

**GUNS AND GRACE**

By Odin Ozdil

**FADE IN:**

**INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK - MORNING**

SUPER: HELENA, MONTANA TERRITORY, 1868

A small, musty branch office. Keeping watch at the door with a revolver drawn is JACK VANCE (40), tall and lean, piercing eyes, chiseled cheekbones. His pistol is pointed at --

BANK TELLER, who cowers on the floor next to the counter.

Emptying gold coins from the safe is LEFTY VANCE (30), wild eyes, giddy.

The bank teller peeks at a HIDDEN GUN tucked under the counter. He glances up to see Jack looking out the window. Lefty, distracted, grins into the bulging bag of coins.

The teller takes the opportunity to grab the gun --

BAM!

Without turning his head to look, Jack, aiming backwards over his shoulder, blasts the teller square between the eyes.

REVEAL: Jack was simultaneously looking outside while keeping an eye on the teller by the REFLECTION in the window.

LEFTY

Whoa! Thanks, Brother.

JACK

(stern)

A child you are, unawares.

Lefty lowers his eyes, embarrassed. He grabs the bag and follows Jack out.

**EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Jack's GANG OF EIGHT MEN wait outside on horseback. Scars and sneers, not a friendly bunch. Jack and Lefty hop on their horses. The gang parts for the brothers to ride through and lead them out of town.

**EXT. HILLS - DAY**

The FOG is thick. It swirls around and makes anything short of ten feet an aberration. Jack rides in front, the saddlebag of coins jingles with each step.

Jack descends to the bottom of a hill.

LEFTY  
I can't see nothin'.

JACK  
Stay close.

The fog PARTIALLY CLEARS and Jack comes face-to-face with --

U.S. MARSHAL CHESTER SAMPSON (40s), a stoic, no-nonsense bear of a man with SIX LAWYERS behind him on horses.

LEFTY  
It's the marshal!

Both sides, quickly overcoming the shock of running into the other, draw their weapons and FIRE. Everyone scrambles to find cover behind trees and rocks.

Jack is SHOT in his left arm and falls off his horse.

LEFTY  
Brother!

Jack, cut off from Lefty and the gang, runs into the thicket.

Chester dismounts, gun drawn, growls at his men.

CHESTER  
I'll get Jack. You get the rest.

As the dense fog clears, Jack's men find themselves at an overall advantage, standing uphill from Chester's men.

Both sides take cover positions and continue shooting.

#### **EXT. THICKET - SAME TIME**

The chase between Jack and Chester is on.

Panting. The snapping of tree branches. A crow caws.

The fog is thick. Neither man knows where the other is. They each strain to hear any clues as they tread cautiously.

#### **INTERCUT THICKET/HILLS**

The gunfight between the groups of men soon reveals a victor. A few of Jack's men go down, but ultimately, all the marshals are killed and the gang stands at Lefty and five men strong.

#### **THICKET**

The fog DISSIPATES -- Chester finds himself standing right on the edge of a STEEP CLIFF, one step away from death. He breathes a sigh of relief at the close call.

Jack shoots out of the woods at full speed. Chester turns just in time to see him coming --

CHESTER

Christ.

Jack PLOWS into Chester, sends him flying over the edge.

Chester SMASHES into the ground, 20 feet below.

Jack smiles. With a grunt, he hobbles off, nursing his arm.

**EXT. BOTTOM OF RAVINE - SAME TIME**

Chester lays on the rocks. His eyes pop open, furious.

**EXT. MONTANA PRAIRIE - DAY**

The golden sun shimmers on a wheat field that is nearly ripe for harvest. Nestled between the picturesque hills is a SMALL CABIN.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

GRACE LEWIS (25), too properly dressed to match the very modest home, sits upright and ladylike at the table. She reads over the book, "LADIES GUIDE TO HEALTH AND DISEASE." The page is turned to the chapter on pregnancy, paired with a drawing of a woman in labor.

She scrunches her nose, not particularly thrilled about the passage she reads. Her gaze drifts out the window into the distance where she can make out the outline of a man laboring. She gets up to get a better look at him. She has a slightly visible BABY BUMP.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

BEN LEWIS (30), rugged, good-natured, uses the tip of a KNIFE WITH BLACKFOOT MARKINGS to examine a piece of grain.

A LOUD CAW draws his attention to the sky. His gaze follows a CROW in mid-flight to the edge of the field where stands --

CRAZY CROW (25), a Blackfoot Indian woman with DEEP SCARS across her face. In one arm she carries a BUNDLE OF BEAVER PELTS, in the other, she cradles a STRAW BABY DOLL.

Crazy Crow eyes the knife in Ben's hand, respectfully nods. She lays down the pelts.

Ben walks over and picks up the pelts. He is impressed by the quality.

Crazy Crow glances at the CABIN in the distance.

**INTERCUT CABIN/PRAIRIE**

Grace disapprovingly looks out towards Ben and Crazy Crow.

Ben motions towards the cabin.

BEN  
Will you come in?

Crazy Crow can make out Grace in the window.

She turns around and walks away, back into the prairie.

BEN  
Guess not.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Grace sits at the kitchen table executing the last steps of ATTACHING A HANDLE onto a dilapidated hand-woven basket.

She finishes the last few stitches, drops some apples into the basket, picks it up by the handle --

It immediately falls apart, spilling the apples across the floor. With a GRUNT, Grace kicks the basket, destroys it.

The front door opens, sends an apple rolling across the floor to Grace's foot. Ben notices the destroyed basket. He wearily drops the pelts on the floor.

He helps Grace pick up the apples and put them back in the busted basket. Grace gets a whiff of Ben and makes a face.

GRACE  
I'll draw a bath.

Ben sniffs himself and shrugs. Grace glances at the pelts.

GRACE

I don't like it when that Crazy  
Crow comes around.

BEN

She ain't Crow, she's Blackfoot.

GRACE

That's what everyone in town calls  
her.

BEN

Don't make it right.

GRACE

What isn't right is she wanders  
about by herself carrying that  
straw doll. What kind of proper  
woman does that?

Grace examines the pelts.

GRACE

Another fine batch.

BEN

They always are.

GRACE

At least something good came out of  
you saving her.

**INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Grace brushes her hair in the mirror by the light of the  
lantern. Ben lays on his separate bed and sharpens a knife.

GRACE

Must you do that in bed?

He places the knife and block on the nightstand.

GRACE

The yield from our no good field  
won't be but enough to trade for  
half the supplies we need for  
winter.

BEN

It's still a new crop. It takes a  
few years for the soil to  
acclimate.

GRACE

You said that last year.

BEN

We don't need as much as you think.  
By the grace of God, we'll survive.

GRACE

I want to do more than survive.

BEN

I'm sorry I can't give you more  
like you grew up with on your  
daddy's plantation.

He takes some LAVENDER out of a pouch.

BEN

But we're here now.

GRACE

Here ain't for me. It's not fair.

BEN

Life ain't fair, it's what you're  
given. And I know it's difficult to  
see, but we've been given a lot.

GRACE

We have a baby coming. It deserves  
a better life than this.

BEN

(thoughtful)  
Maybe it will be a she.

GRACE

It's still early.  
(hopefully)  
Maybe it just won't make it past  
the first trimester.

BEN

(disturbed)  
There are things that neither man  
nor woman can control. I seen it in  
the war. We are all children crying  
for our mothers.

GRACE

War's over.

BEN

I know.

Ben takes her hand in his.

BEN  
That's why I'm happy to be here  
with you.

Grace squeezes his hand back.

GRACE  
I'm trying.

BEN  
I know.

Ben places the small buds on the lantern. The released scent permeates the air.

GRACE  
Lavender.

BEN  
From our no good field.

Grace inhales and relaxes a slight bit.

**INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

From his bed, Ben gazes at the sleeping Grace, her hair shimmering in the moonlight. Without the pretenses of consciousness, she looks like an innocent little girl.

**INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Grace wakes to find Ben is already gone. She glances out of the window and sees him out in the field.

**EXT. WELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Grace goes to the well with an empty bucket and fills it.

Twenty yards away, she spies the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN staggering towards her. She drops the bucket into the well and calls out into the field.

GRACE  
Ben!

The man collapses.

GRACE  
Ben!



Ben comes running back through the field.

BEN  
What's wrong?!

GRACE  
There!

She points to the body and they run up to it.

Ben flips the man onto his back -- it's a battered Jack. The wound on his arm is caked in blood.

GRACE  
He's been shot. Could be someone's  
after him.

She scans around warily.

BEN  
Help me move him.

A CROW CAWS as it circles overhead.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

A passed out Jack lays on Ben's bed as Ben dresses his wounds.

Grace stashes Jack's gun in a CHEST.

GRACE  
Let's get out of here.

BEN  
To where?

GRACE  
Any place. Let's just leave. He'll  
be alright now.

BEN  
You always trying to run awa--

GRACE  
It ain't that. I swear it ain't  
that. I got this feeling, like a  
cold shadow.

Jack stirs. Ben looks to him.

JACK  
 (murmurs)  
 Lucy.

BEN  
 Looks like you been through a right  
 piece of nasty. I'm Ben. This here  
 is my wife, Grace.

Jack opens his piercing eyes and looks directly at Grace.  
 He's fully lucid.

JACK  
 I'm Jack.

Grace quickly looks away.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Ben and Jack sit at the table. Grace serves stew.

JACK  
 Much obliged.

GRACE  
 What were you doing out there? Why  
 are you shot?

BEN  
 Now Grace, we have no meddle in  
 this man's affairs.

JACK  
 (charming)  
 I do appreciate the courtesy. And  
 I'm sure my tale would bore you.

GRACE  
 I'm sure it would.

Jack spies a LEATHER SHOULDER BAG on the mantelpiece.

JACK  
 I believe that bag was standard  
 army issue, before leather became  
 expensive and lives became cheap.  
 That would make you a fellow  
 compatriot. Myself, 41st regiment  
 out of the great state of Alabama.

BEN  
 We're from Georgia.

GRACE

He don't need to know our story.

Jack motions towards a bottle of whiskey.

JACK

May I?

Ben nods. Grace serves Jack. He relishes in the shot.

JACK

Ahh. Full health is now attainable.  
Once again, I am much obliged. May  
I have a little more? To sip.

Ben motions to Grace to refill. She does so begrudgingly.

JACK

To find a Southern brother -- nigh,  
to be given rescue in Montana by one  
-- is quite fortuitous indeed.

BEN

All men are brothers.

JACK

As were Abel and Cain.

GRACE

You sure can talk for being half-  
dead this morning, Mister.

JACK

Many a half-dead man roam this  
country. Ain't that right, soldier?

GRACE

What are you implying? Ben was a  
medic during the war.

Jack examines his bandages and nods in approval. He looks around the room.

JACK

If you'll allow me to enlighten  
you, your husband knows what I  
speak of. It's the voice in his  
head every day since he's been back  
from war. I'm just speaking that  
demon's voice aloud, ain't that  
right?

Ben takes his shot of whiskey and holds out his empty glass for Grace to refill. Grace barely recognizes her husband.

Jack observes Grace's hands as she pours.

GRACE

Now that's enough outta you!  
 (to Ben)  
 He's messing with your mind, Ben.  
 No need to get mixed up about past  
 horrors all over again.

BEN

The man speaks his mind. He served  
 like me, watched his friends die.  
 This is a house of free thought.

GRACE

And what about my free thoughts?  
 (to Jack)  
 Who are you to conjure up such  
 wretchedness?

JACK

A wretched man, I suppose.

Jack turns to look at Grace and sends shivers up her spine,  
 but she keeps her eye contact.

GRACE

I don't need to know your story to  
 know Ben is a better man than you.

Jack reclines.

JACK

Right you are. He is a better man,  
 but better men ain't doing so well  
 in these times. My curiosity  
 prevails: Why is it that a lady  
 with delicate hands, who doesn't  
 feel the need to toil with her  
 husband, feels the need to defend  
 his honor so dutifully? Is it you  
 resent having ended up in God's  
 armpit and look to justify it with  
 hollow reasons of how Ben is a  
 "good man?"

Jack takes a deliberately thoughtful sip. Reaffirms his  
 theory.

JACK

Yes, you didn't know what you  
 married -- you thought him a hero,  
 a man with a good heart, a strong  
 back. But instead you got a mind  
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
burnt by war. A broken machine,  
like a till without teeth.

Jack takes in the open magazine. He can't let this new information go without mention.

JACK  
And how could you possibly raise a  
child like this? Because this ain't  
no life.

Grace feels naked. Cold. Her look confirms the accuracy of his insight to a pleased Jack.

GRACE  
How do you figure...

She looks to Ben, who sits as if in a trance.

JACK  
You ain't that special, darling.  
All fall to the trappings of their  
beliefs in some fashion. The men  
who send others to die. Them who do  
the dying. With the North against  
you and the South not doing  
anything for you, there's only West  
left to go.  
(To Ben)  
Have you come far enough? Have you  
been able to hide from your demons  
behind this darling, peachy, silly  
little thing?

