

SALLY (CONT'D)

I know you missed that!

Long laughs as Bao wipes the slobber off his face.

LONG

Careful, Sally. You'll make Zeke jealous.

ZEKE

(lighting cigar, scoffs)
Better him than me. It's like kissing a prune.

SALLY

Oh, hon, better than kissing that briar patch of a face.

(to Long)

Now, what'll it be, sugar?

LONG

Gin.

Bao knocks on the bar top twice, then signals with two fingers to pour one for him as well. Sally does so then moves down the bar to two sullen-looking men. By their attire, they're prospectors.

PROSPECTOR #1

We just have to keep digging.

PROSPECTOR #2

I'm telling you; we're digging in the wrong spot.

SALLY

You boys want another one?

(they nod)

How about you show me your coin before I pour?

The men's shoulders slump and they slink out. They pass by the aged Indian man CHIEF RED FEATHER (55) sweeping the saloon. Chief is dressed in a poncho and his hair is long and unkempt as it hangs down the sides of his face.

Every aspect of him looks broken, from his slumped shoulders and long weary face to his thousand-yard stare and absentminded sweeping. He is a man clearly passing time in a sentence he is serving. He sees men leaving a table.

Chief sets the broom down to clear the empty table of glasses and bottles. One of the bottles still has liquid. Chief eyes the room before quickly grabbing the bottle to drink from it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Put that down, Chief! You know you can't drink that.

Chief can't decide. The alcohol is so close. So delicious. Sally draws a pistol and aims it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It's for your own good. You know how you get. Remember what happened last time? All the damage you did?

Chief brings the bottle closer to his lips but stops when Sally cocks her pistol. Chief sets the bottle down slowly and silently weeps. Zeke walks over and slaps him on the back.

ZEKE

Relax Chief! Once you work off your debt, you can come back and drink all you want.

Chief raises his head and looks somberly up above the bar. Zeke follows his gaze to two identical tomahawks displayed above the bar, crossed -- like a trophy.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Don't you worry; you'll get those back. But not one day sooner.

Chief looks down and grimaces with renewed determination and goes back to cleaning. Zeke walks back to Long.

LONG

Well, Zeke, about your message. You said this was worth my time.

ZEKE

(puffing hard on cigar)
Long, we've hit the mother lode.
And I mean it.

INSERT MONTAGE

INT. PROFITT SILVER MINE - DAY

Chinese workers swing pickaxes against the mine wall.

ZEKE (V.O.)

Them Chinamen been slaving away
night and day in the silver mine.
(MORE)

ZEKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And there's been enough silver to
draw prospectors from miles around.
But not like this.

One weary worker looks like he's going to pass out, but gives one more swing. As the rock falls away from the wall, the worker's face illuminates from the silver revealed. The vein is so rich, other workers stop and marvel at the silver wall.

WORKER #1

Boss! BOSS!

EXT. PROFITT SILVER MINE - LATER

Cart after cart of silver ore is pushed out of the mine. Workers then load the ore onto a horse-drawn cart under the supervision of foremen.

ZEKE (V.O.)

The silver flowed like a river.
Just cart after cart. All coming
out of Old Man Profitt's mine.

OLD MAN PROFITT (65), a bespectacled man with a slight frame and with only a few fine strands of hair left on his scalp, watches from a platform and grins ghoulishly.

EXT. WELLS GREENE BANK - LATER

A large sign with the bank's name hangs over the entrance. A solitary guard stands outside by the door with a shotgun. The cart full of silver ore pulls up, and armed men spill off the back as another cart full of Chinese workers arrives.

ZEKE (V.O.)

The closest smelter is in Bisbee,
and the old man has already sent
for a guarded transport. It'll take
them a couple of days for them to
get here.

INT. WELLS GREENE BANK - CONTINUOUS

Behind the teller stations and the Manager's desk, a giant vault dominates the rear of the room. The front door opens and Old Man Profitt approaches a CLERK and drops a giant silver ore at his station.

ZEKE (V.O.)

In the meantime, all of that ore is being stored under lock and key at the bank.

END MONTAGE

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Long looks at Zeke, waiting for him to finish his story. When Zeke doesn't--

LONG

And...?

ZEKE

And...that's where you come in.

LONG

So, we're bank robbers now?

ZEKE

Sure. Why not?

LONG

We've never robbed a bank before.

ZEKE

How much harder could it be?

