

Snow White & The 7 Bullets.

written by

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BLACK.

Sounds of CRICKETS, HOWLING WIND, & MEN CHUCKLING.

We hear the voice of CLYDE. Sounds like a weasel, a conman.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Ain't it funny, Snow...? Your own
Mama...

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

We're looking up from a DITCH.

It's DUSK, the sun just low enough that the sky is BLOOD RED.
The desert is DARK, looks like a silhouette.

There are SILHOUETTES of SEVEN MEN standing over us, pointing
guns DOWN AT US. The chuckling is coming from them.

We see the ditch from above, SOMEONE IS INSIDE IT.

That someone is SNOW (17). Pale skin, red lips, black hair,
she's absolutely beautiful usually. Here, she looks worse for
wear, all beat up & injured, struggling to stand.

The CHUCKLING continues as she does.

Snow's still struggling, she's almost up--

The seven men SHOOT her in the BACK, ONE SHOT a man, ONE BY
ONE. The GUNFIRE allows us to see them one by one for ONLY A
MOMENT.

CLYDE (40s) has a BIG SCAR across his cheeks, a FORCED SMILE.
He looks real WEASEL-LIKE.

WILLIAM (30s) looks like he's stuck in perpetual anger.

DILL (40s) looks older than he is, looks SICKLY.

HOLLOWAY (50s) looks TIRED, SLEEPY.

BUBBA (30s) looks YOUNGER than he is, like a pretty boy.

SAINT (40s) looks completely DETACHED, like this means
nothing to him.

JONES (30s) looks DEAD SERIOUS, like he's got GRAVEL in his
veins.

The shooting stops. After it does, A FAINT RINGING SLOWY starts to fade in.

The seven men stand over the ditch, staring down into it.

Snow's in the ditch, face down, NOT MOVING.

We remain on Snow, hear the men leaving, hear them get on HORSES, hear the horses RUN OFF.

The RINGING is getting LOUDER.

A beat.

Snow's finger MOVES. Then her WHOLE HAND moves, makes a FIST in the sand, starts TREMBLING. She's BARELY BREATHING, starts DRAGGING HERSELF across the ground, VERY SLOW.

RINGING getting LOUDER.

Snow tries to climb out of the ditch, fails, FALLS BACK IN, lands on her back HARD. She lays there, eyes GLAZING OVER, BREATHING SLOWING DOWN. She's gonna die...

RINGING STOPS ABRUPTLY. Then--

Off in the distance, NEIGHING of A HORSE, GETTING CLOSER.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

The desert is WIDE, EMPTY. TRAVELER 1 (40s) male & TRAVELER 2 (40s) female, are driving a LARGE WAGON being pulled by two horses through the desert. Of Mexican descent, they look WEARY, like they've been travelling a long time.

The wagon has food, drinks, all sorts of supplies inside. The two travelers are riding forward when they hear--

NEIGHING in the distance.

The travelers look, see A WHITE HORSE in the distance. The horse is SKINNY, looks like it's DYING as it trots forward.

On this white horse is SNOW. She's slumped over, doesn't even seem to be breathing, her blood ALL OVER the horse's back.

The travelers' eyes both WIDEN.

TRAVELER 1
 (In Spanish)
 My God...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

INSERT: YEARS LATER

Dark, stormy road. Sand everywhere, very windy, THUNDER & LIGHTNING in the sky.

There's a sign near the road, says "WELCOME TO BLACK-APPLE COUNTY."

Sound of a HORSE RUNNING, getting closer, until--

A SHADOWY FIGURE on a WHITE HORSE SPEEDS BY.

INT. DEADSEED MINE - NIGHT

The mine is a CRAMPED CAVE, full of SMOKE & DUST, DIMLY LIT. There's COAL DEPOSITS in the walls, a RAILWAY leading into the mine with MINECARTS FULL OF COAL. We can see that it's STORMING HARD outside from within the mine.

There are MINERS WORKING inside, nearly TWENTY of them. They're all dressed like PRISONERS, all in CHAIN-GANGS, look malnourished, we see their pickaxes SMASHING AWAY at COAL DEPOSITS, pushing minecarts in & out the mine, WORKING HARD.

"QUEEN'S MINING CO." is PRINTED on their outfits.

Someone in the mine is YELLING. It's Dill, walking through the mine towards the exit. He's got a lantern in his hand, a deputy badge on his coat, gun on his waist. He coughs & wheezes between his words, like he's sick.

DILL
 Don't you sorry sons-a-bitches
 start slackin'! We got a deadline
 to meet.

As Dill walks by, a MINER stops working, trying to catch their breath. Dill whips out his gun, PISTOL WHIPS the Miner's back HARD. The Miner falls.

DILL (CONT'D)

Did I say slow down?! I better be
rollin' in coal when the sun comes
up, ya'll hear me?!

Dill leaves the Miner there, exits the mine.

EXT. DEADSEED MINING CAMP - NIGHT

The mining camp is small, tiny shacks & tents scattered
around just off the road, mine-carts filled with coal too.

There's a railway coming from the mine, winds down near the
road. Sounds of MINING coming from inside.

Campfire under a large tarp outside. Lying near this campfire
is Holloway, wears a hat on his head, covering his eyes, has
a deputy badge on, gun on his waist.

Dill emerges from the mine, coughing, wheezing, muttering,
walking towards Holloway.

DILL

Can't believe this shit. I'm
sufferin' from sickness and they
got me out here hollerin' my lungs
out in a damn cave.

He gets close to Holloway.

Holloway chuckles, talks slowly, like he's always tired.

HOLLOWAY

What you mumblin' 'bout, you sick
old fool?

Dill kicks Holloway's boots.

DILL

I'm younger than you, Holloway!
Wake your sleepy ass up.

Holloway jolts up, annoyed.

HOLLOWAY

Hang on there, I was just restin'
my eyes! If I'm older, you best
respect your elders, boy.

Dill laughs, sits down at the fire across from Holloway.

Holloway lays back down, puts his hat over his eyes again.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
How them boys doin' in there?

DILL
Workin' too damn slow. It were up
to me, I'd work 'em till they cough
up coal!

HOLLOWAY
And you wonder why God's cursed you
with disease.

DILL
Just like he cursed you with
laziness, huh, Sleepy?

HOLLOWAY
Hey now...

Holloway points to his badge, a smile on his face.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
That's "Deputy Holloway". Don't see
me runnin' 'round callin' you "Ill-
Dill" no more, do you?

Dill waves him off, coughs, spits.

DILL
Deputy my ass. I miss the old days.
We was runnin' around, doin'
whatever we liked! Now we just out
here shiverin' in this damn rain!

HOLLOWAY
I don't miss it.

DILL
That's just because you can sit
there and sleep.

HOLLOWAY
Damn skippy.

Both men laugh together.

Dill's laughter fades, something else catches his attention.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
What you see?

We hear an APPROCHING HORSE WHINNY.

Dill squints.

CUT TO:

THE SHADOWY FIGURE

The Shadowy Figure is RIDING on the horse.

CLOPPING HORSE FEET, kicking up MUD.

The HORSE'S HEAD, BOBBING, HUFFING as it runs.

HANDS holding the horse's reins, WHIPPING them vigorously.

A REVOLVER LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN on the Shadowy Figure's waist. It's BIG, BLUE, SHINY.

EXT. DEADSEED MINING CAMP - NIGHT

Dill & Holloway are still sitting there.

DILL
Someone's riding up.

The Shadowy Figure rides up, stops when they get near the mining camp, STAYS JUST out of the light.

Dill stands up, staring at the Shadowy Figure.

The Shadowy Figure takes a moment, observes the men, then gets off the horse, stands there.

Dill calls out.

DILL (CONT'D)
This here is a state sanctioned
minin' facility! State your
business!

The Shadowy Figure says nothing, turns their head from Dill.

Holloway's still laying down, obviously not paying attention.

The Shadowy Figure looks back at Dill.

He's standing there, waiting for an answer, calls out again.

DILL (CONT'D)
Y'hear what I say? I'm deputy
Dillon Brown!

He points at Holloway.

DILL (CONT'D)

That there is deputy Harry
Holloway! Now, Black-Apple county
Sheriff's office mandates you state
your business here!

The Shadowy Figure still says nothing.

Holloway pushes his hat up, looks at the Shadowy Figure.

HOLLOWAY

You ain't hear the man speakin' to
you, dammit?

CLOSE IN ON SHADOWY FIGURE.

The Shadowy Figure's just standing there.

A FAINT RINGING in our ears.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Holloway makes a face, suspicious.

The Shadowy Figure speaks, SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN.

SHADOWY FIGURE

So, ya'll is deputies now?
(beat)
Horseshit.

DILL

What?

Holloway stares hard for a beat, then it hits him.

HOLLOWAY

(under breath)
That voice...
(out loud)
Dill!

Dill turns to him.

DILL

What?

Just as Dill turns, The Shadowy Figure pulls her revolver
out, super fast--

HOLLOWAY

DILL--

BLAM. Dill's shot DEAD.

Holloway scrambles, reaches for his own gun--

The Shadowy Figure turns to Holloway, super fast--

BLAM. Holloway is hit before he can take aim.

Holloway drops his gun, writhing around, calling for Jesus.

The Shadowy Figure walks towards him, STEPS ON DILL'S BODY on the way. The Shadowy Figure WALKS WITH A SLIGHT LIMP.

The sounds of MINING start to cease.

Holloway's still screaming, bleeding bad. He was hit in his upper body. He gets on his back, tries to crawl away.

The Shadowy figure gets close to him, steps on his body, RIGHT where she shot him, holds him still.

Now, in the light of the campfire, we see that the Shadowy Figure IS SNOW. She's got a hat, covers her eyes, wears dark clothes, long dark poncho.

She looks PISSED, HATRED in her eyes as she looks down upon Holloway, who is crying.

SOUNDS OF JINGLING CHAINS. The Miners emerge from the mine.

Snow looks at them.

They look at her, don't do anything to stop her.

She looks back at Holloway.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

(To Miners)

Help me, you motherfuckers! I'm a goddamn lawman!

The miners do nothing in response, simply watch.

A beat.

Holloway changes his tune, looks back at Snow.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

S-Snow! Listen! Them's was just orders! Honest injun! It wasn't personal!

Snow points her revolver at him, LIVID.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
NOW, HOLD ON A MIN--

CUT TO BLACK.

GUNSHOT.

A beat.

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

BLAZING HEAT, bright sun, it's hot as hell here.

Snow's riding on her white horse, PRINCE, moving through the desert roadside.

She's got a sheet of paper in her hands, looks down at it.

A lower corner of this sheet of paper's been TORN OFF.

The sheet is a WANTED POSTER, reads, "WANTED IN KINGDOM COUNTY: RIONA FAIRHAT & THE FAIRHAT GANG FOR ASSAULT, HIGHWAY ROBBERY, KIDNAPPING, MURDER, & MORE. TOTAL REWARD OF \$5000. \$500 PER MEMBER, \$1000 FOR THE LEADER."

There's pictures of the gang members, eight of them. We recognize seven of them, the men who shot Snow.

We don't recognize one of them, MRS. QUEEN, who we have yet to meet. She's very beautiful in the poster, but looks VINDICTIVE, CONNIVING, has this EVIL SMILE on her face. She's listed as "RIONA FAIRHAT".

Next to the pictures are other nicknames. "SAINT, KENNY-SMILES, ILL-DILL, SLEEPY HOLLOWAY, SHY-BOY SAMMY, MAD WILLY, & LOVER-BOY BUBBA".

Dill & Holloway are "ILL DILL" & "SLEEPY HOLLOWAY".

There should be another picture, but this is the ripped off portion.

Snow's still looking at the wanted poster, still riding.

We see where she's headed. A TOWN in the distance.

She moves past a sign that reads "WELCOME TO DEADSEED".

EXT. DEADSEED - DAY

Deadseed is small, not a lot of people walking around.

There's a SALOON, has a sign that reads "DEADSEED SALOON" hanging near it.

INT. DEADSEED SALOON - DAY

The Saloon interior is small, few people, some at the bar.

The BARKEEP (40s) is behind the bar, talking to a GUY (40s), who is drinking from a glass.

BARKEEP

Dead? Deputy Dill and Deputy
Holloway?

GUY

Deader than dead! I was hearin'
some of them workers talkin' 'bout
it when I rode past the mine
yesterday!

Snow walks into the saloon, surveys the area, walks to the bar. The Barkeep & the Guy don't notice her. She sits at the end of the bar, listens in on their conversation.

GUY (CONT'D)

I hear the killer rode up two
nights ago. Before them deputies
knew what was coming, WHAM, took
'em out just like that.

Snow's still seated. They still don't see her.

BARKEEP

Lord. Them lawmen was always actin'
a way... Can't say I don't
understand why he did it.

SNOW

(Without looking at them)
She.

The Barkeep & the Guy both look over, notice Snow.

A beat.

BARKEEP

'Scuse me...?

Snow doesn't answer.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
Have I... Seen you before, miss?

SNOW
Reckon you haven't.

A beat.

BARKEEP
Is there... Something you'd like
from the bar?

SNOW
Water. Tall.

After a beat, the Barkeep goes to the bar shelf, comes back
with a jug & a tall glass, pours the water.

BARKEEP
That'll be--

Snow's already pulled A FEW DOLLARS from her pocket, puts one
on the bar.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
Eight cents...

SNOW
I'm looking for a man. Name's
Samuel Jones. Last I heard, he's a
deputy of this here town.

The Barkeep slowly nods.

BARKEEP
You heard right, miss. Comes here
every morning, gets himself a glass
of whiskey and he's off for the
day.

Snow takes the glass, starts to drink.

The Guy looks over.

GUY
If you don't mind, miss, what's
your business with deputy Jones?

Snow puts down the glass, looks at the Guy, unnaturally calm.

SNOW
He helped kill me.

A beat.

The Guy & the Barkeep trade glances.

BARKEEP

You said... You said it was a *she*
what killed deputies Brown and
Holloway?

Snow lifts the glass to her mouth.

SNOW

That I did.

She drinks, puts down the glass.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Jones. He show up yet?

A beat.

The Barkeep looks hesitant, still nervous.

Snow puts another dollar on the bar.

BARKEEP

N... No. He didn't. But he always
shows up before noon. He should be
here any--

SLAM offscreen.

The Guy & the Barkeep are both STARTLED.

The whole saloon goes DEAD SILENT.

Snow wasn't startled, hasn't even turned her head.

A beat.

Snow SLOWLY looks over, still calm.

In the entrance of the saloon is Jones. He's got one arm
holding the saloon door open, on edge, like he hasn't slept,
like he's HAUNTED. He's STARING at Snow.

Snow is STARING back.

Her eyes dart downward.

Jones' other hand is holding his gun at his side, shaking
slightly.

Snow's eyes dart back up.

The Barkeep & the Guy both look extremely anxious.

ONLOOKERS are staring.

A beat.

SNOW
Still got that old gun, Shy-Boy?

She turns her head, drinks, doesn't look at him for the remainder of their conversation.

SNOW (CONT'D)
Or is it "Deputy Jones" now?

A beat.

Jones walks toward the bar, his steps damn near SILENT.

Everyone is still watching, still quiet.

Jones puts his gun on the bar, sits near Snow. His gaze turns to the Barkeep, who's visibly anxious.

The moment Jones sits down, the Guy hastily gets up, leaves the saloon. Some others leave too, but not everyone.

BARKEEP
Howdy', deputy Jones. What you gettin' up to... This morning...?

He trails off.

Jones doesn't reply, is just staring at him.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)
Right... The usual, then.

The Barkeep goes to the back shelf.

Jones is shooting short glances at Snow, who doesn't react.

JONES
Minute I heard about Dill and Holloway... I knew it was you.

Snow doesn't respond.

JONES (CONT'D)
Can't make mistakes without payin' for 'em. Not out here.

SNOW
I'll drink to that.

