

# *SAVAGE FRONTIER*

(PILOT)

"The Domain of Man"

By

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November 16, 2019  
Registered WGAw

**TEASER**

EXT. NEBRASKA PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Desolate landscape. Cold wind.

**Superimpose: Oregon Trail, 1873**

We see a speck of light, bobbing up and down.

It's a horse-drawn COVERED WAGON moving slowly across the prairie under a full moon. An oil lamp extends from the buckboard, lighting the way.

A SONG grows louder. It's a simple rendition of "Shall We Gather at the River", sung by a family.

IN THE WAGON:

A PREACHER and his WIFE sit in the driver's seat. Both in their mid-30s. Pious. She leans on his shoulder lovingly.

Behind them, angelic twin DAUGHTERS (10), cuddle on a bedroll under a wool blanket, keeping warm.

The wife scans the darkness ahead.

WIFE

Did you hear something?

PREACHER

It's just the wind, mother.

She pulls her shawl tight, spooked.

WIFE

It's queer out here at night, all alone.

PREACHER

We are not alone. The Lord guides and protects us.

Out of nowhere,

THREE BANDITS on horseback ride up fast. They cut off the wagon, surrounding it.

The bandits are filthy, evil baddies. The kind of men who take pleasure in terrorizing an innocent family.

The LEAD BANDIT is a lecherous drunk. He ogles the preacher's wife who shivers in fear, gripping her husband's arm.

The twins hug each other, SOBBING.

The Preacher puts on a brave front, attempting a smile:

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, we have food and water  
if you are in need--

LEAD BANDIT

Your wife is some ace-high girl-  
meat. I wouldn't refuse a slice of  
that poozle.

The bandits LAUGH.

PREACHER

I'm a preacher. Allow us to pass  
and we shall pray for your souls  
upon arrival in North Platte.

WIFE

We are starting a church there. The  
Church of the Sacrificial Lamb.

LEAD BANDIT

Sacrificial lamb. 'Bout sums it up.

More LAUGHS.

PREACHER

You don't understand--

LEAD BANDIT

Save your breath, preacher. I can't  
be bargained with. This is my daily  
bread and my pleasure as I see fit.

He strokes the wife's cheek with his pistol barrel. She  
flinches, starting to tear up.

PREACHER

I beg you, sir! Surely you have a  
mother or a sister, maybe even a  
wife and daughter. Consider how it  
would feel to see them debased by  
the foulest of men -- sinners with  
gangrenous souls and not a drop of  
the milk of human kindness.

BANDIT #2

That be us!

More LAUGHS.

LEAD BANDIT

You done sermonizing? It's dull as dish-water and it won't change a thing. You and yours happening on us gangrenous hombres -- it's just bad luck, and maybe bad judgement.

The Preacher looks up at him.

PREACHER

Bad judgement?

LEAD BANDIT

You being out here at night in the middle of nowhere with a juicy wife and two sweet morsels. You choosing to be out here, ignoring the risk, no protection. The truth? You ain't even got a pistol, do you?

PREACHER

We do not believe in the sword or the irons.

LEAD BANDIT

Ya' see! What do you expect? It's almost like you're asking for it.

The Preacher nods.

PREACHER

That is one perspective.

LEAD BANDIT

Huh?

PREACHER

How to explain? You look at it one way. I another. Here you say it's bad luck our running into you out here on the desolate prairie at night, no law and no protection. But here's my point.

(hard look)

Maybe it's bad luck for you.

The bandits go quiet.

LEAD BANDIT

Bad luck -- for us?

The preacher nods. His wife suddenly doesn't look so scared. And the twins have stopped crying. It's quiet.

PREACHER

Maybe you happened on something you don't understand. Maybe you and yours are in grave danger. Maybe you will be murdered and left to rot out here on the prairie.

The worm has turned. This isn't fun anymore.

BANDIT

That tears it--

He COCKS his pistols. His men follow suit.

The twins' response: they start GIGGLING.

The bandits are unnerved.

LEAD BANDIT

Them girls got prairie madness?

PREACHER

Oh, yes. Madness.

LEAD BANDIT

(scared, loses it)  
Goddamn hyenas! Shut it--

He fires -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

OVERHEAD SHOT:

His men join the party, firing pistols and rifles into the covered wagon, into the family -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Then the sound of gunfire recedes. And in the silence we hear the twins, still giggling.

LEAD BANDIT (CONT'D)

(now terrified)  
What the hell are you?

Lighting fast--

The bandits are WRENCHED off their horses and pulled inside the covered wagon. Out of sight. SCREAMING.

The wagon SHAKES violently--

Blood sprays out--

Frightened horses bolt off into darkness--

As the SHRIEKS of dying bandits echo across the prairie,

BLACKOUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD WEST TOWN - DAY

**Superimpose: Dodge City, Kansas.**

Main street BUSTLING with townsfolk. Piano music plays from a saloon promoting "Dancing Girls".

EXT. SALOON ROOFTOP - DAY

REVEAL armed bounty hunters nested for ambush. Their leader --

WYATT EARP

-- is rugged-handsome, in his mid-20s. Superb mustache. Hard and stern of spirit but still a decade shy of *Tombstone*.

He peers through a spyglass at EIGHT RIDERS approaching town. The BANK OF KANSAS is across the street below him.

WYATT

Time to play for real. Keep them  
shooting irons low. And remember:  
I need Dalton alive.

EXT. MAIN DRAG - DAY

The OUTLAWS ride up to the Bank led by grizzled badman "JOE BOY" DALTON (40s). He looks around for signs of the law. Satisfied, he nods.

His lookouts take positions in the street.

Dalton climbs down off his horse and moves inside the Bank.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Wyatt watches as WAGONS close off both ends of the street. The trap is set.

INT. BANK - DAY

Dalton's men THREATEN and herd customers against a wall. The BANK MANAGER opens a safe filled with gold coins.

Dalton tosses him an empty saddlebag--

DALTON

Fill it!

EXT. BANK - DAY

Dalton runs out with a full saddlebag on one shoulder. His men LAUGH and run for the horses. Then Dalton looks up and sees:

Wyatt Earp on the rooftop, rifle aimed.

Wyatt FIRES-- BLAM!

The bullet RIPS through the saddlebag -- coins flying. Dalton is knocked on his ass, but unhurt.

Wyatt's posse opens fire-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Two men fall dead. The rest scramble for horses.

Wyatt aims and fires--

BLAM! He blasts one outlaw in the teeth.

BLAM! Shoots another who is mounting his colt. The horse DRAGS the dead man off, foot tangled in the stirrup.

One outlaw retreats into the Bank,

And runs into the BANK MANAGER's shotgun:

BANK MANAGER

Bank's closed.

He BLASTS the coward back into the street. Dalton mounts his horse, raging mad.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Dalton rides hard UNDER FIRE with his last two men. His escape is cut off by a blockage of wagons.

