

EIGHT ROOKS LTD

DRAMA
REPUBLIC

THE ENGLISH

Episode 1
"What You Want & What You Need"
by Hugo Blick

8th March 2021

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Dark.

Just one speck of shimmering light.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

Without you, I'd have been killed right at the start. That's how we met. That's why we met. It was in the stars. And we believed in the stars. You and I.

101

EXT. OPEN RANGE, KANSAS - NIGHT

101

WIDE STATIC FRAME on the **empty, open range of Kansas** at night, just **Sirius, the Wolf Star shimmering** at its centre -

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

Out there, back then, it didn't matter where we came from, Europe or Russia. To you we were all the just same. Since Plymouth Rock, we were all just The English.

102

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, THE LOCKE ESTATE, ENGLAND - EVENING

102

WIDE STATIC FRAME to establish a **beautiful country estate house.**

A monument to the full historical power of the **British Establishment.**

A **carriage**, fully liveried, is waiting outside the main steps before we -

103

INT. CARRIAGE - EVENING

103

Start **CLOSE** on a **WOMAN**, sat inside a carriage, her face **concealed** from us by an Edwardian **black veil and bonnet.**

Through the veil we cannot see her features' details, perhaps just **one side** of her jawline as -

Her poise, the stillness of her intent and her **implicit held gaze against our own**, offer this woman's aspect an immediate sense of power and purpose.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

*And you spoke it so well, my language.
You had to. I spoke it so much. Too much.*

104

INT. DRAWING ROOM, MAIN HOUSE, THE LOCKE ESTATE - EVENING 04

A room full of **memorabilia** from "**American Frontier**" circa 1890.

Dominated by a **huge oil portrait** in the style of **George Catlin**.

A **woman's riding outfit** battered and torn, on a valet stand.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

Funny then, that after all these years, I only have one word left. A Pawnee word. Your word:

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

Tâtačiksta.

SUBTITLE:

"I cherish you."

CLOSE to see -

A double photographic portrait of a **Pawnee Scout**, standing, a fixed stare at the camera, a rifle in the crook of one arm, his other hand resting on the shoulder of a **seated woman**, white, dressed in the same riding outfit we've just seen. But her face, turning up to look at the scout, is **blurred** by the movement.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

And in between? I wanted to kill a man for the murder of my child.

*
*

105

INT. CARRIAGE - EVENING

105

CLOSE on a **WOMAN**, sat inside a carriage, her face **concealed** from us by an Edwardian **black veil and bonnet**.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

You wanted back your land, stolen from you.

*
*
*

106

EXT. MAIN HOUSE, THE LOCKE ESTATE, ENGLAND - CONTINUOUS

106

CLOSE on a **carriage lamp** as a pair of hands light its candle.

CORNELIA LOCKE (V.O.)

But the difference between what we want and what we need, well... that was something we both had yet to learn.

*
*
*
*

The footman's hands begin to **slide** the **carriage housing** back over the candle.

And just as the **concave mirrored housing** begins to **flare** the candle's **flame** we -

MATCH CUT TO:

107

EXT. CHEROKEE OUTLET, INDIAN TERRITORY - DAWN

107

We start on a **sun rise** as a **gun shot echoes** around an unseen **valley**.

CLOSE on **ELI WHIPP** as he snaps his head round to look in the direction from which the gun shot came.

Whipp wears the **full uniform** of a First Sergeant of the **5th Cavalry**.

A **Cavalry Scout** by employment, a Skidi of the **Pawnee** by birth, he wears his head bald but for a roach running the complete central apex of his head.

Although now in uniform, this is the man that we previously saw in the photograph.

As Whipp turns towards the echoed gun shot we go -

WIDE to establish the empty hills of the **Cherokee Outlet**, a land soon to become a part of Oklahoma.

LEGEND:

CHEROKEE OUTLET, INDIAN TERRITORY

1890

THIRTEEN YEARS BEFORE

Silhouetted by the sunrise, we watch Eli Whipp as he runs nimbly across the rough terrain heading toward the gunshot's direction.

LEGEND:

*

FORMALLY

*

INDIAN TERRITORY

*

108

EXT. VALLEY, CHEROKEE OUTLET, INDIAN TERRITORY - MOMENTS LATER

108

CLOSE on a warrior of the Northern Cheyenne, **RUNNING HAWK**, a chief whose stare would have been level and impressive - had his face not just been blown apart.

Now he is lying dead, shot through the back of the head as -

His wife, TOUCHING GROUND, falls to the ground beside him, wailing in grief.

*

109

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

109

OVER THE SHOULDER of "DUTCH" VAN DE LOTE, a veteran sharpshooter, having taken the long-range shot with his rifle, as we look down into the valley scene below.

CLOSE on Dutch as he sits up from his prone shooting position, a smile on his face.

110

EXT. VALLEY, BLUFF, CHEROKEE OUTLET, INDIAN TERRITORY - MOMENTS LATER

110

We start on the CAVALRY CAPTAIN, young and greenhorn but with his blood up waiting beside Running Hawk's dead body, a number of SOLDIERS around him.

"Dutch", the sharpshooter and TROOPER SCOTT arrive.

CAPTAIN

(barely controlled rage)

What was that?

DUTCH

(cold confrontation)

Couldn't say, for sure.

TROOPER SCOTT

Six fifty easy.

DUTCH

Say seven hundred.

TROOPER SCOTT

(admiring)

Seven hundred yards! Jesus H Christ,
Dutch - you're a regular Billy Dixon!

DUTCH

(looking toward the body)

Hell, now that ain't right.

CAM MCEWAN (V.O.)

You got him? YOU FUCKIN' GOT HIM!

CAM MCEWAN pushes through the group, goes up to the corpse, takes out his service pistol and empties the barrel into the body.

CAPTAIN

(of the dead body)

Who is he?

Dutch is about to speak as McEwan shoots a final bullet.

Silence before.

DUTCH

That there is Running Hawk! Led the
Fetterman fight, '69. Was him put Lonnie
Myers' eyeballs up on a rock and it was
us swore one day, do the same to him!

(a guilty afterthought)

'Cept now I just gone and clean blown his
face off.

TROOPER SCOTT

S'okay... got us a couple of spares...

