

OVER BLACK:

NASH QUENTIN (V.O.)  
 People go to war never looking to  
 come back ...

Before we hear the unmistakable SOUNDS: Swords CLASHING.  
 GUNSHOTS firing. Loud EXPLOSIONS.

FADE IN:

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

A large field. A wave of DEAD BODIES cover the once  
 beautiful landscape. A harrowing vision of war.

The war carries on all around, uncaring about the victims  
 left in it's wake. Men falling every second. Only a few  
 dozen remain standing. Fighting to the death.

**MARCH 1864: AMERICAN CIVIL WAR**

Two men SWORD-FIGHT. UNION SOLDIER (dark blue jacket hangs  
 to mid thigh) and CONFEDERATE SOLDIER (faded blue jacket).

Union Soldier gets the upper hand - his sword SLICES through  
 the chest of the Confederate whose face turns frozen in  
 time, before using his foot to KICK off the dead soldier --

-- whose dead body slides off the sword, FALLS to the ground  
 with a THUMP. Union SPITS upon his remains.

NASH (O.S.)  
 That be a good man yer' just lay to  
 rest right there!

Union's fingers GRIPS tightly upon his sword. TURNS sharply,  
 raises his sword fast with a defying SCREAM - before:

BANG! A single GUNSHOT echoes. Union is STRUCK in the chest,  
 THROWN backwards upon the ground. Joining the others. DEAD.

We FOLLOW the GUN - simmering with a PUFF of smoke. The  
 outstretched arm. Faded blue jacket with THREE STRIPES on  
 the collar.

CAPTAIN NASH QUENTIN. 30s. Confederate. A brave and battle-  
 worn soldier who leads from the front.

Nash HOLSTERS his weapon. LOOKS around:

Bodies heaped upon one another. Last few soldiers fighting to their dying breathes. Nash's face shows the toll of a savage war he's been witness to first-hand.

Nash remains still and silent. Torn between duty and humanity. When --

-- a sword STRIKES down his back. Nash DROPS to his hands and knees in AGONY. The back of his jacket ripped - exposing the deep cut to his spine. Nash GLANCES over his shoulder.

Another UNION SOLDIER (40s, grizzled veteran) stands a foot behind, sword in both hands as he raises it again to strike.

Nash GRASPS a small knife: tucked into his belt. PULLS it free. Rises fast and SWINGS around full of adrenaline --

-- where his knife clashes with the sword. An impasse. The two soldiers offer a deep stare-down of defiance.

NASH

Yer' got kids back 'ome?

UNION SOLDIER

Yea'. Why?

NASH

Coz' yer' ain't be bearing any more.

Union Soldier LOOKS down. Nash has a gun aimed directly at his privates. Looks back at Nash with WIDENED eyes.

BOOM! A single shot:

Union Soldier DROPS to the ground. CLUTCHES at his bloody privates. SCREAMS of agony. Body SHAKING.

A beat.

Nash FALLS to his knees. His gun SLIPS from his fingers, hits the ground. Then, he joins it with a THUMP. The back of his jacket now SOAKED with his blood.

Nash stares out. The battle commences without him. The sound of war slowly DRAWS to a deathly SILENCE as:

Nash's eyes begin to DROOP. His life slowly slipping away until they close as we:--

FADE TO BLACK:

NASH QUENTIN (V.O.)  
 ... but for those unfortunate to  
 live, it's the real world that they  
 can't survive.

Before the SOUND of horses RUNNING hard along the ground.

FADE IN:

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

CLOSE ON the hoofs of a horse - CLATTERING upon the muddy ground. GALLOPING fast across an empty field.

PAN OUT to REVEAL:

Nash riding the horse. Not much has changed. Still wearing the same clothes - only dirtier and more worn. Unshaven.

**MARCH 1865: BORDER BETWEEN TEXAS / NEW MEXICO**

A GUNSHOT rings out around him - causing Nash to duck down briefly. He GLANCES over his shoulder:

NASH  
 Y'know, I believe they'd be tryin' to  
 do us harm?

PAN BACK to REVEAL - riding at his side:

TALA. Late 20s. Native-American. Wearing a brown overthrow with fur lining. Long, dark auburn hair - unkempt. Black mascara around her eyes - gives her a fearsome appearance.

They CURVE around a tree. A GUNSHOT nicks the tree, narrowly missing them.

NASH  
 How far ya' say 'dis town?

TALA  
 (*nods ahead*)  
 Just beyond 'dat hillside!

ON FIELD

More GUNSHOTS ring out. The two ride hard and fast towards a large mound --

-- where a huge stone archway LOOPS fifty feet high into the skyline from behind.

**EXT. TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

A large Western town, big enough for a good settlement. Buildings line up both sides of the street. PEOPLE go about their business without much care --

-- until a bell BELLOWS out. Townsfolk STOP suddenly in their tracks. All look towards the far end of town. The whole town looks like it's frozen in time.

ON OFFICE

Where a MAN stands at the entrance. Smart in appearance. Clean shaven. Stetson on head. Guns holstered. SILVER STAR BADGE pinned upon his chest.

SHERIFF JACKSON. Early 60s - looks good for his age.

His spurs RATTLE as he steps down to the graveled road. Climbs up on his heavy steed of a horse, tied up outside --

-- before he rides off. Not at great pace, but a steady run.

**EXT. TOWN - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Tala and Nash DRAW to a sudden halt - centre of an open field. No sign of life anywhere --

NASH  
(*confused*)  
What we stopping 'ere for?

TALA  
(*calm*)  
Wait.

NASH  
We don't have time ta' wait.  
(*indicates behind*)  
Those men be ridin' our tailcoats any second now, if ya 'adn't noticed.

TALA  
(*defying stare*)  
Wait.

-- when a VOICE startles Nash.

SHERIFF JACKSON (O.S.)  
What it ya' be seeking 'ere?

Nash's eyes WIDEN as he looks around: Sheriff Jackson stands several feet in front, his steed at his side. The front edges of the town can be made in the far distance.

NASH  
*(surprise)*  
 Well ya'd be mighty sneaky, never  
 'eard ya' ride up?

SHERIFF  
 Ya' need yer' eyes tested - son. I'd  
 be stood 'ere for some time.  
*(beat)*  
 So what it be?

NASH  
 We'd be lookin' for somewhere to rest  
 our 'eads for a few nights.

A beat. Then, GUNSHOTS in the distance.

SHERIFF  
*(notices)*  
 I take it those'd be lawmen chasin'  
 after yer'?

NASH  
 It ain't be what it looks like.

SHERIFF  
 It never is - son.

TALA  
*(in Native-American  
 tongue)*  
 The white raven sent us.

A BEAT as Sheriff stares at Tala.

SHERIFF  
 Ya'd be safe in town, but first - ya'  
 rescind all weapons.

Without question, Tala JUMPS off her steed, GRABS her rifle - holstered down it's side. HANDS it over. Nash WATCHES, eyebrows furrowed, confused at her actions.

NASH  
*(taps holster)*  
 Not ta' question yer' rulings -  
 Sheriff, but I think I'd prefer to  
 'old onto these.

SHERIFF

Well son - ya' could always take up  
'da matter with yer' friends.

A GUNSHOT rings out close by. Nash STUMBLES off his steed in a hurry --

NASH

On second thoughts - Sheriff.

-- before he LOOSENS his belt. HANDS it to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Ya' chose wisely - son.

Sheriff nods them forward. Tala and Nash lead their steeds next to where Sheriff resides. Just as:

A voice BELLOWS out from behind --

CORDELL BANNING (O.S.)

*(shouts)*

Stop those two!

Tala and Nash TURN, look out. Sheriff STEPS in front of the two. Hands clutching his belt, taking a hefty stance.

Three MEN on horses PULL up several feet away.

SHERIFF

What I be 'elping ya' boys with?

MARSHALL CORDELL BANNING (30s). Clean shaven, well dressed. Gold silver badge pinned to chest. Flanked by a DEPUTY on either side.

CORDELL

*(points)*

We'd be takin' those two off yer'  
'ands - Sheriff.

SHERIFF

*(defiant)*

'fraid can't do that!

CORDELL

*(to Sheriff)*

I think ya'd be underestimating yer'  
position - Sheriff. Those two be  
wanted felons.

*(points to Nash)*

That scruffy one in particular.

Nash GLANCES at Tala. POINTS to himself.

NASH  
*(mouths to Tala)*  
 He mean me?

Tala LOOKS Nash up and down, then NODS.

SHERIFF  
 These two be goin' nowhere.

CORDELL  
*(unhappy)*  
 Listen 'ere old timer. I'd be  
 deputized by the Government of the  
 United States ...  
*(beat)*  
 ... and I order ya' to 'and those two  
 over, under the authoritative  
 jurisdiction issued upon me.

SHERIFF  
 I care not whose authority ya'd be  
 ridin' with. These two now be under  
 my protection.

CORDELL  
 Enough of this ...  
*(to Deputies)*  
 ... Boys!

Marshall and two Deputies draw their weapons - aim towards  
 Tala and Nash, as well as the Sheriff.

CORDELL  
 Last chance - Sheriff.

Sheriff stands firm in his position.

CORDELL  
 Have it yer' way - but dead or alive,  
 those two be comin' with me.  
*(to Deputies)*  
 Let 'em have it boys!

Marshall and the two Deputies FIRE several shots. Nash DIVES  
 for cover behind his steed --

-- before it draws a deathly SILENT. Nash's head PEERS  
 around his steed to find:

Tala and Sheriff standing tall. Unhurt.

CORDELL  
 (confused)  
 What trickery be this?

Nash STEPS out. His eyes WIDEN at what he sees:

Several bullets HANG mid-air, still spinning on their axis.

NASH  
 (to self, surprised)  
 Huh!

The bullets all fall to the ground. Marshall CLIMBS down from his steed. APPROACHES the mysterious barrier --

SHERIFF  
 I'd watch ya' step - Marshall.

-- but fails to heed the warning. Marshall CONNECTS with the barrier as:

His body is STRUCK by an energy wave - THRUSTING his body backwards through the air several feet. He CRASHES down onto the ground, in a heap. Several feet away.

The two Deputies LEAP down, rush to check on his condition. Marshall lays semi-conscious, stunned.

SHERIFF  
 I suggest ya' take yer' friend and  
 get the hell out of ma' town.  
 (beat)  
 While ya' still breathin'!

The Deputies SPRAWL Marshall Cordell over his horse. Leap on their own. One CLUTCHES the reigns to Marshall's steed. They RIDE off sharply.

Sheriff CLIMBS on his steed - before he slowly TROTS off towards town.

Nash looks stunned - turns to look at Tala who has a wry smile on her face.

PAN UPWARDS to the scaled heights of the stone archway, where strange symbols are etched into the structure upon either side --

-- where a name is scrawled across the top, overlooking the entrance. The name of this mysterious town:

# PURGATORY

FADE IN:

**EXT. TOWN - OUTER EDGES - DAY**

The Sheriff rides central, flanked by Tala and Nash. The town in the near distance draws closer.

Nash constantly glances across to the Sheriff - through several long beats of silence. Dying to say something.

Until:

NASH

Okay - Sheriff! I gotta ask.

*(beat)*

Ya' wanna tell us what just went down back there?

Sheriff remains silent in his response.

