

CRY NO MORE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK (ESTABLISHING)

A large, forested landscape. Peaceful.

SUPER: 1865. Nevada.

LABORED BREATHING breaks the natural silence.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

JONAS (50s), stumbles through the woods, exhausted. He is dirty, his clothes are torn and unkempt.

He bends over to rest, leaning against a tree. He glances over his shoulder, hands on his knees.

POP, TUNK! - A BULLET SPLINTERS the bark next to his head.

Pursuers weave through the forest behind him.

Jonas resumes his tired run, glancing over his shoulder when...

THWAP - A horse sends him hurtling into the base of a tree.

He looks up in shock, his body twitching uncontrollably.

The rider dismounts, revealing a pair of dirty, weathered, boots.

A MATCH being struck, a lantern is lit.

The rider, MILLY (20s), approaches Jonas and kneels.

Her face shows deep-set lines that age her past her 20-some years of life. Her clothes are dirty, but tailored to size.

She speaks with confidence, an indication that she is no stranger to the situation.

MILLY

I'm lookin' for Wesley Tomlin. The two of you ran together some years back.

Jonas nods as much as his injuries allow.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know, and I won't kill you.

He musters his strength to speak, his voice gargled and scratchy.

JONAS

I'll tell ya what I know, but only
if ya swear thatchu will.

Milly nods.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Ain't seen Wes since the train
outside of Silverton. Once the gang
split, I, I only talk to Mickey.

MILLY

Mickey Felton?

He nods again.

Milly pulls a stack of folded papers from her poncho and
shuffles through them.

JONAS

We met two weeks back. Said he was
on his way to a small town south of
here. You might catch 'im there.

Milly compares the stack of papers Jonas' face.

The top sheet is a WANTED POSTER with a crude sketch of
Jonas. It reads:

"WANTED: JONAS LITTLE of the TOMLIN GANG. WANTED FOR TRAIN
ROBBERY and MURDER of a U.S. MARSHALL. \$1000 DEAD or ALIVE.
Use extreme caution in apprehension."

MILLY

You've seen better days, Jonas.

She places the barrel of her pistol against his chest.

Jonas wears a look that would garner pity from most.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Sorry, partner. I need your face
like it is.

The GUN BELLOWS.

He coughs blood and spasms. This was clearly not the death he
was hoping for.

Milly's COHORTS watch. A mangy bunch.

Milly gingerly mounts her horse.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Load 'im up when he's done. I aim
to make that town before noon
tomorrow.

She saunters off.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

DON (60s), a stocky, bald man, approaches the barbershop entrance. He nods and smiles to passersby, an indicator of his personable disposition.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

The BELL above the door RINGS. Don sits down and speaks to the man receiving a shave.

DON

She was here, no doubt about that.
Problem is that it was weeks ago.
Two or three, dependin' on who ya
ask.

The man in the chair, LUKE (50s), is well-built, a commanding presence both physically and mentally.

LUKE

She alone?

DON

No. Small crew, maybe six or seven
strong.

LUKE

If they're anything like her,
they'll run at the first sign of
trouble.

DON

I think it'd be foolhardy to
underestimate her. You haven't seen
her in what, six, seven years?

LUKE

People don't change, Don. They may
do better to hide their faults, but
they don't change.

The barber finishes. Luke inspects himself in a mirror.

DON

Even so, folks don't like talkin' about her. Seems like she's a memory they'd rather forget.

LUKE

Like I said, not a damn thing's changed. Pay the man.

Luke exits.

EXT. NEW FINDLAY TOWNSHIP - DAY

A moderately sized town sits with its back to a forested mountain, all other sides skirted by brown desert hills.

SUPER: 1865. Nevada.

Milly rides at the front of a group of three riders. They saunter past a faded sign that reads, "New Findlay Township."

Milly's face shows deep-set lines that age her past her youth. Her clothes are dirty, but tailored to size. She rests one hand on her saddle, one hand on the butt of her pistol.

Something large is rolled up in a blanket on the back of her horse, and hangs off of either side.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - SAME TIME

The mangy group approach and dismount, tying their horses to a storefront post.

Milly surveys the scene. Something catches her eye...

A small church sandwiched between two larger buildings, most likely an afterthought in its construction.

A sign next to the open doors reads: "Come one, come all, lay down thy burdens."

Milly motions to the object on the back of her horse while addressing her cohorts.

MILLY

Pip, you think you can get that to the sheriff before it puffs up and floats off?

PIP (18), is a small, stocky fellow. His face looks even younger than Henry's, almost more boy than man. He tips his hat and begins leading the horse down the road.

HENRY (20's), is a quiet young man with patchy stubble on his face. He has a pronounced limp.

PIP
Yes ma'am.

MILLY
Henry'll have your first round waitin'.

She hands Henry a jingling coin purse.

HENRY
I do wish day-old bodies didn't affect me so much.

Milly shrugs.

MILLY
I'd rather not risk seeing the contents of your stomach in the dirt. Relax and give your backs a rest.

She turns and walks toward the church.

MILLY (CONT'D)
I think I'll do the same.

Henry smirks as he weighs the coin purse in his hand.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The church sits dormant. The interior is decorated with traditional religious sacraments.

Milly's FOOTSTEPS echo through the hall as she enters cautiously. No one in sight.

She KNOCKS on the wall.

MILLY
Hello? Anyone here?

BUSTLING in a back room.

PASTOR JAMES
One moment!

PASTOR JAMES (50s), exits the back room, pulling the door shut behind him.

He carries a friendly disposition, typical of a religious leader. He adjusts his collar and cleans his round-rimmed glasses.

PASTOR JAMES (CONT'D)

Yes?

MILLY

I saw the sign outside...

PASTOR JAMES

Oh, yes! Of course, welcome. I'm
Pastor James, how can I help? A
prayer, perhaps?

Milly looks around, unsure.

MILLY

Maybe, just, a willing ear to bend?

Pastor James adjusts his glasses again.

PASTOR JAMES

Well, most certainly...

The pair stand in silence for a moment before Milly motions toward the confessional booth at the back of the church.

MILLY

What's that for?

Pastor James strolls to the booth and pats it lightly.

PASTOR JAMES

Technically, its a confessional.
Our brothers in faith left this
when we took over the church.

MILLY

I ain't here to confess. You
wouldn't have time if I was.

PASTOR JAMES

We believe confession to be between
you and the Lord. Yet, the booth
does have its uses. Some find it a
comforting place to... set down thy
burdens.

Pastor James smirks and holds out a hand toward the confessional, beckoning for Milly to enter.

CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Milly sits down, spots of light finding her face through the patterned door.

Pastor James sits patiently in the adjacent booth.

MILLY
How do we start?

PASTOR JAMES
Hmm. I think we should start with a name.

Milly takes a breath and closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK - INT. MILLY'S CHILDHOOD CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A closed eye.

CHEYENNE (O.S.)
Mildred Anne.

The eye pops open, panicked.

CHEYENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If I come in that room and see
clothes that ain't folded, it'll be
the switch for ya!

The girl, a young Milly (10), hastily goes back to folding clothes on her bed.

MILLY
Yes Mama, almost finished.

Tunk, tunk, tunk - footsteps come nearer.

A shadow in the doorway.

The shadow belongs to CHEYENNE (40s). Her working attire is clean, living the part of a proper housewife.

CHEYENNE
Mildred.

Milly dares not stop working.

MILLY
(hurried, nervous)
I'm almost done, Mama.

Cheyenne takes a harsher tone.

CHEYENNE

Mildred.

She looks up, her hands scrunching a shirt in a white knuckled grip.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

When you're done here, be sure to
fetch fresh water for the sink.

Milly nods shyly before Cheyenne departs. She tries to smooth the wrinkled shirt.

MUFFLED VOICES from outside the house. They are loud and slurred, drunk no doubt.

UNCLE (O.S.)

What about the horses?

The FRONT DOOR OPENS.

LUKE (O.S.)

I'll have the bitch put 'em away
later. Howdy, Cheyenne!

Milly peeks shyly from her room.

INT. MILLY'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

To say that the home is rustic would be generous. A wood stove burns in the far corner opposite the kitchen area, warming the room of homemade furniture and linens.

Her father, Luke (40s), and her UNCLE (40s), remove layers of clothing.

Luke is younger and unkempt compared to how we have seen him before.

Uncle is an odd, quiet, weathered man. Both have dirty beards and long hair to match their soiled clothing.

Luke tosses his dusty hat on the counter and pulls Cheyenne close.

LUKE

C'mon darlin', how bout a kiss for
yer man?

CHEYENNE

Maybe after a good washing. You
smell like you've been rolling in a
hog's pen.

LUKE
(to Uncle)
How 'bout that? Been gone three
months and that's what I get.

Luke grabs Cheyenne's bottom forcefully.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Well, that's not all I'll be
gettin'.

Cheyenne giggles and motions to the bedroom next to Milly's.

CHEYENNE
Go on and change, I'll be there in
a minute.

Cheyenne starts toward Milly's room. Luke grabs her arm.

LUKE
Leave her. He'll need some company.

CHEYENNE
Oh, not yet, Luke, please. Six more
months.

LUKE
That's what you said six months
ago. Time's arrived for her to
start pullin' some weight.

CHEYENNE
She works hard, and she's mending
even better than I can. She's still
so young -

LUKE
When you start payin' for the food
in your bellies and the clothes on
your backs, it'll be up to you.
'Till then, what I says goes.

CHEYENNE
(pleading)
Please, I can take care of both of
you. Honest, I don't mind.

Cheyenne tries to grab Uncle's hand, but Luke yanks her back.
The back of his other hand comes smashing across her face.

Milly jumps, startled.

LUKE

Well I do! I want you to myself
from now on. And that man's earned
his share too. It's only fair.

Cheyenne has tears welling in her eyes. Blood drips from the
side of her mouth.

CHEYENNE

Go on, I'll only be a minute.

Luke drunkenly stumbles into the bedroom and slams the door.

Uncle sits in front of the wood stove and removes his muddy
boots.

Cheyenne pulls Milly into her bedroom, holding back emotion
while she puts away the clothes on the bed.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Now you be good and keep your uncle
company, and tomorrow we'll go to
town and get you a nice new dress
and have some of the ladies at the
shop do your hair real pretty.

A loud THUMP on the WALL.

LUKE (O.S.)

Cheyenne! Come on!

CHEYENNE

Coming!

Milly is confused.

Cheyenne grabs her hands and looks her in the eye.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Don't scream. It'll only make it
worse.

Cheyenne goes to her own bedroom.

Uncle sits in silence.

Milly approaches shyly with her hands clasped. She stands
behind him, unsure.

UNCLE

Would you like to sit down?

MILLY
No, thank you. I've been sittin'
all day.

He cracks a smile.

UNCLE
Alright.

A beat.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
You know, we've been on the road a
long time...

Milly shifts uncomfortably.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
I could really use a nice bed to
lay down for a while. Could you
show me yours?

MILLY
Yes, sir.

He stands and follows Milly into the bedroom.

We briefly see Milly's confused face as Uncle closes the
door.

EXT. TOWN (TEMPLE CITY) - DAY

Milly and Cheyenne ride through town on the front of a small,
single-horse wagon. The town bustles around them.

Milly's eyes wander.

A fight breaks out in front of the saloon.

CHEYENNE
Eyes forward, Mildred. None of our
business.

Cheyenne steers the horses to the side of the road beside a
dress shop.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
(cheery)
How does a new blouse sound? I saw
one with blue flowers last I was
here. Maybe they still have it.

Cheyenne climbs off of the wagon, noticing that Milly has not moved.

MILLY
Is this because of last night?

CHEYENNE
(hushed, firm)
We don't have a choice about what happened last night. Your father and uncle work very hard to provide for us, so we provide for them. It's just how it is.

Her cheery tone returns.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Now, let's do some shopping.

MONTAGE

-Milly and her mother browse the shop.