The ensemble turn to reveal Touching Ground, being held
by one of the soldiers. *

CLOSE on Touching Ground's eyes. *

CLOSE on Dutch's eyes.

CAPTAIN

Orders were round them up, send them on
their way.

DUTCH

(matter of fact)

What we just done. Do it again, if you
care to look the other way.

Dutch begins to **slowly swing** his **rifle towards** Touching
Ground, before we hear - *

Her **SON**, twelves years old, **rips free** of the soldier
holding him and **screams** into the arms of his mother who - *

Sweeps him behind her before facing the cavalry unit in
defiance.

The stand-off is knife-edged before **finally** -

ELI WHIPP (O.S.)

Not today, huh?

We find Eli Whipp, on pony-back, watching the scene.

Dutch flicks his eyes across towards Whipp, who cuts a
calm and **resolute** figure.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

Not today.

TROOPER SCOTT

Says you?

ELI WHIPP

Says me.

TROOPER SCOTT

How so?

Beat.

ELI WHIPP

S'my last.

Clearly the ringleader, it's Big Dutch's decision although, through Trooper Scott's look towards Eli Whipp, we note the **cocked hammer** of Whipp's **rifle** cradled in his elbow.

Finally, the sharp-shooter lowers his rifle as -

Eli Whipp sheaths his rifle, walks his pony past, picks the rifle out of Dutch's hands, and without stopping his pony, hands the rifle to the Captain. *

Eli turns his horse as we go -

CLOSE on the **First Sergeant stripes** on his arm as he passes.

TROOPER SCOTT

So what's that - you kill one, follow another?

DUTCH

Something like.

TROOPER SCOTT

Oh, Hell, I ain't never gonna make no sense outta this...

With Eli Whipp as he approaches Touching Ground and her son who just watch him until - *

She **spits** onto his leggings with **absolute hatred**.

111

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, CHEROKEE OUTLET - DAY

111

WIDE as we watch the **silhouette** of Eli, on horseback, lope across the **frame** before -

CAM MCEWAN (O.S.)

(calling)

Eliiii!

HOLDING WIDE we watch a **HORSEMAN** enter frame riding after Eli, who halts his horse and waits for -

Cam McEwan, the soldier who'd emptied his gun into Running Hawk, come to a halt beside Eli.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)

That's it, you're gone?

Eli pauses, a little affirmative nod.

Confused, Cam looks behind him then looks again to Eli.
He has something to say.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
(finally.)
I'm sorry about today...

Eli says nothing.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
But he had it coming.

ELI WHIPP
(evenly)
Twenty three years.

CAM MCEWAN
Yessir... Lonnie and me, we was sixteen.
Joined up greenhorns together. What they
did to him... that could've been me...
Could've been any of us.

CLOSE on Eli, impassive - his ethnicity clearly not an
issue to McEwan, who studies Eli a moment before -

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
How long you been in?

ELI WHIPP
Longer than you.

CAM MCEWAN
So what you gonna do now?

ELI WHIPP
North.

CAM MCEWAN
Back to your Res?

ELI WHIPP
(a shake of the head before)
Nebraska. The Loup.

CAM MCEWAN
Why?

ELI WHIPP
Born there.

CAM MCEWAN
But that ain't Pawnee land no more.

ELI WHIPP
(wry)
Don't want it all, just a few acres.

CAM MCEWAN
(incredulous)
Which they won't give you.

ELI WHIPP
Homestead Act.

CAM MCEWAN
That ain't for you.

ELI WHIPP
(surprising verbatim clarity)
Section Two: Persons "having performed
service in the army of the United
States"... may make a claim.
(beat)
I intend to.

CAM MCEWAN
Eli... Smoke dreams are for the fireside.

The silence between now a gulf.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
(switching subject)
Lonnie's brother, Billy Myers. Remember
him?

A little shake of Eli's head.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
He was part of that... McClintock thing.
(beat)
Chalk River fight. Seventy Five.

ELI WHIPP
Huh.

Atmospheric change as Eli goes notably still. This is
something he knows about.

CAM MCEWAN
Weren't like they said it was.

ELI WHIPP
How was it?

CAM MCEWAN
How it always is: They do us, we do them.
Hell, should'a given them boys a medal
for what they done... instead of what
they did to 'em.

*
*

Eli says nothing.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
Anyways, I hear he's up there. Billy.

ELI WHIPP
(a little keen)
Nebraska?

CAM MCEWAN
Wyoming. Caine County or some such. You
might wanna look him up, pass that way.

ELI WHIPP
Ain't looking to.

CAM MCEWAN
But if you do... tell him we finally got
him! We finally got Lonnie's killer.
(to emphasise)
Billy Myers. Account's been settled.

Again **silence** from Eli before Cam passes he reins to give
Eli a formal **salute**.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
Sergeant.
(beat)
Best First Shirt I ever served.

CLOSE on the diamond of Eli's arm insignia, a First
Sergeant.

CAM MCEWAN (CONT'D)
(relaxing his salute before)
But remember -
(suddenly gripping Eli's hand
tightly)
In here you're one of us. Out there...
(beat)
You're one of them.

Eli offers a Pawnee salute - like a "karate chop", his
hand held above the belt line, and extends out a few
inches and stops as the arm flexes. It is Indian Sign
Language and translates roughly to "I see you on equal
ground and I am proud".

Finally, he turns as we go -

WIDE as Cam watches Eli watch lope away across frame.

112

TITLES

112

We **TRACK IN** on:

A photographic portrait of a Pawnee Scout in 1890,
standing, a fixed stare at the camera, a rifle in the
crook of one arm, his other hand resting on the shoulder
of a seated woman, white, dressed in a Victorian riding
outfit, now battered by wear. But her face, turning up to
look at the scout, is blurred by the movement.

We then **CROSSFADE** to:

The **First Treaty** between the "**Five Nations of Indians to King George I, 1726**" assigning a land-width to the "breadth of sixty **English** miles" ceded from the Nations to the Sovereign.

And here we begin to **TRACK IN** and **ROTATE**, losing all else on the page until **only one word dominates the screen** providing us with our **FINAL TITLE**:

"The English"

1. "What You Want & What You Need"

Black.

A **VOICE** approaches us. It has the **theatrical, declamatory tone, muffled** as if **outside** and **walking towards us**.