NASH

Seen a lot of strange things - but never seen nothin' the likes of 'dat!

*(beat)*

Ya' gotta give us somethin'?

SHERIFF

We'd be quite selective on who we allow into 'dis town of ours.

NASH

That be good 'n all ...

*(points behind)*

... but that, back there - ain't quite normal.

SHERIFF

Nothin' be normal for a long time in 'dis world.

Nash gives an intrigued look across to the Sheriff.

A beat.

NASH

Well, no matta' what. We'd mighty obliged of ya' takin' us in like this - Sheriff ...

*(beat)*

... not many would go ta' bat for folk like us!

SHERIFF

Well if I hadn't - I'd a figured ya'd either be dead, or in cuffs.

*(beat)*

I don't pretend on likin' those on any man ...

*(tip of hat to Tala)*

... especially put on no lady, for that matter.

NASH

*(snorts to self)*

Lady? Not sure if Tala's ever been called that before!

Tala GLANCES over to Nash - an angry look on her face tells a thousand pictures. Nash GULPS hard.

NASH

Guess we should introduce ourselves.

SHERIFF

No need, I'd know who'd ya' be.

NASH

How'd ya' know that - Sheriff?

SHERIFF

*(deflects)*

We'd stop by my office, then I'd take yer' to find some lodgings.

They approach the front edge of town --

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

-- where they continue a gentle TROT through the town. RESIDENTS continue their daily routines - a few GLANCE at the new arrivals.

A large structure upon the front edge of town, still under construction catches Nash's eyes --

SHERIFF

*(indicates)*

'dat be the Church, once renovations be finished.

*(points to)*

Settin' up so Preacher there ...

-- where PREACHER stands, back to us. Large in frame, not just height but built. Dressed in black.

SHERIFF  
 ... can spread 'da good word ta' the  
 townsfolk 'round 'ere.

Preacher guides a large wooden CROSS raised above the  
 entrance by two other RESIDENTS.

SHERIFF  
 (points)  
 Over 'dere be the Saloon. Run by my  
 Nephew --

Across the other side of town stands a large building, fixed  
 between other establishments. Complete with swing doors and  
 a large painted sign hung over the entrance: 'Doyles Place'.

SHERIFF  
 ... Doyle always got a few rooms  
 goin', till ya' decide what ya' gonna  
 do with yer'selves.  
 (beat)  
 Got other establishments ya'd hope to  
 find - stores and such.  
 (beat)  
 Even got 'selves a mighty fine Doctor  
 further up the street, if ever in  
 need of medical attention.

NASH  
 Well - Sheriff, ta' be honest, not be  
 looking to stay 'dat long.

SHERIFF  
 Stay as long as yer' need be - son.  
 As long as be no troubles, we'd not  
 be 'aving any problems.

NASH  
 Be havin' no troubles with us -  
 Sheriff. Made my peace, just lookin'  
 to see where ta' wind takes me.

Sheriff PULLS across to one side. Nash and Tala follow -  
 stopping outside one building:

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

'Sheriffs Office' stamped in bold lettering above the  
 entrance --

-- where the Sheriff CLIMBS down off his steed, GRABS all  
 weapons to hand.

Hands his reigns to a small FIGURE, in trousers, jacket and hat - covering their face, who rises from sat on the steps.

SHERIFF  
*(to Tala / Nash)*  
 Sunshine 'ere be takin' care of ya'  
 horses while stayin' in town.

Tala CLIMBS down - hands reigns over. Nash JUMPS down - hands across his reigns --

NASH  
 Take good care of ma' horse - son!

-- as he steps away, before:

RUBY  
*(angry)*  
 SON?

The small figure KICKS him in the backside. Nash SNAPS around to find the figure removing the hat to REVEAL:

RUBY. 17. Long, auburn hair. Small rounded face, soft blue eyes. A gold star necklace upon her neck.

Nash gives her the once over.

RUBY  
 Ya' need ta' get yer' eyes tested -  
 Mister!

NASH  
*(surprise)*  
 Well, forgive me there - Miss. Ya'd  
 confused me, dressed 'da way ya' are.

Ruby OPENS her jacket - THROWS out her ample chest --

RUBY  
*(indicates)*  
 Do I look like a boy?

NASH  
*(chuckles)*  
 Not no more ya' don't!

RUBY  
 Maybe ya' should look at yerself in  
 the mirror, before criticizing what  
 others be wearin'.

-- before Ruby TURNS sharply with a soft GRUNT. Leads the three horses up the street, towards a large corral in the far distance.

SHERIFF

That be Ruby, or 'Sunshine' as we like to call 'er.

NASH

She sure got a lotta spunk!

SHERIFF

Ya'd 'ave to forgive 'er attitude. Nothin' personal.

NASH

Sure 'bout that - Sheriff?

SHERIFF

'er parents be murdered last year, during the war.

NASH

*(looks at own outfit)*

No wonder she'd be hatin' me then.

SHERIFF

Weren't no army men 'dat did 'da crime - Son. Was outlaws.

*(beat)*

Ruby barely escaped. When she arrived 'ere, she'd be close to death. Doc healed 'er up real well --

*(beat)*

-- but scars, mentally, take a lot longer to heal.

NASH

She's just a kid!

SHERIFF

Yea', well - some folk don't care about 'dat nowadays.

Sheriff rises up the steps - towards the door.

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

The office is spotless. The desk neat - an unusual ROCK perched upon one side --

-- a tall Grandfather clock stands in one corner of the room  
- TICKING away. A door leads to the jail cells out back.

The door OPENS - Sheriff ENTERS, followed by Nash and Tala.  
Sheriff steps to a large cabinet, fixed to the back of the  
office. Five feet tall, three feet wide. Locked.

Sheriff PULLS out a key from his inside waistcoat. UNLOCKS  
the cabinet. OPENS it to reveal:

A small stash of weapons. Shotguns. Rifles. Holsters full of  
handguns. All stacked on shelves or hung up.

NASH  
*(widened eyes)*  
Expectin' a war - Sheriff!

SHERIFF  
Far from it. 'Dis be where I keep all  
'da weapons of residents.

Sheriff SLOTS Tala's rifle upon one side door. Nash's  
holster upon a hook inside.

SHERIFF  
*(looks at Nas)*  
This be a peaceful town - Son, and I  
intend ta' keepin' it 'dat way ...  
*(taps own holster)*  
... no one but ma'self allowed to  
carry a gun 'round 'ere.

Sheriff LOCKS the cabinet. Slides the key away.

SHERIFF  
Don't worry - son, ya'd be gettin'  
yer' guns back if ya' decide 'dis  
town ain't for ya'self.

NASH  
I'd be mighty obliged at that -  
Sheriff. 'Dose friends got me through  
some tough times.

SHERIFF  
I'm sure they did - Captain!

NASH  
How ya' know I was Captain?

SHERIFF  
It's written all over ya' - son!

Nash stands - confused, uncertain.

SHERIFF

Either, ya'd be a Captain in the  
Confederates - or ya'd be stealin'  
'dat jacket from a man 'dat was.

Nash looks at his attire - his blue faded jacket, torn in places. The badge still signifying his rank on his shoulder.

SHERIFF

I sensed ya' 'ave an honest face.

NASH

Good eye - Sheriff!

SHERIFF

Got two of them - son. Need to in  
'dis job.

NASH

Guess I cud do with a change ...  
(*sniffs under arm*)  
... and a bath.

SHERIFF

I'd be agreein' with ya' there.

Nash looks at Sheriff, 'hey!' - while Tala SMILES, she's really beginning to like this guy!

SHERIFF

On the clothes side I mean. We do  
'ave a few that fought in the war,  
'dat outfit may be a reminder of  
times they wish to forget.  
(*beat*)

We 'ave a tailor in town - 'as his  
own store. Sure he'd be happy to  
knock ya' somethin' up if need be -  
for a price of course.

NASH

'fraid 'dat could be a problem.

SHERIFF

Well, 'round here - folk often do a  
trade. Some offer something far more  
valuable than money ...  
(*beat*)

... their services of whatever  
profession they'd be good at.

NASH

Not sure how 'dat be of use to  
someone like me - Sheriff.

(beat)

Only one thing I've been good at, and  
'dat was during 'da war.

SHERIFF

Could always do with a few good  
honest men at my side ...

(beat)

... and I'd speak ta the tailor 'bout  
getting something knocked up for yer'  
in return. If yer' be interested?

NASH

Sorry - Sheriff, but I've seen my  
fair share.

(beat)

Prefer to let others concentrate on  
that line of work now.

SHERIFF

I understand - if yer' ever change  
ya' mind. Ya' know where to find me.

(beat)

Preacher be lookin' for some help, if  
ya'd be interested?

NASH

Not really a religious man either!

SHERIFF

Don't need to be - son. As long as  
yer' got a good strong pair of hands  
and muscles to help renovate his  
Church - I'm sure he'd spread the  
word to help ya' out.

NASH

I'll think 'bout it.

Sheriff steps past the two - approaches the door --

SHERIFF

I'll show ya' ta some lodgings.

-- as he OPENS it. Steps to one side, where Tala and Nash  
EXIT outside. Sheriff CLOSES the door behind him as he  
follows after them.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The three step down upon the graveled roadway - and start across the path, when --

-- a single BELL sounds from the Church tower. All stop to look back up ahead to the edge of town.

NASH  
(jokingly)  
Lunch-time already?

SHERIFF  
Not quite - son, that be da' call to say we 'ave company.

A horse-drawn carriage approaches at speed, before it begins to draw to a slower pace - before it STOPS close to their position in the middle of the road.

Sat upon the top, holding the reins:

KATEE 'KAT' BURCHARD. 30. Beautiful in every sense of the word - piercing blue eyes that can get lost within. A throw over her shoulders, robe like gown that clings to her tight, shapely figure. Gloves over her hands.

Kat rises - as Sheriff takes her hand, helps her STEP DOWN upon the roadway --

KAT  
Thank you - Sheriff.

-- before he let's go as she steps around front with him. Comes face to face with Tala and Nash.

SHERIFF  
Kat - allow me to introduce ya' to our new guests.  
(indicates)  
'dis here be Tala.

KAT  
Welcome - Tala.

Tala offers a gracious NOD in acceptance.

SHERIFF  
And 'dis brave young gentleman, be Captain Nash Quentin.

Kat GLANCES across to the Sheriff - a surprised look on her face, before --

-- she offers her gloved hand to Nash, with a sweet smile.

NASH  
 Actually, just call me - Captain ...  
*(beat, flustered)*  
 ... I mean, Nash. Coz' ya' know -  
 'dat's my name!

Tala looks at Nash's bumbling words, turns away and gives a roll of her eyes.

He takes her hand, and shakes with a gracious smile and nod.

KAT  
 Welcome, Captain - Nash!

The two stop shaking hands, as Nash appears lost in her beauty and her deep blue eyes.

SHERIFF  
 How was yer' business trip - Kat?

KAT  
*(turns to Sheriff)*  
 I can't complain.

NASH  
*(surprised)*  
 Yer' a businesswoman? If ya' don't  
 mind me askin' - what form of  
 business do you deal in?

Kat smiles - he's so naive it appears.

SHERIFF  
 Kat here is a Companion.

NASH  
*(confused)*  
 Companion?

Tala knows immediately - Nash is oblivious to it's meaning.

