

BOOKER

"AS FOR MAN, HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS: AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD, SO HE FLOURISHETH."

THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH A MAN.

"BOOKER"

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Published by Curtis-Williams Publishing

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NOTE: contains offensive language of the period.

Prologue

It's 1868, the explosive and tenacious American West, only a few, exhausting years after the passing of the 13th Amendment, abolishing slavery, and the 14th Amendment, ending discrimination. It's also a period of other overwhelming and momentous matters. Like the start of the most rapid and extensive territorial expansion the country has ever known; like the formidable reconstruction period; like the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson and the election to the Presidency of the celebrated Army General (and alcoholic) Ulysses S. Grant; like the Indian Wars, the Ku Klux Klan, the writings of Mark Twain, Bret Hart and Richard Dana; like the advent of the Railroads, land and cattle barons, Spanish-Mexican Rancheros, French vintners, outlaws, miners, squatters, trappers, homesteaders, and renegades; like illegal slavery and rampant political and economic corruption, and cowering amidst all of this, fateful products of the times, like a man named Booker.

Samuel Booker couldn't tell you the exact time and place he was born, nor does he care to. Although his recollections are worn and thin, he knows he was a son, a husband, maybe a father, a slave, a black man, a nigger. These are what he was for the time. An innocent man, wrongfully accused of a crime that never happened.

An outlaw, a renegade, a lonely man. According to the United States Constitution, he is an ex-slave, but according to the United States Criminal Code, he is a wanted man.

He was born somewhere in Alabama to slave parents, and he has the pain, and a touch of rheumatism, to prove it. "We kids would just curl up with each other on the cold, damp ground. We didn't have a floor in the cabin. We would just hover around each other, trying to keep warm, kind of like dogs, you know?"

He has clear recollections of his past, the good and the bad. He's constantly reminded of things by what he sees, hears, touches, smells and tastes. His memories, the good ones, make him smile. It helps him keep going. He'll sing a song on occasion. And, being instinctive, he gets along well and can survive anywhere. Intellectually, he loses. He can read a little, but was never allowed to go to school. In a sense, he gets along, though. Perhaps someday he will learn to read. Perhaps.

He likes women, whiskey and peace. Food for him is neither here nor there. He eats to stay alive. He doesn't have friends. It's too dangerous. For the most part, he spends his life alone.

Booker's only allegiance is to himself. No causes, no prejudices, he just doesn't give a damn. His enemy is life. The only thing that riles him is seeing someone, a being, animal or human, being abused or confined. Otherwise, to each his own.

BOOKER ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - SUNDOWN

WIDE ANGLE to ESTABLISH as a full-view of the sun's very last sinking arc slowly burns into the SCREEN... filling it completely. Then:

ROLL CREDITS

ZOOM SHOT

slowly backing off the fading sunset as the CREDITS CONTINUE TO ROLL. We finally reach the perimeter of this Southwestern Kansas town as we:

END CREDITS

TRUCK SHOT

slowly passing through the main street of town and revealing the innocence at this seemingly peaceful time of day. Activity is sober, minimal and usual. Then, while still moving, the following appears at SCREEN-CENTER:

A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS -
1868

Then fades as the CAMERA continues to exploit and explore--reaching the end of the street and a general store and continuing to a point beyond the building which attaches to a shed and its overhang.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring the general-storefront. We can see the STOREKEEPER and two customers, a man and his wife, participating in normal business activity.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the storefront window and the shed overhang - the people in the store are barely in view. Suddenly... a man eases from the shadows of the overhang and peers through a portion of the window to examine the activity.

CLOSE ANGLE

favoring the man. He is dressed in worn clothing and with a seemingly hand-made total-face-and-neck mask. Also, a hat and gloves. His name is SAMUEL JOSEPH BOOKER, approximately thirty years of age, one hundred and sixty pounds, approximately six-feet-two inches tall and he's damn nervous at this time... watching the activities of the people in the store, being careful not to be seen by anyone that might be out on the street, and anxiously awaiting darkness.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker head-on. He's extremely apprehensive waiting for that couple to get-the-hell-out of that store so he can make his obvious move. It isn't happening fast enough as he steps back into the shadows again.

POV

as only a hint of darkness remains but Booker can't wait. He knows he can't hang around much longer.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING SHOT

with a POV intact as Booker draws his gun... takes a deep breath... and slips from the shadows right into the store... declaring himself.

INT. GENERAL STORE - MEDIUM SHOT

favoring the man, his wife, and the Storekeeper. Booker's overwhelmed them with his entrance and they react accordingly.

BOOKER
(apprehensively)
Don't nobody move! I'm not gonna
hurt you if you don't move!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker looks to the street and then begins to move around the store in search of specific things. The three cower respectively. Aside from what Booker represents... his appearance is unusual and they know it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker works carefully to locate things he needs or wants... beginning with a pair of boots, then a shirt, then a bag which he fills with various food items and whiskey. He does it all diligently... and with fear.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker now approaches the counter where the Storekeeper is along with the couple.

STOREKEEPER
You're not going to get my money!

BOOKER
I don't want your money. I wouldn't
know what to do with it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker begins to back away from them, arms loaded with what he is able to carry towards the door, watching them with every step, but he's careless.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker. Suddenly, he falls over a box that he wasn't able to see. He's panic-stricken as the man grabs a nearby shovel and swings it at Booker, hitting him hard in the left shoulder.

CLOSE SHOT - THREE

as Booker overcomes the blow and recovers his gun in time to stop his opponents' activities. Again, he has them covered. It's difficult to say who is more frightened in view of this happening. Anything is possible now.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker, with pain, slowly begins to gather his loot that's scattered on the floor. He makes no hint of wanting revenge on the man. He just wants out. Now!

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the door as Booker approaches it... surveys the street... then exits. Fast!

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

as Booker locates his horse behind the shed, mounts and takes flight. We can HEAR the Storekeeper CALL FOR HELP somewhere on the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - LATER - TRAVELING SHOT

as Booker, tired and worn, stops at a river site, confident he has no pursuers.

MEDIUM SHOT

as he falls to the ground, exhausted. Then, he removes his gear; mask, hat, and gloves.

CLOSE SHOT

Booker reveals himself to be a Black Man. He proceeds to remove his boots which are partially supported with wrapped cloth. The river looks good to him.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker removes his shirt and moves into the river which is a welcomed comfort. He steps in it. Then, the following words appear at SCREEN-CENTER:

"1868... A PERIOD OF OVERWHELMING AND MOMENTOUS MATTERS... LIKE THE BEGINNING OF THE MOST RAPID AND EXTENSIVE TERRITORIAL EXPANSION THE COUNTRY HAS EVER KNOWN... LIKE THE 13TH AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY AND THE 14TH AMENDMENT ENDING DISCRIMINATION LIKE THE FORMIDABLE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD... LIKE THE INDIAN WARS, THE RAILROADS, HOMESTEADERS AND SQUATTERS... LIKE THE WRITINGS OF MARK TWAIN, BRET HART AND RICHARD DANA... LIKE RAMPANT POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CORRUPTION... AND COWERING AMIDST ALL OF THIS... FATEFUL PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES... LIKE A MAN NAMED BOOKER."

Then the WORDS FADE as we see Booker, comforting himself in the river.

EXT. RIVER SITE - LATER - MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker, out of the river now, wraps himself with a blanket, takes the bottle of whiskey and sits, settling himself against a tree, pondering, drinking, responding to his aching left shoulder.

ANOTHER ANGLE - POV

as Booker looks to the moonlight that slips down through the trees. It has recall for him -- a sight he's seen before.

OPTICAL EFFECT FOR FLASHBACK:

FADE TO: EXT. CABIN - RIVER SITE - NIGHT (FIVE YEARS EARLIER)
WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING (MATCHING SHOT TO PREVIOUS SCENE)

A small cabin located on a plantation compound.

CLOSE SHOT

of the cabin doorway as Booker appears, intense and physically bruised, facially. Then, HANNAH, his wife, a slightly pretty woman in her early twenties, pregnant, appears INTO the SCENE from behind -- also at the doorway.

HANNAH

(apprehensively)

Sam, don't go! Please, don't go!

BOOKER {SAM}

I got to, Hannah. They'll hang me for sure.

MEDIUM ANGLE

favoring Booker -- now outside the cabin.

HANNAH

But Sam -- I need you here.

BOOKER

Dead? You gonna need a dead man here? They're gonna hang me. For sure!

HANNAH

Maybe they'll believe you.

WIDE ANGLE

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That you had nothing to do with Ben's death. Please, Sam, just try. You couldn't help what you did.

BOOKER

You think I want to leave? To run? I'm scared! Plenty!

(embraces her)

I love you, Hannah. I'd die for you just to prove that if I had to. Ben was my friend. I tried to save him from those cut-throat Niggers... but they let me go free... killed him...

(beat)

(MORE)

BOOKER (CONT'D)

...

I killed him, I killed him, too.

(beat)

I can't ever explain that. They'll never understand that -- never!

favoring the two as she moves away from him. He looks at his hands.

HANNAH

Why can't you trust me?

BOOKER

Hannah, it's not your mind talking now it's your heart. Someone will have to pay for Ben's death... and it'll be me.

ONE SHOT

favoring Booker.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Trust me, Hannah.. This way we have a chance. If I'm wrong, we've only lost some time. If I'm right, we'll have another chance some day.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO SHOT

HANNAH

Master Mobley's a fair man. He'll believe you.

BOOKER

(impatiently)

Hannah, please. Every minute counts now. They'll start coming for me soon. I've got to leave! Now!

WIDE ANGLE

as Booker embraces her... and squeezes his hand through hers. Then, slowly slipping his fingers back, he begins down towards the river, away from her.

HANNAH

(pondering, tearing; beat)

I'll never see you again, Sam, if
you run now. And if you leave me
this way... I won't ever want to.

She turns her back to him -- moving towards the cabin as they
now move in opposite directions.

LONG SHOT

favoring Hannah as she slowly, painfully, continues to move
towards the cabin with Booker in the b.g., moving backwards
towards the river -- her back to him. She's fighting tears.

BOOKER

(pleadingly)

Hannah, I love you, Hannah!
And I'll be back for you some day.
Hannah, do you hear me...? It won't
be long.

He turns and increases his pace-in-flight.

HANNAH

(sotto)

God bless you, Sam Booker. God take
care of you...

She pauses for a moment.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(beat)

... And love you as I do. Please.

She cheats a glance behind her.

OPTICAL EFFECT:

FADE TO: EXT. RIVER SITE - LATER (RETURNING TO BOOKER -
PRESENT)

MEDIUM SHOT - BOOKER

eyes watery, sits wrapped in the blanket... pondering,
drinking whiskey.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. RIVER SITE - NEXT MORNING - TIGHT SHOT

on the almost empty whiskey bottle that lies close to Booker's head and hand as he sleeps in the warm morning's sun.

Suddenly, simultaneously, the SOUND of a SHOTGUN BEING COCKED is HEARD as the twin barrel of a shotgun enters INTO FRAME towards Booker's head... continuing until it depresses against his forehead.

ZOOM SHOT

back to a:

WIDE SHOT

revealing THREE menacing-looking Caucasian men -- standing around Booker's now-awakening-and-slightly-hung-over body ... with the First Man depressing his shotgun into Booker's head, preventing Booker from moving. Booker awakens to the extent that he's aware of his problem.

FIRST MAN

Well now, what kind of a son-of-a-bitch have we got here?

SECOND MAN

I'd say an unlucky one.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the Third Man at Booker's horse -- removing the new boots from the sack.

THIRD MAN

Not at all.

MEDIUM SHOT

THIRD MAN (CONT'D)

He's very lucky 'cause we're gonna take this Colored Man out of his misery...

(beat)

... Kill him!

favoring Booker and First Man.

BOOKER

You the law?

They laugh at the thought.

FIRST MAN

Why you want to know that?

Digging his shotgun further into Booker's face.

FIRST MAN (CONT'D)

You a wanted nigger?

SECOND MAN

Hey, we can't take him into any law people.

(beat)

But we can take him to Cherokee Springs, Oklahoma. We can sell him!

FIRST MAN

The slave market? How much?

SECOND MAN

When it was legal... about fifteen hundred for something like him. Now that it's against the law... about a thousand I'll bet.

THIRD MAN

Too much trouble. Just kill him. This horse will bring a few hundred at least.

FIRST MAN

How far to Cherokee Springs?

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDE SHOT

SECOND MAN

Maybe two days.

They look to each other. Laugh!

FADE TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - LATER (AFTERNOON)
MOVING SHOT

as the three men are riding on to Oklahoma... with Booker who is hog-tied around his own horse, hands to feet.

They laugh.

FIRST MAN

(looking to Booker) Damn good catch, I'd say.

EXT. EN ROUTE - LATER (P.M.)
LONG SHOT - POV

CUT TO:

as we can see the four en route from a voyeur's POV through brush. The voyeur, unseen, is on a horse.

MOVING SHOT

as the voyeur follows along at this safe distance - watching the caravan... the three and Booker. As we continue to follow with the voyeur's POV it's inferred that there are a few voyeurs.

CUT TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - SUNDOWN LONG SHOT - POV

as we follow, still, with the voyeurs -- watching the caravan stop to rest -- from this distance.

MEDIUM SHOT

still watching the now-stopped action.

SLOW ZOOM

back behind the voyeurs to reveal five intense, sinister looking BLACK MEN, dressed in worn Army uniforms. The leader is a huge, hulking-looking man named CATO WOODSON. By their very looks -- you know these men belong together.

They look to each other -- obviously with disdain towards the caravan they've been following and what it represents. However, it's obvious that these men are not exactly angels in disguise.

MEDIUM SHOT

at Booker and his three captors as they rest, dismounted, except for Booker who is still hog-tied and will obviously stay that way.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the three. Then, suddenly, from varied directions, the WOODSON GANG imposes itself on the scene -- shotguns drawn. Nobody speaks as the action and reaction are obvious.

MULTIPLE ANGLES - CLOSE SHOTS

as we travel the facial reactions of the nine adversaries.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring WOODSON, Booker in view, he looks to him.

WOODSON
(to First Man; menacingly)

Untie that man!

The First Man responds.

ANOther ANGLE

as Booker, now on his feet, struggles for the return of his blood circulation.