-Cheyenne holds a blouse up in front of Milly and smiles as she plays with the frill on the bottom of the belt.

-Milly walks from behind a changing curtain. She studies herself in a mirror from different angles.

MILLY (V.O.)
That's how it went for years.

-Milly turns around, now 17 years old. The blouse she was wearing before has turned into a long dress.

Cheyenne sits to the side, watching. Her hair is beginning to grey at the roots, some extra creases show on her face.

MILLY (V.O.)
They'd come home, leave, and we'd go to town.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO PRESENT - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Milly fidgets with the frill of her poncho.

MILLY
Mostly it was buying a dress or getting my hair done. Sometimes both. You ever been to Temple City?

PASTOR JAMES

No, I don't believe I have. But, I can't imagine the number of tears you must have shed there.

MILLY

There was a time that I buried my face in a pillow and cried for hours. Afterward, I looked up, dried my face, and realized that nothing had changed but the time. After that, I didn't cry no more.

A beat.

MILLY (CONT'D)

What about Powder Canyon? It's close by. You been there?

Pastor James looks down and begins cleaning his glasses.

PASTOR JAMES

No, no it doesn't sound familiar. I do apologize, miss, but it slipped my mind that I have a matter to attend to. I'll return shortly if you can wait?

Milly lets out a sigh...

MILLY

Alright.

Pastor James exits the booth.

Milly rubs the tired from her eyes.

INT. CHURCH - SAME TIME

Pastor James is almost at the door of the church when...

BOOM!

Milly's PISTOL echoes through the empty hall.

Pastor James stumbles to the door, leaning heavily against the frame, a dark spot growing on the back of his shoulder.

EXT. CHURCH - PORCH - DAY

Pastor James crawls out of the church.

Milly lands a heavy boot against his ribs, sending him sprawling onto his back. She kneels.

Several passersby stop and watch, shocked. Others glance, but continue walking.

MILLY

You really got me blabberin' away.
A better preacher than criminal,
I'll give you that.

Milly sorts through her stack of papers.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Jonas says you know where Wes
Tomlin stays.

He seethes through labored breathing.

PASTOR JAMES

That son of a bitch!

MILLY

Where's Tomlin?

PASTOR JAMES

Go to hell.

He spits at her, hitting her wad of posters.

She holds her pistol under his chin, hammer cocked back.

MILLY

You might live past a bullet in the
back, but not one in the head.

His grimace turns to a smirk.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Tell me where he is!

SHOUTS come from up the road. The MARSHAL is leading several men with guns drawn.

MARSHAL

HEY! STOP!

MILLY

(to Pastor James)

You'd rather hang than talk?

PASTOR JAMES

No.

He grabs Milly's elbow with one hand and the gun with the other. His finger finds the trigger...

BANG!

Milly stands up, dropping her gun on the porch and wiping blood from her face.

MILLY
Goddammit!

The men have their guns trained on Milly as they approach.

MARSHAL
Hands, miss!

Milly holds up the wanted poster for Mickey Felton.

MILLY
Name's Mickey Felton, wanted three
times over for train and church
robberies.

The Marshal cautiously grabs the paper and glances between the drawing and the dead man on the porch.

Henry runs up behind the Marshal's men, hand on his gun.

Milly makes eye contact and shakes her head.

Henry glances at the body on the ground and covers his mouth while retreating.

MARSHAL
She ain't lyin'. Her man just
turned in Jonas Little for a \$500
bounty.

Marshal tries to hand her the saliva stained poster.

MILLY
Don't need it.

MARSHAL
Most folks here are used to quiet
days and pleasant nights. We'd
appreciate if you don't stay any
longer than you need.

Milly nods. Something behind the crowd catches her eye.

A mangy young man, DENNIS, is making his way to the church, but stops, craning his neck to see.

POOF! - A CAMERA BULB flashes in the crowd.

The Marshal tips his hat to Milly and heads back toward the group.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
(to his men)
Dump 'im somewhere the birds can
find while I pay the lady.

The crowd disperses. Dennis sees Felton's body. He quickly turns and walks away.

Milly notices.

Henry approaches, trying to keep his head turned from the bloody mess. Milly whispers to him before following the Marshal.

MILLY
I'll leave you and Pip's pay at the
bank. I'd leave it there 'till
you're ready to leave town. All
these folks know you're gettin'
paid.

HENRY
Yes ma'am.

MILLY
I'm heading to Carson City in the
morning. Wait a week and meet me
there.

He nods and departs.

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Milly sits in a rocking chair on the porch, hat pulled low, puffing on a pipe.

The saloon doors swing open.

An OLD MAN exits with his wife, sees Milly, and turns the other way.

OLD MAN
(whispering)
Nothin' but trouble.

A beat.

The doors open again.

Dennis exits. He stumbles the same direction as the couple.
Milly follows.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Milly picks up her pace.

MILLY
Excuse me, handsome, but you just
couldn't help but catch my eye.

He turns and sees who it is. Too late.

Milly shoves him into an alleyway. She grabs him by the
shirt, holding him against the wall.

MILLY (CONT'D)
You knew Felton?

He is wide-eyed, confused.

Milly smacks him across the face.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Time to sober up.

Still nothing.

Milly puts her gun to his chin.

DENNIS
I'm, I'm young, p-p-please don't
kill me.

MILLY
Age don't matter. Only way you
survive in this world is if you're
useful to somebody.

DENNIS
I-I knew Mickey.

MILLY
Smart boy. Where's Tomlin?

She puts her gun away.

DENNIS
I know him but I don't know where
he is. Honestly, I don't.

MILLY
Honestly, I think you're lyin'.

Milly pulls out an envelope and puts it against his chest.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Tell Wes to go to this location and
wait, or I'll hunt until the entire
Tomlin Gang is six feet under.

DENNIS
What if I can't find him?

She backs away toward the end of the building.

MILLY
Look harder.

She disappears around the corner.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Don strolls the street. He passes a cart of newspaper bundles
being unloaded.

He glances at a bundle and does a double-take.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A newspaper is slapped down on the table.

Luke looks up from reading his book.

DON
Today's news.

Luke studies the paper.

A grainy picture of Milly standing over the slain Mickey
Felton has made the front page.

LUKE
New Findlay Township.

DON
Postmaster says it's a day's ride
for a healthy mare.

LUKE
Grab the bags, let's prove him
wrong. And Don, be ready, this
could be it.

ESTABLISHING - EXT. CARSON CITY - DAY

The city is abuzz.

A traveling businessman holds a sign tempting passersby with an offer of the most comfortable boots they've ever worn.

A dog lies stagnant on a porch, content with watching the rat race from afar.

No one is armed.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - DAY

Milly enters. The bar is void of customers.

The saloon is typical of the time, though a bit run down. The old, splintering piano sits opposite the bar. Stairs leading up to the private rooms are covered, splitting the bar in half. The tables and chairs are mostly functional, but could use some fixing and polishing.

RILEY, an ancient, mostly deaf, mostly silent man; plays a somber tune on the piano.

MISS LADY (50s), emerges from the store room behind the bar carrying a large barrel. She is average size, a working, maternal woman.

She is of Irish decent, her accent plodding heavily in her words.

Milly smiles at the sight of her.

MISS LADY

Milly, dear! Finally returned, she has!

Miss Lady hurries to hug her.

MILLY

I'm happy to be home.

MISS LADY

Where's Henry?

MILLY

He'll be along.

MISS LADY

Good, good. I'm sure you're itchin' to be in your own bed.

MILLY
Actually, I was hoping... maybe we
could go shootin'?

MISS LADY
Oh, Milly darlin'...

Milly looks disappointed.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Do ye really want to suffer through
such a butt-whoopin' after a long
trip?

MILLY
No, but I wouldn't mind givin' one.

MISS LADY
'Tis of your askin'. Load the
wagon.

Milly scampers off excitedly.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A line of 7 empty bottles sit on a log.

Miss Lady and Milly load their pump-action rifles.

MISS LADY
All right. First to hit the middle
bottle. And play it right.

MILLY
I ain't playin' nothin'.

Miss Lady holds up a rock.

MISS LADY
When it hits the ground.

She tosses the rock high into the air...

GUNFIRE ERUPTS from both rifles.

BOTTLES EXPLODE in unison, moving toward the center.

In no time, nothing but shattered glass remains.

MILLY
Wooooo wee! Gotcha that time, ya
old bat!

MISS LADY

Ya did no such thing! 'Twas my shot
that hit the middle!

MILLY

Set up another set, I don't mind
showin' you twice!

They carry on playfully.

LATER

Milly and Miss Lady clean their rifles on the back of the
wagon.

MISS LADY

Your obsession with findin' that
ghost of a man, I'll never grasp
it.

MILLY

You know we need the money. The
smaller bounties help, but we're
runnin' out of good stools just as
quick as the roof is fallin' in
during storms. It's ten-thousand
dollars for Tomlin dead or alive.
Truth is, the bar's one heavy rain
from only bein' a watering hole for
buffalo and lizards. Just
collectin' on one man solves all
that for good.

MISS LADY

'Tis these wild crowds comin'
through town, it is. Sheriff Noah
and Deputy Foster aren't able to
keep 'em controlled even without
'em bein' armed.

MILLY

They keep 'em controlled at other
saloons just fine. They just don't
care about ours is all.

MISS LADY

No doubt that Foster's held a
grudge since you turned him down
for courtin' ya.

MILLY

Would you have had me accept and
suffer?

MISS LADY

Of course not... perhaps I'd not
have had ya laugh in his face,
though.

Chuckles escape the two as they reassemble their rifles.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)

(solemn)

'Tis a peculiar game, takin' a
person's pride. Could mean nothin'
at all to 'em; or, they could spend
the rest of their lives tryin' to
get it back.

A long beat...

MILLY

It's just... don't it seem like a
woman's worth only depends on what
she offers a man? How good she
serves 'em, nurtures 'em, cleans
after 'em?

MISS LADY

You make nurturin' and servin'
sound like fool's work. Alas, You
could kill a hundred men and be
thought of nothin' more than a
scoundrel with a gun.

MILLY

I want worth and respect that don't
depend on no one else but me. I
don't aim to kill a hundred men,
just the one that the other ninety-
nine are afraid of.

MISS LADY

It is possible to earn respect out
of love rather than fear.

MILLY

No one finds love in a headline.
But fear, fear runs through ink
just fine.

MISS LADY

I wish I'd not taught ya to shoot.
If I'd known you'd use it for this
Tomlin goose chase, if I knew that
you'd be gone so much-

MILLY

You taught me to protect myself,
and you taught me well. Once I get
Wesley Tomlin I won't be needin' to
go anywhere, not anymore.

Miss Lady fixes Milly's hat.

MISS LADY

I do hope you mean that.

EXT. NEW FINDLAY TOWNSHIP - EVENING

Luke and Don ride into New Findlay Township.

The pair tie their horses to the post in front of the saloon.

LUKE

Stay sharp and stay low.

They head inside.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Luke scans the room with an empty glass in front of him.

Don approaches with fresh drinks. He speaks in hushed tones.

DON

Fella at the bar says the corner
table's the crew she rode in with,
but no one's seen her since the
incident in the paper.

Luke studies the table.

Henry and the others are having a gay old time with several
of the house women.

Pip is the only one not drinking, his misery apparent.

DON (CONT'D)

Liquor makes for loose lips.

LUKE

And foolish courage.

Luke's gaze settles on the lonely Pip.

INT. HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Luke and Don move gingerly over CREAKING FLOORBOARDS.

They stop at a door and pull handkerchiefs over their faces.

Luke sticks a knife into the frame and works it until...

Click - the door opens.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter, closing the door behind them.

Pip is fast asleep.

Luke slowly puts his blade to Pip's throat, and his hand to his mouth...

Pip wakes up at the touch, wide-eyed, panicked.

Don restrains him against the bed.