NASH  
 Don't think I've ever 'eard 'dat type  
 of business before?

KAT  
 I offer services to people who pay  
 handsomely for my time.

Nash finally clocks on - his mouth opens, eyebrows raise --

NASH  
Oh! Yer' a whore!

In an instant: Kat's gloved hand SLAPS hard across Nash's jawline, causing him to turn his head sideways.

KAT  
(angry)  
Sheriff!

Kat turns, steps back to her carriage. CLIMBS back up top - GRABS her reigns and UNLEASHES a CRACK of them as --

-- the horses start on. Nash leaps to the side, almost run over by the horse and carriage - as he caresses his jaw.

He watches - as she rides on to the far end of town, towards the corral.

SHERIFF  
Yer' not really a ladies man - are ya' now - son?

NASH  
(rubs jaw)  
Oh, I love 'da ladies - 'dey just tend to disagree with me.

SHERIFF  
Little warning - son. Kat doesn't take kindly to that term being sprung 'round her.  
(beat)  
So I suggest, if ya' don't want any more bruises on that pretty face of yers, yer'd not be using that word ever again.

NASH  
Understood.

SHERIFF  
Come on - let me take ya' inside.

Sheriff leads the way up the steps - towards the swing doors. Tala follows --

-- as Nash looks up towards the Corral - where Kat CLIMBS down and receives a HUG from Ruby in the far distance.

Nash SMILES - only to be met by more pain, as he RUBS his jawline some more. Turns. Follows the others.

**INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS**

The swing doors OPEN --

-- where the Sheriff leads Tala and Nash inside the Saloon.

The slightly musky and smoky atmosphere surrounds the air, tables and chairs positioned around the room. Some filled with local RESIDENTS drinking, a few gambling and smoking.

At the side: The length of bar, where stood behind the counter - drying glasses stands:

DOYLE. Mid 20s. Young looking with thick, curly black hair. He speaks with a slight Irish-American accent.

SHERIFF

Doyle - got two new residents lookin' for a couple 'a rooms.

DOYLE

Ay', well we'd be 'aving plenty of those 'round here now.

*(to Nash/Tala)*

Why not take 'da weight off yer' feet - 'ave a drink on 'da house now.

NASH

I've never been one to turn down an offer as generous as 'dat.

SHERIFF

*(to Nash/Tala)*

I'll leave ya' in Doyle's capable hands. If need anything - 'ya know where to find me.

NASH

Thank ya' - Sheriff.

Sheriff steps past the two - EXITS the Saloon.

Nash steps forward - takes a seat on a stool at the counter, as Doyle GRABS two clean glasses. Puts them on the counter.

GRABS a bottle from beneath - POURS out a shot in each of the two glasses.

Doyle LOOKS across to Tala - who stands close to the entrance, her eyes surveying every angle of the room.

DOYLE  
 (to Nash)  
 Does ya' friend speak English?

Nash throws back one shot - turns to Tala --

NASH  
 (to Tala)  
 Kemosabe - drink!

-- before she turns her attention upon Nash. A deep, prolonged stare of anger and deathly silence.

NASH  
 (to self)  
 Think I needin' to sleep with one eye open tonight!

Tala then turns to look at Doyle - shakes her head.

NASH  
 More 'da merry for me 'den!

Nash GRABS the other glass --

DOYLE  
 So, what brings ya' both ta our town?

NASH  
 Just tryin' to avoid a few people who haven't taken kindly to these pretty faces of ours.

-- throws it down in one. Puts the glass down.

DOYLE  
 Ay', we get a lot of that 'round here - strangely. People looking to escape their past.  
 (beat)  
 Yer'd be safe 'ere though - no one gets in without my Uncle's say-so!

Nash gives a NOD to the empty glasses - Doyle takes note, POURS out another couple of shots.

NASH  
 Speakin' of 'dat. Maybe ya' can help us out a little - what ya' know about that strange thing in the field?

Nash THROWS back one shot.

DOYLE

'fraid I can't help ya' much with  
'dat. I know very little about what  
goes on outside of 'dis place.

(beat)

Ya' sure she's alright? She 'asn't  
moved an inch since ya' arrived!

NASH

Yea' - 'dat's just her thing.

Nash THROWS back the last shot on the counter.

Doyle STEPS around the counter, walks to the stairs. Stops -  
looks back upon the two --

DOYLE

If wanna follow me - I'll show ya' to  
yer' rooms then.

(beat)

Any baggage?

NASH

(nods behind, smiles)

Just her!

Tala looks at Nash again - angrily. Nash takes the hint -  
rises fast and steps towards the staircase.

NASH

(to self)

I'll definitely be sleepin' with one  
eye open tonight!

Doyle leads the way UPSTAIRS - where Nash follows behind.

Tala soon follows - several steps behind. Her eyes  
constantly surveying the room.

They arrive at the upper landing - where Doyle shows them  
two rooms, side by side.

PAN AROUND to find the residents more focused on their  
gambling and drinking than anything else.

**INT. NASH'S ROOM - DAY**

A quaint room - with a nice sized single bed. Chest of  
drawers with a framed picture hung overhead.

Clothes - those of Nash's by appearance are scattered upon  
the floor, next to a glass of alcohol and bottle --

-- which stands next to a large tin BATH - where Nash resides within. He lays there - covered with water, soaking up the relaxing atmosphere. His hat over his head - covering his face.

It's serene.

Nash's wet hand reaches down to the side - GRABS the glass and raises it up, where he REMOVES his hat and --

NASH  
(startled)  
Jesus!

-- he drops the glass - it SPLASHES into the bath, mixing the alcohol with the water.

Nash looks ahead where:

Tala is stood - staring down upon him.

NASH  
Tala - ya' need to learn how ta' knock. We 'ave our own private rooms now - 'ya know!

TALA  
Not like I 'aven't seen it all before - is it?  
(looks into bath)  
Well, not that small, anyway.

Nash looks down - the realization now he's naked. He places his hat over the surface of water - protecting his modesty.

NASH  
The water's a little cold - 'dat's all ...

Tala steps past him - towards the window. She stares out upon the town outside.

NASH  
... what it ya' want - anyway?

TALA  
Just checkin' in on ya'.

NASH  
It's only been an hour at most?

TALA  
 Yea' - but there's something 'bout  
 'dis town that worries me.

NASH  
 Like what?

TALA  
 Not sure yet - hence the term ...  
*(looks back at Nash)*  
 ... worried.

Tala turns back to the window, Nash DIGS out the empty glass  
 - puts it down at his side.

NASH  
 Yer' the one who told us ta' come  
 'ere, y'all found it.  
*(beat)*  
 Besides, ya' never told me who told  
 ya' 'bout 'dis place?

TALA  
 I was told in a dream.

Nash turns - looks back at Tala, concerned.

NASH  
 A dream?

TALA  
 A white raven spoke to me.

NASH  
 Ya' sure ya' weren't smoking one of  
 those pipes yer' kind do?

Tala turns - stares at Nash, in all seriousness.

TALA  
 I know what I saw!

Nash turns back front --

NASH  
 I don't know - ya'll with ya' dreams,  
 and that thing happening at the  
 archway. 'dis town screams trouble.  
*(beat)*  
 Maybe we should just call it a day,  
 get 'da hell outta 'ere!

TALA

NO!

-- before he turns, faces Tala once more. A determined stare on her face.

NASH

*(confused)*

Why not? You just told me ya'd be worried 'bout 'dis place.

TALA

The white raven has only ever spoken to me on two occasions.

*(beat)*

The first time, it told me a brave soldier would save me.

*(beat)*

The second time, it told me to seek out 'dis town.

NASH

*(faces front)*

If some bird was speakin' to me in my dreams - I'd consider getting ma' head examined.

TALA

Something drew us to 'dis town.

NASH

Well, why don't ya' go searchin' elsewhere, and give me some 'man-time' to myself.

Tala steps past - to the door, OPENS it --

TALA

Is that what ya' be calling it now?

NASH

*(points)*

OUT!

Tala SMILES. EXITS - CLOSES the door behind her.

Nash POURS out another shot, and throws it back - before he lays back, relaxing once more. The hat floats around on the surface still.

**INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Tala WALKS downstairs, where RESIDENTS continue to drink and be merry within the Saloon.

Doyle stands behind his counter - cleaning glasses.

Tala arrives on the ground level - weaves her way through the tables when --

DOYLE  
Well, hey 'dere again ...

-- as she freezes. Looks at Doyle.

DOYLE  
... be somethin' can help ya' with?

A beat of deathly silence.

Then: She RUSHES to the entrance. Doyle watches her all the way as she EXITS.

He SNIFFS under one arm, then the other - followed by a SHAKE of the head.

DOYLE  
Strange one - she be!

He returns back to his cleaning, but with a smile.

**EXT. SALOON - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Tala stands on the steps - outside the Saloon. She looks around upon the seemingly normal town. RESIDENTS going about their business as normal.

Several pass her by - offering a fleeting glance of her appearance. Others simply offer a general nod of acceptance.

She steps down upon the graveled roadway - looks up at the far end, the Corral.

She begins her journey heading in that direction - her eyes occasionally glancing upon others passing her by.

**EXT. TOWN - CORRAL - CONTINUOUS**

A large area of green field is cornered off - where live stock are mixed, grazing from the land.

A large hangar type building stands to one side - a soft HAMMERING comes from within.

Tala stands - staring at the animals --

RUBY (O.S.)  
Hey 'dere ...

-- before she SNAPS around. Her hand REACHES for the handle of a small blade, sticking out the hem of her trousers.

She finds Ruby stood at the entrance to the building, apron over her clothes. Goggle like glasses on her forehead and a hammer in her hand.

RUBY  
... Tala, right?

Tala's hand tightens on the handle. Eyes stare at Ruby.

RUBY  
'dat's a beautiful name - does it mean something?

TALA  
It means, Wolf - in yer' English.

RUBY  
Oh, right.

Ruby senses the uneasiness - then looks down to notice what she's holding, the hammer.

RUBY  
Sorry 'bout 'dat. Was just makin' some new horseshoes.

She TOSSES the hammer back inside the building --

-- where a MEOW echoes back. Ruby glances back inside.

RUBY  
Ya' shouldn't 'ave been sitting there - should ya' snowdrop.

She looks back at Tala, who unclasps her grip on the handle.

RUBY  
Sheriff said ya' not one who speaks 'dat much.  
(beat)  
Not like me, sometimes I just go on and never know when to shut up.

Ruby notices Tala not caring --

RUBY  
Sorry. Can I help ya' with somefin'?

TALA  
Where's ma' horse?

RUBY  
Oh yea' - she's a beauty ...  
(waves)  
... right this way, follow me!

Ruby turns - steps back towards the building. Looks over her shoulder - Tala remains still. Ruby stops.

RUBY  
I don't bite - if that's what ya' think. Besides, I think someone like yer'self could take little ol' me.  
(holds palms up)  
Not that ya'd wanna! Or need ta!

Tala stares at Ruby - her head cocks to one side slightly, unsure what to make of her --

RUBY  
Sorry, I'm ramblin' again - aren't I?  
I tend to do that when I'm around people I'm intimidated by.

TALA  
(confused)  
I, intimidate you?

RUBY  
Yea', well look at ya'?  
(beat)  
I mean, ya' big, strong and well, ya' look like ya' could kill anyone with 'dose bare hands of yers!