Ben moves fast and WALLOPS Jack a good one, flipping him over his chair.

Ben stands over Jack, his chest heaving.

BEN  
Say what you will to me, but you  
will respect my wife.

Jack has fallen onto the Indian pelts. He massages his jaw as he examines the stitching.

JACK  
That's some good Injun work.

Jack speaks as he picks up his chair, sets it back at the head of the table.

JACK

Forgive me. I can get carried away sharing my notions and admit I need to be reminded when to stop from time to time. My tongue is a curse, my presence often has a way of upsetting the lady of the household. Perhaps it is why I have yet to acquire the gift of companionship as you have managed in life.

Jack takes a seat and laughs himself a hearty one. He realizes no one has joined him, stops laughing. He motions to the bottle.

JACK

If I may have another sip.

GRACE

You've had enough.

JACK

Perhaps you are correct as alcohol thins the blood and my wounds are still moist. However, another pull will certainly help me go to bed and part company all the sooner tonight.

He briefly pauses to see if anyone will stop him, takes the bottle, refills.

Grace glares at Ben, who averts his gaze and peers into his whiskey.

**EXT. CABIN - DAWN - THE NEXT DAY**

Ben stands on the porch. He can see the far-off silhouettes of SIX MEN ON HORSES riding up.

He heads inside.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jack lies on his back looking at the ceiling, his eyes wide open. Ben walks up.

BEN

You got friends looking for you?

JACK  
For your hospitality, I will  
tell my men to leave you in  
peace. But don't get too  
comfortable, and keep that lady-  
thing out of sight.

**EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack waits outside to greet the gang as they ride up. Lefty  
dismounts and Jack greets him with open arms.

LEFTY  
Brother!

They embrace.

JACK  
Good to see you, Brother.

Lefty looks at the cabin entrance where Ben stands  
protectively in front of Grace.

BEN  
Go inside.

She doesn't. Lefty lecherously EYES her up and down.

JACK  
These people will be left alone.

A disappointed Lefty nods in agreement.

LEFTY  
Aw, alright.

JACK  
The loot?

Lefty grins and motions to the men. They proudly lift the  
flap of the saddle bag that's still filled with gold coins.

Jack nods and turns to Ben.

JACK  
My firearm, if you please.

Ben takes a look at Jack and his men. They're all armed.

Ben nods to Grace to retrieve the gun from the chest.

Grace goes into the house while Ben sizes up each posse  
member.

Grace emerges with the gun and hands it to Ben.

Ben tosses Jack the gun.

JACK  
Much obliged.

With an expert twirl, Jack smoothly drops it into his holster.

**INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ben and Grace speak in hushed tones as the rambunctious men can be heard laughing and drinking in the living room.

GRACE  
They're bank robbers. They're wanted. They've killed.

BEN  
Shh. They'll be out in the morning.

GRACE  
I'll have no one hush me in my own home. You brought this onto us, bringing that devil in here.

BEN  
I took a vow that I'd rather die than be the cause of another man's suffering again.

GRACE  
You took a vow to protect your family.

Ben looks away in shame, conflicted.

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

The rowdy men practice throwing knives at the wall and sticking them into the wood.

Jack sits at the table with Lefty. Lefty's attention is with the celebrating men as he laughs and drinks along with them.

LEFTY  
And then the fog cleared, and there we was, surrounding them surprised sonsabitches!

Jack sternly addresses his brother.



JACK

The Marshals cut us off 'cause you didn't scout right.

Lefty's jubilation quickly subdues.

LEFTY

There was heavy fog when I done the scout. I ain't see the other pass.

JACK

Then when you come back from the scout, you report there was fog and could be another pass you couldn't see. Then we ain't ride so we can get ambushed -- which is what happened.

LEFTY

What you want? It worked out. We still got the gold.

Jack SMACKS Lefty. The men go quiet.

JACK

We down three men since I saw you, baby brother.

Lefty is slightly teary-eyed and choked up.

LEFTY

Nothin' I do good enough for you.

Lefty stands up and tosses his chair aside. He storms out.

Jack glares at his men who all look away. He shakes his head and goes after Lefty out the door.

JACK

(exasperated)  
Lefty, get back here.

The party starts back up.

**INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

CRASH! The sound of china being broken along with laughter in the next room is more than Grace can take.

She stares at Ben, trembling with rage at the ruckus.

GRACE

That Fine China out there is the last thing of value we own. We'll have nothing left to sell if it's a harsh winter, if we need something for the baby.

BEN

I know--

SMASH!

GRACE

They're just knocking it around like it's some cheap glass!

Ben sees her purse her lips and work herself up.

BEN

(warning)

Grace, don't you--

**INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Like a bat out of hell Grace stomps out of the bedroom.

GRACE

That's enough with your hootin' 'n' hollerin'! Don't any of you have the common decency to respect a good home?

She kneels next to the broken China and tears up as she picks up the pieces.

The intoxicated men are briefly startled silent before they start laughing.

MEN

My, my/Someone wants to play/Look at this 'lil thang!

GRACE

Y'all a bunch of heathens and your mommas would be ashamed of you!

Ben stands in the bedroom doorway.

BEN

Grace, get back in here, now.

Grace gives them all a nasty look, grabs the China, heads back to the bedroom.

A large man with a giant scar across his face, appropriately named SCAR (30s), grabs Grace by the arm and pulls her in close.

She drops the China and it SHATTERS on the ground.

SCAR

Don't leave yet, little lady. We're just getting to know you.

Without warning, Ben gives Scar a ONE-TWO PUNCH and knocks him to the ground. Ben gets in between Grace and the men.

The men laugh and taunt Scar.

MEN

Hot damn!/Little man just showed Scar what's what!/You gonna let a farmer scrap you like that?/Might be time to retire, Scar!

Scar, dazed, shakes it off and stands up. He is considerably larger than Ben.

SCAR

You gonna regret that.

The men close in a circle around them. One of them holds Grace back.

GRACE

Let me go!

Scar punches Ben in the face and Ben crashes through the kitchen table.

GRACE

No!

Scar bears down on Ben, but Ben KICKS him in the balls and JUMPS onto his back. Ben begins CHOKING him.

Like a rodeo bull, Scar runs into furniture and walls trying to knock Ben off.

Ben HANGS ON, choking Scar into submission.

Grace screams while the men find the whole thing incredibly entertaining.

Scar, on the verge of unconsciousness, drops to his knees. As Ben takes the upper hand, one of the other men, IRWIN (20s), ugliest of the bunch, BREAKS A BOTTLE over Ben's head.

Ben goes down.

GRACE

Ben!

Grace goes to him. The side of his head BLEEDS.

The laughing men pull her off and begin to pass her around, lewdly GRABBING at her.

BEN

Grace...

A woozy Ben is helpless to do anything.

GRACE

No! Stop it!

One of the men rips Grace's blouse.

GRACE

No! Please! No!

Ben shakes his head to refocus his eyes.

Jack walks back in just in time to see Ben sneak the gun out of Scar's holster.

JACK

Shit.

BANG!

Ben SHOOTS the MAN on Grace in the forehead dead.

Ben points the gun at everyone else in the room before they can draw.

BEN

Nobody move!

Grace rapidly breathes, stares at the dead body.

BEN

(commands)

Grace.

Grace scrambles behind Ben.

JACK

I thought we was all friends,  
soldier.

BEN  
I've met your friends. Guns on the  
floor, now! Slowly.

Jack and his men see Ben is serious and put their guns on the ground. Grace picks them all up and puts them in the chest. She locks it.

Ben keeps his gun trained on the men as he backs up with Grace out the front door.

**EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Ben slams the door shut and pushes the porch bench in front of it.

**INT. CABIN - SAME TIME**

The other men quickly draw hidden pistols from their waistbands and boots and start shooting at Ben and Grace through the door.

**EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME**

Grace and Ben scramble towards the barn, the angry men shoot out the windows while ramming the barricaded door.

BEN  
Get to the horses!

The men pile out of the house and force Ben and Grace to take cover fire positions behind a METAL TROUGH.

BEN  
Jack! We had a deal!

Jack is the only one not shooting. He merely watches from a safe vantage point and shakes his head as he lights a cigarette and calls out.

JACK  
Can't help you now, soldier. Can't stop animals once they've smelled blood. I told you the rules, you and your loud-mouthed lady shoulda stayed put.

BEN  
I'm the one who did the shooting.  
If I come out, can you guarantee  
you won't harm her?

Jack motions to his men to lower their guns.

JACK

We can work something out.

GRACE

He's lying. Don't you go out there. They'll kill you and then...

BEN

We ain't got much choice. We can't take them all on.

GRACE

(pleading)

Ben, don't you go out there. You got a wife and child.

BEN

I ain't got no choice. God will show us mercy.

Ben shows his arms and slowly steps out.

BEN

I'm coming ou--

BANG!

Ben YELPS, shot in the arm by Lefty. He falls back behind the trough.

GRACE

Ben!

Jack smacks his brother's arm down. Lefty grins.

LEFTY

Whoopsie.

Jack projects towards Ben and Grace.

JACK

You see, I myself am of no inclination to harm you or Mrs. Peachy. But my men, well, it is a free country, as they say.

Ben winces and turns to Grace.

BEN

We gotta get to them horses.

Grace glances over to where the horses are. There's no way to cross without being exposed to gunfire.

GRACE

How?

Ben looks around and notices the WOODEN CART next to them.

He pushes at it with his good arm and cringes in pain.

BEN

Grace, help me!

GRACE

Do you think that's gonna be enough shelter--

BEN

Push!

The cart begins to roll. Grace cowers as she pushes it and uses it as cover, Ben hunched down beside her.

As they emerge from behind the trough, the men UNLOAD in their direction, the cart working to block the bullets.

Jack smiles as he sees Grace rolling the cart towards the horses. He laughs.

JACK

Finally gettin' a taste of farm work, huh, sister?

Grace and Ben arrive at the horses. Grace mounts hers.

GRACE

Ben, come on!

BEN

You ride! Go! I'm right behind you!

He slaps her horse on the rump, she takes off.

Ben picks up an OIL CANISTER and douses the hay in the cart.

He LIGHTS it, and with a SHOVE, sends the flaming wagon rolling towards the gang who has to scramble for new cover.

Scar catches on fire and begins flailing about.

SCAR

Put me out! Put me out!

The others put him out with water from the well.

Meanwhile, Ben stumbles around to the men's horses and frees them.

BEN

Yah! Yah!

Ben mounts his horse and takes off.

Lefty takes aim through his RIFLE and lines Ben up in his crosshairs.

He grins and pulls the trigger. Ben keeps riding.

Lefty is disappointed.

Jack watches Ben and Grace ride off.

JACK

What a lovely couple.

Scar is back on his feet and literally wet and steaming.

Lefty calls out to the men.

LEFTY

They gettin' away! Round up the horses!

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chester, bruised but already back in fighting form, looks out at a HALF-DOZEN BOUNTY HUNTERS. He is flanked by two young and earnest DEPUTIES.

CHESTER

A few days ago, ten men held up a bank in Helena. They killed a teller before getting away. They were intercepted in the canyons by a squad of U.S. Marshals. All the marshals but one were killed. That marshal was me.

A BOUNTY HUNTER with BLACK TEETH speaks up.

BLACK TEETH

We don't care 'bout that. How much is the bounty?

A smarmy BANKER (50s) sitting in the corner, sweaty and constantly dabbing his forehead with a cloth, pipes in.



BANKER

For your services, gentlemen, the bank will pay \$100 per head, dead or alive. Twice that for Jack.

BLACK TEETH

This Jack Vance and his men, ain't it? Bad Jack.

CHESTER

That's right.

BLACK TEETH

That worth at least twice the amount to risk my neck.

The other bounty hunters nod in agreement.

YOUNG DEPUTY

This mission is a service to your country and--

BANKER

Agreed at \$200 for the gang and \$400 for Jack. Get them. Get them all and you will be rewarded.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN**

Grace and Ben round a bend to a creek. They stop behind some LARGE ROCKS. Ben's arm is coated in blood.

BEN

The horses need water.

GRACE

We don't have time.

Ben collapses off his horse.

Grace quickly dismounts and examines him. His arm bleeds. Grace grimaces at the sight of bone and blood but keeps her composure together.

GRACE

It'll be alright.

Ben shakes his head.

BEN

It ain't just the arm.

He moves his hand. He also bleeds from a hole in his side.

GRACE  
Why didn't you say anything?!

BEN  
Wouldn'a done no good.

GRACE  
Oh, my God.

She tries to sop up the blood with some cloth.

BEN  
The Lord will judge me soon.

His side wound won't stop bleeding. Grace knows it's bad.

GRACE  
Oh, Ben. It's gonna be fine.  
Alright, get back on that horse.

BEN  
Listen to me.

He puts a bloody hand on her belly.

GRACE  
Don't start talking crazy.

BEN  
I'm sorry I brought you to Montana.

GRACE  
You are my husband. I take your  
life as mine.

BEN  
That's what I'm afraid of.

He hands her his gun belt with knife.

