

50 INT. JAIL 50

Through the barred windows, we see the Marshal approach.

PAUL
(under his breath but loud
enough)
Murderer.

51 EXT. TOWN - JAIL 51

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.

52 INT. JAIL 52

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

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Shall we discuss our business
affairs?

53 EXT. TOWN - JAIL 53

GRAHAM
Where are they?
(beat)
The horses.

54 INT. JAIL 54

Paul calculates how to answer.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
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.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
What about her?

55 EXT. TOWN - JAIL 55

Graham smiles.

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

PAUL (O.S.)
We're all villains here. Of varying
degrees.

56 INT. JAIL 56

After a moment:

GRAHAM (O.S.) Typo: "No ill will"
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 (O.S.)
You see, he's quite upset.

He lets that stew.

PAUL
I'll show you where they are.

57 EXT. TOWN - JAIL 57

PAUL (O.S.)
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 (O.S.)
We'll come out.

The marshal moves out from under the window.

58 INT. JAIL 58

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

GRAHAM (O.S.)
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.

59 EXT. TOWN - STREET - DUSK 59

The sun sets over the town.

We see the townspeople settling in after this long day: the man with half a mustache rides out of town having given up on his shave, his barber Smithey remains at attention with his rifle set on the jail, Wilson has fallen asleep with his head against a post not far away.

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

60 EXT. TOWN - SALOON - DUSK 60

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

61 INT. SALOON 61

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