-- before Ruby looks down at herself.

RUBY  
Then, there's me. Small. Weak. Easy to carry around.

Ruby looks back up at Tala - sadness on her face.

TALA  
 Just coz' y'er be small, doesn't mean  
 ya' can't be as dangerous and deadly  
 as 'dose twice as large.

RUBY  
*(surprised)*  
 Really?

TALA  
 The village where I was born had a  
 sayin', my mother often told me.  
*(beat)*  
 Even though a cub may be small, it  
 can still outsmart those prey that be  
 larger than itself.  
*(beat)*  
 One so small can easily find places  
 to hide where others cannot enter.

RUBY  
 Not sure if I understand?

TALA  
 It is not the size of the beast that  
 make's it deadly - but the cunning  
 and spirit within 'dat matters most.

Ruby SMILES - a warm embrace of those words taken in --

RUBY  
 No one's ever said anything as nice  
 as 'dat to me in my entire life.  
*(confused)*  
 Wait, I think that was a compliment?  
 Wasn't it? Yea', I'll take it as one!

-- as Ruby approaches Tala. Tala REACHES for the handle of  
 her blade once more. But it's too late.

Ruby WRAPS her arms around Tala - hugs her, warmly. With  
 much affection in her embrace.

RUBY  
 Thank you - Tala.

Tala remains silent - deadly still. Unsure how to react to  
 this unusual embrace of affection.

Then, a corner of her lips rise for a beat, before it fades  
 as Ruby PULLS away --

RUBY

Come on - I'll take ya' to see ya' horse. I've taken good care of 'er, fed 'er - groomed 'er and I've changed 'er shoes.

TALA

Why would ya' do 'dose things?

RUBY

It's kind of ma' thing 'round here.  
(*indicates*)

I take care of 'da animals, as well as bein' creative for 'da town.

(*beat*)

The Sheriff refers to me as '*da cog that keeps da town ticking*'. Or along those lines, see - I'm pretty good with ma' hands ...

(*shows small hands*)

... probably coz' they'd be so small and nimble.

Ruby looks at Tala again --

RUBY

Sorry, I'm doin' it again - aren't I? Like I say, I ramble on a lot.

(*beat*)

Anyway, yer' part of this town now - and we take care of our own.

(*beat*)

Come on - I'll take ya' to see 'er.

-- before she GRABS Tala's hand. PULLS her along behind her as she leads her towards the building. This time - Tala goes along with her, without hesitation.

They both EXIT inside.

### **INT. CHURCH - DAY**

The inside is half finished, where the sun shines brightly through the large windows --

-- shining down upon the several wooden pews already lined in sections on one side of the large hall.

The front section is raised - with a plinth of a stand central, overlooking the hall. Behind of which stands:

PREACHER. Early 40s. African-American. Well built, facial hair and a receding hairline. Light shirt - dark trousers, not your average look of a Preacher man.

He looks out upon the empty hall - before his attention is soon drawn across to --

-- the entrance, where Nash (bare-chested, in uniform trousers still) ENTERS inside. A section of another wooden pew rests on his shoulders - carries it without concern.

NASH

Where ya' want 'dis one puttin' down?

PREACHER

On 'da other side - son, if ya'd be so kind.

Nash steps across - lowers the pew down upon the ground. Wipes his brow - this is hard work.

Preacher STEPS down from the stand, across to Nash - a small black book clutched tightly in his hand.

PREACHER

Mighty kind of ya' - to be helpin' us out like 'dis!

NASH

Not much else ta' do in town. Besides, Sheriff told me ya'd might be so kind as to spread the word with the tailor --

*(indicates)*

-- so I can get me some new threads.

PREACHER

I can do that - son! Be my pleasure to help ya' out.

Nash looks around - anxiously. Preacher picks up on it.

PREACHER

Ya' not really a religious man - are ya' - son?

NASH

'dat obvious?

PREACHER

'fraid so! What it be that scares you 'bout 'dis place?

NASH

Not so much 'da place - Preacher.  
More so - whose listenin'

Preacher turns. Sits down on the pew Nash just arrived with.  
He TAPS the space next to him --

PREACHER

Take a seat - son. Let me hear ya'  
thoughts and worries!

NASH

Think I'd be best gettin' back to  
work - lots to do.

PREACHER

I'm sure we can spare ya' a few  
minutes. Please - indulge me!

-- before Nash finally sits down, next to Preacher.

PREACHER

So, what is it 'bout this place that  
scares ya'?

NASH

Not scared. Just, I fought in the war  
- saw a lotta' men die. Good men.  
Honest men. Some by my own hands.

*(beat)*

Did a lotta' prayin' back 'den, for  
those souls.

*(beat)*

Not sure what good it did.

PREACHER

I'd a hoped we'd find a more amicable  
solution to solve our differences by  
now - without turning to bloodshed at  
every opportunity.

*(beat)*

Unfortunately, some men thrill from  
the pleasure of combat. The thought  
of takin' another man's life.

NASH

That used to be me - once!

PREACHER

What changed ya'?

NASH

Me, mostly. Don't get me wrong -  
Preacher. I'd fight ta' the end if  
what I was fightin' for was just.

(beat)

Then, I was struck down in battle.  
I'd been struck many times over, seen  
many scars take shape.

(beat)

But 'dis put me closer to God than  
I'd ever hoped.

(beat)

And, when I came through 'dat - I was  
given an opportunity to do somefin' I  
was told could end the war.

PREACHER

I get 'da feelin' ya' didn't do it?

NASH

Yer'd be right - Preacher! What was  
asked of me - went beyond the man I  
once was. It would have shaped me to  
become a man I didn't care for!

PREACHER

Yer' 'ad an epiphany!

Nash turns to Preacher --

NASH

(confused)

A what?

PREACHER

It's called - an epiphany. Some call  
it a message from God, a moment of  
clarity 'dat opens your eyes.

NASH

Call it what ya' want.

(beat)

All I be knowin', is that I no longer  
wanted to walk 'dat path and turn  
into the man others seem determined  
to make me into.

(beat)

I be no hero - Preacher. Never was,  
or planned to be.

PREACHER

We all follow our own paths, and  
while some may guide us on our

(MORE)

PREACHER (cont'd)  
 journey - it's our decisions 'dat  
 define 'da men we become.  
 (beat)  
 Like - ya' both drawn to this town. A  
 callin' brought ya' here - son.

NASH  
 Callin' didn't bring us here -  
 Preacher. A horse did!

PREACHER  
 Callings come in strange forms ...  
 (waves black book)  
 ... the book's a little hazy on 'dat  
 subject matter!

Nash offers a brief SMILE - which soon dissipates to a face  
 of solemn complexion.

A beat.

NASH  
 Be true what 'dey say though - no  
 matter how much ya' wash them ...  
 (beat)  
 ... ya' can't get the blood of the  
 victims out of ya' hands.

PREACHER  
 We all seek penance for our sins -  
 son. All of us seek atonement, even  
 men like myself.

Nash looks at Preacher --

NASH  
 Ya' have to tell me someday 'bout  
 'dose sins - Preacher!

-- as Preacher rises to stand upright. Looks down upon Nash  
 - a serious face.

PREACHER  
 No - son, don't think I'll 'ave to.  
 See, that's the good thing 'bout  
 being a man of the cloth.  
 (beat)  
 I listen to others, their issues -  
 they don't listen to mine!

NASH  
 Gotta speak to someone?

PREACHER

I do and he'll be the man who judges  
me on ma' sins ...

(beat)

... and listen to ma' prayers.

Preacher STEPS away - leaving Nash more curious about this stranger of a Preacher man.

He turns his attention back to the front of the room - stares out into the emptiness surrounding him.

**INT. TOWN - ARCHWAY - DAY**

The archway LOOMS over the entrance to the town. The Sheriff sits upon his stead - staring to the outside --

**SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...**

-- where several MEN on horseback draw closer. Sheriff RAISES his hands - stops them in their tracks.

SHERIFF

Something' can help ya' boys with?

They are:

BO (Early 20s. Slick, light hair). COLT (Late 40s. Grizzled veteran - we saw at start) - and --

-- BUTCH FLINT. Late 30s. Unshaven. Empowering presence that towers over everyone around him - even on horseback.

Colt leans forward, rests on the neck of his horse - the leader of this ragged trio.

COLT

Evenin' - Sheriff. Been ridin' for several days now - we 'eard that if we'd be lookin' for somewhere to rest our weary heads, 'dis be the town we need to be at!

SHERIFF

Yer' boys in any kind of trouble?

COLT

Truth be told - Sheriff. The law ain't been too kind on us.

(beat)

We've done some minor stuff - but never hurt no one. Not our style.

SHERIFF

Well, 'dat being said - I'll allow yer' to enter.

(beat)

As long as yer' keep to yer'selves and not start no trouble in town!

COLT

We're not lookin' for trouble - Sheriff. Just somewhere to lay low, rest our heads for a while before we be movin' on further down the line.

(beat)

Yer' be havin' my word on that - and that's one yer' can take to the bank!

SHERIFF

Okay ...

The three get ready to ride on, when --

SHERIFF

Just one thing - boys. We do have one condition in this town.

COLT

What 'dat be - Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Yer' turn over yer' guns. This be a peaceful town - no one carries a firearm but me, and that's how it's gonna stay.

BUTCH

Hand over my gun - ya' crazy old timer, ain't no one touches my piece!

SHERIFF

I'm sure plenty a ladies be happy hearin' ya' say that - son. I'm sure ya' got yer' reasons ...

(beat)

... but, if yer' want in 'dis town of ours - ya' hand 'dem over to me or take ya' chances elsewhere.

BUTCH

Forget it - we'll find 'nother place to sleep.

COLT

*(turns to Butch)*

Now - Butch. Don't be so hasty. The man's got a point - and rules he enforces in 'is town.

*(beat)*

It'd be only true and right if we honored them - since he's allowing us the courtesy of letting us stay.

SHERIFF

When yer' ready to leave town - I'd be handin' back yer' guns and ya' can ride off into the sunset.

COLT

Sounds like a fair rule - Sheriff. Protects everyone concerned.

SHERIFF

That's why I made it - son!

Colt looks at both men - either flank of his position. Bo on the right, Butch on the left.

COLT

Boys - hand yer' weapons across to the good Sheriff 'ere. I'm sure he'll take mighty fine care of 'dem.

SHERIFF

They'll be securely locked away - so no one can touch them.

Bo removes his holster - THROWS it across to Sheriff, who catches it. Places it over the neck of his horse.

Colt is next - removes his, TOSSES it forward. Sheriff does the same. Then, all eyes turn to --

-- Butch. He looks back upon all of them. Unconvinced.

COLT

Butch - give the man yer' guns, or we'd be ridin' in without ya'.

BUTCH

*(angry, to self)*

God-damn rules are stupid!

Butch undoes his holster, THROWS them to the Sheriff - who catches it. Places them with the others.

Sheriff turns his attention back upon Butch --

SHERIFF  
And 'da other one - son!

-- as Butch looks around, unsure what he means.

SHERIFF  
'da one ya' got tucked away.

Butch looks at Colt - then SIGHS. Reaches around back - PULLS out a gun, TOSSES it over. Sheriff catches it - slides it in the hem of his own trousers.

He then looks back at Butch --

SHERIFF  
And 'da last one - son. If yer'd be so kind!

