

"Sins of the Father"

By Collin Willis



### Setting

The crowded Sheriff's Office in the town of Elysia. Arthur sits at a desk in the center of the building and the two leads sit in an open jail cell.

### Time

Early morning on a typical Tuesday in 1894.

EXT. ELYSIA- MIDNIGHT

Screen is black. We hear gunshots ringing out amidst the mingled sounds of bottles breaking, men groaning, and bodies hitting the floor.

As the sound slows down, we open on a dimly lit saloon. The doors are closed, the sound comes from inside. We enter through the swinging doors and see total chaos. Men are slumped over tables. Blood and whiskey run like a river across the floor. Broken glass is everywhere. The bartender is nowhere in sight.

EILEEN SCARLETT is scanning the room, her pistol smoking and ready to fire at any and all movement.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You still okay back there?

SHERIFF CROWE stands up from behind the bar, an unconscious ARTHUR MARSTON slung over his shoulder. There is blood running down Arthur's right arm.

SHERIFF CROWE

Yes'm. Arthur's not, I need to get him out of here now!

EILEEN SCARLETT

Is he...?

SHERIFF CROWE

He's losing blood from that round in his arm. I need to get him to Van der Linde and fast.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Go ahead, careful though, I don't think they were all in the saloon.

SHERIFF CROWE

After the Doc patches Arthur up, the big boy and the gentleman with the bottle sticking out of his head get first priority, you hear me?

EILEEN SCARLET

Those two? Why?

SHERIFF CROWE

I'll... I'll explain after I've cornered whoever's leading this.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Let me go with you... I'll grab people to help move them to the jail cell. Glasshead should be safe enough in there... for now at least.

Sheriff Crowe walks over to Eileen and kisses her passionately.

SHERIFF CROWE

You know I won't put you in that kind of risk.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Ethan-

SHERIFF CROWE

Eileen, listen to me as Sheriff. These kids need your protection more than I do.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Fine... but I'm coming after you soon as Doc takes em in.

SHERIFF CROWE

That's settled. Remember, those two get taken care of before anyone else.

Before walking out of the saloon, gun drawn, and danger in his eyes. Arthur is still being supported by the Sheriff as he exits.

Eileen walks over to where BEATRICE WATTS and WYATT WILLIAMS are slumped over each other, both unconscious.

EILEEN SCARLETT

What the hell does the Sheriff want with you two?

FADE TO BLACK- A SINGLE GUNSHOT IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE- HIGH NOON

BEATRICE WATTS and WYATT WILLIAMS both sit inside a jail cell. Neither man is armed. Neither man is chained. The cell door is open. The Sheriff's Deputy, ARTHUR MARSTON, sits at a desk next to the cell.

Wyatt Williams' hair is bloody. There is a glass shard sticking out of the back of his skull. Beatrice Watts has a broken nose and two puffy, black eyes. Arthur Marston's left arm is wrapped in a sling, with dried blood stains peppering the bandage.

BEATRICE WATTS

Who the hell you think you is,  
King Vickitoria or somethin? You  
ain't fancy, you swing an iron  
like my dead granny.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I detest such provocations.

BEATRICE WATTS

The fuck's a problication?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Sire, Warden of this cell, for  
what reason is this man held?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Will the two of you shut up and  
get out?

BEATRICE WATTS

We's every right to be here,  
same as the next criminal.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Nobody got no damn right to be  
here, that's the point of a jail  
cell. You break the law, you got  
no right to be out there, so we  
throw your dumb ass in here.

WYATT WILLIAMS

The warden doth speak like a  
true minister of justice.

ARTHUR MARSTON

First, I ain't your damn warden.  
Second, shut the hell up so I  
can piece together what the fuck  
happened last night.

BEATRICE WATTS

I ain't leavin shit in peace  
till I get's the recognition I  
deserve.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Till true justice is draught  
upon thine infidels, I shall  
vacate not mine post.

BEATRICE WATTS

What the hell's you in for  
anyways Mr...uh?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Wyatt, of the noble, honorable,  
and steadfast house of Williams.

BEATRICE WATTS

You named your house... Williams?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Insolence, ignorance.  
Intelligence knows not thine  
spirit.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Will you two shut the hell up?

BEATRICE WATTS

Tell this fancy feller to be  
quiet. Once that Sheriff o'  
yours gets here and explains my  
bein here, I'll be quiet and  
gone.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Once thine warden of this fair  
land avenges the name bequeathed  
unto me by mine father and his  
before, I shall depart from this  
fair scape and at once make for  
the keep from whence I came.

Arthur Marston reaches for a deck of cards with his left  
hand and clumsily attempts to shuffle them one-handed.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Great. I guess we're all waiting  
on Sheriff Crowe. Well fellers.  
You gonna stay in that cell and  
yap or you gonna come out here  
and keep me proper company?

WYATT WILLIAMS

You jest? Shed not these  
restraints shall I until the  
name of my father's house is  
cleansed as a man repented.

ARTHUR MARSTON

How hard did that sunova bitch  
hit you last night?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Of what matter do you speak?

ARTHUR MARSTON

I speak of the bottle that  
cracked itself on your head.

Wyatt stands and feels the back of his head. He traces the  
length of the scar and is surprised to feel a large piece  
of glass embedded in his scalp.

WYATT WILLIAMS

The knave. He hath dealt an  
eternal blow to both corpse and  
spirit.

Beatrice Watts, still confused, slowly pieces together  
where he knows Wyatt Williams from.



BEATRICE WATTS

Wait a damn minute. As I remember, you's the feller that started all that mess.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I know naught of what you speak.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Far as I recall, you seemed to be at the center of it when I got hit, Mr. Watts.

BEATRICE WATTS

Nuh uh, that was one of them private matters, only between me, the whiskey, and that Sheriff o yours.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Yeah, right. If Ethan had a private matter with you, then you'd be in handcuffs, certainly not left in an open cell with me unconscious.

Wyatt Williams is still feeling around the glass embedded in his skull. He winces and Beatrice notices.

BEATRICE WATTS

You need to sit down, fella?

Arthur Marston kicks a seat from across his desk, indicating for Wyatt to exit the cell and sit there. Beatrice walks Wyatt over to a cot at the cell's rear and lays him down.

ARTHUR MARSTON

You know you can walk out, right?

BEATRICE WATTS

Like hell I can, you jest throw me back in if I do. No sir, I ain't gonna be hanged as a runaway.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Idiot. What do you think we're gonna hang you for?