The Barkeep shows up, feigning hospitality.

BARKEEP

Just the way you like it, Deputy
Jones! Best whiskey in--

JONES

You talk too much.

The Barkeep immediately shuts up, pours up to 1/3 of the
glass, starts to walk away.

Jones SNAPS his fingers at the Barkeep.

The Barkeep turns around.

Jones points at the glass.

The Barkeep hesitates, walks back, fills the glass.

BARKEEP

It'll be extra for a full glass--

Jones STARES him down.

The Barkeep immediately shuts up, walks away.

Snow is still very calm.

Jones snatches the glass, SWIGS the whiskey, looks at Snow.

JONES

If you came looking for an
explanation, I don't got none for
you, Snow.

Snow nods her head, takes another sip.

SNOW

Didn't come for you to explain
nothin', Shy-Boy.

Jones slowly nods his head.

JONES

You came to.. settle it, then.
(Beat)
How we doing it?

She FINALLY looks at him.

SNOW

How you wanna do it?

A beat.

JONES
 Draw our guns outside. Old
 fashioned. Fair.

SNOW
 Old fashioned.

She slowly nods her head.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 Okay.

A beat.

Jones nods, stands, grabs his gun.

JONES
 Follow me.

As Jones walks out, Snow follows him, REACHING FOR HER GUN.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADSEED - DAY

Jones has just exited the saloon, is walking towards the road.

JONES
 Glad to see you're still as fair as
 ever, Snow. We can settle this and
 be done with the whole thi--

BLAM. ONE SHOT from behind.

Jones falls over, groaning, drops in the road, drops his gun too. He was hit in the back.

It was Snow, standing in the doorway, gun SMOKING.

SNOW
 I settle things my own way.

After a beat, Snow starts walking over.

The Barkeep peeks from inside the saloon, SHOCKED.

ONLOOKERS watch as Snow walks to Jones, all sound SHOCKED.

ONLOOKER#1 (O.S.)
 Who the hell is that?!

ONLOOKER#2 (O.S.)
I think it's that killer woman!

ONLOOKER#3 (O.S.)
She shot deputy Jones!

Snow walks over to Jones, looks down at him.
He's in SHOCK.

JONES
But we agreed... Fair...

SNOW
That was 'bout as fair a shot as
you gave me.

Jones speaks in between pained gasps.

JONES
You gonna ask me for the others,
right...? Gonna ask me where they
are?

Snow aims her pistol at Jones' head.

SNOW
I already know.

BLAM. Snow SHOOTS, KILLS HIM, stands there for a beat, looks
to be getting ANGRY. She aims at him AGAIN.

THREE MORE SHOTS.

SILENCE.

A beat.

Snow reaches into her pocket, pulls out FIVE DEFORMED
BULLETS, picks one out of the five, holds it up.

The bullet has the name "SHY-BOY" etched into it. She drops
it onto Jones' body.

It lands in SLOW-MOTION. When it does, there's a LOUD THUD in
our ears. We remain on the bullet for a beat as it settles.
Then we--

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE-CREAK STREETS - DAY

CLOPPING HORSE FEET. We follow as they walk along the sand.

GRIMMSHAW (40s), looks like a seasoned veteran, armed with a rifle on his back, pistol on his hip, riding on a horse down the road, strolling along, like he's in no rush. He's just entering town.

On the back of the horse is a DEAD BODY.

We follow Grimmshaw as he travels.

Castle-Creak is a normal size town, looks different from Deadseed, but still looks impoverished, more well populated, people walking around, going about their daily business.

Grimshaw continues down the road, observing.

PEOPLE address him as he walks by.

RANDOM PERSON#1
Howdy, Grimmshaw.

GRIMMSHAW
Afternoon' to ya.

RANDOM PERSON#2
Afternoon', Billy!

GRIMMSHAW
G'day, sister.

There are lawmen too, don't seem keen on Grimmshaw. He pays them NO MIND, keeps going.

There's a COMMOTION.

There's a PRISON CARRAIGE, has the name "QUEEN'S MINING CO." on its side, surrounded by lawmen & MINERS on a chain-gang being led towards it. They wear the same uniforms as the miners at the Deadseed camp.

The lawmen are PUSHING the miners, making them move along.

Grimshaw is strolling past this, observes in displeasure.

One ELDERLY MINER walks with a limp, has trouble keeping up.

A LAWMAN walks up, SHOVES him forcefully.

LAWMAN
Get a move on, old man!

The Elderly Miner trips & falls, disrupting the entire chain gang.

GRIMMSHAW

Hey!

The lawman turns, sees Grimmshaw. Gives him a dirty look.

Grimmshaw STOPS his horse, gives the lawman a DIRTIER look.

A beat.

Suddenly--

CHILD#1 (O.S.)

Look, it's the Black-Apple
Huntsman!

A GROUP OF CHILDREN run up to Grimmshaw. They're dirty & poor looking, but seem happy nonetheless.

CHILD#2

And he got another bad man!

GRIMMSHAW

Afternoon', ya'll.

CHILD#3

Can I touch him, Mr. Huntsman?

Grimmshaw looks down at them, chuckles.

GRIMMSHAW

Watch out, now. He may try to jump
and git ya!

Grimmshaw pretends to JUMP at them.

The children laugh, scattering away.

Grimmshaw looks back at the prison carriage.

The lawman has walked away. The Elderly Miner is starting to sit in the carriage, looking at Grimmshaw.

Grimmshaw nods slightly, keeps moving.

As Grimmshaw continues his walk, he takes notice of Clyde & William speaking with MS. MABEL (30s) on the side of the road.

Like the rest of the people in town, Ms. Mabel looks poor.

MS. MABEL

I already done told you, Deputy
Clyde, I already paid what I could
from what I got left!

CLYDE

Now, I understand that, Ms. Mabel. But you gotta understand, tax comes with interest. Now, I'm just doing my job, so I can't have you here muckin' about with me. Bank's gonna come for you if you don't help me out here.

Grimmshaw looks very displeased.

MS. MABEL

But, all my leftover money's for food for the kids, they ain't got enough--

WILLIAM

Why you gotta be so damn uppity 'bout everything? What them goddamn brats gonna do when the bank come up and take your house? Hmm? Just pay what you owe before--

Grimmshaw hops off his horse, starts to head over to them.

GRIMMSHAW

Clyde! Willy-boy!

Clyde looks displeased, but turns around with a fake smile.

William doesn't hide his displeasure.

CLYDE

Grimmshaw!

Clyde takes notice of the body on Grimmshaw's horse.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Back from another job, huh?

Grimmshaw feigns friendliness.

GRIMMSHAW

Oh yes, deputy Clyde, I'm back from another job. What ya'll botherin' good ol' Ms. Mabel for? Y'hear the woman ain't got no money. Can't leave her be, let her feed them damn kids?

CLYDE

Billy, I'd love to. But I don't meet my requirement on tax, it's my neck.

(MORE)

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Ms. Mabel owes interest and she ain't payin', so it'll be more debt for her, won't it?

A beat.

Grimmshaw is looking him up & down.

GRIMMSHAW

"Requirement," some upstanding lawmen you are, tell you what.

WILLIAM

The hell would a bounty hunter know 'bout "upstanding?"

Grimmshaw glares at William, who glares back.

GRIMMSHAW

Careful now, Willy-boy.

There's silence. William is still staring, unafraid.

Grimmshaw shakes his head, looks at Clyde.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Alright, how much?

CLYDE

What?

GRIMMSHAW

How much she owe?

Grimmshaw turns, points to the body on his horse.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

That one's gonna get me a hundred-fifty. Woulda been two if I didn't shoot the bastard, but he got squirly.

A beat.

Clyde glances at the body, then back at Grimmshaw, nods, shit-eating grin on his face, holds his hand out for a handshake.

CLYDE

Got yourself a deal, Mr. Grimmshaw

Ms. Mabel looks relieved.

Grimmshaw takes Clyde's forearm, PULLS HIM IN.

GRIMMSHAW

Let this be the last time, deputy
Clyde.

A beat.

Grimmshaw lets go of his arm, walks back to his horse, Clyde
& William following behind him.

Ms. Mabel calls to him.

MS. MABEL

God bless you, Billy Grimmshaw!

Grimmshaw waves at her.

GRIMMSHAW

Here's hopin'.

Grimmshaw, Clyde & William continue down the street.

INT. GLASS' OFFICE - DAY

The office is neat, tidy. There's a front desk with paperwork
on it, a window. There are wanted posters on the wall.

GLASS (50s) is sitting at his desk, his feet resting on top
of it. He's got a hat on his head, sheriff's badge on his
coat. He looks tired & stressed, has a piece of paper in his
hand, looks to be reading over it with a scowl.

We see that this sheet of paper is a LETTER. Though we can't
see what the whole letter says, at the bottom of the page we
see the words, "I NEED THIS FIXED NOW. SINCERELY MRS. QUEEN."

Glass sighs, wipes his face. He looks at his desk.

There's another piece of paper on his desk, a SKETCH OF SNOW.
Looks like it was drawn in a hurry, but there's no mistaking.

Grimmshaw appears in the doorway, the dead body resting on
his shoulder. Clyde & William are with him.

Glass looks up.

Grimmshaw nods as he enters.

GRIMMSHAW

Sheriff Glass.

He gestures to the dead body on his shoulder.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
Came to collect.

Sheriff Glass looks at the body, gives a half smile.

GLASS
"Big Bad" Harry Wolff. Where'd you
find him?

GRIMMSHAW
Boy was hidin' out near the damn
county border.

GLASS
Sum'bitch was givin' me a headache
robbin' them damn roads.

Glass looks at Clyde & William.

GLASS (CONT'D)
Deputy Clyde, Deputy William,
mornin' ya. What ya'll doin' with
Mr. Grimmshaw here?

GRIMMSHAW
"Collecting taxes."

Glass makes a face.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
Give them the one fifty for the
body, don't ask me why. Let 'em
split it on whatever horseshit they
was gonna use it for.

Glass sighs, opens his drawer, pulls out money, counts it,
hands it over to Clyde.

Clyde's got that shit-eating grin again.

Grimmshaw stares daggers into him & William, shakes his head.

GLASS
I was gonna call you two in
anyways. This telegram's from Mrs.
Queen.

Grimmshaw sneers at the mention of this name.

GLASS (CONT'D)
I need ya'll to ride up to Crown-
Flats. She said it's urgent.

Glass hands Clyde the letter, hands William the sketch.

GLASS (CONT'D)

The sooner, the better, y'hear?

Clyde takes a moment to read the message. His face twists.

William looks at the sketch, face twists too, in SHOCK.

Clyde & William glance at each other, then back at Glass.

CLYDE

Alright.

GLASS

And take that body out back.

Clyde puts the letter back on Glass' desk, takes the body from Grimmshaw.

William puts the sketch on Glass' desk, looks like he's seen a ghost.

William & Clyde exit, RUSHING, close the door behind them.

Grimmshaw raises his brow, shakes his head, looks at Glass.

GLASS (CONT'D)

You came back just in time, Billy.
I needed to speak with you about--

GRIMMSHAW

You can't let them boys keep
carryin' on like they do, Glass.

GLASS

What you mean?

GRIMMSHAW

Them "lawmen" are out there actin'
like a bunch a thugs. They're
treatin' the miners like they ain't
human. Kenny and Willy was out
there tryin' to shake down Ms.
Mabel again.

GLASS

So, that's what the one fifty was
for...

(beat)

Look, Billy, lemme worry about my
lawmen. I'm the sheriff, I'll
straighten 'em out.

GRIMMSHAW

You keep sayin' that. You sure they work for you? Or is that woman up there--

GLASS

I wanted to talk to you about something important, Mr. Grimmshaw.

Grimmshaw stares at Glass for beat. He sighs, nods his head.

GRIMMSHAW

Alright.

Glass picks up the message from his desk, holds it up.

GLASS

Two nights ago, deputies Dill and Holloway were murdered. Few hours ago, deputy Jones was too.

Glass hands Grimmshaw the sketch.

GLASS (CONT'D)

It was this woman what killed 'em. Sketch is based off a miner's description of her.

Grimmshaw takes it, starts looking at it.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Dill and Holloway were killed out by the mine near Deadseed, and Deadseed is where Jones was killed.

GRIMMSHAW

Was it a robbery? The killer steal something from the mine? From the town?

GLASS

Message didn't say nothing about a robbery. However, the killer did ask the miners for the locations of several deputies... The ones that knew... Well, they complied... This time tomorrow, there'll be posters up all over the county. We need to find her.

Grimmshaw looks at Glass, makes a face, "OHHHHH, NO."

GRIMMSHAW

Sheriff Glass--

GLASS

This is urgent. I need you to--

GRIMMSHAW

Now, I was gone nearly a week looking for Harry Wolff. I just got back, ain't even take my boots off and--

GLASS

And you let them deputy boys get a hundred fifty outta you for "horseshit." This is a way to make that back.

GRIMMSHAW

What about your boys? Round up a posse, go out there and--

GLASS

Mrs. Queen still needs 'em up in the mines.

GRIMMSHAW

Mrs. Queen? She runnin' this county now? Some loon out there killin' lawmen is more urgent than them damn mines--

GLASS

Billy, trust me, this ain't easy for me to ask of you, neither. You're the best we got.

A beat.

GRIMMSHAW

I need time. Gimme a few days and maybe I can--

GLASS

I need this dealt with soon, Billy.

GRIMMSHAW

How soon?

GLASS

You leave in an hour.

Grimmshaw looks DUMBFUNDED.

GLASS (CONT'D)

It's just out by Deadseed! You left today, you could be on her by tomorrow.

GRIMMSHAW

You're gonna have to find someone else, sheriff. I'm gettin' too old for marathons.

Grimmshaw reaches for the door.

GLASS

Grimmshaw!

Grimmshaw opens the door &--

GLASS (CONT'D)

It's two thousand!

Grimmshaw STOPS.

A beat.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Billy, I need your help on this one, alright? The bounty is two thousand.

Grimmshaw closes the door, turns around, looks skeptical.

GRIMMSHAW

Two thousand for one person?

GLASS

She's armed and highly dangerous. If she's willing to gun down lawmen in the open, who knows what she'll do to innocent people on the goddamn road?

A beat.

Grimmshaw says nothing.

GLASS (CONT'D)

I know you understand what I'm talkin' about, Grimmshaw.

Grimmshaw's thinking hard on it, stares at Glass.

A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. QUEEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

THREE DEFORMED BULLETS ON A DESK. First bullet has "SLEEPY" etched into it, second has "ILL-DILL" etched into it, third has "SHY-BOY" etched into it.

On this desk, we can see CLEARLY the same "QUEEN'S MINING CO." logo printed onto it that we've seen before.

Surrounding office is luxurious. Nice flooring, fancy chandelier, chairs, MANY mirrors in Mrs. Queen's office.

MRS. QUEEN (50s) is sitting at the desk, staring at the three bullets, looks good for her age, like she's younger than she is, but has a little too much makeup & jewelry on. She's sitting at her desk, looks angry & stressed.

There's a large window with open curtains behind Mrs. Queen's desk.

We can see the town through it, clearly city-like, A LOT of people populating the streets. There are SOME TALL BUILDINGS in some parts, SMALL BUILDINGS in other parts, SMOKE coming from chimneys, DIRT ROADS, place looks like it's in the middle of an INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

The sun outside HAS NEARLY SET.

Saint is sitting across from Mrs. Queen's desk, watching her. He looks stoic, DEADFACED.

There's a knock. A BUTLER (40s) opens the door.

BUTLER

Deputies Kenneth Clyde and William Kidd are here on your request, Mrs. Queen.

Clyde & William enter the office, awkward.

The Butler leaves, closes the door.

Mrs. Queen says nothing, still looking at the bullets.

Clyde & William tip their hats to Saint, who does the same.

CLYDE

Saint.

Saint speaks with a German accent.

SAINT

Kenny. William.