BEN  
Now, go. I'm sorry I can't do more  
for you. You have to take care of  
yourself. For both of you. For all  
three of us. Go.

The last flicker of life leaves Ben's eyes. He slips into death.

Grace shakes his shoulders in agony.

GRACE  
No... No. Ben...

In the far distance she sees a small cloud of dirt from the pursuing gang.

Strapped with guilt, Grace pries herself away from her fallen husband. She rides off.

GRACE  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

**EXT. PRAIRIE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack and his men ride hard and gain ground -- right past the far side of the large rocks without noticing Ben's dead body.

**EXT. RIVER - SAME TIME**

A weeping Grace approaches the shore and then urges the horse into the waist deep river.

A WATER SNAKE startles the animal. He BUCKS and Grace falls off, hitting her head on a ROCK.

A light stream of blood emits from her head as an unconscious Grace floats 100 yards down the river and falls over a small waterfall.

She plunges 10 feet into --

**EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS**

Under the slow-moving water Grace opens her eyes. *Serenity.*

An OBSCURED FIGURE dives into the water and grabs her around the waist to take her back up.

GRACE (V.O.)  
Ben? Ben...

**EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS**

Grace slowly focuses her sight at the edge of the shore and gets her bearings.

A WHITE DANDELION grows out of the ground in front of her.

A PAIR OF BOOTS walk up and STEPS on the dandelion, dispersing the seeds into the air.

The boots belong to Lefty. The rest of the gang is with him.

LEFTY  
My, my. I caught a fish.

JACK  
Where your man at?

Grace is confused.

GRACE  
Wha-? Ben? Where's Ben?

Lefty pulls her head up by her hair.

LEFTY  
He asking you the question.

Lefty calls out into the woods.

LEFTY  
We got yer woman!

Jack nods to Scar.

JACK  
Take point. We can't have him  
sneaking up on us.

LEFTY  
Where he at?

Grace is on the verge of tears.

GRACE  
Ben? He... he's coming back.

Grace begins to shake with exhaustion and fear and grief.

GRACE  
And he'll show you all. He'll show  
you...

LEFTY  
Why you out here all alone? I think  
your man done gone.  
(gloating)  
I knew I got him back at the stead.  
He just needed to bleed out like a  
pig.

Irwin makes sounds like a hog. Grace loses it and collapses  
into great big sobs.

LEFTY

Yep. That's it. I know women, ain't that right, Brother?

Lefty strokes Grace's hair.

She SPITS on him. He licks it off and then BACKHANDS her.

ZHOOF.

A bullet passes through Lefty's neck. He collapses.

All the men scramble for cover.

JACK

Lefty!

A bullet strikes next to Jack, forcing him to retreat.

GRACE

Ben?!

Grace stumbles towards the source of the bullets.

The men shoot into the woods after her. Miraculously, Grace is not hit as bullets impact trees and rocks all around her.

From behind a fallen tree trunk Jack watches Lefty choke to death on his own blood.

JACK

Brother!

Jack tries to go to him but a bullet hits the branch right in front of him, forcing him to duck back down.

JACK

You a dead man, Ben!

The men continue to fire into the woods with no target in sight.

JACK

Stop shooting. Stop shooting!

The men do. All is silent.

SCAR

That sonabitch ain't even shooting at us anymore!

Jack rushes over to his brother, drops to his knees to examine his brother. Lefty is dead.

JACK  
Lefty... my baby brother.

Jack mourns as the men watch in silence.

**EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME**

A frantic Grace turns the corner and lets out a YELP when she sees Crazy Crow with a gun drawn.

GRACE  
It was you? That was you in the  
water...

Crazy Crow looks past Grace ready for a fight.

GRACE  
Don't think they're following, yet.

Crazy Crow heads into the woods and motions for Grace to follow. Grace briefly hesitates then runs to catch up to Crazy Crow.

**EXT. RIVERBANK - SAME TIME**

Jack grieves. Scar stands up and address the men.

SCAR  
After them!

As he runs by, Jack clotheslines Scar who goes down hard.

JACK  
I give the orders. First we bury my  
brother. Then we show those two  
regret they've never seen.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Grace sits up against a tree and weeps while Crazy Crow silently watches and feeds the horse.

**EXT. JACK'S CAMP - NIGHT**

Through watery eyes, Jack finishes shoveling a hole for his brother. A few yards away, Irwin is spooked and speaks in a hushed tone to Scar, who still nurses his jaw from earlier.

IRWIN

I don't like no burial. Maybe this woman's bad chance on us.

Scar doesn't say anything.

IRWIN

We got the gold. Why we care 'bout some damn dame and her man?

REVEAL: Jack stands behind a startled Irwin.

JACK

We lost two men. One my brother. You suggesting we don't pursue?

IRWIN

N-n-no boss.

Jack holds the shovel to Irwin's neck.

JACK

All monies that belonged to the deceased will be split evenly among the living. If any of you maggots wish to leave, you forfeit your share. Sound fair to you, Irwin?

IRWIN

Very fair, boss.

Jack drives the shovel into the ground.

JACK

We out in prairie country. Ain't nothing for hundreds of miles, and they only got but a couple guns. In the morning, we ride.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Crazy Crow gently makes sure her doll is tucked into a small makeshift bed near the fire.

She catches Grace giving her a weird look.

Grace turns away, not wanting to offend.

GRACE

I heard what happened to you. I'm so sorry.

Crazy Crow adds a few sticks to the fire.

GRACE  
Why are you helping me?

Crazy Crow stares into the flames. The floating embers dissolve into floating dandelion pollen.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. BLACKFOOT INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

SUPER IN LARGE LETTERS: RED FEATHER

RED FEATHER (18), Crazy Crow's real name, watches DOZENS OF U.S. ARMY MEN WITH GUNS hold her village hostage.

The pollen floats by as many villagers weep.

FIVE INDIAN MEN are paraded out at gunpoint. They are unceremoniously executed with shots to the head.

The beaten-up CHIEF (60), is tossed onto his knees in front of the bodies.

An ARMY CAPTAIN clomps over on his horse.

CAPTAIN  
We do not want trouble with you but you force our hand. You are in violation of the terms of your relocation.

CHIEF  
Gitmejez. Biz kabul etmedik.

The Captain turns to the TRANSLATOR (20s).

CAPTAIN  
What'd he say?

TRANSLATOR  
He says they never signed the agreement to leave.

CAPTAIN  
Tell him I am not here to debate the ins-and-outs of the treaty. That does not concern me.

The captain grabs Red Feather and drags her out.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)  
Grandfather!



CHIEF (SUBTITLE)  
Red Feather!

CAPTAIN  
Do we need to make an example from  
more of his people, some of his  
barbaric women this time?

The chief hangs his head in defeat.

The white pollen turns into SNOW FLAKES as we--

**TRANSITION TO:**

**EXT. PRAIRIE - WINTER - DAY**

The tribe walks through the blistering cold as snow swirls around.

An OLD WOMAN COLLAPSES and others rush to her side. She is not moving and never will again.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - WINTER - NIGHT**

The small, dim campfire doesn't make things much better for those huddled around it.

The Chief stands off by himself staring into the neverending snow.

Red Feather approaches with an extra coat and puts it over his shoulders.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)  
If you give up now, the tribe will  
truly be defeated.

The Chief nods. It's exactly what he needs to hear so as not to give into the despair. He puts an arm on Red Feather's shoulder. They head back to camp.

**EXT. VILLAGE - SPRING - DAY - A FEW YEARS LATER**

The tribe has managed to adapt to the new territory. Women weave baskets, children run around, men carve arrows, there is meat above the fire.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Red Feather walks with BEAR FOOT (22), handsome, slim and toned. They hold hands, Red Feather has a small BABY BUMP.

A DOE rummages in the bushes nearby. A BUCK comes up behind her. Love is in the air. Red Feather and Bear Foot grin.

A twig SNAPS in the distance, the animals run off.

Red Feather and Bear Foot duck behind some bushes. They see FOUR WHITE MEN who have set up a small camp.

Bear Foot takes Red Feather's hand and they begin to run away from the camp --

SNAP! Bear Foot's leg gets caught in a bear trap and he screams out in pain.

Red Feather tries to free him.

BEAR FOOT (SUBTITLE)

Go! Go!

The white men quickly arrive and surround Red Feather and Bear Foot.

It's too late for Red Feather to escape. She looks at the men with pleading eyes.

WHITE MAN #1

My, my. Looks like we caught a skinny bear.

WHITE MAN #2

I didn't know they came in red color.

WHITE MAN #1

America is the land of discovery.

One of the men grabs Red Feather. Bear Foot YELLS and pulls out THE BLACK FOOT KNIFE, which is useless at the distance he stands from the men.

White man #1 unceremoniously shoots Bear Foot in the head, dead.

WHITE MAN #1

What's that? I can't understand a goddamned thing you saying.

Red Feather SCREAMS.

WHITE MAN #1

Shut up!

He picks up the dropped knife and turns to Red Feather. She begins to CHANT.

WHITE MAN #1

I said, shut up.

**EXT. WOODS - LATER**

The men are gone. Red Feather, her clothes ripped, her face and stomach slashed, blood running down her leg, lays next to the body of her dead husband.

What little energy she has left, she uses to cry.

Ben emerges from the woods with some dead rabbits.

Red Feather sees him and weakly reaches for Bear Foot's fallen knife to defend herself, but Ben kicks it out of her hand.

Red Feather snarls at Ben as Ben keeps his distance. Ben draws his rifle and Red Feather looks at him with hateful eyes. She is prepared to die.

Ben empties out the ammo from his gun and sets it down. Then, in a show of peace, with his arms open and palms facing outward, he slowly approaches a confused Red Feather, who passes out from exhaustion.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Ben has made a fire and Red Feather shivers with infection. Ben examines Red Feather's wounds, especially her belly, and shakes his head.

He removes the red hot tip of Bear Foot's knife from the fire and cauterizes the wound.

Red Feather HOWLS in pain.

**EXT. WOODS - THE NEXT DAY**

Red Feather awakes to a freshly bandaged belly.

She looks over and sees BEAR FOOT'S GRAVE and another TINY ONE next to it. She laments.

Ben offers her some water from a canteen, she SMACKS IT AWAY.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)  
White monster!

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Red Feather looks over at the sleeping Ben. She quietly goes for the water and drinks in great big gulps.

When she puts the canteen down, she realizes Ben is watching and smiling.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)  
I don't owe you anything!

Red Feather tosses the canteen at Ben. It spills out most of the water that is left.

Ben picks it up, refills it from another canteen, gives it back to her and goes back to sleep.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

They share some rabbit. Ben looks at her, all smiles.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)  
(incensed)  
What are you? I hate the white man!  
What mind games are you playing?  
Stop smiling at me!

Red Feather grabs the nearby knife. Ben looks at her with empathy.

Ben exposes his back to tend the fire and Red Feather sees that Ben has a gun in his holster he could have easily used.

Unable to reconcile her anger, Red Feather THROWS the knife into the tree next to Ben's head.

Ben is a shaken by the close call, but he takes it in stride. He nods, accepting, understanding.

She cries in frustration.

**EXT. WOODS - DAYS LATER**

With a helping hand from Ben, Red Feather stands. Ben helps her walk around a bit.

Red Feather heads out.

Ben gathers his things and prepares to leave.

Red Feather turns around and walks back to Ben.

She gives Bear Foot's knife to Ben as a thank you.

Ben takes it. They acknowledge its significance with powerful eye contact and part ways.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT**

Grace and Red Feather sit around the fire.

Grace looks over at the doll. Red Feather looks over at Ben's knife on Grace's waist, and to Grace's belly.

Grace, uncomfortable with Red Feather's gaze, pulls the blanket tighter around herself, extra covering up her belly.

**EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING**

Grace wakes up. Red Feather is gone. Grace quickly sits up, looks around worried.

Sound rustling from above gets her attention. Red Feather climbs down from a nearby tall tree.

GRACE

You stuck around... Thank you. We need help. We need to get to town. Get help from the sheriff.

Red Feather gives Grace a look of contempt. Using a stick in the dirt, she begins to draw a map of the woods, river and surrounding valley.

GRACE

You're thinking what the hell are you doing out here with me? Well, you and me both.

Red Feather takes TWO TWIGS and places them on the map she's drawn. She motions to them.

Grace glances at them but doesn't pay attention.

GRACE

Never should have ended up out here in the middle of Montana. I'm from  
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Georgia. You don't even know where that is, do you?

Red Feather RIPS a piece of lace from Grace's dress. Grace pulls away defensively.

GRACE

Hey! What do you think you're doing?

Red Feather wraps the lace around one of the larger twigs and then motions to herself and Grace and then to the dirt map.

GRACE

Alright, I get it. That's us.

Red Feather sets down some other twigs to represent Jack's gang and draws their path through the valley.

GRACE

And that's Jack and his men and the valley.

Finally, Red Feather draws an alternate path for herself and Grace.

GRACE

You want us to double-back? At the fork in the valley? I understand.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Chester examines tracks leading up to the cabin. The bounty hunters wait nearby. They spot broken windows and empty shell casings.