Riflemen open fire-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Dalton changes direction.

His men are SHOT full of bullets. One falls back off his horse.

The other sways dead in his saddle. His horse bolts and CRASHES through a shop window.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Wyatt watches Dalton riding back through town. He tosses a stick of dynamite.

BOOM! The blast kicks up dirt. Dalton's horse topples. Dalton lands nose-to-dirt, staggers to his feet, and runs into the saloon.

EXT. SALOON - ROOFTOP - DAY

Wyatt SMASHES through a second floor window.

INT. SALOON - DAY

He runs down stairs. Hears SCREAMING and chaos below. He reaches the MAIN FLOOR and sees:

Dalton leaping ON STAGE. He grabs a dance girl with an upswept hairdo. Wyatt moves in, rifle aimed--

WYATT

Dalton!

Dalton uses the girl as a shield.

DALTON

Drop iron or I beef this calico bitch--

WYATT

(calm voice)

Robert Graves. I want him, not you. Tell me where he's hiding out and I let you ride out of here free--

DALTON

When cows climb trees!

WYATT

I swear it on Lincoln's grave.

Dalton COCKS his pistol. He's going to kill the girl.

Wyatt can't get a clear shot.



So he aims at her head and fires-- BLAM!

Dalton falls back, blood pouring from his face. The girl is SCREAMING but unhurt.

And we see a perfect bullet-hole, dead center through her tall hair. Gun smoke rising.

Wyatt kneels before Dalton who is fading fast:

WYATT (CONT'D)  
I meant to wing you.

DALTON  
You missed.

He holds up the poster bill of Robert Graves.

WYATT  
Where is he?

DALTON  
(dying words)  
Kiss my dead ass, Wyatt Earp.

EXT. UNDERTAKERS - WOOD SHOP - DAY

The dead outlaw corpses are laid out in the dirt.

Railroad honcho DALE PENDERSHAW, looking dapper in a pressed Victorian shirt, neck tie and felt hat, stacks gold coins on a pine casket.

Wyatt shovels the stacks into his saddlebag.

PENDERSHAW  
Comes to thirty-six fifty, minus  
five hundred damages.

WYATT  
(dubious)  
Damages?

PENDERSHAW  
You shot the town to hell. Bosses  
say it's getting hard to tell the  
law from the outlaw--

WYATT  
Tell Gould and Fisk I ain't the  
law. I just get results. And I  
don't pay damages.

Pendershaw relents. Starts counting out \$500 more in coins.

PENDERSHAW

The Federal Marshals just pulled in. They're claiming the bodies.

WYATT

What for?

PENDERSHAW

Don't ask me but some bigwig from Washington is at the station. He wants to talk to you.

WYATT

He ask for me by name?

PENDERSHAW

Yep.

Wyatt heads out. Turns back.

WYATT

How'd you know he's a bigwig?

PENDERSHAW

Well, he's got his own train.

EXT. RAILROAD STATION - DAY

The "Silver Star" TRAIN is at the platform. A Rogers steam locomotive: six passenger coaches, two cargo, and a premium caboose.

Wyatt approaches the station, sees:

A BLACK MARSHAL and two deputies sealing Dalton's corpse in a leather body bag. They toss the bag in a reinforced jail car.

The bigwig from Washington, LUCIUS LAMAR (50), is smoking a cigar on the caboose deck.

Rich and educated. Impeccable clothing. Trim beard flecked with grey. He comes straight from the corridors of power.

LAMAR

Wyatt Earp. Bounty hunter.

WYATT

That's me.

LAMAR

Lucius Lamar. Secretary of Interior  
for the United States here by order  
of President Grant.

Lamar offers his hand.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to meet you for  
some time.

WYATT

What for?

LAMAR

Recruitment. You've earned a hard  
reputation in the bloody business  
of hunting and executing dangerous  
outlaws.

WYATT

How do you know me? I never made  
the dailies or dime novels--

LAMAR

We've kept a robust file. We are  
even privy to the tragic events  
that forged the vigilante standing  
before me.

WYATT

(terse)

My motives are my business.

LAMAR

And Robert Graves is my business.  
As he is the very same outlaw who  
abducted your brother, it appears  
we have mutual interests. I have  
need of a hard man, good with the  
irons and well-acquainted with  
violence.

(beat)

I'm offering you a job.

Wyatt holds up Graves' poster bill.

WYATT

Do you know where he is?

Lamar nods.

EXT. TRAIN (SILVER STAR) - MOVING - DUSK

It STEAMS across a desert landscape dotted with sagebrush.

INT. OFFICE & WEAPONS COACH - DAY

Wyatt sits in front of an ornate desk with cigar box, inkwell and quill, official documents, maps, and a telegraph machine.

ONE WALL has shelves of rifles and pistols.

BASS REEVES (40), the black marshal from earlier, an ex-slave with a chip on his shoulder and a spectacular mustache, is opening a weapons chest.

Lamar pours Wyatt a whiskey.

WYATT  
(looking around)  
What is all this?

LAMAR  
Silver Star. Mobile Command Center  
for the Federal Marshal Service. We  
can deliver soldiers, horses and  
weapons to where the trouble is.

Bass pulls ammo boxes from the weapons chest.

Wyatt stares at him:

BASS  
Something you wanna ask me?

WYATT  
I never seen a black Marshal.

BASS  
That's 'cause I'm the first.

LAMAR  
Allow me to introduce Bass Reeves.  
Peace officer, Indian Territory. He  
has arrested nearly two thousand  
felons and just now he's trying to  
figure how he got bested by a rag  
bounty hunter.

BASS  
Been tracking Dalton for months.  
You beat us by a day.

WYATT  
You're welcome.

BASS  
I wanted him alive. The man had  
valuable information I hoped to  
beat out of him... Long Colt?

Bass is pointing to Wyatt's holstered pistols.

Wyatt nods.

Bass hands him a wooden box of cartridges with a crucifix on  
the lid. Wyatt opens the box: they look like normal bullets.

WYATT  
I got plenty of ammo.

BASS  
Use these. Thank me later.

EXT. WOODS - NEAR FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

It is bathed in blue moonlight. The wind is cold and fierce.

**Superimpose: Santa Fe, New Mexico**

Wyatt and Bass creep through WOODS overlooking a farm. Three  
deputies trail behind with muzzled bloodhounds.

BASS  
Nearly daylight.

WYATT  
I'm for the dark.

BASS  
Me too.  
(to the deputies)  
Pete, you're with us. You two keep  
an eye out and keep the dogs quiet.

Bass and PETE raise rifles. As Wyatt pulls his coat back to  
clear his pistols, we see a silver star pinned to his vest.

BASS (CONT'D)  
(to Wyatt)  
Follow my lead. And hold your  
ground no matter what you see.