Clyde looks at Mrs. Queen.

CLYDE
Came as soon as we could, Riona.

Mrs. Queen stays silent, still looking at the bullets.

MRS. QUEEN
They found these three bullets on
the bodies.
(looks up)
She's leaving messages for us.

William & Clyde trade GRIM looks.

CLYDE
(To Mrs. Queen)
You let Bubba know?

MRS. QUEEN
Deputy Bubba knows... And I know...
I know ya'll messed up. I know
ya'll failed me.

WILLIAM
Riona, she wasn't moving. We
thought--

MRS. QUEEN
AND YA'LL...

William shuts up. Looks like he's shrunken in fear.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
... Are gonna fix it...

A beat.

The men all trade glances.

CLYDE
... What do we do, Mrs. Queen...?

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL CANYON PASS - NIGHT

The canyon is SMALL, walls are more like big hills than
canyon walls.

Moon in the sky, REAL DARK out, it's RAINING. Heavy droplets
PLOPPING DOWN IN THE SAND, SLIDING DOWN the canyon walls.

Snow is leading Prince, has a lantern out, walking slow, looking down at the sand, dour look on her face.

We start hearing DISEMBODIED ECHOING VOICES. DISEMBODIED CHUCKLING. Voices of Dill, Holloway, William, others.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
Y'hear that, Snow?!

CLYDE(V.O.)
Ain't it funny, Snow? Your own
Mama...

ECHOING DISEMBODIED GUNSHOT.

Snow HALTS, STEPS IN A BIG PUDDLE, BREATHING HEAVY, UPSET.

A beat.

It continues to RAIN.

Prince brings his head close to hers, HUFFS.

Snow calms herself, speaks soft.

SNOW
Hey, Prince. Don't you worry about
me, now, boy.

She caresses Prince.

Prince huffs in response.

Snow & Prince stand there in the rain for a beat, then continue walking.

As they exit the small canyon, we see an OLD RUNDOWN BARN & a DESECRATED FARMHOUSE in the distance. Snow is walking towards the barn.

INT. RUNDOWN BARN - NIGHT

Barn looks in poor condition. Holes in the roof, letting the rain in some parts of the barn, wood rotted beams, an OLD WHEEL BARROW, rusty farm tools everywhere, this place is almost abandoned, ALMOST. There's old hay made up like a makeshift bed next to a campfire with no flame.

The barn doors CREAK as they're opened up.

Snow & Prince enter the barn, SOAKING WET, DRIPPING WATER. Snow closes the doors, stands there, sighs. This is her hideout.

She takes Prince's saddle off his back, puts it on the ground, looks over at the campfire, walks near it.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN BARN - NIGHT

Snow's sitting in front of the campfire with flint & steel. Her poncho, hat, boots are all off, only in her shirt, still wet.

The old wheel barrow is near the fire. Her poncho is hanging on one of the handle shafts, hat hanging off the handle's end, her boots resting up against it. They're all DAMP.

The wanted poster of the "FAIRHAT GANG" is on the floor in front of her.

Snow struggles for a bit with the flint & steel, but starts a SMALL FIRE.

She takes off her shirt, which is still SOPPING WET, ROLLS & TWISTS IT away from the fire. The water DRIPS onto the ground away from the fire.

We see Snow from behind as she hangs the shirt on the wheel barrow. She's got SEVEN BULLET SCARS scattered around her back.

Snow sits near the fire, pulls out her revolver, a CLOTH from her pocket, opens the pistol chamber.

This is no normal six-shooter. It's a SEVEN SHOOTER. There are five bullets missing. She's got extra ammunition nearby.

Snow unloads the gun, uses the cloth, starts to clean it.

As she cleans, Snow's staring at the Fairhat gang wanted poster.

Jones on the poster, listed as "SHY-BOY SAMMY."

Bubba on the poster, listed as "LOVER-BOY BUBBA."

Snow continues cleaning the gun, STARING at the poster.

We see the scars on Snow's back once more.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN BARN - NIGHT

We see the barn as the rainstorm RAGES ON.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADSEED SALOON - NIGHT

It continues RAINING.

Grimmshaw is outside the saloon on his horse. The Barkeep on the saloon porch, speaking to him, but it's INAUDIBLE.

The Barkeep points.

Grimmshaw looks in the direction the Barkeep pointed, nods, turns his horse, RIDES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The desert is barren, wet, it's still raining. Grimmshaw is in the desert.

There are puddles everywhere, the rain's still going.

Grimmshaw's looking at the ground, wiping water away, SQUINTING.

There's nothing in the puddles, just wet sand, but then--

Grimmshaw wipes away another puddle.

There are FAINT HORSE TRACKS in the wet sand.

Grimmshaw looks up, his eyes following the tracks.

He gets up, gets on his horse, RIDES ON. We see him moving towards the entrance to the small canyon, same one Snow was in.

CUT TO:

INT. RUNDOWN BARN - DAY

SUNLIGHT coming through the holes in the ceiling, no more rain. The fire is put out.

Snow is sitting there in the fetal position, head down in her knees, asleep, ALL DRY.

She raises her head, slow, looks around the barn, takes a moment to wake up.

Prince is standing near her, asleep.

CUT TO:

Snow's got her equipment on. Poncho, hat, everything.

Prince is awake, has his saddle on.

Snow caresses Prince.

SNOW

Come on. We ain't done yet.

Prince huffs.

Snow leads Prince to the barn doors, but he STOPS when they get close, huffs, backs away.

Snow's voice LOWERS, gets quiet.

SNOW (CONT'D)

You hear something, then?

Prince huffs, acts SPOOKED.

Snow squints, pulls out her gun, looks at the barn door.

There are a few small rusty holes in the door.

Snow, gun raised, slowly makes for the door, gets close to one of the holes, closes one eye, looks through it.

SNOW'S POV

We see the outside of the barn, rocks & cacti all around.

A beat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Snow slowly opens the door, gun pointed, goes out, leaves the door open.

EXT. RUNDOWN BARN - DAY

Snow quickly checks her surroundings.

Now in the light of day, we can see everything clear. There are LARGE ROCKS & CACTI all over. We can see the nearby DESECRATED FARMHOUSE as well. Looks rundown, BARELY any roof, missing structure, like it was burned down at some point. It's mostly foundation.

We can also see the entrance to the SMALL CANYON leading back the way Snow came.

Snow continues surveying when she sees SOMETHING.

A horse near the desecrated farmhouse. It's saddled up. It's Grimmshaw's horse.

Snow looks SUSPICIOUS, starts walking.

EXT. DESCRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Snow is approaching the horse, still watching her surroundings.

As she passes by a LARGE ROCK, we see Grimmshaw is behind it, his rifle out.

Snow gets near Grimmshaw's horse.

SNOW

Well, howdy, you. You lost? Where's your owner, hmmm?

Grimmshaw peeks around the rock, REAL SLOW, aims his rifle at Snow's back.

She doesn't seem to notice, still talking to the horse.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Your owner gonna try and shoot me?

GRIMMSHAW

Don't you move, missy!

Snow makes a face, like she's not shocked or surprised, doesn't move.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, will ya, and drop that pretty little pistol you got?

A beat.

SUPER FAST, Snow spins around, BLAM. Nearly hits Grimmshaw, hits the rock he's behind.

Grimshaw gets back behind cover.

His horse gets SCARED, BUCKS UP, runs off.

Snow BOOKS IT to the desecrated farmhouse.

Grimshaw comes out from cover, SHOOTS, NEARLY hits her--

INT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Snow's already leapt into the farmhouse through an open wall. The interior doesn't look any better than the exterior, everything is scattered, tables, chairs, the roof is MOSTLY GONE, DOESN'T LOOK VERY STABLE.

Snow takes cover near a gaping wall, points her gun, SHOOTS AT GRIMMSHAW.

EXT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grimshaw gets back behind his rock, takes cover.

INT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Snow stops shooting.

SNOW

That bitch sent you to kill me,
then?! Can't do it her goddamn
self?!

From within the farmhouse, we see Grimshaw ROLL out of cover, SHOOT.

Snow moves as a bullet BURSTS THROUGH the wooden wall, RIGHT where her head was.

EXT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grimshaw is getting closer to the farmhouse, is behind another rock.

GRIMMSHAW

I wasn't sent by nobody but Black-
Apple County Sheriff's office! You
murdered a few lawmen, as I
understand it!

INT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Snow's moved her position, in another spot behind cover, near a broken window.

We see that ABOVE HER is a little bit of roofing over the farmhouse, looks like it could FALL AT ANY MOMENT.

GRIMMSHAW (O.S.)

Frankly, we don't much like that 'round here, young lady! Now, you best come with me before you up and hurt someone who ain't do nothin'!

SNOW

I ain't out to hurt no one that don't deserve it!

EXT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grimmshaw is still behind his rock, peeking behind cover.

He can't see Snow.

SNOW (O.S.)

And while we're being frank, I don't much give a good goddamn what ya'll *do-and-don't* like 'round here, bounty-boy!

Grimmshaw sees a LARGE ROCK on the ground nearby.

INT. DESECRATED FARMHOUSE - DAY

Snow's still behind cover.

SNOW

Now, you best head on back before you up and get hurt next!

A beat.

A LARGE ROCK FLIES through the broken window, BREAKING whatever glass was left there.

It catches Snow's attention, she moves away from it.

Grimmshaw LEAPS through a nearby gaping wall while she's distracted, BOOKS TOWARDS HER, rifle on his back.

Snow turns, points her pistol--

Grimmshaw moves her arm as she SHOOTS UPWARDS.

Bullet HITS THE CORNER OF THE ROOF.

Snow tries to use her other arm to hit Grimmshaw, but he catches her arm. They STRUGGLE, but Grimmshaw is STRONGER.

We see the roofing above them STARTING TO COLLAPSE.

They don't notice, still struggling.

GRIMMSHAW

Two thousand dollars on your head
says I can't leave you be, missy!

Snow suddenly HEADBUTTS Grimmshaw, HITS HIM HARD.

He doesn't let go, but he's in pain.

The roofing's STILL COMING APART.

Snow DOES IT AGAIN, MAKES HIS NOSE BLEED, KNEES his crotch,
SHOVES HIM OFF.

Grimmshaw STAGGERS back, nearly trips, holding his nose,
tries to catch himself.

Snow AIMS at him.

He FREEZES.

SNOW

I ain't after you.

A beat.

CREAKING FROM ABOVE.

Grimmshaw looks up.

So does Snow.

THE ROOF COMES DOWN on her.

Grimmshaw MOVES out of the way.

DEBRIS EVERYWHERE. When it settles, we see Snow BURIED under
the rubble, eyes going dark.

SNOW'S POV

Grimmshaw walks over, standing over us. EVERYTHING'S BLURRY.

She tries to aim her gun, but is TOO WEAK. Her arm falls.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sound of horse feet TROTting begin to FADE IN.

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL CANYON - DAY

SNOW'S POV

Snow's on the back of a horse, looking down at the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Snow's on the back of Prince, moving through the small canyon, the same one she went through the night before.

Snow's wrists are tied behind her back, ankles tied together.

Her hat's not on her head, hanging off Prince's saddle.

Grimshaw is up front, riding the horse down the desert road.

He's got the wanted poster of the Fairhat gang in his hand, looking at it.

Snow starts to struggle, but still groggy.

GRIMSHAW

(Still looking at the poster)

Took a nasty spill there, missy. You been out an hour, two maybe. You'll be alright. More worried about myself, honestly. Nearly broke my damn nose back there.

Snow says nothing, watching him, hostile.

GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)

Had to borrow your horse here. I think our little tussle scared mine off...

He gestures with the poster.

GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)

Forgive me for runnin' through your stuff, I got curious.

Grimmshaw moves his arm so Snow can see the wanted poster in his hand. We remain looking at the poster as he continues.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

I'm even more curious now. Wanna explain to me why there are seven county deputies and the head of a mining company on this here poster?

SNOW

Why you think, bounty-boy? They're wanted.

Grimmshaw looks at the poster again, raises his eyebrows.

GRIMMSHAW

Ain't that some shit?

(beat)

I can't say it don't make sense. Always puttin' folks in a bad way, they was... Now, if there are eight people on this poster, and seven of 'em give five hundred dollars, and the eighth person gives a thousand... Well that right there's forty five hundred dollars... But the parchment says five thousand...

We see the part of the wanted poster that's been RIPPED OFF.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

I wonder where that last five hundred went.

SNOW

Person who held it's already dead.

Grimmshaw chuckles, partly turns his head to her.

GRIMMSHAW

You kill him too?

Snow doesn't answer.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

From the looks of it, you were headin' south. On your way to Bleakpoint...

As Grimmshaw says his next line, we see the picture of Bubba on the wanted poster.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

That's where deputy Bubba's stayin'. I'm guessin' you're after him next.

No answer.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Y'know, at first, I thought you were after the bount--

SNOW

I ain't doin' it for no goddamn money...

GRIMMSHAW

... I figured. I ain't never met a hunter that leaves three of their bounties rottin' in the sand after killin' 'em. So, it's bad blood, then?

SNOW

It's none of your goddamn business is what it is--

GRIMMSHAW

Ahhh, revenge is a fool's game.

SNOW

Then I guess I'm a goddamn fool.

GRIMMSHAW

Comes with bein' young, I suppose.

A beat.

SNOW

Before I shot Shy-Boy, he told me that out here, don't no one make no mistakes without payin' something... Well, them boys made a *whole* lot of mistakes. I'm the one that came to collect my debt.

GRIMMSHAW

So, that's it? Just kill 'em all?

SNOW

Seven bullets for seven sons-a-bitches.

GRIMMSHAW

And an eighth for Mrs. Queen?

SNOW

I know that she-devil as Riona Fairhat, and she ain't no goddamn Queen... Got a ninth one for you if you don't let me go!

GRIMMSHAW

We're on the same side, I reckon.

SNOW

Ain't on no one's side but mine.

GRIMMSHAW

Then you'll be alone and you'll stay alone. Don't think you want that, missy.

Grimmshaw stops Prince, gets off, turns to Snow, holds up the poster.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

This bounty would sound mighty nice to a lot folk they done wrong. If we get this poster to the sheriff--

SNOW

To hell with them folk! To hell with the sheriff! Them bastards is mine, y'hear?

A beat.

Grimmshaw puts away the wanted poster, pulls out a SMALL KNIFE.

GRIMMSHAW

You killed *three* bad men in two days, but you're reckless. Whole damn county knows about you. Better believe them deputies is on the hunt now. They catch you, they'll kill you... No trial. You wanna survive? Your best bet's with me and the sheriff.

SNOW

What you care about what happens to me?

GRIMMSHAW

I done told you, them lawmen are always puttin' folks in a bad way. 'Bout time they answered for that.

Snow still looks hostile, but somewhat confused.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

But if we lose proof of their dirty past, any hope of that is gone. The way I see it, we're partners now...

Snow's just staring, like she's considering it.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Now, if I cut you loose, you gonna act up? We square, missy?

A beat.

SNOW

... Square.

Grimmshaw nods, smiles.

GRIMMSHAW

Let's start from the beginning, then. Name's Billy Grimmshaw.

Snow is squinting at him, like she DOESN'T TRUST HIM.

SNOW

Snow.

GRIMMSHAW

Alright, Snow, let's cut you loose and get to Castle-Creak.

Grimmshaw gets close, reaches over with the knife, about to cut Snow loose when--

GUNSHOT from above, nearly hits Grimmshaw's foot, STARTLES him & Snow.

A VOICE from above.

CLYDE (O.S.)

I think I done heard enough outta ya'll!

Snow & Grimmshaw look up.

It's Clyde. He's got TWO LAWMEN with him. CORRUPT LAWMAN#1 & CORRRPUT LAWMAN#2. They're on horseback, all ARMED, pointing rifles at them.

GRIMMSHAW

Well, howdy, deputy Clyde.