LONG

I don't know. *We've never done it before.*

ZEKE

There's a first time for everything. You didn't rob trains before, but now you're an expert! Give me one good reason why you can't rob a bank?

LONG

Too many people. Too many guns.

Bao knocks on the bar. Zeke and Long turn. Bao draws a star on his left breast with his finger then points at two locations on his palm.

LONG (CONT'D)

Yes, let's not forget that the Sheriff is across the street.

Zeke waves away their objections.

LONG (CONT'D)

Why not just ambush the transport
on its way to Bisbee?

ZEKE

Long, the men Old Man Profitt hired
to guard his fortune are just some
boys from around town looking for
honest work. The men coming from
Bisbee are professionals. Used to
be in the army under Sherman.

(beat)

We're not gonna get the jump on
them. And if things go south, we'll
have real trouble. Get me?

The discussion seems to be at an impasse as the men look away
in frustration.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Look, with me, Sally, you, Bao, and
your new partner what's-his-name--

LONG

Sam.

ZEKE

Yeah, Sam. That's enough guns to
handle whatever's waiting for us.
And I've got a plan to keep the
Sheriff busy.

LONG

Oh? What's that?

ZEKE

He's sweet on one of the girls at
the 9 Lives. Let's just say that
we'll catch him with his pants
down.

Long and Bao look at each other skeptically.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Look, boys, this is a real chance
for us to finally strike it rich
and stop running. Sally and me
can't sell swill to these swine
forever. And one day the Law is
going to catch up to you. You got
the fastest draw I ever seen, but
how fast you gonna be next year?

(MORE)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Or the year after that? Or ten years from now? You still want to be sleeping with one eye open when you're Sally's age?

SALLY

(from down the bar)
I heard that!

LONG

(thinks about it)
Alright, Zeke. We need time.

ZEKE

Sure. Sure. Just think about it. You've always been a great planner, and we can't do this without you.
(beat)
Just don't take too long. Transport is coming tomorrow night.

He leaves as Long and Bao huddle and discuss the idea.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

The general goods store is busy with all walks of life coming in and out with the necessities for their day. Everett approaches and stands outside with his back to the wall and his eyes on the street. Several of his posse file by.

They nod, tip their hat, or otherwise thank him with some small gesture, as if knowing better than to speak to him. Stan walks up after the last member enters the store.

STAN

The boys sure are grateful. I'm sure they all miss their families.

EVERETT

Don't we all.

Stan and Everett stand in silence for a moment.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Where's the best place to get a drink around here?

STAN

Hey now! I never pegged you as the drinking kind. I always thought you were dryer than a snake's belly.

Everett gives him an expectant look.

STAN (CONT'D)

OK, since you want the best there are only two bars worth going to in this town. The 9 Lives or Sally's. 9 Lives is cat house but liquor ain't watered down and the girls put on a little show on stage, if that strikes your fancy. Sally's is even more unsavory if you can believe that. Mostly the dregs of society and that includes Sally. Rumor is that they strung her up in Texas but that tough bitch wouldn't die. So, you won't like the clientele, but at least Sally pours 'em stiff.

Everett's attention is focused on an approaching horse-drawn cart. Riding on it are MAGGIE MILLER (30), her son BILLY (7), and her hired Negro help RAY (35). Stan realizes, gives Everett a knowing smile, and leaves into the store.

When the cart stops, Everett doesn't approach, but his eyes smile. Ray hops off and begins gathering sacks and containers from the cart. Maggie is the first to see Everett.

MAGGIE

Fancy seeing you here again,
Marshal.

EVERETT

Ms. Miller.

MAGGIE

Please, Everett. Call me Maggie.
Are you chasing another dangerous
outlaw?

EVERETT

Yes ma'am, I am.

MAGGIE

There must be so many for you to be
coming around as often as you do.

(beat)

Are you sure there's not another
reason?

Everett blushes, unsure of what to say. Then--

BILLY

Howdy Marshal!

EVERETT

Howdy Billy. You looking after your ma?

BILLY

You bet! When I grow up I'm gonna be a marshal, too.

He pulls a piece of wood shaped like a crude pistol from his belt and pretends to shoot from the hip.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Bang, bang, bang! You bad man!
Don't shoot my daddy!

Everett smiles awkwardly, taken aback by the honesty of a child's innocence.