The men walk a DIRT PATH to the farmhouse. Their breath is  
visible in the cold.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

They walk slowly to the barn, moving past the HOG PEN.

In the moonlight Wyatt sees four bodies in the mud: farmer, his wife and two kids -- all dead and white as ghosts.

Wyatt's hands move up to his pistols. Bass whispers:

BASS  
Check the house first.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Wyatt creeps up the CREAKING stairs.

He tries the door. Unlocked. He slowly pushes it open with his pistol. Bass signals Pete to stay outside.

Wyatt and Bass exchange a look and enter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt and Bass move slowly into a dark front room, Wyatt squinting.

Bass sees an oil lamp. He lights it with a match and raises it up. The light exposes a gory tableau:

Walls are splattered with blood.

Wyatt scans the room ... Whiskey bottles and scattered playing cards. Overturned chairs. And two barely-dressed whores with their necks torn open, bone exposed. Maybe by wild animals?

Except they are seated, posed. Sick joke.

Wyatt walks UP THE STAIRS. Moving past a bedroom he spots something--

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

The window is open, curtains blowing. He sees another body on the bed. Head dangling. Legs akimbo.

He moves in for a closer look--

The whore stares up in blanched death. Her neck sliced open. And from it oozes a thick, red strand of congealing blood... streaming down to a pool on the floorboard.

The room brightens as Bass enters.

BASS  
He slit her throat.

WYATT  
Yeah. With a shovel.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Pete is waiting out front.

Wyatt and Bass walk down the porch steps, still processing what they just saw. Horrific scene, even for these hard men.

PETE  
Jesus! You see a ghost?

WYATT  
A monster.

BASS  
This way.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Wyatt, Bass and Pete approach. Bass peeks in through a crack. *Is something moving inside?*

Wyatt lifts the latch. He slowly swings open the door.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Pitch-black. Wyatt moves into darkness.

His eyes adjust. He makes out an overhead loft with stables and bales of hay. An Appaloosa is saddled for a fast getaway.

Bass and Pete enter. The lamp-light triggers a RUSTLE of movement from a dark corner of the barn... from above.

From the loft, something stirs.

Pete slowly sets down the lamp. The three marshals raise weapons. Aiming up at the dark. Waiting.

Out of blackness:

A shadow-creature vaults down through the murk. Human. But not human entirely.

Wyatt FIRES at the obscene blur-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets hit the mark. Flesh sizzles. The creature SCREECHES, knocked to the ground. But not for long.

It smoothly rolls to a crouch and ATTACKS, lightning-speed!

Pete FIRES. Muzzle flash illuminates a pair of sharp vampire fangs. The creature bores into his throat, blood spouting.

Wyatt fires-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The creature falls back writhing. Skin SIZZLES as if doused with acid.

In that moment, Bass swings a cavalry sword: SLICE! Cuts off the vampire-outlaw's head.

Wyatt watches in disbelief: *What has he gotten himself into?*

BASS

One more to go!

Wyatt and Bass stand back-to-back, scanning the barn. Pete is MOANING at their feet. Suddenly,

The creature dive-bombs from the loft.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Wyatt is out of ammo. He thinks fast:

Heaves the oil lamp at the midair creature, SMASH! Lighting him on fire. The creature lands in a pile of hay, SCREAMING, writhing in agony, flesh burning.

The haystack goes up in flames. The barn catches fire.

Wyatt turns and sees:

Bass slicing Pete's head off. Blood sprays.

WYATT

Are you off your nut?!

Bass marches past Wyatt, a blood-soaked man on a mission. SLICE! He cuts the head off the burning outlaw creature.

The barn is now IN FLAMES.

BASS

*Vámonos!*



EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Wyatt and Bass run from the fiery barn... FLAMES lighting up the farmhouse.

Wyatt reloads his pistols with his own bullets. Deputies JIM and NED arrive with the bloodhounds BARKING like crazy.

BASS  
Graves hightailed it.

WYATT  
Not without his Appaloosa.

Then something catches Wyatt's eye: the root cellar.

Barely visible in the moonlight. Half underground.

EXT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

The marshals approach the cellar. Bass peeks in one window, his view blocked by dirt.

Wyatt checks the door. It's locked from inside. He stiffens. He can feel it. Graves is here.

He signals the others. Bass tightens his rifle grip. Wyatt KICKS IN the door--

He sees a MAN standing in darkness. He can't see his face. The man doesn't move but we hear him BREATHING.

WYATT  
Graves?

The man strikes a match, the flame lighting his face. The same face as on the poster bill:

ROBERT GRAVES

Only this man is gaunt with translucent skin except where blistered. Talon fingernails hold the match. His eyeteeth are jutting out and his eyes are sclera-red with green pupils.

Wyatt is creeped-out by his freakish appearance:

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Are you Robert Graves?

GRAVES  
Not anymore.

Graves CACKLES. Then the match goes out.

And without warning--

Graves ATTACKS! Charging at Wyatt with inhuman speed. Wyatt fires both pistols -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Shots are deafening. Bullets draw blood... but do no harm.

Graves runs over Wyatt, talons SLICING Wyatt's cheek.

Graves SMASHES through the cellar door.

EXT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

Graves BLASTS out, *moving fast*.

Bass fires rifle shots -- BLAM! BLAM!

Graves WAILS and swats the rifle away from Bass. SLAMS him to the ground.

Deputy Jim jams a Bowie knife in Graves' back. Graves SLAMS the Deputy brutally. Sends him CRASHING against the cellar.

Graves WHISTLES. His Appaloosa SMASHES out of the barn, coat scorched by fire, smoke rising off it.

Graves mounts his streaking horse and rides off.

Bass shakes off a concussion. He checks Deputy Jim -- head busted open, cracked ribs. Bass orders Deputy Ned:

BASS  
Torch the house and cellar. Then  
get Jim to a doc.

Deputy Ned releases the dogs. They SNIFF Graves' blood in the dirt, pick up the scent and run off BARKING.

Wyatt runs up, wiping blood off his cheek.

BASS (CONT'D)  
You hurt?

WYATT  
Just my feelings.

Bass checks the sky.

BASS  
It's near dawn. Mount up!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Wyatt and Bass ride hard behind the dogs who are HOWLING and nipping at each other.

BASS  
Dogs are closing in. Graves' horse  
must be tuckered out.

WYATT  
Stay with the mongrels!

Wyatt veers off-trail THROUGH THE WOODS past branches and over fallen trees. He emerges in a

EXT. MEADOW - DAWN

Sunrise is moments away. Wyatt sees

GRAVES riding across the clearing. Graves checks the horizon. Panic in his eyes, he looks around and spots:

A willow tree with a canopy of branches. He rides hard for the dark sanctuary.

He doesn't make it.

The sun rises above the trees, and washes across his face.

Graves SCREAMS--

Because he's on fire.

Wyatt watches Graves and his horse EXPLODE in flames.

WHITEOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERTAKERS - WOOD SHOP - DAY

Graves' corpse is on a wagon bed under a wool blanket. Wyatt, Bass, a SHERIFF and UNDERTAKER stand around the

TOWN DOCTOR.

He's young (24), with roguish good looks but gaunt and pale, unaccustomed to being awake at this early hour.

He takes a drink from his flask.

WYATT  
Looking a bit fur-tongued, friend.

TOWN DOCTOR  
Hellish night.  
(coughs)  
No rest for the wicked. Let's get  
to it.

He pulls back the blanket and looks at the charred corpse:

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Mercy.

He examines the body with a sharp eye: blue veins under the burnt skin. Red eyes, sharp eyeteeth. Talon-like nails.

He reaches for his black bag:

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Torch execution?

Wyatt shakes his head, no.

WYATT  
He went up all by himself.

BASS  
Must be he was hauling gun powder  
or blasting oil.

TOWN DOCTOR  
Unlikely. No trace. No scent.

He peels a layer of burnt skin away with rib-shears.

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Plain scalpel.

The undertaker hands him the scalpel. The doctor makes an incision neck-to-belly. Brownish pus seeps out.

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Laminae saw.

The undertaker hands him the bone saw.

The sheriff turns away, takes a few steps and RETCHES.

ONE MINUTE LATER:

Chest is open, steam rising from the cavity.

The doctor slices along the vena cava and black blood oozes out. Putrid smelling.

They all turn their heads away in unison.

BASS

Smells like the dead.

TOWN DOCTOR

How'd he look before he burned?

WYATT

Strange. Gaunt and pale. His skin was blistered like he had shingles. But he was fast, and strong. I plugged him two gut shots and the man didn't break a sweat.

Doc pulls organs aside and examines the kidney with a magnifying glass.

TOWN DOCTOR

Adrenal glands are twice normal size. That along with the dark putrid blood indicate high levels of iron and bile, ergo more oxygen and faster clotting--

WYATT

What are you saying?

TOWN DOCTOR

It could explain why he didn't go down when you shot him.

WYATT

Is that a normal condition?

TOWN DOCTOR

Biologically speaking, very little about this cadaver is normal.

He runs his hands along the spine.

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Battlefield necropsy is far from conclusive but given the blood, the adrenal glands and the rest--

WYATT

What else?

TOWN DOCTOR

Skin was translucent. Osteoblast production caused the skeleton to harden. Loss of fat and water stores has led to spinal curvature, a condition known as kyphosis or hunchback.

He runs his fingers over the gums and teeth.

TOWN DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Dental abnormality. Hypertrophy of the maxillary cuspids.

BASS

Cause of death?

TOWN DOCTOR

That's easy. Fire.

WYATT

Fire from what?

The doctor washes hands in a bucket. He shakes his head.

TOWN DOCTOR

No medical explanation.

Wyatt offers his hand.

WYATT

Thank you..Doctor?

TOWN DOCTOR

Dentist by trade. John Holiday.

Wyatt and Doc Holiday shake hands.

BASS (O.C.)

We're claiming the body.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The undertaker steers his wagon-of-corpses to the station. Wyatt and Bass walk behind.

Wyatt is trying to wrap his head around what just happened.

WYATT

That bloodbath in the farmhouse, okay I seen what men can do. But the way those things moved in the barn. And Graves--

BASS

You'll go screwy trying to make sense of it.

WYATT

Then I'm bound for the bughouse. I mean you did cut Pete's head off, right?

BASS

Trust me. I did him a favor.

WYATT

On the square. What is all this?

BASS

I'm not authorized to brief you. But don't despair. You'll soon be getting all the answers you want.

INT. TRAIN - LIBRARY CAR - DAY

Wyatt is alone, waiting.

He scans SHELVES of dusty books, manuscripts and faded news clippings. The shelves are organized by category:

Vampyre. Lycan. Sorciere. Wendigo.

On another WALL, the same headings with newspaper clippings pasted under each one. Wyatt scans a few headlines:

*"Stagecoach Disappearance," "Mystery Cavalry Ambush," "Outlaw Cheats Death," "Farm Girls Disappear."*

A voice:

WOMAN

(Germanic accent)

The world is very old. It has not always been the domain of man.

Wyatt turns.

A WOMAN stands before him. An open book in hand.

She's beautiful, with dark skin and large hypnotic eyes. She wears a stern collar dress and vest, raven hair pulled tight in a scholarly ponytail.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And man is by no means guaranteed his place in perpetuity.

Wyatt moves closer. Intrigued.

WYATT

I could listen to you all day.

WOMAN

Then sit. For I have much to say.

Wyatt pulls back her chair. A gentleman.

He sits across from her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Robert Graves. Nasty business. Very impressive.

WYATT

I didn't kill him.

WOMAN

No, but you survived him. Did you notice anything strange about the man who died?

WYATT

Yes.

WOMAN

Can you explain a man of inhuman strength, undamaged by bullets yet lethally felled by a sunrise?

WYATT

No. Can you?

The woman nods.

WOMAN

(again)

The world has not always been the domain of man. Do you believe it?

Wyatt's turn to nod.

WYATT

I do now.

WOMAN

The outlaw you hunted. The man who died at dawn. He was not, strictly speaking... human.

Wyatt is bewitched.



He has but one obvious question.

WYATT

Are there others like him?

WOMAN

Oh, yes.

She points to the categorized shelves.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

A brief history.

(beat)

The United States Marshal Service was created by an act of Congress at the behest of President George Washington. Its public mandate was to execute lawful warrants.

She leans in--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Its *covert mission* was to hunt down and extinguish malevolent unnaturals infesting the colonies.

WYATT

Unnaturals... Monsters?

WOMAN

Of every stripe. But in this case, vampires.

WYATT

Walking among us. For a hundred years?

WOMAN

A century on this continent, much longer in the old lands.

(beat)

We are in a battle for the survival of this nation and the species. You are a man uniquely qualified to carry the fight to our enemies. The bell is tolling for all of us.

He takes this in.

WYATT

What is your name?

She offers her hand:

WOMAN

Lena... Lena Van Helsing.

Wyatt takes her hand. Holding it.

WYATT

Where are we going?

LENA

To deliver the bodies. And show you  
the world as it is.

INT. CHURCH HOUSE - NIGHT

**Superimpose: Abilene, Kansas**

A YANKEE PREACHER, Bible in hand, is sermonizing by candlelight. His flock of farm families, merchants, ranchers and immigrants are held rapt by the fire and brimstone:

YANKEE PREACHER

There is nothing that keeps wicked  
men out of Hell but the pleasure of  
GOD!

EXT. CHISHOLM TRAIL - NIGHT

The THUNDER OF HORSES.

An outlaw gang rides hard. A dozen killers with matted beards, ruined faces and dusters trailing behind.