LUKE

Sshhh. I want information, nothing more. When I take my hand away from your mouth, if you make any noise that isn't whispering the answers to my questions, I'll slit your throat. Understand?

Pip nods.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Where does Milly live?

Pip's voice quivers.

PIP

I don't know.

Luke presses the knife into his throat, drawing blood.

PIP (CONT'D)

All right, all right. We think she stays in Carson City. She works at a hotel, or a bar or somethin'. No one knows for sure except Henry.

LUKE

They together? Romantically?

PIP
Romantic? Have you met Milly?

FLOORBOARDS CREAK outside.

Luke is distracted, his grip loosens.

A beat...

PIP (CONT'D)
Help! Somebody! He-

Luke plunges the knife into Pip's neck.

His MUFFLED SCREAMS slowly die down.

Luke and Don wait...

Silence.

Don throws the blankets over Pip and they retreat to the door.

INT. HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A door opens down the hall. Henry emerges.

Two dark figures glide down the stairs and out of sight.

Henry walks down the hallway, noticing that Pip's door is barely open.

HENRY
Pip?

He pushes the door open.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You all right?

He pulls back the blankets.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Jesus!

Pip is soaked in blood.

Henry uses sheets to try and stop the bleeding.

Pip coughs blood, struggling to speak through gargled breaths.

PIP
Th-they wanted Milly. C-Carson
is... they're going to Carson. Go!

Henry puts Pip's hand on the makeshift dressing before
exiting hastily.

EXT. HOTEL - PORCH - NIGHT

Henry stumbles onto the porch and looks around desperately.
No one in sight.

HENRY
Shit.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Henry streaks across the desert on horseback.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - MORNING

The saloon is empty. Miss Lady preps behind the bar.
Henry bursts through the front doors.

MISS LADY
Henry! What's the rush, my b-

HENRY
Where's Milly?

MISS LADY
Well, upstairs I believe, asleep.
What's goin-

Henry disappears up the stairs.

EXT. STREET (CARSON CITY) - MORNING

Luke strolls along, studying the town. He speaks to a SHOE
SALESMAN as he walks by.

LUKE
I'm looking for a hotel close to a
bar...

SHOE SALESMAN
You're headed in the right
direction!

Luke nods and walks away, ignoring him.

SHOE SALESMAN (CONT'D)
And I can't help but notice the
state of your boots! I'll give you
two for the price of one...

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - MORNING

Milly rushes down the stairs with Henry in tow, still pulling
on her shirt.

MILLY
You see what they looked like?

HENRY
No. One big, one small, I think.

She goes to the front window.

MISS LADY
What are you two going on about?

Milly studies the busy street. She sees something.

MILLY
I'll be God damned.

Milly retrieves the double-barreled shotgun from behind the
bar and loads two shells.

MISS LADY
Milly!

Milly hurtles the bar and heads out the front door with Miss
Lady in chase.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus, help me!

EXT. MISS LADY'S BAR - MORNING

Milly bursts through the swinging doors and walks into the
street with the shotgun.

YELPS and SCREAMS as people shuffle away in fear.

Milly stops in the middle of the road and brings the gun to
her shoulder.

She aims... her finger finds the trigger....

Miss Lady lunges forward.

MISS LADY
Milly, no!

KABOOM!

The street comes to a dead halt.

Miss Lady has both hands firmly on the smoking barrel, pointing it harmlessly into the air.

She looks at Milly, still staring across the road.

Miss Lady turns around, REVEALING --

Luke is frozen on the hotel porch. He and Milly are locked in a piercing stare.

A beat.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Come on, Milly. That'll be enough.

She takes the shotgun and addresses the crowd.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
My apologies to all! Just a little excitement for the tourist crowd. Not as fun as we'd hoped, it turns out!

She turns Milly around and they go to the bar.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Miss Lady pushes Milly inside and closes the large, oak door behind them.

MISS LADY
What are you thinking, Milly?! This city's unarmed, you'll be lucky not to be thrown in jail!

MILLY
That's Luke. That's my dad.

A beat.

MISS LADY
Even so, you can't just go about killin' folks.
(MORE)

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
 Certainly not in Carson City.
 You're in a dangerous position, ya
 have to be smart.

MILLY
 Yes ma'am.

MISS LADY
 Go on and cool off. And stay
 inside, for goodness sake.

Milly goes upstairs.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Luke approaches the counter.

LUKE
 I'll take one room, two beds.
 Facing the street.

MANAGER
 Absolutely. Though I must inform
 you, street-facing are
 significantly more expensive.

LUKE
 Can't put a price on a good view.

INT. MILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly climbs into bed and turns down the lamp. She pulls her
 covers to her chest and closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK - EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - DUSK

It is early winter.

Luke and Uncle approach the cabin on fully-loaded horses.

INT. MILLY'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DUSK

Cheyenne stokes the fire.

Milly scrubs a pot in the sink.

Cheyenne rushes to the window.

CHEYENNE

They're back. Go on and put one of
your nice dresses on. Fix yourself
up how they like.

MILLY'S BEDROOM

Milly finishes slipping into a beautiful red dress.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS.

She goes to her dresser and opens the bottom drawer. She
pulls it out of the dresser and reaches underneath,
brandishing a large kitchen knife.

MAIN ROOM

Cheyenne and Luke are kissing passionately by the kitchen
sink.

Cheyenne notices Uncle watching them.

CHEYENNE

Milly should be about ready.
Perhaps you should knock on her
door.

Cheyenne and Luke shuffle into their own bedroom.

Uncle knocks on Milly's door. It opens. He steps inside with
a smile.

A beat.

UNCLE (O.S.)

AAAGH! YOU LITTLE BITCH!

Cheyenne and Luke come out of the bedroom, clothes half on.

Uncle stumbles out.

LUKE

What in the hell?

Uncle turns away from the pair.

His back is bloody. Milly's knife is protruding from his
shoulder blade.

UNCLE

It hurts, Lou. It hurts like a
bastard!

Luke grabs a bottle of whiskey and douses the injury.

LUKE
Hold on.

UNCLE
AAAGH! DAMMIT ALL!

Luke yanks the knife from his back.

A viscous mixture of blood and whiskey splatter on the floor.

LUKE
I gotta get him to town.

Luke grabs their coats and ushers Uncle outside.

Milly is watching from her doorway.

LUKE (CONT'D)
His back ain't nothin' compared to
what you'll look like when I'm
finished with ya.

Luke exits the cabin, SLAMMING the DOOR.

A beat.

Milly exits her room hastily, brushing past Cheyenne.

Cheyenne grabs her, landing a heavy backhand across Milly's face.

CHEYENNE
What do you think you're doing?

MILLY
I'm leavin'. Pack a bag, you're
comin' with me.

Milly takes a coat from the rack.

CHEYENNE
We can't leave. That'll only make
matters worse.

Milly goes into her bedroom.

MILLY'S BEDROOM

Cheyenne comes to the doorway.

Milly is packing haphazardly.

CHEYENNE

We don't know how to be out there.
How to make a living.

MILLY

We'll learn.

CHEYENNE

But they'll find us. If we just
stay it won't be so bad after they
cool off.

Milly slings the bag over her shoulder and exits.

MAIN ROOM

Milly goes to the front door.

Cheyenne tries to grab her, but misses. She stops and
watches, tears building in her eyes.

Milly sees the extra gun belt on the wall and slings it over
her shoulder.

MILLY

I'll come back for you, I promise.

She leaves.

Cheyenne stares at the closed door, crestfallen.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The sun has set, leaving only a thin veil of light.

Milly races down a trail on horseback.

She stops, unsure, breathing heavily...

She tugs on the reigns and heads deeper into the forest.

EXT. TOWN (TEMPLE CITY) - NIGHT

The town is busy with the drinkers and vacationers.

A rider in an oversized coat plods slowly through town, hat
pulled low.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Luke sits next to the table where Uncle is lying face down, gritting his teeth as the doctor works.

He peers out the front window at the carefree crowd walking by.

A horse and rider slowly pass. The collar of his oversized coat is popped up, covering most of his...

Luke bolts upright and makes for the door.

LUKE

Hey!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Milly rides slowly, barely peeking between her hat and raised collar.

She hears a muffled yell and picks up speed.

Luke flies out of the doctor's office behind her.

LUKE

I'll find you!

She jams her boots into her horse and takes off around a corner.

Luke skids to a stop on the road behind her, the distance between them growing rapidly.

Veins bulge from Luke's flame-red neck and forehead.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You best sprout wings and fly,
'cus ain't no horse alive can get
you far enough from me!

Milly rides on, silent tears streaming down her face.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. MILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly shoots upright in her bed, drenched in sweat.

EXT. STREET (TEMPLE CITY) - DAY

Milly walks through the busy street. Carts and people move slowly by.

SHERIFF NOAH (60s), and DEPUTY FOSTER (30s), speak to a group on the porch of a shop as Milly passes.

Sheriff Noah wears long white hair and a white beard. His stocky build is complimented by a jolly disposition, even with the heavy badge adorning his chest.

Deputy Foster is a tall, specimen of a man. His alpha male mentality is only bolstered by his position.

The Deputy notices Milly and taps the Sheriff on the arm.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The BELL behind the door RINGS when Milly enters.

A few shoppers look up, but quickly divert their gaze.

The BELL SOUNDS again. Sheriff Noah and Deputy Foster enter.

Milly is inspecting a jar as they approach.

SHERIFF NOAH
Good day to you, miss Milly.

Milly tips her hat.

MILLY
Howdy.

SHERIFF NOAH
We've heard you put on quite a show yesterday.

MILLY
Yeah, afraid it didn't get the reviews I was hopin' for.

Milly browses on, unperturbed.

DEPUTY FOSTER
You're makin' quite a name for yourself around the territory.

MILLY
Am I?

DEPUTY FOSTER
Two of the Tomlin Gang in one day. Pretty impressive.

MILLY
Is it?

A beat.

SHERIFF NOAH

H-hm. Anyhow, we'd like to make sure that your... exploits... stop at the city's edge.

DEPUTY FOSTER

No killing in Carson.

Milly finally makes eye contact.

MILLY

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF NOAH

Much obliged, miss. And no more theater in the streets. This'll be our only warning.

Milly nods.

The Sheriff tips his hat and turns to leave.

The Deputy moves closer and speaks in hushed tones.

DEPUTY FOSTER

I don't like bounty hunters, not in my city. Y'all can only toe the line of the law for so long without stumbling over it. When you do, I'll catch you with one hand, 'cause I'll have a rope in the other.

The Deputy tips his hat and follows the Sheriff.

Milly watches them leave, picks a jar, and heads to the counter.

The CASHIER (12), fidgets nervously with her apron.

CASHIER

That'll be twenty-four cents, ma'am.

Milly notices her demeanor.

MILLY

Don't worry, child. I ain't no saint, but I wouldn't hurt a pretty little thing like you.

Milly puts a dollar on the counter and takes the jar.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Keep the change, sweetheart.

Milly exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Milly exits the store and walks to Miss Lady's wagon across the road. She puts the jar in the heap of supplies.

She sees Luke down the street, talking to a stranger. He hands the stranger something and the pair separate.

Henry approaches with a heavy bag.

HENRY
Miss Lady wants to see you over at
Miss Bingsly's shop.

He notices Milly zoned out.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

MILLY
Nothin' for you to worry about.

She departs.

INT. MISS BINGSLY'S DRESS SHOP - DAY

Milly enters, less than excited.

Miss Lady is wearing a puffy, long-sleeved dress, looking in the mirror.

MILLY
You know I hate dress shoppin'.

MISS LADY
Aye, That's why we're not shoppin'
for you. I only need your honest
opinion, and you've never been shy
in that regard. Now, what do you
think?

MILLY
Looks fine if you plan on sneakin'
a few rabbit pelts in the sleeves.

Miss Lady gives her a look and walks behind the changing curtain.

MILLY (CONT'D)

And maybe the shotgun you killed it with.

MISS LADY

All right!