RICHARD M. WATTS (O.S.)
There are many who can welcome you to the
real America, but only one...

The **door** to an enclosed **stagecoach** swings open to reveal-

113 **INT. KANSAS - HOTEL LAND SITE - CUSK'S STAGECOACH - DAY** 113

RICHARD M. WATTS, American, imposing, dissolute with a blood-shot but crafty gaze -

Is staring straight into the dark cabin.

RICHARD M. WATTS
(declared)
...Who can truly mean it!

With a theatrical flourish, Watts holds the door open and waits.

We **HOLD SHOT** as the wind swirls around him before he begins to step back -

114 **EXT. KANSAS - HOTEL LAND SITE CUSK'S STAGECOACH -** 114
CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on the **desiccated skeleton of a tiny BIRD**, wings outstretched, skull exposed, lying unnoticed on the ground as -

Watts' **boot** steps back into **frame**, narrowly **missing** the bird's skull before we go -

CLOSE on Watts as he casts an eye up towards -

The stagecoach driver, **SEBOLD CUSK**, a man who has spent too many rain-drenched days up top, talking to himself and who now circles his eyes suggesting this is one difficult passenger as -

We hear boots against boards before -

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE

EXTREME CLOSE on a woman's **gloved fingers** as they suddenly appear to grip the door jamb before we -

THROW FOCUS to see the **other gloved hand** do the same to the other door jamb as the **blurred shape** of a woman's **hat and veil** begin to emerge before we -

EXTREME CLOSE on and woman's **boot** as it hits the carriage step before propelling itself off as we go -

EXTREME CLOSE on the woman's **other boot** as it lands in the dust **beside the bird skull**.

The rhythmic effect of this sequence, 1,2,3,4, takes to -

A **HELD DEFOCUSED SHOT** of a veiled **WOMAN** who, still in **SLOW MOTION** approaches frame and as she comes to a **halt** in front of us, the **weave of her veil** comes into **focus**.

CLOSE on her **skirts** which now come to a **billowing halt**, dragging **dust devils** behind them.

END of SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE

WIDE to now establish a **wide, open plain**. Nothing but the stagecoach in which she arrived and a strange scene -

Nothing but the stagecoach and the **stagecoach hotel**, which stands in stark isolation against its barren vista. *

This is the **middle of nowhere**. *

On the hotel **verandah**, **TWO MEN** are lounging, leeringly watching her. One, **DREW**, is small. The second is **SIMON**, a sort of bald "Curly" amongst the Marx brothers. But despite an ever present **grin**, he also has a musical **squeezebox** to lighten the mood - with which, now, he offers a "tra-la" fanfare (except that the last cord merely **wheezes**). *

CLOSE on the woman's face. **Obscured from us** through a **dirtied veil**, this is the **same woman we saw at the story's start** - only now we are thirteen years beforehand as she -

Rips her veil over her face to snarl- *

CORNELIA LOCKE

*

Why?... Do you?... Have to drive... So
bloody fast?

This is CORNELIA LOCKE English, 30s, the breeding of a
thoroughbred, the gait of a filly, with an inflamed
intelligence of flash-pan brilliance.

*

*

*

Once again, the stagecoach driver Sebold Cusk offers an
exhausted eye-circle as his answer.

RICHARD M. WATTS

(with patient pleasantry)

Because I told him to.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Why?

RICHARD M. WATTS

Indians.

SEBOLD CUSK

(a repeated mantra)

Like I said.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(beginning to recover)

What Indians?

RICHARD M. WATTS

Ghost dancers.

SEBOLD CUSK

Like I said.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(incredulous)

Dancing Indians... and that's something
to be afraid of?

RICHARD M. WATTS

It is once they stop.

Silence as Cornelia begins to re-centre herself.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Well, I didn't see any.

RICHARD M. WATTS

Well, now you can.

He casts his eyes across the space.

Cornelia follows his stare to see -

Beside a ramshackle **stable block**, we now see a **man strung
up off the ground, by rope wrapped around his mid-section**
under a crossbeam.

*

*

The view makes Cornelia go suddenly **still**.

His body is turned away from us which prompts -

JUMP DOWN THE LINE CLOSE REVERSE ON -

Eli Whipp badly beaten, barely conscious as -

CORNELIA LOCKE (OFF FOCUS)
What did he do?

OFF FOCUS Watts looks to **two MEN** sat in front of the tent. *

RICHARD M. WATTS (OFF FOCUS)
Drew, what'd he do? *

DREW(OFF FOCUS) *
(like it's a return to a
joke)
I don't know, Mr. Watts, what did the
shit-sniffer do?

RETURN TO

RICHARD M. WATTS
I'll tell you what he did; he walked
straight up to my tent and he asked me
for a drink. That's what he did. Even
said please, as I recall. No Ma'am,
couldn't mark him down for his manners,
just the colour of his skin.

CORNELIA LOCKE
Who beat him?

RICHARD M. WATTS
You're most welcome...

Cornelia looks to Watts and notes the flecks of **blood** on
his shirt-cuffs before -

RETURN TO CLOSE REVERSE on Eli as, off focus, we watch
Cornelia walk towards us until she stops near Eli.

CORNELIA LOCKE (OFF FOCUS)
Do you speak English?

Eli vaguely **laughs to himself**, ironically.

CORNELIA LOCKE (OFF FOCUS) (CONT'D)
What can I do?

A **gust of wind** gently begins to **spin** Eli around as we -

JUMP AROUND to watch Eli first set eyes on Cornelia.

REVERSE on Cornelia as she first sets eyes on Eli.

Silence.

ELI WHIPP

You alone?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Yes.

ELI WHIPP

(looking at the stagecoach)

Anyone in there with you?

CORNELIA LOCKE

No.

ELI WHIPP

(matter of fact)

Nothing you can do.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(steely)

Because I'm a woman?

ELI WHIPP

Not your fight. Don't pick it.

Raising her eyebrows, Cornelia turns round and we watch her stride purposefully back towards Watts.

Once returned, she eyes Watts steadily before -

CORNELIA LOCKE

I'll give you ten dollars to cut him down; ten dollars to clean him up and ten more to see him on his way.

RICHARD M. WATTS

Lot of money.

