from inside the room*)  
Yeah, yeah. I just accidentally shot one  
of the whores.

SCRATCH pops out of the room, fires, and misses. The BANDITO  
pops out, fires, and misses--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Hey amigo? We gonna do this all day, or  
what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More shooting from down the hall--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
I guess we is.

SCRATCH pops out but does not fire. He eyes the BANDITO's room, waiting for a shot. There is a faint humming sound--

The body of the BANDITO falls out of the room dead. TWO CHINESE STARS are imbedded in his back--

SHORTY steps into the hall and smiles--

SHORTY  
Quiet. Efficient. Effective.

SCRATCH  
What's "efficient"?

Shooting comes from inside a room. LANE kicks open the door, blowing smoke off his guns--

LANE  
You ladies taking a smoke break, or what?

BLAKE and MITCHEL join them on the second floor. LANE rips the still-attached fake mustache off MITCHEL'S face--

They slip around to another hallway. Five closed doors. Five brothers--

BLAKE  
Everybody pick a door.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- SAME

GORDON stalks toward the brothel, but stops when he spies a two BANDITOS climbing up the side of a building toward AVERY--

GORDON  
Avery! Below you!

GORDON runs toward the alley, firing blindly. One BANDITO falls dead to the street. The other pulls out a stick of TNT and keeps climbing--

Gordon dry clicks his empty chambers--

GORDON (cont'd)  
Shit! He's got dynamite!

AVERY backs away from the edge, but has nowhere to go--

The Bandito is about to lob the lit TNT onto the roof when a rope coils around his body and yanks him from the building--

The Bandito hits the street and explodes--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon reels in his rope as Avery peeks over the edge--

AVERY  
You run out'a bullets, dip shit? Gotta  
learn to make each one count.

GORDON  
I saved your hide. Quit complaining.

AVERY  
(smiles)  
Here. Take my spares.

AVERY drops down his six shooters. GORDON moves to the  
brothel.

INT -- BROTHEL

Each BROTHER kicks open a door, but nobody shoots. The rooms  
are empty, except for the bodies. They holster their weapons--

SCRATCH  
Welp. I'll be at the saloon.

SCRATCH hops the railing and drops to the floor below. The  
rest of the BROTHERS slap each other on the back, laughing--

BLAKE  
Another day, another Peso, huh?

GORDON enters the brothel just in time to see SCRATCH sit at  
the bar with a bottle--

GORDON  
We clear in here?

SCRATCH slams back a shot--

SCRATCH  
Yep. Drink?

A noise come from the back room. Instantly SCRATCH and GORDON  
train their guns to the door--

GORDON  
What was that?

SCRATCH  
A noise.

BLAKE, LANE, MITCHEL and SHORTY make it to the ground floor--

BLAKE  
What's wrong?

SCRATCH  
We heard a noise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHEL  
Someone's in the cellar.

Another noise, but this one from behind. BLAKE, MITCHEL, LANE, and SHORTY aim their weapons at the front door. It's just RICARDO--

RICARDO  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

LANE  
Damn fool.

GORDON  
I told you to wait for us.

BLAKE  
Hang back. Someone's in the cellar.

INT -- WINE CELLAR

Scratch drops down. The rest watch from the trap door--

SCRATCH  
Ain't nobody down here.

RICARDO  
They must have found the tunnel. There's an underground passage that leads to the mine shaft in the mountains.

BLAKE  
How long a trek?

RICARDO  
Mile and a half.

Scratch finds the tunnel and heads inside--

SCRATCH  
Shit, yeah. Look at that.

Blake looks to Ricardo--

BLAKE  
Where's the ass end of that mine shaft?

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

BLAKE stands dead center of town with RICARDO--

RICARDO  
(*pointing*)  
See that little cave off the side of the mountain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
Yeah.

RICARDO  
That's where.

AVERY slides down the slant of the roof and lands on his horse. He rides over--

AVERY  
What'cha all pointing at?

BLAKE  
We have a Bandito that's gone underground. Scratch went to flush him out the front way. We're gonna head him off at the pass.

AVERY tosses BLAKE a coin--

AVERY  
My call.

BLAKE  
Bullshit. Eagle.  
*(flips the coin)*  
Damn it. It's you.

AVERY winks and rides toward the cave and the mine shaft.

ANGLE ON THE SPANISH MAN

Up on the bluff overlooking the town. He swallows hard, mounts a horse, and rides away.

EXT -- GULF OF MEXICO -- DAY

El Toro watches his "army" train. The "Lieutenants" try to get the banditos to line up straight, but they are rowdy and drunk--

EL TORO  
*(in Spanish, to himself)*  
This is pathetic.

Nearby, a platoon of soldiers argue amongst themselves. It erupts into a fist fight--

Cockroach approaches--

COCKROACH  
*(in Spanish)*  
Sir, I think I have counted all of our men.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
You think? Did you or didn't you?

COCKROACH  
(in Spanish)  
I did, but they move around. I might have  
counted some people twice. Others left  
after I counted them.

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
Left where?

COCKROACH  
(in Spanish)  
Some are choosing to fight the French  
instead. Others don't want to fight at  
all. They think invading America is...

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
What?

COCKROACH  
(in Spanish)  
They say it is an errand for fools.

El Toro fumes. He does his best to control his temper--

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
How many men do you THINK we have?

COCKROACH  
(in Spanish)  
Seven hundred. If we're lucky.  
(swallows hard)  
Senor. I don't think we are ready to  
fight a war..

El Toro grabs Cockroach by the throat--

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
It is my purpose in life to liberate  
Mexico. I will not be denied my place in  
the books of history...

El Toro is interrupted by gun shots. He lets go of Cockroach  
and looks to the brawling Banditos, who are now shooting at  
each other--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(in Spanish)  
Son of a bitch! Get them away from the  
ammunition...

But it is too late. KABOOM! A barrel explodes and kills a few  
banditos. If anything, the explosion stops the fighting--

COCKROACH  
(in Spanish)  
So definitely less than seven hundred.

The SPANISH MAN comes riding in. Once again, he is out of  
breath and scared--

SPANISH MAN  
(in Spanish)  
El Toro!

EL TORO  
(in Spanish)  
Yes? Give me some good news.

The Spanish Man hesitates, not sure what to say. El Toro  
sighs heavy--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
No good news?

The Spanish Man shakes his head "no"--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
What? These seven brothers took over the  
town? They wiped out all the men we sent  
to kill them?

The Spanish Man nods "yes"--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
SON OF A BITCH!

El Toro shoots the Spanish Man in the head, who drops dead  
from the horse--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
Saddle up two hundred of our best men.  
Preferably the sober ones. Hitch up the  
cannon and let's ride. I will take care  
of these brothers myself.

INT -- UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

SCRATCH slinks his way through the dim atmosphere, lighting a  
match here and there to get his bearings--

SCRATCH  
Come out, come out, where ever you are!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BANDITO looks over his shoulder at the faint echoing voice. He fires blindly behind him, then scurries on ahead--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Missed me!

SCRATCH keeps moving.

EXT -- MINE SHAFT -- MOUNTAINSIDE

AVERY dismounts and ties off his horse. He goes for the side arms...but they're not there--

AVERY  
Oh, goddamnit.

A noise above sets him afire. He presses up against the rocks. He listens. He hears a horse snort.

Dust trickles down from above him. Suddenly, a mysterious figure jumps down to the mouth of the mine shaft--

Avery tackles the figure to the dirt, knife at the throat. The figure screams in surprise. It's Isabel--

AVERY (cont'd)  
Who the hell are you?

ISABEL  
Isabel. I'm Ricardo's daughter!

