

LEMMY

You gonna need more than that to
get your ass out of here.

PAUL

There's only one man I'm looking to
kill.

Lemmy thinks it might be him and he heads out the door. But
Paul is thinking of someone who hasn't arrived yet.

The dog crawls discreet under Merriweather's feet, back to
the tobacco and finishes licking it up.

The door opens back up and we see a shadow fill it.

MERRIWEATHER

(with his back turned)

You ain't been gone long enough to
wipe your-

He sees her now. So does Paul, shocked, moved forward from
retreated position.

Mabel holds the pistol and it's pointed at the jail.

MABEL

Let him out and take his chains
off.

Merriweather doesn't believe what he just heard.

MERRIWEATHER

Ma'am?

She cocks the pistol.

PAUL

Mabel... Don't do this.

She glances at him a moment, stays firm.

MABEL

Set the prisoner free.

MERRIWEATHER

What the hell are you thinkin',
lady?

MABEL

That I don't want to kill you.

A moment of stillness and then Merriweather reaches for the shotgun hanging behind him. Mabel shoots. The bullet tears his thumb right off. He lets out a piercing howl, giving up on the shotgun, stumbling back across the room as the dog scurries beneath his feet.

Paul pulls at his chains. Mabel keeps the gun trained on the fat man as he continues to wail for his lost finger. He hits reaches for the door with his still intact left hand. She aims and shoots. This one misses, bouncing off the barred windows, a ricochet around the room. Paul and Mabel get down so as to not be hit by it.

16 EXT. TOWN - JAIL 16

The door of the jail bursts open from Merriweather's weight. He practically falls out, trips his way down the stairs, and causes an explosion of dust as his body hits the street. Those passing do not know how to react until he cries recommence, now that he's gained his breath back. The passersby run off in fright at his sound and the sight of his bloody hand.

17 EXT. TOWN - GENERAL STORE 17

Lemmy exits the store with a plug of tobacco, gnawing on some kind of candy. Focused on this, he does not immediately hear his friend down the street. When he does, the tobacco and candy drop to his feet as they take off running.

18 INT. JAIL 18

Mabel searches the table for the jailer's keys, frantic.

MABEL

Where are they? The keys.

Paul watches her. He is equally glad to see her and sad she's come.

PAUL

You shouldn't have done this.

She knows but she had no choice.

MABEL

Where are they, Paul?

He can see they only have one way to go now.

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PAUL
On his belt.

She looks at the open door.

PAUL
Mabel.

Paul directs her with his eyes to the shotgun, still hanging on the wall.

19 EXT. TOWN - JAIL

19

Lemmy reaches Merriweather. He struggles to sit his friend up. The fat man's cheeks and chin are covered with tears and slobber.

LEMMY
What the f-

The door swings wide and hits the wall. They both look up to see Mabel standing in the opening, aiming the double-barrel at Merriweather. Lemmy darts out of the way, rolling in the dirt to safety as the jailer lets out his final death howl, cut short by the shotgun blast.

Mabel, not wasting a moment, steps out into the street and rushes to find the keys. She struggles to take them off the jailer's belt, having to unbuckle it from his oversized and now bloody belly. When she has them, she stands up to find Lemmy now risen too, gazing at her in bewilderment. If she had any shells left, she might shoot him too. He sees that in her eyes and takes one more look at his dead compatriot before sprinting down the street.

20 INT. JAIL

20

Mabel drops the shotgun on the floor on her way back in. The killing she's done makes her shake now. She fumbles with the keys trying to get the cell door open.

As the key clicks in the lock, Paul hears sounds from the street. People are starting to gather, alerted to the violence.

She comes into the cell and tight to his chains to unlock them too.

PAUL
Mabel, you have to get out of here.

She doesn't listen to him, scrambling to find the right one.

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