BLACK TEETH

There was a shoot out.

CHESTER

No shit.

The deputy calls from within the house. He's found the body of the man Ben shot.

YOUNG DEPUTY

One of Jack's men. Looks like whoever lived here got out alive.

Chester examines some spots of blood next to the trough.

CHESTER

Just barely.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - BEGINNING - DAY**

Grace and Red Feather ride on a single horse.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - FORK - LATER**

Grace and Red Feather arrive at the fork in the road.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - BEGINNING - DAY**

Jack and his men ride enter the valley path. They briefly scour around and find some horse tracks.

SCAR

These tracks are fresh.

They ride on towards the fork.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - FORK - DAY**

Grace and Red Feather dismount. Red Feather SLASHES the horse's rump and sends it running down the path.

Grace and Red Feather disappear into the thicket.

Unbeknownst to Grace, her dress snags a branch, and some LACE RIPS OFF.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - FORK - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack and his men arrive at the spot where Grace and Red Feather dismounted.

Irwin looks at the tracks.

IRWIN

Looks like they stopped here for a rest, but then continued on their way. See them tracks?

Jack looks around and spies the lace caught in the thicket on the side of the path.

JACK

It would seem that we should think so.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH VANTAGE POINT - SAME TIME**

From a high vantage point behind the gang, Red Feather and Grace see the men continue on down the path they sent their horse.

GRACE

They bought it! They think you and I are heading down the path. Now we can go get the Sheriff.

Grace notices Red Feather caress the doll.

GRACE

You, me and... the baby.

Red Feather nods --

And in one swift motion, pulls out her knife and throws it right past Grace --

And IMPALES A SQUIRREL.

Red Feather smiles at Grace. Grace gives a nervous smile back.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Red Feather drops the dead squirrel in front of Grace. Grace makes a face.

Red Feather motions to Grace's knife. A squeamish Grace reluctantly cuts into the squirrel. Red Feather is totally turned off by her behavior.

Grace pulls out some guts and flings them into the bushes.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

(to doll)

What a wasteful woman.

She goes after the discarded kidney and comes back snacking.

GRACE

Yech.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

Why would a man like Ben chose you?

Grace understands one of those words.

GRACE

Ben? What about Ben?



RED FEATHER

Ben.

GRACE

Ben, I know. He's gone.

Red Feather points to Grace.

GRACE

What, me? Grace.

Red feather shakes her head.

GRACE

You don't approve, huh? Well you're right. I'm useless.

Grace gets worked up.

GRACE

I got him killed didn't I? I couldn't just keep my mouth shut. I shoulda stayed in the room. But I told him. I told him we should've left. I was right, wasn't I?

RED FEATHER

Ben.

GRACE

Yes, Ben! I heard you! I know! Ben! Stop looking at me like that!

Her theatrics don't impress Red Feather. Irritated by Red Feather's stare, Grace takes her anger out on cutting into the squirrel, putting her disgust aside.

Red Feather looks at the knife in Grace's hand. By the look on her face, it is clear Red Feather does not approve how Grace is using it.

Red Feather has a hushed conversation with her doll.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

I know, it's not something I want to be doing.

(pause)

She can't do it on her own.

(pause)

It's not for her I'm doing it.

Grace, weirded out by Red Feather's side conversation, pretends not to be listening in. Red Feather clears her throat to get Grace's attention.

Red Feather tosses her knife at a nearby tree -- hits it dead center. She motions for Grace to do the same.

GRACE

Yeah, you got knife throwing skills. I didn't grow up in the circus.

Red Feather retrieves her knife, tosses it again, and motions for Grace to do the same.

GRACE

Fine. If that's what you want to see.

Grace attempts to toss her knife at the tree, but instead hits a rock on the ground and it bounces off, embedding into the ground right near the straw baby.

Red Feather gives Grace a menacing look.

GRACE

I told you I couldn't do it.

Red Feather moves the straw baby away from the tree.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

I don't want to hear another word from you about this.

Red Feather pulls the knife out of the ground and puts it back in Grace's hand.

GRACE

I can't do it. Why are you making me?

Red Feather readjusts the knife in Grace's hand so the grip is weighted on the end.

GRACE

Hey, you're a bit close, now. This is stupid.

Red Feather ignores Grace's complaining and repeatedly moves Grace's arm through a throwing arc, pausing it to show when to release the knife.

GRACE

(irritated)

Okay, okay. I got it.

Red Feather lets go of Grace's arm and motions for her to throw it.

Grace does a couple practice swings and then releases the knife -- it hits the tree just off-center.

Grace proudly grins at Red Feather. Red Feather nods in approval.

**EXT. WOODS - MORNING**

Red Feather wakes up and Grace is nowhere to be seen.

There is a RUSTLE in the bushes.

She turns and doesn't see anything. Another RUSTLE from another direction. She quietly reaches for her gun, but stops when a barrel of a gun is put to her head.

JACK

Nuh-uh, I wouldn't do that if I was you.

The gang emerges from the shrubs. The knife lays nearby. Jack examines the markings on the handle.

JACK

I seen this pattern. Back at the stead. Them pelts. All this time it was a damn Injun helpin' out our lady. A damn Injun woman that killed my brother!

Jack holds up a piece of lace. Red Feather understands how they were given away.

Jack examines Red Feather's scarred face.

JACK

How'd you get so ugly?

Red Feather shakes in anger.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

Demon. Demon.

Red Feather mutters a CHANT -- the same one from when the gang murdered her husband and mutilated her years ago.

Jack THRUSTS the knife into Red Feather's LEG.

**EXT. HILLTOP - SAME TIME**

Grace is picking berries when she hears Red Feather SCREAM.

She drops the berries and rushes back. The other side of the hill has a quick drop off with RAPIDS below.

**EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME**

The gang pass Red Feather around like a punching bag. The knife is still embedded in her leg.

ANGLE ON: Grace in the lower thicket ten yards behind the men. She watches the beating. Nearby, the doll lays TORN, its stuffing spills out.

Grace looks past the men to the unattended horses loaded with supplies -- including the pack horse with the gold bag.

Grace slowly weaves a wide circumference, sneaking around the men to make her way uphill.

Red Feather lets out another pained scream. Grace drops below a log, stops and shudders.

Irwin casually approaches towards Grace. He stands right above the log and undoes his belt. She holds her breath as Scar URINATES almost directly on top of her.

JACK

We can't make you talk, savage, but  
we can make you bleed.

Red Feather tries to reach out to the doll, but one of Jack's men STOMPS on her arm, causing her to scream out in pain.

Grace cringes at the sound of Red Feather's pain. Irwin finishes up and returns to the gang.

Grace wills herself to keep going. She sneaks from tree to tree, brush to brush, until she gets to the horse with the gold bag.

She silently walks it away from camp, uphill.

The horse is startled by another scream from Red Feather. Grace soothes it so it doesn't make too much commotion.

GRACE

(whispers)  
Shh, girl. Shh.

Grace finally leads it to the hilltop.

She undoes the pack.

Behind Grace is a STRAIGHT DROP-OFF into a raging river 100 feet below.

Grace calls out.

GRACE

Jack! Let her go!

Jack and his men turn with guns drawn to see Grace out above them on the hilltop holding the pack.

JACK

Now why would I do that?

Grace holds out a handful of GOLD COINS. The men realize that a horse is missing -- now with Grace at the top of the hill.

IRWIN

She's gots the gold!

Grace tosses the coins she's holding over the edge and then threatens to kick over the entire bag.

GRACE

Now you all stay right there, or all this goes into the river below.

JACK

You dump that gold, you dead.

GRACE

So I reckon, but it's also my guarantee. You stay at least fifty yards away and your gold stays dry. If any of you try something funny, then all the hell you been through and raised on others been for nothing 'cause it all goes in the river. Now let. Her. Go.

Jack's men look at him, ready for mutiny if he forfeits the gold.

Jack slowly takes his foot off Red Feather's neck.

GRACE

Get up! Come over here!

Red Feather, knife still sticking out of her leg, crawls to her doll, retrieves it, and slowly limps uphill to Grace.

She collapses into Grace's arms. Grace stands strong holding the gold over the river while keeping a keen eye on Jack and his men.

GRACE

It's all right. They can't hurt you.

Grace calls back down.

GRACE

I know there's five of you. I want to see you all at all times. From now on, whenever I call out, everyone needs to sound off from their places or I toss the gold in. Now practice.

Jack's men all look at each other. None of them speak.

GRACE

What's the matter? Y'all never learned to count? Sound off!

Jack nods to the men. They take turns calling out.

SCAR

One.

IRWIN

Two.

OUTLAW #1

Three.

OUTLAW #2

Four.

JACK

Five. Alright, now you got us down here, but what's next? How long you think you can hole up there with that cripple?

GRACE

Don't you worry about me.

JACK

Food, water, you gonna have to sleep sometime. Being out here in the wilderness ain't very ladylike.

GRACE

What's ladylike for you, Jack-- staying home and dying?

JACK

Dangerous game you playing, sister.

She tosses some more gold off the cliff.

GRACE

I ain't playing. Keep your distance.

The men are furious but stay put.

**EXT. DOWNHILL - LATER**

Jack and his men are gathered downhill from Grace. Irwin grumbles to Scar out of earshot from Jack.

IRWIN

I knew that dame was no good on us. Ever since the marshals catch us on that pass, this gold's been cursed.

SCAR

Quit yer yakkin'.

IRWIN

It been four days since we done got that gold. Marshals have had time to regroup.

SCAR

There ain't no Marshals left this side of the Helena since we killed them all.

IRWIN

I'm just sayin', we already done fight for that gold, and we still ain't got it. That sit right wit' you?

Scar wallops Irwin a good one. Irwin barely manages to stay upright.

SCAR

You ain't sit right wit me. And as fer the ladies, Jack'll give 'em what's what when come chance.

Grace calls out from above.

GRACE

Sound off you animals!

They all do, and they ain't happy about it.

**EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK**

Red Feather mumbles to herself and holds the damaged doll close. Beads of sweat dot her forehead.

Grace examines the knife sticking out of Red Feather's leg.

The two make eye contact. Red Feather nods to pull it out.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

Grace YANKS it out. Blood immediately begins pouring onto the ground.

**EXT. DOWNHILL - SAME TIME**

The men stand near a small campfire, they hear Red Feather's HOWL.

IRWIN

She scream like a man.

The men laugh.

**EXT. HILLTOP - SAME TIME**

Grace wraps the leg.

GRACE

You ain't going anywhere tonight.

Grace keeps an eye downhill on the campfire. She calls out.

GRACE

Keep that fire going down there and  
don't you stray!

**EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT**

Grace vigilantly keeps watch.

**EXT. DOWNHILL - SAME TIME**

Jack pulls out his telescope and can make out a shivering Red Feather.

He takes a SWIG of water from a canteen and yells uphill.



JACK  
Will you be needing some hydration,  
sister?

**INTERCUT HILLTOP/DOWNHILL**

Grace quickly moves to make like she is going to toss the  
coins into the river below.

JACK  
No need for that. We're keeping our  
distance.

GRACE  
You better!

JACK  
Why don'tcha just leave the red  
bitch behind? I think she'd  
understand.

GRACE  
Y'all stay back. And sound off,  
now!

The men do so with smirks on their faces.

JACK  
One little Indian.

IRWIN  
Two little Indian.

SCAR  
Three little Indian.

OUTLAW #1  
Four little Indian.

OUTLAW #2  
Five little Indian.

JACK  
That's five, sweet thang. Now we're  
gonna get some sleep. Been a long  
day and another longer one comin'  
up tomorrow.

Jack speaks to his men at a volume Grace cannot hear.

JACK  
That Injun ain't got fight left in  
her. Let Grace use her energy  
staying up all night tending to the  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
red, then we get our gold in the  
morning.

He continues to watch Grace through the scope.

JACK  
And then some.

**EXT. HILLTOP - LATE NIGHT**

Grace's eyes slightly droop, but she instantly jumps up and counts. All the men are still down there.

Red Feather clutches the damaged doll close and murmurs into it as she shivers with pain.

Grace wipes Red Feather's brow with a rag.

GRACE  
You're burning up. We gotta get  
you to a doctor.  
(mournful)  
Oh, Ben, you'd know what to do.

Grace notices a scar that runs along Red Feather's exposed stomach.

GRACE  
What'd they do to you that day?

Red Feather notices Grace's eyeline and covers herself.

Grace puts a hand on Red Feather's shoulder in comfort.

GRACE  
Here.

Grace reaches out for the doll and Red Feather defensively pulls it away.

Grace pulls out a pin from her hair and a thread from her dress.

GRACE  
We can make it pretty again.

Red Feather cautiously hands the doll over to Grace.

Grace begins to stitch it up.

Red Feather looks up to the sky, motions in a large arc with her hand.

RED FEATHER  
Soksistsikó.

GRACE  
Up there?

RED FEATHER  
Soksistsikó.

GRACE  
That means sky, soksistsikó?

Red Feather touches the doll, motions upwards.