AVERY  
Jesus Christ.

ISABEL  
How is my father? Is he okay? Is he safe?

AVERY  
He's fine.

ISABEL  
You're one of the brothers.

AVERY helps her up--

AVERY  
Shut up. Stay with my horse, we got a situation here.

AVERY runs into the mine shaft.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

RICARDO stands in the center of town, surveying the damage.

RICARDO  
She used to be such a nice town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BROTHERS sit in the shade on the porch of the brothel--

LANE

Yeah, she's pretty fucked up, now.

ANGLE ON MITCHEL

He approaches Gordon, holding out his leather bound book--

MITCHEL

Hey. Can I ask you something? You're the only other one of us that can read. So I was hoping you could tell me what you think.

GORDON

Really?

MITCHEL

Yeah, you know, I figure, either one of us could keep the story going. Make sure we get history correct.

GORDON

I'm honored, Mitchel. In fact, listening to some it the other night...I mean, it was great and all...but I think you got some of the facts wrong.

MITCHEL

Oh yeah? Well, hearing your side of things would be pretty helpful. Not only that, I'd love to hear about what happened to you after we parted ways.

GORDON

Sure. We'll sit down sometime.

MITCHEL

It's a deal, then.

Mitchel spits in his hand and extends it to shake--

GORDON

Do we have to do the spit in the hand thing?

MITCHEL

Of course we got to do it. Otherwise it ain't a real deal. I mean we could cut open our hands and shake on blood. You want to do that instead?

GORDON

No. Spitting is fine.

Gordon spits and they shake--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GORDON (cont'd)

By the way. Do you remember what the life debt was that Paw owed Ricardo?

MITCHEL

Of course. It's in the book. Chapter 2. When they was younger Paw was attacked by a grizzly bear. It cut him up pretty good and just when it was about to eat him for breakfast, Ricardo shot it dead. He saved Paw's life. You always owe somebody a debt when they save your life.

GORDON

Yeah.

MITCHEL

Why?

GORDON

That's not the story I heard.

MITCHEL

Really? Well I guess you're gonna have to write down your version of that, too.

ANGLE ON SHORTY

As he slings a noose over a beam on one of the buildings, then hoists the body of a dead Bandito into the air, letting it dangle in the wind--

He throws martial arts kicks and fists into the hanging body as though it were a punching bag--

ANGLE ON RICARDO

Kicks the wagon, still on its side--

RICARDO

Well, easy come, easy go. Huh?

LANE puts a friendly arm on his shoulders--

LANE

That's life in a nutshell. So, seeing as how we kept up our end of the bargain...where's all them whores at?

RICARDO

Up in their rooms. El Toro's men worked them to the bone. They were still at 'em when the fighting started.

MITCHEL

Inside the brothel? Hold on. Ain't nobody up there but the dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICARDO

What?

They all jump to their feet and run into the brothel. Gordon shakes his head. He remains behind to read the journal.

INT -- MINE SHAFT

AVERY pushes a mine cart up the track into the darkness, but stops when he comes to a dead end--

He lights a match to see a cave in sealing off the shaft. He spies a small tunnel dug out of the wall. Footsteps echo--

AVERY heads back toward the mouth of the shaft, lies down on the tracks, and aims his rifle at the opening of the tunnel.

INT -- BROTHEL

RICARDO leans down and touches the face of two dead girls. Their throats are gashed wide open--

RICARDO

They killed my girls. Why did they kill my girls?

MITCHEL appears from another room--

MITCHEL

I only found one other whore and she was shot clean through the head.

LANE

That was Scratch's fault.

BLAKE

Well, there ain't nothing we can do about it now. Where are the rest?

RICARDO

The rest? That's all of 'em. I only had five girls working. We're a small town...

LANE

You bes' be pulling my leg, Ricardo. That ain't the deal we made. We was all promised wives.

MITCHEL

Yeah, that's a load of shit. Now, I think it's fair to say we have made good and paid Paw's life debt. And I know we go a ways back, but if you made a deal with Lane, you made a deal.

BLAKE

Hold up. Don't you have a daughter?

EXT -- MINE SHAFT -- MOUNTAINSIDE

Isabel waits atop Avery's horse. A noise from within the shaft causes her to pull out a small Derringer pistol--

INT -- MINE SHAFT

AVERY waits. Suddenly, there comes the sound of clicking and metal scraping metal--

AVERY

Shit!

AVERY rolls off the track as the mine cart all but runs him over. It knocks his rifle aside. The BANDITO charges--

AVERY spins and trips him up. He rolls on top and punches relentlessly--

AVERY grabs the man by the hair and smashes the side of the face against the cave wall.

EXT -- MINE SHAFT -- MOUNTAINSIDE

Isabel aims her gun toward the strange clanging noise. She fires, but it's just the mine cart. The bullet ricochets--

A second later, the BANDITO flies from the mouth of the mine shaft and lands flat on his back in the dirt--

Isabel quickly puts another bullet in the gun as the BANDITO gets to his feet--

But before she can fire, the Bandito is blasted off the mountainside by a rifle. The body tumbles down the rocks--

AVERY strides out of the mouth of the cave--

AVERY

Aw'right. We can go, now.

AVERY suddenly spins around, cocking the rifle. SCRATCH stumbles out of the mouth of the mine shaft--

SCRATCH

Yeeeeeee-hah!

Isabel fires her gun, ricocheting off the rocks near Scratch's head--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

Whoa! Woman!

Avery aims his rifle at her--

AVERY

Hey! He's a brother!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABEL  
He's a good guy?

AVERY  
No, but he's on your side.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- DAY

Gordon reads the last few pages of the journal. He has a small smile on his face.

Nearby SHORTY digs out 7 CHINESE STARS from the satchel slung over his horse. He clips them to his gun belt then slaps the horse. It rides away--

REVEAL that THIRTY DEAD BANDITOS have been strung up all over the town. They sway in the wind. The effect is more than creepy.

INT -- BROTHEL

RICARDO is at a table, head in his hands--

MITCHEL  
I know it wasn't the original deal, but neither was necrophilia.

RICARDO  
My daughter is not part of the bargain.

LANE  
We're just saying we have to renegotiate, here. Now this El Toro is gonna send reinforcements, if we take care of him for you, we each get a quick poke at your girl. Quid pro quo, as they say.

MITCHEL  
We don't want to rough her up or nothing.

RICARDO  
She's my flesh and blood.

MITCHEL  
So she should understand. It's a small sacrifice.

LANE  
REAL small if your talking 'bout Mitchel.

MITCHEL  
Lane, go to hell.

LANE  
You bes' decide quick, too, 'cause if Scratch and Avery get back and there ain't a woman in waiting for 'em, they're  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LANE(cont'd)

liable to tear this place apart with their teeth.

Ricardo looks to Blake, who watches amused--

BLAKE

That is true. Doctor called Scratch "hyperactive".

MITCHEL

And Avery's a nymphomaniac.

LANE

Look, it's as simple as this. Do you want our continued support or not?

RICARDO

(beat)

This town is not mine anymore. It's yours. El Toro is no longer my problem.

Gordon walks in, breaking the tension--

GORDON

Mitchel? This is pretty great. I think you should get it published.

MITCHEL

Thanks, Gordon. You really think so?

GORDON

Sure enough...I mean, I got a lot of stuff I want to add, but...

(notices the tension)

What's going on?

BLAKE

Nothing. Just catching up on old times.

The brothers all exchange looks. Blake walks out of the saloon. The other brothers follow. Soon it is just Gordon and Ricardo.

GORDON

What's going on, Ricardo?