BEATRICE WATTS

So you do want to hang me!

ARTHUR MARSTON

Town of Elysia ain't hung nobody in... in twenty years. Hell, till last night I only seen the Sheriff arrest three other people. And I been his deputy almost a decade. If it was really you Crowe wanted to hang, he wouldn't have let you out of his sights. I reckon he wants nothing to do with you on account of you being here with me instead of him.

Beatrice winces.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Peace reigns throughout this land. I praise to the heavens for each day that passes without malcontent.

BEATRICE WATTS

Who the hell is Malcolm Tent?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Malcontent. It's kinda like rebellion. Where the hell'd you get educated, Mr. Williams? I ain't heard you break proper speak since... well I guess since I came to.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I... I seem not to be capable of such recollection.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Figures.

Beatrice Watts has another burst of dim-witted recognition.

BEATRICE WATTS

Wait a second, Fancy Feller. I  
do know you! You that Oil Man's  
son!

ARTHUR MARSTON

Son of a bitch. Wyatt Williams?  
As in Wyatt's Oil?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Tis true, I herald from such  
commercial royalty.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Why'd your daddy send you?

WYATT WILLIAMS

To regain mine house's honor!

ARTHUR MARSTON

He could have sent an army o'  
Pinkertons for that. Why'd he  
send you?

WYATT WILLIAMS

I know not of why, but fear  
rattles me to the bone by it.

Wyatt turns white and slinks further into the cot.

BEATRICE WATTS

Wait. He sent him fer?

ARTHUR MARSTON

You don't know? Maybe you really  
was raised in a cave, you sure  
sound like it.

Beatrice looks confused.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Someone stole an entire train's  
worth of cargo en route to Santa  
Fe last week. Nobody knows how  
either, whole country's in a  
panic over it.

WYATT WILLIAMS

The name of my house has been dishonored, tis my duty to restore such a name to former glory.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Then why are you sittin' like a bumbling pansy in my jail cell?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Alas, I await the Sheriff. Need for him I have, right so. For only with the hand of a true master of arms can vengeance fall upon thee who hath done my father harm.

ARTHUR MARSTON

So you're afraid?

WYATT WILLIAMS

A coward? No... but strength doth lie dormant in this spine.

Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Scared shitless, I see. Why don't you take this feller with you?

Beatrice is agitated by this remark.

BEATRICE WATTS

Nu uh, my business is with the Sheriff.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Sheriff's just gonna throw you out soon as he walks in and sees you're occupying a jail cell that could be holding the criminals that started that brawl.

BEATRICE WATTS

Nope, I's only here cause the Sheriff wants me here. No way I's leaving till he wants me left.

ARTHUR MARSTON

There a bounty on you I don't know about?

Arthur walks up to the board by the entrance to the building and thumbs through the wanted posters along the wall. He finds nothing of interest.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Damn. Would have been nice to collect. If you're so wanted, why not help Williams out with his deal? His daddy's protection'd serve you mighty well.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Nary a wise suggestion. The name of my house tainted by a neerdowell?! And a plebian at that!

BEATRICE WATTS

Why thank you. But I can't help, Sheriff wants me.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Alas, your help t'would be ill gotten save for the support of so noble a warden as for whom we wait.

ARTHUR MARSTON

So there ain't nothing I can do to get you dumbasses to set foot out that cell?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Nay, it is protection.

BEATRICE WATTS

Nuh uh, I ain't gonna be tricked  
by you. You ain't gonna get no  
'scuse to shoot me in the back  
on his behalf.

ARTHUR MARSTON

How many times I gotta tell you  
he ain't give a shit about you  
Watts. Unless you's robbed  
someone in front of him or your  
face is on a poster, nobody  
cares.

BEATRICE WATTS

I'm telling you mister,  
Sheriff'll set us straight right  
quick as he comes here.

WYATT WILLIAMS

The imbecile speaks true. For  
what is the warden neglecting  
his duty to mine father's honor?

ARTHUR MARSTON

I. don't. know.

Arthur begins to pace, hard thinking clearly going on.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(cont'd.)

Come to think. I don't seem to  
remember where the Sheriff went  
after dragging me to the Doc.

Arthur reaches for a note on his desk.

(cont'd.)

Note doesn't say neither. Mail  
boy should be here soon, then we  
can find him and you two can  
stop annoying the hell out of  
me.

Arthur sits down and shuffles cards aimlessly. Wyatt closes  
his eyes. Beatrice chews on his filthy nails. After a brief  
period, the door swings open and the mail boy enters.

MAIL BOY

Got the news for you Mr.  
Marston.

Arthur stands and meets the boy at the door, taking the  
paper from him.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Kid, you made your rounds yet?

The mail boy looks very proud.

MAIL BOY

Sure did, seen the whole town  
and it ain't even high noon.

ARTHUR MARSTON

You seen Sheriff Crowe during  
your rounds?

MAIL BOY

Last I seen of the Sheriff, he's  
at the morgue.

ARTHUR MARSTON

And what the hell's he been  
doing there for so long?

MAIL BOY

Just kinda laying there, I  
guess. Doctor Van der Linde  
ain't seen to him yet.

Arthur grabs the Mail Boy by his shirt collar.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Wait a second. You mean to tell  
me the Sheriff is dead?

Beatrice perks up at this.

MAIL BOY

Ummmm... Yes?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Sonuva bitch!

Unseen by Arthur, Beatrice punches an iron bar in his cell. His knuckles purple.

Arthur realizes he's frightened the boy and relaxes his grip slightly.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(cont'd.)

Kid, you go fetch Eileen  
Scarlett right quick. You tell  
her to meet me and Doc Van der  
Linde at the morgue. Right away,  
you understand?

MAIL BOY

Yessir. I'll do it real quick  
sir.

The Mail Boy exits.

Arthur walks over to the cell door and latches it. Beatrice and Wyatt are confused. Beatrice is stands, alarmed.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(cont'd.)

I've gotta go see Dr. Van der  
Linde and figger out who's gun  
made me the Sheriff o' Elysia.  
When I get back you two dipshits  
better start making sense.

Arthur Marston walks out of the cell area and grabs his gun and belt from a hook by the door. He exits and walks out into the street.

EXT. ELYSIA- HIGH NOON

Arthur Marston walks into the street, a frown fixated on his tired face. Several people nod and wave to him, he replies begrudgingly. There's a "stay the hell away from me" air to his steps.