CORNELIA LOCKE

And by the look of things, you need it.

Simon **laughs** at the confrontation before **silence** follows.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

I am not unversed in matters of business, sir, so be aware I am not the haggling type.

RICHARD M. WATTS

I'm not about to haggle with you, Ma'am.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Then we are agreed.

She holds out her hand.

Watts neither moves nor changes his even expression before -

RICHARD M. WATTS

Just waiting for the full extent of your parlous situation to clarify upon your tender mind.

Cornelia looks across to Sebold Cusk, who is just staring at her.

Cornelia looks to the group of men, just staring at her.

The fluttering of torn cloth is only interrupted by Simon's final squeeze box flourish before -

Cornelia looks back at Eli Whipp, hanging in the stable yard who just looks straight at her until, as she turns back towards Watts he -

Strikes her **hard** and she **collapses** as fast and straight.

SLOW MOTION CLOSE on Cornelia as, unconscious, her **head crushes** the **bird skull** which disappears amongst her hair - almost as if it has **entered her**.

Simon's **last note** on his squeezebox.

Watts indicates to the group for them to come pick her up before he walks towards Sebold Cusk as he in turn begins to **offload** Cornelia's many **traveling cases**.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

She always so mouthy?

SEBOLD CUSK

(as he works)

Like a coon-dog down a gurney.

Sebold Cusk **throws** a case which, once it **strikes** the ground, **bursts open** to reveal a large amount of **cash dollars**.

RICHARD M. WATTS

(referring to the coach)

Get this thing turned round.

115

EXT. KANSAS - HOTEL LAND SITE - MOMENTS LATER

115

CLOSE on Eli Whipp as he is doused back to consciousness by a bucket of water, thrown over him by Watts.

RICHARD M. WATTS

You're leaving.

ELI WHIPP

Where?

RICHARD M. WATTS

Back to Ellsworth.

ELI WHIPP

Didn't come from Ellsworth.

RICHARD M. WATTS

But it's as near to Hell as I can think of.

Watts **cuts** through the rope. Eli falls **heavily** to the ground.

*
*

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

You walk?

Slowly, Eli rises to his feet. He is not broken.

*

ELI WHIPP

To my horse.

The stable behind them.

*

RICHARD M. WATTS

Uh-uh. With him.

Sebold Cusk is on top of the stagecoach, now turned around in the opposite direction to its arrival.

ELI WHIPP

My bag?

RICHARD M. WATTS

Payment for the ride.

ELI WHIPP

You already got my horse.

Now Whipp does **hold** eye contact - cold and steady.

RICHARD M. WATTS

And I can get me twenty five for a scalp.
Your choice.

116

EXT. KANSAS - CUSK'S STAGECOACH - EVENING

116

CLOSE on a **loop** of chains attaching Eli Whipp to the shotgun box seat beside Sebold Cusk before we go -

WIDE to watch the stagecoach leave the hotel as we -

Find Simon, rooting through Cornelia Locke's bags, he pulls out a particularly fine dress and holds it up to himself, gurning.

We find Watts sat with his Men watching the stagecoach leave before -

RICHARD M. WATTS

Tell her to put it on.

117 INT. ROOM, HOTEL LAND SITE - EVENING

117 *

We find Cornelia Locke, sat on the end of a put-you-up bed, as she looks to -

The entrance as Simon opens the door.

*

She is in a terrible predicament as -

118 EXT. LINCOLN COUNTY, KANSAS, CUSK'S STAGECOACH - EVENING 118

We watch the stagecoach make its way with **hills** to the East and a gathering **sunset** to the West.

The **creak** of the coach's **suspension** takes up the **rhythm** of the previous scene as -

119 EXT. STAGECOACH - CONTINUOUS

119

A **glint** of **light** catches Sebold Cusk's eye up in the hills.

And **again**.

ELI WHIPP

(looking straight ahead)

I seen it. Been with us awhile.

SEBOLD CUSK

Damn it, why is it your people always get to see things first? I saw it too! Maybe I just didn't get the need to say it.

(but still looking for advice)

It's us they want?

Whipp **nods**.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Well, we ain't never going to outrun them. Team's beat.

(he pulls on the reins)

Whoah!

He brings the team to a halt before studying the sunset lit hills, deep in light and shadow.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Shouldn't never have agreed that turnaround.

ELI WHIPP

Why did you?

SEBOLD CUSK

(ignoring the question)

Indians?

ELI WHIPP

If they are, go easier on you if you take these off.

Whipp raises his manacled wrists, and **instinctively** Sebold Cusk touches a **chain** around his neck, revealing the glint of **keys** before he **smiles**, conspiratorially.

SEBOLD CUSK

Nice try.

(patting his chest, the key
in safekeeping)

You a scout?

ELI WHIPP

Was.

SEBOLD CUSK

You ain't no Apache, Pawnee then. I've walked with the Pawnee. What name you go by?

ELI WHIPP

Eli Whipp.

SEBOLD CUSK

Nah, fool... Pawnee one.

ELI WHIPP

Ckirirahpiks.

SEBOLD CUSK

(trying to translate)

"Wolf... Wounded". When you get given that?

ELI WHIPP

Massacre Canyon.

SEBOLD CUSK

Heel, yeah - against the Sioux, right? So which Indian is it you actually like, seeing as you seem to fight them all?

ELI WHIPP

We had enemies long before you turned up.

SEBOLD CUSK

And the good gumption to choose our side when we did!

(MORE)

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Not so clever though on reckoning we
wouldn't end up doing the same to you!
(he regards Whipp not
unkindly)

Less Wounded Wolf than Whipped Dog,
wouldn't you say?! That how come you came
by your English name?

We are reminded of Whipp's bruising as he **looks dead ahead.**

ELI WHIPP

Can never say how a thing's going to turn
out 'til it does.

(beat)

They ain't Indians.

POV Whipp and Sebold Cusk as we watch **THREE HORSEMEN**
heading down the road towards them, **rifles** on their hips.

SEBOLD CUSK

But they're still trouble.

Sebold Cusk leans forward and **pulls** on a set of **strings**
which, Heath-Robinson like, act as **pulleys** which, like
flaps on a Spanish Galleon, **pull up small, wooden**
shutters at angles on either side of the box seat which
once open, reveal the **glint** of **sawn-off shotguns.**

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

(wagging two **strings** in his
fists)

Bit of a home inventor.