Ricardo is shaking he is so infuriated--

RICARDO

Where's my Isabel?

GORDON

She's safe. I made her stay behind at he old ranch. I'm gonna take you to her when this is all done. What were you and Blake talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICARDO

You're the only good Sumner out of all of them. Your father included.

Ricardo finds an unbroken bottle of whiskey and takes a slug.

GORDON

Ricardo, what the hell did Blake say to you?

RICARDO

You do know the truth about your bloodline, don't you, Gordon?

GORDON

Would you just answer my goddamn question?

RICARDO

The woman that raised you was not your birth mother.

GORDON

What?

RICARDO

*(in Spanish)*

I had bought some land. Made a white woman my wife. Had a child with her. One day I have to ride very far. To another city. While I am gone your father, my *friend*, rides over to my home and has his way with my Nadia.

Gordon doesn't want to hear it, but he knows it's true--

GORDON

I don't want to hear this...

RICARDO

My wife died giving birth to you.

GORDON

Just hold on a second...

RICARDO

Since you were his seed, he took you as his own. This is the debt that your father owed me. Raping and killing my wife. Stealing my son. This is the reason that you are here.

GORDON

That's a fucking lie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICARDO

Is it? Your family knows no shame. Your brothers are demanding to have their way with my daughter. My daughter who has the same mother as you.

GORDON

Oh Jesus...

RICARDO

Your sister.

GORDON

No, no, no, no.

RICARDO

They're going to rape and kill her. You can't let them find her.

GORDON

Don't worry about Isabel. She's fine. Just shut up for a second.

RICARDO

You see how the apple does not fall far from the tree? I say fuck the whole lot of you Summers. I pray your brothers die while fighting El Toro.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- DAY

SHORTY fills a trough with kerosene as AVERY rides up--

BLAKE

You git him?

AVERY

'Course we got him.

SCRATCH rides in close behind, struggling with Isabel, who swears in Spanish--

SCRATCH

Now what's one little kiss?

Isabel slaps SCRATCH hard, but that only excites him more--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

Crazier than a coyote! Come here woman!

SCRATCH pulls her closer as LANE approaches AVERY--

LANE

Alright, boys. The bad news is, the whores are all dead. The good news is Ricardo found us alternative.

(RE: Isabel)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE(cont'd)

But I see you've taken care of that yourselves. Who's this hot stick of dynamite?

AVERY

That there's Ricardo's daughter. Jus' back in town.

LANE

Really?

MITCHEL

This deal jus' gets sweeter and sweeter.

AVERY lifts her skirt with the tip of his rifle so he can see her ass--

Isabel spits in AVERY's face. LANE grabs her ass. She decks him and storms inside the brothel--

AVERY

Is that what they mean by a spitfire?

LANE

Hell, she is a stick of dynamite.

SHORTY comes rambling over as LANE adjusts his jaw--

SHORTY

Who was that beautiful thing?

AVERY

Ricardo's daughter...

LANE

And we all get to poke her.

SHORTY

Serious?

LANE

Ricardo said "Be my guest."

SHORTY

She's worth more than her weight in gold, I bet.

*(noticing)*

What the hell's a matter with you?

SCRATCH is slowly rising from the dirt. Tears streaming down his face, he seems to be in pain--

SCRATCH

I stuck my hand down the front of those lace panties of hers and she kicked me in the dick.

Everyone laughs--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANE  
Well, this might make you feel better.

LANE tosses SCRATCH a pair of lace panties.

SCRATCH  
(in awe)  
Shit. Fucking magic.

AVERY  
How the hell she'd not notice you yanking  
her drawers off?

LANE  
Same reason you didn't notice this was  
missing...

LANE pulls out AVERY'S TELESCOPE. AVERY swipes it back--

AVERY  
Goddamn it, Lane!

SCRATCH  
(sniffs the panties)  
Som' bitch. Lane, you gotta teach me how  
to do that.

LANE  
Sure, Scratch.

BLAKE  
What's with all the dead bodies?

Blake nods at the corpses strung up around the town. They all  
shrug.

INT -- BROTHEL

Isabel enters and stops breathless. Gordon stands, equally  
awestruck--

GORDON  
Isabel?

ISABEL  
Gordon?

RICARDO  
Isabel! What are you doing here? Why did  
you come back?!

GORDON  
You promised me!

ISABEL  
(to Ricardo)  
I had to make sure you were okay.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISABEL(cont'd)

(to Gordon)  
I'm sorry.

RICARDO  
*(In Spanish)*  
Stupid girl! I told you to stay in the states until I...Oh, dear God. Sweet Jesus, we have to get you out of here...

GORDON  
Isabel, goddamnit. Your father's right. We gotta get out of here. NOW. Ricardo get some horses and meet Isabel and me out back.

ISABEL  
What's going on? Are you okay, paw?

RICARDO  
I'm fine, fine.

GORDON  
Ricardo? Go. Reacquaint later.

RICARDO  
Isabel...

GORDON  
Ricardo, damnit. Just shut up and go!

Ricardo exits quickly out the back--

ISABEL  
*(in Spanish)*  
Gordon...

GORDON  
*(in Spanish)*  
You are in some serious danger. Just go!  
Go!

She nods, turns to go, and runs to the back door--

Gordon turns and come face to face with Blake--

BLAKE  
What are you doing, Gordon?

EXT -- THE TOWN -- SAME

MITCHEL checks out one of the dead hanging BANDITOS. SHORTY approaches with a smile--

MITCHEL  
Shorty. Your head is twisted on backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHORTY  
Thanks, Mitchel. Look what I found.

Shorty sets down a crate of TNT--

MITCHEL  
Ka-boom. Very nice.

SHORTY  
Let me see those two nasty knives of yours.

MITCHEL  
Ain't you got enough weapons of your own?

He whips out the knives. SHORTY ties them off around Mitchel's wrists with two long strips of leather, blades out--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
What the hell, Shorty?

Lane watches from afar, smoking a cigarette--

SHORTY  
Yer good with these blades, but takes to much time to holster yer guns and whip 'em out. Now you can shoot and stab in one movement.

MITCHEL plays with the metal appendages. His new claws--

MITCHEL  
I got bayonets for hands!

MITCHEL shoots one of the hanging bodies across the street--

LANE approaches, laughing--

LANE  
Som' bitch! I think it even improves your aim!

MITCHEL  
Shut up.

LANE  
Come on. I got an idea. Help me bury this TNT.

Lane picks up the dynamite crate and heads for the south side of town.

INT -- BROTHEL -- SAME TIME

Gordon and Blake are facing off--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Hell, no. Specially not now that they all seen her.

GORDON

Blake you can't allow it.

BLAKE

Why, Gordon? WHY? So what you love her. That don't even mean anything. Either way, you ain't hitched. She ain't carrying yer kin. Until then a woman is currency. Law of the land, kiddo. If I recall correctly you were always that one that wanted to abide by the law.

GORDON

How did your mind get so backwards, Blake?

BLAKE

You saying my brain is backwards? You're the one under some sort of romantic delusion. You remember last time this happened, you went all half cocked with yer mind elsewhere...

GORDON

We both know goddamn well it was yer bullet that killed Catherine.

BLAKE

*(waving it off)*

Yer right and we made peace 'bout that. Drop it. But the fact is, we have a deal with Ricardo.

GORDON

Blake, if I have to ride six towns over to find y'all something to satisfy yourselves with, I will, but no one's touching Isabel!

BLAKE

Gordon, we all jus' want a quick poke. Then she's yours, for better, for worse, or whatever.

GORDON

This is not right, Blake.