WOODSON (CONT'D)
(to the three men) Tell this
Colored Man here that you're sorry
for hog-tieing him to that horse
there and that you'll never do that
again!

The three, intimidated, respond, simultaneously.

as the three struggle to get the words out:

FIRST MAN
 (ad lib)
 Sure, sorry, there.

SECOND MAN
 A mistake -- that's all it was.

THIRD MAN
 We thought he was somebody else --
 you know?

WOODSON
 {interrupting)
 Now I strongly suggest that you get
 on your horses and head right back
 to where you just came from.
 (beat) Now!!

The three react surprisingly, apprehensively and with
 overwhelming relief.

WIDE SHOT

as the three men mount their horses and begin to ride out,
 slowly.

FIRST MAN
 (to Booker)
 You take good care of yourself now.

The three with their backs to the adversaries, ride out.
 Woodson gestures to the other four men who instantly lift
 their shotguns and pull the triggers -- literally blowing the
 three caucasian men off their horses... brutally killing
 them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker -- who shudders at the act -- making him
 slightly queasy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the four followers dismount and quickly strip the three
 dead men of their valuables... anything and everything. When
 finished -- they re-mount and the five begin to ride away.

favoring Booker, who is standing at his horse. Woodson stops
 and looks back to him.

WOODSON

What's your name?

BOOKER

Booker... Sam Booker.

WOODSON

Well come on, Booker.

Booker doesn't respond -- still set-back from the slaughter he just witnessed.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

Hey... what're you gonna do instead?

Booker ponders, mounts his horse and follows them, uneasily but he knows that Woodson has a point -- what will he do instead?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODSON'S CAMP -NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

a hidden campsite, a refuge, that is Woodson's. Located in the Northeastern tip of New Mexico... it's a hole, inhabited by Woodson's people, misfits, castaways and their women. The six men ride into camp and are greeted (ad lib) by a handful of people... mostly Black and Indian. The compound is a hell-hole and has a stench.

MEDIUM SHOT

as the six stop their horses in the compound's center area. Woodson is greeted by his woman as are the others. Those that gather around them react uneasily with Booker, their instinctive feelings towards any strangers.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

This man's name is Booker. He'll be with us.

(beat)

Let's eat!

ONE SHOT

as Booker reacts to the compound, Woodson's announcement, and his enigmatic position with these people... not his kind but nevertheless, perhaps, his people.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATER
WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

as Woodson, his men, Booker and some of the general inhabitants fo the compound sit around a huge make-shift table -- eating and drinking. Booker is next to Woodson.

TWO SHOT

favoring Woodson with Booker. They've finished eating.

WOODSON

What do you do, Booker?

BOOKER

Survive.

Woodson gestures to the countless "WANTED" POSTERS around the walls of the room with his name on them, says:

WOODSON

We do that...! Also to survive.

BOOKER

I can't read.

WIDE ANGLE

favoring Woodson circling the room.

WOODSON

Murder... Rape... Robbery... you name it... we do it.
(beat) Why not?

BOOKER

What does it do for you?

WOODSON

(angrily; displaying his
wrists)

What did this do for me?

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Woodson's wrists -- deeply scarred from chains.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

Come on, Booker. We've heard of
you and you're not a saint.

BOOKER

I never killed nobody. I only take
what I need to live. Been blamed
for every crime ever been committed
by a Nigger alone. Can't help that.

WOODSON

Well, we only take what we need to
live too. We take it from Kansas.
We take it from Colorado. We take
it from New Mexico...

They laugh -- as Woodson grabs the arm of a young Indian girl
and pulls her out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME CABIN - LATER MEDIUM SHOT -

BOOKER sleeps on make-shift padding on the floor... a few
others are also sleeping, scattered about the room.
Woodson walks in, dragging another Indian girl... over to
Booker, kicks him lightly to wake him. Booker awakens
... Woodson throws the girl to him.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

This is yours!
(beat)
For now, anyway.

Woodson exits... Booker looks to the girl and realizes it's been so long... too long.

FADE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - OUTDOORS - MORNING MEDIUM SHOT
as Booker saddles his horse. Woodson walks into the frame.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WOODSON (CONT'D)

How come, Booker? How come you're not staying with us?

BOOKER

Can't make it friend. It's not my kind of life here.

WOODSON

Come on... you're just another Nigger anywhere's else. What're you gonna do out in that White Man's world? Spend the rest of your life being hog-tied to that horse.

BOOKER

There is another world out there somewhere's. I'll find it.

WOODSON

Where you gonna look?

BOOKER

Maybe Kansas. Lots of Blacks there now -- and Blacks all look alike to White People... maybe I'll just get lost in the crowd.

WOODSON

It'll be a living death, Booker.

BOOKER

(looking around the
compound)

What do you call this?

(beat)

Thanks, Woodson. Thanks for saving
my hide. I owe you!

Booker mounts. Woodson gestures okay to let him go. Booker slowly rides out.

MOVING SHOT

through the compound following Booker... out. He passes the Indian girl he had last night as she carries water.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring the two as Booker passes. He and the Indian girl exchange expressions, no words, and by their looks you know they had been good for each other... with each other. He continues riding out -- heading North. He looks back to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A TOWN IN OKLAHOMA - NIGHT WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING
common and usual activities in this town -- mid-evening.

LONG SHOT

as Booker, slowly, apprehensively, rides into town.

MOVING SHOT

as Booker, carefully, explores the activity. He notices other Blacks, a few, but nevertheless Blacks -- a good sign.

ANOTHER ANGLE - POV

still moving with Booker, slowly absorbing the town. This is the first time he's been in a crowd and he's apprehensive to say the least. Some of the activity is rowdy. A man is mistreating a bar-room girl on the street while a crowd... watches.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker stops to investigate the situation. He wants to help but he knows he can't get involved. Frustration for him again, like always. He spots a parked wagon... goes to it...

releases it and stampedes the horses towards the crowd scene -- causing them to disperse... as the girl gets away from her antagonist.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker dismounts in front of a stable, across from a saloon. He ties his horse to the rail and notices a sign in the saloon window. It reads, "NO COLOREDS ALLOWED." Booker walks to two men who are working in front of the stable, their job.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

What does that sign say over there?

FIRST STABLE MAN

(looking to the other) Uh, sure, can't you read?

BOOKER

Can you just tell me what the sign says?

FIRST STABLE MAN

(winking to the second) It says... help wanted.

BOOKER

Thanks.

Booker begins towards the saloon.

SECOND STABLE MAN

(sotto)

What'd you do that for?

MEDIUM SHOT

at saloon as Booker eyes the situation... takes a breath... enters the door.

INT. SALOON

WIDE ANGLE -

BOOKER

in the saloon, walks innocently to the bar, slowly gaining the attention of various PATRONS. AD LIB conversations can be HEARD as Booker passes respective people. Activity is usual and busy.

MOVING SHOT

along behind Booker -- to the bar -- apprehensively.

PATRON ONE
(to his group)

well she made me screw her from the back so's she wouldn't get her hair messed up. I tell you...

Still moving.

PATRON TWO
(to his group)
... he had eyes like two piss-holes in the snow... and meaner than...

Booker gets to the bar.

MEDIUM SHOT

BARTENDER {CHARLIE)
Sorry, Boy, the sign there says NO COLOREDS get served in here! Can't you read?

Booker ponders a moment then realizes what's happenend.

BARTENDER
Come on, Boy! Get your black ass out of here. You wanna ruin my business?

Booker begins, slowly, backing towards the door, apprehensive to the crowd whose attention he's seemingly drawn. Instantly, he backs into a ring-leader named COLTON.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Colton.

COLTON
Hold on there, Charlie. Surely we can be more friendly-like.
(MORE)

COLTON (CONT'D)

It isn't often we get a celebrity person in this place.

His followers encourage him. The Bartender gets a club.

BARTENDER

You wanna kill him or something, Colton, take him out there... not in my place.

COLTON

I suggest we buy him one drink, just one, so's he won't think we're unfriendly to his kind.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Colton reaches down to the floor, eyes on Booker, and comes up with a spittoon, placing it in front of Booker on the bar. Then, he takes a bottle of whiskey and proceeds to pour some into the spittoon.

COLTON (CONT'D)

to Booker, firmly)
Drink up!

The CROWD CHEERS the invitation. They wager against each other that he will or won't do it.

WIDE SHOT

favoring Booker as the crowd is now perfectly still in anticipation of the event. Booker's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. He's an island now and he knows it. He does nothing.

COLTON (CONT'D)

Drink up Nigger man... to the Confederacy.

Slowly... Booker begins to walk backwards towards the door. Strangely, they're letting him. He continues until he reaches the door... then backs out through it as the CROWD ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

EXT. SALOON

MEDIUM SHOT - BOOKER

stands with his back to the door he's just exited -- in total degradation listening to the laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR OF STABLES - LATER MEDIUM SHOT - BOOKER

lurks in the shadows. to lock the rear door.
Then, the First Stable Man exits Booker imposes himself.

BOOKER

Hey, one of us doesn't read too good.

Instantly, Booker is on him, all over him... and beats him savagely. Not easily, though, because he's not that good at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. END OF TOWN LIMITS - LATER MOVING SHOT - BOOKER

rides slowly out of town -- showing wear from his fight with the Stable Man. Maybe Woodson is right. En route... Booker removes a bottle of whiskey and drinks... depressed. He passes an old shack where an elderly caucasian woman, maybe sixty-five, beckons him.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S SHACK - NEXT MORNING MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker sleeps in bed with the OLD WOMAN. The shack is filthy with a stench to compliment the feeling. The Old Woman is asleep as Booker begins to awaken, slowly, and with a definite hangover.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring in view. noticing realizes

Booker and with the Old Woman asleep... always Booker manages to regain his composure then the Old Woman next to him... cringes when he that he's spent the night with her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

still with the Old Woman in view. Booker quietly gets dressed -- dealing simultaneously with his hangover. The Old Woman begins to awaken.

OLD WOMAN

Hey, Buddy, we gonna live together?

Booker looks at her... reaches into his pocket for the only coins he has... places them on the table... and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MASON, KANSAS - MORNING
WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

as Booker rides into this medium-sized town... less apprehensive than he's been because this is Kansas and Blacks live freely in most of the state. Activities in the town are busy and usual... cowboys, whites, blacks, women, kids, families... families. Booker takes most notice of family situations and seems to envy what he sees. Passing the sheriff's office he lightly cowers away from that side of the street.

People are actually saying hello to him -- token greetings for this friendly town. It is new to him.

MEDIUM SHOT - MULTIPLE ANGLES, SHOTS

as Booker dismounts, ties his horse and merely saunters around -- always within door activity at the sheriff's office. everything, decides to eye on the front. Noticing things,

EXT. MASON, KANSAS - SUNDOWN MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker sits against the saloon wall -- still observing and pondering. Nobody bothers him. Nobody. This is new for him. He constantly eyes the sheriff's office. He has something in mind. Most significantly, he's been observing life and living on this day -- it seems to be what he's been looking for... but how does he get it?

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker gets up and walks to the sheriff's office... looking around and glancing into the window, carefully.

POV

as Booker sees SHERIFF ROY MURPHY, a man in his fifties, sitting at his desk.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker leaves the office window, unnoticed and crosses the street to sit and wait... for something. He ponders rather intensely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MASON, KANSAS - NIGHTFALL POV

as Booker still watches the sheriff's office. Then, the light goes on inside.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker begins to get tense now... rising to a standing position.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker slowly approaches the street towards the front door of the sheriff's office.

POV

as Booker peers into the window. The Sheriff is doing paper work, unhappily.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker leaves the window...

... scans the street around him to see if he's being watched and then begins towards the front door, slowly. He's frightened.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE
WIDE ANGLE

favoring the Sheriff at his desk, but with a full view of the front door.

Suddenly, rapidly, Booker comes through the front door ... gun in hand... startling the Sheriff, as he goes right to the front of his desk. Booker is unmasked.

MEDIUM SHOT

as eye to eye -- Booker, gun in hand, confronts the Sheriff, Roy Murphy. It is difficult to say which of the two men is more frightened... but it's Booker's hands that are shaking.

A few moments of silence and then Murphy, the more experienced, breaks the ice:

MURPHY

(beat)

The bank's across the street.

BOOKER

I don't want no bank.

MURPHY

What do you want?

BOOKER

To talk!

MURPHY

ANOTHER ANGLE

You have an ill-mannered way of starting conversations.

BOOKER

This is the way this talk is gonna be.

MURPHY

You're a damn fool! Get the hell out of here!

BOOKER

I need a friend... friend.

MURPHY

I've got all the friends I need. Besides -- I like to choose my own.

(beat)

Is that all you want?

BOOKER

Come on, Sheriff Man... this is a lot harder for me than it is for you. Be nice, okay?

MURPHY

You've got the gun.

Booker ponders -- then slowly lays his gun-hand down at his side -- but not in his holster.

BOOKER

I'm a WANTED MAN... and I need to do something about it.

MURPHY

Turn yourself in. Is that what you want to do?
{beat}
No, that's not what you want to do.
What's your name?

BOOKER

Booker.

Murphy begins rummaging through Wanted Posters -- causing Booker to lift his gun again.

MURPHY

Relax -- I'm just looking to see if I've got anything on you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

What'd you do?

BOOKER

Steal some... to stay alive.

MURPHY

JESSE JAMES steals some... to stay alive. What do you take me for... ?
(beat)
You're a common outlaw like everyone else.
(beat)
Wait a minute... Sam Booker?

BOOKER

Sam Booker.

He walks to the bulletin board and pulls off a few wanted posters with Booker's name. Then, throws them at Booker.

MURPHY

I don't know what you're selling, Booker, but I'll tell you right now... I'm not buying.

(beat)

Those say grand theft, assault, and everything else possible.

BOOKER

Those, Sheriff, say that a lone Colored Man committed many crimes... many colored men, probably. My name's known and I'm blamed for every crime a Colored Man does around these parts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

Come on, Booker. What do you want? I've been a law man for thirty years and this thing you're doing doesn't make sense to me. You're a Wanted Man that's all there is to it. What do you want? And, why me?

BOOKER

I need to talk to somebody that will listen.

MURPHY

Look... not me...!