BUTCH  
That's all I got!

SHERIFF  
The one tucked in yer' boot now!

Butch looks confused - how he know? Colt glances across to him, SHAKES his head.

COLT  
(authorative)  
Butch - yer' makin' us look like fools 'ere. Hand it over!

Butch REACHES down - PULLS out a tiny gun from within his boot. He THROWS it across to Sheriff - who catches it.

BUTCH  
I forgot 'bout 'dat one!

COLT  
We good now - Sheriff?

SHERIFF  
We'd be good! Now, if ya'd wish to follow me - I'll lead you to town.

Sheriff turns his horse - slowly rides on, towards the town in the distance --

-- where the three men ride beneath the archway, ENTER the town's limits and follow several steps behind.

BUTCH  
 (to self - upset)  
 I feel naked now!

COLT  
 (smiles)  
 That not be a good sight for anyone,  
 man - or woman, Butch!

Butch GRUNTS at Colt's words - still unhappy.

All four ride on towards the town, as it draws near to them.

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

A rather nice, homely feel to the office. A bed/couch like structure stands over towards the back of the room. A curtain rail - OPENED, to it's side.

A large desk sits towards the front of the room, leather chair behind - empty. The other side:

Nash resides, sat in a reasonably comfortable seat. He waits - not so patiently.

A beat.

He RISES slowly - GRIMACES in some slight pain as he rises. STEPS across to a bookcase along one wall. Filled with books and journals of a medical nature.

He PULLS one out - OPENS it. He looks inside - glances at one image, disgusted at the sight --

NASH  
 (to self - disgusted)  
 That's just wrong - so wrong in many  
 different body parts.

-- before he skips a few chapters. Finds another image - more pleasing the eyes which light up.

NASH  
 (to self)  
 Doc - you Devil!

He TURNS the book lengthways - stares at the image --

NASH  
 No wonder ya' got into medicine if  
 treat women with 'dose issues.

-- when, the door OPENS to his side. Nash SNAPS the book CLOSED - catches his thumb inside, as he HIDES it behind his back. He HOLDS BACK the pain.

He looks back upon:

DOCTOR TOBIAS GRAYSON (aka: Doc). Late 20s, yet looks much younger. Smartly attired with the best money can buy, with rounded spectacles.

He stops dead - stares at Nash, the sense something is up.

DOC  
(*suspicious*)  
What were ya' doing?

NASH  
(*innocently*)  
Me, nothin'. Just waitin' for ya' to turn up - 'dat's all!

DOC  
(*uncertain*)  
Oh-kay!

Doc CLOSES the door - STEPS past Nash --

-- who QUICKLY slides the book back in it's slot on the shelf. TURNS to face the Doc who steps around the desk - looks back upon Nash, more suspiciously.

Nash offers a gracious smile - a fake one if ever saw one. Doc sits down at his desk.

DOC  
So, why ya' here - Nash?

NASH  
Well - I got ma'self a bit of a shoulder problem, probably pulled a muscle liftin' all that stuff for Preacher over past few weeks.

DOC  
Step over to the bed - remove your shirt, please!

NASH  
Aren't ya' gonna buy me a drink first - Doc? That's what most do before takin' me ta' bed!

Doc looks up - all serious, not amused.

NASH  
Yer' not one who likes humour - are  
ya', Doc?

Nash steps across to the bed - still GRIMACING in some  
slight pain. Perches on the end - REMOVES his shirt.

Doc RISES - steps around the desk - across to stand behind  
the bed, and Nash. His eyes widen as he looks at his back.

DOC  
'dis is beautiful!

NASH  
'dat's what all the girls say!

Doc RUNS his hands across Nash's back - almost caressing it  
with his gentle touch --

DOC  
What happened?

NASH  
Old war wound!

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Nash stands, stares upon the man shot down - when --

-- a sword slices down across his spine. He DROPS to his  
knees, in some agony.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

-- where we PAN AROUND to find a large scar on Nash's spine.  
Diagonal in it's placing - from lower back to his neck.

DOC  
'dis is some beautiful work - who  
operated on ya'?

NASH  
Don't remember who Doc - since I be  
unconscious at the time.

Doc runs his fingertips across the scar --

DOC  
Does it still hurt?

NASH  
 No, but tickles a little with yer'  
 cold hands ya' got!

-- before Doc PULLS away from his back.

DOC  
 Sorry, just not seen anyfin' like  
 this in a long time.  
*(beat)*  
 Yer' lucky to be alive - wound like  
 that'd normally kill a man!

NASH  
 Well, I'm still kickin' and breathin'  
 - last time I checked anyway!

A beat.

DOC  
 What ya' say was wrong again?

NASH  
 Be ma' right shoulder - givin' me  
 some pain for a while now.

DOC  
 Let me 'ave a look!

Doc gently eases his fingertips across the shoulder - stretching it, pushing down on it. Nash GROANS with each gentle prod.

DOC  
 Looks like ya' may have disjointed  
 ya' shoulder slightly. Have to slot  
 it back in - then 'da pain should  
 just subside.

NASH  
 Do what ya ...

Before he can finish - Doc sharply SNAPS Nash's arm in an upward direction. Nash's eyes widen - mouth open.

NASH  
*(breathless)*  
 ... gotta do!

Doc STEPS around front. Looks at Nash.

NASH  
 Coulda' given me some warnin' there -  
 Doc, or ya' one of those sadists!

DOC  
 That was for touchin' ma' books.

Doc STEPS back to his desk --

NASH  
 Ah, yes. Fair 'nuff!

-- as Nash circles his arm, seemingly without much pain.

NASH  
 Give ya' this - Doc! Certainly good  
 with ya' hands.  
*(beat)*  
 I'm sure ya'd be just as good with a  
 gun in ya' hand.

Doc looks across to Nash, who slides on his shirt again.

DOC  
 I prefer to save lives - not take  
 'dem, like yer'self.

NASH  
 Got me all wrong - Doc. I ain't like  
 'dat no more.

A beat.

DOC  
 Well, that should ease yer' pain to  
 continue working for now.  
*(beat)*  
 Any more problems - come and see me!

Nash STEPS to the door, OPENS it - stops --

NASH  
 Thanks - Doc. Mighty obliged for yer'  
 help in the matter ...  
*(beat)*  
 ... and especially those soft hands  
 yer' got!

-- before he EXITS.

Doc looks up - SHAKES his head. Thank God he's gone!

**INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT**

The same Saloon setting as before - to establish. A little more busy, with a few more CUSTOMERS sat around.

Doyle stands behind the counter - cleaning glasses, as per usual. Glances over the customers within his establishment.

Nash ENTERS the Saloon --

-- as he STEPS across to the counter. Leans on it, dirty - sweaty and looking exhausted.

NASH  
Doyle - usual

Doyle POURS a shot in a small glass - in front of Nash --

DOYLE  
Looks like Preacher be workin' ya'  
mighty 'ard 'dere - Nash.

-- as Nash throws it back. Calls for another.

NASH  
Yea' - for a man of 'da cloth, he  
seems intent on drivin' us all into  
early graves by 'dis rate.

Nash GLANCES over his shoulder, surveys the scene --

NASH  
Looks like a busy night?

DOYLE  
Can't complain.

-- before he turns back to Doyle.

NASH  
Who 'da new guys?

Doyle LOOKS past Nash --

-- where several tables in: Bo, Colt and Butch sit around a table. Drinking beers.

DOYLE  
'dose three arrived earlier today.  
Been keepin' to 'demselves.  
(beat)  
Don't know much 'bout 'dem.

NASH  
 Sheriff check 'em out?

DOYLE  
 Ya' know him - no one gets in without  
 his say-so.

A beat.

NASH  
 Where's she hidin'?

DOYLE  
 Need ya' ask?

NASH  
 Sorry - stupid question.

Nash GRABS his drink - TURNS. Steps across the room, weaves through the chairs - past the three newcomers, towards the far corner of the room.

He SITS down - where a figure HIDES amongst the darkness. We can just make out the shape to be that of Tala.

NASH  
*(softly)*  
 Take it yer' keepin' tabs on the  
 three newcomers?

TALA  
 Captain.

NASH  
 What's yer' thoughts?

TALA  
 Need more time.

NASH  
 Well, keep an eye on 'em.

TALA  
 Like flies followin' a heard.

NASH  
 If things kick off - we may need to  
 step in and give 'da old guy a hand.  
*(beat)*  
 Be more than he deserves for helpin'  
 us out all 'dis time.

Nash RISES, with drink in hand. WEAVES his way towards the front once more --

BO  
*(surprise)*  
 Well, I'd be damned ...

-- where he stops, after passing the three. Turns, looks down upon Bo - youngest of the three.

BO  
 ... as I live 'n breathe. Thought was yer'self who stepped on by.

NASH  
 Sorry - Son. Don't think I'd be recognizin' yer' face?

BO  
 Been a while.

Nash's eyes narrow - searching for a name. But it turns up blank. SHAKES his head.

NASH  
 Sorry, don't believe I know ya'!

BO  
 I know yer'self.  
*(beat)*  
 You'd be Nash Quentin. Captain of the first battalion, back in the day.

ON TALA

Who leans forward, breaking into the light. Her hand draws down upon the handle of her blade under the table.

BACK TO SCENE:

Nash appears concerned - someone recognizes him.

NASH  
*(deflects)*  
 Think ya' may 'ave me confused with someone else - Son.

Nash TURNS to leave - when --

-- Bo RISES fast. GRABS Nash's arm, DRAGS him back to face him down.

BO  
 Don't turn ya' back on me - like yer'  
 did with 'da army.

Nash's eyes narrow - he looks down at Bo's hand GRIPPED on his arm - not letting go.

NASH  
*(threatening)*  
 That be ma' arm ya' be holdin'. If I  
 were ya' - I'd be lettin' go.

BO  
 Or what?

Bo SPITS down on Nash's shoes, before he SMIRKS at his actions upon Nash.

Behind: The Sheriff ENTERS the Saloon - instantly sensing the trouble brewing across the room.

NASH  
 Or, yer' may just find yer'self  
 payin' a visit to our mighty fine Doc  
 in town.

Sheriff STEPS across to intervene between the group --

SHERIFF  
 We got an issue 'ere - boys?

-- as Nash looks to find the Sheriff stood a foot behind. Hand itching on his holster, ready to draw if need be.

NASH  
*(to Sheriff)*  
 Not quite sure - Sheriff.  
*(turns to Bo)*  
 Do we?

Colt CALLS from behind:

COLT (O.S.)  
 Looks like yer' made a mistake - Bo.  
 Leave 'da man be.

Bo TURNS to Colt - angry to find Colt staring up in all seriousness --

-- as Bo finally RELEASES his hold of Nash.

NASH  
 (to Colt)  
 Mighty obliged.

COLT  
 Apologies for ma' young friends  
 behavior - he's young and impetuous.  
 (beat)  
 He gets carried away - havin' fought  
 in 'da war and all.

NASH  
 No harm done!

Colt RISES - looks at Bo --

COLT  
 Bo, why don't we take a midnight  
 stroll. Blow the cobwebs out of 'dat  
 thick skull of yer's.  
 (to Butch)  
 Butch - drink up.

Butch LOOKS over at the swing doors --

BUTCH  
 But, it's dark outside.

