

51 EXT. TOWN - STREET - DUSK 51

The sun over the town.

We see the people settling in after this long day: the man with half a mustache rides out of town having given up on his shave, the barber Smith's gains attention with his rifle set on the jail, Wil has fallen asleep with his head against a post far

Flies pick at the boy, Merriweather, Marcus, and Sheriff Bob. Mrs. Wade goes out into the street and unties the rope from the boy. She clothes the eyelids over his frozen pupils. The boy starts to wander off down the street.

52 EXT. TOWN - STREET - DUSK 52

Graham watches from the front of the wagon as Mrs. Wade drags the boy's body off. The Marshal sits slow in the chair behind him; he looks down on the act of goodness.

53 INT. SALOON 53

Jonathan sits in the shadows at the corner of the bar, watching the dark figure of the Marshal out the saloon window.

BARTENDER

Would you like another, Jon?

Before he can answer:

LEMMY

I'll... one more.

Lemmy's voice is altered by the alcohol he's already consumed. He plays with the silver star in his fingers.

LEMMY

Didya hear me.

The bartender responds slow to the slurred command, uninterested in making trouble with the new sheriff but also hesitant to see him get more drunk.

Knocking back the half glass of honey-colored whiskey, Lemmy gazes around to realize he and Jonathan are the only ones left in the bar.

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LEMMY

Where'd everybody run-off?

BARTENDER

Home.

He corks the bottle and stashes it away before the sheriff can ask for another.

BARTENDER

Where we should all be.

Lemmy catches site of himself in the bar mirror.

JONATHAN

There's no home to go back to.

The bartender knows what he means and has no age-old wisdom for his dilemma. Meanwhile, Lemmy admires his appearance in the mirror, fashioning the badge on his coat.

JONATHAN

You wear it on the inside.

Lemmy sways a look over at the deputy.

JONATHAN

So they don't know who you are unless you tell 'em.

This confuses Lemmy but, still a follower by instinct, he flips open his coat to stick the badge underneath.

It's then that Jonathan notices the letter, stuff in Lemmy's coat pocket, about to fall out. At first, he doesn't think much of it but this detail resonates in the next minute.

LEMMY

I-be ri-back.

Lemmy almost falls off the stool and staggers towards the back door.

BARTENDER

(to Jonathan)

I wouldn't count on it.

Jonathan now is suspicious of this item in Lemmy's possession.

JONATHAN

(getting up)

Better go outside and make sure he doesn't fall in.

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BARTENDER

Would it be such a bad thing if he  
did?

Jonathan ignores the funny comment. He eyes the Marshal out the window to see if he's paying attention to the goings-on inside the saloon: he isn't, just focused on that jail.

54

EXT. TOWN - BACKSTREET - DUSK

54

As Jonathan steps out the rear exit of the saloon to the small backstreet of the town, Lemmy has given up on making it to the outhouse, fly down, pissing in the dirt.

He finishes up as he feels the deputy's faint shadow from the dying daylight come up on him.

JONATHAN

What letter is that?

Lemmy spins quickly, again almost losing balance.

JONATHAN

In your coat.

The new sheriff licks his lips because they're suddenly dry.

LEMMY

Ain-non-of-yer-concern.

Jonathan steps forward and flips open Lemmy's coat to reveal the paper's stuck in it but before he can grab them, the sheriff knocks his hand away.

There's a beat of stillness between the two men as the last light of day leaves the sky. Jonathan, full of all the rage from what's happened, yanks Lemmy by the collar and goes again for the letter.

This time, Lemmy doesn't hit his head but his face with a clawed swipe. What proceeds is a messy fight, not the kind you see in the ring, full of pulling, scratching, choking, stirring up dirt and spit, and hitting wherever it is possible to hit: the kind of fight two desperate men would have.

Ultimately, Jonathan has the upper hand as the more sober of the two. He knocks Lemmy unconscious by ramming his head into the outhouse door. The new sheriff is sprawled out in the dirt.

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