

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.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - LATE AFTERNOON

The small clinic has a large sign above the door that reads: Doctor's Office.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

DOC MURPHY (60), a slight man with a kind face, finishes stitching Everett's scalp while Everett sits on a chair.

DOC MURPHY

I'd tell you to keep a bandage on this, but I know you'll just take it off. Just try to keep your hat over it as much as you can.

EVERETT

Thanks, Doc.
(beat)
Can we move him?

Everett motions over Doc's shoulder and Doc turns to look at Long's unconscious body on a table. He's been bandaged.

DOC MURPHY

Well, I wouldn't advise it.

He walks over to the table and lifts a small metal pot. A handful of ball bearings rattle around inside.

DOC MURPHY (CONT'D)

I've dug out all of the pellets and sutured his wounds, but he needs time to heal.

(beat)

Never seen a man survive buckshot.

He sets the metal pot down and wipes his hands on a bloody rag draped over his shoulder.

Stan, hunched over a washing basin to clean the wounds around his eyes, lifts his head to check his work in the mirror.

STAN

If it were up to me, he wouldn't survive.

EVERETT

Well, it's not up to you.

Stan and Everett stare pointedly at each other in the mirror.

DOC MURPHY

Well, the ether won't keep him under forever. As long as he's laying down, I don't see why he couldn't rest in a cell.

EVERETT
We'll take care of it.

CLAUDETTE MURPHY (50) enters from the hallway.

CLAUDETTE
Darling, the soldiers are leaving.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doc follows her into the hallway where three Union soldiers stand in uniform by the entrance. One of them is obviously sick as he shivers in the Arizona heat, hunched and pale.

DOC MURPHY
I'm sorry I couldn't do more for
your friend. He's got symptoms I
just can't understand.

For a moment, the ill soldier flicks his gaze hungrily on Doc Murphy. His lips curl back into a mirthless grin, revealing unnaturally red and black gums. Taken aback by the evil visage, Doc Murphy swallows hard.

A terrible shiver overtakes the ill soldier, and the aggression drains from his body.

SOLDIER #1
That's alright, Doc. We're taking
him to Fort Bliss. I'm sure the
army doctors can do something. Much
obliged.

The soldiers all "ma'am" to Claudette before exiting and climbing onto a horse-drawn cart. The ill soldier lies down on the cart, pulling a blanket over himself. They ride off.

Everett and Stan enter carrying Long on a stretcher. As they pass--

STAN
Thanks, Doc.
(to Claudette)
Ma'am.

EVERETT
Ma'am.

They exit.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

Doc Murphy comes out with Stan and Everett. He stops when he sees PETROV (40), the snake oil salesman, ride in with his horse-drawn carriage. The side reads: Petrov's Potent Potables. Glassware rattles inside as it passes.

Stan and Everett cross the wide street to the town jail. Close by, the bodies of the posse are being carted to the undertaker. When the townsfolk see Long, they jeer Everett and Stan. The men move quickly into the jail.

INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

The small building has only the basics, like a desk, table and chairs, a gun rack, and a large cell dominating the back of the room. A small solitary barred window allows some light into the cell. Stan and Everett carry Long into the cell.

Stan drops Long unceremoniously. Long doesn't wake.

EVERETT

That's no way to treat a prisoner.

STAN

Whatever you say, Marshal.

After they exit the cell, Stan locks it. Everett drops Long's gun belt and coat onto the desk. Stan eyes the guns.

STAN (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do with his pistols?

EVERETT

(noticing Stan's gaze)
They're coming back with me as evidence.

Stan sighs and begins to leave. Everett sits.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

STAN

I'm getting a drink.

EVERETT

You have a prisoner to watch.

STAN

No, you have a prisoner to watch. I have a town to patrol.

Everett watches him go then looks at Long.

EXT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS

Stan comes out and walks slowly down the street. He doesn't make eye contact with the townsfolk. A man on a horse-drawn cart rides slowly past. The man is beaten and bloody. Stan squints, recognizing him.

STAN

Carl?

Carl sees Stan and stops the horses. He looks at Stan with tears of rage brimming in his eyes. There are corpses in the cart, and the cart is partially burned.

STAN (CONT'D)

What happened?

CARL

Them goddamn Indians! Came out of nowhere. Killed my kin. Burned the wagons. They killed Molly, Sheriff.

(beat)

We gotta have some law out there...

A look of determination falls across his face, and he rides off. Stan looks after him for a moment before chasing. He passes Petrov who has opened his cart to reveal his wares. He stands on a stool, waving his cloak and tipping his top hat.

PETROV

Yes! Ladies and gentlemen! Come!
Come! Feast your eyes on my wares
that I bring to you from the remote
parts of the world!

(grabs green bottle)

Here, water gathered from the
Ganges River. Blessed by high
priest, one sip of this holy water
can extend your life for years!

The crowd has grown around him, and an old man stands near the front next to Petrov. Petrov holds the bottle out to the old man, but pulls it back at the last moment. Petrov reaches for a lavender bottle and spots a homely woman.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Ah, but that's nothing compared to
the power of this love potion.