MAGGIE

That's enough Billy. Go help Ray fetch what we came for.

Ray, a formidable black man dressed in field hand attire, nods at Everett as he approaches, containers in hand.

EVERETT

Ray. Working hard?

RAY

Yessuh, I am. If Ms. Maggie can't run that ranch of hers all by her ownself, I'm happy to work.

(to Billy)
C'mon now. Git.

BILLY

Aw. Bye Marshal!

He gives a friendly wave before entering the store with Ray. Maggie moves closer to Everett.

MAGGIE

You'll have to excuse him. You've made quite an impression on him.

(locks eyes with Everett)
I wish you would stay longer this time.

EVERETT

Maggie...I...

MAGGIE

It's alright. Just think about it.

She lays her hand on his chest over his heart then goes inside the store. Everett watches her go, then he dusts his hat off on his thigh.

EVERETT

Hell. Where's that drink?

He begins walking down the street.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Long weighs the pros and cons of Zeke's plan with Bao.

LONG

(in Cantonese)

The Sheriff will be busy. Not sure how many men in the bank. But if Zeke is right about the silver, that's plenty to split five ways.

Bao counts five people on his hand then makes a gun shape out of his pointer finger and thumb. Then he counts four. He looks at Long expectantly.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in English)

Yes, five of us are going in, but only four of us are shooting, if it comes to that.

Bao looks away and shakes his head. Then he faces Long and makes severe gestures to him and himself.

LONG (CONT'D)

I know you want to protect me. But I don't want you killing anyone. I never wanted that for you.

(in Cantonese)

You are my little brother. And I will always protect you. Even from yourself.

Bao slaps the back of his hand into his palm, then makes a cryptic jumping off gesture with both. Long looks away, and both men stare across the bar at the bric-a-brac lining the back wall. There are old photos. One of them is of a TRAIN.

LONG (CONT'D)

(pause)

That was a long time ago. It was an accident. A mistake. It wasn't your fault.

Bao gulps the rest of his drink and sets it down carelessly.

LONG (CONT'D)

Once this job is done, we can go
back home rich men. You'll never
have to think about this again.

Long grabs Bao by the scruff and shakes him in a brotherly,
cajoling way.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

You've come this far without the
stain of murder on your soul. Come
with me a little longer.

Bao sighs and nods. Long grins and laughs. He turns to find
Zeke in the room--

LONG (CONT'D)

Zeke! You've got a deal.

Zeke and Sally approach. Sally pours them all shots.

ZEKE

(toasting)

To our good fortune!

SALLY

Hear, hear.

They drink and slam the shot glasses down on the bar.

ZEKE

Bao, you bring the dynamite?

Bao looks around first before lifting his poncho to reveal
two sticks of TNT tucked in his belt.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Perfect. That'll come in handy if
we can't persuade Ol' Booney to
open the vault.

LONG

Booney?

ZEKE

Bank manager. George Boone. Lives
above the bank. Likes to be close
to the money.

SALLY

I don't blame him.

LONG

You're playing it fast and loose,
Zeke. Is the dynamite necessary or
not?

ZEKE

If we had more time, I'd say plan
every little detail, Long. But we
don't have time. I just want to
make sure that we have a backup in
case whatever you come up with
doesn't work out. That's all.

LONG

Fair enough. When do we see the
bank?

ZEKE

Tomorrow morning. After the posse's
gone. Tonight, just lay low. I'll
get those girls to help pass the
time.

He begins to walk toward the front exit.

LONG

Oh, no you don't.

ZEKE

I thought you wanted--

LONG

I do. But let's just say your taste
in women makes me question your
eyesight.

(beat)

I'll pick the girls.

ZEKE

Suit yourself. But hold on.

He cracks open the saloon door and signals to a man leaning
against the wall across the street. The man looks around
nonchalantly before nodding back to Zeke.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Looks clear. Just be quick.

LONG

Mother hen.

Bao knocks on the bar and Long turns to face him. Bao signals
that he's going to use the outhouse. Long waves and exits.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Long walks out into the bright afternoon. Across from him is the 9 Lives cat house where men practically jog toward and other men stumble out. Sultry women stand on a veranda above the entrance waving handkerchiefs and beckoning men.

Long grins eagerly as he begins crossing toward the bustling activity. He pauses to let a horse-drawn cart ride past him, but as it does so, his attention is drawn to a figure standing in the street further down the road.