-- as Colt looks down at Butch.

COLT  
 Big man like yer'self shouldn't be  
 'fraid of the dark now.

BUTCH  
 (defensive)  
 I didn't say that!

Butch GRABS his drink - GULPS it down in one throw, all half  
 a pint. SLAMS it back on the table. RISES.

Colt FORCES Bo to lead the way - as Butch takes up the rear  
 position. They walk to the swing doors and EXIT out to --

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

-- the street, where a darkness has drawn in over the town.  
 It's serene - little life anywhere around town.

Colt STEPS across the roadway - Bo and Jayne follow close  
 behind, as they reach the other side.

BO  
 Shoulda' let me 'ave him - I coulda'  
 taken that guy, easy.

Colt turns SHARPLY and SMACK as his clenched fist connects with Bo's jawline - knocking him down to the ground.

COLT  
*(points down at Bo)*  
 Don't ya' ever pull a stunt like 'dat  
 again - ya' hear me?

Bo RUBS his bruised jaw - looks up at the anger in Colt's face staring down at him.

BO  
 Sorry boss - wasn't thinkin'

COLT  
 'dat's 'da problem. I picked yer'  
 both to join me on this expedition  
 for a reason.  
*(beat)*  
 I expect yer' both to pull yer'  
 weight on this job.

Colt OFFERS his hand - Bo takes it, PULLED back to his feet. Still RUBS his jaw where he got hit.

COLT  
 Sorry - kid, I don't like doin' 'dat  
 to ya' - but truth be told. It needed  
 to be said!

BUTCH  
*(to self)*  
 Damn idiot gonna get us caught!

BO  
*(to Butch)*  
 Who ya' callin' an idiot, ya' ...  
*(thinks of word)*  
 ... idiot!

Butch SHAKES his head in despair --

BUTCH  
 Only an idiot would use the same  
 word, again!

COLT  
 The two of ya' stop squabblin'!

BUTCH  
 (to Colt)  
 Well, he started it!

BO  
 No I didn't!

BUTCH  
 Yes, you did!

BO  
 No, I didn't!

-- as Colt's temperature rises. He stares at them both - ready to blow.

COLT  
 The two of ya' - shut yer' damn mouths, or I swear to God. I'd get myself arrested by puttin' yer' both out of yer' misery right now!

The two finally SHUT UP. Message heard.

A beat of SILENCE. Before:

BUTCH  
 (to Colt)  
 Ya' figured out how we gonna pull this job off? 'de Sheriff took our guns - ya' didn't count on that.

COLT  
 I'll get us our guns back - don't worry on 'dat count. Only thin' yer' both gotta be concerned with ...  
 (beat)  
 ... is upholding yer' end of this deal we made.

Colt STEPS forward, rests a palm upon each of the two partners - Bo and Butch.

COLT  
 'dis goes down first sign of sunlight, and we get outta' here before anyone notices a thing!

The three smile - the deal set, the plan made. Foolproof!

**INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Nash and the Sheriff are back at the counter, with Doyle stood behind - cleaning glasses.

DOYLE

Do me a favor - Nash - try not ta' smash the joint up anymore.

NASH

I'll do ma' best - but no promises.

Nash THROWS back his drink - Doyle TOPS it up.

SHERIFF

I'd be happy if ya' could last more than a month without causing an incident in this town!

NASH

Wasn't lookin' for trouble ...

SHERIFF

... no, it just always happens to find ya'.

NASH

Somefin' along those lines - yea'!

Nash THROWS back another shot.

NASH

I'd be more concerned with 'dose three men - could be trouble.

SHERIFF

Don't worry 'bout those - I'm keepin' my eyes on 'em all.

Sheriff TURNS - steps across the floor, GREETs other customers within the Saloon.

**EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAY**

The beautiful morning sunshine draws a warmth across the rocky mountains - turning the dark terrain a red landscape of beauty to behold.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The light breaks in patches throughout the town - which is quiet, serene this early in the morning.

The Sheriff STANDS at the entrance to his office - drinking a hot cuppa, before he EXITS back inside - the door OPEN.

From the corner of the building, down the side alleyway - Colt STEPS into view. Surveys the quiet scene, then STEPS up and across to the entrance.

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

Colt ENTERS inside, as the Sheriff places his cup down and sits behind his desk.

COLT

Sheriff - I'd be needin' ta' speak to ya' 'bout somefin'!

SHERIFF

What be 'da problem there - Colt?

COLT

'da two men I arrived in town wiv', I feel bad 'bout doing this - but truth be told, I couldn't forgive myself if I'd never spoken up.

The Sheriff is intrigued --

SHERIFF

What 'dose two boys been getting up to now?

COLT

I'd overhead 'dem talkin' last night, while I'd be sleepin'. They talked about robbing 'dat bank of yer's, bright and early 'dis morning.

SHERIFF

The bank - eh? Be mighty hard pullin' 'dat off with no guns to speak of.

COLT

I heard 'dem say they got a hold of some, I don't know where from.

SHERIFF  
Well, we can't be 'aving that  
happenin' in 'dis town.

Sheriff RISES - steps across to the coat rack --

SHERIFF  
Thanks for the tip - Colt.

-- as he GRABS his coat and hat. Before he can turn back,  
Colt GRABS the heavy rock off the desk.

RUSHES over and SMASHES it over the back of his head - as  
the Sheriff COLLAPSES forward, taking the coat stand down to  
the ground with him. Face down.

Colt TOSSES the rock aside - leans down, TURNS the Sheriff  
over. SEARCHES his pockets.

FINDS the KEY, as he RISES - STEPS to the large gun cabinet.  
UNLOCKS it as the glory of weapons beholds him.

GRABS one holster, WRAPS it around his hips. GRABS two  
others - TURNS. Glances down upon the Sheriff's fallen body  
- no sign of remorse, just a glint of achievement.

He steps to the door - EXITS outside.

ON SHERIFF

Who lays there, unconscious. Blood seeps in a small pool  
close to his head. His body motionless - maybe dead!

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Colt STEPS across the front of the Sheriff's Office - back  
to the alleyway where --

-- Bo and Butch are standing, waiting impatiently. Colt  
hands them their holsters - as they put them on.

BUTCH  
How ya' get 'dese?

COLT  
(uncaring)  
I asked nicely. Does it matter?  
(beat)  
Now, go and do 'da job I hired ya'  
both for - don't disappoint me!

BUTCH  
Where yer' gonna be?

COLT  
Getting our rides so we can make a  
hasty exit!  
(beat)  
I'll meet ya' both outside 'da bank  
in five!

BUTCH  
Okay.  
(to Bo)  
Let's go and get rich - Kid!

Bo and Butch STEP out, head towards the bank further down  
the street --

-- while Colt watches for a beat. Then STEPS back - FADES  
amongst the darkness behind, a wry smile on his face.

**INT. SALOON - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE ON BED - where we find Nash sleeping, the sheet  
partially over his sprawled out body.

The CLICK of a SOUND doesn't disturb him - as we PAN AROUND  
to concentrate upon the handle of the door, as it slowly  
TURNS and begins to OPEN --

-- where a GUN appears first. Then the hand holding it, arm  
and finally - the body of Colt ENTERS the room.

Colt TURNS to look at the bed - finds it empty!

A hand GRABS Colt's arm from the side, SWINGS him around and  
further inside the room --

-- as a right HOOK follows fast, CRACKING against Colt's jaw  
- causing the gun to fall.

Quickly followed up with a left HOOK sends him SPRAWLING  
backwards - clattering to the floor behind him.

Nash steps forward - puts FOOT on gun, KICKS it behind him.  
It SCRAPES along the floor behind - before falling off the  
edge, to the GROUND LEVEL beneath of the Saloon floor.

NASH  
Now, 'ere was me thinkin' 'da two of  
us didn't 'ave a problem?

COLT  
I'm more - a solution, than a problem  
- Captain Quentin.

NASH  
Do I know ya'?

COLT  
No, but I'd be knowing yer'self. Ya'd  
be a wanted man in several towns.  
(beat)  
I'd be takin' ya' in with me - dead,  
or alive. Only, I quite prefer dead!

Colt REACHES for his other gun - in it's holster --  
-- as Nash TURNS sharply. RUNS out the room.

NASH  
(screams)  
TALA!

**EXT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

We find Nash LEAPING over the upper bannister - FALLING fast  
down upon us, as a GUNSHOT rings out.

His body CRASHES through a table on the ground floor as he  
GROANS in some pain from the landing.

He ROLLS onto his back - looks up to find --

-- Colt APPEARING at the bannister above, staring down at  
him. He POINTS his gun below.

Nash ROLLS across, beneath the stairs - out of sight as Colt  
FIRES several shots down - missing him by inches.

COLT  
Damn it!

Colt continues to stare down - searching for Nash.

The door close to the counter OPENS - where Doyle ENTERS the  
room. Dressed in his underwear, SCRATCHING his head.

DOYLE  
Whose makin' all 'da racket outta  
'ere? Some of us are tryin' to sleep!

He looks around - then NOTICES Colt above, who quickly takes  
AIM across and upon him --

DOYLE  
Holy sweet mother of God!

-- as Doyle DIVES for cover behind the counter, as more SHOTS ring out around the ground level. Missing Doyle - but hitting several of the bottles behind the counter.

ON COLT

As he STOPS firing - stares out below, still searching for a target to hit. When --

-- a CREEK from the side. He TURNS and is met by a CHAIR smashed across him from the side. It sends him backwards, falling to the floor behind - the gun falls to his side.

He SHAKES it off - looks out to find Tala stood there.

COLT  
Wasn't plannin' on takin' yer' with  
me - but no matter. Double the money  
- I guess!

He GRABS his gun off the floor next to him --

-- as Tala TURNS around, DIVES for cover inside her room as BULLETS rip the framework near her.

Colt RISES - his aim now on Tala's room, as he takes a step when --

NASH (O.S.)  
Yer' made a wrong turn comin' to 'dis  
town - Colt!

-- he stops, silent and still. TURNS his head to find Nash on the ground level - the gun he kicked down earlier now in his hands. Aimed directly at Colt.

Colt TURNS sharply, as both FIRE at the same time. Both Colt and Nash are HIT in the arms as they STUMBLE for a beat.

Nash DIVES for cover behind a table - as Colt sends a WAVE of BULLETS down around him. Until - CLICK! CLICK!

He runs out as Nash steps out from behind - takes a SHOT --

-- as it GRAZES the cheek of Colt, leaving a flesh wound. Colt TURNS - RUNS back into Nash's room.

A beat. Then:

SMASH! The SOUND of BREAKING GLASS as Nash keeps aim on the upper level.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

We find Colt laying face down on the graveled surface, glass pieces around his fallen position - as he RISES to his feet, a little gingerly.

He TAKES off - across the road, DRAGGING one foot behind the other. Hurt from his high fall. SHUFFLES his way down a side alleyway between buildings.

**INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Nash continues his aim --

NASH  
Tala - ya' still with us?

TALA (O.S.)  
Captain!

NASH  
I've lost sight!

-- as Tala STEPS into view, from her room. She CAUTIOUSLY steps across the upper level. PEERS around the corner - into Nash's room.

TURNS - steps to the bannister, down upon Nash --

TALA  
Looks like he took a leap of faith  
ta' 'da outside!

NASH  
We need ta' stop 'im!