(beat)

I fought for the North during the war -- but only because I thought that if the North won -- you Niggers would be sent back to Africa. That was worth fighting for as far as I was concerned. Well -- it didn't turn out that way. But I'm through fighting anyway. I'm getting ready to retire... whatever you got going or whatever you need... it's not for me. Take it somewhere's else. You're a Wanted Man...

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 I'm telling you straight.
 (beat)
 See you around... okay?
 He goes back to his paperwork.
 Trying to be confident.

BOOKER
 (uncomfortable;
 beat)
 ... Hey, Sheriff Man... I got
 nothing to lose right now...
 (cocks his pistol)
 ... I'm gonna talk... and you're
 gonna listen... okay?

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Murphy submits -- puzzled, curious and apathetically:

MURPHY
 As I said before... you've got the
 gun.
 Murphy gestures, sardonically.

BOOKER
 I think it was five years ago... I
 was living on a plantation with my
 wife, Hannah, as Best Boy to my
 Master's son, Ben Mobley.

OPTICAL EFFECT FOR FLASHBACK:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (FIVE YEARS PREVIOUS) MOVING SHOT

on a buckboard wagon being driven by Booker with BEN MOBLEY,
 a twenty-year-old man. Booker is SINGING a folk song, sotto
 but enough to be heard. Ben takes a drink from a bottle of
 whiskey then passes it to Booker, who, smilingly, takes it
 from him and drinks, returning it to him. The mood is calm
 and usual.

WIDE SHOT

as a group of BLACKS... shabbily dressed, move into their
 path, causing the horses to rear. There are about ten of
 them... all ages... mostly men.

FIRST BLACK MAN (WILLY)

What you got there, Booker?

BOOKER

(apprehensively)

Come on, Willy, let us by.

WILLY

You got food, Booker. We need it.

Ben nods, okay.

BOOKER

Take what you want and let us go.

They scramble to the wagon and take the supplies.

WILLY

One more thing...
{pointing to Ben}
... Him!

BOOKER

No...! Willy , no!

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker attempts to get the horses to stampede but they are too overpowered and governed by the mob. Almost instantly, they pull Ben from the rig... Booker then jumps into them in an attempt to fight them off in preventing Ben from being hurt. A fight ensues.

DISSOLVE TO:

on the scene-of-violence. Booker slowly begins to gain consciousness. A burning/fire noise is heard. And, the voice of Ben Mobley, screaming with pain.

CLOSER

on Booker as he comes to. Ben's screams are louder and with building-excrutiating pain. Booker looks around and is suddenly horrified at a sight which livens him immediately.

POV

as Booker sights the area to be empty, wagon and antagonists gone... but Ben is hanging from a tree
... and they've set him on fire.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker runs to Ben and scrambles before finding a way to cut Ben down. Ben's pains are even more torturous than before. Unbearable at this point.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker hurriedly smothers Ben with his own body in an effort to put out the fire. He succeeds, carefully examines Ben and is further horrified by what he sees.

TWO SHOT

favoring Booker

BEN
(screaming)

Booker -- KILL ME. Please. Kill me.

BOOKER

Ben, you'll be okay...

Ben continues his dialogue as Booker realizes that Ben can't hear him. Also, that Ben's condition is formidable, terminal, hopeless and excruciating.

LONG SHOT

as Booker starts to run for help -- then stops, hearing Ben's cries which have become intensely excruciating as he continues to plead for death. Booker falls to the ground and shields his ears to block out what he can't stand listening to.

as Booker returns to Ben -- further witnessing his living-death and pleading expression. Then, he succumbs to Ben's needs -- pained, Booker removes his own shirt, places it on Ben's face and proceeds to smother him as we:

OPTICAL EFFECT: RETURNING TO PRESENT:

FADE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

favoring Booker.

BOOKER

I ran to save my skin. Left my wife behind.

MURPHY

Okay... so you ran. Touching story. Does that mean you're wanted for murder somewhere's too?

BOOKER

Hey -- I've been running for years now -- stealing to live. You ever been hungry, Sheriff Man?

You know what it's like to be scared every day of your life... to be hunted by law men, bounty hunters, slave hunters? Hidin' all the time, hungry all the time... nobody to talk to... this skin of mine is a bigger target than a standing buffalo...

MURPHY

(interrupting)

Okay, Booker... so I listened. Take my advice... give yourself up, serve your time and go live like a free man somewhere. The war's over now -- you coloreds are free people. Isn't that good enough for you?

BOOKER

I got no right to serve time fer crimes I never did.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker walks to a set-up Chess board at a table and toys with the figures.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

I wanna stop being looked for, for crimes I never did. I want to be a free man - like you... like those people out there. I want to work for wages and find my Hannah. I want to stop running and hiding.

(beat)

I want to stop having to be scared all the time. Ever been scared Sheriff Man?

He walks to the window -- Murphy ponders -- doesn't take advantage.

MURPHY

You're looking for some kind of amnesty?

BOOKER

If that means freedom, I am.

MURPHY

Oh, it means freedom alright.

BOOKER

Sheriff Man -- that's gonna be like shittin' in tall cotton ... and that's what I need.

MURPHY

Who are you, Booker? makes you so special can come in here and ask for freedom... just like that?
(mockingly)

BOOKER

Pardon me, Sheriff Man... I'm a common thief from the street and I'd like to have some freedom.

MURPHY

(firmly)

You're either a damn fool. (beat)
Or you're just plain nuts!

BOOKER

Or I'm tellin you the truth and you
don't know what to do about it.

Murphy ponders -- Booker has a point and he knows it. Booker
examines the bulletin board, ponders, then:

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOOKER

I'll bounty hunt for you.

MURPHY

You'll what?

BOOKER

I'll bounty hunt. I'll go out there
and catch you as many of these bad
men you think I ought to -- to get
my freedom.

MURPHY

You are nuts.

BOOKER

No charge, Sheriff Man. Come on!
Wha'dya say?

(beat)

I'll get you as many of those
outlaws as you think I should
... you give me peace and freedom
and a little time to find my
Hannah.

MURPHY

I can't do that. I couldn't trust
you!

BOOKER

Trust me for what? Look,
Sheriff Man... I'm a dead
man anyway. I don't live out
there... I just die, a little more
every day.

(beat)

What've I got to lose...?

(beat)

What've you got to lose?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Murphy ponders... he's confused and uncomfortable.

MURPHY

The Governor has to do it. I can't.
Look, Booker, I don't think I can
help you.

It... it's not for me! I'm getting
out of this business, I told you
that. Get the hell out of here.

BOOKER

(with gun up again)

Okay, okay ...! You're right. I'm a
damn fool.

He begins to back towards the door -- obviously to exit.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Thanks anyway, Sheriff Man.

Murphy ponders -- puzzled. Booker slowly backs to the door,
his eyes on Murphy's depth-expression. He reaches the door
and begins to open it.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Don't follow me. Remember, I got nothin' to lose.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

at the door as Booker exits the office... scans the street, cheats a look into the office window and begins to move away. Then:

MURPHY
 (from inside the office)
 BOOKER... BOOKER...!
 Wait a minute.

Booker stops motion, apprehensively, lifting his gun. Then, Murphy comes to the doorway, and opens to Booker.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Come back here for a minute! He eyes Booker's gun-in-hand with disdain.

CUT TO:

MURPHY (CONT'D)

The Governor has to do it. I can't. Look, Booker, I don't think I can help you. It... it's not for me! I'm getting out of this business, I told you that. Get the hell out of here.

BOOKER
 (with gun up again)

Okay, okay...! You're right. I'm a damn fool.

He begins to back towards the door -- obviously to exit.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
 Thanks anyway, Sheriff Man.

Murphy ponders -- puzzled. Booker slowly backs to the door, his eyes on Murphy's depth-expression. He reaches the door and begins to open it.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Don't Follow me. Remember, I got nothin' to lose.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

at the door as Booker exits the office... scans the street, cheats a look into the office window and begins to move away. Then:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

Murphy and Booker just inside the door.

MURPHY

(confused; beat)

... I thought you were nuts...
 (beat)
 Now I think I'm nuts!!!! (looking
 at Booker's gun-in-hand; beat)
 Put that damn thing down! (pacing)
 I'll ask the Governor... I'll see
 what he says. I don't know why...?
 But I'll do it! I'll send him a
 wire... it's his decision.
 Personally,
 I wouldn't do it....but I'm giving
 you the benefit of the doubt.
 Damned if I know why though.

BOOKER

How long?

MURPHY

What?

BOOKER

For this WIRE thing?

MURPHY

Two -- three days. Maybe four
 ... There's no other way to do it.

Silence, for a moment, as the two exchange curious expressions. Both apprehensive now. Then:

BOOKER

(hand extended)

(MORE)

BOOKER (CONT'D)
I hear deals are made with
handshakes.

Murphy disregards Booker's gesture as though it weren't there
-- returning to his desk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY
Don't push your luck. I'll send it
off in the morning.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Where do I find you?

BOOKER
I'll be here when you got something
to tell me.

MURPHY
You can't just hang around, Booker.
I can't protect you that way.
(beat)
Let me put you in a cell.

BOOKER
(whips out his gun)
You gotta be foolin'!

MURPHY
Look, you've got to be somewhere --
where you won't be picked up. What
better place... with me, here.

BOOKER
No thanks, Sheriff Man. Forget all
of it.
(beginning to leave)
I'll see you. Thanks.

MURPHY

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

FADE TO:

INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER MEDIUM ANGLE -
ESTABLISHING

:

As DEBORAH MURPHY -- busily prepares a meal.

She's an attractive woman in her late forties, domesticated. Then, Sheriff Murphy (ROY) enters through the back door.

DEBORAH

Roy, why do you have to come in
through the back door all the time?

The Sheriff enters, looking concerned, behind as he closes the door -- not paying much attention to her, pre-occupied. A sign on the walls reads: "WHO IS NOT HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER BELONGS NOT TO THE FAMILY OF MAN."

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Roy...? Why do you

MURPHY

(interrupting)
Hello, Deborah.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he goes to a cupboard, removes a bottle of whiskey, pours a drink and guzzles it.

DEBORAH

Roy...? What's wrong?

MURPHY

Nothing... tired.

DEBORAH

You haven't gone to that cupboard
for a drink since the night before
your re-election last year.

He looks to her -- concerned for help. And, she's right.

MURPHY

I ... I got involved in something, something I shouldn't
have.

DEBORAH

Another woman after thirty five
years? My... My!

MURPHY

Deborah, please... I need your help
for a few days. Some understanding.

DEBORAH

(unsettled; serious)

Okay, Roy. What is it?

MURPHY

A man... came into my office
needing some help.

(beat)

I ...I told him I'd help him.

DEBORAH

Okay.

MURPHY

Well... he's not just a man. He
might be an outlaw! A special kind
of outlaw.

He is beside himself -- confused,
choking on his words.

Maybe he isn't even an outlaw.

DEBORAH

Roy, I'm confused.

MURPHY

You're confused... I've never been so confused in my life.

DEBORAH

Well, what kind of help?

MURPHY

He claims to be a victim of circumstances and that he stole just what he's needed to live on... food, clothes, you know.

{beat}

And... he wants to be cleared of his record... wants amnesty. Says he wants to live a normal life.

DEBORAH

What would you do for him?

MURPHY

(shrugs)

Ask the Governor to examine his case. He says he'll bounty hunt for the law until his petty theft record is paid-up.

DEBORAH

What's his name?

MURPHY

Booker. Sam Booker.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Well -- let's have dinner and you'll think a little clearer about it.

MURPHY

Deborah -- it's a little more complicated than that.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DEBORAH

Oh?

MURPHY

He needs a place to stay for a few days until I get an answer from the Governor.

(beat)

I can't let him float around town.

DEBORAH

And?

MURPHY

And... I told him... I brought him home!

DEBORAH

Here... Now?

MURPHY

I'm sorry I didn't know what else to do with him.

DEBORAH

But, Roy, you don't even know him? Or, anything about him.

MURPHY

You might as well know the rest.

DEBORAH

Like...?

MURPHY

He's a Colored Man.

DEBORAH

A COLORED MAN?

(beat)

Roy, have you completely lost
your mind?

MURPHY

Deborah, I'm sorry. I, I, just got
carried away. I don't know why I
did it... I just did it.

(beat)

Something about him... I don't
know.

DEBORAH

Roy, you of all people... helping a
Nigger outlaw get AMNESTY... ? And,
bringing him home to stay with us
for a few days?

MURPHY

I'm sorry... I don't know why I did
it. It just seemed like the right
thing to do.

DEBORAH

Roy... ? Are you going mad? I've
put up with an awful lot of things
with you during the past thirty
years... but
this...? A Nigger...? No!
No...! You can't do this!!!

MURPHY

Deborah, please... it'll be okay.

DEBORAH

It won't!!! I won't have it!

(beat)

It's too much, Roy. It's asking too
much...! I'm afraid. You know that.
I'm afraid.

He attempts to embrace her for comfort. She sheds him off.

MURPHY

... What do you want me to do?

DEBORAH

Get rid of him! Now!!!

MURPHY

He'll sleep outside. How can it hurt if he sleeps outside? He could be outside all the time and you'd never know it anyway.

DEBORAH

But I do know it! And you're helping him... and you claim you're in your right mind and that you know what you're doing.

{beat}

My son... our son... died because of Niggers... in a war that wasn't any of our business. Remember!!!

MURPHY

Can I just let him sleep outside for the night?
Tomorrow I'll make other arrangements.

DEBORAH

You're getting old, Roy. Too old for this work. I told you that. It's doing things to your mind.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Deborah puts her dinner plate away and begins to exit the room.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

I don't care what you do... It's getting too much...

(crying)

too much for me.

She exits. Murphy looks to the back door. Then, exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - REAR MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy exits the house and heads to Booker who is sitting against a tree, waiting.

MURPHY

Look, Booker...

BOOKER
(interrupting)

I know... your wife insists
I take the master bedroom.

MURPHY

I suppose you heard it all.

BOOKER

Many times, Sheriff Man... many
times.
(beat)
I'll sleep right here, thanks. It's
more like home to me.

MURPHY

Okay. Booker, please, don't go
anywhere. We'll have to trust each
other now.

