

**THE IRON HORSEMAN**

A Neo-Western

*Chaper One: The Last Outpost*

James Grayford  
8401 Spain Road NE  
#17B  
Albuquerque, NM 87111  
323.807.8599  
jamesgrayford@mac.com

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

We're overlooking a large town. A Hawk circles above it. Huge windmills spin, generating energy. Train tracks lead in and out of a giant gate, as does a road. A large wall surrounds the entire spread.

On a ridge far away, a BOY, 14, turns to his father, OLDER ABE, 40's, wearing a faded flak jacket. Both sit on motorcycles.

BOY

That's the Last Outpost, right, Dad?

OLDER ABE

Back then we called it Van Horn.

BOY

Will you tell me about The Iron Horseman again? And how it all happened?

Older Abe smiles at his son.

OLDER ABE (V.O.)

It was a handful of years after The Crash. The battle for control was just beginning. Van Horn and Saddle Creek were the only two Outposts left for trade. And Saddle Creek was about to be eliminated from the equation.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - **TWENTY ODD YEARS EARLIER** -- NIGHT

The train tracks are gone, the gate, the windmills. This is old Van Horn. A cross between Dodge City and a Truck Stop.

***"The sea was red and the sky was grey***

***Wondered how tomorrow could ever follow today"***

***- Led Zeppelin, GOING TO CALIFORNIA***

Gone are Older Abe, his boy. In their place rests a weathered pick up truck, with a covered wagon top attached to the back.

OLDER ABE (V.O.)

Your Grandfather had a sense of this. With your Grandmother, we headed for Van Horn before fireworks lit up Saddle Creek.

A light in the covered wagon silhouettes a feminine shadow. In the foreground, an old kettle warms above a campfire. Next to it, YOUNG ABE, 14, lays in a sleeping bag. His father, DEACON, 40's, tucks him in.

ABE

We're gonna be alright, ain't we?

Deacon offers a reassuring smile.

DEACON

You bet. Now get some sleep.

Deacon rises, walks past the covered wagon. Inside, his wife, MARY, pauses as she puts away pots and pans. She steps from the truck, slips an arm through his.

MARY

There's gotta be a reason we survived.

Deacon's not so sure. They stare off into the distance. A full moon and barren desert stare back.

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

Parked by a weathered pay phone stand is a Harley-Davidson. Customized, with saddle bags, rifle holster, curious looking gas can on the back, special rails to protect the tires, dimmer shield for the headlight. If you ride a steel horse and need to survive in the new west, this would be your animal.

Sitting on it is THE IRON HORSEMAN. He wears a worn leather jacket, the sleeves torn or fallen off. A faded emblem on the back reads: DETROIT IRON WORKERS - LOCAL 341.

An ELDERLY MAN stands opposite Iron, his wrinkled, tan palm outstretched. Iron places a couple shotgun shells in it and the Elderly Man smiles, steps aside.

Iron turns to the pay phone, picks up the receiver and places it to an ear. There's a dial tone. He smiles nostalgically, glances at the Elderly Man who grins back.

The Iron Horseman's eyes gleam. But slowly, the excitement dims, his smile fades and he removes the receiver from his ear. He stares at it for a moment before placing it back on the cradle.

Firing up his bike, he pulls away. The Elderly Man watches The Iron Horseman ride off as a dust trail rises.

INT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

ATTICUS, 50's, the de facto leader of Saddle Creek sits behind a huge mahogany desk. Across from him is THE MAYOR OF VAN HORN, 50's, Bowler hat.

THE MAYOR

With Bairnsdale little more than ash, there are two Outposts left to facilitate trade. Your town of Saddle Creek, and mine of Van Horn. We should form an alliance, something Basil Hayden's modeled after the Achaen League.

ATTICUS

Achaen League?

THE MAYOR

From Roman Times. Leaders met to regulate economic growth, trade, those sort of things.

INT. CITY HALL - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Standing in front of an office door are TWO GUARDS in suits. Leaning against the wall across from them is THE HIGHWAYMAN, 30's, tall, thin, cool as fuck.

His clothes are neo-western. Full chaps, soft brown leather jacket, old holsters sport a pair of Colt 45 Peacemakers. On the back left of his holster's a customized playing card sheath, one for dice on the other.

The Guards check out his pants, smirk.

GUARD #2

Nice pants.

GUARD #1

There a Mervyn's around here?

The Guards laugh, high five. Pushing off the wall, Highway slips the cards into the sheath.

HIGHWAYMAN

Whaddya say we Bronco?

Highway removes the dice, shakes them and smiles. The Three kneel down, play against the wall as they talk.

GUARD #2

Two of your old pals got themselves thrown in the lock up.

HIGHWAYMAN

That so?

GUARD #1

One with a smart mouth...

HIGHWAYMAN

Journeyman.

GUARD #2

As graceful as a dog in a bathtub.

GUARD #1

We locked up his buddy -

HIGHWAYMAN

Pathfinder.

GUARD #2

Just 'cause he's stupid enough to be his buddy.

HIGHWAYMAN

They still there?

GUARD #1

No, we, uh...

GUARD #2

...had to let 'em go.

GUARD #1

That smart guy was making it far too, uh...

GUARD #2

...entertaining....

GUARD #1

For the others.

EXT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

Through a window, we see The Mayor unroll a map on Atticus' desk. Outside the building, BANDITS with leather bullet holsters draped across their chests and backs, unroll demolition wire along the foundation.

INT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

The Mayor references a crude topography.

THE MAYOR

With it's proximity to the water ways, the desert and the mountains, Van Horn has a superior geographic position. Your city will serve the outlaying territories.

ATTICUS

Will we have access to Basil Hayden?

THE MAYOR

Certainly. He can build generators, converters, anything. He's working on an ice box as we speak.

INT. CITY HALL - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Dice hit the wall.

GUARD #1

What'd you do before The Crash?

GUARD #2

Sell cars?

GUARD #1

Peddle insurance?

HIGHWAYMAN

Kept goons away from my sister.  
(picking up winnings)  
No offense.

INT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

Atticus steps to the window, clips the end of a cigar.

ATTICUS

Well, I appreciate you coming. But we're doing just fine now the Bairnsdale folks showed up. Hell, we might even ask you to be a part of us. Support our trade.

Banging and grunts echo from the vestibule. A fight.

GUARD #2 (O.S.)

Bet you wish you still rode with The Iron Horseman.

Atticus glances toward the door.

THE MAYOR

What in the wild world of sports is going on out there?

The Mayor sighs, rubs his eyes.

INT. CITY HALL - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Guard #1 holds Highway as Guard #2 throws punches.

HIGHWAYMAN

For the record, the Iron Horseman  
rode with *me!*

Highway pushes his boot into Guard #2, cranks the fight up a notch. No martial arts, no wires. Just fists and muscle. The west is wild again - *Men are back.*

INT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

As The Mayor lights a cigar, Guard #1 busts through the vestibule doors, falls to the ground. Highway's fight with Guard #2 continues into the office.

Highway punches Guard #2, sends him back into the vestibule. Guard #1 gets to his feet, reaches for his weapon. Highway holds up the pistol's magazine.

Suddenly, an explosion blows out the vestibule, vaults Guard #2 into the street. Debris flies through the room, falls from the ceiling.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK - ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

This town's in peril.

FLAMES dance atop wooden buildings. Townspeople, wearing a hybrid of old west and urban outfits, rush in panic. EXPLOSIONS launch glass, wood shards and MEN into the air. Bandits on horseback and motorcycle fire arrows and bullets, riddle everything in their path.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK TOWN SIGN -- NIGHT

A Harley-Davidson idles. We don't see the rider's face, but it's The Iron Horseman. A rev of the accelerator, a lift of a weathered boot and a wheel kicks up sand.

Moments later, a Hawk lands on the Saddle Creek sign.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK - ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

Far away from the action, three Bandits watch the destruction unfold. RUSTY CAGE, 30's, muscular, weathered features, bright eyes, charismatic. A nefarious necklace hangs around his neck, large knife dangles from his waist. On his arm, a coiled rattlesnake tattoo.

To his right, SALOME, 20's, biker chick to die for, and BLACK JACK, 30's, forearms like thighs. Black Jack points as The Iron Horseman rolls toward the town.

BLACK JACK

Is that....

Rusty Cage squints, smiles.

SALOME

He's trying to save the day again.

RUSTY CAGE

He can't do it alone.

Rusty starts his bike, spins it around, rides off. Black Jack turns to Salome. She fires up her bike, spins it around, follows Rusty.

EXT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

Parked by the steps are a Triumph motorcycle and a Stanley Steamer. The Iron Horseman roars past. Securing the accelerator, he pulls his rifle from it's sheath and shoots Bandits as they set explosives or loot property.

His rifle in one hand he snares wire after wire, drags the lines of dynamite down the street. Buildings burn to either side of him.

He slows near the water tower, flips open a Zippo and lights the fuse. As a small flame burns toward the blasting caps, he raises his rifle and fires into the belly of the tower. Water fizzes out of the small openings, quickly breaking into larger openings as the dynamite BLOWS GIANT HOLES into the road.

The pressure builds and a HUGE HOLE erupts, sending the contents of the water tower along the main street. Many buildings are doused, but more important's the numerous reservoirs strewn along the road.

Townspeople immediately break into bucket brigades, saving what little they can from the fires.

Bandit's fill the road as The Iron Horseman turns his bike around. He revs the engine and peels out, driving along the boardwalk. Securing the accelerator, he pulls out the rifle, aiming and shooting like a cowboy firing at buffalo.

The Bandits rush toward him with pistols and rifles, their bullets ricochet off the bike's steel, their bodies careen from The Iron Horseman's rifle.

INT. CITY HALL -- NIGHT

Highway stumbles through the rubble, helps The Mayor up.  
Atticus rises in the background.

ATTICUS

Before The Crash, I'd sue you for  
all your worth.

HIGHWAYMAN

You were a lawyer? I thought all you  
guys bought it at the Hill Of Crosses.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK - CITY HALL -- NIGHT

The Iron Horseman stops at a corner. He sees Highway, Atticus  
and The Mayor argue in the office.

IRON HORSEMAN

What a surprise, Highway. You pissed  
someone off.

Suddenly, Black Jack speeds up to the window, pulls out his  
gun and shoots Atticus in the chest. As Iron flips out his  
rifle, Black Jack spins his bike around and roars off.

Highway jumps out the window, runs in Black Jack's direction  
firing both pistols. Iron revs his bike, speeds down a  
parallel street, firing shots through open alleys as Black  
Jack briefly appears.

Iron follows Black Jack out the other side and stops. Leveling  
the rifle, he takes careful aim but as he squeezes the  
trigger, Black Jack descends behind a sand dune. He's gone.

Iron glances down the road. Highway stands with The Mayor.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK - CITY HALL -- NIGHT

THE MAYOR

I hired you to prevent all this. Not  
pick a fight with Atticus' knuckle  
walkers!

Highway doesn't face him, probably doesn't even hear. He  
continues to stare after The Iron Horseman.

THE MAYOR

Sometimes, Highway, having you here's  
like sending two people home.

The Mayor walks away. The Iron Horseman revs away.

HIGHWAYMAN  
 (re: Iron Horseman)  
 Fuckin' show pony.

EXT. SADDLE CREEK TOWN SIGN -- NIGHT

The Iron Horseman rides off.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- MORNING

The Deacon's have left. A campfire smolders. The Iron Horseman roars past, slows at the crest of the hill.

EXT. DESERT -- MORNING

Like modern day Okies fleeing the Dust Bowl, TOWNSPEOPLE surviving the previous night's carnage slowly make their way west, in trucks, motorcycles, horses, carriages, steamer cars, wagons, on foot. Belongings piled high, secured with bungee cord and rope.

It's here we see the remnants of a world we're most familiar. Partially standing is a billboard, faded colors advertise the Y, A and H from *YAHOO*, on the ground a felled display for *Bank of America*, another for *Microsoft*.

Strewn across the sand are vehicle frames, shredded tires, scavenged engines, as if they were dinosaurs, falling to the ground, then picked clean.

The faces of those traveling this road display suffering and survival. They are members of a brutal world. They're not quitters. And their trail extends forever.

We find the Deacons' truck on the side of the road, Deacon under the hood, Mary next to him, her head held high and defiant. Abe tries to make out the dark figure on the cliff.

In the opposite direction we see their destination: Van Horn - The Last Outpost.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - **JOURNEY'S HALLUCINATION** -- DAY

JOURNEYMAN, 20's, permanent smirk, stands on stage in Elizabethan wardrobe holding a human skull.

JOURNEYMAN  
 Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well....

As he moves about the board reciting Hamlet's soliloquy, a rope lowers a waterbucket behind him. It lands rather harshly. Journey gives a glance, continues with his speech.

A moment later, PATHFINDER, 20's, Native American, western garb, climbs down the scenery. He takes a breath, then approaches Journey.

JOURNEYMAN  
(under his breath)  
This is bullshit, Path. Bullshit!

Journey continues with Hamlet, steps downstage.

PATHFINDER  
No, Journey, this is sandstone. It could break apart.

Pathfinder slams his foot on the ground.

JOURNEYMAN  
Get off the stage.

PATHFINDER  
What?

JOURNEYMAN  
You're not Equity, Path. Get off.

Pathfinder shakes his head, picks up the bucket and tosses it onto Journey.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SANDSTONE CLIFF -- DAY

Soaking wet, Journey's now in western wear, holding what appears to be a cactus growing from a coyote skull. They're hundreds of yards above a ravine.

Journey glances around, gets his bearings.

JOURNEYMAN  
I was in my "special place" again, huh?

Pathfinder nods.

JOURNEYMAN  
You know I don't do well in the heat.

PATHFINDER  
C'mon.

EXT. TOP OF SANDSTONE CLIFF -- DAY

The two reach the top and approach their motorcycles. Journey mounts a Norton, Pathfinder an Indian.

JOURNEYMAN

Where we headed?

PATHFINDER

Van Horn.

JOURNEYMAN

Think Gunslinger's there?

PATHFINDER

If he's alive, yeah.

They ride off toward the opposite side of Van Horn.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

We're staring at the Bell Tower in the center of town. Pulling off it and expanding our view, we see all Van Horn has to offer.

Wooden buildings crafted on and along other structures. Saloon, General Store, Body Shop, Gun Store, Restaurant, numerous Hotels. Directly opposite the Bell Tower is a Church. Next to it, a Water Tower. Old neon signs, hand painted boards advertise whiskey and food, entertainment and services.

A GANG OF BMX KIDS, led by COULTER, 14, ride Mountain Bikes, jump off the boardwalks, spook a horse which rears back. The RIDER cusses but retains control. The Kids continue jumping, twisting in mid-air, showing off.

A GROUP OF CHILDREN gather by a small kiosk on the boardwalk.

PUPPETTEER

What are we going to do today? Same thing we do every day...

THE CHILDREN

...try and take over Van Horn!

A tiny stage resembles the Last Outpost. A PUPPETEER controls two Pinky & The Brain puppets in western costumes. Pinky resembles The Mayor, bowler hat, etc, while The Brain sports a Top Hat, resembles a character we'll know as Basil Hayden.

The BMX kids whiz past, perilously close to the smaller children but causing no injury. Further on up, two men, SANDMAN, 30's, bags under his eyes, and MINER, 30's, rough, hard, exit the hotel.

The Kids speed past, nearly hitting Sandman. He draws his gun, points it, only to have it snatched by FRED, 10. A third rides over his foot, a fourth kicks Sandman into a trough.

Miner extends his arm, clotheslines the last kid, CAT EYES, 14, female. He lifts her up by the back of the shirt.

GUNSLINGER (O.S.)

Put her down!

Miner glances across the street. GUNSLINGER, 20's, average height, average demeanor stands by the Saloon. The Kids come back around, skid to a stop. All aim rock filled slingshots. Sandman pulls himself from the trough.

MINER

You shouldn't've drawn.  
(yells to Coulter)  
The gun!

Gunslinger glances at the Kids.

GUNSLINGER

Let's have it.

Fred stealthily unloads the chamber, tosses it to Gunslinger who in turn tosses it across the road to Sandman.

MINER

Keep it holstered.

Miner releases Cat Eyes. She hops on her bike, takes her place next to Coulter, pulls out a sling shot. Sandman opens the gun, realizes it's empty.

SANDMAN

The bullets!

Coulter snaps his fingers. They're passed from one kid to the next until they reach him. Coulter then extends his arm like Miner, drops them into a trough.

MINER

Pick your battles, Sandman. You'll stay drier.

The kids fire their slingshots, nail Sandman, shatter a window and ride off. Sandman loads up his gun, stares defiantly at Gunslinger.

GUNSLINGER

I don't have my Peacemakers. Only these second hand guns.

SANDMAN

Guess you'll be walking away.

GUNSLINGER

I meant...You mind if I kill you  
with a second hand gun?

Miner sighs.

MINER

You really wanna draw against someone  
named Gunslinger?

The CROWD's parted. The boardwalks are full. The BMX Kids observe as do TOWNSPEOPLE. Journeyman and Pathfinder stand in front of the Saloon.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY -- DAY

Cutting an apple and watching from the balcony sits ULYSSES, 30's, strong, intense. He's flanked by JERSEY GIRL, 20's, long black hair, a strong yet feminine woman, and The Highwayman.

Ulysses feeds Jersey Girl apple slices. Leaning against the rail, Highway makes eye contact with Gunslinger.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Gunslinger glances up at Highway then back at Sandman.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY -- DAY

ULYSSES

Guess he's angry you switched sides.

HIGHWAYMAN

He's angry I taught him to gamble.

Sure enough, his holsters possess the Peacemakers Gunslinger told Sandman he no longer owned.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

There's a commotion within the crowd and it parts. Riding the Harley, The Iron Horseman appears, parks in front of Whole Lotta Rosie's.

He is a hero, a silent warrior, a star. Strong, muscular with an aire of determination and vulnerability. He glances at Sandman, then Gunslinger.

IRON HORSEMAN

You tell him about the Peacemakers?

Gunslinger nods. Iron grabs the gas tank, his shotgun, his saddle bags, shakes his head.