BLAKE

No, what ain't right is you turning a knife on your own blood because of a woman.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

GORDON

I ain't turning a knife, I'm asking for compassion.

BLAKE

It's selfishness. Paw taught us to share.  
(*genuinely pissed*)  
Quit being such a fucking schoolboy.

GORDON

Goddamnit she's our sister!

BLAKE

What?

GORDON

She's blood.

BLAKE

What is this bullshit?

GORDON

Paw raped Ricardo's wife. She died birthing me. That's the debt. That's what this is all about.

BLAKE

No shit?

GORDON

No shit. Our bloodline's a goddamn tragedy. Just leave these poor people alone. Our family has done enough damage to them.

BLAKE

You're sacking down with your own kin? You call me backwards? You're the one that's twisted.

Gordon bites his tongue as MITCHEL pokes his head inside--

MITCHEL

Blake! We got company. Apparently, El Toro's decided to make a personal appearance.

GORDON

This conversation is not over, Blake.

BLAKE

All right, look. I owe you a debt because of Catherine. You're right. That was my fault. Lets make good here. Ricardo's daughter is no longer part of the deal. Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GORDON  
Thank you, Blake.

BLAKE  
This makes us even.

GORDON  
Fair enough.

Gordon spits in his hand and holds it out to shake--

BLAKE  
That's disgusting. A regular handshake  
will do.

Gordon wipes his hand clean and they shake on it--

MITCHEL pops back in--

MITCHEL  
I ain't kidding 'bout this Blake, we need  
you now!

GORDON and BLAKE rush out in different directions.

EXT -- EDGE OF TOWN -- DAY

P.O.V. TELESCOPE: DEAD BANDITO's bodies blow in the wind--

EL TORO lowers the telescope in horror--

EL TORO  
*(Spanish)*  
What in the name of God has happened to  
my new town?

COCKROACH looks through the telescope--

COCKROACH  
*(Spanish)*  
It is the work of the devil! A warning!  
El Toro, we must not go down there!

EL TORO slaps COCKROACH from his saddle--

EL TORO  
*(Spanish)*  
I want the bodies of these brothers drug  
out into the street! I want to bleed them  
slowly. I want to watch them suffer.

EL TORO mounts up, raises his rifle, and fires into the air--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
*(Spanish)*  
NO PRISONERS! CHARGE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hundred BANDITOS down the slope toward the town. Some on foot, some on horseback, all of them screaming.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- DAY

BLAKE joins AVERY with the telescope--

BLAKE  
How many?

AVERY  
All of 'em, I think.

BLAKE  
Scratch, you're the front line. Avery,  
hit the roof. They're gonna try from all  
sides.

SCRATCH moves out--

AVERY  
Oh, hey, you and I is the oldest, that  
means we get priority on the daughter.  
Right?

BLAKE  
Uh...Can we talk about this later?

AVERY  
Just call it.

AVERY flips a coin, Blake hesitates--

AVERY (cont'd)  
(smiles big)  
All right, then. I'll call it. Eagle.  
Sorry, Blake. Looks like you get scraps.

AVERY winks, pockets the coin, and climbs to the hotel roof.  
Blake sighs and takes his position--

SHORTY

Hands SCRATCH a rope as they head for the front line--

SHORTY  
Tie this off, 'bout waist high, on  
something sturdy.

SCRATCH knots it around a heavy beam holding up an awning,  
then ducks behind a barrel and whips out his six shooters--

SHORTY takes the other end of the rope to his side of the  
street and waits--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON grabs the box of TNT. He lobs 9 sticks through the air, 3 to SHORTY, 3 to SCRATCH, and 3 to AVERY on the hotel roof.

GORDON sets the crate of TNT down beside BLAKE, who is turning the felled wagon around to face the oncoming horde--

BLAKE

You set?

GORDON

Yeah. You?

BULLETS pelt the wagon. BLAKE and GORDON duck behind it--

THE FIRST WAVE OF BANDITOS

Hits the town, SHORTY pulls the rope taught and ties it off on a beam. The BANDITOS are clothes-lined--

SHORTY kicks the trough of kerosene over and lights a match. A wave of fire washes over the felled BANDITOS--

THE REST OF THE BANDITOS

Break apart and ride around the outskirts of the town--

SHORTY

*(to the other brothers)*

Watch yer backs, they're coming 'round!

SCRATCH

Picks off BANDITOS that aren't engulfed in flames--

LANE

Buries a final stick of dynamite in the ground, tip barely peeking out, then stands and runs--

Five Banditos on horseback round the corner and give chase--

LANE

At your discretion, Mitchel!

MITCHEL pops up from a hiding place and fires at the TNT--

MITCHEL

That's about right...

K A B O O M ! ! ! Pieces of BANDITO soar through the air--

Mitchel fires again--

K A B O O M ! ! ! The second stick explodes and shreds more Banditos--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANE

Slides behind the wagon, next to GORDON and BLAKE--

LANE  
Goddamn! What do you say? They might not even set foot inside town limits, huh?

BLAKE  
Doubt we're that lucky.

SUDDENLY BANDITOS are riding in from every alleyway and gap between buildings--

BLAKE/LANE/GORDON  
SHIT!

They tip over the wagon so it's standing normal again, and dive underneath as bullets pelt everywhere.

AVERY

Fires his rifle relentlessly from the hotel roof, taking out one BANDITO after another--

SHORTY AND SCRATCH

Charge up the street--

SHORTY  
They're trapped under the wagon!

SCRATCH  
I see 'em!

SHORTY whacks BANDITO after BANDITO with a long metal chain, knocking men from their horses and weapons from their hands--

SCRATCH stands amidst the swirling BANDITOS, killing and reloading, killing and reloading.

EXT - THE TOWN - DAY

Ricardo navigates the back alleys of the town on horseback. He leads a second horse by it's reins--

Suddenly, a bandito appears and tackles him from his horse. They hit the ground, wrestling--

The Bandito gets on top of him and tries to drive a knife downward, but Ricardo grabs his wrists. They struggle for control of the weapon--

The knife is inches closer and closer to Ricardo's face...

BAM! A bullet hits the Bandito in the head. His lifeless body drops down onto Ricardo--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Isabel rushes to him, the smoking Derringer in her hand--

ISABEL  
Are you okay?

RICARDO  
Thanks to you. Yes.

Ricardo kicks the body off of himself as Isabel puts another bullet into her gun.

ISABEL  
It scared the horses away. What do we do now?

RICARDO  
Back to the brothel. We'll have to take the mine shaft.

Isabel helps Ricardo stand and walk.

EXT - THE TOWN - DAY

BLAKE, GORDON, and LANE fire their weapons from underneath the wagon cart. Banditos swirl all around their hiding spot, firing back--

GORDON  
Some of your magic would be pretty helpful right about now, Lane!

LANE smiles and throws a bottle filled with GREEN LIQUID at the ground and instantly a cloud of smoke engulfs them--

Banditos crowd around the wagon, blasting away. The smoke clears to reveal that there is nothing underneath--

The Banditos stop shooting and exchange confused looks. There are three sticks of lit dynamite in the bed of the wagon--

K A B O O M ! ! ! Banditos die. Shop windows blow inward. It rains wagon debris and dirt. Only a huge crater remains--

LANE, BLAKE, and GORDON

Peer out from around a nearby alley--

LANE  
Always a crowd pleaser.

BLAKE  
Split up and kill everything.

They all sprint in different directions, guns blazing--

MITCHEL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blasts away with his shotguns. BANDITOS dive for cover behind the outhouse and the shack--

MITCHEL  
Come on, now! I can't kill ya', if yer  
hiding!