CLYDE
 Alright, bounty hunter. Drop the
 weapons. ALL of 'em. And get them
 hands up!

A beat.

Snow & Grimmshaw trade glances.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 NOW.

Grimmshaw complies, drops Snow's pistol on the ground, TOSSES
 THE KNIFE, it lands behind Prince on the ground WHERE SNOW
 CAN SEE IT.

Snow looks at the knife, then back at Grimmshaw.

He's dropping his rifle too, puts his hands up.

Clyde looks over at Corrupt Lawman#1.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 Watch 'em. We're goin' around.

Corrupt Lawman#1 nods, keeps his gun trained on Snow &
 Grimmshaw.

Clyde & Corrupt Lawman#2 ride around the canyon, enter from
 below, are on the same level as Snow & Grimmshaw now, across
 from them, still aiming at them.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 (To Corrupt Lawman#1)
 Come on down.

Corrupt Lawman#1 reunites with Clyde & Corrupt Lawman#2

Grimmshaw seems unfazed, like he's not scared at all.

Snow's still STARING at Clyde, who's staring back.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
 Been a long time, Snow. You killed
 three of my friends.

SNOW
 I know.

Clyde spits out the side of his mouth, looks over at
 Grimmshaw.

CLYDE

That one fifty me and Willy took off you yesterday... I spent some of my share on some bullets for this here gun. Maybe I oughta give you your money back. You want that?

GRIMMSHAW

Reckon I don't.

CLYDE

Then what we're gonna do here is take that girl and put a bullet in her goddamn head and you ain't gonna do shit about it.

GRIMMSHAW

You put a lot of bullets in people's heads when you rode with the Fairhat gang, Clyde?

Snow glances at the knife on the ground again.

Clyde chuckles.

CLYDE

You been talkin' to that bitch, bounty hunter. I ain't much in the mood for talkin' today.

GRIMMSHAW

Been doin' a whole lot of it though, haven't you?

A beat.

CLYDE

(To Corrupt Lawman#2)
Bring that girl here.

Corrupt Lawman#2 gets off his horse, starts to walk over.

Grimshaw looks at Snow. She looks at him. Then--

Snow DROPS off the back of Prince, lands on the ground.

CORRUPT LAWMAN#2

HEY!

Snow starts rolling away, like she's trying to escape.

Corrupt Lawman#2 runs over, grabs her mid-roll, PUNCHES her in the face, LIFTS her onto his shoulder. As he takes her away, we see the knife on the ground IS GONE.

CLYDE
Bring her here.

Corrupt Lawman#1 walks past Grimmshaw, holding Snow.

GRIMMSHAW
So, what? You gonna ride up to
Sheriff Glass' office and bring her
in yourself, then?

CLYDE
I seen her official wanted poster
today. They callin' her the "Deputy
Killer."
(chuckles)
For two thousand dollars after what
she did...? You bet your ass.

GRIMMSHAW
And what about me?

CLYDE
What *about* you?

Corrupt Lawman#2 puts Snow on the back of Clyde's horse, goes
back to his own horse, mounts it, points his gun at Grimmshaw
again.

Snow is lying on the horse, DOING SOMETHING with her hands.

GRIMMSHAW (O.S.)
You gonna shoot me, Clyde? I ain't
never liked you much, but I never
took you for the murderous type.

SNOW'S BOUND HANDS

Snow slowly pulls the small knife from her sleeve with her
fingers. STARTS TO CUT THE ROPE around her wrists.

Clyde is still talking to Grimmshaw.

He chuckles.

CLYDE
Maybe you took me for the wrong
type of man like the fool you are.
Truth is, Billy... I ain't never
liked your uppity ass neither.

Grimmshaw chuckles, still calm.

GRIMMSHAW

What's not to like?

CLYDE

You got the nerve to talk down to me like you're better. "The Black-Apple Huntsman."

(he spits)

You ain't no better. You just another dog. Just 'cause your leash is a different color than mine don't mean but shit.

GRIMMSHAW

Fair enough. So that's it, then? Gonna just shoot me like a dog in the street?

Clyde smiles, big shit-eating grin.

CLYDE

I didn't shoot you... Snow did. Yeah, we was just patrollin' around when we found your body in the road...

Clyde aims his gun at Grimmshaw's head.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

... A bullet right in your forehead. We followed the tracks and got that crazy bitch before she could hurt anyone else.

Grimmshaw smiles.

GRIMMSHAW

That's a real good story you got there. Of all the liars I ever met, you're the most natural. That why they called you "Kenny-Smiles"? Or was it because of your purty face?

Clyde laughs.

CLYDE

You think I don't see what you're doin', Grimmshaw? You just speakin' bullshit. Trying to find some way out. Trying to stall me. Well, there ain't no way out. This is the end.

Grimmshaw sighs.

GRIMMSHAW

I suppose you're right. How about
some last words from a dead man,
then?

A beat.

CLYDE

Speak.

GRIMMSHAW

Watch your back.

Clyde chuckles.

CLYDE

That a threat?

Snow SPRINGS up with the knife, GRABS Clyde, wraps one arm
around his neck, reaches over with the other, STABS him in
the chest. He SQUEALS.

Corrupt Lawman#1 & Corrupt Lawman#2 are both STARTLED. So are
their horses, neighing & struggling.

Snow & Clyde fall off the horse. She stabs him TWICE MORE.

The lawmen start to aim at her--

Grimshaw snatches up his pistol, LIGHTNING SPEED, BLAM.

Corrupt Lawman#1 is shot in the shoulder, DISARMED, falls off
his horse, which runs off into the canyon.

Clyde's horse backs away, WHINNYING & BUCKING about, but
doesn't run off.

Corrupt Lawman#2 is STARTLED, trying to control his horse.

Snow leaves the knife in Clyde's chest, takes his pistol from
its holster, leaves her other arm wrapped around his neck.

Corrupt Lawman#2 tries to aim at Grimmshaw but--

BANG. He's shot dead by Snow, partially falls off his horse
as it runs off, dragging him. Snow points Clyde's gun at
Corrupt Lawman#1, who's still alive, trying to crawl away.

He puts up his hand, LIKE HE'S AFRAID--

GUNSHOT. Snow kills him.

Grimshaw's watching, like he's partly STUNNED.

Snow uses her other hand, takes the knife from Clyde's chest, cuts her ankles free.

We still hear Clyde STRUGGLING, trying to crawl away.

But Snow's back on him.

Grimshaw starts to walk over--

Snow points Clyde's pistol at him.

SNOW
BACK UP!

Grimshaw stops, backs up a bit.

Snow wraps her arm around Clyde's neck again, wraps her legs around his body, SQUEEZES, points his pistol to his head.

CLYDE
(struggling)
Pull it, then! You was always just
a little shit, wasn't you?! You
ain't got no one, Snow! You NEVER
DID!

Snow is getting increasingly ANGRY.

CLYDE (CONT'D)
You just a stupid cunt, Snow White!
Pull the trigger!

Snow ROARS, drops the pistol. She scrambles, full mounts him, look of absolute FURY on her face.

She raises the knife, begins to STAB HIM REPEATEDLY.

We see Snow's face as she does this. Her hair getting messy, hand getting bloody. She's CONSUMED by rage.

That FAINT RINGING in our ears has returned, BLOCKS OUT all other noise.

She STABS & STABS & STABS, like an enraged demon.

Grimshaw is watching, still partially stunned.

STABBING continues.

GRIMMSHAW
Snow!

She's not listening.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Snow, that's enough!

He walks over, puts a hand on her.

She SPRINGS UP, SUPER QUICK, SUCKER PUNCHES him, takes his pistol, POINTS IT AT HIM.

Grimmshaw puts his hands up.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Alright... Alright.

We don't see what's left of Clyde, but his feet are TWITCHING slightly. He's making GURGLING noises in the background.

Snow looks like she's just stabbed a man to death. Hair messed up, face red, hands bloody.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Slow down there, missy. I'm not your enemy. I understand how you're--

SNOW

You don't understand not a goddamn thing.

Clyde's gurgling continues, catching Snow's attention.

She aims at him. BANG.

The gurgling stops.

A beat.

Snow points the gun at Grimmshaw, backing away from him, moving to Prince, who isn't totally calm, but hasn't run off.

She lifts her seven shooter off the ground, points it, drops the other gun, KICKS AWAY Grimmshaw's rifle.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Plans've changed, *partner*. WE ain't goin' to no Castle-Creak, and WE ain't goin' to no sheriff. I'M ridin' to Bleakpoint. Get in my way and I won't hesitate with you again.

A beat.

Still pointing the gun, Snow reaches into her pocket with her free hand, pulls out FOUR DEFORMED BULLETS, glances down at them, flicks one past Grimmshaw.

It lands right next to Clyde's body.

It has "KENNY-SMILES" etched into it.

Snow climbs onto Prince, jerks his reins back.

SNOW (CONT'D)

HIYAH!

Prince turns & BOLTS OFF back the way they came.

Grimmshaw stands there for a beat, watching her.

Snow & Prince eventually disappear in the canyon.

Grimmshaw sighs, looking around at the dead bodies, then at Clyde's horse, which is still there.

GRIMMSHAW

Billy Grimmshaw, what the hell you
done wrapped yourself up in...?

EXT. CROWN-FLATS - DAY

Crown-Flats is FAR bigger than the other towns we've been in, looks like it's TRANSFORMING into a small city. WIDE ROADS, some parts with taller buildings & SMOKING chimneys, other parts look like towns we've seen before, small, sparse, like they haven't been touched yet. IT'S VERY WINDY today.

WANTED POSTERS of Snow plastered all over the place, all read "WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE: DEPUTY KILLER. MURDER. REWARD OF \$2000".

This place is also CRAWLING with lawmen.

Glass is walking through the streets, leading his horse.

Glass looks at the many lawmen walking around, looks like he's starting to scowl. We follow him as he walks, moving through crowds of people & other lawmen.

There's a PRISON CARRAIGE riding, has the name "QUEEN'S MINING CO." on its side, like one WE'VE SEEN BEFORE. There are MINERS inside, lawmen escorting it. Glass WATCHES as they pass by when--

There's a COMMOTION.

Glass looks over.

Commotion's coming from a BUILDING, has a sign hanging in front of it, reads "PETER & WENDY'S GENERAL STORE".

There are THREE CROWN-FLATS LAWMEN forcing MRS. DARLING (30s) & MR. DARLING (30s) out of the store, shoving them into the road. The lawmen are also carrying a few OLD SUITCASES.

One of the three lawmen is CROWN-FLATS LAWMAN#1.

Glass watches the situation play out, displeased.

MR. DARLING

Now, hold on, ya'll! You can't just do this to us! We been here for--

CROWN-FLATS LAWMAN#1

Mrs. Queen don't give a damn how long you been here!

MRS. DARLING

But, we've been payin' on time! How could she just--

CROWN-FLATS LAWMAN#1

Mrs. Queen don't wanna hear nothin' from ya'll no more. Now git!

The Crown-Flats lawmen throw the suitcases at Mr. & Mrs. Darling. Some of them FALL OPEN, clothes & other keepsakes spilling out. Wind BLOWS some of their stuff away.

Mr. & Mrs. Darling scramble to catch their things.

WIND BLOWS away a dress. It flies, lands near Glass' feet.

Mrs. Darling RUSHES OVER, grabs the dress, stops for a beat, looks up at Glass, SAD, TEARS rolling down her cheeks.

MRS. DARLING

Sheriff Glass...?

He looks down at her.

A beat.

He looks back up.

Mr. Darling looks sad too, STARING at Glass, like he's SILENTLY asking for help.

The three Crown-Flats lawmen are watching him too.

Looks like Glass WANTS TO do something, but after another beat, turns his head, looks PARTLY ASHAMED, does nothing to help Mr. & Mrs. Darling, leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS. QUEEN'S MANSION - DAY

The mansion is MONSTROUS, too big for one person, like a small castle, GATED OFF from the rest of the town. GUARD LAWMEN are posted up at the gates, guns ready.

After tying his horse to a post, Glass walks up to the front gate, tips his hat to the lawmen.

GLASS
Gentlemen.

He's about to enter the gate, but a GUARD LAWMAN stops him, stands in front of him.

GLASS (CONT'D)
Officer?

GUARD LAWMAN
Do you have an appointment with Mrs. Queen, sheriff?

Glass scowls.

GLASS
Never needed one before.

GUARD LAWMAN
I'm sorry, sir. With everything going on, she's not accepting any unannounced visitors. Ordered us not to let anyone without an appointment through the gates.

GLASS
Ordered...?

Glass looks at the Guard Lawman, imposing.

GLASS (CONT'D)
Since when was Mrs. Queen the sheriff?

A beat.

The other lawmen in front of the gate are watching.

GUARD LAWMAN

She... She's not, sir... But, she's
the mayor's wife--

GLASS

Was.

(beat)

And I don't give a damn if she's
the *president's* wife. Step over,
son.

The Guard Lawman's conflicted, doesn't want to do it. He
slowly moves over.

Glass gives the lawmen dirty looks, passes through the gate.

GLASS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

"Ordered..."

INT. MRS. QUEEN'S MANSION/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Living room is big, ornate, like it belongs to royalty. Big
chairs, couches, antiques, mirrors, & a fireplace. Above this
fireplace is a HUGE painting of Mrs. Queen & MR. QUEEN
standing together. There's a window, we can see outside.

Mrs. Queen is sitting on a couch in front of the fireplace,
drinking a LARGE glass of wine. Between the fireplace & couch
is a big table. On this table are the THREE DEFORMED BULLETS.

Saint is in this room as well, ready for anything.

Mrs. Queen's staring at the bullets in between sips.

Her eyes look up at the painting, at Mr. Queen.

COMMOTION offscreen, interrupts Mrs. Queen's thoughts.

BUTLER (O.S.)

I told you, sheriff, she's not
taking any unannounced--

GLASS (O.S.)

I'll announce myself when I see
her, dammit, now move.

Glass & the Butler enter the living room.

Saint stands in front of Glass, BLOCKS HIM.

Mrs. Queen doesn't turn around to face them.

SAINT

Can't let you through, Sheriff.

BUTLER

Mrs. Queen, I tried to stop him--

Mrs. Queen RAISES HER HAND, motions with it, not looking.

The Butler stops, looks at Glass one more time, leaves.

Saint steps out of Glass' way.

Glass enters the living room.

Mrs. Queen motions to the large painting on the wall.

MRS. QUEEN

I was just thinkin' about
Freddie... What a coincidence that
you show up while I do, John.

Glass glances at the painting, looks back at Mrs. Queen.

GLASS

Why in the hell is it so hard to
meet with you?

MRS. QUEEN

A lot of men have asked me that...
You do what I say in that letter?

GLASS

Sent out Grimmshaw to find the
killer.

Mrs. Queen nods, takes another sip, motions with her arm.

MRS. QUEEN

Come have a seat. Please.

Glass walks over to the couch, doesn't sit.

Mrs. Queen is still staring at the bullets, still sipping.

Glass looks at the bullets too, seems confused by them.

GLASS

And those are...?

MRS. QUEEN

Echoes from the past, John.

Glass doesn't look like he gets it, just looks at her.

She's not looking back, apathetic.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
What's got you in a mood?

GLASS
You're closing down Peter and
Wendy's?

MRS. QUEEN
I found out that little shop of
theirs is sittin' on some gold...
And they wasn't sharin' it.

GLASS
But they was payin' rent on time,
wasn't they? Gold was on *their*
land. If it's their land, ain't
they entitled to--

MRS. QUEEN
Gold is gold, no matter where it
comes from. They had a choice
between tellin' the truth and
keepin' secrets. They chose the
former, maybe their asses wouldn't
be gettin' sent off *my land*.

GLASS
Now, that ain't fair. They was just
a couple a' good folks thinkin'
about their future--

MRS. QUEEN
Shoulda thought of their future
when they was hidin' money under my
nose.

She takes another sip, looks at him.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
Sounds *fair* to me.