EXT. STREET (CARSON CITY) - DAY

Henry throws the final bag onto the wagon and dusts himself off.

Luke approaches.

LUKE

Need a hand?

Henry is tepid.

HENRY

No, sir.

LUKE

Supplies for the saloon?

HENRY

Man's gotta eat.

LUKE

Doesn't seem like enough to feed seven or eight.

HENRY

It shouldn't, only need to feed fo-

He catches himself.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't think we have any business talkin'.

Luke sees Milly and Miss Lady exit the dress shop, distracted by each other.

LUKE

Just as well.

He tips his hat and departs.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - EVENING

The saloon is lively.

Henry puts a barrel underneath the bar while Milly shines a glass.

Luke and Don enter.

Milly notices. Her grip tightens.

Miss Lady sees. She brings a tray of dirty glasses to the bar.

MISS LADY

Milly...

Milly's stare pierces Luke as he walks by.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)

This isn't the time. I think perhaps you should run off for the evening. Henry and I can-

MILLY

No, I've done enough runnin' off.

Milly walks toward Luke's table. Miss Lady grabs her arm.

MISS LADY

Keep your wits about ya, and whatever you do, don't let the bastard see your heart.

Milly nods and approaches the table.

MILLY

You made a mistake comin' here.

LUKE

I said I'd find you.

MILLY

Never thought I'd be so sorely missed. Who the hell are you?

DON

A family friend.

MILLY

A friend? Of his family?

LUKE

Someone had to help take care of your uncle for the past six years while I made a living. Don here is more family than you ever were.

MILLY

Tell me, Don, did Luke find you a nice young girl to screw for your trouble?

LUKE

Luke? I'm not dad anymore?

MILLY

You ain't shit and never was.

LUKE

I suppose you think you're really something now. Survived the world, found someone else's tit to suck on before you stab 'em in the back and run off.

Milly sits down.

MILLY

I'd stab anyone in the back before I live as the family whore again.

LUKE

Whore? Your uncle didn't think of you that way. He was never the same after you left.

MILLY

Less healthy, I'd imagine, on account of bein' stabbed.

Luke's face is growing red, his veins becoming pronounced.

DON

Tough to tell why his heart was broke over you.

MILLY

Hell, if he was here I'd have you watch me cut it out, show you just how much of a heartbreaker I can be.

LUKE

You're nothin' but a feral bitch. A soulless dog survivin' on the law man's table scraps.

MILLY

Maybe so. But even dogs are cared for here.

LUKE

Bein' cared for? That's what you want?

MILLY

That's all anyone really wants. For someone to care more about us than we do about ourselves.

Luke's piercing stare holds on Milly.

She stares back.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Why now? Why six years later?

Luke stays silent.

DON

Didn't know where to look until you started to show up in papers.

Don pulls out a newspaper and tosses it across the table.

MILLY

Journalism'll be the death of this country. How's the old man?

DON

Hard to say. He was coughin' up blood somethin' fierce when we left.

MILLY

Well, this paper was months ago, so he's probably dead by now. Damn shame for you, family friend. Six years, wasted.

Luke jerks forward in his chair, ready to strangle her.

Don restrains him.

DON

Come on, Lou.

MILLY

You can't touch me, they'll string you up before my body goes cold. You're in my world now, and I got no plans to leave. So, what now?

Milly's eyebrows raised, waiting for an answer.

A beat.

The pair stays silent.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Yep.

Milly finishes a half-empty beer left on the table and stands.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Glad you got yourself together,
Luke. Gettin' out of the house has
you lookin' healthy. Enjoy your
time in Carson City.

INT. STORE ROOM - EVENING

Milly enters the dark room behind the bar.

Her hands are shaking as she leans on the counter, closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath.

FLASHBACK - INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milly (17), is asleep in bed. Her face and lips are cracked and chaffed, her hair a tangled mess.

Miss Lady enters with a tray of food and water. She sits on a stool bedside.

MISS LADY

The rooster crows, my dear.

Milly wakes up, confused.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)

My apologies for the bed, 'tis not
the most comfortable. Though, a bit
better than the desert floor we
found ya on, I presume.

MILLY

What... Where am I?

Miss Lady holds out a glass of water.

Milly recoils.

MISS LADY
Calm your racin' heart. If I wanted
to hurt ya I would have done it
long ago. You're safe, 'tis all
that matters now.

Miss Lady smiles.

END FLASHBACK

INT. STORE ROOM - EVENING

Milly is calm, her hands steady.

MISS LADY (O.S.)
Milly?

Miss Lady comes to the door.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Are ye all right, dear?

MILLY
Yes, ma'am. I think so.

MISS LADY
Ya know, I've always felt that
washing glasses eases the mind.

Miss Lady holds out a dirty glass and a rag.

Milly grabs them with a smirk on her way out.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Riley is playing a SOMBER TUNE on the piano.

Miss Lady locks the front door. Another night in the books.

Milly shines silver behind the bar.

Henry stacks tables and chairs.

MISS LADY
The silver can wait, give Henry a
hand. I think a word from you about
Pip could do some good. He was a
friend to Henry, he was.

Milly goes to him.

HENRY
 Sorry, Miss Milly, I'll try to work faster.

MILLY
 Pace ain't my concern, and I don't mind helpin'.

A beat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
 I'm awful sorry about what happened to Pip. I know you two were pals of some kind.

HENRY
 He was just so young, younger than me I'd wager.

MILLY
 Younger, but no less a man. He knew the life we lead ain't the safest.

A beat.

HENRY
 You remember, back in the old days, when we dropped the barrel out of Mr. Spintler's barn loft by mistake?

The pair stop working and lighten up.

MILLY
 Yeah, scared Miss Lady so bad she damn near tore the udder off the cow she was milkin'.

HENRY
 I never seen a heifer jump so high in my life!

Miss Lady grabs both of them by the ears. They plead.

MISS LADY
 I do hope the heifer you're speakin' of was the cow!

MILLY
 Of course!

HENRY
 We didn't mean nothin' by it, we swear!

MISS LADY
Lost almost two full buckets of
milk because of your carelessness!
Now back to work with ya!

Miss Lady releases them and walks away with a smirk.

HENRY
(hushed)
Guess she hasn't forgot either.

They snicker.

INT. HOTEL - LUKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Don watches Miss Lady's bar from the window, struggling to keep his eyes open.

Luke puts his book down and rolls over to go to sleep.

DON
Say, Lou, it seems pretty well shut
down for the night. I could really
use some shut-eye.

LUKE
Don, how many times did I pay the
debts you ran up gambling?

DON
Three times. But-

LUKE
Watch the damn bar.

Don looks out the window with furrowed brow.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Milly, Miss Lady, Riley and Henry are seated at a table with a single lantern illuminating their poker game.

Milly flips her cards.

Everyone shoves their cards to the burn pile with a collective groan.

MILLY
Ha ha! Pony up, all of ya's.

Miss Lady raises her glass. Henry and Riley follow suit.

MISS LADY
To both of my darlings, and a long
visit for us all.

They cheers and take their shots.

HENRY
I think my thirst is quenched.
'Night ma'ams, Riley.

MISS LADY
Good night, Henry.

Milly only nods.

RILEY
I could use a smoke.

Henry limps upstairs.

Riley unlocks the front door and goes outside.

Miss Lady shuffles the cards.

MISS LADY
He used to smile more, Henry did.
Perhaps you should lighten up on
the boy.

Milly response drips with sarcasm.

MILLY
Yes Ma'am.

MISS LADY
Not everyone is as strong willed
and minded as you are, Milly. You'd
be wise to remember that.

She takes a more genuine tone.

MILLY
Yes, ma'am.

INT. LUKE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Don fights to stay awake.

The streets are silent, empty.

Someone exits the bar and stands on the porch, smoking.

Don perks up, focused.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - SAME TIME

Miss Lady shuffles the cards absentmindedly.

MISS LADY
What's on your mind, dear?

MILLY
Promises I didn't keep. I've been
thinkin', with my old man holed up
here, now's the time to spring her.

MISS LADY
Your mother? Milly, dear, she chose
to stay. There's naught you can do
for folks that refuse to help
themselves.

MILLY
Everybody deserves a second chance.

MISS LADY
Unless there's money in killing
them, you mean.

A long beat.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Well, if it's on your heart then
it'll be on mine. But remember,
your father's got a keen eye at the
hotel.

Riley enters, leaving the door unlocked behind him.

MILLY
If I could slip away...

MISS LADY
A task easier said.

Miss Lady deals another hand as Riley sits.

MISS LADY (CONT'D)
Five card draw's the game.

MILLY
We'll need another bottle.

Milly heads into the store room behind the bar.

EXT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Three masked men move silently onto the porch, peeking through the windows. All three wear black bandanas.

INT. HOTEL - LUKE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Don watches intently. Luke is fast asleep.

DON

Lou.

Luke doesn't budge.

DON (CONT'D)

LOU.

LUKE

What?

DON

I think somethin's happenin'.
There's three men on the porch.

LUKE

(half asleep)
No, not tonight...

Luke is suddenly very aware as he jumps to the window.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Shit, something's not right.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

The front door creaks.

Miss Lady and Riley both look.

STORE ROOM

Milly browses the shelves with a lantern and picks out a bottle.

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS come from the other room.

A heavy THUD followed by BREAKING GLASS.

Milly heads back.

MILLY
Liquor hits hard don't it? Y'all
might need cut off-

BACK IN THE BAR

Milly stands at the door in shock. The BOTTLE drops from her hand, SHATTERING on the floor.

INT. HOTEL - LUKE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The three masked men run off of the porch and disperse into the night.

LUKE
Pack the bags.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Milly slides down to Miss Lady on the floor.

A knife is protruding from her chest. Her smock is soaked with blood from multiple wounds.

MILLY
Henry! Hurry!

She cradles Miss Lady.

MILLY (CONT'D)
You'll be okay, it's nothin' but a
scratch.

Henry comes to the bottom of the stairs, but stops abruptly at the sight of them.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Get the doc, on the doub-

Miss Lady presses a shaky finger to Milly's lips.

MISS LADY
(labored)
Now, now, child. Don't make a fuss.
Is Riley all right?

Riley is on the floor, unmoving. A puddle of blood grows underneath him.

Milly holds Miss Lady's head to her chest.

MILLY
Yeah, he's okay.

Miss Lady's arm comes around Milly's waist.

MISS LADY
Good. Henry?

Henry comes to her side. His hands shake and his face is pale.

Miss Lady pulls him close and whispers in his ear...

Henry tries his best, unsuccessfully, to hold back his tears.

HENRY
Yes, ma'am.

MISS LADY
Milly, darling?

MILLY
I'm right here.

MISS LADY
Go find your mother.

MILLY
No, no, I'll take care of you,
you'll be fine.

Miss Lady shakes her head. She is losing strength rapidly.

MISS LADY
I'm beyond help, dear. Save your
mother, always take care of your
family.

MILLY
You are my family.

Miss Lady smiles and squeezes the pair a little tighter.

The trio sit in silence on the floor, doing their best to enjoy their final moments together.

INT. HOTEL - LUKE'S ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Milly steps onto the porch, shooting an icy stare into the window. Lines where tears once were are streaking her face.

Luke stares back.

A beat.

Milly goes back inside, closing the door behind her.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Milly storms into the saloon.

MILLY

Get the sack from the attic and
bring the horses 'round back.

HENRY

We should get Noah and Foster.
They'll help us.

MILLY

Foster'll be sure they're no help
to me. Besides, it don't matter who
did it, only who's behind it, and I
got no way to prove what I know is
true. Now do as I say.

Henry nods and departs.

Milly goes behind the bar and retrieves a large, red can.

She pours it along the perimeter of the room.

EXT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Henry approaches the rear of the bar with both horses. He
dismounts and readies the saddles.

The CLANG of a CAN being tossed inside.

INT. MISS LADY'S BAR - NIGHT

Milly grabs a lit lantern and opens the rear window.