YANKEE PREACHER (O.S.)

Vast multitudes of God's enemies  
combine and associate themselves  
for the purpose of evil!

Out front of the pack is --

JESSE JAMES (26)

-- legendary outlaw, Confederate guerrilla and leader of the James-Younger Gang. He's bone thin and sharply cut with deep penetrating blue eyes.

Jesse sees glowing candlelight in the windows of the distant church house. He rides for the flames.

INT. CHURCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The flock is roused, swaying and SHOUTING. The Preacher is drenched in sweat, building to a big finish:

## YANKEE PREACHER

The Wrath of God burns for them,  
 the Pit is prepared, the Furnace  
 now hot, ready to receive them, the  
 Flames do now rage and glow! And  
 the Devil stands ready to fall upon  
 them and seize them as his own!

The rear doors BURST OPEN revealing--

JESSE JAMES, framed in the doorway. His men fan out, latching doors shut, shuttering windows, and covering exits.

Now silence.

Jesse strides down the center aisle. He is recognized. Scared churchgoers WHISPER, avoiding eye contact.

## YANKEE PREACHER (CONT'D)

Is it a robbery?

## JESSE

Well I ain't here to be baptized.  
 Do you know us?

## YANKEE PREACHER

James-Younger gang. Outta Missouri.  
 You'd be Jesse. You run the show.

Jesse nods.

## JESSE

Bingo. Brother Frank is gonna pass  
 the hat. Tell your flock don't hold  
 nothing back, savvy?

As the flock ponies up, Jesse moves onto the ALTAR close to the Preacher. He whispers:

## JESSE (CONT'D)

Pottawatomie Creek.

## YANKEE PREACHER

What?

## JESSE

Pottawatomie Creek. Know it?

The blood drains out of the Yankee Preacher's face.

## YANKEE PREACHER

(sheepish)  
 No, sir...

JESSE

You never rode into Pottawatomie  
Creek with a band of cowardly free  
staters? Never hacked a camp of men  
and boys to death with broadswords?

The Preacher MUMBLES some words in disgust.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You say something?

YANKEE PREACHER

I called you a Dixie bushwacker--

Jesse draws his pistol-- BLAM!

The Preacher falls, dead.

JESSE

Anybody else?

The stunned flock fills the hat with cash and jewelry. Jesse  
takes off his duster and covers the crucifix.

He stands before the flock. Hands out.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Who wants to hear my sermon?

Obsequious nods. Folks are scared.

ANGLE ON the back of Jesse's head as he looks out over the  
flock. On his neck, below his hair we see a cattle brand --

-- a broken cross symbol.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You folks know what a cancer is?

(silence)

I asked a sawbones once on account  
of Zee's aunt was dying from it. A  
cancer is a dogged thing. The way  
it grows and takes over healthy  
living cells and turns them to more  
cancer. It don't care if you got  
money or land. It don't matter of  
you're president or a dirt farmer.  
Cancer don't give a lick how strong  
you are, young you are, black or  
white... None of it means spit to  
cancer.

Jesse walks to the edge of the altar.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you this because, and this is tough luck for you folks, me and my boys here are a growing cancer on the body of this Union.

(beat)

What does that make you?

Silence.

Jesse looks at scared puzzled faces until he lands on a dirt-cheeked BOY (7). He kneels in front of him:

JESSE (CONT'D)

You been paying attention, son?

BOY

Yes, sir.

JESSE

Then tell us what you are.

BOY

The healthy cells...?

JESSE

Bingo. From the mouths of babes.

He tousles the boy's hair and stands.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You are healthy living cells on the body that is this diseased Union. The body is dying. The hour of the beast is near! And when the Union has taken its last breath, from the boneyards of Shiloh, Antietam and Gettysburg will rise a renewed and everlasting Confederacy!

Like an orchestra conductor Jesse signals his men.

STAY ON JESSE as they attack.

We hear flesh trauma and SCREAMING churchgoers. We see only Jesse watching the carnage. No emotion. Eyes darting from one attack to another until--

An errant geyser of blood splatters his face. He licks his lips, gets a taste, and charges out of frame--

So fast! And with such inhuman force -- that the displaced air in his wake *extinguishes* the altar candles.

*(Note: We glimpse Jesse's physical "vampire" change in the split-second before he exits frame.)*

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

EXT. MISSION MAGDALENA - NIGHT

The Silver Star rolls south across the border into Mexico. It pulls into a 16th Century Spanish mission.

**Superimpose: Mission Magdalena. Sonora, Mexico.**

Wyatt steps off THE TRAIN under a full moon. He takes in the church, orphanage and school.

WYATT

What is this place?

LENA

The front line.

She leads him inside the walls. He sees the town doctor, John "Doc" Holiday, stepping down from another car with Lamar.

WYATT

Thought we said our good-byes in Santa Fe. What brings you?

DOC

Curiosity. And the promise of enlightenment.

LAMAR

Not to mention a rather vicious set of skills not unlike yours.

Wyatt looks confused.

WYATT

Thought you was a jawbreaker.

DOC

I am a great many things.

LAMAR

Degenerate boozier. Dope fiend. Murderous card cheat. To name a few.

WYATT

Maybe he's just misunderstood.

DOC

Perpetually.

LAMAR

In any case, Doc is a most feared shootist in Texas and New Mexico. And officially unwelcome in the state of Arkansas.

WYATT

Not exactly a punishment.

Doc grins.

DOC

(off Wyatt)

Oh, I like this one.

INT. MISSION ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Quiet and serene. Two robe-and-sandal Jesuit priests walk past. Nuns light candles for the dead in a small chapel.

Lena leads Wyatt and Doc out to the

EXT. MISSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

Benches, fruit trees, a garden, and a rickety mine shaft ELEVATOR. Lena steps in the cage and motions Wyatt and Doc to follow.

INT. ELEVATOR CAGE - MOVING - NIGHT

A slow and CREAKY mechanical hoist lowers Lena, Wyatt and Doc down.

LENA

The Mission was converted in the 1850s when it was decided we needed to study the enemy. Science has provided us weapons in the fight but our true goal is to find vaccines. In the vampire matter, hematology is where the cure lies.

WYATT

Hematology?

DOC

The blood.

INT. MISSION DUNGEON - NIGHT

Cage doors open to a vast underground central headquarters and CDC lab for the Marshal Service. It has the look of a medieval insane asylum.

LENA

All bodies are delivered here for necropsy, dissection and eventual disposal. The living are held in captivity and studied.

WYATT

Did you say the living?

INT. DUNGEON PRISON - NIGHT

A dark, grim corridor.

Wyatt and Doc walk behind Lena. They hear distant SLAMMING, faint, hoarse SOBBING, and insane MUTTERING.

On the left are stone prison cells with steel doors and narrow observation slits built in.