IRON HORSEMAN

(resigned)

Well, you gotta kill him, then.

Gunslinger shrugs. Iron ascends the steps, touches the door.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY -- DAY

HIGHWAYMAN

(softly)

Fuckin' show pony.

Ulysses laughs, tosses Highway a satchel.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron stands straight, turns, looks to the balcony, sees Ulysses and Highway.

We have a clear division now. On one side of the road, Gunslinger, Pathfinder, Journeyman and The Iron Horseman. On the other side, Ulysses, Sandman, Miner and Jersey Girl.

The Iron Horseman studies the faces of those in the balance, The Townspeople of Van Horn.

IRON HORSEMAN

(to Sandman)

Maybe you'd like to hold off 'til he gets his Peacemaker's back?

Sandman offers a nervous shrug.

IRON HORSEMAN

That okay with you, Gunslinger?

Gunslinger smiles. Steps away. The fight's over. Gunslinger turns, heads toward the Saloon. Lined up on the steps are the BMX Kids. Gunslinger's not much taller. They see a role model. They're all smiles as he approaches. Gunslinger reaches the stairs. Coulter mimics Gunslinger's movements. Gunslinger sneers, spits in Coulter's face.

Coulter stares at Gunslinger with hatred. Suddenly, the Tower Bell rings and the crowd dissipates. Townspeople exit the church, more Townspeople enter. All wear gold crucifixes.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

What we expect. Ceiling fans, long bar, poker tables, staircase in the back, all manner of PATRONS in all manner of wardrobe.

A MOTHER, wearing a gold crucifix necklace, and her DAUGHTER are handed a large picnic basket by WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE, 30's, female, generously proportioned, wearing the same necklace.

ROSIE  
(to Daughter)  
Where you headed girlie girl?

The Daughter hides behind her Mother.

DAUGHTER  
Whiskeytown.

ROSIE  
Whiskeytown? Well, you tell 'em howdy  
from Whole Lotta Rosie, you hear?

Rosie winks as they exit. The Iron Horseman sets a small box of ammo on the bar.

IRON HORSEMAN  
Shells. Should be good for a couple  
nights. Maybe a bottle of Port, if  
you got it.

Rosie lifts the box's lid. Half full. She raises an eyebrow.

IRON HORSEMAN  
I'll have the rest tomorrow.

She puts the box behind the bar, tosses him a key.

ROSIE  
Up the stairs to the left. You'll  
appreciate the view.

He grabs his things, starts to walk away.

ROSIE  
Hey...

She places a hand on his arm.

ROSIE  
...be careful.

The Iron Horseman winks at Rosie as Pathfinder and Journeyman enter from the street. They stop by the door, make eye contact with Iron but no verbal acknowledgment. Pathfinder and Journeyman enter, find a place at the end of the bar.

ROSIE  
That seat's taken.

A small metal plaque reads **"RESERVED FOR BASIL HAYDEN"**.

JOURNEYMAN  
Well he ain't sittin' now.

ROSIE  
He's at church. You want a drink?

JOURNEYMAN  
Yeah.

ROSIE  
Then move your ass.

PATHFINDER  
(to Journeyman)  
Don't be a jerk, okay? We've been  
here, what, ten minutes?

Pathfinder shoulders by Journeyman.

PATHFINDER  
Excuse me. Hi. We'd like some Whiskey,  
please.

She studies them, reluctantly pours one shot.

ROSIE  
(to Journeyman)  
Your half's on the bottom.

She snorts at Journey, walks away. Pathfinder eyes Journey,  
downs the whole shot.

JOURNEYMAN  
Whatever.

BASIL HAYDEN (O.S.)  
We already got us a set of doors,  
boys. But thanks for stopping by.

BASIL HAYDEN, 50's, paunch, top hat, slips between them,  
bellies up to his seat.

BASIL HAYDEN  
Rosie, my dear, bowl of soup, please.

Rosie smiles, grabs a bottle from the bar, pours a shot.

ROSIE  
My ice machine climbing the list?

Basil raises the glass, winks at her.

BASIL HAYDEN  
Like a rocket.

INT. THE IRON HORSEMAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The gas tank lays on it's side on the mattress. A soldered sliding door's open, revealing personal items. On a nearby table Iron's set a small machine for making shells.

A container of gun powder, container of pellets and other supplies. A couple dozen new shells line the desk.

EXT. THE IRON HORSEMAN'S ROOM - BALCONY -- NIGHT

Iron leans back in his chair, rifle across his lap, small glass in his hand, bottle of Port on the floor. He faces Ulysses' suite. Jersey Girl closes the balcony doors.

ULYSSES (O.S.)

Without Basil, there's no reconstruction. The Mayor will convene the town leaders.

INT. ULYSSES SUITE -- NIGHT

A meeting's in progress between Ulysses, Jersey Girl, Sandman, Miner and SPECS, 20's, silent, young, round glasses. A map of the town lays on a table.

ULYSSES

They'll turn to Marshall Law who'll ask The Iron Horseman, Highway and the others to go after us. The rest will take care of itself.

MINER

He won't ride with The Iron Horseman.

ULYSSES

He'll ride. Trust me.

JERSEY GIRL

Can we trust Highway?

ULYSSES

No one trusts Highway. Except his sister. I've sent for two more men, they should arrive as the morning mass lets out.

Specs turns, disapproving.

SANDMAN

What's the matter, Specs? Cat got your tongue?

ULYSSES

Hey...



INT. ZATAR'S -- NIGHT

Inside, the music's even louder, the place packed with men.

There's a bar to the right of Highway. About forty feet in front of him's the stage. Two DANCERS gyrate to the music. Highway smirks.

The music builds momentum. The Dancers move to opposite sides of the stage and pyrotechnics EXPLODE, revealing Felony. The audience screams, arms shoot into the air, fists pump as Felony dances like a post-modern goddess.

Highway sees Miner and Sandman, calmly weaves through the crowd toward a door across the room. A BOUNCER steps aside, allows Highway to pass.

INT. ZATAR'S - FELONY'S DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

Highway sits smoking a cigarette, studying a gold crucifix necklace. Felony enters. Glistening with sweat, out of breath, wearing a robe.

HIGHWAYMAN

What is it with these?

She grabs the necklace, steps away.

FELONY

It's called faith.

Felony slips it over her head.

HIGHWAYMAN

He's here.

She turns, studies Highway expectantly.

HIGHWAYMAN

I want you to leave with him.

FELONY

After all the bullshit, all the infighting...

Highway rises, approaches her.

HIGHWAYMAN

It's not safe here. I don't know if it ever will be. He can protect you. Better than me.

Felony's taken aback. He hands her a satchel. She opens it - jewels and other items of barter.

FELONY

Where did you get these?

HIGHWAYMAN

Ulysses. I gave him my word I'd stay out of his way.

FELONY

Will you?

Highway smiles, moves past her, opens the door.

HIGHWAYMAN

For the record? Everything I've done, right or wrong, has been to take care of you.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

An old bowling alley. Divided into three sections. The first, players set their own pins, retrieve their own balls. The second, a WORKER retrieves the pins and balls. The third area has more light and the return mechanisms function.

An INTENSE BOWLER knocks down all but one pin. He draws his weapon, shoots it over, points to his partner.

INTENSE BOWLER

Mark it, dude.

In the next lane, Journey gets ready to bowl. Pathfinder waits his turn.

JOURNEYMAN

He visited his sister at a place called Zatar's.

Journey bowls, knocks a few over, turns around.

PATHFINDER

How'd she look?

INT. ZATAR'S -- NIGHT

Buried deep in the crowd, Journey's able to see the stage, Highway, Miner and Sandman.

JOURNEYMAN (O.S.)

Path, it's *Felony*.

The pyrotechnics explode, Journeyman raises his hands, shouts. He's torn between watching Felony and doing his job, reluctantly chooses the job.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- NIGHT

THE PROJECTIONIST cranks an old zoetrope, showing *THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY* against a makeshift screen. MOVIE PATRONS sit on fold out chairs, eat popcorn from tin cups. Near the back, Pathfinder and Journeyman whisper.

PATHFINDER

Where'd he go after?

A MOVIE PATRON turns around and shhshh's them.

JOURNEYMAN

(whisper)

A diner. He almost shot me.

PATHFINDER

What?!?

MOVIE PATRONS draw their weapons, point at Journey and Path.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Journey and Path walk by various businesses, the Church, then make their way toward the tower. Give us a nice sense of where everything is.

JOURNEYMAN

He, Miner and Sandman nearly killed me. I thought they were gonna shoot Highway. So I drew.

Pathfinder stares at him.

JOURNEYMAN

It was a reflex. I keep forgetting what he did to us all.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

Through the window, we see Highway at a booth. Adjacent to him are Deacon and Mary. Abe rides his mountain bike up the boardwalk, swerves, does a trick, lands in the road.

He skids to a stop in front of the BMX kids.

CAT EYES

Nice bike.

Abe smiles at her, gives a nod to Coulter. Coulter looks away, watches Sandman and Miner enter the Diner. Cat Eyes sighs at Coulter, turns to Abe.

CAT EYES

I'm Cat Eyes, this is Iggy, Dim,  
Dimmer, Bandit, Beowolf and the little  
guy at the end is Fred.

ABE

I'm Abe.

CAT EYES

Rude boy here's my brother Coulter.

COULTER

You from Bairnsdale?

ABE

Uh-huh. My Pa was the Preacher.

COULTER

What's he do here?

ABE

Worries.

All laugh but Coulter.

COULTER

I lead. You follow.

CAT EYES

C'mon...

Coulter pedals off. Cat Eyes winks at Abe.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

Sandman and Miner sit with Highway. Clearly not welcome.  
Sandman helps himself to Highway's food and drink.

MINER

Which side you on, Highway?

HIGHWAYMAN

I'm a Free Agent.

SANDMAN

That the same as traitor?

HIGHWAYMAN

Free Agent pays better.

MINER

How do we know you won't betray us?

HIGHWAYMAN

You won't. But at least you got fed,  
right?

EXT. VAN HORN -- NIGHT

Coulter lands on the ground, skids to a stop, turns toward Abe. Abe nods, pedals towards a building, performs a trick, spins the bike so the tires bounce off the wall.

The other kids are in awe, rush to him in congratulations.

COULTER

Fuckin' show pony.

Coulter rides off, hops on a large crate, maneuvers his way up the structure until he's on top. He stares down breathlessly at Abe.

Abe smiles, pedals hard, follows Coulter's lead and through ingenuity and mountain bike talent, reaches the top. Soon, all the kids are riding in the moonlight from building to building, displaying their talents and performing tricks.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

MINER

Highway, one of these days you're  
gonna realize you're not as cool as  
you think you are.

HIGHWAYMAN

If I wanted someone to give me shit,  
I'd get married.

SANDMAN

Convince us you're on our side.

Sandman reaches to his holster.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

Journeyman watches from a safe distance across the street. He sees Sandman raise his pistol, jumps into the street, runs toward the Diner.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

Miner, Sandman and Highway all turn, see Journey coming at them. They OPEN FIRE, shattering glass as Journey drops to the ground and flees. Miner, Sandman and Highway hop through the broken frame, stare down the road.

HIGHWAYMAN

Convinced?

Highway holsters his peacemaker, walks back to the diner. Miner watches him, sees the fear in the Diner Patrons.

MINER

Why'd you pull your gun?

As Sandman searches for words, Miner walks away, leaves him.

EXT. VAN HORN -- NIGHT

On top of a building, Abe, Coulter and the others, watch Miner walk away from Sandman, leave him alone in the street.

ABE

I better get back to my folks.

Abe rides toward a lower rooftop.

FRED

Wish I had folks.

EXT. BELL TOWER -- NIGHT

Pathfinder and Journeyman sit at the base. Journeyman fiddles with his gun.

JOURNEYMAN

How'd you do?

PATHFINDER

It's hard to tell who's pulling the strings. But it seems to center on the church.

EXT. CHURCH -- AFTERNOON

Townspeople exit the front, sweaty, tired, like there's no ventilation - or they've been working. The Mayor exits with THE PREACHER, 40's, bald, thin. They're not in agreement.

PATHFINDER (O.S.)

The Mayor feels they have no choice but to hold more masses given the new people.

BASIL HAYDEN

Basil agrees with me. So do the shop owners.

JOURNEYMAN (O.S.)

And The Preacher?

PREACHER

We should shut it down. Wait and see what happens with Rusty Cage.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- NIGHT

Journeyman and Pathfinder sit on their bikes.

JOURNEYMAN

Why the concern over a church?

PATHFINDER

I don't know. But they got something locked up in there. And it ain't salvation.

JOURNEYMAN

Where was Basil?

PATHFINDER

You mean Aqua Lung?

Journey sighs, glances over a shoulder at Whole Lotta Rosie's. Sure enough, Basil's at his reserved seat. Drinking whiskey.

JOURNEYMAN

And he's supposed to bring us back to the 21st Century.

PATHFINDER

As long as his liver holds out.

They start their bikes, ride off.

EXT. VAN HORN -- NIGHT

As Journeyman and Pathfinder ride the length of the main road, we see the entire town of Van Horn. From the Bell Tower on one side, to the Water Tower on the other.

Perched atop the Water Tower sits Gunslinger. He polishes his pistols as he guards the Last Outpost. The Bell Tower rings and Church lets out. Townspeople enter, exit.

There are pockets of action from a section resembling Bourbon Street, to large Truck Washes housing six stalls of bare knuckle boxing with stands on either side for viewing. The city never sleeps 'cause there is no law in a lawless land.

Gunslinger slides his pistols into their holsters, sits back, lowers his hat.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VAN HORN -- MORNING

The start of a new day.

A Covered Wagon with the insignia "Cow Boyz" delivers bottles of milk to doorsteps. The Truck Wash has been cleaned of blood and debris. The window in the diner's boarded up.

Dogs run through the street, dodging horses and carriages, as TWO BANDITS riding choppers pass by. They have similar crossed ammo belts as the Bandits in the beginning.

They pass various shops, Zatars. The Puppet Master opens his kiosk, ducks as the Bandits splash mud on the boardwalk and The Iron Horseman's motorcycle.

INT. THE IRON HORSEMAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

The room's in the exact same shape. He hasn't slept. Nor is he here. Through the window, we see the Bandits disappear around a turn.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

The doors open and Townspeople exit. The Two Bandits stand watching. They see Basil Hayden walk out. He notices their ammo belts, stops. The Bandits move toward him.

INT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

There is no glass in the windows. Iron sits by an opening, his rifle against a chair. He's almost finished with his breakfast. Felony sits down in the empty chair, takes the check off the table, holds the rifle.

FELONY

I bought you breakfast. Cost me a couple lap dances.

IRON HORSEMAN

You overpaid.

FELONY

I give horrible lap dances.

Felony pauses.

FELONY

Highway wants me to leave. He wants me to leave with you. He's afraid something bad will happen.

IRON HORSEMAN

Something bad already did.

Felony glances off. Townspeople are working, moving on with their day, their lives. Making the best of what's left.

FELONY

Would it make a difference if I told  
you how much he's changed?

IRON HORSEMAN

Has he?

FELONY

No.

They smile.

FELONY

But he's still my brother.

IRON HORSEMAN

Thanks for breakfast.

The Iron Horseman grabs his rifle, steps through the window  
onto the boardwalk.

FELONY

He'll let us be together.

Felony follows him. Iron turns around to say something, and  
in one of the coolest moves ever seen, flips the rifle into  
position. Felony stops in her tracks. Walking leisurely toward  
them is Ulysses.

ULYSSES

Nice jacket. It had sleeves, right?

IRON HORSEMAN

Felony, get behind me.

Looking behind him, Felony registers fear. Iron flips around.  
Sandman's about the same distance as Ulysses, but in the  
other direction. Iron glances in the restaurant. Miner rises,  
wipes his mouth, sets a hand on his holster.

EXT. THE WATER TOWER -- MORNING

Gunslinger sees the Restaurant street traffic has stopped.  
Townspeople stand still. He slides down the ladder as fast  
as he can.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Ulysses addresses The Iron Horseman. Iron takes a step  
forward, glances at the others, waits to see a gun. They all  
pause for a moment. No one draws.

ULYSSES

In fifteen seconds, a vehicle will  
appear and Felony will get in it.

Felony searches the street for her brother.

ULYSSES

Highway's in the Saloon.

(to Iron)

You should meet him there after we leave. If it's any consolation, he didn't know about this.

IRON HORSEMAN

What do you want, Ulysses?

ULYSSES

I'd like my friend back. But since that's not gonna happen, I'll settle for revenge.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Gunslinger comes riding around the corner on his Moto Guzzi. Standing by their bikes, the Bandits turn and draw on him.

All three open fire, but only Gunslinger scores a hit, shooting one of the Bandits square in the chest, knocking the man off his feet and back against the church. As Gunslinger revs away, the other Bandit lights the fuses.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

With the others distracted by the shots, Iron seizes the moment, sends the rifle butt into Sandman's head, freeing Felony, then aims at Ulysses and shoots. But Miner jumps from the restaurant, knocks the barrel away.

The bullet shatters a nearby window, spooking the horses. They rear up and take off. Panic fills the streets and everyone seeks cover.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- MORNING

Sitting alone at the bar, Highwayman hears the shots.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Driving a trike with customized cage on the back, Jersey Girl peels around the corner. Basil Hayden's handcuffed inside.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Gunslinger comes around again. The Bandit's bikes are gone. He slows his Moto down, sees the fuses moments before an EXPLOSION sends him off his bike and into the street.

EXT. THE LAST OUTPOST -- MORNING

Mayhem. Townspeople flood the street, pile into cars, run with their belongings, mount horses, anything and everything to avoid the possibility of getting hurt, maimed or killed.

INT. THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL ROOM -- MORNING

The TEACHER tries to keep the students calm, but Coulter and the BMX Kids are out the door, jump on their bikes. Coulter stares at Abe in challenge. Abe rushes out.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- MORNING

Empty. The doors swing back and forth.

EXT. BOARDWALK -- MORNING

Spokes spin with a fury. Ripped, weathered and taped sneakers pedal 'round and 'round.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Gunslinger comes to. His felled bike's on the ground and he's lost a second hand gun.

