

50 INT/EXT. JAIL

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Through the barred windows, we see the Marshal approach.

PAUL
 (under his breath but loud
 enough)
 Murderer.

Graham leans against the wall right below the window.

GRAHAM
 Now, let's not waste time with
 insult. And anyway, I didn't kill
 the boy.

The horse by the sheriff is getting restless, moving about
 with Marcus still tied to it.

PAUL
 You might as well have. And there's
 no telling who'll be next.

GRAHAM
 Shall we discuss our business
 affairs?

GRAHAM
 Where are they?
 (beat)
 The horses.

Paul calculates how to answer.

GRAHAM
 You are aware your only means of
 deliverance is through me.

PAUL
 I know you'll kill me, Graham.

He glances at Mabel, who listens not far away.

PAUL
 What about her?

Graham smiles.

GRAHAM
 The hero, always more concerned for
 the woman than himself.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

We're all villains here. Of varying degrees.

After a moment:

GRAHAM

She may live. I have ill will towards the woman. But I can't speak for what her husband might do.

Mabel feels pain here.

GRAHAM

You see, he's quite upset.

He lets that stew.

PAUL

I'll show you where they are.
(beat)
Give us until dark.

GRAHAM

I see... a bittersweet farewell?

Graham is amused that Paul wants time with the woman.

GRAHAM

Not past twelve.

PAUL

We'll come out.

The marshal moves out from under the window.

Paul wishes with all heart that he could kill him now.

GRAHAM

We have heard the chimes at midnight. Or we soon shall.

He watches the Marshal walk back across the street.

MABEL

I'm not letting him take you.

He knows this.