On the right, hanging from hooks: brass syringes, shackles, iron muzzles, steel head cages, and oil lamps on sconces.

THE FIRST CELL

comes into view. Wyatt hears a feline WAIL. He peeks through the observation slit and sees a:

FEMALE VAMPIRE

in a claw-foot tub, immersed in gooey liquid, WAILING like a drugged cat. Her face is disfigured by knife cuts.

LENA

Laudanum bath. The physiological reaction is akin to an elixir. The creature is made docile.

WYATT

Who cut her?

LENA

She did that to herself.



DOC  
 Poor girl...

LENA  
 Make no mistake. What you see here  
 is not human.

Lena walks on.

THE SECOND CELL:

The door is reinforced by sandbags. A soldier stands guard with a crossbow. SOBBING from inside. Doc peeks in and sees:

A NAKED MAN

He's short, gaunt, unwashed... and CRYING.

DOC  
 He looks okay. Needs a bath and  
 some nourishment--

LENA  
 He refuses to eat. We'll return  
 when he's more himself.

She moves on.

THE THIRD CELL:

A rancid smell hits them on approach. GRUNTS and SLURPS growing louder. Wyatt peeks in, sees:

FOUR CREATURES

Slow-moving. Blanched rotting skin. Eyes blood-rimmed and dead. Sores oozing puss. Sitting and eating each other.

Gnawing entrails and limbs. Drooling blood-slobber. And occasionally throwing up.

WYATT  
 Are they...?

LENA  
 Flesh eaters. Mindless creatures.  
 But the outbreaks can consume large  
 populations.  
 (teaching moment)  
 First rule, what you kill, lock it  
 up and bring it here posthaste.

WYATT  
 Why?

LENA  
 For some species, death is a  
 temporary state.

Loud HOWLS and POUNDING shake the walls. Wyatt runs back to

THE SECOND CELL --

The naked man is gone, replaced by a ferocious WEREWOLF.  
 Eight feet tall, rabid green eyes, bone-crushing teeth, razor-  
 claws --

SLAMMING into the door!

Wyatt steps back, stunned. The guard FIRES the crossbow into  
 the observation slit. THWACK! The beast staggers, drugged,  
 SNARLING weakly. It lands with a THUD in a SNORING stupor.

LENA (CONT'D)  
 Chloral hydrate. Fast-acting sleep  
 inducer. Now we take samples.

WYATT  
 This place is an abomination.

LENA  
 This place is the one thing keeping  
 us from a dark age of monsters.

EXT. MISSION WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A hand holds up a small wooden bullet:

THOMAS (O.S.)  
 .32 caliber snakewood projectile.  
 Fire-hardened and boned. The copper  
 jacket protects the wood core.

THOMAS (30s), a brilliant 19th century scientist, is a "Q"-  
 like inventor of new weapons that kill monsters.

Wyatt, Doc and Lena listen.

WYATT  
 Why not a forty-four?

THOMAS  
 We tried it. Through trial and  
 error we learned larger caliber  
 fails to deliver the projectile.

FLASHBACK (FAILED TRIALS):

- Tester #1 shoots a rifle that BURSTS into flames.
- Tester #2, in knight's armor, fires a shotgun that EXPLODES.
- Tester #3 string-triggers a pistol from behind a barrier. It BLOWS UP. Shrapnel penetrates the barrier.

BACK TO SCENE.

Thomas holds up a dainty pistol.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Rimfire derringer. Four barrels  
with a revolving pin.

DOC  
Muff pistol?

WYATT  
A ladies gun.

LENA  
Gentlemen, it's not about size.

THOMAS  
Mr. Earp, you saw first-hand how  
our Holy Water-coated bullets  
damage vampire tissue and slow them  
down, but only for a short time.  
Tissue regenerates. Wounds heal.  
(looking at bullet)  
The snakewood. If you get close  
enough for the projectile to pierce  
the heart, it can be fatal.

He slides two wooden cartridge boxes across the table. Each one has a crucifix stamped on it.

Doc is taken aback.

DOC  
Queer thing to put on a bullet box.

LENA  
The Jesuits prepare the munitions  
by hand. It is their stamp and  
their blessing.

THOMAS  
Good luck, gentlemen.

Thomas hustles off to help a colleague.

DOC  
Bright young man.

LENA  
Yes. Edison is a genius. There is  
nothing he can't build or fix.

EXT. MISSION FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Liquid silver boils in an iron pot. Swords and daggers hang  
from hooks. BLACKSMITHS forge new blades with ball-hammers.

Oh yeah, there's also a gnarly VAMPIRE shackled to a wood  
beam. He HISSES throughout the scene.

Lena briefs Wyatt and Doc. Bass has joined the tour.

LENA  
Five ways to kill a vampire.

She points to Bass--

BASS  
(rote)  
One, stake to the heart. Two, fire.  
Three, remove the head. Four,  
sunlight except for daywalkers. And  
five, disease but that's tricky and  
it takes too long.

LENA  
We plate our blades in silver. It  
makes number three much easier.

She unsheathes a samurai sword and SLICES the shackled  
vampire's head clean off. Wyatt is floored.

WYATT  
Number three... Got it.

INT. MISSION CHAPEL - NIGHT

Lena has a lithographic railroad map open on the altar. Doc,  
Bass and Wyatt crowd around.

ON THE MAP: Towns and cities are pin-marked as far west as  
Wyoming Territory.

LENA  
The pins represent abductions. No  
pattern, other than the taken are  
young men and they're never seen  
again.

WYATT

How many?

BASS

Fifty at last report.

DOC

Somebody's building an army.

Wyatt stares at the pins on the map.

LENA

We know your brother was taken by Graves, an outlaw vampire. If you hope to find him, the answer is here.

Lamar enters, interrupts.

LAMAR

News from the telegraph! Church attack in Abilene.

WYATT

How many killed?

LAMAR

All of them.

Lamar speaks to Lena.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

(re: Wyatt and Doc)

Take these two. Keep me posted.

Lena nods.

WYATT

Need to make a stop first.

LENA

Where?

WYATT

Wherever the Bill Show is playing.

BASS

What the hell for?

WYATT

If we're fixing to lock horns with a gang of outlaw vampires, we need more gunmen.

EXT. BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW - DAY

**Superimpose: Stillwater, Oklahoma.**

It's a three ring circus-rodeo spectacle. Emcee BUFFALO BILL uses a megaphone to introduce the star of the show.

BUFFALO BILL  
Gentlemen and ladies of all ages,  
witness stupendous feats of  
marksmanship by our "Little Sure  
Shot", Miss Annie Oakley!

ANNIE OAKLEY (24), skips out in pigtails and buckskins. Petite but strong, like a gymnast.

She aims her rifle at a candle on a CLOWN'S HEAD 40 yards away -- BLAM! The whizzing bullet SNUFFS out the flame.