ELI WHIPP

You tried it before?

SEBOLD CUSK

Nope!

The proximity of the guns to both men's crotches is made
implicit before -

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Yessir! One way or another, gonna show
him some balls.

Eli looks back up at Cusk before -

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

(suddenly he lifts the chain
from around his neck)

Oh, Hell...

(and gives the key to Whipp)

My enemy's enemy...

Eli takes the key and unbolts himself from the manacles.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

And you Pawnee sure know all about that.

Sebold Cusk lifts the lid on the gun box at their feet revealing a **Winchester 73 rifle, 20" barrel.**

Eli picks it up. A **significant moment.** This will be the rifle he uses for the rest of the story, going forward in time.

ELI WHIPP

How many rounds?

SEBOLD CUSK

Ten. Spent two on a jack-rabbit.

ELI WHIPP

Then you missed.

SEBOLD CUSK

Yes, I did.

The Horsemen draw up in front the stagecoach team.

Three Men.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

(to the ensemble)

Friends!

LEAD HORSEMAN

Where you headed?

SEBOLD CUSK

Ellsworth.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Late for Ellsworth.

SEBOLD CUSK

Starting to feel that way.

LEAD HORSEMAN

What you doing with him?

SEBOLD CUSK

Taking him in.

LEAD HORSEMAN

What for?

SEBOLD CUSK

Killing a woman.

Eli Whipp turns to Sebold Cusk and **frowns.**

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Englishwoman.

The Lead Horseman moves his horse forward to take a closer look at Whipp, now free from his manacles.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Doesn't look like you're taking him in.

SEBOLD CUSK

See, Sir, I wasn't sure who you was and thought to have all the help I can get.

LEAD HORSEMAN

We'll take him.

SEBOLD CUSK

Where?

LEAD HORSEMAN

Nearest tree. You too, if you get in our way.

SEBOLD CUSK

Well, now I was looking for a reward.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Dead Indian. Best you're going to get.

ELI WHIPP

I didn't kill no Englishwoman.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Didn't need to.

CLOSE on the hidden shotgun portal. The Lead Horseman is too far forward but, as he lowers his rifle at Whipp, his horse shifts its weight and steps backwards.

But not far enough. It's like a fairground game where you have to shoot the duck.

No one moves.

LEAD HORSEMAN (CONT'D)

Happy to do it here.

SEBOLD CUSK

Wait a moment now! This is a commercial business!

The Horse takes another step back.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

I can't have you spreading him all over my prize asset.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Shouldn't have picked him up.

The horse now wavers between stepping forward and stepping back.

ELI WHIPP

You're on horseback, I'm up here. Odds sit with me.

LEAD HORSEMAN

Comes to bets, boy, it's three to one.

ELI WHIPP

I'll take it.

Whipp just stares at the Lead Horseman.

Silence until - the Lead Horseman cocks his rifle as -

His horse steps back as -

SEBOLD CUSK

Oh, Hell!

Sebold Cusk pulls his string.

The shotguns explode.

The lead Man and his horse both go down as -

Eli Whipp begins shooting the Winchester.

One man **falls from his horse** as -

The other **gets off one shot** before -

Eli **changes angle and shoots him** from his horse.

Immediately Eli jumps from the box seat.

CLOSE on one of the men. Dead.

CLOSE on Eli staring down at him, looking to finish him off.

No need.

Eli then chooses the least skittish Horse, mounts it, and draws alongside Sebold Cusk who we now see has been -

Shot in the stomach.

But Sebold is looking at the strings in his hand, admiringly.

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

Well, I am certainly pleased with that!

ELI WHIPP

That woman really dead?

SEBOLD CUSK

Will be.

ELI WHIPP

And you were going to put it on me.

SEBOLD CUSK

Well, I didn't know you like I do now.

ELI WHIPP

(looking at his wound)

That's going to kill you.

SEBOLD CUSK

Least I've got a bit of time to think about it...

(he does, a moment)

"Deborah Crawford"... where in the Hell did that name come from?

Whipp opens a saddle holster, takes out a pistol, cocks the hammer and lays it on the top box beside Sebold Cusk who looks at it before -

SEBOLD CUSK (CONT'D)

(looking at the gun)

Hmm... you're right; maybe somethings are better left forgotten.

And Whipp rides away - back in the direction from which they've just come.

WIDE as Whipp rides past us at speed, we see the **flare** of a gunshot on top of the stagecoach followed by it's **echoed report**.

Dark.

120

INT. KANSAS - HOTEL - NIGHT

120 *

Now in the **red evening gown**, a **bag** is pulled off Cornelia Locke's head and she looks to - *

Watts "dressed for dinner", seated opposite her.. *

Outside, we can also hear Simon, playing his squeezebox with a little romanticism. *

Despite the location, the table is set formally with **metal glasses, candles** and two **dented tin cloches** covering each diner's plate, but all **without** cutlery.

The glow from a distant campfire flickers against the canvas entrance as inside, an oil lamp glows hard shadows.

RICHARD M. WATTS

This light and that dress you remind me
of my wife.

CORNELIA LOCKE

But not the bruising?

There is a nasty welt on the side of her face where Watts
struck her.

Recognising her defiance, Watts makes a little theatrical
applause with his hands before -

RICHARD M. WATTS

That too.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Where is she?

RICHARD M. WATTS

You looking to plead your case to a
better angel.

CORNELIA LOCKE

I don't have a case.

RICHARD M. WATTS

I don't have a wife.

Silence.

CORNELIA LOCKE

You're going to kill me.

Watts shrugs as if to say, "Yes, but it's not big deal,"
before continuing to regard her pleasantly - a true
psychopath.

Cornelia looks down at her lap and finally let's out a
sob before -

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

I'm not... I'm not... Well, I am...
(she looks down **tears** rolling
down her face)

But not for the reasons you think.

RICHARD M. WATTS

I'm thinking - you wish you'd taken
better care with the hotel accommodation.

Cornelia looks down.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Not that.

*

*

*

*

*

*

RICHARD M. WATTS

You don't feel even a tinsy-winsy bit
fucking stupid?