Arthur surprises us and marches into the saloon before heading to the mortuary. The saloon is relatively empty. A few older men are sitting at a table, the bartender is present, cleaning up the room. Stools and tables are thrashed and broken at every turn. Glass litters the floor. Blood and whiskey flow like a creek throughout.



ARTHUR MARSTON

Shit. I thought this was a brawl, but...

BARTENDER

Arthur, are you-

ARTHUR MARSTON

He's dead Biff.

BARTENDER

Shit. You're telling me that Sheriff Crowe... in that mess last night?

Arthur walks around the room, examining the destruction. He finds no clues as to the Sheriff or the identity of his killer.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Appears that way. I'm about to visit Doc Van der Linde and see for myself.

BARTENDER

Arthur... I'm sorry- I...

ARTHUR MARSTON

Was it here?

BARTENDER

No-I-he was alive. Well, he carried you out after it was over. Eileen had me haul these two kids over to the Sheriff's Office.

The Bartender pours a shot of whiskey and slides it across the table to Arthur. He pours another for himself.

Arthur notices and walks over, taking the glass.

BARTENDER

To the Sheriff.

ARTHUR MARSTON

To the Sheriff.

Arthur raises his shot glass and then downs it, hardly wincing as the alcohol slashes his throat.

BARTENDER

I'll leave a stool empty and a bottle open. Arthur, I'm sorry.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Not as sorry as I am.

Arthur picks up a uniquely rolled cigar, half smoked, a yellow D printed on it. He examines it for a moment and then puts it in his shirt pocket. The Bartender watches, confused.

Arthur walks towards the end of the main dirt road and comes to the morgue on his right. It's the farthest building from the town center, and the smallest too. The porch of the building is lined with bodies covered by blankets and loose clothes.

Arthur crinkles his nose as he approaches. He takes the steps in stride and noisily walks the porch towards the door.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Doc? Dr. Van der Linde!

Arthur enters the building. The interior of the mortuary is equally crowded. The Doc barely has any space to do his work and each corpse tray lining the back wall is already occupied.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Son, I'm sorry. The news boy, he—

ARTHUR MARSTON

Doc, I know, it's okay.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Okay? Sure as hell it ain't. I got more dead bodies this morning than I've had in thirty years being Doc of this town.

ARTHUR MARSTON

That business last night was-  
was... I don't even know how to  
process it.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Hopefully it's the last of it.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I reckon it isn't.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Why do you say that? Half the  
men that know how to swing an  
iron in this town are lying here  
covered in blankets.

ARTHUR MARSTON

And the Sheriff is among them. I  
know every regular in this town  
and every man with a solid  
shootin' wrist. Only two could  
take down the Sheriff in a  
shootout, I'm one of them, and  
the other's stomach is lying  
open on your examination table.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Smithers? That man is seventy-  
six!

ARTHUR MARSTON

Was. Smithers has taken more  
Yanks, Confederates, and Injuns  
than any man on this Earth. He  
may have been frail, but I  
wouldn't willingly stare him  
down with a gun at his hip.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Hot damn. You know who started  
it then?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Not yet, I'm hoping Eileen might  
clear that up.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Oh! She mentioned something  
about two unconscious fellas  
after I finished with you. One  
of em was a little stupid, but  
the other-

ARTHUR MARSTON

-Had a glass bottle hanging  
outta his head?

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Shit. You know em?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Hardly. They've been yammering  
in my cell all morning. I was  
hoping the Sheriff could  
enlighten me on them, but...

Arthur notions to Sheriff Crowe's body.

The clopping of hooves is heard slowing to a quick stop  
outside of the morgue.

EILEEN SCARLETTT

(O.S.)

Doc? Arthur? You in there?

DR. VAN DER LINDE

This ain't gonna be pleasant.

Eileen enters the door, a wild fury in here eyes. She  
clearly hasn't slept since the night before, and she's  
carrying more than one person's blood on her clothes.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Doc! I told you to take care of  
those two fellas that Crowe was  
talking about right away!

DR. VAN DER LINDE

I'm afraid I have been otherwise  
occupied.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Dead people don't need attention. The men who did this to Crowe will pay. We need to move on them now!

DR. VAN DER LINDE

I reckon they're long gone Miss Scarlett. The bounty on this mess has got to be more than any bounty hunter earns in five years.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You really think the mayor'll put the Town's money and reputation at stake?

DR. VAN DER LINDE

The town's reputation is already at stake. First shootout in a generation and it's this messy-people will speak of this for decades on.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Sure, but only the people in town. If the Mayor puts this on a bounty in every city from here to Sacramento, this town will never shake the reputation.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Ya know, I reckon you're correct. Which means...

ARTHUR MARSTON

Which means the responsibility of cleanin' up after this shit show falls on the sheriff- and...

Arthur looks around the room at all of the white sheets covering bodies. Dr. Van der Linde points him to the centermost body at the room's rear.

Arthur walks over and removes the blanket. It's a moment of respect and of disappointment. He feels Sheriff Crowe's lack of pulse and removes a single cigarette with a yellow

"D" from his shirt pocket and folds the blanket back over his face. Eileen looks away.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(cont'd)

And seein' as the Sheriff is in-fact dead, I guess that means I'm the one bein' handed the shit shovel.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

My friend, I fear this shit's stacked too deep for one man, even if that man had both arms.

EILEEN SCARLET

Good thing we've got four then.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Hold up. Four? You got a posse I don't know about?

EILEEN SCARLET

No, but you do, and, I reckon this shit stack is a four-shovel job?

ARTHUR MARSTON

If you haven't noticed, my only ally is lying here with buck shot through his scalp.

EILEEN SCARLET

Arthur. Crowe sent those men to the jail for a reason. They're in this just as much as he was, and as much as we are now.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Have you actually met those men?

EILEEN SCARLET

Well, no, but I trust whom I love.

Scarlett glances longingly at Ethan's body.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Well ain't you in for a treat.  
Allow me to go introduce you  
then. You sure aren't gonna be  
rootin for em fer long.

Arthur heads towards the door, motioning for Eileen to follow. Before he exits, he motions towards the Doc.

(cont'd.)

You're coming too Doc. It's  
about time you took a look at  
one of em anyways.

END SCENE 2

INT- PRISON CELL- AFTERNOON

3

Dr. Van der Linde is studying the glass shard embedded in Wyatt Williams's head, both in his cell. Beatrice Watts watches observantly from the other corner of the cell. Arthur Marston is chewing tobacco, leaning against his desk.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Damn. I've been in medicine for  
thirty years, plus eight years  
in study, and I have never seen  
something like this.