She jumps onto her horse and the show begins.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Annie splits a playing card held overhead at full gallop.
- She wins a rifle target contest against cavalry snipers,
- She hits silver dollars tossed in the air (dead center).

BIG FINISH: Annie shows off her riding skills, spinning and standing and dangling from the saddle. The crowd goes wild.

She waves and rides off behind the tent.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Annie dismounts, smile evaporating. A stable boy trades her a whiskey bottle for her horse. She takes a slug and walks off.

INT. DRESSING TENT - DAY

Annie enters. Wyatt is waiting. He saw the show.

WYATT  
I always liked you on a horse,  
Phoebe Ann--

ANNIE  
Nobody calls me that anymore. You  
come to beg forgiveness?

WYATT  
Here on business.

Annie masks her disappointment. She changes out of costume in front of him.

ANNIE  
You never was much for small talk.  
This business concern your brother  
Morgan?

WYATT  
I hope so.

ANNIE  
He still missing?

Wyatt nods.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
Pains me to hear it. But the day we  
parted company --

WYATT  
You mean the day you broke my heart  
and run off to join the circus?

ANNIE  
-- I said I didn't want to share  
you with a ghost. I still don't.

Annie starts wiping theater-paint off her face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
I got me a good thing here. Wages  
plus a half-penny of every ticket  
sold. Folks come from miles away to  
watch me shoot--

WYATT  
You sure it's not the dancing bear  
that draws them?

ANNIE  
I'm top of the bill. A star.

WYATT  
I got a real job for you. I need  
the best shootist in the  
territories. I need you, girl.

ANNIE  
Been a hired gun before. Money for  
blood. It don't suit me.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You got a bead on Graves, bully for you. I don't want no part of it--

WYATT

Graves is dead. This is bigger than Graves. It's bigger than the two of us. Hear me out.

She can tell he's dead serious.

ANNIE

Is it dangerous?

WYATT

Practically suicide.

She smiles.

ANNIE

I'm all ears.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT FOUR**

INT. TRAIN PASSENGER COACH - MOVING - NIGHT

Lena has briefed Annie, whose mouth is agape.

ANNIE

Monsters?

LENA

Don't think about the implications. Just realize that you've been in a deep sleep and now you are awake.

ANNIE

I need whiskey.

ACROSS THE CAR: Wyatt watches Lena pour Annie a whiskey. Lamar is sitting with him.

WYATT

(re: Lena)

Where did you find her?



LAMAR

Lena's father was the renowned Dutch scholar and vampire hunter Abraham Van Helsing. He gave his life to the cause.

WYATT

How'd he die?

LAMAR

Turned by a powerful vampire and burned at the stake by townspeople in his native Amsterdam.

QUICK FLASH:

Abraham Van Helsing tied to a stake. The mob screaming (we don't hear it). A torch is lowered and the flames rise up.

LAMAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The girl was but twelve when it happened.

WYATT (O.S.)

Dreadful.

Van Helsing SCREAMS as flames burn flesh.

LAMAR (O.S.)

Yes. It was she who lit the torch.

REVEAL young Lena holding the torch as her father burns.

BACK TO SCENE.

LAMAR (CONT'D)

She inherited his life's work.

Wyatt is stunned by Lena's sacrifice.

INT. TRAIN LIBRARY COACH - MOVING - NIGHT

Alone, Doc peruses bookshelves. He pulls an ANCIENT TOME off a shelf. The book is leather and dusty with a one word title in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Underneath is the translation: V A M P Y R E

He opens the book -- Brown pages. Hieroglyphic text. Drawings of bloody vampire attacks.

Off Doc's haunted face,

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. RUSTY SPUR SALOON - NIGHT (BEFORE)

**Superimpose: 24 hours earlier**

Doc is drunk at a poker table. His wife and bodyguard KATE HORONY (19) is perched on a bar stool over his shoulder.

The final pot is a huge pile of cash, gold coins, watches, pistols, boots and wooden teeth. Doc calls the bet:

DOC  
Show me yours and I'll show ya'  
mine.

Three tapped-out RUSTLERS turn over cards.

TWO PAIR  
Dimes and deuces.

JACKS  
Three jacks.

SPADES  
Ace-high flush.

All eyes on Doc:

DOC  
I only got me two pair--

Spades rejoices, reaching for the kit. Doc stops him. Turns over two kings, and two more kings. Four of a kind.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Cowboys over cowboys.

Fast as a cat, Kate sweeps the winnings into her carpet bag. She gulps the last of her whiskey.

SPADES  
Chiseler! Your bunco whore was  
eyeballing my cards all night!

Kate LAUGHS mockingly.

KATE  
(Hungarian accent)  
Ha! My man he clean your plow--

Spades reaches for his gun. Doc beats him to the draw. It doesn't matter. The man's holster is empty.

KATE (CONT'D)  
Your Colt is in my bag, beef-head.

Doc drops a few coins and the wooden teeth on the table.

DOC  
Have your teeth back. And bend an  
elbow on me.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Doc and Kate are having passionate sex.

KATE  
You're all man, Doc. Without you I  
am nothing.

DOC  
I love you too, mon amour.

KATE  
If you ever left me I find you and  
kill you then I kill myself.

Doc is turned on by her psychotic sex-babble.

DOC  
How would you do me? Gun or knife?  
Or would you cut my pecker off?

KATE  
I would, I would!

Off their torrid, if bizarre, lovemaking--

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Doc and Kate are asleep under a tangle of sheets (we can't see them). The RUSTLERS sneak in and surround the bed.

Spades nudges Doc awake with the barrel of his Winchester.

SPADES  
Wake up, chiseler. We come for the  
travel bag.

Hands in the air. Doc sits up -- alone.

DOC  
Took you boys long enough.

It's a trap.

Kate appears behind them. Bare-ass naked. Attacks at light-speed. A blur of limbs slashing and kicking. She lays waste to three men in seconds.

Then she kneels over Spades--

And expertly THRUSTS a push dagger in his jugular. Latches onto the geyser and drinks, gulping blood. Buzzed and bloody, she motions for Doc to join her.

KATE

Feed with me, mon amour.

Doc smells fresh blood.

His eyeteeth grow sharp.

That's right, Doc Holiday is a vampire.

But a tormented one, fighting to resist, holding onto his last thread of humanity.

He gets out of bed and moves past Kate to the washroom.

DOC

I'll heat up your bath.

KATE

Three full-grown too much for me!  
It's waste.

He shuts the door. Kate looks down at her next course, all business. In goes the dagger.

EXT. CHINATOWN ALLEY - DAWN

Behind the saloons, a Chinese man, JING, walks past whores, drunk laborers and livestock stalls. He moves into

INT. OPIUM TENT - SAME

Oil lamps burn. Bodies in repose, smoking from long pipes, having sex, snoring. Jing moves down two steps into a dirt CELLAR. Candles light the way past a drawn curtain into

INT. CELLAR BACK ROOM - SAME

Six zonked-out opium addicts are hooked to IV tubes, their blood draining into a keg. Jing swaps the full keg for the empty one.