Henry watches, still wiping away tears.

A beat.

Without warning she heaves the lantern at the piano.

WWWWOOOOSSSHHHH - the piano is engulfed in flames.

The fire spreads rapidly around the room.

Milly swings one leg out the rear window, surveys her work, then drops on the other side.

EXT. MISS LADY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The horses prance nervously.

MILLY
Take the long way to Henson's, do
your best not to be seen.

HENRY
Miss Lady.

Henry tries to go back inside, only to be shoved back.

MILLY
You go in there and it'll be three
bodies burnin'.

HENRY
She deserves a proper funeral.

MILLY
Henry, the smell alone is gonna put
you in a world of hurt. Now, trust
me, and go!

Henry angrily mounts and heads off, turning into an alleyway
a couple of buildings down.

Milly glances over her shoulder as she disappears into the
alleyway next to the bar.

Movement comes from a dark corner a couple of buildings up.

A HOMELESS MAN watches.

He scurries off.

INT. LUKE'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Luke and Don are both packing frantically.

They pause when they see flames are rising in the windows of
the saloon.

Milly comes running out of the alleyway, screaming
hysterically.

MILLY (O.S.)
Help! Help, please, somebody!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Milly has tears streaming down her face.

MILLY
Please, anybody, help me!

A man comes to his front door.

CITIZEN 1
Fire! There's a fire!

People come to their windows.

CITIZEN 2
Somebody ring the damn bell!

Doors around the street burst open. Men, women and children come pouring out to fight the fire.

Sheriff Noah comes running.

SHERIFF NOAH
What in the hell happened?!

MILLY
I woke up and the old man, Riley,
he, he killed Miss Lady and set the
bar on fire, I don't know why, I,
I, I just...

SHERIFF NOAH
It's awful. But it's all hands on
deck or we're gonna lose this whole
strip. Now grab a bucket and get in
line.

BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG -- The CHURCH BELL tolls from across town.

Chaos ensues.

People run from all directions.

The fire wagon flies by.

Milly scurries into a shop across the street.

Luke and Don burst out of the hotel. Luke cranes his neck, looking desperately.

Hundreds of people are flooding the street. Milly is nowhere to be seen.

A man runs by with a stack of buckets and shoves one into Luke's chest.

CITIZEN 3
Get in line!

Luke hands the bucket to Don and goes back inside.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Milly exits the back door of the shop. Wiping tears from her face, she heads off into the darkness.

EXT. HENSON'S SHOP - SAME TIME

Henry sits atop his horse at the back of the shop, still wiping tears away.

People are making their way toward the fire in the distance behind him. FOOTSTEPS approach. Henry pulls his gun.

Milly emerges from the darkness.

Henry relaxes and tosses Milly a rolled up gun belt.

MILLY
Anyone see you?

She straps it on and mounts her horse.

HENRY
Don't think.

Milly nods and turns to ride.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Miss Milly.

She turns back around.

HENRY (CONT'D)
We'll talk later on?

Milly holds uncertain eye contact before turning and trotting off. Henry follows.

They ride out of town, into the night.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

Luke comes down the stairs with his satchel, dressed to ride. He waits at the vacant front desk with room keys in hand.

Deputy Foster is seated in the lobby, alone, reading a newspaper. He is filthy from fighting the fire.

DEPUTY FOSTER
Checking out?

LUKE
You run this place?

DEPUTY FOSTER
Most of it. Have a seat.

Luke sits across the table.

DEPUTY FOSTER (CONT'D)
You know, Carson City, it's my town. Anything happens, I know about it.

LUKE
Your point?

DEPUTY FOSTER
I know about the killing last night. I know your hand was in it, and I know exactly who can string you up for it.

LUKE
I think you're confused.

DEPUTY FOSTER
We can help each other, Luke. Milly was a nuisance and a disgrace to our community, I'm glad to be rid of her. Miss Lady, Riley, a small price to pay. But setting fire to my town, she'll answer for that.

LUKE
I don't know where she went, I'd already be gone if I did.

DEPUTY FOSTER
Somewhere she's collected bounties? She could have friends there.

LUKE
Wouldn't say she's welcome back
anywhere she's been through. Can't
blame them, wouldn't want her near
my home eith-

Luke realizes...

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh shit. I know where she's goin'.

DEPUTY FOSTER
The drunk you had watchin' the bar,
he see anything?

LUKE
Enough.

DEPUTY FOSTER
Perfect.

INT. SHERIFF NOAH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sheriff Noah and Deputy Foster are wiping the soot from their
faces.

Luke and Don enter. Luke drags the homeless man inside.

SHERIFF NOAH
Gentleman?

LUKE
(to homeless man)
Well go on and tell them what you
told me. Go on.

The homeless man fidgets, looks down.

LUKE (CONT'D)
- now come on now, speak!

EXT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Deputy Foster charges out of the office with all four men in
tow.

DEPUTY FOSTER
She couldn't have gotten far. We
get a posse and ride out now we
could catch her.

The Sheriff grabs his arm and spins him around.

SHERIFF NOAH

We don't even know where she went.
Hell, we could ride through the
mountain while she's soakin' her
feet in the ocean.

DEPUTY FOSTER

You may be willing to let her make
a mockery of us and our city, but I
sure as hell am not.

SHERIFF NOAH

Foster, I brought you on for your
grit. We need hard men in hard
times, but that temper of yours'll
get somebody killed if you're not
careful.

LUKE

I know where she's goin'. I can
take ya, for a price.

Sheriff Noah ponders.

SHERIFF NOAH

Fifty dollars up front and ten a
day until we get back.

LUKE

Seems fair.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Good. I'll get Pouncey's boys and
anyone else willing.
(to Sheriff)
You coming?

SHERIFF NOAH

I'm the Sheriff. Anybody leads a
posse, it'll be me. And Deputy...
she comes back for trial.

The Deputy departs. Sheriff Noah walks back into the office.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Milly and Henry travel side by side. Both hang their heads,
exhausted.

Milly notices an outcropping of rocks ahead.

SHORT TIME LATER

She studies a cove in the rock.

HENRY

Looks as good a place as any.

MILLY

A few hours of shuteye would do us
some good.

Milly grabs a blanket from her saddlebag and goes just out of sight.

Henry lies down and stares upward.

Finally, a moment of silence...

SNIFFLING and WHIMPERS come from around the corner.

Tears come to Henry's eyes. He rolls over.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - MORNING

Families are giving farewell hugs and kisses to posse members as they mount up.

Luke and Don are at the rear of the group, waiting.

Deputy Foster approaches.

DEPUTY FOSTER

You'd think they were goin' off to war.

LUKE

These other boys, you trust them?

DEPUTY FOSTER

They're no gunslingers, but they're loyal to me.

LUKE

How do I know you won't try to sell me out after all this?

Foster wipes his nose with a black handkerchief.

DEPUTY FOSTER

You want somethin' done right...

Luke takes notice of the handkerchief.

LUKE

What did she do to you?

DEPUTY FOSTER

I get the feeling that a trial
doesn't suit you as well as it does
our fair sheriff.

LUKE

We got no quarrel with Noah.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Nor do I. But out here people get
found, people get lost... accidents
happen all the time.

EXT. MILLY AND HENRY'S CAMP - DAY

The pair are asleep.

Milly's eyes open. She stands and looks back from the
direction they came in.

No one in sight

Henry stirs.

HENRY

You all right?

MILLY

No.

She preps her horse and studies the sky.

MILLY (CONT'D)

We slept too long.

Henry gets up and readies his saddle.

HENRY

Miss Lady said that talking about
nightmares helps get rid of 'em,
that your mouth is the only way for
'em to leave your head... I just
thought if you needed an ear to
bend, I got one or two...

Milly mounts her horse.

MILLY

Time to be movin' on.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Sheriff Noah leads a single-file posse through rocky terrain.

DAVID (17), a ranch hand riding in the rear of the group, dives from his stumbling horse.

The group stops and turns.

DEPUTY FOSTER
Everybody all right?

DAVID
Yeah. Damn shale's too loose for
hoofed feet.

SHERIFF NOAH
He's right. Night's too dark to
travel anyway.

LUKE
I say we keep goin'. We spread out
and take it slow, we could catch
her by morning.

DEPUTY FOSTER
I second that.

Sheriff Noah looks at the sky, pondering.

SHERIFF NOAH
It ain't worth riskin' the horses.

LUKE
If we don't find her before she
gets where she's goin', we'll have
no trail to follow.

SHERIFF NOAH
You're welcome to travel on, Luke.
But you and your man will be on
your own.

EXT. DESERT - MILLY AND HENRY'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Milly and Henry have also set up camp.

Milly spins the cylinder of her revolver.

Henry mends a piece of clothing.

MILLY

It won't rip so easy if you do shorter stitches.

HENRY

I know, I just ain't got the patience for it.

MILLY

You ever think Miss Lady took us all in to make up for something? Like, maybe she felt guilty for some reason?

HENRY

I think she was an angel.

MILLY

Then I'd hate to hear what you think of me.

HENRY

It don't matter what I think.

The FIRE CRACKLES in a moment of silence.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What are we gonna do after we get your mama?

MILLY

Head over the mountain, stop at an old mining town just on the other side of Peregrine's Peak. Been there once or twice with my mother. We have a few long days ahead of us, it'd be good to get some rest.

HENRY

I'll take first watch. Got another line of stitching to do yet anyway.

Milly lies down, hat over her face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Miss Milly, Can you promise me somethin'?

MILLY

Maybe.

HENRY

I know the people we hunt down are bad people.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

But I don't wanna see no more folks
dyin' that we ain't paid for. It's
weighin' heavy on my mind.

Milly nods and replaces her hat.

Henry sews.

EXT. DESERT - POSSE CAMPSITE - MORNING

The sun barely peeks over the horizon. The posse sleeps.

Sheriff Noah awakens.

Deputy Foster has his hat over his eyes a few yards away, but gives a quick glance as Sheriff Noah gets up and wanders away from the group.

EXT. DESERT - PLAINS - MORNING

Henry and Milly saunter through the tundra while rubbing sleep from their eyes.

A town is visible in the distance.

HENRY

Bein' out here, looking for people,
does it make you happy?

MILLY

I never felt happiness was meant
for me. But I'm content when I'm
chasing something. Bein' content is
enough.

HENRY

Hard to tell if we're chasin' or
runnin' these days.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR THE POSSE CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Noah carefully scrambles down some rocks away from camp. He finds a flat surface and relieves himself.

Something catches his eye at his feet...

A rattlesnake lays on the rock only a foot away from his boot. It slowly uncoils with its head turned toward Noah's feet, it's tongue rapidly tasting the air.

Noah freezes with wide eyes, his breath stuck in his throat. The RATTLER comes to life as it's TAIL VIBRATES in the air.

A long beat...

Noah tries to pick up his foot. The snake recoils-

POP-PING!

A BULLET RICOCHETS from the rock right between the snake and Sheriff Noah's boot. The RATTLE INTENSIFIES.

Noah leaps from the platform and scrambles onto some rocks with his back turned.

POP-PING! POP-PING!

ANOTHER BULLET hits the stone, then ANOTHER.

Noah sees a puff of dust as a BULLET PINGS off of the rock face near his shoulder.

EXT. DESERT - PLAINS - DAY

Milly and Henry hear GUNSHOTS and come to an abrupt halt, craning their necks to look behind them into the desert.

EXT. DESERT - NEAR THE POSSE CAMPSITE - SAME TIME

Sweat flies from Noah's forehead as spins around with heavy breaths while clinging to the boulder he leaped onto. He turns to see:

The snake is gone, and Deputy Foster is standing further up the hill, emptying used shells from his gun.

DEPUTY FOSTER
You all right?

Noah takes a moment to catch his breath and looks frantically around the rocks.

DEPUTY FOSTER (CONT'D)
He's still down there in the rocks somewhere. Think I got 'im with the last shot.