BEATRICE WATTS

Hear that pal, you're one of a  
kind.

WYATT WILLIAMS

How dire of straights must I  
wade through on so treacherous a  
journey?

DR. VAN DER LINDE

Well, physically you're fine.  
The shard's embedded in your  
parietal lobe, controls  
speaking, vision, and pain. Your  
visual tests are fine, you're  
not hollering in pain. Only  
thing that's a miss is the  
language.

ARTHUR MARSTON

How quickly can you pull it out?

DR. VAN DER LINDE

How quickly? I've got no idea what it'd do to him. Dislodging it without proper tools and assistance could further damage him.

BEATRICE WATTS

What if we break it out?

Dr. Van der Linde looks at Beatrice dumbfounded. Arthur rolls his eyes.

EILEEN SCARLET

Just ignore him Doc.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

He's scattered, but if this whole ordeal really stems from his Daddy's missing locomotive, I don't think you have a choice but to take him.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Honor bound am I to serve he who brings salvation to mine house after so grim a fortnight as whence we are in now.

ARTHUR MARSTON

And you're sure we need the imbecile too?

BEATRICE WATTS

We shore as hell don't need that glass stabbed idiot.

EILEEN SCARLET

Am I sure? Not at all. But Crowe needed him, and he seems to be rather attached to Crowe, so he comes too.



DR. VAN DER LINDE

Not a strong first day as  
Sheriff is it Arthur, already  
being bossed around by a bounty  
hunter?

EILEEN SCARLETT

You best hope I don't take  
charge of you either Doc. This  
man should've been looked at  
hours ago.

DR. VAN DER LINDE

I'm one man with minimal  
resources, closest Doctors even  
capable of this are at least a  
week's ride.

ARTHUR MARSTON

He's functional, right? That's  
more than we can say for Dimwit.  
Except dimwit at least isn't a  
coward.

BEATRICE WATTS

No need to win me over, Deputy.  
I'll do it for the Sheriff.

Arthur is getting visibly agitated.

ARTHUR MARSTON

No. You know what, my mind is  
made. Eileen it's either you and  
me or it's just me.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Arthur don't be stupid. You've  
got one arm! And not even the  
one you shoot with! You need me,  
and I'm not leaving without  
these two. I don't know why, but  
Crowe needed them, which means  
we...need them.

Arthur huffs and marches towards his desk. He flits a key  
into the bottom drawer, opens it, and takes out a bottle of  
whiskey. In one motion he opens the bottle and takes one  
long swig.

Arthur wipes his mouth on his sling, still holding the bottle in his free hand.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I'm not stupid enough to agree to this sober, but I'll allow it on account of a few drinks.

Arthur turns to Wyatt Williams and Beatrice Watts, who are both still in the cell.

(cont'd.)

Whatever you did to get Crowe's attention, it's won Eileen over. You ride with us at dawn, and we ride for justice. Not for your Daddy's Oil money, not for medical attention, we ride for whichever murderous bastard put a shotgun to the Sheriff's head. Got it?

Williams is both gleefully shocked and scared shitless.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Though my sword swing not mightily, thou shall have my allegiance in such a quest as for justice.

EILEEN SCARLET

Fuck justice, this is revenge.

BEATRICE WATTS

And revenge is a dish best served.

Beatrice motions for the bottle and Arthur obliges.

The others wait for Beatrice to finish his sentence but roll their eyes when he does not.

ARTHUR MARSTON

If you got supplies gather them, I'll hit the gunsmith and what's left of the general store. You can sleep here, and I'll be back with fresh horses at dawn.

Arthur walks out of the jail and into the bright street.

END SCENE 3

EXT. OPEN PLAINS- SUNRISE

4

Arthur, Eileen, Beatrice, and Wyatt are each riding on a horse. The horses are at a fast trot, and each one is loaded heavily with guns, ammo, and supplies.

Arthur and Eileen are examining the cigarettes Arthur picked up from the saloon and Crowe's corpse.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I don't like this.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You think it's Phillipe or Josiah?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Doesn't matter, any Domergue means trouble.

EILEEN SCARLETT

We're riding for the one who's usually less trouble.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Can you-can we trust Phillipe?

EILEEN SCARLETT

Not usually, but we have a history. Plus, he's a family man now.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I don't know about this, Eileen. Bounty hunting tactics don't work in line with Sheriff tactics.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You and I both know who rolls that junk. We're looking for one unknown piece of shit in a shit-soaked cow pasture. The only leads we're gonna get will come from some shit filled places.

ARTHUR MARTSON

I don't trust Phillipe. I know he's not Josiah, but if Josiah's there too... this'll get real nasty real fast, and I can't handle myself against those odds with one arm.

EILEEN SCARLET

That's what Dimwit and I are along for.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I don't even know if Dimwit can shoot.

BEATRICE WATTS

Oh, I can shoot.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I can't count the number of dead men whom I've heard say that.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Do not we ride towards such neirdowells as hath slain the Warden?

EILEEN SCARLETT

We might be. The Domergue gang ain't no joke. These are some nasty sons of bitches. Well, one of em is.

ARTHUR MARSTON

But they know everything worth knowing this side of the law. Now quit arguing, we'll ditch the horses and the heavy weapons near that tree line.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Going here into their commune is my idea, but I don't like going within fifty feet of Josiah without my rifle.

ARTHUR MARSTON

We don't even know that Josiah is here. Even if he is, we've got no reason to think he'd do something this bold.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You don't know him like I do, Arthur. When I worked above the saloon in Asphodel, the things he would do to me... to my girls... he's an animal, and animals get put down.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Mad animals go down, but only after they've made the first move.

EILEEN SCARLETT

The saloon last night, that might've been his first move.

The four slow their horses and walk them to the tree line, dismounting as they hitch them to several large trees within the crowded woods.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Let me talk. If they're feeling less than friendly today, Beatrice and Eileen take point. I'll shoot what I can but won't try and take point. Williams, if you shoot me I'll skin you alive. Unload what you need and holster it for now.

Arthur, Eileen, and Wyatt each grab revolvers, pistols, and repeaters from their horses. Beatrice grabs bladed weapons only, something Arthur notices.

ARTHUR MARSTON

How stupid are you?

BEATRICE WATTS

You just trust me, I's dangerous.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(To Eileen)

I swear if I get shot again  
because of him...

The group marches deeper into the woods. Slowly the noise of the wind, trees, and forest animals is interrupted by the noise of a moderately sized camp.