CORNELIA LOCKE

No.

(shaking her head before
looking up at him)

Just angry.

RICHARD M. WATTS

Yep, that too! You'll notice no knives!
(of the table)

Or any thing else, for that matter. Man
can do an awful lot of damage with a
spoon!

Except for the tin cloche covers and cups, the tableware
is entirely bare of cutlery.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

But can't help but wonder on the cause.
Thinking it's "emotional"?

Pause.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Someone killed my child.

RICHARD M. WATTS

(getting it)

Ah...

CORNELIA LOCKE

And now I'm going to kill him.

Watts smiles sympathetically before shaking his head to
the negative.

RICHARD M. WATTS

Were.

(beat)

Actually, not even then. Not now, not
then... not ever.

(beat)

Because that's the kind of man he is.

Silence as it dawns on Cornelia.

CORNELIA LOCKE

How'd he know I was coming?

RICHARD M. WATTS

Ain't no tremor he can't feel. Sometimes
I think he dug that mine of his so deep,
Devil just skipped out, jumped straight
into his heart.

(beat)

(MORE)

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

Certainly that's how I learnt get so
light on my feet. You surely didn't hear
me, now did ya?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Where?

*

RICHARD M. WATTS

Everywhere... But in the end, it was
always gonna end up here.

*

*

CORNELIA LOCKE

(uncomprehending; the journey
was labyrinthine)

I had so many choices.

*

*

*

*

RICHARD M. WATTS

And I surely question Southampton?!

*

*

CORNELIA LOCKE

(a little defensive)

It was... closest.

RICHARD M. WATTS

Liverpool's quicker, every time. Still,
Havana must've been a pleasant jig. New
Orleans. Noticed you cut out St Louis -
shame; They got a bridge down there's
quite the marvel.

*

(conspiratorial)

But, oh my - gadding about with all that
cash, like dragging a stink-line for a
skunk.

*

(like he's done her a big
favour)

Couple of times we had to intervene on
your imminent demise.

*

*

He gestures slicing his neck with his forefinger.

*

CORNELIA LOCKE

Why bother?

RICHARD M. WATTS

He wanted journey's end here.

CORNELIA LOCKE

In the middle of nowhere.

RICHARD M. WATTS

(correcting)

The real America.

(sympathetic consolation)

Maybe see if I can't plant a cottonwood,
or some such, on top of you - make you a
part of it.

Watts regards her for a moment before -

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

If it's any consolation, I hate him too.
Profit or loss, there's nothing he don't
think sits either side of a ledger.
Everything and everybody. You'll be in
there somewhere. "Debt Outstanding...
Account Closed!" that sorta thing.

Cornelia says nothing.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

Know I am. From the Saville Row suit to
the...

(he lifts up a foot to
reveal)

Burlington Brogues! He has me gussied up
like a punked arse come Sunday prayers!
And I hate him for it. Yes, Ma'am, I do.

CORNELIA LOCKE

So let me go.

There is a moment when we think she may have changed his
mind before -

RICHARD M. WATTS

(shaking his head)

In truth, I have mostly learnt to absorb
my belittlement; to confine my thoughts
merely to my contract - a contract which,
despite its sulphurous stink, I find
myself quite willing to uphold.

(beat)

That is, bar the odd... hidden cost.

He gestures to the table between them both.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)

I get them from time to time. Just a
little chance for me to... spit in the
soup...

(with lascivious weight)

Soil the goods...

(pleasant again)

Pathetic really, but there you go; what
else is left to the humbled servant?

Pause as Cornelia studies him before -

CORNELIA LOCKE

You want to rape me.

RICHARD M. WATTS

I'm realistic when it comes to issues of
consent.

CORNELIA LOCKE
(with a sudden level eye)
Then fuck a horse.

RICHARD M. WATTS
Useful thought - what with the nights
drawing in.

Watts then leans forward and lifts the two **tin cloches**
from their respective plates with a theatrical flourish.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)
Prairie oysters.

Raw, peeled calf **testicles** lie on the plates before them
but Cornelia keeps her eyes fixed on his.

CORNELIA LOCKE
I'm going to kill you.

RICHARD M. WATTS
They really are very good.

CORNELIA LOCKE
(simply)
Not now. Not then. But I will.

RICHARD M. WATTS
(popping one testicle into
his mouth)
You'll have to return from the dead to do
it.

CORNELIA LOCKE
(again cool)
I will.

RICHARD M. WATTS
(wallowing the testicle
around as)
Then might you consider coming back as my
horse?

Both **lock stares** for a moment before finally Watts
concedes by **swallowing** before -

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)
Watch the big ones.

Without breaking eye contact, Cornelia reaches forward,
picks up a testicle, places it between her teeth before
gently **popping** the sack.

Its contents **dribble** down her chin.

RICHARD M. WATTS (CONT'D)
(slightly disgusted)
Not... quite the woman I expected.

Cornelia then leans forward and lets the mess **fall out** of her mouth and **flop** back onto the plate before she raises her head once more to lock eyes with Watts.

CORNELIA LOCKE

And you're everything I expect of a man.

Silence as we watch Watts consider whether his match has just been met before -

Thwak!

Cornelia shifts **back** in her seat in **shock** as -

A **flower** of red begins to stretch across the **chest** of Watts' white shirt as -

First he looks down at it, as a child might at the splattered detritus of a chocolate feast, before wordlessly looking back up at Cornelia as -

Out of the **dark** Eli Whipp **emerges, pulls a fine silver plated dining knife** out of Watts' back, plunges it straight into his front, over his heart, then extracts the knife before slamming the now lifeless body's head into its plate of oysters.

For a moment, Eli examines the fancy implement before tossing it, bloody, onto the table in front of Cornelia.

ELI WHIPP

Shhh...

120A **EXT. HOTEL VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS**

120A *

We start **CLOSE** on Simon, enraptured by his own squeezebox playing before -

We hear a hammer cock.

ELI WHIPP (O.S.)

Keep playing.

We see Eli in the shadows.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

You run, I'll stalk you down. It was my job.

After a moment's hesitation, Simon continues as -

120B **INT. KANSAS - HOTEL - NIGHT**

120B *

Eli returns to find Cornelia, in shock, still staring at the dead Watts.