Booker gestures his "okay" as Murphy goes back to the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy, in his pajamas, prepares to get into bed where Deborah is already asleep. Murphy ponders... looks to Deborah, then to his son's picture, then to the outside wall, inferring Booker's location. As he gets into bed -- he ponders -- then goes to his holster,

removes his gun and takes it with him to bed -- placing it so Deborah can't notice.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURPHY HOUSE - REAR CLOSE SHOT

as Booker prepares to sleep -- comforting himself with his blanket and saddle... and... removing his gun from his holster and sleeping with it in his hand. Then:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURPHY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING MEDIUM SHOT

as Deborah enters the kitchen to prepare for the day, breakfast, etc. She busily does her chores... then sneaks a peek out the window.

POV - LONG SHOT

as Booker sleeps.

WIDE SHOT

as she returns to her chores. Murphy enters the kitchen. He kisses her on the cheek -- she turns away from him.

MURPHY

Good morning.

DEBORAH

I'll have your breakfast in a minute.

MURPHY

No rush.

DEBORAH

Yes there is. I want him away from here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

Look -- I told you he was okay...
and he was.

DEBORAH

That why you slept with your gun in
your hand?

MURPHY

Deborah, please... I have to
do this for him.

DEBORAH

Fine. Do it...! But don't involve
me. This is MY house. Not your
jail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY
{sitting
down to eat)
Okay.

favoring Deborah.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

We ought to give him some food.

She looks at him with disdain -- then scrapes some food onto
a plate -- ponders -- then removes a damaged plate from the
trash, wipes it out and transfers the food to it -- handing
it to him.

DEBORAH

If he wants coffee he'll have to
use his own cup. I imagine he has
one.

She proceeds to collect a few things while tidying up
-- one of the items is her Bible.

MURPHY
(noticing)

If that book isn't worth living by-
-it isn't worth pretending by. .

She doesn't react as he takes the food, recognizing the ugliness... proceeding to go outside to Booker.

CUT TO:

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - REAR MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy approaches Booker with the food. Booker has just woken up. Murphy sees the gun in Booker's hand and Booker notices that Murphy has seen it.

BOOKER

Habit.

MURPHY

Yeah.
(beat)
Some breakfast.

BOOKER

Thanks.

Booker stretches as he rises with signs of discomfort/ pain.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Some guy once told me I got something called rheumatism -- from sleeping on a dirt floor all my life.
(beat)
We kids used to just huddle around at night and sleep against each other just to keep warm. Kinda like dogs you know.

MURPHY

(beat)
We'll leave in a few minutes. I think it best you just sit around the office with me.

BOOKER

Somehow Sheriff Man... I'm gonna feel a lot safer with you at the jail... than here.

He looks to the house as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - LATER MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy and Booker enter -- Booker apprehensively looking behind and ahead, nervously. The telegraph operator is a friend of Murphy's named HENRY SMITH, a sharp man in his sixties. Murphy proceeds to write a message.

MURPHY

Morning, Henry.

HENRY

{acknowledging) Roy.
(noticing Booker)

MURPHY

Henry, this here's Sam Booker.

Beat. Booker and Henry acknowledge each other. Murphy still writing.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Henry, I'm gonna have to trust you with something.

HENRY

Well, Roy, if you can't trust the man you've been playing chess with for the past twenty years... then who can you trust?

He looks to Booker for reaction to his quip -- but Booker's response is callous. He either doesn't understand the pun or he just doesn't give-a-damn. Both would be correct.

Beat.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(more serious) What is it, Roy?

MURPHY

Henry... I want to send a wire to the Governor.

HENRY

And?

ANOTHER ANGLE - THREE SHOT

MURPHY

(handing him the message)

And... I want you to forget what
the message says.

Henry reads the message then looks to the two men... Murphy
embarrassed and Booker apprehensive.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Murphy)

You want to talk about this first?

MURPHY

Because I do... I won't!

(beat)

Send it.

HENRY

Okay, Roy. I'll send it directly.

MURPHY

How long?

HENRY

It should get there this afternoon.

MURPHY

I'll be in my office.

They begin to exit.

WIDE ANGLE

at the door with Henry in view.

HENRY

Nice to meet you, Sam.

BOOKER

Yeah.

HENRY

Are we playing today?

MURPHY

Why not?

HENRY

(holding up the message)

This.

MURPHY

It's just another day, Henry. Okay?

HENRY

See you after dinner.

Booker and Murphy exit the office to the street.

BOOKER

Now what?

MURPHY

We wait. Long.

BOOKER

How long is long?

They look to each other as we:

MONTAGE - SEQUENCE OF SCENES:

INT. JAIL - EVENING

MEDIUM ANGLE

DISSOLVE TO:

favoring Booker who stands at the window... Murphy and Henry are playing chess and arguing but we can't hear them as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT CLOSE ANGLE

as Booker beds down for the night -- with the bedroom window of the house behind him where the light is on and there are shadows of Murphy and Deborah arguing but we can't hear them as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY CLOSE SHOT

on Booker at the doorway as we see Murphy and Henry talking in the b.g., but we can't hear them. Then, Murphy walks to the door and gestures no-word-yet as we:

FADE TO:

INT. JAIL - NIGHT MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker walks around the room, impatiently, and Murphy and Henry play chess -- but we don't hear their words as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. JAIL - DAY
WIDE SHOT

as Booker sits at the bench in front of the jail being coaxed by a small girl, EMMA, to play with a ball but he is callous. Then, Murphy approaches the doorway to the jail, stops to look to Booker for a moment to express, visually, no-word-yet, then enters the building as we:

FADE TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - SUNDOWN MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker sits at the doorway. Then, the door opens and Henry comes out, looks to Booker, then locks the door with his key -- closing the office for the night as we slowly:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAIL - MORNING

LONG SHOT

as Booker sits at a tree fondling a stick and with the jail front in the b.g. -- he's very intense. Then, a small cat jumps out of the tree -- scaring him for a minute.

Then, Booker decides to seek the cat's company finding the diversity appealing.

BOOKER

Here kitty. Here kitty.
 (beat)
 Come on kitty... here kitty.

The cat is apprehensive to him and non-responsive so Booker decides to become more aggressive in trying to gain the cat's confidence and subsequent company. He begins to track him, pleadingly.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Come on, kitty. Here kitty. Come on
 boy... come on.

Again, no response from the digressing cat. Booker's patience is taxed.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Come here you little bastard!

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the door to the jail with BOOKER'S POV as Henry enters with a paper in his hand. Booker rises quickly and runs to the jail.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL MEDIUM SHOT

at Murphy's desk and favoring the door as Booker comes charging in. Murphy is reading the wire.

MURPHY

Booker, we've heard from the
 Governor's office.

He hands the wire out to Booker -- who takes it from him, looks at it, hesitates, then hands it back.

BOOKER

... I can't read.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker.

MURPHY
(reading the wire)

Sheriff Roy Murphy, Mason, Kansas,
Governor presently in Washington,
D.C., and unavailable for two to
three weeks. Please contact him at
that time -- signed Timothy Atkins,
assistant to Governor Nathaniel
Orrington.

BOOKER

That's it?

MURPHY

Henry?

HENRY

That is the entire message, Sam.
Sorry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker looks to them... takes the wire from Murphy.

BOOKER

Got some thinkin' to do.

He exits.

MURPHY

I hear Johnson's been impeached?

HENRY

Johnson? What are you gonna do
about him?
He points toward Booker's exit.

MURPHY

I'm going to give the alcoholics of
America some prestige and support
Grant for the Presidency.

HENRY

Come on, Roy.

(beat)

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

You mean what am I gonna do about
Booker?

(beat)

I'm gonna play chess.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

That's what I'm gonna do about
Booker... and Andrew Johnson... and
every other damn thing that goes on
in this life that I can't do
anything about.

Henry just looks at him. Murphy sits down at the chess table,
which is minimal, old, but functional.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Well? Let's play.

HENRY

Now...? What about your business?
It's daytime.

MURPHY

What about your business?

HENRY

(beat)

Only one game.

MURPHY

Certainly.

FADE TO:

INT. JAIL - NIGHT - LATER CLOSE SHOT

on a chess board as Henry makes a move he's pleased with. Both men are drinking whiskey and slightly under the influence.

HENRY

Check... and Mate!

favoring the two men with the doorway in sight.

MURPHY

Let's play one more.

HENRY

Roy, it's ten o'clock. Are you serious?

MURPHY

... You want me to wear black? Of course I'm serious!

HENRY

No... it's too late and I have to lock up my office... if I can find it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Murphy pours each of them another drink.

MURPHY

If man were immortal, do you know what his whiskey bill would be?

HENRY

You're very smart, Roy.

MURPHY

Then why have I lost three out of
the last four games?
He rises and walks to his desk.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(change of mood)

Why did I let that
Colored, Nigger get under my skin?
Why, Henry?

HENRY

Because you're a good hearted man,
and a fool!

MURPHY

You think I'm getting soft, don't
you?

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Never mind. Deborah says I'm
getting too old for this job. You
think I'm getting too old for this
job? She also said I was going mad
and getting senile!

HENRY

Roy, why don't you go home... get a
good night's sleep.

MURPHY

Deborah never liked my having this
thankless job. She never thought it
was DIGNIFIED enough for me.

HENRY

It's not what the job brings to the man, it's what the man brings to the job.

MURPHY

You're right. Maybe she's right too.

HENRY

Roy, come on. Let's go. Tomorrow's another day.

MURPHY

Another day to do what? Drink? Play chess? Help a Colored man?

(beat)

You ever helped a Colored man, Henry?

(beat)

I'm sorry. You're right. Let's call it a night.

(immediately)

After one more game.

HENRY

Damn it, Roy....

The door opens and Booker walks in.

HENRY (CONT'D)

enough is enough.

(acknowledging)

Sam?

Murphy turns to paperwork on his desk so as not to look at Booker.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker.

BOOKER

I been thinkin'...

He walks to the bulletin board.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you some bad man.
This waitin' is a slow dying thing.

MURPHY

(Sobering)

You're gonna what?

Booker rustles through the Wanted Posters as Henry and Murphy exchange expressions. Booker then ponders a few posters and takes one that reads: ED HEYWARD, ILLEGAL SLAVER WANTED FOR SELLING WOMEN TO BROTHELS AT MINING-RAILROAD CA. Also, his sketch.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

As far as I'm concerned, Booker,
you're still a wanted man until I
hear from the Governor.

HENRY

Roy's right, Sam, you'll be burning
your bridges behind you. It isn't a
good idea.

MURPHY

He won't be burning his bridges
behind him, Henry, he'll be burning
his bridges in front of him...
(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

... and forging the river. I'm not
gonna let you do this...

Interruptingly, Booker draws his gun and moves towards the door.

BOOKER

I'm not gettin' anywhere's waiting
around here. Waitin', for me, can
be a losing game.

MURPHY

So you lost this time, so what?
Accept it for now.

At the door now and about to exit -- holding his gun on the two men:

BOOKER

Sheriff Man... a good loser
... is a loser.

Suddenly, Deborah walks in the door -- into Booker and is set-back at the sight.

DEBORAH

Roy, I was worried...

BOOKER

(to Deborah)

Nothing personal, ma'am... just
sayin' good-bye to my friends here.

He exits. Murphy moves towards the door.

HENRY

Let him go, Roy. It's better this
way.

DEBORAH

Please, Roy... we're rid of him
now. It's good.

MURPHY

(at the window) Yeah...
(sotto)
Like shittin in tall cotton.

FADE TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. EN-ROUTE - EARLY MORNING MOVING SHOT

as Booker rides West... sights a lonely ranch house and decides to stop in, carefully. No lights are on.

EXT. RANCH MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker rides to the house, apprehensively. There are no signs of anyone being around though the house is lived in. Then, a tall man, JACK THOMAS, walks out of the front door and stands in the doorway's shadows.

JACK

Hello there traveler.

Booker is tight... he looks around behind him for other signs of life.

JACK (CONT'D)

I said hello.

BOOKER

Hello. This your place?

JACK

Yeah... Jack Thomas. What do you need?

BOOKER

You live here alone?

JACK

With my wife, Emma. You troubled or something like that?

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker but with Jack in view. Booker removes the wanted poster from his shirt and offers it out to Jack.

BOOKER

I need someone to read this for me.

JACK

Can't help you stranger. Wish I could. What's your name?

BOOKER

(puzzled) Booker. Sam Booker.

JACK

Could I offer you some food or drink, Sam?

Somebody is heard WALKING BEHIND Booker -- he draws his gun and turns.

JACK (CONT'D)

Emma?... This here is Sam Booker.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker with Emma walking in from behind... using a cane... she's blind. Booker, holding his gun looks back to Jack and then Emma.

EMMA

Hello, Mr. Booker. Welcome.

She stretches her hand out to his...

confused he engages her hand with his. Then, Jack walks out from the shadows. He too is blind.

JACK

Sam here needs something read, Emma.

EMMA

Are you blind too, Sam?

BOOKER

(beat)
Just never had any book learning, ma'am.

EMMA

Well we can't do your reading but
we could feed you. Come in.

She proceeds to Jack and then the two begin to enter the
house. Booker hasn't moved yet.

JACK

Well, Sam, come on... the food's
good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THOMAS HOUSE - LATER MEDIUM SHOT

as Sam and Jack are finishing their meal and Emma begins to
clear... as proficient as a sighted person.

JACK

You're some cook, Emma.

BOOKER

Thank you, ma'am. Usually food all
tastes the same to me but this was
really good.

The room is very dark now causing Booker to strain in order
to see things.

JACK

Sam, why don't you sleep here
tonight? You can go over to
Jedediah the preacher in the
morning and he'll read your paper
for you.

EMMA

There's plenty of room here.

BOOKER

Thanks... I could just sleep
somewhere's out in the back.

JACK

Nothing doing. What for? It isn't
often we get house guests here.

Jack gets up and walks to a pipe stand with much proficiency.

BOOKER

You folks ought to know... I'm a
colored man.

JACK

Really? What color are you, Sam?
(quickly)
Do you smoke a pipe?

BOOKER

Never did.

Jack holds one out to him.

JACK

Well here. You might like it.

Booker rises and moves to Jack to get the pipe -- stumbling
over furniture that he can't see well due to the darkness.