Glass doesn't answer, STARES, displeased.

She STARES back.

A beat.

Mrs. Queen OUTSTARES him. Glass AVERTS his gaze, sighs.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

You come to my town just to
complain in my ear, John? You know
I can't stand all that bitchin'.

A beat.

GLASS

I need to ask you a few questions
about the deputy killer.

Mrs. Queen sets down her glass, sits back on the couch, calm.

Glass pulls a LETTER from inside his shirt, holds it up.

GLASS (CONT'D)

I didn't hear about her from none
of the other lawmen. I heard from
you. Means the officers came to you
before me.

MRS. QUEEN

Naturally.

Glass squints, takes a seat, still displaying the letter.

GLASS

When I handed this to Clyde and
Willy, they acted like they saw the
devil in the words.

Glass points to the living room window. We can see all the
LAWMEN outside PATROLLING. There's a BUNCH of them.

GLASS (CONT'D)

Now I ride up to Crown-Flats to
find a small army of lawmen ready
for war.

Mrs. Queen keeps calm, but there's an underlying tone of
annoyance in her voice.

MRS. QUEEN

Got somethin' you want to say to
me, Johnathan?

GLASS

Recently, my job's been a lot
harder to do because of you. Now I
got a killer on the loose and you
know something I don't. So, you're
gonna tell me...

Glass tosses the letter over to the table without looking, it KNOCKS OVER the three deformed bullets.

Glass is looking at Mrs. Queen, suspicious.

GLASS (CONT'D)
What's got you spooked, Riona?

Mrs. Queen's head is still facing Glass, but her eyes are on the table, looking at the bullets.

One of the deformed bullets SLOWLY rolls off the table.

We see it HIT THE GROUND, a LOW THUD RIGHT IN OUR EARS.

Mrs. Queen's eyes SNAP back to Glass. She STARES for a beat.

Glass keeps his scowl, but we can see he's a bit UNSETTLED.

Saint is watching the situation.

Mrs. Queen gets up, takes her glass of wine, walks over, stops in front of the painting of her & Mr. Queen, stares up at it, her back to Glass.

A beat.

MRS. QUEEN
Freddie was such a good man,
wouldn't you say, John?

Glass looks at the painting, looks at Mr. Queen.

Looks like Mr. Queen IS STARING BACK AT HIM.

Glass makes a face, like he's ASHAMED, looks away from the painting.

Mrs. Queen turns, faces Glass.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
If I'da known him longer than a
year, maybe I'd have even trusted
him... You ever trusted someone,
John...? And, I mean *trust*. 'Cause
for me, trustin' ain't easy. In my
whole life I trusted maybe... Eight
people.
(She lists the names on her
fingers)
Kenneth Clyde, Samuel Jones,
William Kidd, Bubba Smith, Dillon
Brown, Harry Holloway...

She points to Saint.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
And that man there, Gerald Saint.

She goes silent for a beat.

GLASS
... And the eighth person...?

Another beat.

MRS. QUEEN
Three of the people I trusted are
dead, John. You ever lost so many
trusted people in one day?

Glass doesn't answer.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
You wanna know what I know about
the killer? I know she's out there
lookin' to kill more.

GLASS
I want to know *why*.

MRS. QUEEN
You been wantin' to know a lot of
things, Johnath--

Glass SHOTS up from his seat.

GLASS
Because it's my goddamn job!

Glass starts getting close to her.

Saint looks like he's ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING.

Mrs. Queen raises a hand to Saint. Saint stops, does nothing.

Glass is VERY CLOSE to Mrs. Queen.

GLASS (CONT'D)
My job is to command the law. My
job... You been throwin' your
weight around here for too long,
Riona. Now, I want the truth.

A beat.

Riona looks UNFAZED.

MRS. QUEEN

Commanding the law is *your job*, is it?

(She chuckles)

Lemme tell you sometin'. 'Round these parts I AM the law... and you CANNOT command me. You seem to forget who put you where you are... And where you're *gonna be* without me and mine. Your only job is to listen when I speak.

Mrs. Queen drinks the rest of her wine, **SHOVES** the glass to him, starts to walk away, stops, turns around.

Glass says NOTHING.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

Oh, you're stayin' here for a few days to keep an eye out. The eighth person I trusted is fixin' to kill me.

Glass looks **PERPLEXED**, **DOES NOTHING** to oppose her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Sun is setting, dusk. Off in the distance, we see the town of BLEAKPOINT.

Snow rides up on the hillside on Prince, got her gun in one hand, Prince's reins with the other, looking at the town, looks **DETERMINED**.

Prince huffs.

SNOW

Come on. We're gonna pay ole Lover-boy a visit.

Snow & Prince ride away from the hillside, toward the town.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT - NIGHT

Bleakpoint is fairly small, scattered buildings around.

There's a sign reading "WELCOME TO BLEAKPOINT" near the road.

Prince is tied up to a post near sign.

Not that many people around, a GOOD FEW lawmen here & there, PATROLLING, like they're READY.

There's a LARGE BROTHEL BUILDING, FAINT MUSIC coming from it, like a party going on.

WANTED POSTERS of Snow are plastered around.

One of these wanted posters is hanging on the side of a building next to a DARK CORNER.

TWO LAWMEN walk past this corner, patrolling about.

After they walk past, A HAND emerges from the darkness & RIPS DOWN the poster.

This is Snow's hand. She's in this dark corner, hiding, leaning on the side of the building, partly emerges from the darkness. She's got her gun out, watching the two lawmen who walked past.

She surveys the area, looks at the large brothel.

There are A FEW LAWMEN standing outside it, guns ready. There's a FLIGHT OF STAIRS on the side of the building, leads up the wall to an upstairs door. The roof is LOW ENOUGH that someone could CLIMB IT if thy were at the top of the stairs. Sides of the roof are slanted, have WINDOWS JUTTING out, more rooms on the top floor.

Snow SQUINTS. Suddenly--

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (O.S.)
You her, then?

Snow, QUICK, points her gun.

A YOUNG PROSTITUTE (20s) is standing near the dark corner, smoking. She looks young & attractive, but also bruised & beat up, doesn't seem fazed by Snow pointing her gun.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
You the deputy killer?

A beat.

The young Prostitute chuckles.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
Shit, took you long enough to show up to this goddamn county.

Snow makes a face, like she's confused.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
 They told us 'bout you a few days ago. Told us how you killed three deputies--

SNOW
 Four.

A beat.

The young Prostitute chuckles.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE
 We was warned you was dangerous. We was told to holler if we seen you. From where I'm standin', you don't look much worse than them.

Snow SLOWLY lowers her gun.

The young Prostitute takes a drag.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
 Only deputies here for you to kill are deputy Bubba and deputy Kidd.

SNOW
 Kidd?

She grits her teeth.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 Willy... Where--

YOUNG PROSTITUTE
 The brothel... With Bubba.

The young Prostitute points to the large brothel, the source of the music. Snow looks at the building.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
 ... That's where Bubba's ass always is... Bastard.

Snow looks back for, eyes the young Prostitute up & down.

The young Prostitute motions to her bruised up body.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
 Oh, this wasn't him... Not today. One of his officers got a little too excited. He just watched. Didn't pay afterwards, neither.

Snow nods her head.

A beat.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

I don't know what they did to you... But you ain't the only one they done wrong... And you ain't the only one that wants to see 'em get theirs.

The young Prostitute drops her cigarette, steps on it, goes toward the brothel, STARTS STRUTTING SEDUCTIVELY.

Snow's still watching.

The lawmen ARE ALL STARING at the young Prostitute.

She gets close to one, brushes a hand on his face, goes to another, ALMOST kisses him, she's got them WRAPPED around her finger.

Snow's still watching.

The young Prostitute backs away from them, MOTIONING for them to follow her. The lawmen trade glances, SMILING, start to follow her.

They all walk off.

Snow looks around the town for a beat, then DASHES for the brothel.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL - NIGHT

Snow's near the side of the building, near the stairs. The MUSIC is WAY LOUDER now.

Snow hastily makes her way up the stairs, still minding her surroundings, gets to the door at the top of the stairs, grabs the knob, tries to open it.

Door's LOCKED.

Snow makes a face, sucks her teeth. She goes back down the stairs, peeks around the corner of the brothel--

SOME LAWMEN patrolling down the road, COMING TOWARDS US, don't seem to see us, though.

Snow DISAPPEARS back behind the brothel.

The lawmen continue walking down the road, strolling along. As they walk past the brothel, ONE OF THEM looks to the side, at the stairs, where Snow would be.

Snow isn't there.

That's because she's ON THE ROOF.

The lawmen keep walking.

Snow PEEKS her head out FROM BEHIND A WINDOW that's jutting out the roof.

Snow watches the lawmen leave, looks at the window she's standing next to.

It's CRACKED OPEN.

INT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

There's a bed, a chair, dresser inside the room. There's CLOTHES on the chair. The window is CRACKED OPEN.

A WOMAN & her CLIENT are inside. The Woman is dancing for the Client as he sits on the bed, shirtless.

The Woman is slowly removing her clothes when--

The WINDOW OPENS. It's Snow. She climbs through.

They're both STARTLED, STARING at Snow.

Snow walks past, like she doesn't even see them.

SNOW

Don't let me stop you.

Snow leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The brothel is a VERY big space. There are PROSTITUTES & MEN OF ALL SORTS inside.

FOUR OF THEM are lawmen. LAWMAN#3, LAWMAN#4, LAWMAN#5, LAWMAN#6.

There are stairs leading to an upstairs area with doors to other rooms, a large bar near the exit, WOODEN FLOOR, tables, couches, CANDLE HOLDERS WITH LIT CANDLES ON THE WALLS, piano being played.

There's whiskey being poured into a small glass.

This glass belongs to Bubba, who's obviously intoxicated.

Bubba's sitting at a table. Sitting across from him is William. There's a WAITRESS standing next to Bubba, just finishing pouring his whiskey. She looks uncomfortable.

When she walks away, Bubba slaps her butt, chuckles aloud.

William looks unamused, angry as always. He's got his gun on the table.

BUBBA

Willy, why you always lookin' so damn grim? Get yourself a drink. Get yourself a woman!

Bubba laughs, snatches up his whiskey, drinks it in ONE SWIG, slams the glass back down.

William shakes his head, slowly.

WILLIAM

You really is a piece a work, Bubba.

BUBBA

What, you want me to be like you? Sittin' there all pissy?

WILLIAM

Riona sent me here to keep an eye on you in case Snow shows up and you sittin' there actin' like she won't.

Bubba smiles.

BUBBA

She will. I know she will.

WILLIAM

And what you gonna do when she does, Lover-boy?

BUBBA

What you think?

Bubba chuckles again.

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN walks by. Bubba whoops, hollers, whistles as she does.

William looks like he's at his WITS' END, like he's had to deal with this shit ALL DAY.

WILLIAM

She killed three of us! Two of us at once.

BUBBA

You forget... I know that girl. I got to know her A LOT Better than any of ya'll did!

He chuckles, picks up his empty glass, looks into it.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

She ain't shootin' me. Not before I shoot her.

GUNSHOT.

Front of Bubba's forehead BURSTS OPEN, BRAIN MATTER & BLOOD SPLATTERING all over William.

William JUMPS, STARTLED.

Bubba hits the floor, DEAD, his eyes OPEN & STARING at us.

EVERYONE in the brothel FREAKS OUT.

William LOOKS UP.

There are people on the upstairs area, ALL LOOK SHOCKED.

The shot was Snow, standing at the upper level of the brothel, pointing her gun over the banister. It's SMOKING.

SNOW

Evening, Willy.

Lawman#3 aims at Snow, SHOOTS.

Snow backs away, SHOOTS, NEARLY HITS WILLIAM--

William grabs his gun, then the table, FLIPS IT, uses it as cover.

People SCATTER from upstairs & downstairs, leaving the brothel. They DROP THEIR DRINKS, SPILL ALL SORTS OF ALCOHOL as they flee.

The other lawmen take cover too. Flipping tables over.

Bottles & glasses BREAK. There's alcohol EVERYWHERE, starts leaking across the floor.

The lawmen SHOOT at Snow.

Snow gets down to avoid the gunfire, lies down.

A ROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN--

A PROSTITUTE comes RUNNING out in fear. Behind her is LAWMAN#7, has no pants on, bottle of whiskey in one hand, a PISTOL in the other.

He aims at Snow--

She's faster, SHOOTS HIM DEAD.

Lawman#7 HITS ground, DROPS his gun, DROPS his bottle.

Bottle SMASHES on the ground, SPILLS whiskey on the floor.

The lawmen downstairs are STILL SHOOTING.

Snow, still avoiding the SHOTS, CRAWLS towards Lawman#7's pistol.

William signals the lawmen to stop shooting.

WILLIAM

HOLD IT!

The shooting stops.

A beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You still alive up there, Snow?!

No answer.

MORE LAWMEN enter the brothel, taking cover behind various tables & the bar. There's over TEN of them now.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

How many of us you killed so far,
huh?!

Snow is still upstairs, lying down away from the banister. She's got the pistol & her seven shooter in both hands.

SNOW

Well shit, I done lost count,
Willy, but you can ask the devil
when you see him!

William is still behind cover along with the other lawmen.

FIVE MORE LAWMEN show up. There's A BUNCH of them downstairs.
Nearly fifteen or so.

William gestures to Lawman#3 & Lawman#4, motions to the
stairs.

They nod, start moving out of cover SLOW, towards the stairs.

Snow's guns poke out from between the balusters of the
banister, TWO SHOTS.

Both Lawman#3 & Lawman#4 go down, DEAD.

William looks PISSED, aims his gun, SHOOTS.

Bullet NEARLY HITS Snow, who RETRACTS from the banister, SITS
UP against the wall.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

There ain't no gettin' out of this
one, Snow! You just as alone as you
always was! Ain't nobody comin' to
save you!

As Willy says this, Snow surveys her surroundings.

The BROKEN WHISKEY BOTTLE & ALCOHOL on the floor near her.

The CANDLESTICKS with candles on the walls around her.

Snow looks forward.

We can SEE THE BAR from this angle. There's SPILLED ALCOHOL
all over the place, candlesticks on the wall too.

She takes a DEEP BREATH.

William is still behind cover.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Now peek your head out so I can get
clean shot, bitch!

Snow GETS UP, BOLTING to one side, SHOOTING.

The lawmen start BLASTING BACK.

Snow's still moving, her bullets HIT some of the candlesticks on the walls but--

SHE GETS HIT by Lawman#5, Bullet GETS HER THIGH.

She goes down behind the banister, near the wall again, hits the ground HARD.

Lawman#5 is SMILING, Lawman#6 next to him.

Lawman#6, looking over at Lawman#5, GASPS.

Lawman#5 notices that HIS LEG IS ON FIRE, STARTS FREAKING OUT.

There are fallen candles all around, STARTING MULTIPLE FIRES when they touch the alcohol.

William & the other lawmen look SHOCKED.

Snow is still lying down, looks at her injured thigh. She's BLEEDING everywhere, struggling to sit up.

The FIRE IS SPREADING.

Some of the lawmen try STAMPING OUT the fires--

GUNSHOTS.

A few of them DROP DEAD.

Snow's still pointing her guns at them, STILL SHOOTING from behind the banister.

Lawman#5 is ROLLING AROUND, trying to put out the fire on his leg.

William is STILL SHOOTING at Snow.

The FIRE IS STILL SPREADING, gets on the walls. There's SMOKE.

Some lawmen cover their noses, start to leave the brothel.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL - NIGHT

The lawmen get out of the brothel, coughing & wheezing, try to catch their breath when--

They get ran up on by MANY PROSTITUTES, one being the young Prostitute from earlier. The prostitutes are armed with knives. They catch the remaining lawmen OFF GUARD.

INT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL MAIN AREA - NIGHT

William stays, covers his nose with his arm, STILL AIMING FOR SNOW, still SHOOTING when--

CLICK, CLICK. He's out of bullets. William looks at his gun, tosses it, moves between cover, picks up the gun of one of the dead lawmen.