TALA  
Where he get 'da guns?

-- as both PONDER the thought. Come to the same conclusion.

NASH  
Sheriff!

TALA  
Sheriff!

Nash looks at Tala.

NASH  
Get down 'ere - fast!

In a heartbeat: Tala GRABS the railing - LEAPS over and FALLS down to the ground level. Lands perfectly on her feet.

TALA  
'dat fast 'nuff - Captain?

NASH  
How come when I try - I end up goin'  
through tables?

TALA  
I'm never drunk as yer'self -  
Captain!

They RUSH to the swing doors - EXIT outside.

A beat.

Then:

DOYLE (O.S.)  
It be safe ta' come out now?  
(*beat - silence*)  
Hello? Anyone?

Doyle's head POPS above the counter - he stares around at the mess in his establishment.

DOYLE  
(*to self*)  
Why didn't I just stay back home. Was  
so much easier back 'dere.

He doesn't notice a bottle behind - as it finally FALLS off the end and SMASH over his head. He falls down, unconscious behind the counter.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The two look around at the quiet, serene surroundings of town. Slowly - other RESIDENTS begin to rise at all the commotion that SOUNDED out moments ago.

They step forward - to the broken glass. Tala KNEELS down - dabs her finger on the ground, blood on her fingertip.

TALA  
He's wounded.

Tala STUDIES it - follows it's direction across the road, to the other side.

NASH  
He won't get far. First, we need to  
find 'ta Sheriff.

Nash RUSHES across the road - to the Sheriff's Office. The door CLOSED as he OPENS it and ENTERS inside.

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

Where his attention is drawn quickly from the open cabinet of guns on display - then down upon the Sheriff's body, laying motionless in one corner of the room.

Nash RUSHES over - inspects the Sheriff, who is out cold. Checks his pulse --

NASH  
He'd still be breathin'.

-- as he TURNS to look back at Tala. She stands - frozen to the spot. Her eyes fixated on the Sheriff.

NASH  
(shouts)  
Tala!

Nothing - no response.

NASH  
(authoritative)  
TALA!

Finally, she responds. Looks across to Nash.

NASH  
I need ya' wiv' me!

TALA  
I'm 'ere - Captain.

Behind: Kat ENTERS the room, a shawl wrapped around her body - as she looks across at Nash --

KAT  
What's going on ...

-- before her eyes are drawn to the body on the floor.

KAT  
... Sheriff!

NASH

Go get the Doc - bring 'im here, as fast as you can.

Kat NODS - TURNS, EXITS in a hurry. Just as Preacher ENTERS the room. His eyes drawn immediately upon the Sheriff.

PREACHER

What can I do?

NASH

Stay wiv 'im, don't leave 'im alone.

Preacher NODS - he STEPS forward, KNEELS down at the Sheriff's side. Holds his hand, caresses it.

Nash STEPS to the cabinet - GRABS a rifle --

-- TOSSES it across to Tala, who catches it. Nash GRABS his holster, wraps it around his semi-naked body.

PREACHER

Son - no need to do anythin' reckless now.

NASH

Remember when ya' told me I'd had an epiphany - Preacher?

PREACHER

Yes!

Nash RUNS his hands across the outside of his weapons - both still holstered at either side of his hips.

NASH

Well, moments ago - I 'ad another. This one is telling me to do what I need to.

PREACHER

Son - 'dis is not the way!

Nash STEPS to the door, Tala follows behind --

NASH

You can hear my sins when 'dis day is over - Preacher man.

-- as both EXIT outside. Preacher is left holding the Sheriff's hand - as he looks down upon him with a prayer.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Nash leads Tala to the graveled roadway - as several of the other Residents look at them holding their guns. Several take cover - sensing something is going down.

**INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

A BANK MANAGER (50s, glasses, smart) has his hands up. Bo and Butch POINT the guns at him with one hand --

-- while their other holds a small bag, weighing it.

BUTCH  
What ya' call this?

BANK MANAGER  
That be all we 'ave in reserves at 'dis time!

BO  
No! Colt said ya'd had thousands stashed away in 'ere.

BANK MANAGER  
What can I say - it's been quiet around 'ere lately.

BUTCH  
What kind of backwater town is 'dis?

Butch looks at Bo - both look angered at this.

BUTCH  
Let's get outta 'ere - before people realize what's goin' down!

They step backwards - guns aimed at the Bank Manager, who remains with hands raised. They EXIT the bank.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Nash and Tala stand - looking around the close vicinity of town. When --

-- they turn and find Butch and Bo EXITING the bank, and onto the roadway.

NASH  
Well, that be two of 'dem

ON BUTCH and BO

As they TURN to find no horses waiting for them, they look around their position - as if they are hiding.

BUTCH  
God-damn-son-of-a-bitch double  
crossed us!

They TURN before they both realize - they're being watched.

Nash and Tala stand in the distance, weapons at their side. Staring back upon the two criminals.

ON TALA and NASH

As they stare down upon the two --

NASH  
Tala! Ya' got 'dis?

-- as CLICK - Tala prepares her rifle to shoot.

TALA  
Ta' the end - Captain.

Nash TURNS - looks down at the blood trail, FOLLOWS it across the road. DISAPPEARS down a side alleyway.

Tala steps forward - slowly, towards the two who just stare back at her.

TALA  
Boys - ya' may wanna drop 'dose guns  
right 'bout now!

Tala stops - a good twenty feet from their position. Rifle down at her side.

BO  
(to Butch)  
We can take 'er - there's two of us,  
only one of 'er!

Butch gives Bo a 'are you crazy' stare.

BUTCH  
(to Bo)  
Do what ya' want - kid. But me, I  
didn't sign on to murder no woman -  
'specially no Indian.

BO  
 (to Butch)  
 Don't matter what kind she be - she's  
 in our way!

Butch looks across to Bo briefly --

BUTCH  
 I've killed a lot of people - kid,  
 but never no Indian.  
 (beat)  
 I heard rumors - kill one and they'll  
 haunt ya' for the rest of ya' life!

-- before Butch DROPS his swag down at his side - then  
 UNFASTENS the holster around his waist. TOSSES it across -  
 away from his position.

BO  
 (disgusted)  
 What the hell ya'd be doin'? Thought  
 ya' said ya' were this mighty outlaw  
 - never backed down from anythin'?

BUTCH  
 I am, but even I know there's things  
 in this world ya' don't go messing  
 'round with.  
 (beat)  
 And 'dis be one of those things!

BO  
 Yer' a coward!

BUTCH  
 No coward - kid, just a survivor!

Butch DROPS to his knees - places his hands on his head.  
 Surrendering to Tala.

TALA  
 Suggest ya' follow ya' friend's  
 direction 'dere - boy!

BO  
 He ain't no friend of mine!

Bo smiles - a cocky expression --

BO  
 (cocky)  
 I can take you.

TALA  
*(serious)*  
 Then go for it!

-- as the two stand. A showdown. Both fingers itching to go for their weapons and fire first.

In a heartbeat: Bo REACHES for his handgun, in it's holster as he DRAWS it fast --

-- just as Tala RAISES the rifle above. Takes aim.

A huge DOUBLE EXPLOSION rings around the area - both fire at the same time.

Bo stands silent for a beat - before his body falls behind. Drops to the ground with a CLATTER.

He lays there - eyes open, face of death. Blood seeps from a bullet wound in the center of his forehead. Bullseye.

Tala stands - silent, rifle still raised. Blood seeps through the clothing upon her arm - she appears oblivious to being shot in return.

She turns her attention upon Butch next - as she steps closer towards his position, kneeling on the ground --

BUTCH  
 Hey - I didn't sign up fa' all 'dis.  
 I'm not lookin' ta' die tonight!

TALA  
 Good man's already died - coz' of  
 yer' all bein' 'ere.

BUTCH  
*(indicates Bo)*  
 What, him? I wouldn't say he's a good  
 man - or even a man if I'm honest!

TALA  
 Talkin' 'bout the Sheriff!

Butch's eyes WIDEN - the realization what Colt has done.

BUTCH  
 Now wait a minute - 'dat wasn't me.  
 That was Colt - he'd be the one who  
 got us the guns back, I had nofin' to  
 do with any of 'dat!

Tala draws within a foot - the rifle still in her sights, aimed directly at Butch - who shakes with fear --

BUTCH  
(scared)  
Please, don't shoot me!

-- as Tala places the tip against the forehead of Butch. He CLOSES his eyes.

**EXT. TOWN - BACK OF BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS**

Nash slowly PEERS around the edge of one building, stares up and down the back alleyways - cast in soft darkness.

A soft SCREAM of a woman BELLOWS out from up the path. Nash takes off in a hurry - TURNS down an alleyway.

**EXT. TOWN - CORRAL - CONTINUOUS**

He EXITS to find himself on the outskirts of the Corral. Several horses tied up outside the building - saddled.

He looks around, takes several steps - cautiously when --

COLT  
'dat be far 'nuff - Captain!

-- where he TURNS. Takes aim as Colt STEPS into view, from inside the building. His arm WRAPPED around the neck of Ruby - who shakes, scared - tears falling.

COLT  
Drop yer' weapons or I swear ta' God  
- I'll slit her throat.

Nash NOTICES a blade in Colt's hand, as it DIGS into the neck of Ruby - who CRIES more.

NASH  
Okay - just don't hurt her!

Nash TOSSES his gun away - UNFASTENS his holster, as it falls to the ground at his feet.

COLT  
Yer' gonna be comin' along with me,  
and we're ridin' outta 'dis town!  
(beat)  
Now, get up on one of those horses!

Nash STEPS forward, where one horse appears rowdier than the others stood around. He gently PATS it down - calms it.

He looks across at Ruby - who is still shaken, when she begins to remember something --

TALA (V.O.)  
Even though a cub may be small, it  
can still outsmart those prey that be  
larger than itself.

-- as Ruby's hand slowly DRAWS in the apron worn upon her body. She PULLS out a metal sharp instrument in her hand.

TALA (V.O.)  
It is not the size of the beast that  
make's it deadly - but the cunning  
and spirit within 'dat matters most.

Colt SHUFFLES forward, Ruby still in his clutches.

Nash stares at Ruby - sees what she is holding. He gives her a gentle nod of acceptance.

TALA (V.O.)  
One so small can easily find places  
to hide where others cannot enter.

With that - Ruby, with every ounce of strength inside of her - STABS the sharp metal instrument into the leg of Colt --

-- who RELEASES his hold around her neck, SCREAMS in agony.

Ruby SLIDES free - TURNS. RUNS as fast as her legs can take her across to the small fenced off field. She DIVES under the bottom fence, takes COVER around the corner.

Nash SLAPS the backside of the horse - as it REACTS in anger, with a back-kick of it's hind legs. They SNAP into the chest of Colt --

-- who is sent FLYING backwards, releasing the knife in his hand as it falls free. He CRASHES down on the floor behind - GROANS and GRIMACES in agony at the deadly strike.

Several beats.

Ruby PEERS out - to see Colt down, Nash standing still.

She CLIMBS free - RUNS over and WRAPS her arms around Nash, offering a big warm hug of appreciation.

NASH  
It's over now!

He WRAPS his arms around her - the acknowledgment in his words expressed.

NASH  
Hmm, Cap - may seem like a stupid  
time to ask 'dis. But ...  
(beat)  
... where's ya' pants?