RED FEATHER  
Soksistsikó.

GRACE  
Is that the name of your doll? You  
were going to name your baby Sky...

Tears appear in Red Feather's eyes. She reaches out and  
touches Grace's belly. Grace is moved.

GRACE  
I can't imagine what you been  
through. I'm sorry I ever judged. I  
see what Ben admired in you, and I  
wish I had more of it.

She hands the fixed doll back to Red Feather who curls up  
with it like a little girl.

Grace hears the men laugh below. She stands and shouts  
towards Jack's camp.

GRACE  
Vile sons of bitches! Curse your  
souls! Damn you all to hell!

**EXT. DOWNHILL - SAME TIME**

Jack, eyes closed and settled in for a good night's sleep,  
smiles as he hears Grace's yells of angst.

**EXT. VALLEY PATH - MORNING**

Chester and his crew have traced the path of Jack's men just  
past the fork and examine the tracks.

YOUNG DEPUTY

They followed the trail up to this point here, but then turned back.

CHESTER

Looks like someone tried to pull a fast one but wasn't fast enough. The only town 'round these parts is Great Falls. We'll get 'em there... if they make it. Come on!

Chester turns his horse around rides hard. The crew follows.

**EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN**

Grace is about to nod off but pops her head back up. Her gaze darts about, looking through the shrubs.

GRACE

(voice cracks)  
Sound off.

One by one she hears all the men count up to five.

GRACE

Good.

She slumps back down. The events of the previous day and night have finally caught up with her.

**EXT. DOWNHILL - SAME TIME**

Jack watches through the telescope.

JACK

She 'bout done.

Jack hands the telescope to Irwin.

JACK

Wait 'til she nods off one more time. Get ready, boys.

In a daze, Grace looks to Red Feather who lays on the ground breathing heavy. Grace, giving into a dream state, begins to lose mental focus. She stares into the bushes. The birds in the trees become invitingly louder. Her cares begin to drift away. And then --

A FAINT TRAIN WHISTLE.

Her nodding head slightly perks up as her consciousness begins to fight back.

She squints out into the distance and sees the steam from a FARAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

A JOLT of adrenaline. With newfound energy, she shakes Red Feather. Red Feather is sluggish to respond.

GRACE

Come on! We got a way out. We gotta go.

Red Feather finally comes around.

RED FEATHER

Go?

GRACE

Yes, go! On the horse! The train!  
 (makes train whistle)  
 Choo-choo! Chuga-chuga-chuga-chuga  
 Choo-choo!

RED FEATHER

(understands)  
 Choo-choo.

Red Feather is in bad shape and barely able to stand on her one good leg. With all her might Grace manages to get her onto the horse. Red Feather grimaces.

#### **INTERCUT HILLTOP/DOWNHILL**

Irwin is on lookout and he sees the two women saddling up.

IRWIN

They moving! They aim to ride!

The gang quickly gets to their feet.

JACK

What?

Grace and Red Feather take off on the horse.

The gang fruitlessly shoots a few bullets their way and scrambles onto their horses to follow.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - SAME TIME**

Grace and Red Feather break out onto an open plain and race to catch the TRAIN in the distance. Grace's saddle bag jingles with the sound of gold coins. She rides hard.

The time they bought is short-lived as the chase is on with the gang catching up.

Nothing but land between them and the moving train ahead, with the gang closing in fast from behind.

Grace catches up to the train and gallops alongside one of the cargo cars.

From a hundred yards away, the gang is in shooting range and begins to open fire. Bullets strike the wood and steel of the train.

Grace jumps onto one of the railcars and forces the large SLIDING DOOR open.

The horse with Red Feather begins to fall behind. Grace tugs on the reins to keep the horse up to speed.

GRACE  
Come on! Get in!

The gang has almost caught up to the train. Bullets WHIZ by.

Red Feather is barely conscious enough to stay on the horse. She begins to slump over.

Grace tries to pull Red Feather off the horse and onto the train car. For a moment, the horse begins to drift away from the car and Grace is herself half-hanging onto Red Feather and half off the train. Bullets IMPACT all around her.

With sheer will and every ounce of her strength, she manages to reign in the horse and PULLS Red Feather on board.

She also manages to reach back and get the gold pack off the horse as well -- just before a shot hits the horse and it goes down, TUMBLING, and knocks one of the men off his horse -  
- and right under the train.

The other men pull away from the train to avoid a collision.

The train pulls ahead of the men who FIRE at it in vain.

**INT. TRAIN CAR - SAME TIME**

Grace pants and grins as she sees her pursuers recede in the distance.

GRACE

I can't believe we made it!

Her celebratory feelings quickly drain away as she looks over at Red Feather who breaths heavy and is in great pain.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'll take care of you. You saved me  
and I'll save you. Don't worry,  
Crazy... hey, what's your real  
name?

Red Feather looks to Grace with a glaze over her eyes. Grace points to herself.

GRACE

Grace.

She points at Red Feather, who passes out.

Grace puts the bag under Red Feather's head as a pillow.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - SAME TIME**

The train disappears into the distance, leaving the agitated men in the dust.

JACK

That train's going to Great Falls.  
We'll catch the bitches there!

**EXT. GREAT FALLS TRAIN STATION - NIGHT**

The train departs. Nearby, Grace tucks Red Feather behind one of the legs of a LIGHTLY SQUEAKING WINDMILL.

**EXT. GREAT FALLS - MAIN STREET -NIGHT**

Grace frantically runs through the main street looking for a doctor. The DRUNKS and HORNY COUPLES that populate the street are no help.

GRACE

Excuse me, do you know where the  
doctor is? The doctor? Where is he?

A woman points to the town doctor's office.

Grace runs up.

There is a sign that says "gawn drinkin."

GRACE

Dammit!

**INT. SALOON - NIGHT**

Piano player. Poker table. Men drinking whiskey. Women in corsets. Cigars.

Grace barges in.

GRACE

Is the doctor here? I need the doctor's help.

SALOON KEEPER

He playin' over there. And if he doin' well, he ain't helpin' nobody.

ANGLE ON: The DOCTOR. Sweaty and fat with a monocle. And he is indeed doing well with a pile of chips in front of him.

GRACE

Doctor! There's someone outside who needs your help.

DOCTOR

We all need help.

He looks her up and down lasciviously.

DOCTOR

With my winnings you can be helping me later tonight.  
(to guys at table)  
Two queens! Read 'em and weep!

He displays his cards and the others at the table grumble.

GRACE

Please. Just come out back.

DOCTOR

She wants me to "come out back."  
Whatcha think of that, fellas?

The men laugh.



DOCTOR

Ain't no money from no patient I'm  
gonna make better than this doozy  
hot table right here.

Grace drops a gold coin on his pile. This gets the doctor's  
attention right quick.

**EXT. GREAT FALLS TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Grace leads the doctor to Red Feather who is collapsed in a  
heap. She shows him the leg.

GRACE

It's infected bad.

The Doctor does a double take.

DOCTOR

This an Injun! I ain't wasting no  
perfectly good white medicine on  
red meat!

GRACE

You're supposed to be a doctor!

DOCTOR

Whatever she did to get what she  
got, I'm sure she deserve it.

Grace suppresses her anger.

DOCTOR

Now what you doin' out this time a  
night? Runnin' 'round with this  
dying trash. Your husband know  
where you-- oof!

Grace CLOCKS him in the face with the butt of her gun and he  
falls to his knees.

She instantly regrets she did it.

GRACE

Oh, no, I'm really sorry. I don't  
know what came over me. I can pay  
even more--

The doctor isn't even listening and begins to raise hell.

DOCTOR

Help! I been assaulted!

GRACE

Shut up!

DOCTOR

Help! HELP! INJUN!

Grace quickly scurries off with Red Feather who is barely able to stumble along.

**EXT. GREAT FALLS MAIN STREET - MORNING**

Jack and his men ride in, scowls on their faces.

JACK

Everyone spread out and knock doors  
and heads 'til we find them.

Chester, his two deputies and six bounty hunters walk out at the end of the street to intercept Jack's crew. 20 yards separates the two groups.

Jack is surprised.

JACK (CONT'D)

Chester Sampson and his shiny  
shield.

CHESTER

Jack Vance. How does a man get to  
be so rotten?

ANGLE ON: PURPLE PETALS flutter across the dirt street.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. VANCE HOUSEHOLD - ALABAMA - DAY**

SUPER IN LARGE LETTERS: JACK

Purple petals line a street of weeping willows in bloom. A YOUNGER JACK (30s) sits on a porch swing reading "Leaves of Grass". He looks up to across the street where NEW CONFEDERATE VOLUNTEERS line up to enlist with ARMY RECRUITERS. He shakes his head in disapproval.

LUCY VANCE (20s) calls from inside, her voice sweet as a honey bee.

LUCY

Jack, can you be a darlin' and pick  
some mint from the garden?

JACK  
Sure thing, darlin'!

Jack smiles and hops over the porch railing.

He picks some mint. Lucy comes out from the house with a pitcher of lemonade. A total Southern belle, Jack can't help himself but to scoop her up.

LUCY  
Jack Vance! You stop that right now  
or I'm gonna spill this lemonade.

Jack puts her down and they kiss. She pours the lemonade and adds the mint.

A YOUNGER LEFTY walks up. He wears a Confederate hat and has on a uniform two sizes too large.

LEFTY  
Hey, Jack, look at me!

JACK  
You lose your damn mind?! Why would  
you sign up?

LEFTY  
Girls like a man in uniform.

Lefty grins big.

LEFTY  
I'm looking good, huh, Lucy?

Lucy looks over to Jack, concerned.

JACK  
You gonna go be a meat bag now?

LEFTY  
Union already overrun Huntsville.  
They just 20 miles north of here.  
We gonna stop them.

Other NEW RECRUITS pass by on the other side of the street.

LEFTY  
Don't worry, Brother, I'll be fine.

Lefty runs across the street to join the other soldiers.

**INT. VANCE HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jack packs his bag. The sound of CANNON FIRE in the far distance can be heard.

LUCY

Can I do anything to stop you?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

That boy ain't never gonna grow up.

LUCY

He'll be fine. You know how I know that? Same reason I'll be fine, we got Jack Vance lookin' out for us.

JACK

I love ya, Lucy.

They kiss. She holds him tight.

LUCY

You promise me you gonna take care?

JACK

Don't worry about a thing, darlin'.  
You just keep that lemonade cold  
and that bed warm.

The FAR-OFF sounds of battle can be heard.

**EXT. BATTLE OF BLAKELY - DAY**

Jack and Lefty's REGIMENT are in an intense close-quarters battle with A UNION REGIMENT.

Jack is a fierce fighter. From his sword to his pistol, he is in constant motion, shooting and hacking people.

Lefty fights nearby and Jack does his best to protect him. Over the hill appears AN ENTIRE NEW UNION REGIMENT.

JACK

Where's our backup?!

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

They ain't never sho--

SHOOP! A bullet kills the soldier and Jack quickly ducks.

The brothers are quickly overtaken and separated as the battle becomes a slaughter not in their favor.

JACK  
Brother!

LEFTY  
Jack!

Lefty is hit in the head with the butt of a rifle and drops. Jack can't see him.

JACK  
Lefty!

Jack stabs a Union soldier and uses him as a shield to make his way over to his downed brother.

Lefty crawls along the ground and moans. Just as another Union soldier is about to come down on him with a lance, Jack runs him through with a bayonet.

He picks up the out-of-sorts Lefty over his shoulder and continues to fight. He shoots down a horse-mounted Union rider and heaves Lefty on the horse. He hops on too and they ride off.

**EXT. DECATUR MAIN STREET - LATER**

The town is left in shambles. Buildings are shot up and still smoke. The street has become a makeshift hospital for wounded soldiers, the dead and mourning townspeople.

Jack leaves Lefty with a NURSE.

JACK  
You're gonna be alright, Brother.

**EXT. VANCE HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER**

Half the house stands and smolders. Jack dismounts.

JACK  
Lucy! Lucy!

Jack runs inside.

BEAT. We hear Jack's BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

JACK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
No! God, why... my Lucy.

**EXT. DECATUR MAIN STREET - LATER**

Lefty recovers on a bed with a solemn Jack by his side.  
 Jack spots the ARMY CAPTAIN enter a TENT. Jack follows.

**INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS**

The captain unrolls some maps.

JACK  
 Lieutenant Vance, Sir. Backup never  
 came. They must have gotten  
 ambushed.

The Captain gives him a look of pity.

ARMY CAPTAIN  
 Son, ask yourself why a field in  
 the middle of nowhere matters.

JACK  
 (realizing)  
 It doesn't.

ARMY CAPTAIN  
 Needed to slow down Union advances  
 to resupply our men downriver. Your  
 service allowed that to happen.

JACK  
 We were slaughtered. No one here to  
 stop the Union from tearing through  
 town. Lucy...

Jack sees red.

SHWOOF! Jack stabs the Captain in the ear canal with a knife  
 and digs it in.

Jack pulls out the knife. The Captain collapses.