The fire has SPREAD EVEN FURTHER, moving FASTER. The smoke is becoming OVERWHELMING.

Snow is COUGHING, struggling to move, her leg won't let her.

William is behind a different place of cover, close to a window.

WILLIAM
May as well let you burn!

William gets up out of cover, to the window, ELBOWS IT, BREAKS THE GLASS.

GUNSHOT.

Snow shoots him in his hip.

William nearly falls, forces himself out of the window.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL - NIGHT

William falls through the window, GLASS in his arms, bleeding from his hip. He hits the ground hard, drops his gun in the process. Gun gets a ways away from him.

He can't stand, tries to crawl towards it when--

A FOOT steps on it.

It's the young Prostitute. Her & the other prostitutes have ROUNDED the other lawmen up, holding them at gunpoint.

INT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The fire is TOO MUCH now. All on the stairs, the banister, the walls, still SPREADING.

Snow still can't stand. She looks to the other side of the upper level.

Lawman#7's body is still there, BUT SO IS THE EXIT, same one that was locked on the outside.

FIRE is starting to engulf it.

Snow drops Lawman#7's gun, starts CRAWLING towards the door, seven shooter in her hand.

SMOKE EVERYWHERE. Snow's struggling to breathe, COUGHING, Keeps crawling, starting to SWEAT. Looks like she's SLOWING down when--

The door is KICKED OPEN from outside.

It's Grimmshaw. He SEES Snow, rushes in, LIFTS HER, puts one of her arms around his shoulder, DRAGS HER.

GRIMMSHAW

Think you lost me on the road
there, *partner!*

Just before they exit--

SNOW

WAIT!

Snow looks over the banister.

Bubba's body is still on the floor downstairs.

Grimmshaw tries to pull her.

GRIMMSHAW

Ain't got time for this, Snow!

Snow pulls BACK, holsters her gun, reaches in her pocket, pulls out THREE DEFORMED BULLETS.

SNOW

I have to!

Snow FLICKS a bullet, which falls near Bubba's face, LOW THUD RIGHT IN OUR EARS, has "LOVER-BOY" etched into it.

Snow & Grimmshaw exit.

Bubba's body & the bullet get ENGULFED IN FLAME.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEAKPOINT BROTHEL - NIGHT

The brothel is BURNING UP. There are people in the streets, watching the fire, DOING NOTHING to stop it.

Snow & Grimmshaw are standing outside. He's still holding her up.

SNOW

Thought I told you not to follow me.

GRIMMSHAW

I ain't the best at listening. You took a bad hit there, missy. We best dress up that leg.

Snow looks over.

William's near the roadside, ROUNDED UP with the other lawmen by the prostitutes.

The HATRED BUILDS in Snow's eyes.

SNOW

Wait.

William is sitting down with the other lawmen, looks worse for wear, but his angry gaze hasn't faded.

WILLIAM

You buncha dumb bitches... When I get my hands on ya'll...

Snow & Grimmshaw appear. Grimmshaw's still supporting Snow.

Townpeople gather around too, WATCH as it goes down.

GRIMMSHAW

All this effort for these sacks of shit.

Grimmshaw spits.

Snow looks over at the young Prostitute, who has a gun of her own now.

The young Prostitute gives her a nod.

William & Snow look at each other.

WILLIAM

You just refuse to die, don't you?

SNOW

You buncha bastards can't seem to finish the job.

She gets her gun out, aims it at his head.

The other lawmen COWER IN FEAR.

William doesn't.

GRIMMSHAW
He's not worth it.

WILLIAM
(to Grimmshaw)
Look at you... Self righteous fuck.
Helpin' this woman do the devil's
work. The hell you know about what
I'm worth?

GRIMMSHAW
Worth about five hundred, from what
the poster tells me.

As William talks to Snow, that FAINT RINGING in our ears
returns.

WILLIAM
Well... What you waitin' for? You
came all this way... Tracked us all
down... Do what you came to do.

Snow's getting INCREASINGLY ANGRY.

The townspeople look on, but don't step in.

GRIMMSHAW
Even if he was worth it, it won't
make you feel no bett--

GUNSHOT.

William's head JERKS BACK, BLOOD SPLATTERS. Snow killed him.

The RINGING stops.

The lawmen all look SCARED.

A beat.

Snow AIMS AT THEM, ENRAGED.

Grimmshaw puts a hand on her arm.

Snow looks at Grimmshaw, ANGRY.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
You got your man. Gonna kill people
who're only doing their jobs?

MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS.

Snow & Grimmshaw both jump, STARTLED, look over.

All the remaining lawmen are DEAD.

It was the young Prostitute & the other girls. Their guns are all SMOKING.

The young Prostitute looks at Snow & Grimmshaw, VISIBLY upset.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE
All those motherfuckers deserved
it...

A beat.

Snow pulls out TWO deformed bullets, drops one in front of William, has "MAD WILLY" etched into it.

Grimmshaw & Snow turn, leave the crowd.

The townspeople let the brothel burn, start dispersing.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT - NIGHT

Clyde's horse & Prince are tied to posts.

Snow & Grimmshaw are near the horses.

Grimmshaw tries to help Snow onto Prince.

She waves him off.

SNOW
I got it.

Snow raises her leg, PAIN HITS, she nearly falls, but Grimmshaw's got her.

GRIMMSHAW
Your leg's losing blood. You're
pushing too hard--

SNOW
Damn my leg!

Snow pushes Grimmshaw away, holds onto Prince for balance.

A beat.

Snow's getting upset.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I still got Saint and that woman out there! I can't sit here worrying about my goddamn arms and legs.

GRIMMSHAW

You ain't gonna catch them if you ain't got none left.

SNOW

And what do you know?! What the hell you know about me, Grimmshaw? You attack me, tie me up, get in my way, and for what?! Now you wanna help me???

Snow tries to move, but slips again.

Grimmshaw tries to help, gets waved off. Snow falls on her butt.

SNOW (CONT'D)

STOP.

Grimmshaw backs away, sighs.

Snow makes no attempt to stand.

A beat.

Grimmshaw turns to Clyde's horse, starts to rummage through its saddlebags.

GRIMMSHAW

You feel any better afterwards?

SNOW

What?

GRIMMSHAW

After you killed 'em. Dill, Holloway, Jones, and all the others. You feel any better afterwards?

Snow doesn't answer.

Grimmshaw pulls out bandages & cloth from the saddlebags.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. When I was in your shoes, it ain't make me feel much better neither.

Snow makes a face.

Grimmshaw walks, stands over Snow, chuckles.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 Black-Apple Huntsman. *Billy Grimmshaw*. Always sounded funny to me...

Grimmshaw kneels down in front of her, takes her thigh, soft.

Looks like it hurts.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 ... You know my name ain't even Billy? It's Wilhelm. German name.

Grimmshaw applies pressure to the wound with the cloth. Snow stares at him, like she wants to be mad, but can't.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 But no one could say it. So everyone called me Willy when I was a boy. Then, I guess, one day someone mistook "Willy" as "Billy" and that was that...

The cloth is soaking up the blood.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 ... Yeah, my daddy... He was a deputy. Had a mother once. Had a little brother too. Name was Jacob. We wanted to be just like daddy, me and Jacob. Wanted to help everyone in town. Good neighborhood...

Grimmshaw takes Snow's hand, has her keep the pressure. He starts to bite the bandage, rips it.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 Then it was gone. Big gang called "The Ginger Brothers" rode in one day. Burned the whole damn neighborhood down, my family included.

SNOW
 But you survived.

GRIMMSHAW
 I was just a boy, but I was a coward. Hid away where no one could find me. But afterwards...

(MORE)

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 Something changed in me. I was
 angry.

He moves her hand, starts to wrap the bandage around her
 thigh.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 I was all alone, but that anger
 kept me company while I hunted
 them. The Ginger Brothers were
 known for being slippery. Couldn't
 no lawman catch 'em. I spent years
 lookin', Snow. I couldn't find none
 of them... 'Cept one.

Grimmshaw starts tying the bandage.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 He had a house, nice little prop.
 When I rode up, he was out on the
 porch running around with his boy.
 (Beat)
 I asked him if he knew who I was...
 When he said no, I... I was so
 angry that I just... His son saw it
 happen.

Snow's looking at Grimmshaw, listening to his words.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 And when that anger faded, I
 realized something. Hit me like a
 goddamn train the very next day. I
 was still all by myself. I was
 still alone. And that man's son...?
 He's alone now too, I bet. Probably
 only has his anger to keep him
 company while he hunts me...

Snow says nothing.

Grimmshaw finishes tying the bandage.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 What was that you said? Men don't
 make mistakes without payin'
 somethin'? Yeah, reckon I'm right
 in debt, comes down to it.

Snow looks like she's looking for the words.

A beat.

SNOW

... She raised me, y'know...?
Riona.

Grimmshaw looks a bit surprised.

SNOW (CONT'D)

She wasn't my real mother... Never
knew her, but Riona raised me. She
was my mama... Always loved being
in control. Used to tell me how
unfair the world was and that I had
to be ready...

(Beat)

She taught me everything... *They*
taught me everything... How to
ride... Shoot... And rob.

A beat.

Grimmshaw reaches in his jacket, pulls out the Fairhat gang
wanted poster.

He holds up the wanted poster in front of his eye, looks
through the tear where the missing person would be.

GRIMMSHAW'S POV

Snow's head is where the missing person would be on the
wanted poster.

GRIMMSHAW

The last member of the Fairhat
gang.

SNOW

I done told you... That person's
dead already. They killed her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SNOW (CONT'D)

I don't know what caused it... Me
and her started gettin' at odds the
older I got. We didn't trust each
other no more... But I never
thought... I never imagined she
could...

A beat.

Snow takes a moment.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Before they put seven shots in my back, Clyde said something to me.

FLASH

We're in a ditch. Clyde is looking down at us from above the ditch, aiming at us. When he speaks, we hear SNOW'S VOICE.

SNOW (V.O.)

"Ain't it funny? Your own mama...
Wants you dead..."

GUNSHOT.

CUT TO BLACK.

GRIMMSHAW (V.O.)

But you survived.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

Snow is riding on Prince, slumped over, LOOKS HALF DEAD, eyes glazed over, BLEEDING from her back, all over Prince. Prince looks all skinny, we can see his ribs.

They're riding through the open desert.

SNOW (V.O.)

Thanks to Prince. He was a stray.
Skinny, dying... Could see the
boy's ribcage. Found me lying in
the ditch where they left me. Maybe
he understood my position... But he
dragged me out and we rode off...

We see Traveler 1 & Traveler 2 in the distance, same Travelers with the old wagon from the VERY BEGINNING.

They spot Snow approaching on Prince, stop the horses.

TRAVELER 1

(In Spanish)
My God...

Prince stops just short of the Travelers.

A beat.

Snow SLIDES OFF Prince, HITS THE GROUND.

The Travelers hops off their wagon, RUSH to Snow's side.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

We're outside of a SMALL BARN. The two Travelers' wagon is outside.

There's also a SMALL HOUSE near the barn, presumably belonging to the two Travelers. House is so small, seems like it's barely big enough for TWO PEOPLE.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Snow is lying FACE DOWN on a blanket on the floor, BLOOD EVERYWHERE still barely conscious, looks like she's stuck between LIFE & DEATH.

Her top's been removed, her BLOODY BACK full of holes exposed. On the blanket next to her are FOUR BLOODY DEFORMED BULLETS.

Traveler 1 is kneeling over Snow, using a tool, PICKING AT HER WOUNDS, pulling the bullets from her back, DROPPING THEM with the other bloody bullets.

Traveler 2 is there too. She's got a WET RAG, wiping away blood as it leaks from Snow's back.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY

Snow is sitting in the corner of the barn, her body WRAPPED UP in bandages. She looks like she's still in shock, still hasn't recovered, face beat up, bandages bloody, eyes PUFFY.

She's staring at the floor in front of her. THE SEVEN BULLETS ARE THERE, gathered together.

Snow keeps staring at them.

SNOW (V.O.)
I told myself I'd find them...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAY

Snow is outside the barn, HOLDING HERSELF UP with a large stick, trying to walk forward, STRUGGLING.

The two Travelers are there too, watching her.

SNOW (V.O.)
 Didn't matter how hard it'd be...

Snow FALLS, face first in the sand.

The Travelers come to help her, but--

She waves them off, lays there for a beat, her eyes tearing up again. She MAKES A FIST, PUNCHES THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Snow's sitting in the corner again, a lantern near her. She's got a SMALL KNIFE in one hand, looks like she's fiddling with something in her other hand.

Looks like Snow's FUMING with rage as she does it.

She's CARVING into one of the deformed bullets with her knife, carving "SLEEPY" into it.

SNOW (V.O.)
 Didn't matter how far they ran...

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Snow is outside of the small house near the barn. The two Travelers are there too, LOOK LIKE THEY'VE GOTTEN OLDER, gray hairs forming.

Snow is using a large stick, WALKING with it, LIMPING.

SNOW (V.O.)
 Didn't matter how long it'd take...

The two Travelers are watching.

Snow stops for a beat, DROPS THE STICK, STRUGGLES to stand on her own, BUT DOES IT.

The two Travelers look SHOCKED.

Snow starts LIMPING FORWARD on her own, walking again.

She stops, reaches into her pocket, pulls out the seven deformed bullets, looks at them in her hand, RAGE BUILDING in her eyes.

SNOW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'd find the bastards and give the
bullets back...

Snow's hand holding the deformed bullets becomes A FIST, starts to shake.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BLEAKPOINT - NIGHT

Snow & Grimmshaw are in the same positions, Snow sitting down & Grimmshaw kneeling in front of her. Snow looks like she could be getting angry again.

SNOW
... Every last one...

A beat.

Grimmshaw sighs, nods his head.

GRIMMSHAW
And you've almost done it, but...
What's the point if when it's all
said and done, all you got is anger
and no one around you who
understands it?

Snow sniffs, her anger fading.

A beat.

SNOW
I got just as much debt as you, you
know...? And just as much debt as
them.

Grimmshaw hands her the wanted poster. She takes it.

GRIMMSHAW
Then pay it...

He helps her up, helps her get on Prince.

Grimmshaw gets on Clyde's horse.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 ... But don't pay it alone.

Snow STARES at the wanted poster in her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

THE SUN IS BEAMING.

Grimmshaw & Snow are on their horses, riding down the road.

Off in the distance is BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP, fairly large. Snow & Grimmshaw are moving at a steady pace, not speeding, but not strolling.

Snow caresses Prince. He huffs.

SNOW
 I know you tired, Prince. We ain't gonna speed up just yet. You just rest up, now.

Grimmshaw's looking off at the mining camp, displeased.

SNOW (CONT'D)
 I been seeing those around. Them mining camps. Found Dill and Holloway at one of 'em when I first rode up. They're hers, right? "Queen's mining company"?

GRIMMSHAW
 Didn't always belong to her. Used to belong to the mayor.

SNOW
 The mayor?

GRIMMSHAW
 Frederick Queen. Good man... But he had a failin' business. Hard to find voluntary workers for the mines when most of 'em up and die of all that damn smoke. That's why he ran for mayor, I think.

SNOW
 Where does Riona come in?

GRIMMSHAW

Well, about a month after she and her boys rode up, they got married. You ask me, I think she seduced the old fool.

SNOW

She's gettin' rusty. Used to be able to do that in a week.

GRIMMSHAW

Her and mayor Queen looked happy enough together for that one year... Then he died.

Snow looks at Grimmshaw.

SNOW

How?

Grimmshaw sighs.

GRIMMSHAW

They say it was a "heart attack."

SNOW

Horseshit.

GRIMMSHAW

All of his property, his earnings, his business... They became hers. Minute that happened, she turned that failing mining company into *something*, alright.