SHERIFF NOAH
(Angrily)
You think so?

David and a few other members of the posse come to the edge and watch from behind Foster.

DAVID
You okay?

SHERIFF NOAH
I'll be all right.

Noah carefully climbs toward the group while dusting himself off. Noah stares at Deputy Foster until they make eye contact.

SHERIFF NOAH (CONT'D)
Just a snake gettin' a little
closer than I'd like.

A tense moment as the group leads Noah back to the campsite.

Don grumbles under his breath with Luke at the back of the posse.

DON
So much for the element of
surprise.

BACK AT THE POSSE CAMPSITE

Luke mounts his steed and rides up the path.

EXT. DESERT - PLAINS - SAME TIME

Milly and Henry stand stock still, scanning the horizon.

Movement at the crest of a hill...

A horse and rider, only a couple of miles back.

MILLY
Shit.

The pair take off at a full gallop.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Luke scans the desert.

Movement. Two figures in the distance.

LUKE
HYAH!

The group looks to see a cloud of dust where Luke's horse was just standing. The posse mounts frantically and streams over the hill.

The chase is on.

EXT. TEMPLE CITY - DAY

Temple City, the same that Milly and Cheyenne visited years prior, looks very similar.

Henry and Milly tear through the street.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Milly and Henry ride on a wide dirt road. They slow to a stop.

Milly ponders their direction.

MILLY

Come on.

Milly heads slowly into the forest. Henry Follows with furrowed brow.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin has aged over the past six years.

The pair emerge from the forest and dismount.

Milly checks her revolver.

MILLY

Stay here. Anyone but me comes out,
kill 'em.

She quietly approaches the front door, puts her hand on the knob, takes a deep breath, and enters...

INT. MILLY'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne is folding clothes on the bench.

Uncle is lying on a cot next to the stove. He is sickly and pale.

Milly enters with gun drawn.

Cheyenne looks up, shocked.

MILLY

Hey, Mama.

Uncle is wide-eyed. He sits up, speaking between gargled coughs.

UNCLE

Mildred, you came back.

Milly tries not to look in his direction.

MILLY

I ain't here for you.

Cheyenne tries to pick her jaw up from the floor, stuttering as she goes.

CHEYENNE

M-M-Mildred? What are you doing here?

Uncle begins to shuffle his legs to the side of the bed.

Milly points her gun in his direction.

MILLY

(to Uncle)

Stay there.

He pauses, but doesn't lay back down.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Pack a bag, Mama. We don't have much time.

Milly goes to the kitchen and rifles through cupboards, gathering food on the counter.

CHEYENNE

Honey... I... Where...

Milly notices Uncle beginning to stand and spins with her gun drawn.

MILLY

I said not to move!

UNCLE

(Shocked)

Mildred, I just can't believe you came back.

He takes a shaky step toward her.

MILLY
Not another fuckin' step.

UNCLE
You came back...

He stumbles forward-

BANG, BANG! -- GUNSHOTS ring out from Milly's six-shooter.

Uncle falls, grabbing the side of a chair while sliding to the floor, holding his wounds.

Milly presses toward him, her face wretched in anger.

BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG!

Cheyenne and Milly both stare at the corpse as blood puddles beneath.

Empty shells hit the floor by Milly's feet as she expertly reloads.

CHEYENNE
Is, is he...

MILLY
He's dead. Now come on, I'll
explain everything once we get
movin'.

Milly pulls her eyes from the corpse and gets back to gathering rations in the kitchen.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Henry!

Henry comes to the front door.

MILLY (CONT'D)
There'll be a can behind the house,
bring it here.

Cheyenne gently touches Milly's shoulder. She has a puzzled look.

CHEYENNE
You came back... I'm not sure if
I'm dreaming or awake...

MILLY
I told you I would come back.

Milly grabs her mother by the face and looks her in the eyes, speaking in a slightly slower, softer tone.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Now, we have to go.

Cheyenne recoils, rubbing her hands together and stumbling over her words.

CHEYENNE

I, I can't leave, this is my home... Your father and I... did, did you kill him too?

MILLY

Not yet.

Cheyenne snaps from her trance, back to her stern, maternal self.

CHEYENNE

Oh, Mildred!

She raises her hand and swings at Milly...

Milly catches Cheyenne's wrist inches from her face. She doesn't let go.

MILLY

That ain't my name no more.

Henry returns with the can.

Milly throws Cheyenne's hand aside and takes the can. She pours.

CHEYENNE

I'm not leaving.

(To Henry)

And who the hell are you?

He gives a sheepish, silent look.

Milly continues around the cabin

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(louder, to Milly)

I said I'm not leaving.

Cheyenne storms across the cabin and tries to wrestle the can from her.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Stop!

Milly pushes her away, sending her to the floor. Malice oozes from Cheyenne's voice.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

You go to hell. All that time we provided for you. The sacrifices I made to keep you fed and clothed. The months your father and uncle worked to keep us whole. You go straight to hell. You're no daughter of mine.

Milly pulls a match from a drawer.

MILLY

When you come to your senses, I'll be outside.

She strikes the match and tosses it to the floor. The flame spreads quickly.

Milly hustles outside, but pauses at the front door.

MILLY (CONT'D)

If you stay, don't scream. It'll only make it worse.

Milly exits, leaving the door open behind her.

EXT. TEMPLE CITY - DAY

Luke's posse rides into town. The horses are panting loudly, heavy breaths bulging their torsos.

Sheriff Noah pulls up on his reigns.

SHERIFF NOAH

Wooaaah, boy.

Luke rides back.

LUKE

What now?

SHERIFF NOAH

Horses are no good to us if we ride 'em to death. Let's at least get 'em watered down.

LUKE

I don't know if we got time for that.

SHERIFF NOAH

Well I can't afford another horse
on a sheriff's pay, and I don't
think the boys can afford one on
their dime either. The risk is
yours to take.

The posse begins to dismount with Luke, Don and Deputy Foster
taking an extra moment before following suit.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - DAY

Milly and Henry mount their horses as the fire peaks through
the far windows.

HENRY

She comin'?

MILLY

She don't have much of a choice.

EXT. TEMPLE CITY - DAY

The horses drink from a trough as the posse drinks from
canteens and adjusts saddles.

Luke finishes a large gulp as something catches his eye...

Smoke is streaming from the mountain side.

LUKE

GODDAMIT!

He takes yanks his horse from the trough and mounts before
taking off toward the mountain.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - DAY

Milly and Henry are sitting on top of their horses in front
of the burning house. The fire has spread to the exterior and
is moving to envelop the entire structure.

HENRY

Miss Milly...

MILLY

Don't fret, she'll come.

A long beat...

BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS from inside.

Cheyenne stumbles through the door and rolls on the ground, engulfed in flame.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

Milly runs to her and tries to beat out the fire.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Why are you so god damned stubborn!

Milly's beating is useless. The flames are only growing and beginning to spread to Milly's own clothing.

Henry hurries to Milly. He draws his gun and FIRES several times into Cheyenne.

Milly pushes him away.

MILLY (CONT'D)
No! There's still time!

Her own clothing has caught flame.

Henry drags her away from Cheyenne and slaps at the flame to extinguish her pant leg.

HENRY
Get back!

MILLY
I can still help her! I can
still...

Milly strikes Henry, sending both of them to the ground in a heap. She hits him several more times as he shields himself.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Let me go! Why wouldn't you let me
save her!

Milly spins and turns her words to Cheyenne's lifeless body, which burns on the ground.

MILLY (CONT'D)
And you! Why wouldn't you just
leave?!

Tears build in Milly's eyes with every word.

MILLY (CONT'D)
What's so wrong about bein' with
me?! You stayed for him?! Why not
me? What's wrong with me?

The fire dances in her eyes as tears escape and run down her scorched face. The only answers from the corpse and the house come in crackling flames.

Milly nods her head and stands, brushing past Henry.

HENRY

Miss Milly. I can't do it no more.

MILLY

Not now, Henry.

HENRY

It has to be now!

Milly spins and comes nose to nose with Henry.

MILLY

I just watched my mother burn!

HENRY

So did I! You said no more dead folks we ain't gettin' paid for... Watchin' people burn... the screamin', the smell; it's like I'm seein' hell in a bad dream.

MILLY

I can't stop bad things from happenin'! Not to me, not to you, (gesturing to cheyenne) not to her. I can't shield you from the cruelty of this world, not anymore. Miss Lady and me, we tried and it turned you into a soft-hearted coward. The time for bein' coddled is over. You're dreamin' all right, but you're about to wake up and see that hell is where we've been all along.

His anger grows.

HENRY

You sure got a lot of nerve treatin' me like a dog! With all the blabberin' you've done about bein' wronged and used up, runnin' around killin' and feelin' sorry for yourself.

MILLY

I haven't told you shit the whole six years we've run together.

(MORE)

MILLY (CONT'D)

I knew you couldn't handle the worst parts of this world! You don't know the first thing about what I've been through!

HENRY

I know more than you think! You do a lot more talkin' and cryin' in your sleep than you do awake.

Henry mounts his horse.

MILLY

I promised Miss Lady I'd look after you, but I won't chase.

HENRY

Keepin' promises sure don't seem to be your strong suit, anyhow.

MILLY

You know a dog's nothin' but an animal if it ain't got an owner.

HENRY

You really wanna know what I think of you?

MILLY

That's one thing you was right about: It don't matter what you think.

HENRY

Goodbye, Milly.

Henry rides off, leaving Milly alone with her mother's corpse, and a roaring fire.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The remains are burnt and charred. Dark smoke still fills the air.

THUMPING HOOVES approach the smoldering cabin.

Luke comes to the clearing and jumps from his horse.

He skids to his knees in front of Cheyenne's body.

The rest of the posse arrive, awestruck.

Sheriff Noah approaches. He pats Luke on the shoulder.

SHERIFF NOAH

I'm sorry, Luke. It's a damn shame.

LUKE

You son of a bitch. This is your fault!

SHERIFF NOAH

Now, calm down.

LUKE

I told you we needed to keep riding!

Luke pushes Sheriff Noah.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You made us stop for the whole damn night!

He pushes him again.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You stopped us in town!

He pushes him once more, sending Sheriff Noah to the ground.

SHERIFF NOAH

Now, Luke, you're goin' through somethin', I understand that. But puttin' hands on me won't change nothin'.

DON

Hey, Lou!

Don grabs a piece paper that was nailed to a tree. He takes it to Luke.

Luke unfolds the paper and reads it before crumpling and tossing it toward the fire.

LUKE

We'll get the bitch, yet.

SHERIFF NOAH

She'll be hanged for what she did, you have my word on that.

LUKE

No longer your concern.

Luke pulls the saddle from Sheriff Noah's horse and throws it into the dying fire.

SHERIFF NOAH
Deputy Foster, arrest this man.

Foster stands next to Luke.

DEPUTY FOSTER
You're the sheriff. Anybody does
any arrestin', it should be you.

SHERIFF NOAH
I'll have all of you hanged, mark
my words you sons of b-

A GUNSHOT cuts him off, leaving him doubled over and motionless on the ground. Luke looks at Foster's smoking gun, and gives a shrug.

LUKE
Accidents happen all the time.

Deputy Foster nods and the posse mount their horses.

EXT. MINING TOWN - DUSK

WIND WHISTLES through the one road, abandoned mining town.

Of the several buildings, all but two are dilapidated.

The motel and saloon sit across from each other. Both are well-kept and ready for business.

Two middle-aged men on horseback enter at the far end of town, followed by an open wagon with two young women and an elderly man. Dennis follows on horseback behind the group.

They move deliberately as they approach the saloon. The lead rider MARV RANDALL (60s), pulls an envelope from his coat, reads the piece of paper inside it, and nods to the group.

The older man, WES TOMLIN (70s), begins to get out of the wagon with the help of the girls.

INT. SALOON - DAY

The group enters cautiously.