Jack goes to leave the tent, but then PAUSES. He takes a  
 quick moment to gather some valuables from within. He leaves.

**CUE MONTAGE:****INT./EXT. VARIOUS**

-Jack and Lefty drink hard.

-Jack and Lefty visit brothels.

-Jack and the gang rob banks.

-Jack and the gang get in shoot-outs.

-Jack mourns over a picture of Lucy by a campfire.

**END MONTAGE.**

**END FLASHBACK.**

**EXT. GREAT FALLS MAIN STREET - BACK TO PRESENT**

Back to the moment of encounter on the street between Jack and his men, and Chester's bounty hunter posse.

JACK

You must've learned how to fly.

CHESTER

You can't kill me, Jack.

JACK

Now I'd be curious why you think that is?

CHESTER

'Cause I won't rest till I see you dead.

ANGLE ON: Grace tucked away with Red Feather under the porch of the saloon, just 20 yards away from the face-off.

Grace peers out, hopeful.

GRACE

(whispers, excited)

The marshal's here. He'll take care of Jack. This'll be over soon.

Chester looks over Jack's crew, which now only includes Scar, Irwin and one last man.

CHESTER

Looks like you down some men since last we met. And just where is that little brother of yours?

Jack flinches, recovers.

JACK

Very Good, Chester. You are ever so keen. Who's that you got ride along? Bruce, that you?

Black Teeth replies.

BLACK TEETH  
 Yep. How's it goin' Jack?

JACK  
 We used to ride.

BLACK TEETH  
 Used to. But now the price is  
 right.

JACK  
 Now, I don't know about that. What  
 we fetchin' for? 200? We just  
 robbed that bank, pocket's a bit  
 heavy. Say I triple that to turn on  
 the Marshal here.

Chester looks at his crew who are exchanging shady looks.

CHESTER  
 Now, don't none of you get any  
 ideas. I have a deal.

JACK  
 No. You have guns for hire.

Jack motions toward the two deputies.

JACK  
 That deal extends to you youngins  
 as well. No one need know how  
 things went down out here today.  
 Everyone goes on rich.

Chester's men are ready to take the deal. Chester calls out  
 to Jack without much confidence.

CHESTER  
 We could settle this like men. No  
 weapons.

JACK  
 We could. But we ain't.

All of Chester's men turn and face Chester, THEIR BACKS TO  
 JACK AND HIS MEN.

CHESTER  
 Christ.

He quickly pulls his gun and takes out a couple of the men,  
 but he's outgunned.



Chester gets SHOT multiple times and collapses.

ANGLE ON: Grace, horrified.

GRACE

God, no.

ANGLE ON: Scar leans over to Jack.

SCAR

But we ain't got the gold to pay  
out.

JACK

Exactly. Open fire.

Before the firing squad can turn back around --

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

A volley of shots and Jack and his men finish them all off.

Six bounty hunters, two deputies and Chester lay dead in the street.

GRACE

(panic, whispers)

There ain't no men left to save us.  
We got to go.

Jack turns to his men.

JACK

The consequence for those who turn  
on the conditions of their employ.

Jack's men definitely get the message. Jack dismounts. The townspeople are frozen in fear.

JACK

There was a woman who came into  
town last night. She carries with  
her a wounded Injun and my gold.  
Who here has information relevant  
to my concern?

The Doctor, sporting a black eye, steps forward, holding out a gold coin.

DOCTOR

I seen her last night. She  
bushwhacked me and gone a-runnin'.

Jack snatches the coin from the disappointed doctor. Jack calls out for all to hear.

JACK

I own everybody in this town.  
Consider your lives collateral  
until you return me the gold, the  
Injun, and the woman, Grace.

Nobody moves.

JACK

What're ya'll waitin' for? Find.  
My. Property!

Scar and Irwin smirk as everyone scrambles.

**CUE MONTAGE:**

**INT./EXT. GREAT FALLS - VARIOUS**

From the outhouses to the stables, rooftops and sheds, the search is on by Jack's men and the townsfolk.

Jack, passing by the porch where Grace and Red Feather were hiding, his sixth sense alerted, drops down with his gun drawn --

No one there. Jack stands back up and walks on.

Grace and Red Feather are nowhere to be found.

**END MONTAGE.**

**INT. SALOON - NIGHT**

Jack takes a shot of whiskey at the bar. Scar walks up afraid to speak.

SCAR

Nothin', boss. Everyone been  
lookin' all day.

JACK

Then they gonna keep lookin' all  
night.

Irwin walks outside and yells at the townspeople who wait in silence.

IRWIN

Get your craggy asses back out  
there! Get!

People quickly resume the search.

**INT. UNDERTAKER'S OFFICE - LATER**

The dead bodies of the posse are laid out next to each other on the floor. A few are already in coffins.

The UNDERTAKER (50s) whistles as he seals up a coffin and uses a HOIST AND PULLEY CONTRAPTION to more easily move the coffin over to the finished stack.

He turns to the next dead body. It's Marshal Chester.

As the undertaker goes to open an empty casket, he is surprised to see Red Feather. He leans in and checks to see if she's breathing.

UNDERTAKER

Oh, my. You still alive... or  
somethin'.

As he turns around to leave, Grace steps out of another coffin with a gun. The coin bag is at her feet.

GRACE

You'll do no such thing.

UNDERTAKER

Well, I'll be. The dead be alive  
and the alive be dead.

Keeping her gun trained on the undertaker.

GRACE

You have to help us.

UNDERTAKER

Oh, no. I ain't ready for my grave  
yet.

Grace shows him some of the gold and his eyes go wide.

UNDERTAKER

But being buried in a nice coffin  
someday sounds like a good idea.

**INT. SALOON - NIGHT**

Jack and his men occupy the bar and the mood is tense. He pours himself a whiskey.

SALOON KEEPER  
I'll start a tab.

Jack glances at him.

SALOON KEEPER  
On the house.

The saloon keeper turns back to cleaning some glasses as the men pour freely for themselves.

JACK  
Nobody left town and we turned the whole thing upside down. They turn into goddamn cactuses?

Irwin laughs and Scar smacks him.

SCAR  
We get 'em soon boss. They gotta come out fer something.

Jack gets an idea.

JACK  
You right about that, Scar. You right about that.

**INT. UNDERTAKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Red Feather is tied down to a table. The undertaker cuts off her pant leg while Grace hands him supplies.

Red Feather mumbles unintelligibly.

UNDERTAKER  
Listen to that. She sounds like she in a hurry to get somewhere. Hand me the anesthesia.

Grace looks at the table of bottles.

GRACE  
Which one?

UNDERTAKER  
The one with the horse on it.

She gets it but gives a worried look.

UNDERTAKER

You gotta put all types of animals  
under in this job.

He applies a rag to Red Feather's face. She goes limp.

The undertaker examines Red Feather's wound closely.

He grabs a pair of COAL TONGS from the fireplace.

Grace kisses Red Feather's sweaty forehead.

The undertaker applies the fire-hot tongs to Red Feather's  
leg.

Red Feather immediately wakes up in extreme pain. Grace holds  
a rag with the horse anesthesia tightly over Red Feather's  
mouth to both muffle her scream and knock her back out.

Red Feather's pained wide-eyes slowly close, and she quickly  
passes out.

The undertaker wraps the leg.

UNDERTAKER

If we don't get some medicine from  
the Doc, she ain't gonna make it.

GRACE

So get some.

UNDERTAKER

Gonna look mighty suspicious if I'm  
asking for medicine with a dying  
Injun missing somewhere in town.

Grace pulls out a hammer and nail.

GRACE

I'll double the gold.

The undertaker hesitates, and then takes the nail.

**INT. DOC'S OFFICE - LATER**

The Doctor paces back and forth, nervous in the company of  
Jack and his men.

DOCTOR

Why you think she gonna come back  
here? She ain't like me much.

Jack leans back in a chair and props his feet up on the table.

JACK  
'Cause ain't no where else to go  
for medicine.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Jack motions for the Doctor to open it and for Scar and his men to hide in ambush on the opposite sides of the door.

DOCTOR  
Who-who is it?

UNDERTAKER (O.C.)  
Linus, it's me. I hurt myself.

DOCTOR  
Charles?

The Doctor opens the door. The undertaker gives a look of surprise to see Jack and his men.

DOCTOR  
What happened?

UNDERTAKER  
Um, I was hammerin' up the coffins  
and...

He holds out his hand. It has a nail through it.

The Doctor takes out some pliers and pulls it out of the undertakers hand.

The undertaker yelps in pain.

The Doctor puts some OINTMENT on it.

DOCTOR  
All these years and never seen you  
to be uncareful.

The undertaker gives a nervous laugh.

UNDERTAKER  
Heh, yeah, must be gettin' old.  
Woulda taken care of it myself, but  
I'm all outta medicine.

DOCTOR  
Oh, here ya go. I got some extra--

As he goes to hand the jar to the undertaker, Jack steps in.

JACK

Now hold on a minute there. Why don't you take me to the scene of the accident? Let's make sure your workplace doesn't pose any more safety concerns.

The undertaker is petrified.

**INT. UNDERTAKER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

The undertaker leads Jack and his men in and breathes in relief.

UNDERTAKER

See, nothin' here but me and some coffins--

BAM!

Jack shoots one of the coffins where the chest would be.

The corpse collapses out.

JACK

You think I don't know you're here?

BAM!

Jack shoots another one of the coffins and checks the body.

UNDERTAKER

They dead. I-I-I don't know what you--

BAM!

JACK

You're time is coming. What're your last thoughts?

BAM!

The undertaker flinches with each shot.

JACK

Nothin' you can do when I come for you but die!

BAM!

JACK

You gave it a good run, but you  
ain't cut out for this world. You  
are weak. Too incapable of  
dictating your own fortunes.

ANGLE ON: In the rafters above, Grace lays precariously  
balanced across two crossbeams. An unconscious Red Feather  
has been hoisted up with ropes and pulleys and DANGLES above  
Jack and his men.

Red Feather slightly sways back and forth as the BLOOD from  
her leg POOLS UP at the tip of her feet.

BAM!

JACK

Women better than you have died for  
less.

Jack proceeds down the rest of the row, shoots each coffin,  
and checks its contents to make sure there's a corpse.

A DROP OF RED FEATHER'S BLOOD just misses Jack and lands on  
the floor next to his boot.

The undertaker notices and glances up.

Grace watches anxiously, continuously WIPING the blood off of  
Red Feather's foot with the doll every time Red Feather sways  
towards her. However, Grace can't keep up with every drop,  
and some drip down when Red Feather sways away from her.

Jack gets to the last coffin.

Jack puts the nozzle of the gun right up to the coffin's head  
and FIRES. No movement from within.

Jack kicks it over.

Chester's body falls out, still dead, now with an extra  
bullet in his head.

SCAR

That's all nine, boss.

Jack is not happy. He tosses the undertaker the ointment and  
leaves with the men.

The undertaker is severely shaken up. He takes a seat on a  
coffin and trembles. He jumps at the sound of Grace dropping  
from the rafters.



UNDERTAKER

What in tarnation? You trying to  
get us killed?!

GRACE

Shh! They'll hear you.

Grace lowers Red Feather down and moves her back onto the table.

Grace takes the ointment from the undertaker and applies it to Red Feather's leg.

GRACE

How are we gonna get out of town?

UNDERTAKER

The only way anybody leave this town.

**EXT. GREAT FALLS - MAIN STREET - MORNING**

The undertaker makes his way out of town on a wagon of coffins pulled by three horses. He sees Irwin up ahead.

IRWIN

Where you think yer goin'?

UNDERTAKER

These bodies startin' to stink.

Irwin gives the cart a once over. The undertaker quivers in fear.

Irwin waves him on. As the cart continues on its way it hits a BUMP. Irwin notices the undertaker glance at the coffins in the back.

**INT. SALOON - SAME TIME**

Jack sits at the bar, calls out to the SALOON KEEPER.

JACK

Gimmie a lemonade.

The saloon keeper chuckles, thinks Jack is joking.

SALOON KEEPER

Sure.

He goes to pour a whisky.

JACK  
 (deadly serious)  
 Do I look like I'm joking?

The saloon keeper quickly puts down the whisky and begins to make a lemonade. Scar walks up.

SCAR  
 They ain't in town. Maybe she left  
 that night after the doc--

JACK  
 She's here. I can smell her!

Jack smacks the whiskey bottle off the bar in frustration.

**EXT. SALOON - SAME TIME**

From the back of the undertaker's wagon, Grace spies out of the bullet hole in her coffin. As it passes by the saloon, she sees Jack through a window.

UNDERTAKER  
 We gonna make it.

GRACE  
 Shh.

**EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

The undertaker drives the cart past the edge of town.

IRWIN (O.S.)  
 Hold it!

The undertaker stops the wagon as Irwin rides up.

UNDERTAKER  
 (under breath)  
 Oh, heaven above, I will forever  
 embrace his holiness if He shall  
 continue to let me live past this  
 day on His kingdom on earth.

Irwin gets right up in the undertaker's face.

IRWIN  
 You must think I'm right stupid?