The group pauses and takes in the camp in front of them. Wagons are parked at various intervals and several small fires roar towards the camp's interior. Tents are placed sporadically between the wagons. The air is cheery and familial. Children run around, women sing. PHILLIPE DOMERGUE sits at the back of the camp, strumming his guitar and singing to an assortment of women and children.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, on me. Beatrice, Wyatt,  
hold back by the trees in case  
it goes south.

BEATRICE WATTS

Which way is south again?

WYATT WILLIAMS

My dearest compatriot, the  
warden speaks of dire straits  
not of cardinal navigation.

BEATRICE WATTS

I ain't see no cardinals either.

Eileen has had enough.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Beatrice, if you see the  
Domergues get mad, you best back  
us up. You get that?

BEATRICE WATTS

Yes'm, I's too sharp to let much  
of nothing get by me.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Whatever. Let's go, Arthur.

Eileen leads Arthur into the camp, both of them taking extra effort to let their arms swing freely. Well, as freely as Arthur's sling will allow.

Phillipe Domergue spots the pair from across the clearing. He rises cheerfully to greet them. His eccentricity exudes from his every move.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Well if it isn't my favorite  
lady of the eve and man of the  
morning after.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Don't make me strike you again.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

How I wish I had your hands on  
me once more.

Phillipe winks and he and Scarlett exchange a friendly embrace.

Phillipe takes in the sight of Arthur and Scarlett, particularly their weapons.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I see you were expecting my  
brother to be here.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Expecting, yes. Hopin' for, no.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

A wise decision. Josiah has been  
troublesome as of late.

EILEEN SCARLETT

As of late?

Phillipe lets out a hearty laugh.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Your tongue is just as sharp as  
I remember.

Phillipe undresses Eileen with his eyes. Eileen notices instantly and begins to unsheathe the knife strapped to her thigh.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Ain't the only thing sharp here  
either.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Forgive me, I have not spent  
much time with you since this  
change in... vocation.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Not sure what you mean,  
Phillipe. She's still bringing  
in bodies.

Eileen slugs Arthur's shoulder. Arthur winces and Philippe  
lets out a hearty laugh.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Cept these ones are drunk AND  
dead, not just drunk.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Glad to see that fire still  
raging in your spirit. But  
please, you are not here to  
flirt with me.

Eileen gives Phillipe a wink.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Now what makes you think that?

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Arthur's arm. The paranoid  
lawman I know would never enter  
my brother's camp without his  
gun arm. I am assuming you  
brought back-up.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Well, he brought me.



PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Of that I am well aware. Come,  
sit- your real backup can come  
too.

Phillipe ushers Eileen and Arthur to the area he was sitting before they arrived. Eileen and Arthur have a silent exchange, to which Eileen wins. She then beckons Beatrice and Wyatt over.

As Beatrice and Wyatt approach, Phillipe's attitude becomes starch, almost frightened.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

(muttered)

The butcher.

Arthur hears but doesn't understand. Phillipe regains his composure.

(cont'd.)

Gentleman, please, sit.

Phillipe motions for Beatrice and Wyatt to sit down. Phillipe is taken aback by Wyatt's injury, but says nothing. They each find a spot on the log by the fire. Phillipe starts fiddling with his guitar. Phillipe stares hesitantly at Beatrice for a beat.

The group is quiet for a beat. There is a tense awkwardness as no one knows what to say. Wyatt and Beatrice are still sizing Phillipe up, not knowing what to think.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

So what really brings you all here? Cause I know there's no way in hell that either of you would come calling without due cause, and especially with such company.

Arthur presents the cigarette he pulled from the saloon floor. Arthur hands it to Phillipe.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I recognized your "tobacco" of choice.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Interesting. Where did you find it?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Elysia, of course. You been selling around town recently.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Of course not, why would I? That kind of leaf is precariously in short supply...

EILEEN SCARLETT

Don't play coy you little shyster.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I'm a tad removed from the goings on of city folk, my dear, if you haven't noticed.

Phillipe motions to the various mothers and children around camp.

(cont'd.)

I have my families to take care, I don't have time for your civilities.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Phillipe, Crowe is dead.

Phillipe immediately drops his guitar.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Ethan Crowe?

Phillipe looks to Eileen for confirmation, then Arthur.

Arthur nods in response.

(cont'd.)

Who? How?

EILEEN SCARLETT

There was a shootout at the saloon in Elysia last night, and a big one.

ARTHUR MARSTON

We was hopin' you'd be able to give us a lead. Nobody's tightening a rope yet, but I found this on Crowe's body.

Arthur pulls out the cigarette he took from Crowe.

(cont'd)

It's awfully incriminating.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You can tell us why Ethan had this or we can hang you and ask someone else.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I have no doubt Josiah knows something, but I am afraid that I cannot speak on the matter.

Several gunshots are heard in the distance. The sound is quiet but carries enough that Eileen and Arthur's trained ears are able to distinguish it.

Eileen and Arthur become tense, both on minor alert.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Sire, I beg your abetment. Mine family name tis in grave peril. I beseech you to bring deliverance to mine conscience by what knowledge thou may hold.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I see we have another intellectual in camp.

Beatrice snorts, Philippe shifts uncomfortably.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Ah, how wonderful to be joined  
by real minds. There is often  
too much brutishness within this  
camp.

Philippe gives Beatrice an unpleasant look. Arthur rolls up  
his sleeve.

ARTHUR MARSTON

The matter at hand, Phillipe.  
Why were your goods moving  
through Elysia?

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

My goods, Josiah's goods, they  
flow through many towns.

ARTHUR MARSTON

They flow through most, but  
never have I seen one of these  
in that town.

Arthur motions with the cigarette.

EILEEN SCARLETT

That town's not lucrative, it's  
got no resources, there's  
nothing there for you to smuggle  
out.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Not normally, no, but Josi- but  
just because it is not the norm,  
does not mean it is impossible.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Don't make me exercise my  
jurisdiction.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

We are not in Elysia, Arthur,  
please tell me you know where  
your jurisdiction begins and  
ends.

Eileen draws her revolver, not murderously but  
threateningly.

EILEEN SCARLETT

I got no jurisdictional bounds,  
and on the account of my lover  
being dead, I got no qualms with  
shootouts either.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen-

EILEEN SCARLETT

Arthur. You ain't sheriff of me  
outside of that town.

ARTHUR MARSTON

But this shit show is still mine  
to clean up, and I will not make  
a bigger mess in the process.