Smoke clears. The explosion ripped the wood walls from the Church, revealing steel reinforcements. Outside of the broken panels and some cosmetic flaws, there's no damage. It's a fortress.

Gunslinger rolls over as the BMX Kids turn the corner.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

The Kids skid to a stop in the middle of the street.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Felony struggles against Ulysses and Jersey Girl forcing her into the cage as Sandman and Miner battle the Iron Horseman. A shot rings out, splits a wood beam by The Iron Horseman. The Other Bandit's firing, using the row of BMX Kids as cover.

Highwayman comes around the corner but he's too late. Felony's locked in the cage and Jersey Girl's driving away. Ulysses hangs on the side. Highway brandishes his Peacemaker, takes aim, but can't get a clear shot.

He and Iron turn their attention to Miner and Sandman. All four have guns drawn. Miner and Sandman back up into the restaurant, slowly move to the rear door.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

The Trike coming at them, the BMX Kids turn and ride away. But Cat Eye's slips a gear. Abe passes her, slows. The others reach the end and make the turn - as Gunslinger walks into the road.

He sees the Trike, the cage, Felony and Basil. Cat Eyes, believing Gunslinger's coming at her, turns and pedals away from him - toward the trike.

Jersey Girl controls the trike, swerves and misses her - but reveals the Other Bandit roaring behind. He nails Cat Eyes. Coulter and the other BMX's watch the impact sail her body through the air.

The Bandit keeps riding. He turns the corner, rides away. Path and Journey rush into frame firing at the Bandit.

PATHFINDER

Get him?

JOURNEYMAN

Maybe a piece.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Despite the accident, Iron and Highway keep their attention on Sandman and Miner. But their options are limited. Miner grabs a Patron as a shield, as does Sandman.

IRON HORSEMAN

Slip around back.

HIGHWAYMAN

I'm good here. You slip around back.

IRON HORSEMAN

Highway, this isn't the time to haggle over leadership.

HIGHWAYMAN

Then slip around back.

IRON HORSEMAN

I have a rifle, Highway!

It's too late, Miner and Sandman make their escape through the door. Iron lowers his rifle, shakes his head.

HIGHWAYMAN

(walking away)  
Fuckin' Show Pony.

Frustrated, Iron motions to the restaurant, drops his hand.

IRON HORSEMAN  
 (under his breath)  
 Nice pants.

On the ground lays Felony's gold crucifix necklace. Iron kneels down, picks it up with care.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Cat Eyes lays motionless. The BMX Kids ride past an idle Gunslinger, reach her. Townspeople lift the lifeless body, carry it past Deacon and Mary. They see Abe.

He pushes his bike to them and they drape protective arms on his shoulders. Coulter turns around, steely eyes Gunslinger. Pathfinder and Journeyman approach Gunslinger. Devastated by Cat Eyes' death, Gunslinger leaves in silence.

EXT. THE LAST OUTPOST -- MORNING

A black pit by the Church, a young girl dead on Restaurant Street. Ulysses and his men fleeing with Felony and Basil Hayden. The Last Outpost has been shaken.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

From the top of the stairs, The Mayor calms the crowd of Townspeople. Behind him are The Preacher, Marshall Law and a few SHOPKEEPERS.

Deacon stands in the middle of the street. Across from him are his wife and Abe.

THE MAYOR  
 Someone has taken Basil Hayden. Until we're able to negotiate his return, I'm asking all of you to use your machines sparingly.

TOWNSPERSON #1  
 What if the machines break down?

TOWNSPERSON #2  
 What if those men return?

THE MAYOR  
 If the machines break down, we'll fix them. If those men return, we'll deal with them. I've been hearing folks refer to Van Horn as The Last Outpost.

TOWNSPERSON #3  
 It is The Last Outpost.

TOWNSPERSON #4

They destroyed the others.

THE MAYOR

This is not The Last Outpost. This is Van Horn. We were a community before the citizens of Bairnsdale and Saddle Creek found their way to us. And we're still a community. The dinner table's just a little crowded's all.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Journeyman and Pathfinder sit on stools near Rosie, Highwayman in the middle of the bar, Iron at the end. Gunslinger sits alone at a poker table, fiddling with a deck of cards.

JOURNEYMAN

This guy's good.

Highwayman glances at Iron. Iron doesn't meet his gaze.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Pushing through the crowd are the BMX Kids.

COULTER

What about justice for Cat Eyes?

Marshall Law steps up.

MARSHALL LAW

We need to find the responsible party.

COULTER

(points at Gunslinger)

I'm looking right at him.

With his sling shot Fred lobs a rock through the Saloon.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Missing Gunslinger, Fred nails Journeyman in the forehead, knocks his hat off.

JOURNEYMAN

Ow! Mother-

Pathfinder laughs.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

THE MAYOR  
 (to BMX'rs)  
 I share your grief for Cat Eyes. And  
 Preacher's informed me a service  
 will take place this afternoon.

The Preacher glances at Marshall Law, raises an eyebrow.

THE MAYOR  
 I personally inspected the Church.  
 There's some damage but it's  
 structurally sound. Now please, I  
 cannot emphasize enough how important  
 it is for everyone to remain positive.

The Mayor turns around, moves by Marshall Law into the Saloon.

THE MAYOR  
 We're fucked.

MARSHALL LAW  
 Immaculate.  
 (to Preacher)  
 Pardon.

The crowd disbands. Deacon stands his ground, watches the townspeople dissipate, turns to his family. Abe stares expectantly, Mary offers a smile of support.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

The Mayor and the others approach the bar.

MARSHALL LAW  
 We're drinking our own bathwater,  
 boys.

THE MAYOR  
 Darling, pour us a whiskey.

PREACHER  
 Deep.

Rosie lines up the shots. The Mayor salutes them, downs his, motions for Rosie to pour one for Highway.

HIGHWAYMAN  
 I don't drink.

Rosie downs it. The Mayor paces, turns back to Highway.

THE MAYOR  
 Where're they headed?

HIGHWAYMAN  
Valley of Fire.

PATHFINDER  
You knew about this?!?

JOURNEYMAN  
Fuckin' typical.

MARSHALL LAW  
Watch your kitchens, boys! You ain't  
the chef.

THE MAYOR  
Highway told me Ulysses approached  
him. It was my decision to keep  
Highway in their loop, do some recon.

Gunslinger glances outside. Coulter glares from across the  
street.

HIGHWAYMAN  
You give me the okay and we'll bring  
back Felony and Basil Hayden.

IRON HORSEMAN  
If their intent was to harm her,  
they'd have done it already.

HIGHWAYMAN  
We're still going after them.

JOURNEYMAN  
We don't ride with you anymore.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Pretend it's a play and we get along.

JOURNEYMAN  
How 'bout it's a horror film and I'm  
stalking you?

Highway takes a step toward them. Journey and Path draw.

MARSHALL LAW  
Jes-us...

THE MAYOR  
You picked a hell of time to get  
salt in your peckers.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Deacon watches the argument, knocks on the door.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

MARSHALL LAW  
We're in a meeting.

He knocks again. Marshall Law takes a breath to yell.

THE MAYOR  
(to Marshall Law)  
Hold on.  
(to the Bartender)  
See what he wants.

Rosie approaches the door. Speaks softly with Deacon.

PATHFINDER  
Highway's out for himself. He'll  
betray us all. Like before.

JOURNEYMAN  
And nothing personal, Iron, but you're  
a little biased on this one as well.

Rosie lets Deacon enter the room.

DEACON  
Excuse me. I couldn't help hearing  
your conversation.

THE MAYOR  
And you are?

DEACON  
Deacon. I was a keeper of the faith  
before The Crash.  
(nods to The Preacher)  
Like many others, it's been a  
challenge believing things will get  
better. I have a young son and with  
my wife we find ourselves in Van  
Horn.

The Iron Horseman, et al, listen intently.

DEACON  
Men like those destroying the Outposts  
have few conflicts. They take what  
they want and live without guilt.  
But men like yourselves, men who've  
championed truth and justice,  
continually pay the price for your  
honor. You have many conflicts. In  
demand when evil's on the rise, asked  
to leave once it dissipates. But  
(MORE)

DEACON (CONT'D)

that is the course you've chosen.  
The rest of us, we're simple people.  
We look to you for strength. For  
there is no one else with your  
courage, your hope, your faith. You  
are heroes.

Rosie's walked behind the bar, quietly pours another round  
of shots.

DEACON

This man, Ulysses, he's as conflicted  
as you all. I'm not certain he's  
convinced the path he's on will lead  
to peace. But he's put things in  
motion and like the men spreading  
fear and death in Bairnsdale and  
Saddle Creek, needs to be dealt with.  
By hearts of fire and horses of steel.

He pauses, chooses his words.

DEACON

You can't hide from destiny. Get  
ready. It's coming.

Deacon offers a nod of thanks.

DEACON

Gentlemen.

Replacing his hat, Deacon exits, descends the stairs.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Deacon crosses the street, rejoins his family. A moment later,  
a flatbed pulls up carrying the bikes. They've been cleaned,  
repaired, fueled.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

The room is silent. Iron slips on Felony's necklace.

IRON HORSEMAN

If it means getting Felony and Basil  
back, I'll ride with Highway. And I  
hope Path, Journey and Gunslinger'll  
do the same.

It appears they'll put their differences aside. Except for  
Gunslinger. He slides back his chair, approaches Highway,  
sets the deck on the bar. Reluctantly, Highway cuts it, shows  
his card. A king.

Gunslinger slides the top card off. An Ace. He removes his pistol, places it on the bar, stares down Highway. Highway concedes, hands over the Peacemakers. Gunslinger holsters them, walks straight out the door.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Gunslinger leaves town in the opposite direction of Ulysses. The BMX Kids shoot rocks and debris with their sling shots.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

The Town Leaders watch Gunslinger abandon them.

THE MAYOR

What was he before The Crash?

MARSHALL LAW

A coward.

IRON HORSEMAN

He was a teacher.

PREACHER

Then why'd he spit on that little girl?

IRON HORSEMAN

Because of Broward. Makes what happened today all the more tragic.

THE MAYOR

I'll be damned.

HIGHWAYMAN

We all have our secrets.

BASIL HAYDEN

(softly)

That we do.

The Mayor shoots Basil a look. Basil shrugs.

IRON HORSEMAN

Pathfinder, you have your maps?

PATHFINDER

On the bike.

HIGHWAYMAN

Grab 'em.

Pathfinder glances at Iron who gives him a nod, then exits. Highwayman faces off with Iron.

HIGHWAYMAN

For the record, you should've left with her.

IRON HORSEMAN

I plan to.

HIGHWAYMAN

I lead. You follow.

EXT. DESERT -- EVENING

The sun burns down on the new terrain.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO BRIDGE -- EVENING

Ulysses leads the group. Wounded by Journeyman, The Bandit's side is bleeding. He slows down, pulls to the side of the road. Passing him, the others park in formation.

Ulysses approaches the Bandit.

ULYSSES

You killed that little girl!

Ulysses draws. The Bandit takes a step back, draws as well, leans to the side, his other hand holds a bloody bandana.

BANDIT

That church in the Last Outpost is fortified with Steel. What do you suppose they're protecting?

The Bandit holsters his gun, mounts his bike.

BANDIT

You lied about Whiskeytown. We were there four nights ago. Rusty threw 'em one hell of a going away party!

He smiles, starts his bike and drives off.

MINER

Ulysses?

ULYSSES

Just ride!

Miner nods, motions to Sandman to follow, pulls out. Ulysses fires up his bike, lays rubber.

FELONY

What a charmer.

JERSEY GIRL

She said....  
 (puts trike in gear)  
 ...from her cage.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER -- EVENING

The span rises at a pitch preventing a view of the other side. Roaring from the dirt road onto concrete, The Bandit's tearing ass. Following, but a bit behind, are Sandman and Miner.

The Bandit continues pulling away, but when he crests the top, he sees there's no middle section and screams as he flies through the air.

Sandman and Miner hear the screams and hit the brakes, stop in time. As The Bandit soars, Ulysses and Jersey Girl reach the edge. For a while, the Bandit's got the height. But not the speed. He SMACKS into the cement, falls to the ravine below. Sandman shakes his head.

SANDMAN

Man....he nearly made it...

Ulysses glances over the edge. River. No crossing in either direction.

SANDMAN

We have to take the long way, huh?

MINER

Yeah....  
 (glancing at Ulysses)  
 ...through Whiskeytown.

Ulysses guides his bike around the others, twists the throttle and ROARS off. The group spins around, returns to the dirt road as the sun reaches the horizon.

EXT. VW BUS BURIED IN GROUND -- DUSK

Amongst other discarded automobiles, cars and trucks, a blue VW bus is buried from the rims down. Mountain bikes are strewn about the ground. Coulter approaches, drops his bike, heads for the door.

INT. VW BUS -- DUSK

The BMX kids kneel in a circle. Coulter enters.

IGGY

No, no, no, it goes like this.

DIM

You're baked, you push that.

IGGY

If you want thunder you push that.  
We're trying to get the rack out.

BEOWOLF

It's called a clip.

Fred looks up.

FRED

Hey, Coulter.

The others turn, reveal the second hand gun. Coulter snaps his fingers. They hand it to him.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- EVENING

Felled train compartments line the tracks. Not from an accident, more like someone got bored and tipped them over. Highway's a few yards away, taking a whiz.

On top of the compartment, Iron stands with Pathfinder. Path holds some rolled up sections of leather with maps inscribed upon them. Iron studies Pathfinder's compass.

IRON HORSEMAN

Have you checked the bearings recently?

PATHFINDER

Yeah....  
(holds up a sextant)  
...picked up a GPS a few months back.  
(re: Highway)  
Think we can trust him?

IRON HORSEMAN

Path, you follow your compass, Journey, the laughter and applause, Gunslinger, the path of least resistance. Highway truly believes he's doing the right thing.

Pathfinder nods.

IRON HORSEMAN

It's just unfortunate how the right thing changes with his financial prospects.

PATHFINDER

What about you?

IRON HORSEMAN

I'm just waiting around to die.

From the compartment, Journeyman sets a laptop on the roof, pulls himself up. He stands, raises the computer.

JOURNEYMAN

I've always wanted to do this.

He throws it down, stomps on it with his boots.

JOURNEYMAN

(laughing)

Ever ask yourself, "how'd we manage before these"? There's, like, I don't know, twenty in there.

No one's amused.

JOURNEYMAN

What?

Highway climbs up to Iron and Pathfinder.

HIGHWAYMAN

What've we got?

PATHFINDER

We're headed in the right direction. I can see their tracks.

HIGHWAYMAN

Great. Then let's get on with it.

Pathfinder turns to The Iron Horseman.

IRON HORSEMAN

We should camp here. Start again at first light. There's cover here, we can see in all directions. The odds of them -

HIGHWAYMAN

I'm the odds maker. We're heading on. Path, Journey, mount up.

Highway jumps to the ground. Journey turns to Iron.

JOURNEYMAN

Will you kick his ass?

PATHFINDER

Please?

IRON HORSEMAN

(to Highway)

We'll reach the edge of the forest  
in a couple hours. Ulysses will  
hear us, then see our lights.

\*

Highwayman flips the dimmer shield on Iron's headlight.

HIGHWAYMAN

There you go.

Iron steps forward to jump from the compartment.

PATHFINDER

Don't kill him.

JOURNEYMAN

I think Iron can make his own  
decisions.

Iron lands on the ground. Approaches Highway who sits on  
his Triumph, pulling on gloves.

IRON HORSEMAN

Listen, it's not safe for -

Highwayman turns the engine on, revs. Journeyman and  
Pathfinder sit on the compartment, watch them argue. Journey  
hands Path a piece of beef jerky.

JOURNEYMAN

How long before he brings up Felony?

Path counts down on his fingers. Five, four, three, two,  
then points at Highway.

HIGHWAYMAN

She thinks you still love her.

IRON HORSEMAN

She knows I still love her.

HIGHWAYMAN

You're not very cavalier.

IRON HORSEMAN

Cavalier gets people killed. Heading  
out at dawn keeps 'em alive.

Iron walks away, unhooks his bedroll. Highway turns off the  
Triumph. Approaches The Iron Horseman, draws his pistol.

IRON HORSEMAN

Better check the safety. Gunslinger  
always leaves it on.

As Highway pauses, Iron kicks out his rifle, flips it around, cocks it, points it at Highway.

IRON HORSEMAN

You want me to follow? I'll follow.  
You want me to die saving Felony?  
You got it. But we go alone.

HIGHWAYMAN

We can't do it without 'em.

IRON HORSEMAN

Congratulations, Highway.  
(lowers rifle)  
You made your first Executive  
Decision.

Highway holsters his pistol, returns to his bike. Journey and Path climb down.

JOURNEYMAN

Wanna order Chinese?

PATHFINDER

Shut up.

JOURNEYMAN

Really. We can do it online. There's  
a bunch of computers in the train.

PATHFINDER

Shut up!

JOURNEYMAN

We can download porn. White women,  
Path. White. Women.

PATHFINDER

Did you go to the therapy?

JOURNEYMAN

Does Julliard count?

EXT. GUNSLINGER'S CAMP -- NIGHT

Water in a collapsible pot boils over a fire. Using his glove, Gunslinger lifts it up and pours the water into a collapsible cut. Everything's designed to save space, to carry with you.

He places the pot on a rock by the fireplace, sits back down. Behind him, his Moto Guzzi's parked by a bedroll. Gunslinger lifts the cup and as he's about to drink, a shot rings out, ricochets off a rock.

Gunslinger rolls to the ground, draws his Peacemakers and takes cover in the darkness behind the bike. Hearing rock and dirt fall as someone ascends the hill, he opens his Peacemakers - the chambers are empty.

GUNSLINGER  
Highway, you fucking poser.

Gunslinger sees the shooter crest the hill. It's Coulter. Relieved, then dismayed, Gunslinger contemplates his options, stands. Coulter raises the second hand gun.

GUNSLINGER  
Put it down.

Carefully, Gunslinger approaches.

GUNSLINGER  
I've taught boys like -

Coulter pulls the trigger, misses Gunslinger but blows out the front tire. Really pisses off Gunslinger.