MITCHEL tosses a stick of dynamite and blows the shack and the outhouse to hell. Bodies fly--

Suddenly more BANDITOS round the corner, bullets zinging--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
Shit for Christmas and I'm the goose!

MITCHEL lobs another stick of dynamite at a water tower. It erupts and collapses, knocking over BANDITOS with a flood--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
Me big Chief Mitchel need some more  
scalps for head dress!

MITCHEL dances through ankle high water chanting like an Indian. With his KNIFE CLAWS he jabs, stabs, scalps, and slashes the throats of the sprawling mud caked BANDITOS.

EXT -- MEXICAN TERRAIN -- DAY

EL TORO drops the telescope--

EL TORO  
(Spanish)  
Who are these men? Why are they tearing  
us to shreds?

Cockroach makes the sign of the cross--

COCKROACH  
(Spanish)  
I don't know.

EL TORO  
(Spanish)  
All of you! CHARGE!

The remaining hundred men gallop down the slope toward town.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

Three BANDITOS on horses ride straight at SCRATCH who turns and dives through front window of a store--

The 3 BANDITOS hop their horses through the broken glass after him.

A moment later SCRATCH runs out the front door and hits the dirt. The store explodes behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHORTY

Hops onto the back of an unsuspecting horse, breaks the riders neck, and tosses the body aside--

He lights a stick of dynamite, stuffs it under the saddle, steers toward a group of Banditos, and dives from the horse--

Shorty watches with a smirk as the horse rides into FOUR BANDITOS and blows them all apart--

BLAKE

Blows a Bandito through a window with a blast of his shotgun. He turns and reloads, only to be met by a fist--

A BANDITO knocks him back into wall. BLAKE touches his lip and sees red. His eyes narrow--

Blake breaks the Bandito's nose and knee with the butt of his gun. The Bandito hits the ground. A boot cracks his rib-cage and both barrels are stuffed in his mouth--

BLAKE  
(reconsiders)  
No. Suffer.

Blake walks away without shooting--

THE SECOND WAVE OF BANDITOS

Rides in. They fire in all directions and lay down a path--

EL TORO rides in, hauling in a tarp covered wagon. He halts it in the center of town and unveils the GATLING GUN--

MITCHEL

Swarmed by banditos, slashes with the knives dry clicks his six shooters. He backs to reload, bumping into a dead hanging DEAD BANDITO--

MITCHEL  
JESUS! Scared the piss out'a me!

MITCHEL reloads, just in time to blast two BANDITOS riding at him. He kicks the swinging dead body into a third, knocking him from his horse--

Mitchel stops cold when he sees the Gatling Gun--

MITCHEL (cont'd)  
Dear God.  
(screams)  
Take cover!

Mitchel takes off running for the Hotel doors.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

Smashes through the front door of the town bank, wrestling with a BANDITO and his knife--

EL TORO

Mounts the Gatling Gun--

EL TORO  
(to himself in Spanish)  
It's El Toro's town.

He clamps down hard on the trigger--

Nothing but the thunder of the Gatling ripping the town to shreds.

INT -- BANK

BLAKE AND THE BANDITO break from fighting and look out the window. The storm of bullets is feet from the bank--

They look at each other and let go. BLAKE dives into the vault, the BANDITO slides behind the counter--

The building is then cut in half by the Gatling.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

Avery takes a bead on the Gatling, but El Toro is ducked behind it. There is no shot--

AVERY  
Aw, come on, hombre. Peek a boo.

SCRATCH

Runs inside the saloon and dives behind a big POT BELLY STOVE. Bullets ricochet off the metal as the smoke stack is torn apart and soot spews everywhere--

SHORTY

Watches the bullet spray get closer and closer. With nowhere else to go, he drops into the dynamite-made crater in the ground. The bullets and dirt explode just over his head.

INT -- POSTOFFICE

Gordon dives behind a counter, pulling a table and shelf down with him as cover. There is a hurricane of mail and bullets--

INT -- BROTHEL -- BACKROOM

Isabel rapidly descends the ladder--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICARDO only makes it halfway when he is hit in the shoulder, arm, and chest by the hailstorm of Gatling bullets--

ISABEL

Paw!

She catches him as he falls from the ladder.

INT -- HOTEL

Mitchel is running along the second floor balcony, chased by bullets. He dives over the railing to the ground floor and the threat passes over head--

Parts of the roof, however, cascade down around him. He rolls and dodges crashing debris--

A stray bullet catches him and flings him against a wall--

MITCHEL

Ahhhhh! Would somebody kill the bastard, please!

Debris smashes down and buries him.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

Avery still can't get a bead on El Toro and the bullets are getting closer--

Finally, he stands, runs, and hops over the edge. The Gatling Gun rips up through the roof, just missing him--

Avery drops onto a small awning of the back porch, then slides off, slapping to the muddy ground below--

THE GATLING GUN

Finally clicks dry. Everyone breathes in a moment of silence, then--

EL TORO

(SPANISH)

I love this son of a bitch machine!

COCKROACH quickly hands over a bottle of Tequila. EL TORO swigs, then hands the bottle back--

EL TORO (cont'd)

(Spanish)

RE-LOAD!

COCKROACH quickly changes the belt.

INT -- SALOON -- DAY

SCRATCH is colored black from the soot, but is unhurt. The pot belly stove keels over and shatters into a thousand pieces.

INT -- BANK

Blake opens the vault door to the safe and peers out unscathed--

The BANDITO peeks out from behind the shredded counter--

Their eyes meet. They both run at each other with clenched fists and continue the brawl.

INT -- HOTEL

MITCHEL sits up from underneath a pile of debris. He tends to the shot in his shoulder and the gash on his face.

INT -- JAIL HOUSE -- DAY

LANE is on the floor wrapping his shirt around a wound in the stomach. Three dead Bandito bodies bleed around him.

EXT -- TOWN -- DAY

COCKROACH still works on re-loading. The streets are still silent. EL TORO whistles--

Near twenty Banditos appear--

EL TORO  
(*in Spanish*)  
Where are my enemies? I want to see them!  
Find the bodies!

The BANDITOS ride off in every direction, kicking up dust and scouring the town. They ride past the crater in the ground--

SHORTY

Peeks out and whistles. His horse rides up from nowhere. He mounts and charges into THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP--

A few BANDITOS take notice and follow, but halt as Shorty's HORSE trots out by itself--

The BANDITOS stalk cautiously toward the blacksmith's barn.

GORDON

Bursts out from the post office. He he is nicked and bruised. He runs for the brothel, firing over his shoulder. A few Banditos charge, but die.

INT -- BROTHEL

GORDON kicks his way inside--

GORDON  
Isabel! ISABEL!?!

ISABEL  
(O.S.)  
Gordon? We're in the cellar!

GORDON drops down through the trap to find Isabel lighting a lantern. RICARDO is lying on his back, bleeding to death--

Isabel (cont'd)  
He's been shot.

GORDON  
Goddamn it.

They both kneel beside him, doing what they can--

ISABEL  
He's gonna die.

GORDON  
I'm sorry.

RICARDO  
(In Spanish)  
Leave...

ISABEL  
(In Spanish)  
I told you. I won't.

GORDON  
Isabel. I can't protect you here. You  
have to leave.

RICARDO  
(in Spanish)  
Listen to him. Hand me some wine, give me  
a kiss, and get the fuck out of here.

GORDON grabs the nearest bottle, pops the cork, and hands it to RICARDO. He drinks deep. Isabel, tearful, leans over and kisses his forehead.