Arthur and Eileen share a beat of hostile glares. Beatrice  
stands abruptly and walks thunderously over to Philippe,  
picking him up by the shirt collar with one arm.

ARTHUR AND EILEEN

The fuck?

WYATT WILLIAMS

By jove.

BEATRICE WATTS

You know my name, coward?

Phillipe struggles for a moment but gives in cowering from  
Beatrice's glare.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

The- The Butcher.

BEATRICE WATTS

And you know why they call me  
this?

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Only rumors

Beatrice pulls Phillipe in close, inches from his face.

BEATRICE WATTS

Fella, them's all true. So I  
seggest you answer them before  
you see the Butcher in action.

Beatrice sets Phillipe down and wanders off. Arthur looks  
to Eileen who is also surprised.

ARTHUR MARSTON

The fuck was that?

EILEEN SCARLETT

Hell if I know, I thought he was  
just stupid- now I think he  
might be stupid and dangerous.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

The stories I've heard, you have  
no idea.

Eileen turns her attention back to Phillipe.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Speaking of stories, you better  
start spilling one about that  
cigarette.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

As long as my yarn keeps the  
Butcher away.

ARTHUR MARSTON

No promises.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

The cigarette was a marker for  
Crowe. We use them often when  
meeting with people we don't  
know. One man sees another with  
the yellow "D", they start  
talking.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Why would the Sheriff of all  
people be smuggling something  
out of his own town?

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

You see, that is the question.  
All I know is that it started  
with a conversation at the  
saloon in Acheron.

TRANSITION: INT. SALOON IN ACHERON- DAY

Ethan Crowe sits at a barstool, Phillipe approaches  
unnoticed.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

What is the Sheriff of Elysia  
doing in so disreputable a town  
as this?

ETHAN CROWE

Prospecting.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

That badge not enough gold for  
you?

ETHAN CROWE

Not after gold.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Which is why you called on me  
and not the owner of this so  
industrious a town.

ETHAN CROWE

True, I did call on you.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Still, given my history, it is a  
great risk to leave the shelter  
of my camp and openly meet with  
a man of the law.

ETHAN CROWE

My badge means nothing in this  
town.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

But in others, it means  
everything. And if Josiah finds  
out...

A beat

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Still, you run as a great a risk  
trying to meet with me. I will  
hear you out.

Phillipe motions to the bartender, who brings two shot  
glasses down.

ETHAN CROWE

Leave the bottle, and on his  
tab.

Phillipe chuckles.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I'll allow it, but you must come  
to your point.

ETHAN CROWE

I need leverage.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

On Josiah? I could not, my wives  
and children-

ETHAN CROWE

Not on Josiah, not yet anyways.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Then who?

ETHAN CROWE

The patron of this fair town.

Phillipe loses his composure.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

You must have gone mad. There is  
no leverage on Williams.



ETHAN CROWE

There is, and it's on course  
from Santa Fe this very moment.  
I need you to help me take it.

CUT TO:

EXT: DOMERGUE CAMP- MID AFTERNOON

The group remains seated around the campfire, except for Beatrice, just as we left them before Phillipe's story.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Level one more insult at Ethan,  
I dare you.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Arthur. Are you hearing what he  
just accused Ethan of?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Loud and clear, but it doesn't  
mean, it's not an accusation.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

It is truth, and I know very few  
men capable of pulling off a  
heist like that.

Eileen draws her revolver.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Shut your fucking mouth.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I mean no disrespect, I only-

Eileen levels the revolver at Phillipe's face.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, there are children...

EILEEN SCARLETT

If Phillipe doesn't want them to see their daddy get shot in the face, he better think wisely.

A beat.

(cont'd.)

How'd you steal the train. Why blame it on a dead man?

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I swear I did not, I only give information-

Eileen cocks her revolver.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You sell-out son of a bitch. You gave that same information to Josiah, didn't you? Where is Josiah now?

More gunshots, closer this time. Everyone is on high alert. Phillipe hears and is nervous.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

I believe you have heard your answer.

Eileen turns towards the woods.

Horses can be heard galloping towards the camp. Arthur and Beatrice realize what's going on. Wyatt starts to cower.

As the galloping horses draw nearer, Eileen turns and lunges at Phillipe and catches him by the throat.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You sonuva bitch.

Phillipe fights Arthur's grip for a moment but then gives in. Eileen turns back to look.

(cont'd.)

You really think you could play us?

Eileen relinquishes her grip slightly.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Not play, warn.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Horseshit.

ARTHUR MARSTON

What's he got on you?

Eight galloping horses start to enter the clearing. They, and their riders are caked in dirt, booze, and blood. JOSIAH DOMERGUE sits atop the front horse. There is a body hogtied to the horse's back.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Cover. Now.

Beatrice and Wyatt get into cover. Eileen reluctantly lets go of Phillipe and gets into cover by Arthur.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I don't like our odds here.

EILEEN SCARLETT

It's only two each.

ARTHUR MARSTON

But one of em's Josiah fucking Domergue. And Wyatt ain't good for nothing in a fight cept shitting himself.

The horses fall in behind Josiah Domergue.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

Mr.-sorry- Sheriff Marston, congratulations on the new position. And Miss Scarlett, why I do wish you had not decided to change vocation.

EILEEN SCARLETT

(to Arthur)

I fucking hate this prick.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Even his mother hates that  
prick.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

It ain't polite to keep me  
waiting like this in my family's  
home. Hiding is for children my  
friends.

Eileen grabs Josiah and pushes him out from behind their  
cover. Eileen walks behind him with her gun pointed at his  
head.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

Now is this any way to treat a  
man of my stature. Pointing guns  
at my brother's head just  
doesn't seem respectful.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Better him than any of us.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

Really, there's no need for this  
tension between us. Little  
Brother, I am so sorry that  
they're doing this to you.

PHILLIPE DOMERGUE

Josiah, I don't want any part-

Josiah grabs the rifle holstered on his horse and without  
unholstering it, fires a single shot through Phillippe's  
skull. Phillippe drops immediately.

Eileen dives into cover. Josiah's posse draws their  
weapons.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

You came into my camp with  
strangers, weapons drawn. You  
took my brother hostage and you  
got him killed. Friends, that's  
just unforgivable.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Josiah! I don't know what game  
you're playing...

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

I play no game, Arthur. You know  
that, Sheriff Crowe knew that,  
your sweet, sweet Eileen knows  
that.

Eileen scurries over to Arthur. We zoom in on Arthur and  
Eileen as they discuss how to react.