GUNSLINGER  
You know how hard it is to patch a  
tire at night?

Coulter fires again. Misses. Knocks the pot into the fire. Gunslinger raises the Peacemakers and cocks the hammers. Coulter turns, runs and fires one last round, shatters Gunslinger's headlight.

Gunslinger rushes over as Coulter slides with the rock and dirt, hops on his Mountain Bike and pedals away. Coulter's Camelbak water storage backpack lays on the ground.

Coulter jumps ditches and cacti, disappears.

EXT. BROWARD GRADE SCHOOL - **GUNSLINGER'S FLASHBACK** -- DAY

An alarm blares as a clean cut Gunslinger in tie, corduroy suit and Hush Puppies ushers a GROUP OF 10 YEAR OLDS into a school bus. Cars speed back and forth everywhere. Choppers fill the air. A jet flies by, too low for comfort.

CHARLIE, 10, one of the students cowers at the sound, turns to Gunslinger, hugs him tight.

GUNSLINGER  
Charlie, you have to get on the bus.

Charlie shakes his head 'no'. Gunslinger motions for the others to board the bus. Reflected in the window, another jet approaches and something falls from it, lands near the school with a tremendous force.

Gunslinger turns around as debris strafes toward the bus. He's blown backward onto the ground. The bus rocks, windows blow, children scream.

Disoriented, Gunslinger sits up. He's still holding Charlie, but the boy's limp. Shrapnel's stuck in the boy's back. He inadvertently saved Gunslinger's life, paid with his own.

Gunslinger rises with Charlie in tow, walks to the bus. Sees crying children, bleeding children, scared children. Students who trust him, look up to him and, tragically, emulate him. Just like Charlie.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Gunslinger watches Coulter ride off in the moonlight.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- NIGHT

Pathfinder's on watch, sits on the compartment. Behind him, Journey, Iron, and Highway sleep on the compartment. From the sand below, a Snake burrows out, slithers between bikes, through tires, wraps around a compartment pole, makes it way to the top.

It coils up and, like a periscope, checks out the surroundings. Unraveling, the Snake crawls over Highway, crosses a gap, approaches The Iron Horseman. It gains more and more speed, opens its mouth wider and wider.

Fangs, dripping saliva, take aim. Suddenly, the Hawk swoops down, digs its claws into the Snake, flies off into the sky, crossing in front of the moon.

EXT. VAN HORN -- MORNING

The Last Outpost's waking up.

INT. GENERAL STORE -- MORNING

As the GENERAL STORE OWNER, 50's, opens the shade, Gunslinger rides by.

EXT. THE WATER TOWER -- MORNING

Gunslinger passes the Church and the Water Tower, turns the corner for Restaurant Street.

INT. LITTLE RED SCHOOL ROOM -- MORNING

The Students are all sitting down, including Coulter and the BMX Kids. Gunslinger rides by, much to their surprise. Coulter pushes out his desk, runs from the room.

EXT. TRUCK WASH -- MORNING

A WORKER hoses garbage from the ground. Through the bleachers, he watches Gunslinger pull into a motorcycle garage. Gunslinger dismounts, speaks with a MECHANIC.

EXT. ARMORY -- MORNING

Carrying a box of shells, Gunslinger exits the Armory, turns and walks down the boardwalk. A piece of wood splinters off. Gunslinger turns. It's Coulter.

Coulter levels the gun, fires again. Misses. Runs forward. His Peacemakers empty, and carrying shells, Gunslinger rushes down the road, hides behind poles, barrels, cars, ducks down an alley.

Coulter turns, whistles and snaps his fingers. Iggy pedals up, skids to a stop and gives Coulter his bike.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MORNING

Gunslinger's reached the opposite boardwalk. Out of breath, he stares at the alley, hurriedly loads a Peacemaker. Coulter flies into the road, barely missing a horse.

Gunslinger runs down the boardwalk as Coulter rides the mountain bike, tries to get a clear shot. Gunslinger dashes for the Church, pulls on the door. It's locked. With Coulter approaching, he shoots the lock.

INT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Gunslinger kicks in the door, enters and shuts it.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Coulter skids to a stop at the door.

INT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Gunslinger leans against the door. He turns around. The CONGREGATION's stopped. The Preacher quickly approaches.

PREACHER

We're in the middle of mass.

GUNSLINGER

There's a kid out there trying to kill me.

PREACHER

I'm sure you'll be fine.

GUNSLINGER  
I'm not going out there.

PREACHER  
This is a house of God.

GUNSLINGER  
Well, if he's home I could use some  
help!

A red light begins blinking on and off. Quickly. A tug of war ensues as Gunslinger and Preacher push and pull the door, keep their voices down.

GUNSLINGER  
He's gonna shoot me.

PREACHER  
Duck.

GUNSLINGER  
I can't shoot back.

PREACHER  
Don't be a pussy.

The Mayor places a hand Preacher's shoulder.

THE MAYOR  
It's fine.

The Preacher begins to protest.

THE MAYOR  
A lawless man wouldn't flee a boy.

The Mayor motions for the ORGANIST to continue. The music resumes. Each pew, each row, each person, works foot pumps rigged to the kneel rests. The blinking red light turns off.

THE MAYOR  
(to Gunslinger)  
Come with me.

The Mayor leads Gunslinger to a side door. Reluctantly, Gunslinger enters. The Mayor follows.

INT. CHURCH CAVERNS -- MORNING

We're descending into the catacombs of the Church. We pass levels of earth, thick wood and metal beams, round air shafts, strung up lights. There's sparkling on the walls, twinkling.

They enter a huge room. A mining room. MEN and WOMEN work earth and rock onto conveyer belts which draw the materials

into a large basin. Water then pulls the earth apart.  
 WORKERS shake the basin, separate dirt from rock and mineral.  
 Gold.

The Mayor and Gunslinger step up. Gunslinger's amazed at  
 the operation, takes in the breath and scope of the room.  
 The sheer planning, the disguise.

The Mayor smiles. He leads Gunslinger away, revealing Specs,  
 the silent member at Ulysses meeting, pulling on a chain.

INT. CHURCH CAVERNS - SMELTING ROOM -- MORNING

The gold's melted down here. The various molds break down  
 into two categories: crucifix and currency.

GUNSLINGER

You're creating an economic system.

The Mayor raises a gold coin. On one side, the name Van  
 Horn. On the other, a number corresponding to the coin's  
 weight, or value.

THE MAYOR

Each citizen will be issued an amount  
 equivalent to one half per cent of  
 the population. Meaning, half the  
 gold leaves the vault, half the gold  
 remains. As the mining continues,  
 the value of the city grows, and  
 each upstanding citizen earns 1/2 a  
 per cent.

GUNSLINGER

Won't that create more violence with  
 rival cities?

THE MAYOR

Bartering's contingent on the  
 condition of the goods and services.  
 Without economic and industrial  
 growth, those goods deteriorate.  
 Imagine the violence when ten men  
 compete for the last spoon. It'll  
 be like grade school, if you can  
 imagine.

They exit the smelting room.

INT. CHURCH CAVERNS -- MORNING

Gunslinger and The Mayor walk through the rest of the mine.

## THE MAYOR

The Crash could've been prevented had the wealthy not rested on their laurels and the powerful not been greedy. This is a chance to rebuild. You have an opportunity to protect that by catching up with your mates, assuming your stay here lasts as long as the securing of provisions, correct?

## GUNSLINGER

And giving that little assassin a time out, sure.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

Coulter sits in the corner of the Little Red School Room. Holding the Second Hand Gun, Marshall Law closes the door, steps to the street.

Gunslinger mounts the Moto Guzzi. It's polished, gassed and ready for wrath. Gunslinger nods to The Mayor, pulls out.

## PREACHER

Did you have to give him so much ammunition?

## THE MAYOR

I would've given him a Bible. But I'm not a Preacher now, am I?

EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER -- DAY

Black skid marks precede the missing span. Iron slows to a stop, followed by the others. They stare off the edge.

## HIGHWAYMAN

What do you think?

## IRON HORSEMAN

They went around.

Journeyman sees The Bandit's chopper in the ravine.

## JOURNEYMAN

Not all of 'em.

Pathfinder checks out the damage through the monocular. Glances at Iron, shakes his head.

## IRON HORSEMAN

They'll have to go through Whiskeytown. Should slow 'em down.

(MORE)

IRON HORSEMAN (CONT'D)  
Those folks are always throwing  
fiestas.

PATHFINDER  
We could make up the time. Maybe  
get ahead of them.

HIGHWAYMAN  
What's out there?

PATHFINDER  
Desert. Few days.

JOURNEYMAN  
Uh...I don't do well in the heat,  
Path. Remember when we rode through  
Border Town?

Highway stares at the bridge.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Let's do it.

Highway turns to the group. Iron extends an arm to the jump.

HIGHWAYMAN  
What?

IRON HORSEMAN  
You wanted to lead.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Iron, Journey and Path watch Highway psyche himself up.

JOURNEYMAN  
Five says he soils himself.

Highwayman revs the bike, stares straight ahead, exhales  
deeply, once, twice, twists the throttle and PEELS OUT.

JOURNEYMAN  
Holy shit!

PATHFINDER  
He's gonna try and do it?!?  
(to Iron)  
Are you gonna stop him?

But it's too late - Highway's just whizzed past them. Iron's  
as amazed as the others. They didn't really intend on jumping  
the bridge.

Highway's going like a motherfucker, faster, faster, faster, shifting gears until he reaches the edge and TAKES OFF...FLIES THROUGH THE AIR....

Iron, Path and Journey watch Highwayman travel across the nothing expanse. He's reached his apex, starts coming down...falling...falling....BAM!!!!...HIGHWAY SLAMS ONTO THE OTHER SIDE....SPARKS SHOOT OUT FROM THE METAL SCRAPING CONCRETE....he straightens the bike out.....HE MADE IT!!!!

Highway turns around lets out a scream of exhilaration, really whoops it up! Iron, Pathfinder and Journeyman are quiet. They're happy he's alive, but now must follow.

JOURNEYMAN

Who goes next?

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BRIDGE -- DAY

Calming down, Highway watches the rest of the group. His eyes narrow, like he can't believe what he's seeing. They're doing scissors-paper-rock.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Iron watches from the side. As does Pathfinder. It's Journeyman's turn to psyche himself up. Journeyman twists the throttle, weaves a little and stops. He pauses, turns the bike around, starts over.

At the starting point, Journey drops his head, revs the bike slowly at first, then quicker and quicker....raises his head. He's determined, twists the throttle and burns rubber straight for the bridge. He passes Iron and Pathfinder, launches off the bridge, flies through the air.

JOURNEYMAN

AL PACINOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....!!!!!!

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BRIDGE -- DAY

Journeyman lands on the other side. Skids to a stop, sets the bike down on his side. Holds his hands up and shouts.

JOURNEYMAN

I AM A GOLDEN GOD!

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Iron clears his throat, reaches for the ignition.

PATHFINDER

No. I gotta go next. I gotta go now.

Pathfinder starts his bike, skids around to the starting position, keeps the motor running and guns it. No non-sense. Iron watches him vault off the bridge, fly through the air...

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BRIDGE -- DAY

Highway and Journey are parked next to eachother.

HIGHWAYMAN

Five says he shorts it.

Journey ignores him. Pathfinder lands, with a couple feet to spare, uses the entire run off, skids the bike around and finds his place next to Journey. They watch as Iron disappears around the corner from the starting position.

PATHFINDER

He's got a lot of weight on that fat boy.

HIGHWAYMAN

He's got more horse power, too.

They hear the revving. It gets louder and louder as Iron appears, the bike humming like a tight end plowing for the end zone.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

The Iron Horseman's Harley reaches the road. He sits up, then slams down on the seat. The tailpipes scrape the concrete. Sparks fly off, ignite the exhaust. Launching off the bridge, his arms strain to raise the bike's nose. He soars like a Hawk.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BRIDGE -- DAY

Highway, Journey and Pathfinder watch The Iron Horseman's jump. His velocity carries him over them and their eyes follow as he lands HARD! Keeps on going. Throws up an arm.

Path and Journey smile, follow. Highway shakes his head.

HIGHWAYMAN

Fuckin' show pony.

EXT. WHISKEYTOWN -- DAY

Ulysses and his men walk through a burned out town. Smoke rises from ash, a few disoriented SURVIVORS move about in shock. This is not a pretty sight.

Ulysses kneels, has flashes of Rusty Cage and his men invading a Community gathering. Horses, arrows, whips, fire, guns.

Despite his deeds and demeanor, he's affected by all before him. Jersey Girl approaches.

ULYSSES

This is my doing.

JERSEY GIRL

You didn't know.

ULYSSES

But I lied. I told him Whiskeytown  
in case he betrayed me. I knew he  
might come looking, but....

The smoke continues to rise, a patch here, a patch there.

ULYSSES

How do I come back from this? After  
the girl at the Outpost? After  
everything since The Crash?

She removes a lanyard from her neck, hands it to him. He rises, approaches the trike, opens cage. Felony and Basil step out, observe the destruction.

BASIL HAYDEN

Looks like God called in sick today.

Jersey Girl joins the others. They're surrounding a large building. It's been blown to hell. Powder marks, deep and wide, surround the entire foundation. There's nothing left of the structure.

SANDMAN

Man, someone wanted this gone.

MINER

In a big way, Otto.

JERSEY GIRL

What was here?

Ulysses lifts a section of wood stuck in the ground like it fell from a great height. It's a cross.

SANDMAN

A church? Why would someone blow up  
a church?

BASIL HAYDEN

Men will die, Nations fall, but Greed,  
Greed lives forever.

Jersey Girl rises, heads back to the cage. Felony kneels by some bodies.

It's the Mother and Daughter who received the picnic basket from Whole Lotta Rosie.

A necklace lays on the Mother's chest. Felony turns it over - the gold crucifix. Jersey Girl takes a blanket from the cage. Together, they drape it over the bodies.

FELONY

This fucking crash. Took my R rated life and pushed it up to NC-17.

JERSEY GIRL

The Crash was the best thing't ever happened to me. Seriously. My life was crap.

Meanwhile, Ulysses walks to his bike. Sandman and Miner are already there.

MINER

How far back you think Iron is?

ULYSSES

They jumped the bridge.

SANDMAN

No way.

ULYSSES

The Iron Horseman has a way of bringing about results. Even when he's unaware, or afraid, to do so. They jumped the bridge. Which will cross them with the men who did this.

BASIL HAYDEN

That resembled admiration.

ULYSSES

I admire him for who he is, hate him for what he did.

BASIL HAYDEN

You can't love a ghost any more'n you can kill one.

Ulysses stares in disgust, fires up his bike, rides off.

SANDMAN

Where are we motoring to?

BASIL HAYDEN

Absolution.

SANDMAN

Rock 'N Roll. They have wings there?

BASIL HAYDEN

In every size.

Sandman downshifts, throws up dust clouds.

EXT. DRY LAKE -- DAY

Iron and his men tear across the dry lake, kicking up four sets of dirt clouds behind them.

INT. PUPPET SHOW KIOSK -- DAY

We're looking at another puppet set of Van Horn. Pinky in the Mayor's hat and The Brain in Basil Hayden's hat, stand by the Little Red School Room. Puppets resembling Iron and the others leave on small wooden motorcycles.

PINKY

What are we gonna do tonight?

THE BRAIN

Same thing we do every night. Try and take over The Last Outpost.

The Puppets bow and the Audience applauds, laughs. They exit the theater, reveal Marshall Law and The Mayor.

EXT. PUPPET SHOW KIOSK -- NIGHT

Marshall Law and The Mayor walk down the boardwalk. The Mayor observes the townspeople, the buildings, takes a moment to adjust furniture, pick up trash.

MARSHALL LAW

We should shut him down.

THE MAYOR

I'm not afraid of a little public scrutiny.

MARSHALL LAW

Neither was John F. Kennedy. Or Mussolini for that matter.

THE MAYOR

I hold the strings around here.  
(hands Marshall trash)  
Remember that.

EXT. DESERT -- EVENING

Highwayman steps over Journey on his way to a small well.  
Journeyman lays by his bike.

PATHFINDER

Journey doesn't do well in the heat.  
He, uh, hallucinates. I wouldn't  
recommend sleeping near him when  
he's delusional.

Iron's taken aback.

PATHFINDER

He'll spoon ya'. Yeah. Happened to  
me last summer. For awhile after, I  
got kinda jealous whenever we went  
to a brothel. Weird, huh?

IRON HORSEMAN

Keep an eye on him.

PATHFINDER

Sure. You don't have to fight him  
off at 5 AM.

Iron joins Highway. They're staring off at the sunset.

IRON HORSEMAN

Dixie Storms are gonna start coming.  
Kick up out of nowhere.

HIGHWAYMAN

How do you do it, Iron? Day after  
day, year after year.

IRON HORSEMAN

I remember what it felt like when I  
wasn't doing the right thing.

HIGHWAYMAN

You're always broke. You've needed  
a new jacket since I met you.

IRON HORSEMAN

The jacket's a reminder. Kinda like  
those pants.

HIGHWAYMAN

Fuck you.

Highway walks off.

IRON HORSEMAN  
 (to himself)  
 There a Mervyn's around here?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT -- MORNING

An old weather vain spins. Pathfinder peers through his monocular. The Iron Horseman jogs down the hill to him.

IRON HORSEMAN  
 Any sign?

PATHFINDER  
 Oh, shit....

Highwayman appears above them, calls down.

HIGHWAYMAN  
 Is he alive!?!

Pathfinder turns to The Iron Horseman.

PATHFINDER  
 This could be bad.

IRON HORSEMAN  
 Bad. Why bad?

PATHFINDER  
 I think he's in his special place.

HIGHWAYMAN  
 What's his special place?

EXT. DESERT PLAIN - **JOURNEYMAN'S HALLUCINATION** -- MORNING

Journeyman's got a cigarette in one hand, a cocktail in the other. It's a stem glass, but without the base to set it on a table. A FEMALE VALET, early 20's, white shirt, black pants, red vest, approaches from behind.

VALET  
 Excuse me? Sir?

Journeyman turns around. She extends a pen and paper.