INT -- THE BLACKMITH BARN

A BANDITO sets foot inside, signaling the others round back. The barn is full of fire-pits and dangling metal--

SHORTY lowers himself from the rafters, like a bat. He lashes a chain around a Bandito's neck and hauls him upward. The Bandito trashes as he hangs to death--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO MORE BANDITOS appear from the back. SHORTY disarms them w Horse Shoes, then kicks one into a fire pit and another in a swinging meat-hook.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- DAY

TWO BANDITOS sneak around the backside of the hotel, trudging through the mud--

AVERY rises from the mud and pulls both men down into the sludge. He breaks one's neck and drowns the other.

INT -- HOTEL

MITCHEL pulls himself to standing and blasts two BANDITOS that peek into the store--

MITCHEL  
(*woozy from pain*)  
COME ON! Is that the best you can do?  
More!

Three more BANDITOS pop in from windows and doors, firing. MITCHEL drops them, but takes two bullets himself--

MITCHEL stumbles backward, a graze on his neck gushing blood and his left arm dangling useless.

INT -- JAILHOUSE -- SAME

LANE sits there in the cell, bleeding. BANDITO creeps in behind and raises a six shooter--

LANE swings the cell door open with a powerful shove. It crushes the BANDITO up against the wall--

A SECOND BANDITO appears. LANE aims his gun weakly. The Bandito kicks it aside and shoves his gun into Lane's chest--

BANDITO pulls the trigger, but it's empty. LANE laughs so hard he coughs blood. In his hand are the six bullets--

LANE  
Abracadabra, asshole.

LANE knifes him in the throat with all the strength he can muster.

INT -- BANK

FOUR BANDITOS sneak into the bank, covering all angles--

One nods toward the open vault. They stalk over and aim their guns at a table turned on its side--

The FOUR BANDITOS blast the table to shreds--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Is behind the open vault door. He tosses in a lit stick of TNT then pushes the heavy door shut--

A loud muffled B O O M ! ! !

The huge vault lurches forward, then grows silent. Smoke pours out from the cracks.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- SAME

SCRATCH steps out onto the street, rolls and lights a cigarette. He watches EL TORO at the Gatling GUN--

COCKROACH can't seem to get the bullet belt loaded. El Toro eventually slaps Cockroach aside--

EL TORO  
(*Spanish*)  
Brainless! Imbecile!

COCKROACH  
(*Spanish*)  
I'm sorry. It's complicated.

EL TORO shoots Cockroach in the foot, then begins to load the Gatling himself--

SCRATCH

Laughs to himself then sees LANE bleeding inside the jailhouse. BANDITOS have surrounded the building--

SCRATCH sets the cigarette down, whips out both six shooters, empties them, and kills all the Banditos--

SCRATCH reloads, swigs from his flask, and picks up his cigarette, and walks right up to EL TORO and the Gatling--

SCRATCH  
Howdy.

El Toro reacts, but it is too late. Scratch blasts El Toro off his feet--

Cockroach, sprawling on the ground, tries to aim a pistol, but Scratch puts one between his eyes and strolls into the jailhouse.

INT -- JAILHOUSE -- SAME

LANE  
Hey, Scratch. How we doing?

SCRATCH  
We won. I'm bored. You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE

No. My stomach. I'm gonna die.

SCRATCH

Like hell you are. I'll find Avery. He'll patch you up. Then we can play with that big army gun.

LANE

How 'bout a drink?

SCRATCH smiles, swigs, and passes his flask.

EXT -- TOWN -- DAY

MITCHEL is cowered in a corner, part of his shirt tied around the neck to stop the bleeding. He waves a white flag--

A Bandito pops in and laughs at the sight--

BANDITO

*(Spanish)*

Amigos! Look what I caught!

*(English)*

Poor Gringo! How does it feel to die?

MITCHEL

Dying ain't no thing.

*(in Spanish)*

I made my peace with the world years ago.  
I die a warrior. Then I'll come back and  
haunt you sons of bitches.

MORE BANDITOS enter, then laugh. ALL kneel by MITCHEL's side, poking their fingers in his wounds--

BANDITO

*(English)*

Does this hurt, Gringo?

MITCHEL holds aloft a lit stick of TNT.

MITCHEL

Not as much as this will.

The smiles on their faces disappear.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- SAME

AVERY crawls, undetected, through the mud toward the brothel. Behind him the hotel erupts in a fireball--

Debris rains down around him, but he continues crawling.

SHORTY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pops out of the Blacksmith's shop and spots Avery heading into the brothel. He follows.

INT -- WINE CELLAR

GORDON grabs Isabel and stares her down--

GORDON  
You have to trust me and just get the hell out of here.

ISABEL  
Okay. I love you. You have to stay alive so we can be together. I love you so much, Gordon, and I do not want to lose you.

Isabel kisses Gordon, who pulls back, uncomfortable--

ISABEL (cont'd)  
What is it?

Ricardo looks at the two, shocked and horrified--

GORDON  
Nothing. We just ain't got time for this. Please: Get to the train station. I'll meet you in Los Angeles. Don't look back. Just run.

She goes to speak, but Gordon covers her mouth--

GORDON (cont'd)  
Run.

She darts out through the tunnel--

RICARDO  
What is going on between you two?

GORDON  
Let's just say you should have told me certain things a lot sooner.

RICARDO  
Oh. Jesus Christ. Gordon, you can't...

GORDON  
Shut up, Ricardo. I ain't even had time to think it through myself. So shut up. Wait here. I'll get some medical supplies.

Gordon turns to exit only to come face to face with AVERY silhouetted in the entrance of the trapdoor--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AVERY  
He don't need your help to bleed.

GORDON  
Avery, you can help him.

Ricardo begins to convulse. He is dying quick--

AVERY  
He's beyond repair, let's go. We need  
your guns outside.

GORDON  
Avery, do the right thing, here.

AVERY  
You're right.

AVERY shoots RICARDO in the head with his rifle--

AVERY (cont'd)  
Shouldn't let the poor bastard suffer.

Gordon is incredulous.

INT -- UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY

Isabel stops at the echoing sound of a gunshot. She turns.

EXT -- BROTHEL

EL TORO awakens and pulls himself to his feet. He touches the wound on his head. The bullet has torn off his ear. He looks at Scratch in the jail cell--

El Toro looks at the Gatling. In a crazed rage finishes loading the bullet belt onto the big gun--

El Toro takes delicate aim at the jailhouse and hovers over the trigger--

EL TORO  
(*Spanish*)  
Death to you, white devils!

Scratch and Lane look out at the monster aimed at them--

BLAM! El Toro is knocked aside by a fist before he can pull the trigger--

BLAKE  
No hablo espanol, dickhead.

EL TORO goes for his sidearm, but BLAKE kicks it away--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EL TORO  
(*broken English*)  
Okay, gringo. You want to fight the bull  
with fists? You get the horns.

Beckons him on--

BLAKE  
You're the bull? Then I'm the Matador.  
Let's go.

EL TORO laughs, stands, and rips off his cloak, revealing a  
tattoo of a bull on his chest--

EL TORO  
(*broken English*)  
You Americans! You sweep across the land  
like a plague. You take what you want!  
You kill the rest! You have no respect  
for people that have come before you! You  
bring a curse to everything you touch!

BLAKE and El Toro throw a flurry of fists at each other. They  
punch, kick, wrestle, bite, gouge, and rip out hair.

INT -- WINE CELLAR

Gordon pushes Avery to the wall--

GORDON  
*WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HELP HIM!*

AVERY  
We told him to stay clear of the town. It  
ain't nobody's fault he came back. I put  
him out his misery.

GORDON  
Goddamnit, Avery!