NASH  
(laughs)  
Long story!

She PULLS free - Nash looks down on her. The tears still evident, still shaken yet knows she's safe now.

NASH  
Go find someone - let 'dem know what  
happened. Take care of ya'.

Ruby gives one last HUG - then RUNS off, EXITING the area.

Nash takes several steps back - GRABS his holster, wraps it around his hips once more. Steps back - PICKS up the other gun he tossed away first.

Steps across to where Colt lays in pain - CLUTCHING at his leg, the metal instrument still dug in - bleeding.

Nash aims his gun down at Colt - a deep, cold stare of unforgiving. His finger itching on the trigger.

COLT  
What ya' gonna do - kill me?

NASH  
I've shot a lotta men in ma' time.  
But I've never felt as righteous  
wiv' pullin' on 'dis trigger as I do  
lookin' down upon yer'self.

COLT  
You don't have the ...

BANG! Nash SHOOTS a single SHOT! --

-- as Colt SCREAMS in pure agony. A direct hit in his other leg - the uninjured one, he now reaches for it as it bleeds.

NASH  
Ya' were sayin'?

COLT  
You son of a ...!

BANG! A second shot - this time in the arm. Colt lays there - virtually defenseless. Bullets in two of his limbs, the other with something still dug inside. Colt's face paints a thousand pictures, pure and utter agony in all sense.

NASH  
And 'dis, 'dis be for comin' ta' 'dis town and misbehavin'.

Nash steps forward - his boot STAMPS down hard onto Colt's face. Sending him out cold - unconscious.

NASH  
Here endeth 'da lesson!

Nash turns - to find Kat stood, several feet away. Watching what he did.

KAT  
Ruby told me what 'appened.

Kat LOOKS across to Colt - out cold on the floor.

Nash steps forward - towards Kat --

NASH  
Don't worry, he's alive!

KAT  
He doesn't deserve to live!

NASH  
Then why don't ya' finish 'da job.

-- as Nash TOSSES the gun on the ground. Walks away.

Kat stands, watches Nash EXIT - her attention drawn from Colt to the gun on the ground, near her feet.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Nash WALKS towards us - from the distance. The Corral in the far distance behind when --

-- the SOUND of a GUNSHOT echoes around him. He stops - glances over his shoulder for a beat.

Then - carries on walking towards us once more. Unmoved. Motionless at what he just heard.

**EXT. SALOON - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Several of the RESIDENTS stand around the entrance to the Saloon. Nash STEPS forward, as they break apart - allowing him ENTRY within the establishment.

He ENTERS inside --

**INT. SALOON - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

-- where more are sat around. Tears flowing. All upset at what's happened on this beautiful morning.

He makes his way through the tables - to the staircase. RISES up them - to the upper level, where Doyle and Tala await him. Look back at him --

NASH  
How's he doin'?

DOYLE  
Doc's not sure he gonna make it!

Nash steps past - offers a gentle pat of his hand on Doyle's shoulder as he passes by.

Steps across to the room, looks in from outside --

**INT. SHERIFF'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- where inside: Doc stands over the Sheriff's body, who lays beneath the bedsheets. Shivering - sweating, weary. His head bandaged.

Preacher sits at his bedside - holding his hand.

Nash stands outside the doorway - looking in. Doc notices him - grabs his medical bag, steps away to EXIT outside.

**EXT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Nash stands silent, still. Doc EXITS from the room - SHAKES his head softly to Nash.

DOC  
 I've done all I can to ease 'is  
 sufferin'. Doesn't look good ...  
 (beat)  
 ... I don't give 'im long.

Doc notices the wound on Nash's arm, the shot Colt gave him  
 earlier in the night inside the saloon.

DOC  
 Want me to see to 'dat?

Before he can answer --

PREACHER  
 Nash - Sheriff be wantin' to speak to  
 ya', in private.

NASH  
 (to Doc)  
 Ya' can see to it later.

-- as Doc looks across. Notices the bleeding on Tala's arm.

DOC  
 (to Tala)  
 Why don't I see to yer' wound!

TALA  
 I'm fine!

Nash looks across to Tala - ever the brave wolf.

NASH  
 (to Tala)  
 Get it seen to - no good both of us  
 'aving an infection.

Doc steps forward - looks in on the next empty room, Nash's  
 room with broken window.

DOC  
 (to Doyle)  
 Think ya' could rustle up some more  
 hot water?

DOYLE  
 (to Doc)  
 Sure - Doc. I'll bring it up to ya'.

Doyle WALKS away - HEADS DOWNSTAIRS. Doc indicates the empty  
 room to Tala --

-- who stares at Nash, before she gives in. ENTERS the room  
- Doc follows behind.

Nash ENTERS the other room --

**INT. SHERIFF'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- where Preacher rises. Clutches his bible tight - steps  
past Nash and EXITS, CLOSES the door behind him.

NASH  
Sheriff - people may start talkin' -  
us bein' left alone 'n all!

Sheriff SMILES - best he can muster at this time. Speaks -  
softly in tone:

SHERIFF  
Son - I need to tell ya'.

NASH  
Should be savin' yer' breathe fa'  
when ya' back on yer' feet!

SHERIFF  
'dat won't be happenin' - I know it,  
and so do yer'self - son!

Nash steps forward - PERCHES on the edge of the bed. Looks  
down upon the fallen Sheriff.

NASH  
Now then - let me not be hearin' any  
talk of 'dat nonsense 'round 'ere.  
You'll outlive us all!

SHERIFF  
Already 'ave - son. More than you  
could ever know!

Nash smiles - the Sheriff cryptic to the very end.

SHERIFF  
I knew yer'd be the one.

NASH  
Ya'd be talkin' crazy now - Sheriff.

SHERIFF  
No - yer' 'da one. To take my place.

NASH

I'd not be lookin' to take yer' place  
- Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Ya' don't understand, but ya' will -  
in time. It be written in 'da stars.  
A man worthy of the name.

NASH

What name?

SHERIFF

Swear an oath ta' me - son.

*(beat)*

Swear ya' won't abandon 'dese people  
- 'dis town!

NASH

I'm not be lookin' to go anywhere  
soon - Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Swear it - that you'd be stayin', see  
'dis through. No matter what 'appens?

NASH

Ya' kind of scaring me a little wiv'  
all 'dis mumbo-jumbo!

Sheriff RISES from his bed - his hands GRASP at the cheeks  
of Nash's face, hold him - stares at him, breathes hard.

SHERIFF

*(desperation)*

Swear it - Son. I need ta' hear ya'  
say it!

NASH

Okay - I swear I'll stay. I won't  
leave 'dis town.

Sheriff falls back into the bed - his breathing more  
labored, relaxing.

NASH

Ya' get some rest - Sheriff.

SHERIFF

I was hopin' to 'ave more time with  
ya'. So much I need ta' tell ya'.

NASH  
Save yer' breathe - Sheriff.

Sheriff COUGHS, as Nash looks on with concern.

**EXT. SALOON - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The door OPENS - Nash EXITS. Preacher stands outside.

Nash gives a gentle SHAKE of the head - Preacher's head drops. He passes him by - rests a hand on Nash's shoulder, and ENTERS the fallen room. CLOSES the door behind him.

Nash steps down the hallway - stops at the next room. Looks inside to see Doc STITCHING up Tala's wound.

She turns - looks across upon him --

-- as he stares at her. His faces tells the story. He looks away. Steps to the staircase - WALKS down to the ground level below.

Weaves his way through the small crowd - awaiting the news. Crying. Some being consoled for their loss.

**INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Inside: Doc continues to attend to Tala's wound, as she sits silent. Still. Unflinching as his needle cuts through her skin - to seal her up.

She just stares ahead - a deep, prolonged stare. Her eyes tell a different story though - the pain, the hurt tries to break free - but she holds it all back. No weakness.

**EXT. SALOON - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The swing doors OPEN - where Nash EXITS to the outside. Steps down upon the graveled roadway. Takes several steps and stops central.

He CLOSES his eyes, stands semi-naked out beneath the beating sun that shines down upon him.

**INT. SALOON - SHERIFF'S ROOM (FLASHBACK - MOMENTS AGO)**

Nash perches on the edge of the Sheriff's bed --

SHERIFF  
Come closer - son. There's somefin'  
ya' need ta' know ...

Nash leans in closer --

SHERIFF  
Son - 'dis town chose ya', like it  
chose ma'self.

-- as the Sheriff leans forward.

SHERIFF  
... ya'd be the last hope 'dis town  
holds of protectin' it's secrets.

NASH  
What secrets?

Sheriff raises his hand - places his palm upon the heart of  
Nash's naked chest --

SHERIFF  
You'll learn - son, just as I did.  
All the knowledge I possess, all  
those who came before me - I pass  
onto yer'self.

NASH  
I don't understand?

SHERIFF  
You will - son. You will, in time.

-- before he removes his hand. COUGHS as his state weakens.

**EXT. TOWN - STREET - DAY (PRESENT)**

Nash stands, as he OPENS his eyes. Turns to look around and  
finds Kat stood near the entrance to the Saloon.

His eyes narrow --

SHERIFF (V.O.)  
'dis one more thing ya' must know.

-- as he stares intensely, deeper towards her.

SHERIFF (V.O.)  
Ya' must protect 'da girl'. She is  
the key to it all.  
(MORE)

SHERIFF (V.O.) (cont'd)

(beat)

Protect 'da girl!'

Before: A soft PITTER PATTERN of rain begins to fall from above - distracting him as he looks to the heavens above.

A beat.

He turns - looks back. Kat has gone - the swing doors MOTION as if she's ENTERED inside.

A cold beat.

Nash turns - begins to slowly walk across the roadway, beneath the rain - when --

-- he SCREAMS in agony. His hand CLUTCHES at his chest, over his heart.

Above: A storm begins to brew - THUNDER CLAPS all around. LIGHTENING BOLTS shoot down close by.

Nash DROPS to his knees - CLAWING at his heart, where a RED hand print BURNS into the skin. The storm continues - growing louder with each STRIKE and CLAP of THUNDER. It only lasts for a few beats, before --

-- the THUNDER and LIGHTENING dies down - the storm appears to slowly dissipate as fast as it arrived.

Nash KNEELS in the center of the road - the rain falling down upon him. He appears virtually comatose --

-- as he FALLS backwards on the ground behind. Stares up at the heavens above.

The hand print burnt into the skin on his chest - fades away, leaving nothing behind.

His eyes droop - before finally CLOSING as we sharply:--

CUT TO BLACK:

**PURGATORY**

**1.01 | THE GUARDIAN**

**Written by:** S. A. Goodman

**MAIN CAST:**

NASH QUENTIN ..... JENSEN ACKLES  
TALA ..... KANIEHTIIO HORN  
PREACHER ..... IDRIS ELBA  
KATEE 'KAT' BURCHARD ..... NATALIE DORMER  
TOBIAS 'DOC' GRAYSON ..... DANIEL RADCLIFFE  
DOYLE ..... ROBERT SHEEHAN  
RUBY ..... MOLLY C. QUINN  
BUTCH FLINT ..... KEVIN DURAND

**GUEST STARS:**

SHERIFF JACKSON ..... WILLIAM SADLER  
COLT ..... VINCENT CASSELL  
BO ..... ALEX PETTYFER