VALET  
 Can I have your autograph?

Journeyman searches for somewhere to set his glass.

VALET  
 Oh....here.

She leans forward, presents her cleavage. He slips the glass into her shirt, takes the pen and paper, signs the autograph.

VALET

Thank you.

He removes his glass, toasts her. As he heads for the entrance, a convertible red Porsche with the TWO BLONDES pulls up. The Valet approaches.

BLONDE #1

Carl's here?!?

VALET

It is his club.

Blonde #2 lowers her glasses, watches Journeyman enter. The facade is spectacular. Beautiful architecture, arches, brass and a huge neon sign blinking *HOT CARL'S CASA DE MARTINI*.

INT. HOT CARL'S - **JOURNEYMAN'S HALLUCINATION** -- MORNING

Journey enters. Upscale, classy. All the PATRONS and EMPLOYEES are women. And every photo, every drawing, every poster shows Journey in some state of performance, be it film, theater, concert. Journeyman with Spielberg, Scorsese, Pacino, Albert Einstein, Abraham Lincoln, William Shakespeare....

Journey reaches the MAITRE D. She smiles, grabs a menu, leads him down the aisle.

JOURNEYMAN

I'm gonna sit at the bar for a while.

MAITRE D

Your table's always ready.

JOURNEYMAN

You rock.

She passes him, drags a hand across his ass. The bar's a design anomaly. Hundreds of holes line the bar's counter. Journey places his glass stem into one of them.

The BARTENDER approaches. Drop dead gorgeous blonde.

BARTENDER

Ready for another?

JOURNEYMAN

(reluctant)

Oh-kay....

She hops over the bar, straddles him, sticks her tongue down his throat. Someone taps his shoulder. It's Pathfinder. Behind him stands The Iron Horseman.

JOURNEYMAN

Path, can you believe this? There must be a chain of 'em now!

Pathfinder raises an eyebrow to Iron. Highwayman stands quietly by the Maitre D.

JOURNEYMAN

Check it out! Highway can't get in. Ha-ha. I love it!

The Bartender sees Highway, snickers.

BARTENDER

Nice pants. There a Mervyn's around here?

PATHFINDER

C'mon, we gotta get going.

BARTENDER

Hey....Red - I'm on my break, okay?

Pathfinder ignores her. Journeyman cringes.

JOURNEYMAN

Sorry about that.

PATHFINDER

We gotta go, man! C'mon!

JOURNEYMAN

You go. I'll catch up.

Journeyman resumes making out with The Bartender. Pathfinder glances at The Iron Horseman.

IRON HORSEMAN

It's your call.

Pathfinder spins Journey around, the Bartender falls down.

JOURNEYMAN

Path, that was uncool.

BARTENDER

(standing)  
What the fuck, Tonto?

## JOURNEYMAN

Baby, please?  
(to Pathfinder)  
I'll catch up, okay?

He resumes making out with the Bartender.

## PATHFINDER

Dixie Storm's on it's way. You'll  
never survive.

Pathfinder grabs his shoulder again. Journeyman spins around, smacks Pathfinder in the mouth. A larger hand slaps down on Journey's shoulder. As he turns, Iron unloads a punch.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT -- MORNING

The guys are in the same formation, only there's no Hot Carl's. Just desert and sky. Journey falls onto the sand.

## HIGHWAYMAN

Quite a recruiting style you got  
there. Ever work for Scientology?

EXT. DESERT -- MORNING

Iron, Highway, Path and Journey ride on. Journey's looked happier. In the distance, small puffs of dirt begin to swirl upward. The beginnings of a Dixie Storm.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER RIVER -- AFTERNOON

The tranquillity is interrupted by the growing whine of a motorcycle. A Moto Guzzi motorcycle. Gunslinger comes blazing around the corner, going as fast as he can to make up time.

He glances at the skid marks, looks up and sees the missing section. It's too late, he's gotta go for it, and guns the bike for all it's worth.

Gunslinger sails into the air screaming in terror. His voice echoes through the ravine. He lands HARD, swerves, but keeps it together and continues onward. His screaming fades off.

EXT. DESERT -- AFTERNOON

The Dixie Storm's become a giant wall of sand. The guys pull over. The wind's whipping into them. They yell over it.

IRON HORSEMAN

We have to wrap the bikes before the engines seize.

PATHFINDER

There's shelter ahead.

HIGHWAYMAN

What kind of shelter?

PATHFINDER

Drive in.

HIGHWAYMAN

A drive in?

PATHFINDER

Yeah. A family drive in.

HIGHWAYMAN

You mean, like, Italian?

Pathfinder turns away. Journeyman raises a hand for Highway to back off.

HIGHWAYMAN

What?

IRON HORSEMAN

Wrap your bike, Highway.

They pull out tarps, proceed to wrap their respective motorcycles from the elements.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- AFTERNOON

The wall of sand dwarf's our heroes as they rush toward the main structure. Six giant screens, or boards painted white, form a circle. One in particular's getting the brunt of the wind and snaps in half, lifts into the heavens before slamming onto the ground.

They reach the main structure but the door's locked. Iron motions for the others to step back, kicks it in. They rush inside as the sandstorm hits.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- AFTERNOON

A giant room. Concession stand on one end, Men's and Women's Restrooms on the other, metal bars corralling to the cashier, old video games, broken vending machines, poster displays.

Path and Journey secure the door. The wind continues to rattle it. Sand seeps in. Lots of creaking.

There's a hearth in the middle of the room, exhaust pipe stretching through the roof, some broken boards. The Iron Horseman loads it, flips open a zippo, starts a fire.

Highway's checking out the displays. Old posters from just before The Crash and a one sheet featuring a pretty girl, long brown hair, summer dress, standing in a golden field.

Iron steps up behind him.

IRON HORSEMAN

We'll find her, Highway. Trust me.

Iron walks away, sets his things against a far wall. Highway continues to stare at the poster, thinks about who is, what he's done.

Each member's taken refuge against one of the four walls. The fire burns, the wind rattles.

JOURNEYMAN

(whisper)

Path? You okay?

Pathfinder's staring at the broken vending machines. Small, square units, the kind you put a quarter in, turn the knob and a plastic container with a toy inside drops out.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER - **PATHFINDER'S FLASHBACK** -- AFTERNOON

The vending machines are in working order. All the CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES are Native American. YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS run in and out. PARENTS purchase popcorn and candy, TEENAGE BOYS check out TEENAGE GIRLS.

Pathfinder enters with SAMANTHA, 21, a white girl. Path's hair is shorter. He looks young, confident. You could say cocky. At the video games, DAVID BLACKFEATHER, 21, sees Pathfinder enter, nudges JOHN CLEARWATER as he shoots zombies.

DAVID

Hey. Shawn Fanning's back.

John turns, stretches the gun from the game, pretends to shoot Pathfinder.

JOHN

C'mon...

He drops the gun. It swings back and forth. TWO YOUNG BOYS rush up, fight over it as John and David approach Pathfinder.

PATHFINDER

We gotta go through this every time?

JOHN

You upset people when you come here.

PATHFINDER

I can't help it if I went to college and made something of myself.

JOHN

I went to college, too, Danny.

DAVID

We were all in the same classes.

PATHFINDER

Get a refund.

Pathfinder tries to pass them. They won't let him.

JOHN

This isn't about success. It's about pride. Honor. You want to leave the Res, fine. You want to hook up with White Women, that's fine, too.

PATHFINDER

Hey -

JOHN

But when you roll up in a new truck, all fronting and shit, that's when I have a problem.

DAVID

These people, they work hard. And they're happy for you. We're all happy for you. We just wish you weren't ashamed to be Native American.

PATHFINDER

I took an I.T. job at MapQuest, okay? If that ain't Native American enough for ya', then smoke your problems in a peace pipe and toss a Tomahawk with Chief Red Cloud over here.

Pathfinder walks past them with Samantha in tow.

JOHN

You better hope what they're saying ain't true. 'Cause if it is, and The Crash happens, you'll have no where to go, Danny.

Pathfinder flips him off, approaches the vending machines.

SAMANTHA

You don't think those predictions  
are true, do you?

PATHFINDER

Please....

Pathfinder sticks a quarter in the vending machine, turns the knob. The toy gets stuck, doesn't fall. A bad omen. They walk away.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Pathfinder awakes, stares at the vending machine. A far off clanking and banging echoes from above.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER - STAIRWELL -- DAY

Climbing the stairs, Path reaches the top, sees a door broken down. Iron, Highway and Journey enter the projection booth.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH -- DAY

Only one platter's loaded. The other five are disassembled or used as shelves. Against the walls are stacks of film canisters. Highway opens one - jewels, watches, necklaces fall out. Journeyman opens another - baseball cards.

JOURNEYMAN

Rock. And. Roll.

Pathfinder smiles, walks past Journey raising a card from a 60's World Series.

JOURNEYMAN

Koufax Strikes Out 15!

Iron opens his canister - blasting caps, explosives. Like those used at Saddle Creek. They all see the fire power, pour through the other canisters. Shotgun shells, rifle shells, 9 mm, 45's, you name it.

Path reaches the window. Stares at the Dixie Storm, the dust cloud. It dissipates, forms appear - Men, Horses, Motorcycles.

PATHFINDER

I think we got us some movie lovers.

They rush to the window as Pathfinder works the monocular.

HIGHWAYMAN

Who's up front?

Path increases the magnification. Salome, Black Jack, Rusty Cage, the rest of the gang.

PATHFINDER

Long hair. Beard. Oakley's. Looks like he's got a necklace with...uh, they look like....marbles?

Iron exhales, begins loading his rifle, pocketing shells.

IRON HORSEMAN

Those aren't marbles.

HIGHWAYMAN

This is Rusty Cage's place?

Iron nods. Journey drops the baseball card, pulls out his pistol, rolls the chamber. Iron motions to Highway's guns.

IRON HORSEMAN

I'd load those, Highway.

Highway ejects his clip - empty.

IRON HORSEMAN

Path. You and Journey take the main floor. One on each side. Wait 'til I fire first. Highway, stay with me.

Journey and Pathfinder exit the room. Highway walks to the other side, starts piling shells on the window ledge. Iron glances outside.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Pathfinder descends the stairs, followed by Journeyman. They take their positions.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

The dust storm lifts. The gang's returning. From every possible direction.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH -- DAY

Highway moves from window to window.

HIGHWAYMAN

Are we gonna start shooting?

Iron sees the numbers. There's too many. Iron looks around the room, glances up, sees a latch leading to the small roof. He yanks on it, a small ladder unfolds.

IRON HORSEMAN

Get up there.

HIGHWAYMAN

What happened to "I've got a rifle"?

IRON HORSEMAN

You're the odds maker. What are the chances we can drop Rusty Cage and every ex-con who beat death row?

Iron reaches into a canister, grabs Journey's baseball card.

IRON HORSEMAN

Give this to Journey when you see him again.

Iron slips the card into Highway's pocket. Highway ascends the stairs to the roof.

HIGHWAYMAN

Why me? Why not Pathfinder or Journeyman?

Iron hands him the rifle.

IRON HORSEMAN

They'd try and rescue me. You'll save yourself. Wait until nightfall.

Iron slams the roof shut, turns to the window. Bandits dismount horses, motorcycles.

INT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Journey lowers his head, turns to Pathfinder. Pathfinder glances back, sees Journey and pauses.

PATHFINDER

Me, too.

Pathfinder's staring out the window. Knows the score.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

The Gang surrounds the main structure. Highwayman lays on the roof out of sight. BANDITS exit with The Iron Horseman, Pathfinder and Journeyman.

Pathfinder and Journeyman are pushed to the ground. Iron refuses to drop. A minor scuffle ensues. Iron head butts a Bandit and the man falls backward. Another Bandit steps up punches Iron in the stomach, in the face. Nothing.

Through the crowd appears Rusty Cage, Salome and Black Jack.

RUSTY CAGE

The Iron Horseman. You know, I need more castanets for my charm bracelet.

IRON HORSEMAN

Let's take a trip to Border Town. I'll buy you some myself.

Rusty points to Journey and Path, waves his hand. Black Jack and Salome drag them away. Iron struggles.

RUSTY CAGE

Relax. They're getting a better view. How've you been?

IRON HORSEMAN

Better. You?

Rusty removes his shirt, motions for his men to release Iron. Iron removes his vest. He and Rusty circle each other.

RUSTY CAGE

Great. My gang keeps getting bigger. We got plans. The Crash pretty much leveled the playing field for us dark siders. My offer's still open, Iron. We could make a go of the new west, you and me.

IRON HORSEMAN

I had enough of that in the old west.

RUSTY CAGE

You ain't here to do some good?

IRON HORSEMAN

The storm seized up our bikes. We needed a place to wait it out.

RUSTY CAGE

Nature doesn't discriminate between good and evil anymore. God used to watch us like a Hawk. Remember?

IRON HORSEMAN

I try not to.

RUSTY CAGE

You still with Felony? I always liked her. Tough chick. She as limber as she looks?

IRON HORSEMAN

Stop yanking my chain and man up.

EXT. DRIVE IN - SCREENS ONE & TWO -- DAY

Pathfinder stands against the movie screen. His arms have been put through sawed out holes and tied on the other side. Journey's in a similar position on another screen.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Bandits surround Rusty Cage and The Iron Horseman. This is as close as most of us will get to a prison fight. The two start off slowly, feel each other out. Punch here, block there.

Quickly, the fight becomes a grappling match and both men land HARD onto the ground. The Iron Horseman places Rusty in a hold which secures one arm.

RUSTY CAGE

There's few real men left, Iron. I don't trust anyone like I trust you.

But Rusty's a strong motherfucker and slowly wills his way upward, forces The Iron Horseman to the ground.

RUSTY CAGE

I'm looking for some gold. You wouldn't know where I could find it?

He secures Iron's arm's back, pins them under his knees. Rusty grabs Iron by the hair.

RUSTY CAGE

Tell me where the gold is or lose your little swimmers.

IRON HORSEMAN

I don't know about any gold!

RUSTY CAGE

A few hours in the sun'll give you a better perspective.

Frustrated, Rusty pushes off, rises.

RUSTY CAGE

Strap him up.

Rusty disappears into the crowd. Bandits descend on The Iron Horseman, drag him away.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH ROOF -- DAY

Highway's still laying down. Waiting for Dusk. Thinking.

INT. VEGAS CASINO - **HIGHWAYMAN'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

Carrying a briefcase, a dapper looking Highwayman in slick suit and Brylcream strolls toward a Gambling Area. TWO SECURITY GUARDS, like the ones in his first sequence, prohibit his entrance.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Ex-dealers can't play here.

HIGHWAYMAN  
C'mon, guys, just a few hands. What's the harm? I promise I'll lose.

Highway scans the gambling area, makes eye contact with a GAMBLER, 50's, gray hair, moustache.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
You're lucky you have both knee caps.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Should use 'em while you can.

Highway nods at the Gambler, walks away.

INT. VEGAS BATHROOM - **HIGHWAYMAN'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

The Gambler and Highwayman are crowded in a stall. The Gambler's on one knee. Highway hands him the briefcase.

GAMBLER  
Same combination?

HIGHWAYMAN  
Yep.

GAMBLER  
All this talk about the internet crashing and gas lines erupting's really got you spooked.

HIGHWAYMAN  
I'm the odds maker. My money's on it happening.

The Gambler rolls the combination lock. 666. Clicks the latches, opens the case. Gold. Lots of gold.

GAMBLER  
(closing case)  
You got a seat on my plane.

The Gambler rises. Lifts the heavy case.

HIGHWAYMAN

Two seats.

GAMBLER

Two seats. Yeah...

(turns around)

Well, if it ends up being one.....

He runs his fingers over his moustache, raises an eyebrow.

GAMBLER

....she'll haveta improvise.

Highwayman steps aside, lets him pass.

INT. VEGAS SHOWROOM - **HIGHWAYMAN'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

Highway leans against the entrance. Watches Felony, in full Showgirl regalia, perform with a dance line behind a CELEBRITY IMPERSONATOR. Suddenly, the lights blink on and off. Everyone begins to panic.....comes back on. There's a sigh of relief, the show continues....*then everything goes black.*

EXT. VEGAS CASINO - **HIGHWAYMAN'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

It's fucking chaos. Cars moving through the night, people running back and forth. Highwayman leads Felony out the front, pushes through the crowd, reaches stairs descending to the valet parking.

The Gambler shuts the briefcase in the trunk of his car. He sees Highway, jumps in the back. The car burns rubber, and the laughing Gambler mocks Highway from the window. Runs his fingers over his moustache.

Highway stands defeated. Felony waits for his next move.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH ROOF -- NIGHT

Highway's gone.

He's slipped off the roof, walks down from the balcony. Descending the stairs, he passes a couple generators. Turning the corner, he sees the far side of the area.

An X-Games Shangri-La. Dirt bikes rev through the air, end over end, completing 360's and the like. Bandits ride horses toward each other as if they're jousting, only in place of staffs they carry whips, try to wrap them around their opponent's neck and drag them to the ground.

Other Bandits play chicken with knives, throwing them at eachother's feet. One takes a blade in the shoe, screams.

Around the other corner, Highway sees a crowd of Bandits of both sexes writhing to a BAND blasting music. Chicks dance in cages, animals growl in cages, flames jet from pipes.

More Bandits shoot trap, using bound cd's and dvd's as clay pigeons. Barbecues smoke away, troughs brim with alcohol and ice. Everything's powered by generators.

Dragging an odd looking hose with small faucets attached every five feet, a Bandit pushes by Highway, lays the hose along a stretch of choppers. It leads to a gas pipe which runs out of the Drive In, stretches endlessly into the desert.

Suddenly, the music shuts off. Stops completely. Some of the lights go out and the band puts down their instruments. The Bandits file toward another screen.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - SCREEN SIX -- NIGHT

Bandits crowd the parking area of Screen Six. There's a special platform for Rusty Cage, Black Jack and Salome. Rusty drinks from his Pimp Cup, points to the screen.

RUSTY CAGE

GOLD!

His men echo the sentiment. On the screen, Geoffrey Rush speaks to Johnny Depp in a scene from *PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN*. Huge speakers blast the sound over the generators.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

A storm's brewing in the distance. Rain clouds. Lightning.