Suddenly a shot rings out and AVERY flies back, a bullet  
through the skull--

Gordon turns to see Isabel. Her one shot pistol is smoking--

GORDON (cont'd)  
What are you doing!?! Oh God, what did you  
do!?

ISABEL  
(*In Spanish*)  
He killed my father.

INT -- BROTHEL

SHORTY stops at the door of the backroom at the sound of the  
shot. He cocks his gun and enters cautiously.

EXT -- TOWN -- DAY

EL TORO runs, slamming the top of his head into BLAKE'S chest. BLAKE flies back into the dirt--

EL TORO  
(*broken English*)  
I tol' you! Horns!

BLAKE stands groggy. EL TORO knocks him back with a fist--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(*broken English*)  
Little cowboy not used to fighting with  
real beef! Huh?

BLAKE kicks at him, but EL TORO grabs his foot, twists and throws. BLAKE lands in a heap next to the Gatling GUN--

EL TORO (cont'd)  
(*broken English*)  
Get up, you piece of shit.

BLAKE stands, bleeding, but not swayed. He sneers, points a finger at El Toro and beckons him on--

They charge each other.

INT -- WINE CELLAR

Gordon has his head in his hands--

GORDON  
You shot Avery! Oh dear God, you killed a  
brother!

ISABEL  
I shot a man who killed my father! That's  
who I shot! Don't start thinking like  
those animals out there!

GORDON bangs his head against the wall--

GORDON  
Ah, goddamn it. There will be hell to  
pay.

Shorty is peering down through the trap door--

Isabel kneels before him--

ISABEL  
Gordon. I know you are decent man.

GORDON  
We're brother and sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Isabel's eyes well up with tears.

ISABEL  
What?

GORDON  
You and I share the same mother. Ricardo kept it secret until today.

ISABEL  
That's a lie.

GORDON  
It's not a lie.

Shorty pokes his head into the cellar--

SHORTY  
Gordon? Hey, no fair getting a head start!

Gordon tries to block his view--

GORDON  
(calling)  
Shorty? Don't come down here!

Shorty jumps down and is suddenly aghast at the scene. He kneels at Avery's dead body. He looks at Gordon for explanation--

GORDON (cont'd)  
He and Ricardo shot each other.

Shorty sweeps Gordon aside and kneels at Ricardo's body--

SHORTY  
Motherfucker!

Shorty whips out two knives and begins to slice up Ricardo--

GORDON  
What the hell are you doing?!

SHORTY  
I'm scalping and skinning the som'bitch then chopping him up.

Isabel can't contain a scream at the sight. Shorty and Gordon look. She is trying to reload her one shot pistol--

SHORTY (cont'd)  
What the fuck's going on here?  
Gordon, what the fuck's going on?

GORDON  
Shorty, it ain't what it seems...

EXT -- THE TOWN -- SAME

EL TORO kicks BLAKE in the gut then backhands him across the face. He slumps over the GATLING GUN--

EL TORO  
You ready to die yet?

Blake closes his eyes and breathes in deep--

EL TORO lifts BLAKE up by the shirt and head butts him hard. BLAKE'S eyes all but roll up into his skull.

INT -- WINE CELLAR

SHORTY pulls GORDON close--

SHORTY  
I'll ask you one last time. Did that cunt shoot Avery?

GORDON  
Shorty...

SHORTY  
Did that fucking whore shoot my brother?!

SHORTY pushes GORDON aside and leaps at her with the knives--

GORDON  
SHORTY, NO!

ISABEL  
Gordon!

GORDON instantly lassos SHORTY'S hand and yanks the gun from it. He holds him back, an arm's length from her--

SHORTY  
Why are you protecting her? She shot Avery!

SHORTY kicks Isabel through a rack of bottles. Glass shatters and cuts her up. GORDON instantly has his gun trained--

GORDON  
*(crying)*  
I'm asking you nicely, as a favor to a still breathing brother, that you not hurt that woman.

SHORTY  
You gonna shoot me?

GORDON  
Jus' climb out'a this cellar and forget about me and her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHORTY

I got nothing but love for you, Gordon,  
but I am gonna kill that bitch.

Shorty slices the rope with a knife then lunges with it--

GORDON

SHORTY!

GORDON pulls the trigger and drills SHORTY through the head.

Tears stream down his face as he kneels beside his dead  
brothers. Isabel, cut and bleeding watches tearfully--

GORDON (cont'd)

Awwwwwwwwwww. Goddamnit. Goddamnit.

EXT -- THE TOWN -- SAME

EL TORO still has BLAKE by the shirt. He leans in close as  
BLAKE whispers--

EL TORO

*(broken English)*

What's that you say, gringo?

BLAKE

I said, do that again.

EL TORO

*(broken English)*

You want one more?

BLAKE

Yes, please.

El TORO laughs and rears back to head butt again--

EL TORO

*(broken English)*

My pleasure.

At the last second BLAKE slips out of his shirt--

EL TORO head-butts the Gatling GUN. *DONK!* He staggers back,  
forehead gashed open--

BLAKE grabs the Gatling GUN and shoves. It spins on it's  
turret. *WHACK!* EL TORO is knocked to the ground--

BLAKE pulls the knife and jams it into EL TORO'S back--

BLAKE

Adios, El Toro.

BLAKE staggers to the jailhouse. SCRATCH is on the porch,  
clapping, hooting, hollering and whistling--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCRATCH

Good one, Blake! Can I try the big gun,  
now?

BLAKE

Thanks for your help.

SCRATCH

I didn't know you needed help...

Scratch draws and empties a six shooter into El Toro, who is still trying to crawl back over to the Gatling Gun. His body finally goes still--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

There. I helped. You're welcome.

Scratch smiles, runs over, and mounts the Gatling.

INT -- JAILHOUSE

BLAKE sits next to Lane in the Jail house as Scratch begins to blast away outside--

LANE

Howdy, Blake. I thought we was done out there?

BLAKE

Scratch is jus' cleaning up. How you doing?

LANE

A couple in the gut. I'll be honest with ya, Blake. I'm dead.

BLAKE

Damnit, Lane. I'll sit with you til you go.

EXT -- TOWN OF RICARDO -- SAME

A BANDITO rides out of an alleyway on his horse. SCRATCH shreds them with the Gatling until they are unrecognizable--

SCRATCH

Now this is a nice piece a' something.

SCRATCH fires at FEW BANDITOS that appear in an alleyway. They drop dead and a brick wall caves in--

SCRATCH (cont'd)

Heeeeeeeeeeeeeee-haaaaaaaw!

A VERY GRIM GORDON

Steps out from the brothel and walks to SCRATCH--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Shit howdy, brother. You gotta try this  
thing.

SCRATCH empties the Gatling GUN on 3 BANDITOS heading for the  
brothel then starts to re-load. The front end of the brothel  
is torn apart even more--

GORDON  
Scratch. Listen to me.

SCRATCH lays waste to the general store. The foundation gives  
way and the building crumbles--

SCRATCH  
Whooooo-weeee! You see that? I knocked a  
building! A goddamn building! Whooooo-  
haah!

GORDON rips Scratch away from the trigger--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
WHAT?!?

GORDON  
Avery and Shorty are dead. So's Ricardo.

SCRATCH  
Aw, shit, man. Avery and Shorty?

Scratch begins to weep. He hugs Gordon--

SCRATCH (cont'd)  
Did you kill the bastards that did it?  
*(Gordon nods)*  
BLAKE! Avery and Shorty are dead.

Blake stumbles from the Jailhouse, hat off--

BLAKE  
So's Lane. And Mitchel.