JACK (CONT'D)

Careful, Sam. You know in the blind
man's world you sighted folks are
the handicapped.

BOOKER

How long you folks been blind?

JACK

(jokingly)
Long as we can remember... eh,
Emma?

EMMA

(repremandingly) Jack...

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Jack hands a match to Booker who is back in his chair

-- feeling safe. After handing him the match Jack accidentally touches Booker's hair. He's taken by it.

JACK

What's that you're wearing on your head, Sam.

BOOKER

Nothin... just my hair.

JACK

Emma, come and feel this. What kind of hair is that, Sam?

She joins him as they sincerely and curiously discover something new to them.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well how long you had that?

BOOKER

... long as I can remember.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NEXT MORNING WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

a small church... the front door. Then, Booker, Jack and JEDEDIAH, the preacher, approach the doorway filling it.

JEDEDIAH

Central Colorado is a long way off, Sam.

BOOKER

Everything in my life has been a long way off, preacher. Thanks.

Jack mounts his horse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker.

JACK

Good luck, Sam. I got to get back
to chores.

BOOKER

How?

JEDEDIAH

I'll get him back, Sam. Jedediah
gets on his horse.

BOOKER

Thanks again, Jack, Preacher.

They begin to leave.

JACK

Sam?

BOOKER

Yeah?

JACK

Keep your eyes open...
(beat)

Oh, there's a button missing on
your shirt.

Booker looks to his shirt -- realizing he's been had - Jack
and the preacher ride off -- Booker examines the wanted
poster and Heyward's sketch as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF SCENES: EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

LONG SHOT

as Booker talks to a foreman at a silver mine -- showing him Heyward's sketch. The foreman gestures he doesn't know him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINING CAMP - SUNSET MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker talks to two men who seemingly refuse to talk to him at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT

as Booker ponders while readying to sleep for the night.

EXT. RAILROAD CAMP - DAY

LONG SHOT

as Booker waits at the camp office. Then, two men, a BLACK WORKMAN and a caucasian FOREMAN approach him.

MEDIUM THREE-SHOT

BLACK MAN

(to the foreman) This is the guy.

FOREMAN

(to Booker)
You looking for Heyward... what for? You got girls?

BOOKER

Yeah... I got girls.

FOREMAN

You sure you're not the law?
(examining Booker)
No, you're not the law.
(beat)
He don't buy color'ds you know.
Indians and whites but not
color'ds. You got girls other than
color'ds?

BOOKER

Yeah.

FOREMAN

Where are they? Where's the goods?
Maybe I'll buy them.

BOOKER

I deal only with Heyward.

FOREMAN

Well if you change your mind bring
them around. I'll talk business
with you if I can see the goods. I
buy girls all the time.

He nonchalantly kicks a dog away from nibbling on a bone.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

I got two hundred men working here
and I go through lot of girls...
they run away, they get sick, they
die... you know.

BOOKER

Yeah... I know.

FOREMAN

Heyward, I don't know. He was
through here last week but I don't
know where he goes.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Long as he shows up here when I
need him -- I don't care.

He begins to leave.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

I'll look at them girls if you
want.

BOOKER

Thanks.

The Black Man turns to Booker and points his finger west.
Booker gestures thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN - COLORADO - NIGHT WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

a mining town, busy but not rowdy. Booker rides in.

MOVING SHOT

along with him as he exploits the town, unafraid as he sees
blacks mixing with the others, comfortably.

CLOSE SHOT

as he rides to the saloon, dismounts and enters.

INT. SALOON LONG SHOT

as Booker enters to the bar.

ANOTHER ANGLE - O.S.

as Booker looks about, then, spots Heyward sitting at
a table, petting a cat, talking to two men. Booker eases the
poster out of his shirt and verifies Heyward's
identification... then replaces the poster and slowly moves
out of the bar, outside.

EXT. SALOON LONG SHOT

as Booker, outside now, considers his next move.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SALOON - LATER LONG SHOT - POV

as Booker watches Heyward and the two men exit. Then, they
say goodbye as Heyward looks around, then walks over
to his horse, mounts and rides off. Booker follows.

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

EXT. EN-ROUTE LONG SHOT

as Booker follows Heyward.

POV

as the stalking continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT

as Heyward enters a cove area... Booker dismounts.

MOVING SHOT - POV

as Booker creeps along to the cove, on foot, and examines the scene.

POV

as Booker sees Heyward at his camp... which is being guarded by one other man. There is a small fire and a covered wagon which seems to have inhabitants.

Booker backs off to wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEYWARD'S CAMP - LATER MOVING SHOT

as Booker creeps around to the wagon... Heyward and his man sleeping.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker reaches the wagon and slowly opens the canvas.

INT. WAGON

MEDIUM SHOT - O.S.

as Booker discovers two women, one Indian (teenager) and one Caucasian (mid-twenties named JULIE), asleep, nestled, legs chained together. Julie opens her eyes, sees Booker, then with blank expression closes them again as if he weren't there.

EXT. CAMP

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker creeps out of the area... to scheme.

ANOTHER ANGLE - POV

as Booker sights his two adversaries, their ammunition, horses and the like... hoping to find a way to make the capture. He's nervous and unsure of himself... with good reason.

MOVING SHOT

nervously along with Booker towards the sleeping men to get their horses. He's shakey and it's getting in his way, making him clumsy.

MEDIUM SHOT

as he gets to the horses and leads them off -- then he fumbles as to what to do with them -- finally deciding to walk them far off -- he's slow and inexperienced.

LONG SHOT

Booker continues -- Heyward's cat begins to react to the intruder's existence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Booker is aware of the cat's restlessness -- then begins to perhaps lure the animal away from the sleeping Heyward.

BOOKER

(whispering)

Pssst... c'mon... here kitty...

Then, he remembers he has no rapport with cats.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker begins to round up guns that are in the area near the two men.

Easing their rifles away... Booker begins to back off towards the brush -- keeping the two sleeping men in sight. Suddenly, there's an outcry from the CAT -- as Booker steps on him. The incident and outcry scares hell out of everyone -- mostly Booker and everybody scatters. Booker into the brush, Heyward behind the wagon and the man with him into another area of brush -- all with their respective hand guns.

WIDE SHOT

As the three men, frightened, wait. Then:

MULTIPLE ONE-SHOTS

First Booker, then Heyward, then the man... then Booker again as Heyward and the man attempt to determine who it is (or what it is) and Booker is at a loss for what to do.

ONE SHOT - MOVING

as Booker crawls around for a better vantage point. He can see Heyward but not the other man.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
 It's the law, slave-man.
 (nervously)
 Come on out... you're surrounded.

MOVING SHOT

as Booker runs to another area.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
 What about it, Slave-man?

MEDIUM SHOT

on Heyward as he nervously ponders his next move.

ONE SHOT - MOVING

as the other man begins moving toward Heyward... in the brush.

MEDIUM SHOT

on Heyward as he hears the man behind him -- then impulsively fires into the brush. The man yells with anguish then falls dead.

ONE SHOT

as the man hits the ground -- dead.

ONE SHOT

on Booker -- trying to figure out what's happened.

ONE SHOT

on Heyward -- wondering who he's shot. Then, he decides to make a move.

WIDE SHOT

to include all.

HEYWARD

Who are you?

BOOKER

The law.

HEYWARD

What law?

MOVING SHOT

as Booker moves closer.

BOOKER

... The law that says you're going
to jail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Heyward -- who ponders for a moment.

HEYWARD

You a bounty hunter?

Booker doesn't answer but moves closer again.

HEYWARD

How about a deal bounty hunter?

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker.

BOOKER

You're my deal, Slave-man.

HEYWARD

Come on. You're not going to get that much for me. I'll give you twice that. I have it here with me.

Booker doesn't answer.

HEYWARD (CONT'D)

All you care about is the money... right?

Booker throws a rock in the brush behind Heyward who responds by shooting into it. Booker advances again.

BOOKER

Just you, Slave-man.

HEYWARD

Hey, come on. I know you guys. You only want money... I'll give it to you. Come on out and we'll talk about it. You can have the girls too.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Heyward's anxieties build.

HEYWARD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look... you're standing on somebody else's soap box.

You don't care about anything but money -- I know you don't.

(beat)

Give me a break! Don't be stupid, you can have the girls. Do anything you want with 'em!

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker. Heyward climbs into the wagon.

MEDIUM SHOT

at the wagon opening. Suddenly, Heyward appears holding the Indian girl -- by the hair. She's frightened and pained. He is firm and with a gun at her head.

HEYWARD (CONT'D)

Come on out bounty hunter... or
I'll blow her brains out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker in the brush -- not knowing what to do. Then... compassion gets to him. He walks out.

WIDE SHOT

exposing the scene -- Heyward with the frightened girl, Booker exposed twenty feet in front of him, gun still in hand, frightened, and a precarious situation. Heyward reacts to Booker's identity.

HEYWARD (CONT'D)

You're a bounty hunter?
Never quite ran into one like you.
(beat)
Your kind I mean.

BOOKER

What kind am I.

HEYWARD

Right now the losing kind. The
stupid kind. You would have been
better off going after Jesse
James... drop your gun.

Booker ponders the act. The consequences.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOOKER

... No.

HEYWARD

I'll blow her head off. She don't
mean nothing to me.

BOOKER

She don't mean nothing to me
either.

Booker begins towards him -- slowly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly, a SHOT, Heyward's kept his word as the girl slips
to the ground. Instantly, Booker FIRES hitting Heyward in the
shoulder and rendering him helpless.
The girl, dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker runs to check Heyward, then the girl, then:

INT. WAGON MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker enters to check and release the remaining girl,
Julie.

EXT. CAMP MEDIUM SHOT

Julie sights Heyward disabled and panics.

JULIE

()

(to Booker)
Kill him... please...

Booker merely looks at her as if he didn't understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN-ROUTE - MORNING MOVING SHOT

as Booker and Julie ... and the captured Heyward... ride back
towards Kansas.

BOOKER

(to Julie) Feelin' better?

JULIE

Yes.

(reference to Heyward)
He's gonna die if he keeps bleedin'
like that.

BOOKER

Yeah.

JULIE

He should.

Booker looks to him, ponders, then leads off the trail to
dismount.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker takes Heyward to the ground.

BOOKER

I don't know anything about
doctorin'... do you?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker and Julie finish a meal with Heyward partially
conscious -- and with a make-shift bandage.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do now?

JULIE

I've no place to go. I don't know.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOOKER

favoring Julie.
No folks?

JULIE

None I could call mine.

BOOKER

Where you from?

JULIE

... at first, Ohio... then I met a man who loved me...
 {laughs sarcastically}
 ... that got me to Colorado... then I was alone, I couldn't go home anymore so I became a bar maid... then I began working upstairs... It's different kind of work... but...

(begins to cry)

... you get your own room, curtains, perfume, plenty of perfume... and sometimes somebody tells you something nice. That's where I met him... I didn't care anymore.

BOOKER

Sorry.

She walks off.

JULIE

What for? For running off from a good home... for becoming a whore... for not caring whether I live or die?... Isn't that the way of life for everybody out here? Is your life any different?
 ... Is his?

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATER MEDIUM SHOT
 DISSOLVE TO:

exploiting the scene. Booker asleep and Heyward asleep.

CLOSE SHOT

on Booker. Then, Julie's FOOTSTEPS come into the scene standing over him. He slowly awakens and looks to her.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring Booker.

JULIE

What is your name?

BOOKER

Booker.

JULIE

(chokingly) Mine is Julie.

(beat)

... Booker?... Would you do me a favor?

He looks to her gesturing an affirmative.

JULIE (CONT'D)

... hold me? Please!

She flows down to him and he accepts her, curiously but knowingly as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN-ROUTE - THOMAS HOUSE - DAY MEDIUM SHOT

as they approach the perimeter of the Thomas house, Booker, Heyward and Julie.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Julie gestures to Booker that this is the place he spoke of and he affirms it is and that she should go ahead in... she looks to him... he responds the understanding and Booker rides off with Heyward as Julie continues to the Thomas house as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURPHY HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

MEDIUM SHOT

as Roy finishes breakfast -- then proceeds to the back door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he opens the back door -- then seems firstly surprised, then happy with a sense of pride -- limited but there.

POV

as Roy sees Booker asleep -- where he's slept before... and a man, Heyward, hog-tied to the fence.

EXT. BACK YARD MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy walks to Booker. Then, slowly, Booker awakens.

MURPHY

I suppose that's Heyward?

BOOKER

From his head to his toes.

Murphy reacts with... what do I do now.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MASON MAIN STREET - NIGHT MOVING SHOT

along with Booker on horseback as he heads down the main street on his way to the jail.

There is a massive celebration in the streets to celebrate Mason's twenty-fifth anniversary as a city... signs, dancing, MUSIC, drinking, eating, balloons and every other kind of complement that makes up a festival. Also, the weather is threatening -- rain. However, everyone is having a great time -- whether they want to or not. Booker takes it all in - - not being able to rapport with it but appreciating everyone else's gaiety.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker stops to watch a group of people dancing. He has recall:

OPTICAL EFFECT FOR FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLANTATION GROUNDS - NIGHT WIDE SHOT

as a group of Blacks, obviously workers, provide themselves with MUSIC, rhythm and dance. In the group are Booker and his wife, Hannah. They are dancing.

CLOSE SHOT

on Hannah's face as she's having a good time and loving every minute of it. The visual begins to blur.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

Want to dance?

(beat)

Want to dance?

OPTICAL EFFECT:

EXT. MASON STREET (RETURNING TO PRESENT) CLOSE SHOT

back to Booker's face -- watching the dancers. Then, he looks down to the voice that's been calling.

MEDIUM SHOT

as a small girl tugs at Booker's trousers.

GIRL

Want to dance?

Then, the girl's mother comes to remove the girl from the street as Booker continues on horseback to the jail.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker arrives at the jail -- dismounts and enters. INT. JAIL

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker enters -- meeting Roy -- who is doing paper work and reacting accordingly.

MURPHY

There's a twenty-five hundred dollar reward coming in for Heyward now that he's been delivered.

BOOKER

You know what I want.

MURPHY

No word yet, Booker. Nothing
I can do.

They both continuously react to the festivities in the street which are loud and joyous.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Deborah enters with a basket of food. She recognizes Booker -- with an expression of disdain.