EILEEN SCARLETT

(to Arthur)

We have to move, now, while we  
still have the advantage.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(To Eileen)

What advantage do you see?

EILEEN SCARLETT

(To Arthur)

We've got cover. His whole posse  
is on horseback, exposed.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(To Eileen)

We start a shootout and Phillipe  
ain't gonna be the only one with  
a round in his skull.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

(O.S.)

Now friends, this is no time for  
a lovers' quarrel. Just come on  
out and give us a discussion. I  
don't want much.

EILEEN SCARLETT

(to Arthur)

I don't care what side of the grave I'm on. Nothing will keep him out of my sights.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(To Eileen)

Phillipe's wives and children are still here. No way I'm putting their lives at stake.

EILEEN SCARLETT

(To Arthur)

I don't mind.

ARTHUR MARSTON

(To Eileen)

No, Eileen, wait-

Eileen cocks her weapon and pops slightly out from behind cover. She fires one shot towards Josiah, but he's too quick. He returns fire and the shootout begins. Eileen and Arthur's cover takes a volley of bullets. The cover holds but won't much longer. A large, bellowing whoop is heard from off screen.

It's Beatrice. He's worked his way stealthily around the camp and is charging at the riflemen flanking Josiah's rear. He has two tomahawks in hand and he throws them at two of the three riders farthest from him in the rear. The third rider is caught off guard as Beatrice slams into his horse, knocking both rider and steed to the ground. Beatrice quickly unsheathes a cleaver and finishes the rider.

JOSIAH DOMERGUE

The butcher...

Josiah's posse is caught off guard, Josiah kicks his horse and it rides towards the forest, the corpse falling off the back. Arthur and Eileen take advantage of the distraction and begin firing on Josiah's posse.

Gunfire is everywhere. The remaining four members of Josiah's posse are picked off by Arthur, Eileen, and Beatrice.

Crying and screaming are heard a plenty. Beatrice retrieves his weapons and wipes them clean on the grass. Eileen goes to check on the bodies, killing any man who isn't fully dead. Arthur, making sure that Josiah is gone, heads to the tents in the back of the camp.

In the tent, Arthur finds one of Phillipe's wives and three crying children under the age of 13. Blood has soaked her dress, her three children are holding her, sobbing, and trying to stop the blood. The mother is weak, she tries to shoo them away but can't find the energy to speak.

Arthur kneels down besides the mother. He knows that death is inevitable.

ARTHUR MARSTON

K-kids, don't... just go... you  
shouldn't see her like this.

The wife holds up a hand to Arthurs face, it lingers on his cheek for a second but falls gracefully. The youngest child falls into Arthur's chest, sobbing deep into his sling. Arthur motions to the oldest child, of 12.

Arthur grabs the child on the shoulder with his good arm.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Son, grab the other mama's,  
bring them here.

The child shakes his head no, he won't leave.

ARTHUR MARSTON

You don't wanna leave her, and  
that's brave, but she needs the  
other mama's to help her. You  
want to help her, don't you?

The child nods his head yes, he then ushers him out of the tent.

Arthur examines the wounds as the child returns with two other women, both visibly shaken.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Wound's real bad. I don't think  
there's much more to be done  
here. Just-Just make her  
comfortable.

MAMA #1

I saw what he did to Phillipe.  
His own brother.

MAMA #2

Get payback for their loss.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Their loss is only here because  
I tried to avenge another.

MAMA #2

You didn't fire the rounds.  
Josiah did. Make sure he never  
fires again.

Wyatt Williams bursts into the tent, sheer panic consuming  
his face.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Warden, I beseech you come  
quick!

Wyatt darts out of the tent, Arthur follows on his heels.  
The pair march quickly towards Eileen and Beatrice, who are  
examining the corpse that fell from Josiah's horse. Eileen  
is shaking with rage and loss as the pair approaches.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, there's a woman, a  
mother dying in there, what-

Arthur loses himself as the face of the body comes into  
view. It's Dr. Van der Linde, lifeless.

Arthur falls against the horse.

ARTHUR MARSTON

The town... We left the town and...  
defenseless. He waited for us to  
leave.

EILEEN SCARLETT

That low life piece of shit. I  
swear he will die the slowest,  
most painful death, that any man  
has ever felt.



ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, this isn't worth more  
bodies.

As if in response, in one motion Eileen unholsters her  
weapon and shoots Josiah's horse, point blank in the head.  
The horse collapses, not even having time to let out a  
whinny.

EILEEN SCARLETT

This is worth every, body.

Arthur and Wyatt are stunned. Beatrice is unsure how to  
react.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, listen.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I shall forfeit thine quest  
should I know it to be the cause  
of such rivers of blood.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Cowards, the both of you.

Eileen stares Arthur down, her eyes skinning his soul.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen, there are parentless  
kids, here, in this camp, not to  
mention whoever else just died  
because I left Elysia, and all  
because we came out riding for  
blood. Well guess what? We found  
some fucking blood and not one  
shred of justice.

BEATRICE WATTS

I seen what that man Josiah  
done. While you's was taking his  
posse, he shot his guns into  
those tents. This feller is an  
animal like none I's ever seen.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Arthur, Josiah kills because it's fun. You know he won't just quit if we stop pursuing him.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I will not avenge Ethan if it means getting others killed along the way.

EILEEN SCARLETT

If you and Daddy's little helper wanna leave, he'll find you and on his terms. Who knows how many bodies will be added to the pile along the way? Beatrice caught him off guard and His posse is divided for now, we've at least got a chance to bring him to justice, real justice.

Arthur visibly gives up. He knows there is truth to Eileen, despite her bloodlust.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Then it has to be on our-

Arthur motions to the four of them.

(cont'd.)

-terms.

EILEEN SCARLETT

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, those are the terms I'm holding Josiah to.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I seek justice for mine father, of blood I am not so sure, but this path tis the only one I see at present.

BEATRICE WATTS

Dangerous animals needs killin.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Fine, but this shit with the horse. You need to get your feelings for Ethan in check or it'll be one of us with a pistol to our heads.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You need to make sure you're ready for whatever justice comes fit for Josiah.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Justice comes through the law. Not this shoot anyone to kill anyone bullshit.

Arthur looks around the camp. Some of the women and children have poked their heads out to see what is going on.

ARTHUR MARSTON

And I don't like leaving these women and children behind. We get them to town first.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Arthur, they just brought us the body of Doc Van der Linde, there may not be a town.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Then we need to see for ourselves.