Highway's made it past the trees. He stops by the felled wooden screen structure, kneels - when a pistol's put to his head. It's Gunslinger.

Relieved, Highway smiles. But Gunslinger forces Highway to the ground, sticks a Peacemaker in both of Highway's ears.

HIGHWAYMAN

Whoa-whoa-whoa! It's not what it looks like.

Gunslinger cocks his pistols.

GUNSLINGER

Is it ever?

Gunslinger checks out the surroundings. Calculates whether or not he can blow Highway's brains out and still survive. He sees Path, Iron and Journey against the screens.

HIGHWAYMAN  
How'd you find us?

Gunslinger motions to the sky. The Hawk circles in moonlight.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - RUSTY CAGE -- NIGHT

Black Jack throws a piece of silver on the table.

BLACK JACK  
The second screen.

RUSTY CAGE  
Watch the movie!

Rusty glances at Salome. She shrugs.

RUSTY CAGE  
Fuck it.

Black Jack aims at Journey, pulls the trigger.

EXT. DRIVE IN - SCREEN TWO -- NIGHT

The bullet knocks out a piece of wood by Journey's head.  
Wakes him up.

PATHFINDER  
You okay?

Journey nods. Sees *PIRATES* on the other screen.

JOURNEYMAN  
Alright!! Path, it's *PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN!*

PATHFINDER  
Yeah. Maybe they'll put on *FINDING NEMO* next.

JOURNEYMAN  
That would rock!

Path shakes his head, looks at Iron. Iron shrugs.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

GUNSLINGER  
The bikes?

HIGHWAYMAN  
Two hundred yards over there.  
Covered.

GUNSLINGER

You have a plan?

Highway nods. Gunslinger uncocks the Peacemakers.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- NIGHT

Carrying a large gas can, Gunslinger walks past the Choppers. Coming toward him is Black Jack. Gunslinger stealthily turns down a row of bikes, ends up by the main structure.

Standing in the shadows by a tree, he waits for Black Jack to pass. Gunslinger unscrews the top, pours gas on the bark, leans the can against the tree. He returns to the pipe area, watches a Bandit place faucets in the chopper's tanks.

Behind Gunslinger, another Bandit appears.

BANDIT

He showing you the drill?

GUNSLINGER

Uh, no, I was just checking it out.  
Pretty efficient.

BANDIT

Yeah, he worked hard putting it all together. It's gonna suck when Rusty gets that Basil motherfucker. He'll probably wanna re-rig all our shit. Unless he takes a bullet, of course.

GUNSLINGER

Of course.

BANDIT

Where'd we pick you up? Whiskeytown, Saddle Creek or Bairnsdale?

GUNSLINGER

Uh, Saddle Creek.

Bandit nods.

BANDIT

Too bad. That was a nice town.

The Gas Bandit shouts, waves a hand.

BANDIT

Here we go.

He turns the nozzle, fills the first row of choppers. The Gas Bandit walks down the line, turns each individual faucet

on, then walks back and turns them off, stretches the hose to the next row, repeats the process.

Gunslinger grabs another can, sets it on top of the first. He walks over to the stage and checks out the animals, unlatches the cages but doesn't open the doors. He does the same at the stables, and walks away with a length of rope.

Coming around the main structure, he nearly bumps into Salome.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

The Iron Horseman stands with his hands through the wood, bound on the other side.

HIGHWAYMAN (O.S.)  
Hey, Iron, can you hear me?

IRON HORSEMAN  
I wanted you to save Felony.

HIGHWAYMAN (O.S.)  
Well, I ran into Gunslinger.

In the distance, Iron sees Gunslinger ascend the projection booth stairs carrying a gas can.

HIGHWAYMAN (O.S.)  
He jumped the bridge!

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - BEHIND IRON'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

Highway frees Iron's hands.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Wait for the fireworks.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

Iron turns toward the other screens. Pathfinder gives a nod. Watching the movie, Journey inadvertently pulls his hand from the hole, scratches his nose, puts it back.

IRON HORSEMAN  
Better step it up. The credits are starting.

RUSTY CAGE (O.S.)  
No one watches the credits.

Rusty sets his Pimp Cup by Iron's feet, climbs onto the base.

RUSTY CAGE  
You ever watch the credits?

IRON HORSEMAN

Nah, what's behind the screen should remain behind the screen.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - BEHIND IRON'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

Highway stands very still.

IRON HORSEMAN (O.S.)

I see you got yourself a girl.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

RUSTY CAGE

Salome? Yeah, she's my turbo lover.  
'Til she gets a fat ass.

He laughs. Iron smiles.

RUSTY CAGE

It's true. How many biker babes keep their can in the label? None I know.

IRON HORSEMAN

Well, congratulations anyway.

RUSTY CAGE

Thanks, man. You know, you almost met her.

IRON HORSEMAN

Really?

RUSTY CAGE

Yeah. Who was that asshole you used to ride with?

(snaps fingers)

Can't remember that cocksucker's name.

IRON HORSEMAN

The Highwayman?

Rusty points at Iron.

RUSTY CAGE

That's it. Highway. He came to me a while back begging me to off you. Seriously. Wanted me to take you to the river. Wanted it to be a girl.

IRON HORSEMAN

That so?

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - BEHIND IRON'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

Highway's helpless, can't do shit but listen. And sweat.

RUSTY CAGE (O.S.)

I told him to go fuck a cousin.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

IRON HORSEMAN

I appreciate it.

RUSTY CAGE

I said, 'look, you don't just kill someone like The Iron Horseman. If he puts himself in your way, that's one thing. But other'n that....'

IRON HORSEMAN

I'll bring it up next time I see him.

RUSTY CAGE

I'll bring it up if you want. Hell, I'll make a necklace outta his toddies specifically for you. Just say the word.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - BEHIND IRON'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

IRON HORSEMAN (O.S.)

That'd be great.

RUSTY CAGE (O.S.)

You got it.

Highway mouths "what!".

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

RUSTY CAGE

So tell me, what d'you think about Ulysses. Can I trust him?

IRON HORSEMAN

Well, he was a stand up guy before The Crash. But after his friend killed himself, he turned into a real bottom feeder like you.

Rusty wipes his nose like Iron hit him. Smiles.

RUSTY CAGE

He's supposed to bring me Basil Hayden. I'm supposed to give him you. What do you think about that?

IRON HORSEMAN

Even trade? Or is it a 'player to be named later' kinda thing

RUSTY CAGE

Even trade.

IRON HORSEMAN

I'm honored. Thanks.

Rusty nods.

RUSTY CAGE

A few days up here, you could die. What good's that? Felony's back on the beaver bench and I won't have anyone to play with. At least if you join me, you could keep me from doing bad things like egging trucks and stealing stop signs.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

Gunslinger finishes pushing a chopper to the edge of the Drive In. There are four others waiting. He glances up at the sky. It's about to rain. Lightning streaks across the night, storm clouds ready themselves.

He cracks his neck, turns around and stares at the various gas can targets. Dropping his head, Gunslinger takes a deep breath then raises his eyes. Centered, determined.

He lifts Iron's rifle.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - IRON HORSEMAN'S SCREEN -- NIGHT

The first canister by the wild animal cages EXPLODES followed by the canister near the refueling bikes. Rusty turns toward The Iron Horseman. Iron frees his hands, grabs Rusty by the shoulders and head butts him off the platform.

As Rusty falls to the ground, Iron slides down a beam.

IRON HORSEMAN

Which way?

Highway points to the bikes. They make a dash for the cycles.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- NIGHT

More canisters EXPLODE, fire spreads, BANDITS scramble, animals run in terror.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT

Pathfinder and Journeyman start a chopper each and high tail it away. As Iron and Highway rush past Gunslinger, Gunslinger tosses Iron the rifle, draws his Peacemakers and continues to provide cover.

Highway mounts a chopper as Iron hits the gas, spins the bike around, starts shooting. Gunslinger hops on his and peels out, followed by Highway. The bikes drag large wooden boards, creating a smoke screen between them and the Bandits.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- NIGHT

The storm breaks and rain drenches the main structure. Nature's provided a helping hand. Bandits mount bikes and horses, offer pursuit. Rusty Cage and Salome are among the last to mount up and pull out.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER - FURTHER AWAY -- NIGHT

The Iron Horseman, et al ride in formation toward their motorcycles. Suddenly, they all hit the brakes, skid to a stop in unison, remain motionless.

Ulysses, Sandman, Miner and Jersey Girl stand before them with guns drawn. A few yards behind, Felony and Basil refuel the covered bikes.

ULYSSES

Get Down!

Ulysses and his gang open fire at the approaching Bandits. Iron, Gunslinger and the rest drop to the sand. Bandit's fly off choppers, choppers careen into other vehicles, take out horses.

Like the machine they used to be, Iron's team breaks off one by one, mounts their bikes and rides away. Journey's first, then Pathfinder. Gunslinger rides his own and is handed what appears to be a water tarp but clearly contains fuel.

Highway breaks off, approaches Felony, yells over the noise.

HIGHWAYMAN

You okay?

Felony nods. He mounts his bike and turns, waiting for her to get on. She glances at Iron, back to Highway. He revs the bike and she walks away.

Frustrated, Highway pulls out. Iron approaches Felony and they embrace. He mounts his bike, takes her hand, swings her on.

The rain has settled the dust cloud. In the distance, fire still burns at the Drive In.

Two Choppers approach the group, slowly, quietly. Rusty Cage dismounts, takes a step or two forward, Salome following. He stares directly at Ulysses.

RUSTY CAGE

If you think I'll sit around as the world goes by, you're thinkin' like a fool cause it's a case of do or die. Out there is a fortune waitin' to be had, you think I'll let it go you're mad, you've got another thing comin'.

Rusty lets out a loud, bellowing laugh, the fire behind him, the rain falling down, his woman hanging on him. Ulysses mounts his bike, pulls out. Iron turns to Rusty, knows he'll face him again. He shifts the bike into gear, rides away.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN -- NIGHT

Both Ulysses' and Iron's gang roll across the desert, silhouetted by the moon.

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

As close to heaven as we've seen. Small lakes, palm trees, cliffs, waterfalls, clouds. The Group circles their bikes and dismount. Iron turns around to Felony.

FELONY

Whiskeytown's gone.

IRON HORSEMAN

What?

FELONY

It's gone. Rusty Cage 9/11'd the whole village. Men, women, children.

Gunslinger approaches.

GUNSLINGER

Excuse me.

(to Felony)

Can I steal him for a minute?

Felony nods. Iron dismounts, walks a few yards away. Highway steps up to Felony.

HIGHWAYMAN  
They treat you alright?

FELONY  
I'm fine.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Nobody - ?

FELONY  
I'm fine.

Highway nods, glances at Gunslinger and The Iron Horseman. Sees Gunslinger mouth the word "gold". Gunslinger notices Highway staring, moves out of view.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Hold that thought.

FELONY  
You mean, 'I'm fine'?

Highway makes a beeline for Iron and Gunslinger. Gunslinger sees him approach, walks away.

GUNSLINGER  
I'll talk to you later.

Expecting to see Felony, Iron turns, but it's Highway. Iron loses his smile.

IRON HORSEMAN  
She okay?

HIGHWAYMAN  
Who? Oh - she's a rock. What's up with Gunslinger?

IRON HORSEMAN  
(walking away)  
He wants Rusty to make him a necklace.

Iron takes Felony's hand, walks to the others. They look up to Iron. He motions toward Highway.

IRON HORSEMAN  
He saved us. Don't forget that.

They nod. Barely.

Alone, Highway watches Iron and Felony move into the woods. Ulysses unloads his bike with Jersey Girl. Gunslinger joins Journey and Pathfinder. Miner and Sandman start a fire. Basil steps up to Highway.

BASIL HAYDEN

There's two sides to every sword,  
Damocles. Best pay attention to  
what hangs by a thread.

TIME CUT:

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

Journey, Path and Gunslinger sit on one side of the fire.  
Miner and Sandman the other. Highway comes out of the  
darkness, stands between the two groups.

PATHFINDER

Didn't you see the skid marks?

JOURNEYMAN

He was airborne, Path. He didn't  
have time to go ca-ca.

GUNSLINGER

Only thing I saw was a pissed off  
hawk and ungraded book reports.  
Scariest thing I've ever experienced.

He glances up at Highway.

GUNSLINGER

Maybe second scariest.

Highway pulls out his deck.

HIGHWAYMAN

Whaddya say we Bronco?

He motions toward Sandman and Miner.

EXT. CLIFF ABOUT WATERFALL -- NIGHT

It looks like the edge of the universe. A cliff hangs high  
above the clouds, a large waterfall and lake beneath it.  
Felony turns to Iron, smiles.

FELONY

How big a drop you think it is?

IRON HORSEMAN

Too far to jump.

FELONY

Even to see me naked?

EXT. LAKE -- NIGHT

We're underwater. Felony and Iron plunge through the surface, swim their way back up. It's exhilarating. Felony peels off her top, throws it to shore. Iron does the same with his vest and shirt. He wears Felony's crucifix. It's floating.

FELONY  
You found my necklace.

He starts to remove it.

FELONY  
Keep it.

IRON HORSEMAN  
You sure?

FELONY  
It's yours until you leave me.

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

Sandman and Miner are winning all the stuff. Pathfinder, Journey and Gunslinger have little. Highway's enjoying the power trip.

JOURNEYMAN  
(under his breath)  
Such a dick.

HIGHWAYMAN  
You say something Journeyman?

JOURNEYMAN  
Yeah, I said -

Pathfinder nudges him.

JOURNEYMAN  
Thanks for...saving...us out there.  
Buddy.

PATHFINDER  
(skeptical)  
You were on Broadway?

JOURNEYMAN  
Yeah, I played - fuck you.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Okay, guys. Ante up.

Highway tosses out the *KOUFAX STRIKES OUT 15* baseball card. Journeyman sees it, looks up at Highway. Highway winks at him, mouths "sit down". Journey reluctantly does.

EXT. SHORE -- NIGHT

A small fire burns. Iron's on his back holding Felony.

FELONY

Whiskeytown was some sort of epiphany for Ulysses. Like he realized he wasn't as cool as he thought he was, you know?

She repositions her head on him. Iron considers what she's said, continues stroking her hair, closes his eyes.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - **IRON'S FLASHBACK** -- DAY

Cleaned up in well trimmed suits, The Iron Horseman and Rusty Cage walk down a hallway. They pass various WORKERS who turn in curiosity. Rusty carries a legal sized envelope.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - **IRON'S FLASHBACK** -- DAY

DARREN FALLBROOK, 30's, professional, sits behind his desk. Rusty Cage walks behind his chair, jacket off, sleeves rolled up. The envelope's opened on the desk with photos of DARREN'S CHILDREN, their school, their stores, bank info, etc.

DARREN FALLBROOK

Where did you get all this information?

IRON HORSEMAN

The internet's a powerful silent partner.

RUSTY CAGE

Yeah, at least until it crashes with the gas lines and power grids.

He winks at Iron who's sitting on a couch. Iron turns his attention to Darren.

IRON HORSEMAN

We're not asking for a lot. And the health and welfare of your relatives is an honorable concession.

DARREN FALLBROOK

These men, their families, they work hard.

IRON HORSEMAN

Sometimes, you have to tell people  
the world's flat, even if you don't  
believe it.

Rusty throws a fist into Darren's ribs, knocks him to the  
ground. Iron rises, steps over, looms above him.

IRON HORSEMAN

Their jobs go south of the border,  
so do these photos.

RUSTY CAGE

Or we'll just send your family there.  
Parts of 'em, at least.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - **IRON'S FLASHBACK** -- DAY

A large mahogany table. On one side, the CORPORATE HEAD and  
his lawyers. On the other Darren and the UNION  
REPRESENTATIVES including Ulysses and MATTHEW FURRILLO, 30's.  
Matthew wears a new leather jacket. The emblem on the back  
reads: DETROIT IRON WORKERS - LOCAL 341.

Sitting against the wall behind the Corporate Head are Iron  
and Rusty Cage, in perfect view of Darren.

DARREN FALLBROOK

We've decided to help the company by  
dissolving the Union.

CORPORATE HEAD

I'm very pleased to hear this.

MATTHEW

Our medical insurance. It won't  
change will it? I've got a daughter  
and she desperately needs that  
coverage. Without it, there's just  
my life insurance.

CORPORATE HEAD

I give you my word. It won't.

Ulysses glances at the Corporate Head, a smirking Rusty Cage,  
The Iron Horseman. Iron averts his eyes.

EXT. IRON WORKS - **IRON HORSEMAN'S FLASHBACK** -- DAY

Massive amounts of downtrodden WORKERS exit the plant, among  
them Ulysses, Matthew and Specs. Pulling up to the sidewalk's  
The Iron Horseman on his pre-customized Harley.

IRON HORSEMAN

What's going on?

MATTHEW

They fucked us. Laid off half the plant. Canceled our benefits.

SPECS

We're heading over to Darren Fallbrook's house to thank the son of a bitch.

Ulysses stares at Iron. Hard eyes. Angry.

ULYSSES

Harley's are for Americans.  
(spits on ground)  
Get a rice burner.

INT. IRON HORSEMAN'S HOUSE - **IRON'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

Iron's sitting in his living room watching "*REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER*".

BILL MAHER

One of the leading warning bell activists is Professor Leonard Rubin. Professor Rubin, would you care to offer a rebuttal?

The television cuts to Professor Rubin, the future Mayor Of Van Horn, respectable, bookish.

THE MAYOR

We are rapidly approaching a dangerous over extension of our resources and finances. If we don't stop *RIGHT NOW* and make some adjustments it will be too late. We've over leveraged ourselves with fiber optics, we've not taken care to provide our fuel and power grid upgrades. We have a false sense of security when it comes to our borders. Our banks and financial obligations are too reliant on the internet....

Suddenly, the picture window behind The Iron Horseman shatters and a package rolls on the floor. Iron rushes over. Ulysses stands on the lawn in black suit, white shirt.

ULYSSES

You wear that you son of bitch! You wear that!