DEBORAH

I brought you something to eat,
Roy.

MURPHY

Good. Booker, we've a home made
meal tonight.

DEBORAH

(quickly)
There isn't enough...

She turns to the window to escape Roy's reaction and not have to face her conviction. Roy looks to Booker who walks to the chess set to also escape.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Nice party out there... but it
looks like rain.

There is no response. Then:

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the door. It opens and a FEDERAL MARSHAL enters with a BLACK WOMAN and her infant child handcuffed. Upon their entrance -- Booker becomes apprehensive and slowly backs into the shadows of the room -- having to stand - near Deborah. Neither of them happy about it.

MEDIUM SHOT

as the Marshal approaches Murphy with the frightened Woman.

MARSHAL

Are you the sheriff?

MURPHY

Sheriff Roy Murphy.

MARSHAL

I'm Marshal Elliot... taking
this woman back to Arkansas. She's
wanted for murder and theft and
in view of the late hour and bad
weather -- I'd like to ask if you'd
put her up in a cell for the night.

Murphy looks to Deborah and Booker in the shadows.

MURPHY

Certainly, Marshal. I'd be happy to
do that for you.

MARSHAL

I'd like to do it right now, if you
please. I have to tend to other
things and I'd like to see her
locked up.

MURPHY

... of course.

He removes the key from his desk and leads them to an empty
cell.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the Woman as she's about to enter the cell. Then,
suddenly, simultaneously while entering, she grabs the
gun from Murphy's holster and pulls the cell door locking
shut. She becomes outraged.

MEDIUM SHOT

WOMAN

I'll not be in bondage again. And
neither will my baby. Never
again... never again...

showing the surprised faces of Murphy, the Marshal, Deborah
and Booker... the Woman out of the frame. Then, one GUN SHOT
as they react shocked.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Never again...

Then, another GUN SHOT and the four are speechless.

WIDE SHOT

As we now add the cell to the FRAME/SCENE.

The woman lies on the floor. There is absolute silence in the
room but the activities outside are still loud and joyous.
The Woman and her infant -- both dead. Then, THUNDER is HEARD
and it begins to rain. Murphy enters the cell.

Deborah slowly, shocked and grieved, walks to the cell.

MARSHAL

Sorry about this, Sheriff... I didn't think she was that
dangerous.

No response.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Sheriff could you make proper
arrangements -- I'll have to take
the bodies with me.

Murphy nods affirmative. Then, the Marshal begins to leave...
opening the door.

MARSHAL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Sheriff... I'll check
with you later.
(beat)

(MORE)

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
 Seems the rain ruined the
 celebration.

He exits. Then, on Booker, on Deborah, on Murphy...
 as we:

EXT. MASON STREET - DAY MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker talks to a small girl he's befriended in front of
 the jail. Then, Murphy comes.

MURPHY

Booker -- I've heard from the
 Governor.

Booker jumps with anxiety, intensely.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

He's willing to see me... to talk
 about it.

(beat)

Well it's a start. Want
 to go for the ride?

Booker looks to him as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - DAY

WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

DISSOLVE TO:

the Governor's office. Booker is seen outside, waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy talks to the Governor and one of his advisors.

MURPHY

... and Heyward's been turned over
 to Federal authorities.

GOVERNOR

Intersting, Sheriff Murphy,
interesting.

He looks to his ADVISOR who shakes his head gesturing "no".

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

... what do you find so intriguing
about this man, Booker?

MURPHY

I believe him. I believe his story.

GOVERNOR

Interesting how you use the word
story as a frame of reference.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

(interruptingly)
Well now, Governor, I didn't mean
it in that way...

GOVERNOR

It's okay... it's okay. I
understand.

as the Governor begins to walk about.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

So in your opinion we, I, should
grant this fugitive amnesty from
his... alleged crime.

MURPHY

Yes. Yes... I think you should.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the Advisor.

ADVISOR

If you were Governor, Sheriff
... would you grant this man
amnesty.

MURPHY

I just said I would...

ADVISOR

(interrupting)
You said as sheriff... I asked you
if you'd do it as Governor.

MOVING SHOT

following the Governor to the window as the two men continue
talking.

MURPHY

(beat)
Yes, sir, I would.

LONG SHOT - POV

ADVISOR

In an election year?

as the Governor sights Booker and watches him. Booker is
impatiently moving around.

ADVISOR

Keep in mind, sheriff, that as
sheriff you've nothing
to lose... but as governor in a
situation like that... in an
election year... if it ever
became an issue and your Booker is
an outlaw...

MURPHY

(interrupting) I told you what...

ADVISOR

(interrupting)
I know what you told us.and I'm not
doubting your... story... for a
minute... but what if you're wrong?

GOVERNOR

(while watching Booker)
Can you swear to his story Sheriff?

MEDIUM SHOT

MURPHY

Well...

favoring the two men.

ADVISOR

Are you willing to put your entire
record as a sheriff and as a man...
on the line for this Booker's
story?

Murphy ponders now... he's in a corner. The Governor turns to
face him.

GOVERNOR

Sheriff...
I'll be the first to admit that
truth can be so hard to tell that
it sometimes needs fiction to make
it believable... but how well do
you know this man?

MURPHY

Talk to him. Let me bring him up
here, now. See for yourself what
kind of a man he is.

The Governor looks to the Advisor who shakes his head
gesturing "no" again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ADVISOR

Sheriff... this is an important election year and it's only months away. You know we have our hands full now if you've kept up with the issues... we can't get into something like this. We can't.

MURPHY

But what harm can it do.

ADVISOR

It could destroy us if it boomerangs... you know that.

MURPHY

Yeah... I know that.

GOVERNOR

Sheriff... believe me we appreciate your concern... and your compassion and interest in this man is most admirable... and I mean that... but our hands are tied. We can't gamble... the stakes are potentially overwhelming! Consequently... threatening.

favoring Murphy.

ADVISOR

It could cause irreparable damage to the Governor's re-election. Please understand that.

(beat)

But, we will think about it.

MURPHY

... What should I tell him? The Governor and Advisor look to each other.

GOVERNOR

Tell him...

ADVISOR

(interrupting)

Tell him that the Governor is sympathetic and understands the situation and will give the matter his attention.

MURPHY

But, what the hell does that mean?

ANOTHER ANGLE

GOVERNOR

It means... that I'll wire you in a day or two when I've given this some thought.

ADVISOR

But we can't be too encouraging.

Murphy gets up to leave.

MURPHY

Isn't it amazing... how people will say they're sorry for stepping on each other's toes... but not for crushing each other's hearts.

ADVISOR

Well said, Sheriff.

GOVERNOR

Sheriff... I'm sorry... really I am. But I promise... I'll look into it further.

CONTINUED:

GOVERNOR (CONT 1 D) (CONT'D)

You have my word.
(MORE)

GOVERNOR (CONT 1 D) (CONT'D)
 Maybe we can do a trade-off... of
 something.

MURPHY

He has nothing to trade with.

GOVERNOR

Well, I'll see.

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY MEDIUM SHOT

DISSOLVE TO:

as Murphy enters the office to find Booker asleep in his
 chair. Murphy is beside himself in thought. He takes a
 breath -- changes his mood to do something lighter then:

MURPHY

Hey... bounty hunter... get up.

Booker awakens.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You're disrupting justice by
 occupying the sheriff's chair.

BOOKER

You heard something?

Murphy chokes to keep from having to answer.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Come on... I know you heard
 something... I can see it in your
 face.

MURPHY

Have you added mind reading to
 bounty hunting now?

(beat)

Okay... I heard something.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Governor... said...

MURPHY (CONT'D)

he'll consider the matter with your favor in mind... that means he'll consider giving you your amnesty... but what he wants in return is out of the question.

BOOKER

What?

MURPHY

He has a problem with a cutthroat gang that's constantly tearing up the state. He wants you to bring in the leader. He wants you to... bring in a man named Woodson.

BOOKER

Woodson? Cato Woodson?

MURPHY

You know who he is?

BOOKER

Yeah... I know who he is.

as Booker painfully walks to the chess set and toys with it.

MURPHY

In my opinion, Booker... he's asking too much... too much.

BOOKER

Yeah...

MURPHY

I wouldn't hold it against you in any way at all if you decided to just forget the entire thing.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I mean it... Sam. You won't get any problems from me... you can stay in this town for the rest of your life... or you can leave... go on out and have some fun... you're a free man as far as I'm concerned.

Booker walks to the door then turns to Murphy:

BOOKER

free to do what?

Booker exits as we:

EXT. MASON MAIN STREET - DAY
MEDIUM SHOT

DISSOLVE TO:

as Booker sits up against the saloon and watches the people go about their business... the business of living... living... living... that's all he can see. Then, he sees a flashback of Woodson's face when he was saving Booker's life (earlier scene).

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MASON MAIN STREET - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT

as Booker sits against the jail -- drinking and watching ... again. A cat comes by... and goes directly to him. He lifts it, goes to put it away, then decides to keep it and pet it. THEN: He sees FLASHBACK VISUALS only... of Woodson... saving his life, again, when he gave him a girl and when he said goodbye (all seen in Act I.)
THEN: Booker looks to the cat.

BOOKER

Woodson... Kitty, would you rather be dead walking around... or dead lyin' down? Dead is dead... isn't it? One way it hurts all the time and one way it stops hurtin'... just stops. Neither way though is it shittin' in tall cotton.
(beat)

Unless... unless you don't get dead at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURPHY'S KITCHEN - MORNING
MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy and Deborah are eating breakfast. There's a
KNOCK at the DOOR. Roy opens it to find Henry.

HENRY

Morning Roy. Deborah.

MURPHY

What have you got, Henry.

HENRY

Sam Booker said to tell you to
'Tell the Governor to start
considering. And that he'll meet
you in the tall cotton, whatever
that means.

He exchanges looks with the others -- he's unhappy about
this.

MURPHY

He's going after Woodson.

HENRY

He must feel confident he can bring
Woodson in.

MURPHY

Bullshit, he's scared to death!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. EN ROUTE - DAY
MOVING SHOT

as Booker heads for New Mexico and Woodson's refuge. His look is determined... not confident.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - NIGHT MOVING SHOT

as Booker continues riding west, still in Western Kansas... in the midst of a massive, blinding THUNDER STORM.

MEDIUM SHOT

as he stops under a tree for some kind of relief.

POV

as he sights a farm compound... knowing he desperately needs shelter. He heads for it.

MOVING SHOT

as he approaches the barn... sets his horse on the side, removes the saddle and struggles through the storm to get into the barn... luckily it is open.

INT. BARN

WIDE SHOT

as Booker explores the barn facilities and gratefully accepts the comfort of the shelter. He decides to put his gear in a remote corner and go up to the loft for a possible place to sleep.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Booker proceeds up the ladder to the loft... looks around... then prepares a place for sleeping.

CLOSE SHOT

as Booker is now ready to sleep. He ponders for a minute then turns to sleep. The THUNDERING STORM continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARN - LATER

WIDE SHOT

favoring the door. The rain continues but the THUNDER seems to have subsided. Then, a moment or two later ... the laughter of a group of young people is HEARD. Then, the door opens and a girl (teenaged) and three boys (teenaged) come running into the barn, laughing and playing... getting out of the rain... and seemingly to the comfort of an indoor area...

INT. LOFT CLOSE SHOT

CUT TO:

as Booker, restless, continues to sleep, unaware.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN MEDIUM SHOT

as the foursome... gather into the hay. The plan now becomes obvious... the three boys are going to take their turns with the girl. They're playing, drinking and drawing straws to see who goes first. The girl prepares herself by slowly undressing, teasing the boys as intensely as she can, knowingly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as two boys go to the center of the barn... yielding to the one who has drawn the longest, winning straw.

TWO SHOT

on the two who wait with great anxiety for their turns while listening to the other boy and the girl... enjoy each other... each minute to them is like an hour... their anxiety builds painfully.

INT. LOFT CLOSE SHOT

as Booker continues to sleep, restlessly.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. BARN MEDIUM SHOT

as the first boy has successfully finished his act with the girl and proudly announces his feat. They all laugh...

then as the second boy begins to take his turn... the following is heard, loudly, from outside:

FARMER(V.O.)

Who's in there? Come on I hear you... who's in there?

The four instantly react... soberly, apprehensively.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT CLOSE SHOT

as Booker is awakened -- also apprehensively.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN WIDE SHOT

as the four are speechless and don't know what to do.

FARMER(V. O.)

I know you're in there and if you
don't come out I'm coming in...
with a shotgun.

The frame allows us to see Booker in the loft.

CLOSE SHOT

on Booker as he sees the four -- and is aware of he voice outside. He draws his gun -- but not with intent.

MEDIUM SHOT

on the four. One notices Booker.

BOY ONE

Who's that?

They all react -- more apprehensively now.

FARMER(V. O.)

I'm coming in.

CONTINUED:

BOY TWO

We've... we've got to get out of
this.
(to the girl) Holler out to him.

GIRL

What?

BOY TWO

That you're coming out.

GIRL

I don't...

BOY TWO

Just do it, damn it!

GIRL

(hollering) Okay... I'M COMING! I'M
COMING ! :

CLOSE SHOT

on Booker who is confused and scared. He looks around for possible escape areas... there are none.

POV

as Booker, still searching for escape possibilities, watches the four -- talking to each other -- but he can't hear them.

MEDIUM SHOT

as the three boys take to a remote corner... and the girl goes to the door... frightened, then contriving a hysteria as she opens the door.

CLOSE SHOT

at the doorway as the girl comes face-to-face with the Farmer -- who has his gun in hand.

FARMER

What's going on in there? Who are
you?

(MORE)

FARMER (CONT'D)

GIRL

(hysterical)
This man... colored man...

The Farmer looks at the girl's partially dressed body in conjunction with her hysteria.

FARMER

Where... in there?

GIRL

Yes... he's... he ran up in the
loft...

INT. BARN

WIDE SHOT

as the Farmer slowly enters the barn and seeks out Booker.

FARMER

Come on out... I'll have a possee
here in minutes if you don't come
out... Now!!!

WIDER SHOT

as Booker... slowly yields his presence... gets up and begins
down the ladder.

BOOKER

What'd I do?

FARMER

You black bastard you know what you
did.