The saloon is empty, save the BARKEEP reading behind the bar.

Wes Tomlin moves slowly while leaning heavily on his cane. The girls, ANNA (21), and SARAH (18), pull out his chair and help him sit down at a table near the bar.

Wes' mangy gray beard leaves most of his weathered face to the imagination, while his gruff voice carries an unexpected softness.

WES TOMLIN

Thank you, darlin'.

The girls are dressed in modest clothing, but clean and well kept.

Dennis, Marv Randall, and AUSTIN BOONE (60s), are in tow as the Barkeep makes his way over to the table. Marv Randall is a large powerful man, while Austin Boone stands at average height.

BARKEEP

Gentleman, ladies. Get you a drink?

WES

What've you got?

BARKEEP

Whiskey.

Wes waits for him to elaborate. He does not.

WES

... whiskey'll do fine.

The Barkeep goes to work.

WES (CONT'D)

I'm meeting a friend here. A young lady with a nasty disposition. You seen anyone that describes?

BARKEEP

Seen a lot of nasty folks, not many friends.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - EVENING

Sheriff Noah lies motionless on the ground... He stirs, coughing and clutching at his abdomen.

He rolls over and inspects the gunshot wound, pulling the blood soaked shirt apart.

He WHISTLES loudly, bringing his horse out of the forest.

He notices a crumpled piece of paper next to the smoking remains of the cabin.

EXT. POSSE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Luke, Don and company sit around the campfire with meat cooking on a makeshift spit.

DAVID
You think we'll find her?

LUKE
I do.

DAVID
What if the letter's a lie?

LUKE
It isn't.

DAVID
A trap?

LUKE
Could be.

DAVID
I don't wanna die.

LUKE
The only death we seek isn't for us, and its more than justified.

DAVID
I've already seen more death in two days than in my whole of life before.

LUKE
Killing demons is ugly work, no doubt. But I'll tell you, it's a hell of a lot easier than living with 'em.

DAVID
I mean no disrespect, but demon huntin' ain't work for ranch hands.

DON
Kid's right, Lou. You'd be hard pressed to find a way that each one of us don't end up with blood on our hands tomorrow. Only question is whether it's ours or theirs.

A long beat.

LUKE

Do whatever you need to be ready.
Say a prayer, kiss your lucky
charms, it doesn't matter to me.
But let me tell you this...

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Wes Tomlin and Dennis sip their drinks with Anna and Sarah.
The other men in the posse are drunk with the Barkeep,
enjoying the night.

LUKE (V.O.)

...If you ride with us tomorrow,
then you best be confident in your
position.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Milly sits next to a small fire, alone.

LUKE (V.O.)

Indecision and uncertainty have
killed more than any bounty hunter.

EXT. POSSE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Luke's stare catches David across the fire.

LUKE

And I'll be damned if it kills me.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SUNRISE

Milly rides at a slow saunter down the gently leaning dirt
road.

SHOUTING, A HORSE WHINNYING, and the CRACK of a WHIP come
from around the bend in the road.

She peeks around the corner, ducking back quickly as Anna and
Sarah fly by on their horses and continue on without as much
as a glance back.

Milly looks again:

AROUND THE BEND

A covered wagon is stuck. It tilts dangerously into the ditch that it slid into. One man whips the horse, the other two watch from far away.

STEWART raises the whip...

MILLY

Stop!

He stops. Milly rides up hastily.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Y'all never free a wagon before?

STEWART

She's awful close to tippin', and
I'd wager ya don't wanna be around
if it does.

She lifts the canvas to reveal boxes of dynamite.

MILLY

I'll lend a horse and hand, but not
for free.

STEWART

Suit yourself, but we got no money.

MILLY

I'm sure we can figure somethin'
out.

EXT. POSSE CAMPSITE - MORNING

Luke wakes up to Deputy Foster's pacing. He looks around seeing that David, the other ranch hands, and their things, are gone.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Guess your speech wasn't so
inspirin' after all.

LUKE

Wasn't supposed to be.

Foster angrily kicks dirt onto the smoking embers.

EXT. MINING TOWN - DAY

Milly rides at a slow saunter, glancing uneasily at the abandoned structures.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Milly speaks with the Barkeep at the rear of the saloon.

BARKEEP
Someone's in there, been waitin' a
day or so.

MILLY
How many?

BARKEEP
Old man and a younger gal.

Milly hands the Barkeep a few bills.

MILLY
Thanks.

Milly draws her pistol and enters the back door.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A PLAYER PIANO fills the room with a LIVELY TUNE.

Milly peeks through the door and enters.

Click - A gun is primed. It's a trap.

Marv Randall and Austin Boone hold guns on Milly from either side. She raises her hands.

MILLY
I'll give my gun. I'd prefer not to
be struck.

One takes the gun as the other gives her a thorough pat down.
She studies them.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Marv Randall and Austin Boone. I've
got pictures of y'all.

Randall shoves Milly toward Wes' table, where he and Dennis are seated.

Milly sits. Randall and Boone join on either side.

WES
This her, Dennis?

DENNIS
Yeah.

WES

Very good. Now why did you drag an old man over a tall mountain?

MILLY

Where's Wes?

WES

Sittin' right here.

MILLY

Go to hell. At least let me see him before you kill me.

Wes shrugs his shoulders with a smile.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Impossible.

Milly reaches into her shirt.

Randall and Boone lean forward and grab her arms.

MILLY (CONT'D)

My papers...

She slowly removes the stack of wanted posters and digs through them, settling on a sketch of a younger, clean shaven Wes Tomlin.

He chuckles.

WES

Father Time has done me no favors.

MILLY

I'll be damned. No one's seen you in twenty years... What happened?

WES

Life changed, priorities changed.

MILLY

Sounds like you met a woman.

WES

Always had the woman, didn't always have the babies. Then I had the babies, and...

Wes looks down and gathers himself.

WES (CONT'D)

Didn't have the woman.

A solemn silence sits over the table.

MILLY

You know, goin' through rough times
don't excuse the bad things you did
before.

WES

No, it doesn't. Never thought I'd
make it this long, to be honest.
But I made it my life's mission to
raise my daughters how my wife
would've wanted, and that would
have been without an outlaw for a
father.

The surprise is evident in Milly's face.

MILLY

Daughters?

WES

Yes ma'am. The apples of my eyes.
Twenty-one and eighteen they are
now.

MILLY

Y'all still talk?

WES

Every day. They helped me get over
that damn mountain to meet you
here.

MILLY

Y'all... get along?

Wes cocks his head in a moment of genuine confusion.

WES

Well, sure. They mean the world to
me.

Milly holds her skeptical stare at Wes.

MILLY

Ain't that somethin'.

HORSES APPROACH outside. Randall and Boone look to the door.

AUSTIN BOONE

You expecting more company?

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Luke, Don and Deputy Foster dismount.

DEPUTY FOSTER
Is the badge going to help or hurt?

LUKE
Hard to say.

DON
Once you figure it ain't helpin',
it'll be too late to matter.

Don goes with Luke. Foster thumbs his badge.

INT. SALOON - DAY

The trio enters the saloon.

Don and Deputy Foster go to a table across the saloon.

Luke heads to the bar.

WES' TABLE

They speak quietly.

Dennis gives Wes a nudge.

WES
I saw it.

LUKE'S TABLE

Luke approaches with three glasses of whiskey.

Deputy Foster notices the looks. He pulls his coat to try to conceal his star.

LUKE
Too late for that.

DON
(hushed)
Who's her company?

LUKE
Couldn't say.

Tu-tunk, tu-tunk, tu-tunk...

FOOTSTEPS on the porch outside.

Henry enters. He surveys the saloon as he heads to the bar.

WES' TABLE

Wes' eyes follow Henry.

MILLY
One of them a law man?

WES
How'd you know?

MILLY
Deputy at Carson said he'd find you
before me. Must've followed me
here.

WES
Shit. I can't imagine we all walk
out of here and go our separate
ways.

Henry takes his whiskey to an unoccupied corner.

MILLY
Can't imagine you'd want to.

LUKE'S TABLE

LUKE
Her partner have a limp?

DON
Not sure. He rode fine.

DEPUTY FOSTER
What do we do?

LUKE
Drink your whiskey.

Sheriff Noah enters. He is pale, his entire pant leg soaked in blood.

Sheriff Noah tips his hat to Luke's table on his way to the bar.

THE BAR

SHERIFF NOAH
Whiskey, a bottle if you've got it.

Barkeep looks him up and down.

BARKEEP

I'll need you to pay first.

Sheriff Noah tosses his wallet on the bar and takes a seat facing Luke's table. He takes the bottle from Barkeep's hand and takes a long swig.

WES' TABLE

Milly leans in.

MILLY

Alright, Wes. I'll talk to 'em. If I convince 'em to leave peaceful, we all walk away.

Wes ponders the offer.

WES TOMLIN

I can't let you walk after you killed my gang and made threats. But I'll allow runnin'. One day of runnin' until I send my hell hounds.

Milly nods and stands.

LUKE'S TABLE

Milly approaches.

LUKE

Need to work on your aim, Foster.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Old bastard's tough, I'll give 'im that.

MILLY

Sure was foolhardy wearin' that badge, Deputy.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Who's your friends?

WES' TABLE

Dennis cranes his neck, but can only hear INAUDIBLE MUMBLES.

Wes Tomlin studies Henry and Sheriff Noah.

Henry watches the keys on the player piano.

Sheriff Noah's stare bores a hole through Deputy Foster.

LUKE'S TABLE

LUKE

Seems like you're surrounded by
enemies.

MILLY

I was 'till y'all walked in. See,
my associates aren't so fond of
peace officers. They agree that a
blood sacrifice would go a long way
in healing past transgressions.

DON

The road to redemption is longer
for some than others. I'd pack
heavy if I were you.

WES' TABLE

WES TOMLIN

She's takin' too long.

Wes moves his hand closer to his belt.

The others follow suit.

THE BAR

The Barkeep glances between the tables. He finishes shining a
glass and exits through the back, closing the door behind
him.

LUKE'S TABLE

Deputy Foster moves his hand toward his gun.

DEPUTY FOSTER

Blood's blood, don't matter if it's
yours or mine.

MILLY

If you don't already know what
you're gonna do when you draw,
you'd better not.

A beat.

MILLY (CONT'D)

About right.

Milly tips her hat and walks toward Sheriff Noah.

WES' TABLE

Wes and the boys watch Milly walk across the bar with furrowed brow. All of their bodies are tensed.

THE BAR

Sheriff Noah's gaze has not, and does not leave Deputy Foster.

MILLY (CONT'D)
You look like hell.

SHERIFF NOAH
Dressed for the occasion.

Milly grabs the bottle and motions to his wound.

MILLY
Foster do that?

SHERIFF NOAH
Yep. While I was layin' on the ground.

She takes a swig and hands it back. Sheriff Noah's response is half words, half growling.

MILLY
Damn. He just told me y'all paced it off and everything.

SHERIFF NOAH
Did he.

MILLY
(Shrugging)
Maybe I heard wrong.

She heads toward Henry's table, leaving Noah to white-knuckle the bottle in his hand.

HENRY'S TABLE

Milly is approaching. She faces Henry with wide eyes.

She mouths two words:

"GET DOWN."

SALOON

Sheriff Noah draws and aims at Deputy Foster.

BOOM!

Noah's GUN BELLOWS.

Don draws and aims at Sheriff Noah.

LUKE

NO!

Wes Tomlin draws his pistol and aims toward Deputy Foster.

Done sees Wes and shoots in his direction.

Foster is hit and falls backward.

Chaos ensues.

Bullets fly in all directions, as tables flip and wood splinters.

Milly runs and dives full force into Henry, bringing both crashing to the floor.

GUNSHOTS, gunpowder and debris fill the saloon.

Wes flips his table and falls behind it, wincing in pain and grabbing his leg. Dennis is next to him while his cohorts dive behind the bar.

Luke and Don crouch behind their overturned table.