The homely woman perks up.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Drink this before bed, and when you
wake up, your heart's desire will
find you irresistible!

The homely woman reaches for her coin purse.

DOC MURPHY

Don't give this man a penny! He's
selling you snake oil!

PETROV

Lies! I offer only the very best
tonics and cordials from around the
world. I've seen crippled men walk
again after just one sip of my
libations. Can you say the same?
Doctor.

DOC MURPHY

Charlatan!

PETROV

(to crowd)

I look at all of you, and I see so
much suffering. Let me ease your
pain. If you have the coin, then I
have the cure.

He grabs bottles in both hands and gestures ostentatiously.
The crowd rushes him with money in hand. Doc Murphy protests,
but Claudette pulls him away. Petrov watches them go with
glee. The old man from earlier tugs at him.

PETROV (CONT'D)

Ah, you must want the Waters of
Life.

Petrov takes his money and hands over the bottle, but before
he lets go--

PETROV (CONT'D)

Careful old man. Drink too much,
you might never die.

He winks and the old man walks off, clutching the bottle.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DOC MURPHY

It's a crime what he's doing!

CLAUDETTE

Yes, but you have a patient.

The two Prospectors from earlier stand when Doc Murphy sees them. Prospector #2 has a bite wound on his forearm.

INT. DOC MURPHY'S - MINUTES LATER

Doc Murphy wraps the sutured wound.

DOC MURPHY

How did you say this happened?

PROSPECTOR #1

We were walking back to our stake by Old Man Profitt's mine when we saw a dead dog in the road.

PROSPECTOR #2

Well, we thought it was dead, until it got up and bit me.

PROSPECTOR #1

Took all I had to get it off him. I even broke its back with a stick.

(beat)

Funny, it couldn't move its legs no more, but it kept looking at us...growling. Finally bashed its brains out. That did it.

DOC MURPHY

You get a good look at it? Was it foaming at the mouth?

PROSPECTOR #2

Not that I could tell.

Doc Murphy finishes with the bandage, and Prospector #2 stands to go.

DOC MURPHY

Alright, well, you should be fine.

(beat)

And let me know if your jaw tightens up or it gets hard to move over the next few days.

PROSPECTOR #2

Why?

DOC MURPHY

You never know what these animals get into. A bite could still be dangerous long after it happens.

PROSPECTOR #1

Can he work?

DOC MURPHY

(washing up)

I wouldn't risk it, but I know you boys are chasing your fortunes. I can't stop you.

The Prospectors nod and exit.

DOC MURPHY (CONT'D)

Claudette. I need you to send a telegram to my cousin in Abilene. Tell him to send my equipment. We may need to do a transfusion.

Claudette nods and exits.

EXT. DOC MURPHY'S - CONTINUOUS

Claudette walks down the street and passes the undertaker's. The Undertaker helps Carl and Stan unload bodies from Carl's cart and bring them inside the building. Claudette winces when she sees a little girl's body in the cart.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER

Claudette enters the train station office and through a window she can be seen talking to the Platform Manager who writes down what she tells him. Outside the train that Long robbed has arrived, and the bodies are being carried off.

Sarah cries as she watches while clinging to Jimmy. FATHER ESPINOZA (50) performs last rites on the bodies as they're laid out on the station platform.

INT. JAIL - SUNSET

Long wakes, and his eyes shoot open. He tries to sit up quickly, but pain reminds him to move slowly. He checks his wounds and inspects the bandages. Satisfied, he looks up at the cell walls and bars. He sighs.

LONG

What now?

After a moment, a match is struck, and the flame dips into a smoking pipe, revealing Everett's face in the darkness. Then he lights a lantern on the desk where he's sitting.

EVERETT

Now we wait. Tomorrow, assuming you'll survive the journey, I'll take you back up north to face a judge and jury.

(he puffs his pipe)

And then I will watch you die.

Long picks himself up gingerly and sits on the cell bench.

LONG

Is my death all you have to live for?

Everett doesn't answer for a long time.

EVERETT

I live for the law. And the law says you need to pay for what you've done.

LONG

The law. Your laws never protected me or my brother. Or my countrymen who died building your railroads. Where was the law when we were paid two-thirds of what a White man was paid? Where was the law when we were whipped by overseers and shackled when we tried to leave? Where was the law when we went on strike to protest our treatment, and the railroad companies stopped feeding us?

(beat)

Finally, after eight days of starvation, the law came. But not to save us. The Sheriff came with his deputies to threaten us if we did not return to work. Your laws never applied to me.

Everett puffs on his pipe for a few moments.

EVERETT

Whatever injustices you've suffered, that's no excuse for killing men, women, and children.

(beat)

Life isn't fair.

(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

And you can't make it fair by
taking life. Only the law makes
life fair. Or as close to it as we
can get.

(beat)

And that's why you have to die. To
bring some fairness to this life.

The two men stare at each other in silence.