BOOKER

What about them? The white boys.

The Farmer looks to the girl who nods "no"...

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker now stands prisoner to the farmer's gun and the girl's implication. He looks to the girl who arrogantly maintains a cold expression to him... whimpering for the Farmer's ears.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

There were three white boys here...
came in with her.

GIRL

(crying)
No.. no... he's lying! See for
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

The Farmer looks around then...

FARMER

Ain't no use... (to Booker)
... you'd have to be the liar of the two.
(beat) Come on!

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the door -- as Booker is led out at gunpoint
... while the girl gathers her clothes... then walks past
Booker as if he weren't there... as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy sits at his chess table -- playing a game ... both
sides. Then, Deborah comes in, holding a newspaper.

DEBORAH

ROY?...

MURPHY

Well... it's a little early for you
isn't it?

DEBORAH

I was just out -- and thought I'd
say hi.

MURPHY

Good. Want to play a game?

DEBORAH

Okay...

She sits down and assists him in preparing the chess board.
He looks at her suspiciously -- it's her behavior.

ANOTHER ANGLE

at the table as they begin to play chess.

MURPHY

Well?

DEBORAH

Well what?

MURPHY

What is it?

DEBORAH

What, Roy?

He looks at her and she knows... he knows something is going
on.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

I'm not sure... but I think you'd
want to see this.

She hands him the newspaper. He takes it and opens to the page outward. Then, she points to an item.

MURPHY

(reading)

Hmmm •••Colored man...

(ad lib mumbling to himself)

... six foot, thirty years old...

Hmmm•••raping a white girl...

Hmmm.

He puts the item down.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You think it's Booker? No... he'd never do that. Even you know he'd never be involved in something like that.

DEBORAH

Roy... I didn't say he is that man or that he'd do something like that.

(beat)

Isn't Fort Arthur a town he'd have gone through?

MURPHY

Yes...

DEBORAH

Maybe it is him.

She looks away from him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as she gets up to leave.

MURPHY

Do you think it's him?

DEBORAH

I don't know, Roy...

(MORE)

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

I thought you'd want to know... in case it is.

She looks to him and he understands and appreciates.

MURPHY

How come you care?

DEBORAH

I know you do.

She exits as we:

•EXT. JAIL - FORT ARTHUR - DAY MEDIUM SHOT

CUT TO:

at a cell window where a crowd takes turns looking in at a display or the like.

INT. JAIL CLOSE SHOT

at the same window where we can recognize some of the people we've just seen on the other side.

ZOOM SHOT - OUT - SLOW TO A MEDIUM SHOT

as the CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal the scene, the people are gazing at. Booker is in the cell... hanging by his wrists... his feet perhaps two inches off the floor. The crowd is unkind.

DEPUTY

Hey you people clear that window.
This isn't a freak show.

The crowd disperses. A moment later -- the girl responsible comes to the window -- she see Booker and obviously didn't expect to see what she sees. He looks to her.

She leaves.

GIRL

I'm sorry... I didn't think it would come to this.

she can't watch his agony and turns to walk away; then back to him again

I can't tell anybody what I was
doing there. Please understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORT ARTHUR JAIL - NIGHT CLOSE SHOT

on Booker... worn from his ordeal.

MURPHY'S VOICE

How'd you like to be sittin' in
tall cotton?

Booker's expression turns to a faint smile. He opens his eyes
and looks to the window.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Murphy is at the window.

MURPHY

They've got a strong case against
you here. I can't do a thing
through the front door
... but I'll think of something.

Booker nods.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Have you got any ideas?

Booker looks to him... Murphy has Booker's answer as he
confirms his helpless position and agony.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORT ARTHUR JAIL - LATER MEDIUM SHOT

favoring the front door as the Deputy sleeps.

Then, suddenly, the door swings open and Murphy enters...
gun-in-hand... and wearing Booker's total face mask.
The Deputy is taken by surprise.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Open the cell. Hurry!

The Deputy does so.

ANOTHER ANGLE

in the cell.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Take him down... quickly.

He does so. Then, Murphy places Booker's arm around his own shoulder so's he can carry him out that way.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Murphy puts Booker down at a chair so's he can attend to the Deputy. Booker opens his eyes and recognizes what he sees... totally... in disbelief. Murphy then places the Deputy in Booker's vacated cell, gags and ties him... then locks the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he gets Booker and proceeds struggling towards the door.

BOOKER

(weakly)

You could work the Colored areas.

MURPHY

Don't be funny.

BOOKER

You're crazy.

MURPHY

Don't remind me.

As they approach the door... Murphy spots a chess set a few feet away... ponders... then carries Booker with him over to the set to see it. It's obviously MUCH NICER than his fancy... expensive!

BOOKER

You wouldn't dare.

Murphy ponders... maybe he is going nuts because he was thinking about the unthinkable. He proceeds to exit with Booker, still struggling, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER MEDIUM SHOT - ESTABLISHING

as Booker, up against his saddle, sips coffee... sandwiched in with whiskey... looking better. Murphy pours coffee for himself.

MURPHY

In time we're going to have to clear that Fort Arthur matter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOOKER

How? I told you what she said.

MURPHY

Well maybe she'll have a change of heart.

(beat)

People do that, you know.

as Booker hands Murphy the whiskey and laughs.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BOOKER

You were gonna steal that chess set.

Murphy is embarrassed.

MURPHY

I was not!

BOOKER

It's okay... I won't turn you in.
(beat)
In fact you can keep the mask if
you like. I won't need it. I'm
doin' or dyin'.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

(beat)
Sam... how you gonna do this?
Woodson... they're cutthroats ...
the worst.

Nobody in his right mind would try
to get that group for love or
money... any amount. There isn't a
posse in this territory that's
willing to try it... risk it.

(beat)
What have you got in mind?
(beat)
Forget it. We'll get this rape
thing taken care of...

BOOKER

... Like I said... I'm doin' or
dyin'. I got no choice.

MURPHY

Of course you have a choice. Be
reasonable... you'll never pull it
off. It's suicide for you, Sam. You
know it is.

BOOKER

I want what's due me... and I'm
willin' to pay the price.

MURPHY

With your life? That's a stiff
price.

BOOKER

What's the value of my life?
What's it worth?

MURPHY

Life is a gift... and you're about
to abuse the privilege.

BOOKER

You're speaking a language that I
don't understand...
... you want to live as me for a
few months and see what this...
GIFT... is really like? To me it's
a curse, sheriff-man... not a gift.
My whole life has been a suffering
because of what I am... because of
this GIFT.
(beat)
Like I said... I'm doin' or
dyin'.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

(aggravated)
Ahh... I shouldn't have gotten you
into this thing...

as Murphy saddles his horse... and packs his gear to leave.
He mounts.

BOOKER

You going back tonight?

MURPHY

Yeah -- I might as well.
Sam ... I'm sorry. (beat)
I wish you'd change your mind.

BOOKER

Don't lose the Governor's address.

MURPHY

Take care... you're a special kind of man. But you're gonna die if you go after Woodson.

He leaves as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker rides away from the campsite towards New Mexico.

MOVING SHOT

as he almost instantly passes Murphy who is waiting on the trail.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring Murphy.

BOOKER

(pointing in opposite
direction)

You live further that way.

MURPHY

I'm going with you.

BOOKER

... So's the Governor.

MURPHY

Come on... lead on... I'm going
with you.

BOOKER

Why?

MURPHY

Don't ask me!

BOOKER

What's in it for you?

MURPHY

I don't know.

BOOKER

You are the one that's crazy.

MURPHY

No argument!

They ride on as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODSON'S REFUGE - SUNDOWN WIDE SHOT

as Booker and Murphy approach the perimeter of Woodson's hideout.

MEDIUM SHOT

as they dismount to plot. Then... Booker mounts and begins towards the compound leaving Murphy to wait.

MOVING SHOT

with Booker as he rides through, slowly, apprehensively, assuredly... past a few guards who don't know him but seem to trust his presence due to his appearance and tempo.

MEDIUM SHOT

as he dismounts in the center at the watering trough. The girl... the one he's had begins towards him... then stops as Woodson enters the scene.

WOODSON

Welcome back, brother. What took you so long?

BOOKER

It's mighty white out there just
like you said.

WOODSON

You're amongst your own kind now.
Just take what you want.

BOOKER

I intend to.

WOODSON

(to a gang member)
See that Booker here gets whatever
he wants... whenever he wants it.
(to Booker)
You belong here, Booker... glad
you're with us.
(beat)
I knew your ass was worth saving.
He leaves... as Booker ponders the
last few words Woodson said as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

SLOW PAN

as numerous people are asleep in the cabin...

(same one Booker slept in when he was originally here). We
see the faces... singles, two-somes (active and inactive)
bedded down for the night. When we get to Booker we see him
face up in a somewhat cold sweat pondering.

MEDIUM SHOT

on Booker. Then, the legs of the Indian girl he had once
before appear in the scene followed by her body flowing down
to Booker. She kisses him without a response. Then, after a
little more petting on her part, again without response, she
nestles into his shoulder to sleep. He merely accommodates
her comfort but pays no attention to her as his mind is
elsewhere. Puzzled, she closes her eyes to sleep...
compromising for what ever she can get as it's better than
nothing to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker feels the time to move, make his play. He gets up slowly, not to waken the Indian girl, places her in a comfortable position... checks the others to affirm that they're asleep... then slowly leaves the room.

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS MOVING SHOT

as Booker leaves the cabin and prowls towards Woodson's private cabin. There are no guards at night... this refuge is too remote to be found by intruders. Everything helps. Booker arrives at Woodson's cabin and hovers around for a moment gaining confidence, courage and strength to do what he knows he must do... but his conscience still echoes.

INT. WOODSON'S CABIN CLOSE SHOT

on Booker's face, now in a cold sweat, as he enters Woodson's cabin and begins to exploit every inch of the room.

POV

as we see the room... then, finally, Woodson asleep with his woman.

MOVING SHOT

with Booker to Woodson.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker creeps to Woodson... knowing he has to work fast and that he can't take a chance with the girl... uncomfortably he bludgeons her with his gun and instantly places the gun point at Woodson's head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Woodson awakens, instinctively, looks to Booker, then to the unconscious girl, then back to Booker with shock and disbelief. Immediately, Booker strikes a devastating blow to Woodson's head. Then, proceeds to gag him and tie him up.

EXT. CAMP GROUNDS

POV - MOVING SHOT

as Booker leaves the cabin and drags the huge man's bound body towards the horses.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker has a hard time maneuvering the huge Woodson, bound, onto Woodson's horse... not wanting to risk disturbing the horse he merely ties the bound body to the horse's saddle... then takes his horse and Woodson's and walks out of the camp. Woodson awakens to find himself being dragged out of camp as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - DAWN

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker arrives at the site where Murphy is waiting.

MURPHY

That's him?

BOOKER

Let's do it quick... okay?

MURPHY

Yeah... okay.

(beat)

What about the gang?

BOOKER

I'm sure you'll get to meet them
real soon.

Booker begins to move.

MURPHY

Hey, you can't drag him all the way
back to Kansas.

Booker stops and the two of them lift Woodson onto his horse... Woodson looks to Booker with disdain to say the least. Booker removes the gag.

WOODSON

(reference to Murphy) Who's this?

BOOKER

Roy Murphy... a friend.

WOODSON

Friend? Does he know what you do to your friends?

BOOKER

Let's go.

WOODSON

You'll never take me in, Booker.
You're gonna have to kill me
to do it.

(beat)

You gonna be able to do that?
(looking to himself
and his state)

Seems to me I once saw you this
way... remember?

Booker looks to him then to Murphy... then beckons his horse to move on as the three men begin their journey... we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - LATER - AFTERNOON

WIDE SHOT

as they ride along... Booker constantly looking back in anticipation of the gang.

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker, Murphy and Woodson are gathered at a fire to keep warm.

MURPHY

You want to take the first watch?

BOOKER

Okay.

WOODSON

Hey White Sheriff...
(MORE)

WOODSON (CONT'D)
 you mean to tell me that you're
 gonna trust us Coloreds to not get
 you in your sleep? My... my... you
 sure like to take chances.

BOOKER

(toMurphy)
 It's okay... go ahead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WOODSON

Sure it's okay. Hey, Booker, did
 you ever tell your white friend
 that I once saved your ass and that
 you owe me something?

Murphy looks to Booker. He didn't know.

BOOKER

(to Murphy)
 It's okay... don't listen to him.

MURPHY

Is it true?

BOOKER

Yeah, it's true... but don't worry
 about it.
 (beat)
 It's okay I told ya.

Murphy moves off to go to sleep, now apprehensive. Booker
 moves out of the firelight to get a better vantage point for
 look out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker... Woodson still in view.

WOODSON

What're you doin' Booker
 ... tradin' my ass for yours?

Booker doesn't respond.

ONE SHOT

on Murphy uneasy now and trying to get rest while listening to the two men.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring Booker. He grows remorseful.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

C'mon, Booker... you know what it's like to be in chains... locked up. You sendin' a Black brother to that... what for? What they givin' you? Money? Freedom? How they gonna give you freedom? They gonna paint you white? That's the only way you're gonna get freedom as long as your skin stays black and you know it.

ONE SHOT

showing Murphy's growing apprehension.

MEDIUM SHOT

favoring Booker as he walks, strolls, towards Woodson, still bound.

BOOKER

Shut up, Woodson. You're a cold blooded, blood-thirsty menace and you know it.

WOODSON

True... brother... true. But what are they?
 (beat)
 c'mon Brother Booker... what in the hell are they? You had such good living since you're in this world?

SUDDENLY... a noise is heard in the brush. Booker draws ... Murphy jumps up and draws... then:

CLOSE SHOT

as a rabbit runs through the area.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker and Murphy acknowledge to each other -- the false alarm and that they are both quite nervous. Also, Booker recognizes Murphy's other fear.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

Touchy, touchy... maybe you ought
to have two guards tonight...
though you'll probably need a few
hundred before the night ends.
(laughs)

Murphy loses control and moves to hit him. Then, Booker stops him.

BOOKER

That isn't necessary. We both know
that.

Murphy looks to him -- then walks to a remote area to sit watch... he can't sleep now and he knows it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WOODSON

Relax friends... relax. Let's see.
Where were we before we were
attacked by that bad ass rabbit? Oh
yeah. Booker was about to tell us
about the good livin' he's had
since he's been in the White man's
world.