ELI WHIPP
Where's the other one?

CORNELIA LOCKE
(coming round)
Hmm?

Eli doesn't repeat the question.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)
Let's just leave.

ELI WHIPP
Didn't come back for you.

121 EXT. OUTSIDE TENT - MOMENTS LATER

121 *

Drew is snoring outside his tent before -

Cornelia flicks his nose and he comes round to see her face, as if in a pleasant dream. It's about to become a living nightmare.

CORNELIA LOCKE
Someone wants to see you.

DREW
(a half smile)
Who?

CORNELIA LOCKE
Him...

As Cornelia looks up towards Drew's feet, Drew suddenly finds himself **dragged** away by Eli, who has tied **rope** around his ankles.

As Drew screams in protest, Cornelia picks up his **hat** and **coat**. The sharp-eyed will notice that in future she will adopt these items.

123 EXT. KANSAS - HOTEL SITE CROSSBEAM - NIGHT

123 *

Drew, still alive is now **hanging upside down** by his ankles from the same crossbeam from which they'd previously strung up Eli.

This time, Drew's arms have been tied to his body and then **looped under his arm pits** are the handles to a large leather horse's **nose bag**.

Usually used for grain, it is now full of water, hanging just below the Man's upside down head.

We now see that the other end of the looped rope is attached to a **saddled horse** whose bridle Cornelia is standing beside and holding.

Eli is now crouched down to be level with the man's face.

ELI WHIPP

My bag.

DREW

Wh... What?

ELI WHIPP

Where is it?

DREW

I... er... box... boss.

Whipp walks off into the -

ELI WHIPP

(to Cornelia, of the horse)

Keep him stood.

121B

EXT. DOOR 2 FIRST FLOOR LANDING, STAGECOACH HOTEL -
MOMENTS LATER

121B

Cornelia is wiping the blood from her face as Eli steps back onto the balcony looking towards -

The third door.

Simon, off screen, stops playing his squeezebox.

SIMON (O.S.)

(tremulously from a distance)

Can I stop playing now?

ELI WHIPP

No.

SIMON (O.S.)

(forlorn)

Oh... My fingers, they gone all bubbly.

Discordantly, Simon starts playing again.

124

INT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

124

Light from an **oil lamp** illuminates a -

Leather parfleche bag, lumpy with contents placed inside a now open **trunk** before we -

REVERSE to see Whipp, take out the bag.

Rifling through its contents, it becomes clear Whipp's only interest is in a **small leather pouch** which he deftly unwraps to reveal -

A number of **contents**: Bird's Skull; Arrow head; Bear claw; war paint.

It's what Whipp has come back for as -

He rewraps the pouch before slinging the bigger bag over his shoulder.

125

EXT. HOTEL LAND SITE, CROSSBEAM - MOMENTS LATER

125

Watched by Cornelia, Eli returns, parfleche bag over his shoulder, and once again crouches down to level with the Drew's face.

*

ELI WHIPP

A Baptist, when I was a boy he gave me my white name. Eli Whipp. Want to know why?

The Big Man is too confused to answer.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

I'm good with rope. But "Shit sniffer"... weren't never my name. Maybe that's one for you to wear.

*

The nose bag, hanging beneath the man's head.

DREW

Please...

*

ELI WHIPP

Oh, I ain't gonna kill you. Let the horse decide. See if you gave him enough to drink.

*

*

*

He looks over towards Cornelia.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

(intimating the horse)

Let him go.

Cornelia lets go of the bridle.

*

The horse takes Drew's full weight.

*

But **doesn't** move.

*

Eli watches, impassive.

*

Silence.

*

Then suddenly, Cornelia raises her hands again to **take** the bridle. Is she going to rescue Drew?

*

*

She begins to **steer** the horse **backwards** as we - *

Watch as the man is slowly lowered towards the slurry bag. *
*

CLOSE on the nose bag full of slurry, as it makes contact with the ground.

Suddenly the slurry has weight as it begins to bulge against the nose bag's sides.

Despite spinning his head, Drew cannot stop his head from entering the bulging nose bag as - *

Cornelia's hands still on the bridle, we watch her **halt** the horse as we listen to the Man **drowning** before - *

DETAIL on the surface of the slurry as a **bubble** from Drew's last breath goes - **pop**. *

Eli is staring at Cornelia in **silence** before - *

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

Huh...

When we **RETURN** to Cornelia, she watches Whipp walk back towards the tent. *

CORNELIA LOCKE

Where are you going?

ELI WHIPP

The music man.

We can still hear the music, as indeed we have throughout.

CORNELIA LOCKE

No, don't.

Whipp carries on walking.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

Please! Stop!

Whipp stops and partially turns around.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

He's just an idiot.

Eli just looks back at her, as if to say, "Your point?" *

But he doesn't move.

Cornelia watches Whipp as he saddles his horse.

We notice there is **no longer** any music as -

Cornelia starts to relive the previous hour.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Well, that was... um... well...
(she shakes her head a little
before returning to look at
Eli)
Thank you.

ELI WHIPP

For what?

CORNELIA LOCKE

If you hadn't... They were going to...

ELI WHIPP

You're business, not mine.

CORNELIA LOCKE

But then it became yours.

ELI WHIPP

And now it's not.

Again Cornelia watches him work.

CORNELIA LOCKE

That what you came back for?

ELI WHIPP

Hmm?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Your horse.

ELI WHIPP

(touching the bag looped over
his shoulder)
And this.

CORNELIA LOCKE

What's in it?

ELI WHIPP

Medicine.

CORNELIA LOCKE

You're ill?

ELI WHIPP

Only without it.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Ah, magic.

ELI WHIPP
(dismissively sharp eyed)
Not a trick.

CORNELIA LOCKE
I didn't say it was.

Cornelia pulls out a **locket** on a necklace around her neck and shows the back of it towards Whipp.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)
This is a lock of my son's hair.

Whipp looks towards her for a moment before continuing to tack up as -

ELI WHIPP
(matter of fact)
Powerful.

CORNELIA LOCKE
It's got me this far. And now I've met you.

ELI WHIPP
I'm leaving.

She replaces it under her neckline before -

CORNELIA LOCKE
(preparing together)
So what do I do?

ELI WHIPP
(preparing alone)
Take your pick.