Ulysses returns to his car, peels out on Iron's lawn. Iron opens the package, it's Matthew's Iron Workers jacket. An article details Matthew's death when his car hit a train.

## THE MAYOR

The few are far between. Our leaders are't leading. The Rich refuse to help the poor and the poor are too tired to help themselves. We are running out of time. The end is nigh.

And then it happens. The flickering, the power shuts off.

EXT. IRON HORSEMAN'S HOUSE - **IRON'S FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT

Iron walks outside. In his hands, the jacket: *DETROIT IRON WORKERS - LOCAL 341*. For miles, lights shut off as grid after grid goes down. The end is very fucking nigh.

From a higher elevation, lights shut off across the county, higher up - the state, higher - the country, higher - North America. Finally, the earth spins around, lights shutting off until the planet's dark.

Very quickly, we descend downward, close into North America, into the Southwest, into a patch of green surrounded by desert, until we're looking at:

EXT. SHORE -- NIGHT

Iron sits on a rock about 20 yards above Felony as she sleeps covered by a blanket. Iron stares at the water. Ulysses sits a few feet away.

## ULYSSES

Before The Crash. My friend -

## IRON HORSEMAN

Set me straight. I've been taking care of his jacket ever since.

Ulysses stares off into the distance.

## ULYSSES

How do you know when you're forgiven?  
When you're finally done?

## IRON HORSEMAN

I haven't got there yet. But I'll tell you this, doing the right thing, living with honor, makes me feel like I'm getting there.

## ULYSSES

Rusty Cage knows they mine gold in the church.

The Iron Horseman nods.

ULYSSES

You lead. I'll follow.

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

The group plays poker. Highway loses another hand. Jersey Girl wins his dice. He's lost something to each of them.

HIGHWAYMAN

I'm out.

Highway walks away. Journey stares at his baseball card.

GUNSLINGER

He betrayed us, Journey.

JOURNEYMAN

Iron forgave him.

GUNSLINGER

Iron's past is so dark he'd forgive Charles Manson. I say we watch our backs. Tiger's don't file their fangs and scorpions don't wear bells.

PATHFINDER

We are talkin' about someone who'd order French Onion soup just to piss off the dishwasher.

Highway appears behind them.

HIGHWAYMAN

Anyone I know?

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE - WOODS LEADING TO CAMP -- NIGHT

Ulysses approaches the campsite, hears the guys whooping it up, cheering. He pushes through the brush, emerges to a fight between Journey and Pathfinder. Ulysses moves toward Jersey Girl, Miner and Sandman.

JERSEY GIRL

These guys are crazy.

MINER

They just go 'round and 'round.

SANDMAN

Tell me we're not riding with them.

Iron and Felony step from the forest. Felony wears the vest, Ulysses glances over and Iron slips it off her.

HIGHWAYMAN

You have a good time with my sister?

Iron pushes him, steps to the scuffle, separates the fighters.

IRON HORSEMAN

Take a walk.

Iron turns to Gunslinger. On the spot, he rubs his neck.

GUNSLINGER

Well, we were bitchin' about Highway and, I don't know how he did it, but Highway twisted it around, made it between Journey and Pathfinder.

Iron sees Pathfinder and Journeyman walking in different directions, turns to Highway sitting on his bike with a cup of coffee. He raises it in a toast.

FELONY

You are such a dick!

HIGHWAYMAN

Sticks and stones, Show Girl.

JERSEY GIRL

Where's Basil?

Everyone glances around. No sign of him.

JERSEY GIRL

He wasn't a prisoner, he was free to go.

MINER

It's just kinda convenient how Highway creates this turmoil and next thing we know...

SANDMAN

...Basil's gone.

No one says anything else. Looks tell all. Felony turns to her brother. He meets her gaze. She lowers her eyes.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

The bikes are loaded. Everyone surrounds Pathfinder as he kneels by his maps.

PATHFINDER

With the bridge out and Rusty Cage at the turnabout, our only choice is to continue through the Cemetery and the Hill of Crosses. Come around the back of the Outpost.

IRON HORSEMAN

What about Rusty?

ULYSSES

We blew out his gas line.

EXT. DRIVE IN THEATER -- DAY

Rusty stands before a line of MEN ON HORSEBACK.

ULYSSES (O.S.)

They'll go through Whiskeytown. With horses. Repair the line then send the rest of his men once the pipe is flowing.

Rusty throws up an arm and yells. The Riders take off. He turns toward the gas pipe. It's dry.

EXT. EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE -- NIGHT

Iron starts his Harley, Felony's next to it. She sees Highway fire up his bike, spin around, ride in the opposite direction.

FELONY

What's he doing?

GUNSLINGER

Going after Basil.

Iron prepares to follow. Felony places an arm on his shoulder.

FELONY

He's not splitting us up again.

IRON HORSEMAN

He could die out there.

Felony gets on the bike.

FELONY

Who's the odds maker, you or him?

Iron drops it in gear, drags on throttle. The rest of the group follows. They're moving on without Highway.

EXT. HILL OF CROSSES -- NIGHT

A series of slate rock slopes stretch as far as the eye can see. Protruding from the rocks are endless crosses with skeletal remains. The bikes roll past.

JOURNEYMAN

Is it me or does anyone else have a feeling of dread? Anyone? Bueller? Bueller?

PATHFINDER

I assume they don't call it the cemetery for the festive atmosphere.

JERSEY GIRL

(to Ulysses)  
We'll be fine, right?

Ulysses doesn't answer.

GUNSLINGER

It's getting late. Should we camp here, go through in morning?

IRON HORSEMAN

We don't have time.

SANDMAN

What's that Hunter S. Thompson line?

MINER

It hasn't got weird enough yet for me.

SANDMAN

That's it.

Lights appear. Lanterns, swinging near the ground, carried by MEN IN ROBES. Iron motions toward the crucifixes, the hanging skeletons.

IRON HORSEMAN

All of those bodies used to be corporate lawyers. The Monks were men whose families suffered before The Crash. It's a hard thing to come back from.

ULYSSES

The loss?

IRON HORSEMAN

The vengeance.

JOURNEYMAN

Can we get the fuck out of here?

SANDMAN

Like right fucking now.

Iron smiles, revs the engine a little faster. In the background, Monks continue across the rocks.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN -- NIGHT

The group rolls through the desert. Each is tired, burned out. Their headlights cross abandoned vehicles, animals, shacks, businesses.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN -- NIGHT

Riding through the desert, the group sees more remnants from life before The Crash. Various manners of picked apart vehicle, fallen shelters, billboards, skeletons.

Sandman glances to the side, sees some movement. Adjusting a headlight, catches an alligator running along the sand with what looks like a rabbit in its mouth. A moment later, it disappears underground.

EXT. THE LAST OUTPOST -- MORNING

Another day's begun in Van Horn. Townspeople go about their lives, the church bell rings, vehicles and horses move up and down boulevards.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- MORNING

From the Deacon's campsite we peer off. There's a spray of dirt on the horizon. The Iron Horseman and his clan return.

A COUPLE BMX KIDS riding on the hills skid to a stop, see the men on motorcycles. They follow, jump over mounds, pedal as they crest the hill and stop at the overlook.

Suddenly, the sound of hooves on dirt precedes Rusty Cage's HORSE RIDERS as they gallop toward the other side of town. Iron turns to Felony.

IRON HORSEMAN

Will you stay with the kids?

Felony nods. Ulysses turns to Jersey Girl.

JERSEY GIRL

You ask that question you better be looking at one of these pussies.

She shakes a thumb at Sandman and Journeyman behind her.

EXT. VAN HORN - OTHER SIDE -- DAY

Like the charge of the Light Brigade, Rusty's Horse Riders, led by Black Jack, move en masse toward the Outpost.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Felony and the kids watch Iron and the others roar toward Van Horn. Both groups'll enter at the same time.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

Townspeople stop in the street, the boardwalks, the shops. Hear the hooves, the bikes. Rushing inside, they bolt doors, close windows, hide.

Iron, et al, roll past the bell tower. Heading full force from the other direction are the Bandits on horseback. Iron removes the rifle from it's sheath, puts the bike on cruise control, fires into the pack.

Bandits return fire, sling out whips and split apart, charging on the boardwalks. Lit dynamite is thrown through windows and doorways, fire starts and walls splinter.

A Bandit wraps his whip around Sandman's neck, yanks him out of his seat and to the ground. His motorcycle careens up the stairs, smashes through the Saloon. Sandman's dragged through the street, struggles to free himself.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Sandman's bike spins through the bar, bounces off beams. The Mayor steps up to the front with some Townspeople, sees Sandman in the street.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Sandman struggles to his knees, turns as the Bandit and his horse trample him. He rolls to his death.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

The Mayor winces, drops his head.

THE MAYOR  
Get him out of the road.

No one moves.

THE MAYOR  
NOW!

Townspeople rush from the Saloon.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron sees Townspeople tending to Sandman. The Bandits ride around the corner and disappear.

IRON HORSEMAN

Split up.

EXT. VAN HORN - RED LIGHT DISTRICT -- DAY

The Bandits continue their run, causing minor damage, inspecting the lay of the land. Iron, Pathfinder and Journeyman emerge from an alley, cut through the middle of the pack, downing riders in the process.

Horses fall, others jump the bikes, but the Bandits do not slow. Iron's group opens fire as they turn another corner.

EXT. VAN HORN - OTHER SIDE -- DAY

Again, The Bandits emerge. Ulysses, Gunslinger, Miner and Jersey Girl have blocked the end of the street with their bikes. Black Jack raises his hand. The Bandits stop.

He stares down Ulysses. No one fires. Black Jack glances at the buildings, the structures, the boardwalk before slowly backing up his horse. He glances down each avenue, checks out the buildings, the structures.

Iron's group rolls into the street. Black Jack smiles, turns his horse and leads the remaining Bandits away. Iron, Ulysses and the others re-convene.

IRON HORSEMAN

Sandman?

Ulysses shakes his head. They watch Black Jack disappear.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

Townspeople can't vacate quick enough. Highway enters Van Horn through the Exodus with Basil on the back. They reach the Saloon. On the steps, Iron argues with Marshall Law. The rest of the group surrounds them.

IRON HORSEMAN

Those were reconnaissance riders. They saw the lay of the land and are re-grouping with Rusty Cage. They will return. From all directions.

MARSHALL LAW

We can't just let him go. He kidnapped Basil, killed that girl.

The Mayor turns to The Preacher.

THE MAYOR  
We have to do something about this  
Exodus.

PREACHER  
(re: Deacon)  
He's got it covered.

Deacon stands by the Bell Tower entrance. People file past.

THE MAYOR  
(softly to Preacher)  
Being a man of the cloth means more  
than jacking off into one.

The Mayor descends the steps with a shotgun.

DEACON  
You have all put a price on humanity.  
And it is fear. When people speak  
of Van Horn, they will remember  
cowards, abandonment.

TOWNSPERSON #1  
It's no use. We might as well let  
them have it.

DEACON  
Do you remember Lincoln Savings,  
Medicare, Iraq? Each of us opposed  
those tragic events, but did nothing  
to prevent them.

Deacon sees a YOUNG FATHER with a SON.

DEACON  
You sir. What will you tell your  
boy when he's older and asks about  
Van Horn? Will you tell him how you  
refused to defend it?

A WOMAN passes with her DAUGHTER.

DEACON  
And you, Ma'am. What will you say  
when your daughter asks why she is a  
slave? Will you tell her to make  
the best of life with a man she fears?  
There are a million reasons to let  
truth rot on the vine, dismiss honor,  
ignore responsibility.  
(MORE)

DEACON (CONT'D)

But those reasons died with The Crash.  
We cannot be bought or sold, we cannot  
be leveraged by those with more money,  
more influence, more power. This,  
my friends, *is* The Last Outpost!

The speech isn't working. The population's leaving.  
Suddenly, shot blasts into the air. The crowd cowers as The  
Mayor pushes through, fires a second blast.

THE MAYOR

Any man who walks away from this  
fight has no place once it's over.

TOWNSPERSON #1

We don't know from fighting.

TOWNSPERSON #3

(re: Iron, et al)  
They're job is to fight.

TOWNSPERSON #2

We're farmers, not killers.

DEACON

If you're willing to let him die for  
you, the least you can do...the  
*least...is* watch him bleed.

Iron reloads his rifle, turns to Pathfinder. Pathfinder  
nods, rushes to the Bell Tower, climbs up the side. Iron  
heads to his bike, reaches into his shirt and pulls out a  
necklace with a few keys on it.

He unlocks a side box - a pair of Glock 26's, clips and  
shoulder holster. Removing his vest, he straps on the  
holster, slaps clips into the Glocks, grabs the rifle and  
turns around.

HIGHWAYMAN

And you wonder why I'm like this.

Iron glances into the bar. Basil stands by his stool.

IRON HORSEMAN

(re: Basil)  
Where was he?

HIGHWAYMAN

The woods. Said he went to talk to  
a man about a horse and got lost.

Basil downs a shot.

HIGHWAYMAN

He won't be sitting for a while. I  
don't have any bitch pads.

Highway's Triumph has only one seat. Jersey Girl drives  
past the masses with Felony in tow. The BMX kids follow.  
Felony steps off the trike, approaches Highway.

FELONY

Thanks for showing up.

HIGHWAYMAN

Heard they have a rockin' titty bar.

Felony nods her head, gives him a hug. From the bell tower,  
Pathfinder shouts.

PATHFINDER

They're coming!

The Townspeople flee back into town, rush to their homes and  
shops. Deacon reaches the Saloon's stairs.

DEACON

Got an extra weapon?

Miner tosses him a pistol.

MINER

Thought you were a keeper of the  
faith.

Deacon slaps in the clip, chambers a round.

DEACON

I was. USMC. Chaplain. Operation  
Iraqi Freedom. Hooah!

In the distance, dust clouds rise from all directions.

FELONY

Where do you want the kids?

HIGHWAYMAN

Church seems pretty strong.

Felony rounds them up. They're reluctant to follow.

JERSEY GIRL

Let's go!

Jersey Girl grabs a couple by the ears, leads them away.

JERSEY GIRL

I had four brothers.

Felony stands before Iron and Highway.

FELONY

Watch your backs. Like the old days.

Marshall Law walks next to a Shopkeeper pushing a wheelbarrow full of ammunition.

SHOPKEEPER

The town's gonna reimburse me for this, right?

THE MAYOR

Provided there's a town still here, sure.

The Mayor descends the stairs with Iron.

THE MAYOR

What'd you do before The Crash?

IRON HORSEMAN

Hurt people.

THE MAYOR

A quality in serious demand.

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

Felony and the BMX kids reach the doors. Coulter turns to Iggy, whispers.

COULTER

This is bullshit, man. Treating us like a bunch of Freds.

He hops on his bike, pedals away. The other BMX'rs follow him. Only Abe and Fred remain.

ABE

(to Fred)

Stay here.

Abe hops on his bike, rides off. Fred tries to get away, Jersey Girl grabs his shirt, pushes him into the Church.

JERSEY GIRL

Like they've dropped. Inside.

A rumbling begins, a steady hum of engines. Felony holds Fred as Jersey Girl shuts the door, hears it lock.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron, et al, fill the street. Miner turns to Gunslinger as Pathfinder re-joins the group.

MINER  
You guys ever face this many?

GUNSLINGER  
There was El Paso...

JOURNEYMAN  
...Rockford...

PATHFINDER  
...Albuquerque.

MINER  
They all had this many?

GUNSLINGER  
Yeah. Combined.

They disburse throughout Van Horn. Highwayman remains.

HIGHWAYMAN  
For the record, you and Felony, you're really good together. I hope it lasts.

IRON HORSEMAN  
I'll get right on it.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Felony and Fred sit in a pew. Hear the motorcycles and horse enter the town, the gunshots begin, the explosions. Scared, Fred turns to her. She pulls him close. He burrows into her, smiles mischievously.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

Chaos. Motorcycles. Horses. Guns. Whips. Arrows. Dynamite. It's like the ATF bash at Waco - without the chips.

Iron and Highway work together like old times. Shooting, covering, ducking. Shells hit the ground, bullets hit their targets, men hit the ground or get dragged by horses. Dialogue's yelled over the noise.

EXT. RESTAURANT - ALLEY -- DAY

Ulysses and Miner aren't faring quite as well. Boxed in by converging Bandits, it appears they're gonna get KO'd early.

Suddenly, the Bandits are ripped down one by one, revealing Gunslinger on an adjacent roof.

EXT. TRUCK WASH ROOF -- DAY

Coulter sees Gunslinger. He pedals balls out for the edge, jumps from one roof to the other. Skidding to a stop, he turns to the others, waves. They look to Abe.

ABE

My pa says if you're gonna die, die  
with honor. I'm helping the Iron  
Horseman.

He bounces down on his bike, turns away from Coulter, drops off the roof. The other kids pedal to the edge, watch as Abe approaches a Bandit on horseback with a crossbow, vaults off a box, knocks him from the horse.

The Bandit rolls over in time to see Abe's tire slam onto his face then land on his arrows, breaking them.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

Coulter watches as the other kids follow Abe. He pushes off, sees Gunslinger's disappeared.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

Reaching the ground, the BMX kids search for Abe, see him heading down the boardwalk, a Bandit on motorcycle chasing him, shooting. Abe tricks off a barrel, then a beam, flips the bike around and clotheslines him.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron and Highway are getting pushed back toward the Saloon.

IRON HORSEMAN

You should know there's a problem  
with the gold.

HIGHWAYMAN

What?

IRON HORSEMAN

The gold. There's a problem with  
it.

Iron dives inside, followed by Highway.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

They continue shooting.

HIGHWAYMAN

What are you talking about?

IRON HORSEMAN

THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH THE GOLD!!!

HIGHWAYMAN

WHAT FUCKING GOLD?!?!

The Iron Horsemen bursts into laughter. A moment later, a Bandit throws a wrap of dynamite into the saloon. It rolls along the wood, bounces off the bottom of the bar.

Iron slams his foot hard onto the floor board. The dynamite vaults through the air. Highway fires at the fuse, trims the burn. It harmlessly falls to the ground.

IRON HORSEMAN

There's a gold mine in the church.