Irwin SHOVES the undertaker aside and grabs the crowbar sitting next to him. He begins to pop open some caskets.

CREAK-CRACK. CRACK. First casket is empty.

IRWIN

Don't want to alert no one in town,  
but I know youse got the girls and  
the gold.

UNDERTAKER

I just got the bodies--

Irwin PISTOL WHIPS the undertaker across the face, busting his teeth. He cries out as blood pours down his chin.

UNDERTAKER

Ma teeth!

IRWIN

Don't wanna hear no more outta you.

CRACK. He opens another -- and there lays Grace with the bag of gold and a gun pointed directly at Irwin.

IRWIN

Now the last thing you want to do,  
little lady, is shoot, draw the  
attention of everyone in town. It's  
why I ain't kill ya yet.

Red Feather weakly struggles to get out of her coffin that's buried under the weight of two other coffins. She grunts and groans to no avail.

Irwin smiles. He reaches for the bag of gold, Grace raises the gun.

IRWIN

Don't do nuthin' stupid, and we all  
get outta here alive and go our  
separate ways.

The undertaker fearfully scans around. No one is yet witness to the commotion in the back of his cart.

UNDERTAKER

Let him take it.

GRACE

What guarantee do we have?

Irwin draws his knife.

IRWIN

The more you talk the more I think  
I might end you for all the  
trouble.

Irwin GASPS and his eyes go wide. He looks down.

Grace holds Ben's BLOOD-STAINED knife -- she's stabbed Irwin  
in the chest.

Irwin looks up gives Grace a look of shock. Grace seems  
almost as surprised as he is.

GRACE

I-I-I...

Irwin collapses out of the cart pulling a COUPLE CASKETS down  
with him.

SPLAT. He lies face down in mud, unmoving. Grace turns to the  
undertaker.

GRACE

Move.

The undertaker quickly gets the cart rolling again.

Grace looks at Irwin's lifeless body as the cart makes its  
way past the edge of town and out onto the open prairie.

Still in the back of the cart, Grace drops the knife next to  
her. She breaths very shallow and rocks back and forth,  
processing her first kill.

Red Feather manages to get a hand through the crack in her  
coffin and takes Grace's hand. She gives it a squeeze.

Grace becomes lucid and looks to Red Feather.

GRACE

I've never...

Red Feather gives a nod of approval and understanding. Grace  
lies down next to her.

Red Feather hands Grace the blood-stained doll. Grace  
embraces it for comfort.

They hold hands and look into each other's eyes for support  
and strength as the cart reaches a safe distance from town.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - SAME TIME**

The undertaker unloads the caskets and helps Grace open up the one that contains Red Feather.

Red Feather seems to be doing a bit better. Grace helps her out of the coffin.

UNDERTAKER

Gimme. Gimme.

Grace gives him a small pouch of gold. The undertaker counts it and grins.

UNDERTAKER

Where you gals goin' now?

Grace looks to Red Feather. Red Feather points to the north.

GRACE

North. Get her back to her tribe so they can take care of her.

The undertaker turns his horse and cart south.

GRACE

Where you going?

UNDERTAKER

Opposite of you. Bad Jack's gonna figure out what happened and come lookin'. When he does, I ain't gonna be anywhere near.

The undertaker takes off.

**EXT. GREAT FALLS - LATER**

Irwin's body is flipped over next to a couple fallen caskets. Scar examines him, makes out a few short raspy breaths.

SCAR

He still breathin'.

Jack puts his foot on Irwin's face, completely submerging it into the mud.

JACK

Where's that undertaker?

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER**

Scar examines the tracks and points in the direction that Grace and Red Feather went.

Jack takes off with his men.

**EXT. INDIAN TENT VILLAGE - DAY**

Grace and Red Feather ride up towards a FEW BLACKFOOT INDIANS.

Red Feather weakly motions for Grace to hang back and rides up to greet them.

They catch her as she wobbles off her horse and look suspiciously over to Grace.

Grace waves hello.

**INT. TENT - LATER**

Grace quietly sits across from the chief as he intensely confers with Red Feather and an INDIAN TRANSLATOR (30).

CHIEF

(subtitled)

What are you thinking bringing her here?

RED FEATHER

She saved me too. And she's pregnant.

The Chief glances at Red Feather's doll. Nods in understanding.

CHIEF

(subtitled)

You have a warrior's heart.

(to Translator)

She can cross these lands safely.

She leaves in the morning.

Grace anxiously looks to the translator.

TRANSLATOR

The Chief is grateful for what you done to save his granddaughter. He is also sorry to hear of Ben's death, who was a good man.

GRACE

Thank you.

The Chief confers with some other men and voices get raised. Red Feather is clearly upset and in disagreement.

GRACE

What are they arguing for?

TRANSLATOR

Many do not think it is good idea for a white man to be in our village.

GRACE

White woman.

TRANSLATOR

Yes. That worse. You can stay for night, but then you leave. We take you to edge of territory tomorrow. Where do you go?

GRACE

Where do I go?

TRANSLATOR

Where are your people?

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

Georgia... maybe. I don't even know what's there for me anymore.

Grace pulls over her pack and reveals the gold.

GRACE

I have a gift.

The Chief shakes his head and speaks.

TRANSLATOR

You do not understand. You will bring us trouble. That in your hand, is trouble.

She puts the gold back, embarrassed, confused.

**EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING INDIAN VILLAGE - SAME TIME**

Jack, Scar and the remaining two men have taken a position on the ridge. Jack looks at the village through a telescope.

He spots Grace exiting from a tent with the bag of gold.

SCAR

200 Injuns got our gold. We  
supposed to trade some beads for  
it?!

CRACK!

Jack busts the telescope over Scar's skull. That shuts him up  
right quick.

JACK

She gets reinforcements. We get  
reinforcements.

**EXT. FORT BENTON - DAY**

Jack and his men ride up to a medium-sized FORT that houses  
an army regiment. Some SOLDIERS STAND GUARD.

**INT. FORT BENTON - LATER**

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROSCOE HILL tries on different captain hats  
in the mirror.

Jack and his men are brought in.

JACK

Thank you for seeing us.

ROSCOE

(Southern accent)  
Captain.

Captain Roscoe decides on what hat he'll wear.

ROSCOE

I am Captain William Roscoe Hill,  
and you will address me as Captain.

JACK

My apologies, Captain Hill. And  
from a soldier to a commanding  
officer, I thank you for your time  
and hospitality of your immaculate  
barracks.

ROSCOE

You served, you say?



JACK

That's right. Lieutenant Ben Lewis,  
41st regiment out of the great  
state of Alabama.

Roscoe instantly warms up.

ROSCOE

Well, I'll be! It's an honor to  
have you, Lieutenant. We haven't  
seen much action up here during the  
war, but we were with you in  
spirit.

JACK

And a great help it was, Captain.

ROSCOE

Someone had to defend Southern gold  
mines. Hats off to you and what you  
boys had to go through. Damn shame  
real men didn't win the war. The  
North with their tariffs and  
thievery on the good people of the  
South. May I offer you a drink?

JACK

If you do, I shall accept.

Roscoe lets out a HUGE LAUGH.

ROSCOE

Bwah-ha-ha! There's no humor like  
Southern humor!

JACK

Well, we do like to have our fun.

Jack's men smirk and Jack shoots them a look to shut them up.

Roscoe pours a round.

ROSCOE

So what can I do for you?

JACK

Well you see, Cap'n, my men and I,  
we don't know where to turn. We  
just some simple miners now, trying  
to get our lives back on track,  
and...

Jack takes a deep breath and mocks that he can't go on.

ROSCOE  
 (caring)  
 What is it? You can tell me,  
 soldier.

Jack pulls out Grace's piece of lace from earlier and examines it in his hands.

JACK  
 We was out mining, and some damn  
 Injuns came and take my woman. They  
 holdin' her over at their village.

Roscoe shoots out of his seat.

ROSCOE  
 What?!

JACK  
 We was just mindin' our own  
 business and they rode in like the  
 red devil himself. We was  
 powerless. I can still hear her  
 cries...

Roscoe calls out to his COMMANDER.

ROSCOE  
 Commander, prepare my horse!

**EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING INDIAN VILLAGE - LATER**

Through a telescope, the worked up captain spies Grace sitting next to a teepee. He makes note of her ripped lace dress.

ROSCOE  
 That poor woman, what she been  
 through.

A COUPLE SOLDIERS, Jack and his men stand beside the Captain.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
 I can't stand no red chugger  
 featherhead, gut eatin', wagon  
 burnin' Injuns! And touchin' our  
 women?! You have my personal  
 guarantee, Brother, the full  
 services of the U.S. Army will be  
 made available to teach them burner-  
 creepers a lesson they ain't never  
 gonna forget!

This is music to Jack's ears.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Tell the men we ride at dawn.

Scar leans close to Jack and speaks in a whisper.

SCAR

You shoulda been a politician,  
boss.

**EXT. INDIAN TENT VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Villagers dance around a great bonfire.

Grace sits off to the side.

An INDIAN WOMAN brings Grace some food. Grace apprehensively tries it. It is delicious. She nods in thanks.

Even Red Feather briefly hops around on her one good foot. This elicits a round of great laughter and revs up the celebratory vibe.

The Chief is a bit drunk and joins his granddaughter.

The translator comes over with some wine and hands it to Grace.

TRANSLATOR

The Chief is more happy when Red  
Feather is around.

GRACE

Red Feather is her name? I didn't  
even...

Grace looks at her Red Feather with new eyes. She is overwhelmed with shame as she understands her own racism for the first time.

GRACE

Red Feather is the most amazing  
woman I have ever known.

TRANSLATOR

She has been through much. She says  
she owes you her life.

GRACE

And she has done more for me than I  
can ever repay.

A TEENAGE INDIAN GIRL (16) gets her hair braided and flowers put into it. She makes eye contact with a TEENAGE INDIAN BOY (16) and they shyly smile at each other.

Through the fire, Grace watches the universal display of young love.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. MONTANA PRAIRIE - DAY**

SUPER IN LARGE LETTERS: GRACE

A YOUNGER GRACE (22) sits next to a YOUNGER BEN (27) who drives their horse drawn wagon. Grace has on a fine dress and holds a parasol.

Ben looks over at Grace and shoots her a dopey grin. Grace returns a large smile and puts her arm through Ben's.

GRACE

Can't wait to live in my new home  
with my war hero.

Ben drops his smile.

BEN

Aw, c'mon now, I told you not to  
say things like that. I ain't no  
hero.

Ben checks a MAP and looks out at the landscape. He stops the horses.

BEN

We're here!

Grace looks around at the rather unremarkable and undeveloped plot of flat dry land.

GRACE

You sure?

Ben hops out elated and begins pointing. Grace is underwhelmed to say the least.

BEN

Can you believe it? The house here!  
Wheat as tall as your head all the  
way to that hill! We can have some  
berry bushes here. Oh, and some  
squash over there! This place can  
be everything we could dream of!

GRACE  
(bothered)  
And just where we gonna sleep  
tonight?

Ben doesn't hear her and continues to excitedly explore.

**EXT. CABIN - DAWN - A YEAR LATER**

The cabin is livable, but not completely finished. The porch and the living room extension are still incomplete.

The field has been plowed, but there is no vegetation yet.

**INT. CABIN - DAWN - SAME TIME**

Grace, from her bed, watches Ben sleep in his. The early sun highlights his broad shoulders and toned arms. Although he has the body of a man, the expression on his face is that of a troubled child.

She crawls over into his bed and strokes his face. He relaxes. Her hand begins to go further down the covers.

SFX: SOUNDS OF BATTLE from the front lines of the Civil War. Gunshots. Men screaming. Explosions.

Ben's eyes twitch. He's having a bad dream. Ben awakes with a start, ready to strike Grace.

BEN  
What are you?!

Grace cowers. Ben catches himself.

GRACE  
I'm sorry!

Ben lowers his arm, feels terrible.

BEN  
I... I'd never hurt you.

GRACE  
(shaken, unsettled)  
I don't even know what you would or  
wouldn't do. Do you?

BEN  
I know I would never hurt you.

He puts his face in his hands and begins to cry. Grace makes a face of disgust.

GRACE

Here we go again. What are you crying on about? War's over.

Grace glares at him while Ben avoids eye contact and gathers himself.

BEN

I have to get supplies in town.

He leaves.

**INT. GENERAL STORE - LATER - DAY**

Ben picks out some items and puts them in a basket. MR. KENT (50s) works behind the counter.

BEN

Hi, Mr. Kent. Any messages?

MR. KENT

Good day. Yes, something just came in for Mrs. Lewis yesterday.

He hands over an ENVELOPE.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Ben hands Grace the envelope and begins unpacking supplies.

Grace rips into the envelope and lets out a YELP.

BEN

What's wrong?

She holds out the letter.

GRACE

It's Daddy. He's dead!

BEN

He was a good man.

GRACE

You got what you wanted out of him.

Ben stares out the window, lost in thought.

GRACE

You see something out there,  
soldier? I couldn't even be at my  
daddy's funeral. I couldn't be  
there with momma and my sisters.  
What do they think of me?