There are a **number of horses**.

Cornelia looks to the other saddles laid out on the ground along with -

All her **baggage** from the stagecoach.

CORNELIA LOCKE
What about my things?

ELI WHIPP
Take what you need.

CORNELIA LOCKE
I need everything.

ELI WHIPP
Difference between what you need and what you want is what you can put on a horse.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Where are you going?

ELI WHIPP

North.

He keeps working.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Would you like to know where I'm going?

ELI WHIPP

No.

CORNELIA LOCKE

I'm going West! Caine County, Powder River. Wyoming.

Whipp mounts his horse.

ELI WHIPP

That's North.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Oh...

ELI WHIPP

Month's ride, at least. Your voice, English.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Yes.

ELI WHIPP

Go back to English.

CORNELIA LOCKE

I can't do that.

ELI WHIPP

Up to you.

Whipp wheels his horse around as -

Cornelia goes to her baggage and kneels, almost in despair, before picking up a carpet bag and **upending the contents** -

Money falls out everywhere as -

Whipp notices the money and pauses his horse beside her.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

They know you got that?

Cornelia nods.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)
(sighing)
Now you won't make ten miles.

CORNELIA LOCKE
Why?

ELI WHIPP
You let the idiot go.

CORNELIA LOCKE
It cannot be that this whole country's
only full of killers and thieves?!

Whipp takes a moment to look at her as if to say - it
can.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)
Will you help me?

ELI WHIPP
No.

CORNELIA LOCKE
Please.

He moves his horse on towards the exit whilst **re-
shouldering** his bag.

ELI WHIPP
Got what I came for.

Cornelia watches him walk away before -

CORNELIA LOCKE
I don't believe you came back just for
that.

He stalls the horse and partially looks back.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)
I stabbed that man!

*

ELI WHIPP
Hmm?

CORNELIA LOCKE
And I played dead.

*

ELI WHIPP
Could have got a dog to do the same.

*

CORNELIA LOCKE
And I held the horse.

*

ELI WHIPP
Then you let him go.

*

CORNELIA LOCKE

What about this afternoon?

ELI WHIPP

Wasn't your fight, this isn't mine.

CORNELIA LOCKE

I mean that we're here at all - when only this afternoon you were tied up here and I was lying down over there and we were both about to get killed and yet here we are - and it's everyone else that's dead. Like it was magic, like it is magic!

Now Whipp regards this strange woman with a little more care.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

You didn't come back for that bag - or if you did, the bag made you do it.

Surprisingly hurt and insulted Whipp places a defensive hand on his bag.

ELI WHIPP

This is my medicine. My family's.

CORNELIA LOCKE

And this is mine. My son's.

She takes out the locket again.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

He's dead.

(approximating the masculine)

And up on Powder River there's a man trying to forget he ever existed. So I'm going to go up there to remind him and when I have, it'll be the last thing he ever hears.

(still holding the locket)

I swear it!

Beat.

ELI WHIPP

Lady, how long you been in this country?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Two weeks.

ELI WHIPP

And how many killings you seen?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Four!

ELI WHIPP

In two weeks. I've lived here my whole life. I lost father, mother, wife, sons, daughters, friends. Family. I've seen villages razed and razed them myself: men, women, children: shot, cut, stuck, hung. I've seen Hell, made Hell and'll carry it from here to the sky beyond - so don't expect me to care for one boy.

*

CORNELIA LOCKE

Please.

(beat)

Please.

Whipp looks at her, looks to the exit, then looks back to her before finally -

ELI WHIPP

Can you shoot?

CORNELIA LOCKE

If I have to.

Whipp dismounts and slides the Winchester 73 from his saddle.

ELI WHIPP

Oh, you'll have to.

127

EXT. KANSAS, PIG PEN, HOTEL SITE - MOMENTS LATER

127

We start on a young **pig**, sleeping in its makeshift pen.

We find Whipp and Cornelia staring at it before -

ELI WHIPP

Them all been waiting for you.

Cornelia doesn't answer.

ELI WHIPP (CONT'D)

Like they knew you was coming.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(finally)

Yes.

Eli regards her a moment before -

He hands her the rifle.

Without hesitation, she shoulders the gun and aims at the animal, an action which prompts -

ELI WHIPP

You know how to dry it?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Hmm?

ELI WHIPP

Can't carry a wet pig. Not from here to Kearney.

Lowering the rifle.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Where's that?

Pause.

ELI WHIPP

North aways. From there you're on your own.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(delighted)

So not just killers and thieves then, that has one such as you within it.

ELI WHIPP

Been both, likely both again.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(suddenly and charmingly formal)

How do you do?

ELI WHIPP

(literal)

Better on my own.

CORNELIA LOCKE

What's your name?

ELI WHIPP

I have many.

CORNELIA LOCKE

(a little wearied by the evasion)

But which do you like?

ELI WHIPP

None.

CORNELIA LOCKE

Something else we share. Mine's Cornelia Locke, Lady Cornelia Locke.

ELI WHIPP

That make you a wife of a chief?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Daughter. Never been married. Never will be.

She re-shoulders the rifle.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

I'm also a Scorpio. Do you know about that?

ELI WHIPP

What?

CORNELIA LOCKE

Your star sign. In London it's all the rage. I'll tell you about it. Mine's about revenge.

With that she **cocks the hammer** on the Winchester then shoulders the rifle to take aim at the pig.

CORNELIA LOCKE (CONT'D)

Can't help but think that yours is too.

CLOSE on Cornelia's finger.

ELI WHIPP (O.S.)

Aim for the head.

She **squeezes the trigger**.

Intro **score: "Some Say (I Got Devil)" by Melanie Safka** begins as - *

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EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, KANSAS - EVENING

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We watch first Eli Whipp then Cornelia Locke pass us by on **horseback**, silhouetted by the **sunset** before they -

Break right heading north along the skyline towards the Powder River, **a month's ride away**, the **North Star, Polaris** above them. Both with a claim: His for land, hers for blood and each carrying their own particular "medicine" for protection. They'll need it, every little bit - for the journey and what **awaits** them at its end.

"Some Say (I Got Devil)" continues as -

The last of the sun **disappears** beneath the skyline, bringing an -

END OF EPISODE