Iron rushes outside. Highway's dumbfounded.

HIGHWAYMAN

No one tells me anything.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- DAY

Pathfinder and Journey are chased down a hall by Bandits. They turn a corner, eyes go wide as an ARROW FLIES TOWARD THEM. Both duck just in time and fire - Journey at the ARCHER, Path at the oncoming Bandits, kill them all.

They reload.

JOURNEYMAN

Arrows. Fucking arrows, Path!

Pathfinder shakes his head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

A TOWNSMAN sits against the wall. Hears the conversation.

JOURNEYMAN (O.S.)

We don't get some help. We don't survive.

INT. HOTEL BUILDING -- DAY

PATHFINDER

We should make our way to the Saloon.

JOURNEYMAN

I'd rather die by the Strip Joint.

## PATHFINDER

Good point.

As Journey and Path disappear around the corner, The Townsman opens his creaky door, looks both ways, steps out with his shotgun and follows in Journey and Path's direction.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Bandits all over him, Gunslinger's shooting like he's in a video game. Suddenly, the Bandits drop back. Everything's become very silent.

Gunslinger listens intently, hears a fizzing. He sees the dynamite, picks it up, throws it over the building.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Ulysses and Miner have made their way back to the street.

## ULYSSES

Go!

Miner takes a step toward the street, but Ulysses grabs him by the shirt, pulls him inside as Gunslinger's TNT explodes.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S SALOON -- DAY

Marshall Law and The Mayor take up positions by the bell. The Townsman turns the corner, they nearly shoot each other.

A Bandit appears on horseback, whips Marshall's weapon, pulls on it with one hand brandishes a hand gun with the other, shoots Marshall in the shoulder. The Townsman turns and fires his shotgun, blasts him out of the saddle.

## THE MAYOR

This is a bad time to die.

## MARSHALL LAW

I'll do my best.

The Mayor grabs Marshall's gun, tosses it to him.

INT. PUPPET SHOW KIOSK -- DAY

We stealthily move through the theater, push past some curtains, see the Puppeteer hiding with his puppets. He looks up in fear, relief, then terror as he's shot.

Preacher steps forward, taps him in the ribs with a foot.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- DAY

Firing, Pathfinder and Journeyman push through the door. Townspeople cower, watch them reload.

JOURNEYMAN

Thanks for all your help.

PATHFINDER

We'll try not to bleed on the carpet.

Suddenly, Two Choppers enters through the front. Journey and Path start running across the lanes, firing at the Bandits as they ride along the smooth floor.

But the Bandit's lose control of their bikes, fall to the ground, rolling toward Path and Journey, shot. Standing by the entrance, more Townspeople take up arms.

INT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING -- DAY

Bandits fill the floors. They bust into a room and a Townswoman holds a baby close to her. The Bandit pauses and is shot by a Townsman. He looks at his wife. She nods, offers a bittersweet smile of reluctant approval.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING -- DAY

The Townsman exits the building, steps into the street, joins the fight. As he takes cover and begins shooting, more and more Townspeople appear up and down the street, on the boardwalk, on balconies.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

IRON HORSEMAN

You seen Rusty Cage?

HIGHWAYMAN

You looking to get that necklace?

Iron jumps up, pushes out the door.

HIGHWAYMAN

Fuckin' show pony.

Highway follows.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Highway offers cover as Iron rushes across the street. He's nearly knocked over by a couple BMX'ers. He provides cover for Highway. Highway slides in next to him, ripping his pants.

HIGHWAYMAN

Goddammit!

IRON HORSEMAN

They're just pants, Highway.

HIGHWAYMAN

Yeah? You see a Mervyn's around here?

Iron and Highway watch the BMX kids. Hopping and flying off ramps, boxes, and steps all over the Outpost. Snapping arrows mid-air with their spokes, knocking Bandits off horses and motorcycles, doing a bait and switch, picking up and passing off dynamite. These kids are insane!

Highwayman sees Ulysses and Miner have run out of ammunition.

HIGHWAYMAN

Hey!

One of the BMXers turns.

HIGHWAYMAN

Get 'em some ammo!

Two BMX'er pick holsters off felled Bandits, ride them over. Iron drops his rifle, pulls out both Glocks.

IRON HORSEMAN

Let's go.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Highway shoots a Bandit and he flies off his bike onto the dirt. The Bandit's weapon slides toward us quickly, but is stopped as a bicycle tire skids into it. A hand reaches down, picks up the pistol. It's Coulter. The weapon's the 2nd Hand Gun.

EXT. WATER TOWER -- DAY

The Iron Horseman ducks around the Water Tower. Highway runs around the turn, trips over bikes belonging to Rusty, Black Jack and Salome.

In the distance, a huge wall of sand heads toward them. Flying in front of it's the Hawk.

IRON HORSEMAN

Dixie Storm's coming.

HIGHWAYMAN

Great. Fuckin' great.

Shots bounce off the water tower's base. Rusty, Black Jack and Salome are firing. Iron and Highway retreat to the other side of the road.

RUSTY CAGE

(to Salome)

Get inside, baby. Open the door.

Black Jack boost her up. Salome pulls herself onto the roof. Black Jack turns, his eyes go wide.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

The Dixie Storm hits. Zero visibility. Halts the battle.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

The Mayor stands near Gunslinger.

GUNSLINGER

Organize your people.

The Mayor nods. Pulls Marshall Law by the shoulder. Marshall screams and recoils.

MARSHALL LAW

There's an arrowhead in there.

THE MAYOR

Shut up you fucking baby.

EXT. CHURCH - ROOF -- DAY

Salome's getting blown by the wicked wind. She holds onto shingles, but they're flying away. Slipping off the edge, she hangs on, pulls herself up, crawls to the middle, finds an opening.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Felony and Fred sit in the pew. Above them, Salome slips through the roof. Felony gently places Fred beneath the Pew, places a finger to her lips.

FELONY

Big boys don't make noise.

Salome swings from beam to beam, reaches the floor. Felony blocks her path.

SALOME

I'm opening that door.

Salome punches Felony in the face. Felony spits blood, punches her back. They begin fighting.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

The Dixie Storm's letting up. Signs swing back and forth, doors creak, clothes on the dead flap in the breeze.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

On one end of the road, Rusty Cage appears. On the other, The Iron Horseman. They approach each other, drop weapons, get ready to fight.

RUSTY CAGE

Those things, before The Crash, they would've happened regardless of what side you were on.

IRON HORSEMAN

I'm just trying to keep 'em from happening again.

EXT. RESTAURANT STREET -- DAY

One end of the road, Black Jack and the Bandits. On the other, Highwayman, Gunslinger, Journeyman, Pathfinder, Ulysses, Miner and Jersey Girl.

BLACK JACK

You're a traitor.

HIGHWAYMAN

I prefer Free Agent.

Townsppeople appear on each side of the road, on the boardwalks, on the balconies, in doors and windows - all armed and pointed at the Bandits. The BMXers pull back on their slingshots.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

IRON HORSEMAN

Guess I'm in your way.

Rusty nods.

RUSTY CAGE

I'm not going to enjoy this, buddy.

IRON HORSEMAN

Me neither.

Iron throws the first punch. This is the most brutal, knock down drag out fight we've ever seen.

EXT. RESTAURANT STREET -- DAY

Black Jack touches his gun. The town fires warning shots.

THE MAYOR  
Drop your weapons and step back.

Slowly, the Bandits drop their weapons, step away. Black Jack stares at Highway in challenge.

GUNSLINGER  
Don't do it, Highway.

HIGHWAYMAN  
(stepping forward)  
I'm the odds maker.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Fred watches as Felony and Salome continue fighting. Salome's kicking Felony's ass. She drops her to the ground, steps over and pulls back her head by the hair.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

The Iron Horseman and Rusty continue pummeling each other. Rusty, too, has the upper hand, knocks Iron to the ground, crawls onto his back, pulls back Iron's head, places an arm around his neck, proceeds to choke him.

EXT. ROOFTOP BY RESTAURANT -- DAY

The BMX kids watch as Highway and Black Jack square off. In the back of Coulter's pants is the second hand gun.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

The Iron Horseman's pulling on Rusty's arms, frees himself, reverses positions and proceeds to choke Rusty.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Felony pulls on Salome's arms, tries to free herself.

EXT. RESTAURANT STREET -- DAY

Highway and Black Jack stare each other down. They draw. Black Jack fires. Highway pulls the trigger - but his gun's empty.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Felony's arms fall to the ground. Breathless, Salome stands, steps to the door, unlocks it and pushes it open. She sees The Iron Horseman rise.

Rusty Cage remaining on the ground. Iron turns. Fred cries over Felony's body. She's dead.

EXT. RESTAURANT STREET -- DAY

Black Jack falls to the ground. Highway spins, sees everyone else has fired.

GUNSLINGER

We're all in this together.

JOURNEYMAN

But you owe me a new lid.

Black Jack's bullet went through Journey's hat. As the town surrounds the Bandits, Highway, et al, walk away. But two shots ring out and Gunslinger's knocked backward.

Everyone draws and aims above them. At Coulter. Coulter makes eye contact with Abe and the other BMXers, smiles.

Abe shakes his head, moves away. Coulter then turns to the others, defiant. Each lower their gaze in disapproval, follow Abe. Left alone, Coulter rides off the back of the roof.

EXT. RESTAURANT STREET -- DAY

Journeyman drops to Gunslinger, flips him over. Gunslinger holds his side. Journey pulls the shirt up. It went through.

GUNSLINGER

What is it with Kids today?

They help him up. At the end of the street, Marshall Law, The Mayor, Deacon and the Townspeople disarm the Bandits.

THE MAYOR

You may keep your horses.

MARSHALL LAW

But not your guns.

DEACON

And if you come back here again,  
I'll shoot you myself. Now go in  
peace to love and serve the Lord.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

Highway, Ulysses and the others turn the corner, head for the Saloon. A group of men carry Rusty Cage from the street, revealing The Iron Horseman in the church with Felony.

He rises, walks towards them, and in a series of dissolves, reaches the saloon, sits on the steps. Alone.

FADE OUT:

EXT. VAN HORN -- NIGHT

A small celebration's in progress.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- NIGHT

The town's elated they overcame the odds. Iron sits outside on the steps.

At a table in the front corner are Highway and the others. The mood is somber. Journey counts out eight buttons, hands them to Pathfinder. Path motions for more. Reluctantly, Journey yanks two off his shirt, hands them over.

Basil stands by his plaque, glass in hand. Jersey Girl sits next to him. Gunslinger orders drinks nearby.

BASIL HAYDEN  
(to Jersey Girl)  
What was it before?

JERSEY GIRL  
I'm embarrassed.

BASIL HAYDEN  
Don't be.

JERSEY GIRL  
Okay. *Sadie*.

BASIL HAYDEN  
Sadie. That's beautiful.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- NIGHT

Abe steps up to The Iron Horseman. Iron raises his head. Smiles. Behind Abe are Deacon and Mary. Mary holds a bottle of Port. Iron rises.

MARY  
Word has it you're fond of Port.

DEACON  
It's from a trip we made to Australia before The Crash.

She hands Iron the bottle.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- NIGHT

Rosie slides Gunslinger drinks. He walks away.

BASIL HAYDEN  
I'm considering changing my name to  
Cleo.

JERSEY GIRL  
Cleo?

Gunslinger walks away.

BASIL HAYDEN  
As in Cleomenes.

Gunslinger stops in his tracks.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- NIGHT

Mary hugs Iron, steps away. Deacon shakes his hand. They  
continue down the street.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- NIGHT

Iron enters. A hush falls over the room. Iron walks through  
the crowd. Townspeople offer gratitude and condolence.  
Gradually, they rise, begin applauding. Iron never looks  
back, simply ascends the stairs and disappears. Highway  
watches it all.

HIGHWAYMAN  
Fuckin' show pony.

Highway pushes from the table, exits the Saloon.

EXT. IRON'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

From his seat on the balcony, Iron sees Highway cross the  
street, enter the hotel. Sitting on the other balcony is  
Ulysses.

A few moments pass. Highway enters Ulysses' room. Ulysses  
stands, exits the balcony, closes the door. They argue.

There's a knock on Iron's door. Gunslinger enters, takes a  
seat.

GUNSLINGER  
In Roman times, there was this  
council, called the Achaen League.  
Sparta's King tried to usurp it's  
power and that of all the towns it  
held. His name was Cleomenes III.

Iron nods.

GUNSLINGER

I don't think The Crash changed much  
when it comes to politics. It's  
still just bitches and money.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- MORNING

Gunslinger, Pathfinder and Journeyman sit on their bikes.  
Inside the Saloon sits The Mayor, The Preacher, Marshall  
Law, Basil Hayden and the other Town Leaders. At the end is  
The Iron Horseman. There's no one else.

Highway approaches, glances at the others, storms up stairs.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- MORNING

Highway pushes through the swinging doors, stands defiantly.

IRON HORSEMAN

Highway, give us a moment.

HIGHWAYMAN

No, I think I'll sit in.

(softly; to Iron)

You're not getting all the gold.

He takes a seat next to Iron, leans over to him. Iron shakes  
his head, turns his attention back to The Mayor.

THE MAYOR

As I was saying, we're very  
appreciative of your assistance with  
the recent attack on our community.  
And offer condolence for your loss.  
But in our town's best interest, we  
believe you should all find residence  
elsewhere. We've initiated a militia,  
but so long as you are present,  
there's the temptation for our  
citizens to rely on you for  
protection, instead of assuming the  
responsibility themselves.

Iron nods, turns to Basil.

IRON HORSEMAN

Cleomenes.

Basil smiles. Pours a shot.

IRON HORSEMAN

That's tea, isn't it.

Basil extends the bottle.

BASIL HAYDEN  
Earl Grey. Would you like some?

INT. CHURCH CAVERNS - SMELTING ROOM -- DAY

Preacher loads gold crosses into canvas bags. Specs appears.

PREACHER  
Get outta here before I cut off  
another appendage!

Specs removes a handkerchief, wipes sweat from his brow.

PREACHER  
Out!!!

Specs smiles, wraps his fist on the smelting pot's handle.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron removes his necklace.

IRON HORSEMAN  
This is pyrites. Fool's gold. You  
engineered the destruction of the  
other Outposts, the attack on  
Whiskeytown. Then allowed Rusty  
Cage to come here.

MARSHALL LAW  
The more something's fought over,  
the more desirable it becomes.

SHOPKEEPER  
And in a world without value, Pyrites  
becomes the new precious metal.

THE MAYOR  
People need something to believe in.  
Be it religion or fool's gold.

INT. CHURCH CAVERNS - SMELTING ROOM -- DAY

Gold drips from the tilted smelting pot. Preacher lays dead  
on the ground. In the distance, Specs pours gas on the floor.  
It reaches the smelting room, ROARS INTO FLAMES.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

THE MAYOR  
Sometimes, you have to tell people  
the world's flat. But that don't  
mean you believe it.

There's screaming and yelling outside. Townspeople rush to down the street.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

The Church is on fire. Everyone but The Mayor and Iron rush down the street to join a bucket brigade.

THE MAYOR

I'm sorry about your girl. Truly.  
She was a tall glass a water. Gave  
horrible lap dances, but a glass a  
water never the less.

The Mayor walks away.

IRON HORSEMAN

You're no better than the leaders  
before The Crash.

THE MAYOR

That's a tough statement. And I was  
on Bill Maher.

EXT. VAN HORN -- DAY

The fire's been extinguished. The structure's nothing but molten lead.

INT. IRON'S BALCONY -- DAY

Through the doors, we see Iron gathering his things.

INT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron moves through the silent crowd.

EXT. WHOLE LOTTA ROSIE'S -- DAY

Iron descends the stairs, sees Ulysses, Miner and Jersey Girl pack their bikes. He sets his things on his Harley, removes his vest as he strolls across the street.

IRON HORSEMAN

You knew all along. The gold, the  
other Outposts. Your brother told  
you it wasn't real, it was pyrites.  
He lost his tongue for it. Then his  
life.

Ulysses turns to Jersey Girl, sighs.

ULYSSES

The Mayor wanted me to take Felony and Basil, knew you'd follow. I was to get a percentage and be allowed my revenge. But after Whiskeytown...

Ulysses glances at the Saloon where Highway stands on the boardwalk. Iron sees him, turns back to Ulysses.

ULYSSES

I'm truly sorry about Felony.

Iron sets the vest on Ulysses' bike. Ulysses, Miner and Jersey Girl start their bikes, ride off. Iron returns to the other side of the street, loads up his motorcycle as Highway steps down, sets his saddle bags and mounts the Triumph.

HIGHWAYMAN

For the record - you should've left with her.

Suddenly, Iron grabs him by the neck.

IRON HORSEMAN

Tell me, Highway, what are the odds I'll let you live? For the record.

Iron releases him. Highway looks at the others. Gunslinger and Pathfinder have their pistols drawn. Journey merely extends his middle finger.

HIGHWAYMAN

You should've left with her.

IRON HORSEMAN

I am.

Highway fires up his Triumph, drives out past the Church, the water tower. Iron starts his Harley. Journey, Path and Gunslinger wait expectantly.

JOURNEYMAN

Are we still a team?

Without a word, Iron pulls away. Reaching the bell tower, Deacon steps into the road carrying his USMC flak jacket.

PATHFINDER

He needs some time.

Iron slows. Deacon sets it on the tank, steps back, watches Iron leave the Last Outpost. Gunslinger fires up his bike, gives a nod to the others, heads north. Path glances at Journey. They fire up their bikes, head south.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

As The Iron Horseman leaves Van Horn, the BMX kids do their best to follow him, hopping off mounds, doing tricks. Iron, Highway, Gunslinger, Pathfinder and Journeyman travel in opposite directions...as the Hawk circles above Van Horn.

*"I'm back out on that road again*

*Turn this beast into the wind*

*There are those that break and bend*

*I'm the other kind"*

*- Steve Earle, THE OTHER KIND*

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DUSK

Older Abe watches Van Horn's lights come on. His son's looking at the flak jacket, the same Iron left with.

BOY

Did you ever see him again?

OLDER ABE

That's another story. Let's go home.

They start their bikes, head toward Van Horn.