Everett stops in his tracks as Long is revealed by the horse-drawn cart riding past. His EYES squint, unsure of what he's seeing. Then a whisper spills over his lips--

EVERETT

I don't...

Long finishes his sentence--

LONG

...believe it.

An alien silence falls over the once busy street. Townsfolk quickly understand the situation and begin disappearing into buildings but peek out of windows and doorways. Long and Everett just stare at each other.

The men stand roughly 50 feet apart and speak loudly to ensure each other is heard.

LONG (CONT'D)

Marshal Everett James. Fancy meeting you here. How long has it been? Five years? We must do this more often.

EVERETT

Fang Long. You are under arrest for the crimes of--

LONG

I know my crimes, Marshal. Your last deputy read them to me right before I shot him in the face. What was his name?

EVERETT

(quieter)

Charlie Wright. From Missouri.

LONG

And the one before that? Outside of Benson.

EVERETT

(to himself)

Preston Hughes. From Kansas.

LONG

(pauses)

How many more men have to die for your cause?

(beat)

None. No one else has to die. Turn around and go home.

For a moment, Everett looks like he might consider it.

LONG (CONT'D)

Don't you miss your wife? Your children? How many years have you wasted chasing me? How long have I separated you from your family?

Everett's eyes flash, and he hooks the length of his duster around his holster to make access to his gun easier.

LONG (CONT'D)

Shit.

Simultaneously, Long hooks his coat around his holster.

EVERETT

My cause is the law, and those deputies died in service to it. And, God willing, their families will see justice is done.

INT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

The men of the posse are spread out, resupplying. Stan eats an apple as he casually stands by a window. He sees Everett just down the street, and it takes him a moment to process the scene. He drops his apple and scrambles.

STAN

(to posse)

Get your guns. Get in position!

The posse look at each other for a moment, but jump into action when they see Stan running up stairs to the roof.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

EVERETT

Fang Long! You are under arrest for the crimes of robbery and murder, including Deputy Marshals Wright and Hughes. Surrender or I will kill you.

INT. SALLY'S SALOON - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bao enters from the back, adjusting his clothes. Zeke follows, carrying a keg of beer. He laughs at the tail end of a joke he just told Bao. They stop in their tracks at the strange silence in the room. Sally stares at them pointedly.

LONG

(shouting from outside)
Touch that gun and I will send you to hell!

Bao instinctively grabs his rifle and rushes to the door. Zeke drops the keg and scuffles with Bao to hold him back.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

EVERETT

I'll see you there.

The air turns electric as the eyes of both men scan each other for movement. Hands slowly inch toward grips. Heels dig into the dirt. Weight shifts.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan reaches the roof and shoulders a rifle. He kneels down behind a low wall and aims at Long. Suddenly, Bao explodes out of Sally's, rifle on shoulder. Zeke chases after--

ZEKE

Bao, wait!

He lets out a muted cry as he aims blindly down the street.

LONG

No!

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

INSERT STAN'S RIFLE SIGHT

At the last moment, Stan changes targets and aims at Bao.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A rifle shot hits Bao in the chest as he squeezes his trigger. Bao's bullet grazes Everett across his temple, sending him to the ground. Long is stunned momentarily as he watches his brother fall, but regains his awareness quickly.

He senses attackers moving into position around him. Stan on the roof of Porter's. A man with a rifle hiding around a corner. Two men with pistols behind stacked barrels. Another man with a shotgun behind a low fence.

The anguish drains from Long's face as his instincts and reflexes take over. He draws both pistols.

Long hears Stan cock his rifle and Long fires a bullet at him, taking his hat off. Stan ducks. The posse opens fire, sending Long diving and twisting in the air, incredibly returning fire to suppress the attackers back behind cover.

Once Long is back on his feet, he fires another bullet at Stan to suppress him, but the rifleman behind the corner takes a shot and grazes Long's bicep. Almost without looking, Long returns fire instantaneously along the same trajectory.

The rifleman is hit as he leans back into cover but the shot is fatal and falls out of cover dead. The men with pistols open fire, grazing Long's leg. Long dives and rolls firing at the man with the shotgun to suppress him before he rises.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan hyperventilates before rising to shoot, but Long suppresses him with shot that splinters part of the roof.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The men behind the barrels fire again, nicking Long's ear. Again, without looking, he returns fire along that trajectory and hits one of the men in the mouth, sending teeth exploding out the back of his skull. The other man refuses to rise.