BOOKER

That's the only world there is...
whatever you want to call it.

WOODSON

And because of you Booker... and
those like you... it'll always be
the same.

BOOKER

Maybe...

Booker walks away... to where Murphy is and sits.

TWO SHOT

favoring Murphy

MURPHY

Don't let him get to you, Sam.

BOOKER

Yeah... except you know that some
of what he's sayin' is right.

as Booker walks off to be alone.

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATER

PAN SHOT

DISSOLVE TO:

as we see Murphy asleep at his position... Booker asleep at
his position and Woodson asleep as the fire is almost out.
Then a NOISE... someone.

ONE SHOT

as Murphy hears it.

POV

as Murphy watches Booker and Woodson asleep -- now knowing
that the noise is an intruder.

WIDE SHOT

as Murphy throws a pebble at Booker to awaken him. He does
so. When Booker awakens Murphy gestures an intruder in the
area. Then, another NOISE is heard by both. Booker gestures
to Murphy to put out the fire and simultaneously runs to
Woodson, draws his gun and places the barrel into Woodson's
mouth. He wakens to it. Booker cocks the weapon.

ONE Shot

WIDE SHOT

BOOKER

{sotto to Woodson)
One sound, Brother... and
your head's gonna be a beehive.

as Murphy notices Booker's action and the two wait patiently, apprehensively, for something to happen, expectantly... nothing does but they have to remain frozen, quiet as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP SITE - DAWN

WIDE SHOT

as the men, tired, in position (same as above scene) decide to get up and attempt to move on... apprehensively they do so. Then, SUDDENLY bullets start coming at them from all directions... they scatter to seek shelter.

MULTIPLE SHOTS

as a gunfight ensues... and five of Woodson's gang attack the two men. Four of Woodson's gang are killed off... and Murphy is severely wounded in the leg and shoulder... rendering him disabled but alive.

WIDE SHOT

on Booker as he spots Murphy's situation and begins towards him only to be shot at by the remaining gang member.

ONE SHOT

as Woodson... begins to free his legs.

ONE SHOT

as Murphy attempts to move but can't.

MEDIUM SHOT

as the gang member moves for position on Murphy and an avoidance of Booker.

MOVING SHOT

as Booker creeps around to get a vantage point on the gang member.

CLOSE SHOT

on Woodson as he eyes Murphy's handicapped position twenty feet away.

MOVING SHOT

as Booker still pursues the gang member... exchanging fire.

MOVING SHOT

with Woodson as he maneuvers his body towards the ailing/paralyzed Murphy.

ONE SHOT

on Murphy as he goes semi-conscious.

CLOSE SHOT

on the gang member as he gets a drop on Booker.

WIDE SHOT

as Booker gets caught by the gang member... then cons him into a wrong move.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the gang member drops his guard. Then, a fight ensues.

MOVING SHOT

on Woodson as he continues to get closer to Murphy using only his feet to drag himself.

MULTIPLE SHOTS

as Booker and the gang member fight. Then, when a gun has been picked up by the gang member the two fight with it... as it goes off killing the gang member.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Booker slowly recovers from the fight.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

as Booker turns... then sees Woodson at Murphy's head. Booker runs to them.

MEDIUM SHOT

as Woodsen sees Booker then lifts his spurred boots over Murphy's skull. Murphy is partially awake but can't move.

WOODSON

One more step Booker and I'll crush
his skull.

BOOKER

(gun drawn)
I'll get you anyway.

WOODSON

Sure you will but then you'll have
to pick him up in pieces.

(beat)
Getting rid of all your friends
today? You'll be lonely.

Murphy looks to Booker.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

Do it. Kill him.

BOOKER

Move away, Woodson.

WOODSON

I'll make a deal, Booker.
Put the gun down... he goes free
and you and I forget the whole
thing. Everyone goes free.

(MORE)

WOODSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

What do you say?

MURPHY

Don't trust him.

WOODSON

Booker... how can you go wrong?

MURPHY

Sam... do it... please.

WOODSON

Booker, you're a fool. My way
everybody wins. Your way...
everybody loses.

BOOKER

Shut up.

WOODSON

Then just kill him and us Brothers
will go free. Go back and tell his
people he died in the gunfight.
Nobody will know the difference.

Booker relaxes his gun. Then, Woodson's position tires and he
relaxes his feet for a minute.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Booker as he quickly lifts his gun and fires...
hitting Woodson.

WOODSON (CONT'D)

Fool... damn fool.

Woodson dies. Booker turns to Murphy... then proceeds to help
him as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EN ROUTE - DAY

MOVING SHOT

as Booker, Murphy and Woodson's body... ride back to Kansas.
Booker is quiet.

MURPHY

Why so quiet?

BOOKER

No reason.

MURPHY

(reference to Woodson) Him?

BOOKER

... I guess so.

MURPHY

Think he was right?

BOOKER

... I don't know if he was right.

MURPHY

He killed for nothing. He was
bloodthirsty and you know it.

BOOKER

You ever do that?
Murphy looks at him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring Murphy.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

You ever kill a man... for nothing?
Ever kill a man that you didn't
have to?

Murphy doesn't answer... they understand each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - DAY WIDE ANGLE - ESTABLISHING

with Murphy's horse in front. The weather is overcast and threatening.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO GOVERNOR'S OFFICE TRUCK SHOT - SLOW

down the hallway to the open door of the Governor's office. The following CONVERSATION is HEARD. The hallway is suitably furnished and only a few employees can be seen. The voices are distant but get LOUDER.

MURPHY

You promised me consideration.

ADVISOR

Timing isn't good now.

MURPHY

Well what did he say exactly?

ADVISOR

The problem is that he's in Washington and unavoidably detained. And, can't be bothered.

The CAMERA just about gets to the open door where the two men are talking.

MURPHY

Wait a minute! HE WON HIS GODDAMN ELECTION!!! AND THAT MAN RISKED HIS LIFE...

At the door... the Advisor appears -- looks to the secretary outside the doorway as if to apologize for the Sheriff's irate behavior... as he closes the door.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE MEDIUM SHOT

MURPHY (CONT'D)

...

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 YOU CAUSED A MAN TO ALMOST LOSE HIS
 LIFE CATCHING THE MEANEST BASTARD
 OUTLAW THAT EVER LIVED IN THESE
 PARTS. AND THE GOVERNOR CAN'T BE
 BOTHERED?

ANOTHER ANGLE

ADVISOR

Now sheriff... you don't have to
 lose your temper. We'll get this
 thing worked out. You know we will.
 It's a timing problem now.

ANOTHER ANGLE

favoring the Sheriff.

ADVISOR (CONT'D)

Look... you're right. No question
 about it. You're right.
 (beat)
 Let me make a suggestion that might
 work out for all of us.

as the Advisor begins to pace.

ADVISOR (CONT'D)

You say he's a good man. Good.
 Good. I.t helps.
 (beat)
 Protect him under your wing. And...
 use him.

MURPHY

USE HIM??? You mean let him do my
 dirty work? The state's dirty work?
 That's another kind of slavery...
 isn't it?

ADVISOR

Getting upset is not going to get
 us anywhere.
 (beat)
 I mean... let him work for you...
 doing what he just did.

MURPHY

He was told he's get consideration for amnesty... not a job as a bounty hunter. He doesn't want that. He wants his freedom... he wants to find his wife. He wants to live... like you and me.

ADVISOR

Sheriff... he's different than you and me.

MURPHY

I'm going to forget you said that.

ADVISOR

He's an outlaw.

MURPHY

He's a just man. You're an outlaw... and I'll tell you what else you are...

ADVISOR

Sheriff... calling me names isn't the way to settle this issue. My hands are tied... believe me.

(beat)

Look... the Governor will keep his word... you know he will. It just can't be done now.

MURPHY

That was the excuse the last time. Before you sent him out to do dirty work.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MURPHY

(pondering) When.

ADVISOR

Don't pin me down... maybe a month
or two.

MURPHY

Give me a letter for him... saying
that he has temporary immunity
until a specific date.

ADVISOR

Something probationary?

MURPHY

Yes.

ADVISOR

I don't think I have the authority
or power to do that.

MURPHY

Bullshit! Do it!... If you're
sincere in what you say... do it!

ADVISOR

It's not amnesty.

MURPHY

Neither is being a bounty hunter or
a legal killer.

ADVISOR

How long?

MURPHY

You tell me.

ADVISOR

Sixty days!

MURPHY

Is the Governor available then?

ADVISOR

Yes.

MURPHY

Okay.

ADVISOR

I'll need some time.

MURPHY

Now!

ADVISOR

This has to be legal... it takes a little time.

Murphy looks at him -- COLD -- the Advisor takes his pen to begin writing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STATE CAPITOL - LOBBY - LATER

MEDIUM SHOT

at the doorway as the Advisor shakes hands -- goodbye - with Murphy.

ADVISOR (CONT'D)

That paper puts him in your custody and makes you responsible. If he leaves the state or does anything out of line... you're responsible. You must know that. And he goes to jail.

MURPHY

See you in sixty days.

ADVISOR

Sheriff... I don't know anything about whatever deal you're making with him. As far as the Governor is concerned -- it's your problem all the way. As far as we're concerned he's on probation to you.

MURPHY

I understand.

ADVISOR

Nice to see you again, Murphy.
Give my best to... (forgetting a
name)

MURPHY

Booker. Samuel Joseph Booker.

ADVISOR

Right... Booker.

They each move in opposite directions as we:
DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. PERIMETER OF TOWN - CAPITOL CITY - LATER WIDE SHOT
as Murphy rides up to a designated spot where he's obviously
left Booker. Booker waits anxiously.

MURPHY

Didn't take too long... did it?

BOOKER

A lifetime for me.

MEDIUM SHOT

as rain begins to fall -- lightly -- and Booker and Murphy
hover for shelter at a tree.

MURPHY

(handing Booker the paper)
This is what you've been waiting
for.
Booker looks at it... then to
Murphy.

BOOKER

Does it say what it's supposed to
say?

MURPHY

... Yes. I'll take care of everything that's left.

BOOKER

I don't know what to say.

MURPHY

Say thank you... put the paper in a safe place... get on your horse... and go find your Hannah.

Booker is emotionally taken in -- not knowing whether to laugh or to cry so he does a little of both. Then, he mounts his horse.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Do you know where you're going to start looking?

BOOKER

I have some ideas.

MURPHY

Booker... let me hear from you once in a while... okay?

BOOKER

Deal.

MURPHY

(with an outstretched hand)

I understand deals are made with handshakes.

They shake hands. Then, the two men take a moment of silence to look at each other -- holding the handshake.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Murphy rides off in one direction -- Booker watching.
Then:

WIDE SHOT

with Booker, only, in the frame as he turns to ride off opposite the CAMERA. We watch his riding off. Then, SIMULTANEOUSLY... the screen color turns slowly to scene: (Booker can be seen constantly in the distance getting further away).

"AS FOR MAN, HIS DAYS ARE AS GRASS:
AS A FLOWER OF THE FIELD, SO HE
FLOURISHETH." THIS HAS BEEN THE
STORY OF SUCH A MAN.

THE END

FADE OUT.

CAST LIST

Samuel Joseph BOOKER
General Store Keeper
Man in General Store
Woman in General Store
Hannah
1st Bounty Hunter
2nd Bounty Hunter
3rd Bounty Hunter
Cato Woodson

CROWDS /EXTRAS

Southwestern Kansas Town
Woodson's Followers/Camp

1st Woodson Gang Member

2nd " "

3rd " "

4TH " "

Booker's Indian Girl Friend

Woodson's Indian Girl Friend

Old Woman

Street Bully

Bar Girl In Street

Blacksmith

Blacksmith's Helper

1st Patron in Oklahoma Saloon

2nd Patron in Oklahoma Saloon

Charlie/Bartender

Colton

Sheriff Roy Hurphy

Deborah Hurphy

Ben Mobley

Willy

Henry Smith

Emily

Cat in Mason, Kansas

Heywood's Cat

Jack Thomas
 Emma Thomas
 Jedediah (Preacher)
 Mining Camp Foreman
 Railroad Camp Workman (Black)
 Heywood
 Heywood's Companion Number One (Saloon)
 Heywood's Companion Number Two (Saloon)
 Julie
 1st Indian Slave Girl
 2nd Indian Slave Girl
 Black Woman Prisoner
 Black Woman Prisoner's Infant Child
 Emily's Mother
 Federal Marshall
 Governor
 Governor's Advisor
 Farmer
 Promiscuous Teen-Age Girl
 1st Teen-Age Boy
 2nd Teen-Age Boy
 3rd Teen-Age Boy
 Ft. Arthur Sheriff
 Rabbit
 Renegade Black Gang
 Mason Street Celebration
 Mason Streets
 Black Slaves at Dance
 Ft. Arthur Jail
 Oklahoma Streets
 Oklahoma Saloon Patrons
 Railroad Camp Colorado Saloon

EXTERIORS

Southwestern Kansas Town
 Main Street
 Back Street
 General Store
 Mobley Plantation
 Booker's Cabin/Riverside
 Back Roads
 River Bank Area
 Woodson's Camp Compound
 Oklahoma Town
 Main Street
 Stable
 Saloon
 Old Woman's Shack
 Town of Mason, Kansas
 Main and select Streets
 Sheriff's Office
 Telegraph Office
 Hurphy's House
 Saloon

(MORE)

EXTERIORS (CONT'D)

Multiple Open Country Areas
Thomas' Ranch
Jedediah's Church Colorado Mining
Camp Colorado Railroad Camp
Colorado Town
Saloon
Main Street
Heyward's Campsite
State Capitol
Governor's Office
Town of Fort Arthur
Main Street Jail
Back Streets
Ranch and Barn

INTERIORS

General Store
Booker's Cabin (Mobley Plantation)
Saloon (Oklahoma)
Old Woman's Shack
Murphy's Office
Jail
Murphy's Kitchen/Living
Room/Bedroom
Telegraph Office
Thomas Ranch/Main Room
Saloon (Colorado)
Governor's Office, Reception Area
and Hallway
Barn
Ft. Arthur Jail
Woodson's Main Cabin
Woodson's Private Cabin