(beat)

If you were to tell me back then that this one woman could have county prisoners snatched up outta jail and put to work in the mines under the guise of "community service," I'd call you crazy...

SNOW

But here we are.

She takes a moment to think.

SNOW (CONT'D)

The miners told me where to go after I killed Dill and Holloway... Didn't even hesitate... Like they were happy to... How many more mines are there?

GRIMMSHAW

Well... There's--
 (points to Bleakpoint
 mining camp)
 Deadseed mining camp, then there's
 Bleakpoint mining camp.

SNOW

How many miners?

GRIMMSHAW

Combined...? Healthy amount, I
 guess.

A beat.

Snow pulls Prince's reins, goes towards the mining camp.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Where you goin'?

Snow pulls out her gun, still moving towards the camp.

SNOW

You told me before that there's a
 lot of folk in this here county
 who'd like to see Riona and her men
 pay.

She looks back, smile on her face, look in her eye, LIKE
 SHE'S GOT A PLAN.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I think it's high time we give the
 people of Black-Apple the chance to
 do so...

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP - DAY

Bleakpoint mining camp is fairly large, Minecarts with the
 "QUEEN'S MINING CO." logo, railways, tents, little shacks,
 MANY stabled horses, GUN RACKS too.

MINERS are working ALONG A LARGE WALL, A COAL DEPOSIT. The
 Miners are on chain-gangs, toiling away, exhausted, OVER 20
 OF THEM. Some wearing the Mining Co. uniform, others
 shirtless, SWEATING. They're all COVERED in DIRT & GRIME.

Only SIX LAWMEN here. FIVE OF THEM are outside. MINING LAWMAN#1, MINING LAWMAN#2, MINING LAWMAN#3, MINING LAWMAN#4 & MINING LAWMAN#5 patrolling, kicking the miners around, keeping them at work.

INT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP SHACK - DAY

The shack is SMALL. Only has a chair, desk, some papers around.

MINING LAWMAN#6 is sitting in the chair, NODDING OFF, trying to keep himself awake. He's got a SET OF KEYS on his belt. We stay on him for a beat. When he finally falls asleep--

GUNSHOT OUTSIDE.

He JOLTS AWAKE.

SCREAMING from outside.

MINING LAWMAN#1 (O.S.)
It's the Black-Apple Huntsman!

MINING LAWMAN#2 (O.S.)
He's lost his mind!

MORE GUNFIRE.

Mining Lawman#6 SCRAMBLES around, gets his gun out, BOLTS for the exit.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP - DAY

Mining Lawman#6 runs outside, looks around.

All the other lawmen are behind minecarts, shacks, using them as cover. The Miners are COWERING near the coal deposit wall.

Grimshaw is across from the lawmen behind cover, BLASTING AWAY with his rifle.

GRIMMSHAW
Come on, now! Lemme see what ya'll got!

Grimshaw SHOOTS at Mining Lawman#6, NEARLY TAKES HIS HEAD OFF.

Startled, Mining Lawman#6 gets behind a minecart as cover, has his gun ready, PANTING, SCARED.

BEHIND HIM, Snow SLOWLY emerges from behind the shack he just came out of.

Snow's WATCHING HIM.

SNOW'S POV

We can see the SET OF KEYS on Mining Lawman#6's belt.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mining Lawman#6 takes a DEEP BREATH, gets ready to emerge from cover when--

Snow APPEARS from behind, cups a hand over Mining Lawman#6's mouth.

Grimmshaw's still behind cover, still yelling, reloading.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

Ain't no time like the present for
a shootout, eh, boys?!

He peeks around his cover.

The other lawmen can't see it, but Snow HAS JUST subdued Mining Lawman#6 behind them, SHE HAS THE KEYS.

Grimmshaw gets out of cover, SHOOTS AT THE LAWMEN, runs off deeper into the camp.

MINING LAWMAN#1

Don't let him get away!

The lawmen get up, chase him, SHOOTING.

The Miners are still COWERING near the wall, TERRIFIED.

Snow shows up, runs over to them.

They're SCARED OF HER.

She holds up the keys.

SNOW

We're gonna get you up outta here.

The Miners all trade glances, their fear fading away.

A beat.

INT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP SHACK - DAY

Grimmshaw HAS JUST run into another shack, takes cover inside.

We hear the lawmen outside SHOOTING at the shack.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP - DAY

There's GUN RACK near one of the tents, we still hear the GUNFIRE in the camp.

Suddenly, the gun rack is CROWDED by Miners, all taking guns.

CUT TO:

INT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP SHACK - DAY

Grimmshaw is still inside, still taking cover. BULLETS RIPPING through the walls.

EXT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP - DAY

The five lawmen are all approaching the shack, guns raised. They stop shooting.

MINING LAWMAN#1

We get him?

MINING LAWMAN#2

I dunno.

MINING LAWMAN#3

Someone oughta go in there and check...

GUNSHOT FROM BEHIND.

The lawmen turn, guns raised.

They all look SHOOK.

ALL OF THE MINERS & Snow are there, ALL ARMED with guns & pickaxes, ALL AIMING at the lawmen.

Snow is up front, aiming her seven shooter at the sky. It's SMOKING. The wind is BLOWING her hair, her poncho, she looks HEROIC.

A beat.

 SNOW
Howdy, ya'll.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEAKPOINT MINING CAMP - DAY

ALL of the lawmen are tied up, their guns taken from them.

Grimmshaw & Snow are sitting on their horses, surrounded by the armed miners.

Grimmshaw smiles.

 GRIMMSHAW
Think I like this plan.

 SNOW
We just gettin' started, partner.
 (To the miners)
Alright, listen here!

The miners all listen up.

 SNOW (CONT'D)
I don't know what none of ya'll did to end up here, and frankly, I don't care. See, ya'll got something in common with me. We wanna see the woman that put ya'll here get hers!

The miners listen intently.

 SNOW (CONT'D)
Now, me and Grimmshaw here are fixin' to ride up to Crown-Flats and give Mrs. Queen what she's got coming to her ourselves! I ain't gonna make none of ya'll do it, but if we come up against more of them lawmen that done ya'll wrong, we're gonna need help. I know ya'll are angry. I can see it because I'm angry too!

The Miners are trading glances, looking at each other, they look back at Snow, ALL MURMURING.

Snow points to the stabled horses.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Now, who's tryna saddle up and give
that bitch what for?

Still looking at Snow, the Miners start to SMILE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

We're looking at the peak of a hillside, the sun behind it.

IN SLOW MOTION, Snow, Grimmshaw, & the miners all emerge over
the hillside, riding horses. They're BOOKING IT towards us.
There's around TWENTY FIVE of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Snow's posse riding together, the moon behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADSEED MINING CAMP - DAY

Same small mining camp from the beginning. Only a few lawmen
are here. DEADSEED LAWMAN#1 is sitting with a few others,
chatting, laughing.

SOUNDS OF MINING coming from the mining cave.

Sound of mining is overpowered by AN INCOMING HORSE STAMPEDE.

The few lawmen all look confused, pull their weapons out.
Deadseed lawman#1 watches the road, looks ABSOLUTELY
TERRIFIED.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO DEADSEED MINE - DAY

SNOW RIDING ON HER HORSE

She's got this DETERMINED look on her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADSEED MINING CAMP - DAY

Miners emerge from the cave, then stop & look SHOCKED.
The lawmen are tied up, disarmed by Snow's posse.
Snow is looking at the miners, DANGLING a ring of keys.
The miners hastily run towards her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The giant posse riding together, EVEN BIGGER now, NEARLY
FORTY OF THEM, the sun setting behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADSEED SALOON - NIGHT

It's RAINING.
The Barkeep is standing in the doorway of the saloon.
Snow's posse shows up, rides right through Deadseed.
All the people move aside as they do.
Barkeep looks utterly confused, stares at them as they do.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Still RAINING.
Snow's giant posse still riding together, coming towards us.
Snow & Grimmshaw are leading the charge.
He glances at her.
She glances back, nods, gives a slight smile.
Grimshaw returns the gesture.
They continue to ride, Snow looks forward.

CLOSE TO SNOW'S FACE

Snow's looking RIGHT AT US, like she's COMING FOR US.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. QUEEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HAND HOLDING AN OPEN ENVELOPE.

The hand overturns the envelope, starts shaking it. THREE DEFORMED BULLETS fall out, roll around on a desk, the "LOVER-BOY", "MAD WILLY", & "KENNY SMILES" bullets. The "LOVER-BOY" bullet is covered in ASH.

Mrs. Queen is sitting at the desk, her desk, staring at the bullets. We can see through her window that it's dark & rainy outside.

The "ILL-DILL", "SLEEPY", & "SHY-BOY" bullets are also on the desk, standing upright.

Saint is there too, standing near Mrs. Queen.

So's Glass, sitting in a chair across the desk.

ENVELOPE OFFICER (30s) is the one holding the envelope.

ENVELOPE OFFICER

These bullets were found near the bodies of deputies Clyde, William, and Bubba. They were gathered over the last few days. We thought to deliver these to you, Mrs. Queen...

Mrs. Queen is staring at the bullets, emotionless. She picks up the "LOVER-BOY" bullet.

MRS. QUEEN

What happened to this one?

ENVELOPE OFFICER

The brothel in Bleakpoint caught fire. Deputy Bubba's body was found in the wreckage, but... They almost couldn't tell who it was. That bullet was there too.

Mrs. Queen looks DISPLEASED, drops the bullet. She & Saint trade glances, then she looks back at the six deformed bullets.

Glass is watching.

MRS. QUEEN

I see...

The envelope officer hangs his head, sighs.

ENVELOPE OFFICER

Also got a message.

She looks at the envelope officer.

ENVELOPE OFFICER (CONT'D)

The mines got sacked... Raided.

MRS. QUEEN

Both of 'em?

ENVELOPE OFFICER

The miners are gone... Officers were all tied up...

MRS. QUEEN

It was her, wasn't it?

A beat.

ENVELOPE OFFICER

She took the miners with her... got herself a posse. Last time they was seen, they was headin' this way. Black-Apple Huntsman's with her...

Glass makes a face, partly perplexed.

Mrs. Queen exhales audibly, like she's NOW realizing what's happening, starting to lose composure, STARING at the envelope officer.

The envelope officer's looking away, scared of eye contact.

MRS. QUEEN

... And ya'll couldn't stop them...?

No answer.

Mrs. Queen FLIPS OUT, aggressively slides her arm across the desk, sends the six deformed bullets FLYING.

The envelope officer's still looking away, scared of eye contact.

Saint walks over, puts a hand on Mrs. Queen's shoulder.

Mrs. Queen SLOWLY starts to compose herself, looks at the envelope officer.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
You're free to go.

The envelope officer nods, leaves hastily.

A beat.

Mrs. Queen looks at Glass.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
Your huntsman turned on us, John...

GLASS
Dunno why he'd do that...

Another beat.

MRS. QUEEN
If they're really comin' full
steam, they'll be hitting Crown-
Flats by tomorrow...

She slowly nods her head.

SAINT
We have to deal with this now. She
killed them all, Riona. The whole
gang is gone...

A beat.

MRS. QUEEN
Got no choice but to deal with it
now... My baby girl's coming
home...

GLASS
Your... "Baby girl"?

She looks at him, smiles, seems ON EDGE, UNSETTLING.

Glass' getting TENSED UP by her stare.

MRS. QUEEN
What you so nervous about, sugar?

Glass says nothing.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
We're settlin' this, John. Me and
that girl.

GLASS
Who the hell is *that girl*, Riona?

A beat.

MRS. QUEEN
Ever heard of the Fairhat gang?

A beat.

GLASS
I've heard the name a few times
before... Never seen 'em, though.

Mrs. Queen smiles, still a bit unsettling.

MRS. QUEEN
I reckon you have. Let's talk,
John...

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Snow, Grimshaw & their MASSIVE POSSE of miners are on the road on their horses. In the distance we can see Crown-Flats.

Snow looks like SHE'S READY, like she's been waiting for his moment for YEARS.

GRIMSHAW
We need to be smart about this,
Snow...

Snow doesn't say anything, keeps looking at the city.

GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)
I know what this means to you.

Snow looks at him.

GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)
but there are innocent people in
that city...

A beat.

Snow & Prince move ahead of the posse. After a beat, they turn to face them.

SNOW
(to the whole posse)
We'll do what we gotta do to get
that woman!
(MORE)

SNOW (CONT'D)

She's either gonna be in cuffs or a casket by the today's end. Which ever one she ends up in is up to her... Now, let's ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWN-FLATS - DAY

Despite its size, Crown-Flats is SILENT. We can hear the WIND HOWLING. NO ONE IS OUTSIDE except for the MANY CORRRPUT LAWMMEN standing guard like a wall. Their guns are RAISED, POINTED.

In the windows of many houses & buildings we can see the faces of MANY CIVILIANS looking out into the streets.

The corrupt lawmen are all aiming at Snow's posse, who are moving through the streets on their horses, moving slow & steady, all armed & ready.

We can see that the corrupt lawmen are all NERVOUS, some sweating, others not holding their guns steady.

The miners in Snow's posse look nervous too.

Snow & Grimmshaw have their guns out, but not pointed at their enemies. They're moving closer.

SNOW

(To her posse)

Easy... Easy now... Don't nobody shoot unless I say...

The two sides are at least twenty feet apart when--

A CORRUPT LAWMAN speaks up.

CORRUPT LAWMAN

DON'T YA'LL COME NO CLOSER!

Snow HALTS, motions for the posse to do so as well.

SNOW

STOP.

They listen.

A beat.

CORRUPT LAWMAN

Deputy killer! You're wanted dead or alive by the Black-Apple County sheriff's office for the murder of six deputies and several officers! Come down off that horse and give yourself up.

GRIMMSHAW

Now, ya'll know this whole situation ain't what it seem--

CORRUPT LAWMAN

WE WILL OPEN FIRE!

A beat.

Snow & Grimmshaw trade glances.

SNOW

I'm going.

GRIMMSHAW

Then so am I.

Another beat.

Snow & Grimmshaw get off their horses. Snow puts her gun away.

Snow motions for the posse to stay behind, her & Grimmshaw walk forward, slow, steady.

SNOW

(to the corrupt lawmen)

My name is Margaret White. I killed six wanted men and several crooks dressed as officers of the law.

The corrupt lawmen are listening.

SNOW (CONT'D)

They all ran together in the Fairhat gang... Wanted in Kingdom county. Those of you who ain't as bad as the rest know that they were bad men.

Snow & Grimmshaw stop just ten feet of the corrupt lawmen, IN THE MIDDLE OF BOTH SIDES.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I know because I ran with them for several years. I can show you--

She reaches for her pocket.

CORRUPT LAWMAN
DON'T YOU MOVE!

The corrupt lawmen TRAIN THEIR GUNS ON THEM.

Grimshaw gets his gun ready--

So does Snow's posse--

Snow raises her hands, unarmed--

SNOW
Hold on now! I'm just reaching for
my pocket... I got proof of my
words...

Both sides have their guns RAISED to each other.

Snow SLOWLY reaches into her pocket, pulls out the Fairhat gang wanted poster.

SNOW (CONT'D)
This here is a wanted poster from
Kingdom County. The bounty on
Riona's head is a thousand dollars
alone. The six deputies I killed,
Gerald Saint, Riona Queen... And
myself... It's five thousand
dollars altogether.

The corrupt lawmen start murmuring, glancing at each other.

THE SOUND OF MRS. QUEEN'S LAUGHTER. It's coming from behind the wall of corrupt lawmen.

Mrs. Queen emerges, unarmed. Glass is with her, armed.

Grimshaw looks SHOCKED.

GRIMMSHAW
Sheriff...?

Glass looks CONFLICTED, says nothing.

Mrs. Queen sees Snow, looks unusually pleased to see her, like it's FAKE.

MRS. QUEEN
Hey, Maggie.

Snow looks DISPLEASED to see Mrs. Queen, eyes her up & down.