Long suppresses the man with the shotgun by firing bullets into the fence. Another bullet from Long forces Stan to duck.

Realizing the man behind the barrels won't stand, Long fires at the peg holding back the barrels. They come tumbling down, exposing the man with the pistol. He makes a panicked face.

Long unleashes a small barrage of bullets that make his body dance before falling over dead. The man with the shotgun seizes the opportunity and fires buckshot that clips Long, spinning him to the ground. Stan fires, grazing a thigh.

From the ground, Long suppresses both men with a couple of shots. The man with the shotgun is well covered except for a small hole in the fence that exposes the man's butt. Long makes a precise shot that stands the man up in pain.

His FACE goes expressionless as another bullet passes through his skull the moment it's exposed.

Long gets up, but is wobbly on his feet. He sees Stan's rifle peek above the roof line and waits for Stan to rise a little higher. As he does, Long unloads the rest of his bullets.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The bullets splinter the wood of Stan's cover, sending smoldering splinters and bits of metal into Stan's face. He falls backwards, grabbing at his eyes.

STAN
(screaming)
My eyes!

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Long keeps firing until the hammers on his pistols slam against empty cartridges. They make tinny sounds. Finally, Long lowers his guns, exhausted. Blood runs down his left arm. He holsters his guns and limps over to Bao.

During the firefight, Sally had come out to tend to Bao. She looks at Long wide-eyed as she cradles Bao's head in her lap. Zeke presses a dirty bar rag against Bao's chest. The blood is profuse and spills from the hole in Bao's back as well.

Long falls to his knees next to Bao. Tears well up in Long's eyes. Bao looks back with an inscrutable expression that is a mixture of panic, anger, and compassion. Panic takes over when blood fills his throat. He flails like a drowning man.

LONG
(in Cantonese)
I'm here! I'm here!

He holds Bao's hands tightly in his own as Bao thrashes in his last throes. And then he's still. Long gasps before letting out a mournful wail. He hunches over shuts his eyes tight, but they only force tears to drip from them.

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - CONTINUOUS

Stan calms down and pulls his hands away from his face. The area around his eyes are bloody, but his eyes look relatively fine. He blinks several times in wide-eyed surprise. He scrambles for his rifle that his skidded away.

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A dark shadow falls across Long as a figure approaches the grisly scene. A cocking gun draws Long's attention.

Everett, bloody from the gash on the side of his head, points his pistol at Long. Everett's face is tight with emotion and anticipation. It's hard to tell if he's excited at capturing Long or witnessing Long's loss.

EVERETT

Now you know how it feels.

Long slowly turns to face Everett. He looks up at him, completely defeated.

LONG

Do it.

Everett tightens his grip on his pistol.

LONG (CONT'D)

Do it!

EXT. PORTER'S GENERAL GOODS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Stan shoulders his rifle and aims.

INSERT STAN'S RIFLE SIGHT

He would normally have a clear shot, but Everett spoils the angle by standing in front of Long.

STAN

(to himself)

Get out of the way!

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. SALLY'S SALOON - CONTINUOUS

LONG

DO IT!

Everett grits his teeth and steels himself to execute Long, but his hand begins to tremble. Seeing this, Long flies into a rage, diving for Everett's legs. Everett stumbles back, but Long keeps grabbing for him while on his knees.

LONG (CONT'D)

(in Cantonese)

KILL ME! KILL ME! KILL ME!

Finally, Everett pistol whips Long hard across the temple, knocking him out cold. Trembling, he holsters his weapon.

EVERETT

No. You'll face justice.

Slowly, townsfolk emerge to inspect the carnage. Stan approaches and is disgusted to see Long is still alive.

STAN

You gotta be kidding me. He just killed four men!

EVERETT

And he'll face a jury for that.

STAN

Jury? Let's just string him up right now!

Everett grabs Stan by the collar.

EVERETT

No. That's not justice.

Stan struggles for a moment then relaxes.

STAN

Tell that to them.

He motions to the women who come running to the sides of the men Long just killed. Their wails fill the air as faces begin turning toward the Marshal and fingers point at Long.

EVERETT

C'mon. Let's get him off the street.

Stan and Everett each grab an arm and begin dragging Long away. Maggie, Billy, and Ray watch from a few feet away. Everett doesn't look at them as he passes.