BEN

What do you think of you?

GRACE

What kind of a question is that,  
Ben Lewis? What kind of a question  
is that?!

BEN

Sorry.

GRACE

You want to know what I think about  
being out here?

She begins breaking dishes.

GRACE

Out here away from everything I  
know with a man that stares out at  
nothing? A half-man that's too  
scared to touch me but once a moon?

Ben stands up and goes to walk away.

BEN

I'll leave you by yourself.

GRACE

You're always running but you  
haven't stopped to see where you're  
at! Well, let me tell you, you made  
it all the way to Montana! How  
happy are you gonna be when you  
finish this house? Or have your  
damn wheat field? You gonna be  
happy then? Am I supposed to be  
happy for you?

BEN

Be happy with me.

She slaps him HARD.

GRACE

You don't know what's for me.

The slap stings. Grace watches as BLOOD forms on Ben's lip. Ben speaks with sincerity.

BEN

I know it don't feel fair, being out here with this life you didn't know you signed up for.

He wipes the blood from his lip.

BEN

If I knew how to do better for you, I swear I would.

She feels ashamed.

GRACE

I can't understand what horrors made you as you are.

BEN

And you shouldn't. The war, it's always with me. I'm trying to forget. I'm trying to be good to you.

GRACE

I know.

He looks into her eyes.

BEN

It may never be easy for us, but whatever happens, I'll love you every minute, I swear. And one day, I hope you may truly love me back and embrace the life we can make here, together.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT**

Grace watches the Indians celebrate by firelight and can't help but be overwhelmed and strangely happy. She tears up at her memories of Ben.

GRACE

Thank you, Ben Lewis. I'll love you every day until I die, and be driven by a life of want no more.



Grace looks down at the knife in her hands. She looks up to Red Feather who laughs and chats with some friends.

Grace grips the knife just as Red Feather taught her and  
THROWS IT --

SHOOF!

It impacts the tree just a few feet from Red Feather's head.

Red Feather's eyes go wide in surprise. The music and celebration stops. All eyes on Grace.

Red Feather looks from the knife to Grace and begins to laugh. A great big belly laugh. Grace and Red Feather embrace and fall down laughing. The tribe joins in.

The celebration starts back up.

Grace and Red Feather dance spiritedly around the warm fire.

GRACE

This is so wonderful!

Red Feather beams back at Grace.

RED FEATHER

(subtitled)

You keep talking but no one understands you!

GRACE

Sure, whatever you say!

Grace looks around at the revelry. She feels warm, accepted. She stops dancing, steps away, touched. Red Feather stops dancing too, approaches.

RED FEATHER

(subtitled)

You okay?

GRACE

This is a whole world I never understood. Filled with love and pain and happiness and values. Thank you for showing me. I didn't deserve it. I always treated you all like you were some bad part of my story. But I'm just a part of yours. The bad part. I'm sorry.

Red Feather acknowledges whatever Grace just said was significant.

RED FEATHER  
 (subtitled)  
 Maybe you were actually worth  
 saving. Enough talk, let's dance!

Red Feather pulls Grace back into the music.

**EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING INDIAN VILLAGE - DAWN**

The troops line up above the sleepy village. Fire pits still smoke from the party the night before.

**EXT. INDIAN TENT VILLAGE - SAME TIME**

The village is just waking up. A few women clean up. Some kids run around playing.

Then, with the call of a BUGLE, the massacre is on.

Footsoldiers and calvary DESCEND on the unsuspecting village with no mercy. They plow through the tents and kick over supplies.

Newly awoken Indian men are shot down as they run out of their tents.

Embers kicked aside by horses begin to burn tents.

All the screaming and pleading from women and children are part of the white noise of what has quickly become an outdoor slaughterhouse.

**EXT. RIDGE - SAME TIME**

Jack and his men watch from above as they keep Roscoe company.

Just as Jack is about to join the fray, the Captain holds an arm out.

ROSCOE  
 Relax Soldier. Let the boys do the  
 dirty work. We're safer up here.

Jack sees red.

JACK  
 Now why send others to die for your  
 transgressions --

He swiftly runs Roscoe through with a bayonet.

Even Jack's men are stunned.

JACK  
When you can do the dying so well  
yourself?

The Captain is in shock as he stumbles around with the bayonet still in him.

The few soldiers in the vicinity draw their weapons and a quick FIREFIGHT ensues.

Only Jack and Scar survive, along with the impaled captain.

Jack pulls out the bayonet and the Captain falls dead.

JACK  
Ride!

He heads towards the burning village, Scar behind him.

**INT./EXT. TENT - SAME TIME**

Grace is huddled in a tent with some PETRIFIED INDIAN CHILDREN. She keeps her arms around them.

Outside, Red Feather and her Grandfather guard the tent with all they got. Even with one having an injured leg, and the other being elderly, they are a force to be reckoned with.

Every soldier that comes by, Red Feather and Chief are adept at using whatever means necessary, be it a hatchet, pistol or fists to get each others' back and keep the tent safe.

ANGLE ON: Like the devil himself, Jack walks among the burning teepees, ripping through both Indians and soldiers as he goes tent to tent looking for Grace.

ANGLE ON: The fight outside Grace's tent continues. Scar appears from behind a tent with a clear shot at Red Feather.

The Chief sees Scar at the last moment and jumps in the way of the bullet. He gets shot in the chest.

RED FEATHER  
(subtitled)  
Grandfather!

The Chief goes down. Red Feather hurls a hatchet at Scar and gets him in the throat. That's the end of Scar.

Red Feather goes to the Chief's side --

Just as Jack TRAMPLES the chief on horseback and knocks Red Feather back.

The chief lies motionless as Jack and Red Feather make eye contact.

Jack spots Grace through the tent flap behind Red Feather. He dismounts.

Red Feather turns to Grace and the children.

RED FEATHER

Go. Go!

Red Feather turns back to Jack, her war face on.

JACK

(to Red Feather)

I missed you too, sweetheart.

Jack and Red Feather immediately begin to brawl. Red Feather initially holds her own, forcing Jack to take a few steps back. It buys the witnessing Grace the time she needs to get the children out of the tent and lead them safely away.

Although Red Feather gets a few punches and scratches in, in her weakened state, ultimately, there isn't much she can do.

Jack manages to knock her on the ground and pin her down. He digs a finger into her injured leg. Red Feather HOWLS in pain.

Although being held down, Red Feather manages to reach over and pull out the hatchet from Scar's body. She slashes at Jack.

Jack intercepts her arm and takes the weapon.

He LODGES it into her stomach.

Red Feather collapses onto the ground bleeding and has no fight left in her.

Jack looks into her eyes.

JACK

You killed my brother, now you can join him in Hell.

ON GRACE: A MOUNTED SOLDIER intercepts Grace, towering over her. She stands in front of the children to shield them.

The soldier pulls a gun and aims it at one of the kids who runs away.

The nearby translator sees this about to happen and helplessly SHOUTS out, begins to run over but there's no way he'll arrive in time.

Grace KICKS BURNING EMBERS FROM A FIRE into the horse's face causing the soldier to fall off. The Translator and his wife quickly pile on the soldier and take him out.

The translator nods in appreciation to Grace. He and his wife take the kids and run off.

Grace mounts the horse with the bag of coins. She calls out to Jack.

GRACE

Jack!

She makes sure he sees her, then rides away from the village towards the mountains.

JACK

Bitch!

Jack pushes a confederate officer off a horse, mounts it and follows.

Red Feather lays on her side and witnesses the village burning and her people being killed.

As she lays there next to her grandfather, they make eye contact. They speak between the rasps of the last breaths of life they can muster.

RED FEATHER (SUBTITLE)

I brought this on us.

CHIEF (SUBTITLE)

It was always coming. This is just the form it finally came in.

**EXT. MOUNTAINS - SAME TIME**

Grace rides with all she's got. She heads towards an abandoned GOLD MINE.

Jack is in pursuit.

**INT. MINE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Jack enters the mines.

Grace tries to get lost in the mines, but Jack expertly follows the sounds of her footsteps, recently disturbed puddles, and flitting shadows.

**INT. PROCESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Grace emerges into a processing area. It's a large room, and also a dead end.

Some MINE CARTS are scattered around the old tracks.

Grace begins to crawl into the first cart she sees, but then changes her mind.

She scurries from cart to cart trying to pick one to hide in.

Jack emerges into the processing area. He makes his way cautiously and calls out.

JACK

Just you, me and the gold. And only two of us are coming out of here.

Jack takes note of the mine carts.

JACK

Now, tell me, why you ain't just leave the gold behind? I mighta let you live at some point.

ANGLE ON: Grace huddled inside a mine cart.

GRACE

You lie. And it's high time something don't go your way.

Grace's voice has a tinny metallic quality to it as it echoes through the cavern, making it difficult to place the exact location.

Jack smiles.

JACK

Just like a woman. You talk too much, and now by your sound, I know you're in a little metal hole.

With his gun drawn, Jack begins to investigate all the mine carts, looking for Grace.

He kicks one over. CLANK!

No one inside.

JACK

I have to admit, you didn't make it  
easy.

He kicks another one over. CLANK! No Grace.

CLANK. CLANK.

After checking all but the last cart, Jack smiles and heads  
over.

JACK

All this 'cause you ain't stay in  
your bedroom where you belonged.

Gun cocked, sure of the kill, he approaches.

JACK

Women ain't meant for this world,  
but for the whims of man. Ain't ya  
learn that yet?

He pops up on the cart, ready to shoot -- but is surprised to  
find no one inside.

He notices the mine cart has a RUSTED HOLE in it just large  
enough for a person to squeeze through.

Jack realizes he's been had, spins around with his gun --

SHOOF!

From behind, Grace lodges the knife into Jack's shoulder.

He yelps and drops his gun, falls to his knees.

Grace grabs the gun.

GRACE

Time to reconsider a woman can't  
take care of herself.

She stands firm and points the gun down at him. Jack chuckles  
through his pain.

JACK

I reckon you ain't the lady I met  
when this started.

GRACE

I reckon the same.

JACK

I also reckon you ain't never shot  
no one. It ain't so easy. You sure  
you know how--

He goes for a HIDDEN GUN in his boot--

Grace SHOTS his other shoulder.

Jack YELLS in pain, both his arms now useless, laying limp at  
his sides.

Grace kicks the other gun away. She towers over him.

GRACE

Not tough to shoot a man, but a  
whole lot tougher not to when  
you're angry.

Jack gets the message loud and clear -- Grace is deadly  
serious.

JACK

Alright, sister, you got me. You  
can get the men to serve me  
justice.

GRACE

I think I can do that just fine.

BLAM. Grace shoots him in the head between the eyes. His head  
snaps back. It absorbs the bullet and he manages to stay  
sitting upright.

He dies in the pose.

Grace kicks him over. She tosses the gold onto his body and  
leaves it behind as she exits the mine.

#### **EXT. VILLAGE - LATER**

Grace approaches the smoldering village. She is sickened as  
she witnesses the injured being tended to by survivors, and  
others mourning the bodies that lay about.

Grace spots Red Feather's doll sticking out of a collapsed  
tent. She scrambles over to pick it up.

Doll in hand, Grace looks around, spots Red Feather's body.

Almost dead, Red Feather takes broken breaths. Grace  
immediately falls to her weeping.



GRACE  
I'm so sorry.

She tries to place the doll in Red Feather's hand. Red Feather shakingly hands it back to Grace, guides it up towards the sky.

GRACE  
Yes. Sky.

Red Feather leads the doll back to Grace's belly.

RED FEATHER  
(subtitled)  
I will join my baby now.

Red Feather's hand goes limp. A crow flies overhead.

The translator, who weeps nearby over the body of his dead wife, sees Grace. He stands up and yells at her.

In tears, horrified and apologetic, Grace leaves the village.

**EXT. MONTANA - VARIOUS - DAY**

From the wide open plains and streams, to frontier towns and settlers, a snapshot of Montana in 1868.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Grace rides up. She is weary, but something catches her eye -- the wheat.

She dismounts and walks through the field. It is growing beautifully, swaying in the wind like a great broom cleaning the sky.

She picks a stem of wheat and massages it between her fingers. She is one with the poetry of the moment. This is where she belongs.

Grace walks up to her front door to see a NOTE. The voice of a MAN (20s) walks up behind her.

MAN  
I was wondering if anyone lived here--

Grace spins around with her gun drawn.

MAN

Whoa! Easy. I just came to deliver  
that notice there.

Grace reads the note. Doesn't like it.

MAN

We got government orders to  
repossess this valley. Train gonna  
be coming through here.

GRACE

Over my dead body.

MAN

Now, ma'am--

She holds the gun higher, level at the man's head.

GRACE

Or yours.

MAN

Take it easy.

GRACE

Life isn't about easy. It's about  
doing what needs to be done.

The man gets on his horse and rides away.

Grace traces her stomach with the wheat.

GRACE

It's gonna be a good year, Sky.

She goes into the house.

The wheat sways in the dusk.

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**