Blake, Gordon, and Scratch huddle up in a hug. After a beat--

SCRATCH  
Hey, what about Ricardo's daughter? She  
breathing?

GORDON  
No. She's dead. Banditos. Same ones that  
jumped Avery and Shorty.

SCRATCH  
How dead?

GORDON  
What?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SCRATCH

Like five-ten minutes dead?

GORDON

WHAT?

SCRATCH

Listen to me, goddamnit! I am pissed to high heaven that my fucking brothers just got killed, I am drunk off my ass, and I am horny as all hell. Jesus Christ, the more we sit here and squawk about it, the more stiff she gets.

BLAKE grabs SCRATCH by the arm so he can't leave.

BLAKE

Scratch...that's just grotesque.

SCRATCH

It is what it is, Blake, but I want what I want.

Blake let's him go. Scratch storms off--

GORDON

No. Shit! Scratch! No!

*(follows quickly)*

Scratch! Don't you fucking do it! I AM WARNING YOU!

Scratch stops and turns, gun aimed at Gordon--

SCRATCH

Gordon. It's about to get real uncivil!

BLAKE

Scratch! You do not point guns at your own blood!

SCRATCH

He ain't a hundred percent blood.

BLAKE

Scratch!

Scratch obeys, puts the gun down. He storms to the brothel--

Gordon, tears in his eyes, puts a hand on his six shooter. He pulls and fires--

The bullet bounces between Scratch's legs, who stops and turns in disbelief--

SCRATCH

You just fired a bullet at me, you goddamn half breed!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLAKE

*Gordon! WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!*

Scratch turns to the front porch of the brothel and is blown backward--

BLAKE (cont'd)

Dear Lord Jesus Christ!

Isabel is in the shadows off the brothel, reloading a double barrel shotgun--

BLAKE (cont'd)

You fucking whore!

BLAKE draws and fires. GORDON fires and blows the gun out of Blake's hand. His wrist bleeds--

GORDON

No!

BLAKE

Why the fuck did you do that?

GORDON

Don't hurt her.

BLAKE

Why, Gordon? Why'd you just SHOOT YER OWN BLOOD!?!? Why the fuck did you just do that?

A bullet tags BLAKE in the shoulder, but he doesn't even acknowledge it. Another ricochets nearby. A BANDITO is running at them--

Gordon turns the Gatling and mows down the Bandito. Blake staggers back, dumbfounded. His knees give and soon he is sitting in the dirt--

GORDON

Blake. I didn't want it to come to this.

BLAKE

Come to what? Come to WHAT, Gordon?

GORDON

Jus' get on your horse and ride out of town.

BLAKE

You shed your own blood because OF A WOMAN?!

GORDON

Blake this whole thing is because of a woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BLAKE

What? You're talking in riddles.

GORDON

My mother. Paw stole her away from Ricardo. This whole ride to Mexico was over a woman!

Blake can't believe his ears--

BLAKE

What the hell kind'a blasphemy you talking, boy?! We rode down here to pay a debt...

GORDON

My mother was the debt.

BLAKE has stopped, a glint of fear in his eye--

GORDON (cont'd)

I'll do you one better. Paw rode across the continent and gathered you "kin" up, not because he loved you. No. Because the state had just passed a new ordinance. He had to pay tax on any indentured or hired hand. But sons! Ah, sons are un-taxable labor. He needed ranch hands, Blake.

BLAKE

*(in tears)*

Shut yer mouth, boy.

Blake is standing and stalking toward him--

BLAKE (cont'd)

It ain't enough you kill your own blood you gotta spit and piss on the grave of your own paw?

GORDON

I'm just telling it like it is.

Blake staggers and loads a shotgun--

BLAKE

Shut it, Gordon! I don't wanna hear anymore!

Gordon aims the Gatling at Blake--

GORDON

Paw treated us all like shit, Blake.

BLAKE

Lies, Gordon, twisted lies you making up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GORDON

I don't want to kill you. Believe me. I do love you like a brother, but if you don't get on your horse right now and ride into the sunset...I may be forced to. *SO, LET IT GO, BLAKE!*

BLAKE

You know I can't do that, Gordon. I can't go to the grave with this on my soul.

GORDON

I'm your blood, too.

BLAKE

*(shakes head)*

You ain't my blood no more. You jus' a half-brother.

BLAKE raises the shotgun and is mowed down as GORDON, screaming, empties the GATLING GUN into him--

The blast is so powerful that BLAKE is blown backward toward the brothel. His body bounce in dirt and rolls up the street--

The Gatling Gun clicks empty. Gordon falls to his knees--

He looks up at a noise. Isabel is peeking out from the ruins of the brothel--

Gordon looks at the Gatling Gun. The smoking barrels are aimed at the brothel, Blake's body in between--

Gordon stands, looking horrified at the sight of Isabel. He runs to her. As she walks toward him, blood stains begin to appear through her clothes. She has been shot twice--

GORDON runs to her, catching her as she collapses--

GORDON

No. No. No. No....please...

ISABEL

Gordon...

GORDON

*(fighting tears)*

Oh, shit. Oh shit.

ISABEL

Gordon...

GORDON

Isabel, I'm gon'na get you to a doctor.

Gordon tries to lift her onto his horse, but he falls trying--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GORDON (cont'd)  
Come on. Let's go.

ISABEL  
I love you, Gordon. I don't care who we  
are...I'd a stayed with you.

GORDON  
Oh, Isabel. I don't care neither. Just  
don't die. We'll settle ourselves  
somewhere in the middle of nowhere and  
we'll have as many children as you want.  
No more living like goddamn animals...

ISABEL  
I love you.

GORDON  
Isabel!

She dies. Gordon holds her body close.

EXT -- EDGE OF TOWN -- SUNSET (SOUND CARRIES)

The town is a bloody mess, the dead are everywhere. The town  
burns, fire licking the sky.

GORDON finishes patting the dirt down on a fresh grave near  
the outskirts of town. He jams a cross in the earth that  
reads: Isabel--

He pulls her locket out of his pocket and stares at it. He  
opens the clasp and looks at the photo of the woman. He sees  
her as his mother for the first time--

REVEAL THAT nearby he has also buried LANE, MITCHEL, SCRATCH,  
SHORTY, AVERY, and BLAKE--

There is also a new sign on the road: TOWN OF Sumner /  
POPULATION 0.

EXT -- TOWN OF SUMNER -- SUNSET

GORDON removes MITCHEL'S book from his hip pocket and flips  
to the opening page: "SEVEN BROTHERS" by MITCHEL SUMNER--

He drops the book into the side pouch on his horse--

GORDON VOICE  
I am the last of the Sumner brothers,  
youngest in the feared gang of blood  
thirsty desperados.

GORDON slings AVERY'S rifle over his shoulder and sets  
BLAKE'S hat on his head--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON VOICE (cont'd)

My brother Mitchel kept a record of our adventures and he asked me, in the event of his untimely passing, to keep the journal going.

He drops THREE CHINESE STARS, SCRATCH'S FLASK, a few bottles of LANE'S GREEN SMOKE LIQUID, Isabel'S GLOVES, and the YELLOWED DOG EARED PHOTO OF THE BROTHERS into the side pouch of the saddle--

GORDON VOICE (cont'd)

I promised I would. Now they're all gone. For better or worse. So I suppose I'll tell my side of Mitchel's stories, just for perspective. Seeing as how some of his facts are wrong.

GORDON mounts up and hums a tune through LANE'S HARMONICA as he heads toward the sunset.

GORDON VOICE (cont'd)

What follows is a true historical account of seven brothers who had the same father, but different mothers...

(MORE)