EILEEN SCARLETT

We stay with them and Josiah's as good as in the wind. We go back to Elysia and he's in the wind. We know he's got no reason to go back here or there without us.

ARTHUR MARSTON

That bastard's already in the wind, following him is not more urgent than the care of Phillipe's families.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Then we have a lot of wind to cover, and we should waste no time in doing this.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Mine father's name tis stained presently with blood, I wish not to stain it more with such an oversight of wellbeing here.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Oh your daddy's name isn't nearly as stained as it'll be this time tomorrow.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

What jest do you level?

EILEEN SCARLETT

I level... that your father's the best lead we have on account of Phillipe over there.

Phillipe's body lays slumped on the ground, blood draining from his cranial wound.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Mine father? But he knows naught of this knave, Josiah.

Arthur knows that Eileen is right, though he knows it regretfully.

ARTHUR MARSTON

She's right, Williams. Phillipe said Ethan was looking for leverage on your father, and Josiah knew about it or else he wouldn'ta shot Phillipe. I think I'm starting to realize why he brought you into that cell.

EILEEN SCARLETT

We ride, now.

Eileen marches into the woods and the three men begrudgingly follow after.

END SCENE

TRANSITION: EXT. DAY/DUSK

The four desperados ride across the countryside. The journey takes them the rest of the day, they are all grim and quiet.

EXT. HILLY CLEARING- END OF DUSK

The four horses are slowing down.

ARTHUR MARSTON

We should stop here for the night.

EILEEN SCARLETT

We're not stopping till we get to Acheron.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Acheron? That's another eight hours, at least.

EILEEN SCARLETT

And that's eight fewer hours we'll have to ride tomorrow.

ARTHUR MARSTON

That's eight hours our horses can't manage. Hell, that's eight hours I can't manage.

Eileen comes to a sudden halt. The others pull back even quicker to avoid collision.

EILEEN SCARLETT

You think Josiah's stopped running? You think he's gonna wait ahead for us?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Well, no, but-

EILEEN SCARLETT

Then we don't stop either.

Eileen grabs her horse's reins, but Arthur grabs her with his good arm.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Take your fucking hand off me!

Arthur pulls his hand back in self-defense.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Eileen. The animals need rest,  
WE need rest.

Eileen looks to the other two, neither of whom are taking her side.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Fine. But we're gone before the  
sun rises.

Arthur is displeased but knows he won't get a better deal.

EXT. CAMP FIRE- NIGHT

Arthur, Eileen, Beatrice, and Wyatt finish setting up their camp. Eileen is frustrated. Arthur aches. Beatrice is silently and diligently working. Wyatt is useless.

As soon as the campfire is up, Eileen grabs some food from the supply bag and storms off into her tent.

EILEEN SCARLETT

Before dawn.

ARTHUR MARSTON

We heard.

Arthur is clearly agitated; he motions Beatrice and Wyatt towards the fire. The three cook their meat in silence for a beat before Arthur speaks.

ARTHUR MARSTON

So... who else calls you the  
Butcher?

BEATRICE WATTS

I reckon everyone who's seen my  
dangerousness.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Shit, I never woudda figured. A fella your size, friend you were a fucking rhinoceros taking those men down.

BEATRICE WATTS

I'm not a doctor, but I thank you for thinkin me a disease as deadly as a rhinoceros.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Sire, I believe he doth...

Arthur waves Wyatt off. Another beat of silence. Williams is very visibly nervous.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Must we seek out mine father?

ARTHUR MARSTON

You really are scared shitless? Why?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Have naught you seen mine pigment?

BEATRICE WATTS

Pigs?

ARTHUR MARSTON

Ain't ever been slavery this far west.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Nay, but prejudice transcends all borders.

ARTHUR MARSTON

I ain't sayin it doesn't, but what would your father have against you?

WYATT WILLIAMS

I spawn from the seed of he who  
sits atop this nation's seat of  
power. He sired me out of  
wedlock and with one who was  
birthed into chains. I am his  
shame, his Achilles' heel outed  
for all the world to take aim  
upon.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Bein mulatto ain't exactly the  
crime it used to be, son-

WYATT WILLIAMS

Nay, tis not criminal for you if  
I be of mixed blood. Nary, tis  
criminal for me, just doubly so.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Your mama was born in chains.  
You were born into a golden  
cradle, oil drums at your side,  
and you call that criminal?

WYATT WILLIAMS

Mine mother twas born into  
chains of iron, I into chains of  
gold. The substance of the chain  
bears no good fortune on he who  
finds himself chained.

Arthur clearly still doesn't get it. He shakes his head as  
if to say "whatever" and heads towards his tent.

ARTHUR MARSTON

Gold, Iron, whatever your chains  
are made of, you best have them  
broken when we ride into Acheron  
tomorrow.

WYATT WILLIAMS

And you yours.

Arthur dismisses this and enters his tent.

Beatrice and Wyatt sit around the campfire in silence, a  
mutual respect kindling between them.



WYATT WILLIAMS

What bestowed such ferocity upon  
thine spirit? Your fury, from  
whence does it come?

BEATRICE WATTS

My daddy left home when I was  
three. I had ter fight my whole  
life jes ter survive.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Fathers oft fail to warm the  
hearts of whom they sire.

BEATRICE WATTS

I's looked for him my whole  
life, wanted to kill him fer  
most of it.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Doth your heart desire bloodshed  
still?

BEATRICE WATTS

Blood's ready on my hands, I  
s'pose.

WYATT WILLIAMS

For what do you think it to be  
so?

BEATRICE WATTS

I seen my daddy that night at  
the saloon. I wanted ter kill  
him so bad, but then the  
fightin' started. When I came  
too I was sitting in his office,  
and he was dead, shot to the  
head by some outlaw. When I saw  
that outlaw today, all that  
anger was misdirected.

WYATT WILLIAMS

You imply lineage between you  
and the warden?

BEATRICE WATTS

I ain't seen him till last  
night, but I knows it was the  
Sheriff.

WYATT WILLIAMS

I beseech you. If his grave be  
your quest, why ride to honor  
his memory?

BEATRICE WATTS

I came to Elysia lookin fer  
blood, and that blood was taken.  
I's gonna keep ridin' till I  
find it.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Doth his surrogate ward and  
lover know of such lineage.

BEATRICE WATTS

Doubt it.

WYATT WILLIAMS

Then you would do right to  
conceal it, pertinently if you  
sought his blood on the day of  
his death.

Wyatt leaves for his tent. Beatrice is left by the fire,  
concerned.

END ACT I.