SNOW

Riona...

Mrs. Queen steps forward, comes face to face with Snow.

MRS. QUEEN

Since when you start giving nice little speeches, sweetie?

Snow says nothing.

Mrs. Queen looks down, sees Snow's pistol.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

Still got that pistol I gave you?

No answer.

Mrs. Queen gets CLOSER.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

Thinkin' 'bout using it?

No answer. Snow looks like she's HOLDING A LOT IN right now.

Mrs. Queen smiles, looks at Grimmshaw.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

Billy! How long has it been, hmm?

GRIMMSHAW

Not long enough.

Mrs. Queen chuckles, turns to the corrupt lawmen.

MRS. QUEEN

Now, don't tell me all ya'll was considerin' listenin' to this crazy bitch! How many people she killed to get here, hmm?

She points at Snow.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

This girl's been causing chaos in our county for days! Murderin' like there's no tomorrow. Like she takes joy in it!

GRIMMSHAW

Mrs. Queen, you gotta stop this before people who ain't do nothing wrong get hurt.

Mrs. Queen puts a hand on her chest.

MRS. QUEEN

Me?

Grimmshaw looks at Glass, looks frustrated.

GRIMMSHAW

What is this, Glass?! You know it too, dammit! You know what she is under all that make up and jewelry! It's nothin' but dirt!

Glass doesn't answer, still looks CONFLICTED.

MRS. QUEEN

Dirt...? *Dirt?!*

(She chuckles)

And what about you, bounty hunter? Act like you're some sorta paragon... Like you're above us all. You kill for money though, don't you? You helped Snow kill my people, didn't you? Out of the people you killed, how many make you "bat an eye?" when your counting bills on their corpses?

A beat.

Grimmshaw nods.

GRIMMSHAW

Not enough.

Mrs. Queen looks at Snow, who's still staring at her.

MRS. QUEEN

And you... Margaret "Snow" White.
(to the surrounding city)
Yeah, she ran with me and my gang, but ya'll wanna know why we called her Snow? 'Cuz she's about the most cold hearted bitch you could ever meet! Look at what she did over the course of a few days!

(To Snow's group)

All ya'll wanna sit here and talk about dirt, act like somehow I'm gonna get *mine* 'cuz they know who I am and what I did? Ya'll can get just as down and dirty as me... I just ain't afraid of doin' it.

A beat.

SNOW

Dirt... I crawled in, you know that? I crawled in the dirt until I could walk again after what you did to me. I worked for you. I loved you. But the minute you knew I wasn't on your leash no more... You put me down to make an example for the others, right? That's what you do. That's what you did to me, that's what you do to the miners, the lawmen--

GRIMMSHAW

To Black-Apple County--

SNOW

And you ain't gonna do it no more!
We all got debts to pay someday,
Fairhat, and today's your day.

A beat.

Mrs. Queen starts LAUGHING, tips of her fingers over her lips.

MRS. QUEEN

Ya'll are so cute! You *loved* me, did you, Snow? What a load of shit. I always knew what you was. Goddamn traitor. It was only a matter of time before you tried to get me outta the picture--

SNOW

That's not true--

MRS. QUEEN

I JUST DECIDED TO TAKE YOU OUT FIRST...! My "baby girl..." You was always by yourself. Never had no one, even when I found you. Look at you. Don't care for no one but you. Even if I die today... You'll still die alone...

A beat.

Snow looks like she's going through MIXTURE of emotions.

A civilian opens a window.

CROWN-FLATS CIVLIAN#1
 Arrest Mrs. Queen! Put her in
 cuffs!

A beat.

Mrs. Queen looks over, makes a face, "HOW DARE YOU?"

Another window opens.

CROWN-FLATS CIVLIAN#2
 Arrest that woman!

More windows open, civilians YELLING.

CROWN-FLATS CIVLIAN#3
 Arrest Mrs. Queen!

They start CHANTING it. The civilians & Snow's posse.

ALL
 ARREST MRS. QUEEN! ARREST MRS.
 QUEEN! ARREST MRS. QUEEN!

Snow's looking around at the people.

So's Mrs. Queen, ANGRY.

The corrupt lawmen all LOOK CONFLICTED, like they don't know
 what side to take.

When the civilians settle down--

Grimshaw puts a hand on Snow's shoulder, looks at Mrs.
 Queen.

GRIMMSHAW
 Alone, huh? Don't seem that way to
 me, Mrs. Queen.

He looks at Glass.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)
 You know right from wrong, sheriff.

Mrs. Queen squints ANGRILY, backs away, pulls Glass back with
 her.

She backs up next to one of the corrupt lawmen.

MRS. QUEEN
 Ya'll know what needs to be done.

A beat. Nothing happens. The corrupt lawmen DON'T SHOOT.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)
Ya'll hear what I say?!

SNOW
They heard you. They just ain't
listenin' is all.

Mrs. Queen looks LIVID, lets out a sigh.

MRS. QUEEN
Can't trust no one in this fuckin'
county... I still got one man,
though.

Snow makes a face.

SUDDENLY, Saint appears from behind a nearby building, QUICK,
gun RAISED, POINTED at Snow.

She sees him, but it's TOO LATE--

Grimmshaw, QUICK, shoves her aside--

GUNSHOT.

Saint shoots Grimmshaw in place of Snow. Grimmshaw goes down.

Snow, SUPER FAST, aims her gun at Saint--

SNOW'S SHOT IN THE ARM, drops her gun.

It was Glass, his gun's SMOKING.

Saint lowers his gun, stands there.

Snow drops to her knees, holding her arm in AGONY, looks at
Grimmshaw.

Snow's posse RAISE their guns--

Snow raises her arm.

SNOW
DON'T SHOOT!!!

Neither side shoots, but everyone's TENSE.

Snow's in A LOT of pain, but is pushing it aside.

SNOW (CONT'D)
(To her posse)
If we shoot each other now, whole
county's going up in flames! We
can't fight each other!

The miners all TENSED UP, NO ONE holding their guns steady.

Same thing for the lawmen on Mrs. Queen's side.

Snow looks at Grimmshaw.

He's still alive, shot in the shoulder, his gun near him.
He's holding his wound, looks back at Snow.

Mrs. Queen looks at Glass, smiles.

MRS. QUEEN

Look at you, John. At this rate, I
may just start trustin' you.

Glass doesn't reply.

MRS. QUEEN (CONT'D)

Now be a darling and finish them
for me, would you?

A beat.

Glass advances towards them.

SNOW

You the sheriff, right...?

Glass says nothing, getting closer.

GRIMMSHAW

Glass, this is wrong!

Glass gets closer.

SNOW

You supposed to uphold the law,
right?!

Glass is in front of Snow & Grimmshaw. Snow's looking up at
him.

SNOW (CONT'D)

What you think that woman's gonna
do when she don't need you no more?

Glass points his gun at Snow's head.

GRIMMSHAW

Sheriff! I know you know better
than this!

Snow makes a face, UNAFRAID. She PRESSES her forehead against
the barrel.

SNOW

This what it's gonna be, then?

A beat.

Glass glances at Saint, who's watching him.

EVERYONE is watching, even the lawman, TOTALLY uneasy, still unsure who's side they're even on anymore.

Snow looks down, SEES GRIMMSHAW'S GUN close by, looks back at Glass.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Seven men tried to kill me once.
You wanna try and do the same,
Sheriff? You better not miss...

A beat.

GLASS

I won't.

SUDDENLY, SUPER FAST, Glass turns to Saint, AIMS.

Saint tries to aim his gun but--

Glass SHOOTS HIM DEAD.

Snow & Grimmshaw are both SHOCKED.

So is Mrs. Queen, looks over at the Corrupt Lawman next to her, SNATCHES his gun.

Snow sees this, SNATCHES Grimmshaw's gun with her uninjured arm, POUNCES.

EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN.

Mrs. Queen gets ready to aim at Glass.

Snow SHOVES Glass out of the way, AIMS at Mrs. Queen.

They're both aiming at each other at the SAME TIME.

BLAM.

TIME SPEEDS BACK UP.

Mrs. Queen DROPS. Snow shot her in the shoulder.

A beat.

Snow looks over, at Grimmshaw.

He's still on the floor, looks back, looks SHOCKED, puts both hands on his face, starts CHUCKLING.

Snow sighs, RELIEVED, looks over at Glass, who she shoved on the floor.

He looks back, like he doesn't know what to say. He nods.

Snow nods as well, drops Grimmshaw's gun, picks up her seven shooter, starts to make her way towards Mrs. Queen.

As she does, Snow reaches into her pocket, pulls out THE LAST DEFORMED BULLET, has "SAINT" etched into it. She flicks it at Saint's body as she walks past, NOT EVEN LOOKING.

The bullet, IN SLOW MOTION, HITS THE GROUND near Saint's body, A LOW THUD in our ears.

Snow goes over stands above Mrs. Queen.

Mrs. Queen's clutching her shoulder, IN PAIN.

Snow kneels, PRESSES her gun against Mrs. Queen's head.

Mrs. Queen grabs the barrel, keeps it steady on her head.

MRS. QUEEN

Go on, then. Finish what you came here to start!

Snow's getting ANGRY.

THAT FAINT RINGING has returned in our ears, DROWNS OUT everything other than Snow's breathing.

Mrs. Queen & Snow LOCK EYES.

Snow's finger's on the trigger, SLOWLY SQUEEZING. She could kill Mrs. Queen RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW. But instead--

Snow aggressively PULLS AWAY, doesn't shoot.

SNOW

I didn't start this... You did. You and I both know you deserve a lot more than what you just got, and believe me, you're gonna get it...

Mrs. Queen's looking at Snow, pain & anger in her face.

Snow GRABS HER, brings her in close.

SNOW (CONT'D)

But you'll be alive to feel it...
Mama.

Snow drops Mrs. Queen to ground, stands over her, takes a DEEP BREATH.

Grimmshaw FORCES himself to sit up.

Glass walks over, sits next to him.

Grimmshaw looks at him for a beat.

Glass still looks like SOMETHING is wrong, like he's GOT SOMETHING TO SAY. After another beat.

GLASS

Riona killed Frederick Queen... And
I knew all about it...

Grimmshaw looks SHOCKED.

GLASS (CONT'D)

A long time ago we made a deal...
Me and Riona... If I turned a blind
eye, she'd help get me the seat as
sheriff... So I looked the other
way. And I never looked back. I'm
just like her... *Dirty*...

Grimmshaw sighs, nods.

GRIMMSHAW

This is Black-Apple county, Glass.
Everyone's dirty...
(beat)
... But some of us ain't as bad as
the others.

Glass looks over at him, nods.

We see the whole town, all the people gathered with Snow, Grimmshaw, Glass, Mrs. Queen & Saint's body in the middle of it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE-CREAK/SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

There are MANY people BOOING & HOLLERING, some are miners, some are civilians, some are lawmen.

They're booing at Mrs. Queen, who's being taken away from the sheriff's office in a prison carriage. Her wound's been patched up, she's all cuffed up, in the SAME PRISON UNIFORM the miners wore. She looks utterly defeated.

One of the people in attendance here is Snow, all patched up. She's watching as the carriage goes by, but doesn't seem in any way pleased. She sighs.

Grimmshaw is there too, but he's not next to Snow. He's also been patched up, watching the carriage go by as well. He notices Snow in another part of the crowd.

She seems a bit unfulfilled. She turns, starts to leave the crowd.

Grimmshaw is about to follow her when--

Glass appears behind him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

GLASS

Grimmshaw, I'd like to speak with you inside for a bit.

Grimmshaw looks back to where he saw Snow, but she's gone.

GRIMMSHAW

(To Glass)

Sure.

INT. GLASS' OFFICE - DAY

Grimmshaw & Glass are in the office. Glass is just sitting down, lets out a long tired sigh.

GRIMMSHAW

What is it you wanted to see me for, Glass?

A beat.

GLASS

I'm gonna resign, Billy.

Grimmshaw's eyebrows raise for a bit.

GLASS (CONT'D)

I... I let too much slide for too long, been living with it for too long too...

GRIMMSHAW

What's next, then?

Another beat.

Glass takes the sheriff badge off his coat, stares at it.

GLASS

There's still work to be done. More lawmen need to answer for... For what I turned a blind eye to for years. Folk are gonna have to elect a new sheriff... Someone they can trust, someone who does what needs to be done for them... Someone a little less crooked than me.

Grimmshaw looks a bit confused, but nods his head.

Glass chuckles, looks at Grimmshaw.

GLASS (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Billy.

Grimmshaw looks like he's JUST REALIZED what Glass is saying.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE-CREAK STREETS - DAY

Snow is near the exit of the town. She's standing next to Prince, getting everything ready to leave.

We can still see the crowd, but they're farther off in the town, following Mrs. Queen's prison carriage.

Snow's feeding Prince a carrot.

SNOW

(To Prince)

Time for us to get up outta here. I been pushing you all week, haven't I? How 'bout a break from all that runnin'?

Prince huffs, nudges her head.

She chuckles.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Ain't you a charmer, Prince?

Grimmshaw's walking, heading to Snow. He's got the sheriff's badge in one hand, tossing it up & down like a ball.

GRIMMSHAW

On your way out, then?

Snow looks over, notices him tossing something up & down.

SNOW

What you got there, bounty boy?

Grimmshaw stops walking when he's close, displays the badge. Snow makes a face, playful surprise.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Ohhh, excuse me. I meant "sheriff" bounty boy.

GRIMMSHAW

Ahh, stop. Glass is gonna step down. Folks gotta elect a new one. I ain't the sheriff... Just thinking on runnin' for it.

Snow chuckles, nods.

GRIMMSHAW (CONT'D)

What about you?

SNOW

What about me?

GRIMMSHAW

Not staying for Riona's trial? Don't gotta go out there all by your lonesome no more, you know?

Snow shakes her head.

SNOW

Long as I know she's on her way to gettin' what she deserves in the eyes of these people, I'll be fine.

GRIMMSHAW

I can guarantee that.

SNOW

Besides, I got Prince here to keep me company.

Prince huffs.

Grimmshaw smiles.

A beat.

GRIMMSHAW

Got what you came for, then?

SNOW

Hmm?

GRIMMSHAW

"Seven bullets for seven sons-a-bitches."

A beat.

SNOW

Y'know... Somebody told me once that revenge is a fool's game.

Grimmshaw nods, smiles.

GRIMMSHAW

That person sounds mighty wise.

SNOW

That person's a pain in my ass.

They both chuckle.

A beat.

Snow caresses Prince, takes a moment to think.

SNOW (CONT'D)

I don't know where I'm gonna go. Not yet. But I feel... I just know I ain't done payin' my debt. I still don't know how to... So I gotta keep lookin'.

GRIMMSHAW

I understand. 'Tween you and me, I don't think none of us can ever fully repay our debts.

SNOW

Won't stop me from tryin'.

Snow gets on Prince, looks down at Grimmshaw.

GRIMMSHAW

You and me both... And what about the bounty for Riona and them boys?

SNOW

Told you I wasn't doin' it for that.

GRIMMSHAW

I know, but even without your head,
forty five hundred's a lot of
money. All that's gotta go
somewhere, right?

Snow thinks for a moment.

SNOW

When you're done *thinkin'* on
runnin' for sheriff, how 'bout you
ask the people what should be done
with the bounty? I'm sure they'll
have an answer.

Grimmshaw smiles.

GRIMMSHAW

You know somethin'? You ain't all
bad.

SNOW

Ain't all good neither.

GRIMMSHAW

Even a *shred* of good is good enough
for me.

Snow takes her hat, which has been hanging on Prince's
saddlebags, puts it on. She looks off into the distance.

The sun & the desert are there, wide & empty.

A beat.

Snow looks back at Grimmshaw, extends her arm to him.

He does the same.

Their hands come together, have a good friendly SHAKE.

SUPER: "SNOW WHITE & THE 7 BULLETS"

THE END