Deputy Foster crawls to cover.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Come on, boy! You act like you
ain't been shot before!

Bullets zip across the room.

Sheriff Noah -- a man possessed -- sets off toward Deputy Foster, bottle in one hand, gun in the other. The bottle explodes. He doesn't notice.

Deputy Foster looks up to see Sheriff Noah prime his gun.

DEPUTY FOSTER

WAI-

Sheriff Noah shoots him, point blank.

Luke shoots Sheriff Noah, dropping him instantly.

AT MILLY'S TABLE

Milly and Henry have their backs to cover.

MILLY
The hell are you doin' here?

HENRY
Not the best time to explain.

TUNK-TUNK - Milly covers her head as bullets hit a table behind them.

AT LUKE'S TABLE

Luke aims in Milly's direction just as a bullet rips through his shooting hand, sending his gun flying.

LUKE
AAGH! SHIT!

DON
You alright, Lou?!

AT WES' TABLE

Wes surveys the saloon as he empties the shells from his pistol.

He spots the back door behind the bar.

WES
(to Dennis)
Get out the back!

Wes shoves Dennis toward the bar, which Dennis haphazardly tumbles over.

AT MILLY'S TABLE

Milly peeks out from the table.

MILLY
Give me your gun. I'll cover you out.

HENRY
My leg, I won't make it.

Milly wrenches the gun from Henry's hand.

MILLY
I'm a good shot. Stay low!

Milly shoves Henry toward the front door. He scrambles and begins his labored run.

Milly follows him.

BULLETS ZIP past from both sides.

Milly fires at random.

Luke grabs Foster's pistol from the deputy's bloody hand.

He stands and shoots at Milly.

The first misses.

The second misses.

She is almost at the door.

The third misses.

The fourth shot finds a spot in the back of Milly's left shoulder as the pair go barreling out the swinging doors.

A spatter of blood is left on the wall.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Milly picks herself up and feels her injured shoulder.

She grimaces as she begins untying the panicked horses from the rail in front of the saloon.

Henry dusts himself off.

MILLY
My saddlebags!

INT. SALOON - DAY

Luke empties his gun and tries to reload with his off-hand. The slippery, blood-soaked cartridges slip from his grip.

He thinks...

LUKE
Don, put your hands up!

DON
What?

Luke puts his hands over his head. Don follows suit.

THWAP!

Both flinch as a bullet hits the wall behind them.

LUKE
Cease fire, cease fire!

WES
Hold boys, hold!

Wes Tomlin stays down, reloading.

WES (CONT'D)
Speak your piece, law man!

LUKE
My cohort and I are not men of the law! If a law man is what you want, the deputy is dead! I only want the girl!

A beat.

WES
Are you gonna kill her?

LUKE
Hope to.

WES
... Then we have no reason to fight.

Wes struggles to get to his feet and addresses his men behind the bar.

WES (CONT'D)
Get out the back and grab her! I don't want-

Thunk, Sssssssss...

Everyone looks to the middle of the floor.

A stick of dynamite comes rolling to a stop.

WES (CONT'D)
Shit.

KABOOOM!

Debris flies throughout the saloon. Smoke and dust fills the room.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Milly has her saddle bag slung over her shoulder. She walks slowly in front of the bar.

KABOOM!

She carefully lights another stick and tosses it through the door.

She lights another.

KABOOM!

The front windows explode outward behind Milly.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Dust and smoke thicken in the air. Men COUGH and WHEEZE.

Dennis desperately throws his body against the back door, unable to get it open.

STORE ROOM

A beam is placed across the door. It shakes as Dennis pounds from the other side.

BACK IN THE SALOON

Thunk... KABOOM!

Marv Randall wipes his eyes and pushes himself up.

MARV RANDALL
To hell with this!

He stumbles out the front door.

POP, POP - GUNSHOTS greet him outside.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

The building is ravaged by the blasts. Debris litters the street.

Marv Randall's body lies just feet from the door.

Milly lights and tosses the final bundle of dynamite.

The final EXPLOSION shakes the building, threatening to bring it to the ground.

Silence falls.

Milly removes a pistol from her saddlebag and checks the cylinder.

MILLY
Keep an eye out?

Henry nods.

Milly enters the saloon.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with a thick fog.

Milly squints into the dark haze. She steps slowly with her pistol drawn.

She sees bodies half-buried by debris, caked in dirty blood.

CREAKING from somewhere in the fog.

She freezes.

A beat...

She continues her search.

Wes' body is at the bottom of the bar, contorted at an odd angle.

The door behind the bar is barely open. She looks back to the front door, alert.

MILLY
HEN-

Milly is blind sided and flies deeper into the room, hitting the floor with a hard THUD.

Her pistol falls just out of reach.

A heavy hand finds its way to her neck and tightens.

Milly struggles, gasping for air.

LUKE
(whispers)
Oh, how I've waited for this.

Luke's face is hot with anger. Cuts cross the dirt caked on his forehead. Saliva drips from his pursed lips.

Milly's boots hit the floor as her legs writhe.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Henry hears THUMPING from inside. He cautiously enters with his gun drawn.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The dust is settling, but not enough to see clearly.

Henry rushes through the bar.

He spots a silhouette on the ground...

It's Milly, unmoving.

Luke's arm comes around Henry's neck from behind.

Luke tries to grab Henry's shooting hand.

They struggle.

Henry stomps on Luke's foot to loosen his hold, no luck.

He grunts and points the gun toward the ground.

BANG!

A bullet shoots through both men's left foot.

LUKE

AGH!

Luke's hold loosens.

Henry pulls free and steps back, raising his gun.

Luke grabs the gun and lands a heavy fist on Henry's jaw.

Henry stumbles backward and falls, leaving the pistol in Luke's hand.

A beat.

Luke raises his gun... aims...

BANG!

Henry inspects his body. Nothing.

Luke looks down. Blood is pouring from his chest.

Milly is propped up, her gun still trained on him.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You bitch.

Luke falls to the ground.

A beat.

Milly FIRES another shot into his body.

And another.

And another.

HENRY

Milly!

Another.

Henry crawls to Milly and grabs her arm.

Click. Click. Click.

Milly's face is twisted in a look of hatred as she continues to dry-fire the empty pistol.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stop!

Henry pulls her head to his chest and puts the gun down.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You can stop.

She closes her eyes and hugs Henry with a desperate tightness.

They sit in silence on the saloon floor.

EXT. SALOON - DAY

Milly and Henry emerge from the saloon.

Milly is helping Henry, who's limp has increased.

MILLY

Had to shoot yourself in the good foot?

HENRY
No. Right's the good one.

MILLY
Huh.

CLICK.

A gun is primed behind them.

BARKEEP
Someone'll be paying for my bar.
Marshall's already on the way. I
sent for him as soon as y'all
lunatics showed up.

The Barkeep has a double-barreled shotgun trained on the pair.

MILLY
Good.

Milly pulls out her crumpled wad of wanted posters. She holds them out to the Barkeep.

He slowly grabs them.

MILLY (CONT'D)
I believe the men inside'll cover
it.

Milly and Henry walk toward the motel.

She pauses.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(to Barkeep)
Got any whiskey left?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Milly and Henry are seated on the floor with a half-empty bottle of whiskey and a lantern between them, their injuries bandaged.

The pair's laughter tapers off.

MILLY
That was Miss Lady for ya.

Milly takes another swig and hands it to Henry.

MILLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what I said, back
at the cabin, it was... I was-

Henry cringes as he drinks.

HENRY

That's alright. No sense in
apologizin' for honesty.

MILLY

Why'd you come back?

HENRY

You ain't the only one that made
Miss Lady a promise.

A KNOCK at the door. They exchange a glance and grab their
pistols from the table. Henry stands behind the door while
Milly leans against it with her hand on the knob.

MILLY

Who's there?

A soft voice comes from the other side. A tremble in the
words sounds like the person may have been crying.

ANNA

My name's Anna. I'd like to speak
with the person who killed Wesley
Tomlin.

MILLY

I can hear ya.

A pause interrupted by SNIFFLES and tears...

ANNA

He was my father. I know he wasn't
always a good man, and he did a lot
of bad things a long time ago, but
in my eyes, he didn't deserve what
you did.

Milly turns the knob and opens the door a crack to see Anna
with a handkerchief pressed to her nose.

Anna sees Milly's eyes through the door frame and meets them
with hers.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I know it isn't very lady-like of
me to say;

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

but I think if I ever saw you
again, and I had the chance... I
might just kill you.

Anna turns to leave, but looks back as Milly gathers her
opens the door to expose her entire face.

MILLY

I ain't sorry I killed Wesley
Tomlin... but I am sorry I killed
your dad.

Anna wipes her nose and departs. Milly closes the door and
locks the dead bolt.

CHATTER from outside the Window brings Milly and Henry to
look out in front of the hotel from their second story room.

DOWN BELOW

Anna climbs into the open wagon with Sarah, several lanterns
lighting their path. They begin moving out toward the edge of
town.

BACK IN THE ROOM

They watch the wagon as it turns out of view. Henry takes a
swig and hands the bottle back to Milly.

MILLY (CONT'D)

You... you think you could help me
with somethin'?

Henry looks disappointed, even sheepish in his response.

HENRY

Will I need my gun?

She shakes her head.

MILLY

No. Just some shovels.

Milly pulls the drapes closed.

EXT. MILLY'S CABIN - DAY

The ashes of Milly's cabin are littered with half-burnt
lumber and the former makings of a home.

Milly and Henry are nearby, shovelling dirt into a nearly-
filled grave. Milly wipes sweat from her forehead, leaving
dirt in its place.

Henry jams his shovel into the ground before walking away. Milly continues to toss several more scoops and pats it firm with her shovel.

She leans on her spade, resting her hands and head on top of the handle. Her eyes glaze over as she sways slowly back and fourth.

Henry approaches with a makeshift cross made from burnt lumber, tied together with rope. He offers it to Milly.

HENRY

Best I could do with what we got...

Milly wipes her nose again and nods while accepting the gift.

She takes the cross and jams the end into the dirt at the head of the grave. She stays on a knee briefly before returning to Henry's side. The pair stare at the ground.

MILLY

Well, I'm...

Milly shifts her weight nervously and clears her throat, trying again to hold back tears.

MILLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about the funeral arrangements... I wish we could do better for ya...

As hard as she tries, Milly can't hold back the tears any longer. They stream down her face as she tries to keep her composure.

Henry grabs her hand awkwardly. After a long moment, Milly adjusts her hand into his and squeezes hard.

MILLY (CONT'D)

I know you did an awful lot for me growing up. I never forgot about you when I left. I always wanted to come back and take you away. I think I just got a little too stubborn while I was gone.

Tears come to Henry's eyes.

MILLY (CONT'D)

I always wondered if you'd be proud of me. I just wish it all went a little different, ya know?

A long beat...

Henry clears his throat, taking Milly by surprise.

HENRY

Hello, ma'am. My names Henry. I've known Miss Milly for some while, and I just want to let you know that me and our other folks have all been real proud of her for a long time. She's a little bullheaded...

Milly rolls her eyes and wipes her nose.

HENRY (CONT'D)

But she cares for people - more than she lets on I think.

A smile sneaks onto Milly's face as tears roll down her face, leaving streaks of dirt on her cheeks.

HENRY (CONT'D)

But, anyway... just wanted to let you know about all that.

Milly releases Henry's hand and kneels to the grave, putting her hand to the dirt. Tears fall from her face and onto the soft ground.

MILLY

Goodbye, Mama. I'll come back sooner than I did last time, I promise.

Milly stands and heads to her horse. Henry follows. The pair stow their shovels and mount up. Both of their faces are wet, both of their eyes red.

HENRY

Miss Milly?

Milly turns to face him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Would you mind if, someday, we said goodbye to Miss Lady?

MILLY

Yeah. Someday.

The pair share a smile, and saunter off into the forest.

FADE OUT.