EXT. BEHIND HOTEL - DAWN

Doc stands next to a wagon. The three dead rustlers are on it, rolled up in bedsheets and wool blankets.

Jing approaches. Doc pays him. Jing hands Doc the keg and a flask then drives the wagon off to dispose of the bodies.

Alone on the street, Doc drinks from the flask. As he wipes blood from his chin,

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MOUNTAIN GOLD MINE - DAY

**Superimpose: Battle Creek Gold Mine (Colorado)**

James-Younger gang hideout and vampire lair.

FRANK JAMES (from the church) rides a mine cart through a maze of catacombs past outlaws who are bedded down but awake. He stops at Jesse's "sleep" chamber.

*(Note: Sleep is in quotes because vampires do not sleep.)*

The weasel BOB FORD sits, whittling with a pocket knife.

FRANK

How is he?

Bob shakes his head. Frank sighs, grabs a torch and moves into the tunnel.

INT. JESSE'S CRYPT - SAME

Blasted-out nook. Veins of gold in the rocks. Frank bends to keep from hitting his head on the jagged ceiling.

Jesse lies in the dark, on a bedroll, morose.

FRANK

What's wrong?

Long beat.

JESSE

I can't shake the gloom.

FRANK

How can I help?

JESSE  
Sit with me.

Frank sits.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
You remember summers on the farm?  
Running the fields. Shirt off. The  
warm sun on your back.  
(beat)  
And twilight, the way the wind used  
to breeze across the wheat.

FRANK  
I remember.

JESSE  
I'll never see another prairie  
sunset. It wouldn't be so bad if I  
could sleep. Just to take leave of  
my thoughts. Rest my mind.

His voice trails off.

FRANK  
News off the wire: Graves is dead.

Jesse sits up.

JESSE  
Who done him?

FRANK  
Bounty hunter. Chased him into a  
sunrise.

JESSE  
This son-of-a-whore bounty hunter  
got a name?

FRANK  
Wyatt Earp. He joined up with the  
Marshals. They got a posse making  
tracks for Abilene.

JESSE  
Nosing after them Yankee church  
folk we called on.

FRANK  
Itching for an ambush.

Jesse nods.

JESSE  
Send a welcome party.

FRANK  
You want recruits?

Jesse shake his head, no.

JESSE  
Kill'em all. Make an example.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

**ACT FIVE**

INT. CHURCH HOUSE - DUSK

**Superimpose: Abilene, Kansas**

Church carnage aftermath. Sealed off and untouched since the attack. Mauled parishioners frozen by death and cold weather.

The Marshals are on the scene. Just staring.

ANNIE  
Mercy.

BASS  
Good thing it's winter.

DOC  
Whoever did this left a lot of meat on the bone.

WYATT  
Game would have dragged the bodies off. This is savage amusement.

BASS  
Savage as a meat axe.

Lena sees the altar cross, still covered by Jesse's duster.

LENA  
We all know what this is.

Bass checks the light.

BASS  
Nearly sundown. Too late to make inquiries.

LENA

Agreed.

BASS

Load the bodies for transport?

Lena looks around at the carnage.

LENA

No. Torch it.

EXT. ABILENE - MAIN STREET - DUSK

Sunset. The church is burning in the distance.

The Marshals are on horses, riding slow into town. No foot traffic. Shops are closed. It's a ghost town.

ANNIE

Where are the townfolk?

WYATT

Most was at the church. The rest likely hightailed it.

As dusk turns to night,

INT. HOTEL SALOON - NIGHT

No barkeep, no hotel owner, nobody around.

AT THE BAR: Huddled around a map of Kansas, Lena, Annie and Bass talk strategy over beers and coffee.

BASS

Junction City and Woodbine. The James-Younger outfit got kinfolk all over these counties.

LENA

Needle in a haystack.

Doc plays a concerto on an upright tack piano. Wyatt sits balancing his chair, looking glum.

DOC

You don't like Chopin?

WYATT

It's crackerjack.

DOC

Then why the hangdog look?



WYATT  
You got brothers?

DOC  
Had me a Mexican half-brother. Died  
of the lung. We were not close.

WYATT  
I got four. Thick as thieves. And  
Morgan is the best of the bunch.

He shows Doc a daguerreotype photo of Morgan Earp at the  
tender age of fourteen.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
If he's turned... I'm not sure I  
can put him down.

DOC  
Never underestimate a man's basic  
instinct for survival.

Docc hears SCURRYING on the roof. Stops playing. Wyatt looks  
up, slow-drawing his pistols.

WYATT  
To survival.

Annie reaches for her rifle. Lena unsheathes her sword.

Bass climbs behind the bar, COCKING his Winchester.

The Marshals wait, weapons ready. Hearts racing.

Suddenly, a creature CRASHES through the window--

Game ON!

Bass and Annie OPEN UP with rifles. Silver-tip bullets burn  
undead flesh like acid. The creature SCREECHES and sails off  
course, into Lena's samurai sword -- SLICE.

Mid-air decapitation. We stay with THE HEAD:

Sailing through the air, SMASHING against a spittoon, landing  
in tobacco juice -- and morphing back to human form.

Floodgates open: Creatures BLAST through doors, dive-bombing  
down from the mezzanine, Marshals KILLING THEM as fast as  
they come.

Wyatt BLASTS a kamikaze creature into the bar, SHATTERING  
booze bottles.

Bass fires his Rimfire into its heart-- BLAM! Chest EXPLODES.  
Dead vampire.

Amidst the hand-to-hand gunfight,

*A VAMPIRE CHARGES DOC*

-- then stops short, face to face. SNIFFING him.

In that moment, Lena FIRES a snakewood bullet into the creature's heart. Dead Vampire.

Doc and Lena locks eyes. He tips his hat.

DOC

Obliged.

AT THE BAR:

The last vampire CHARGES Annie. Rifle empty, she draws her Colt pistol. The creature SLAPS it away, bares fangs and lunges at her--

Wyatt BLASTS the vampire in the back. It WAILS and drops to a knee. Flesh SIZZLING. Wyatt aims his Rimfire at the vampire's chest. Then looks at its face --

Morgan Earp.

Wyatt freezes. His face a mask of torment.

In a flash, Morgan bolts off. Out the window, and into the night. Still rattled, Wyatt looks up -- and sees Bass, who just saw Wyatt allow Morgan to escape.

Silence.

The battle won. Lena is all business.

LENA

Casualties?

BASS

None. We're all good.

She nods. Sheathes her sword.

INT. TRAIN - LIBRARY COACH - NIGHT

Doc sits in a soft chair. Head back. Lena enters and sits down across from him.

LENA  
Are you okay?

Doc nods. Beat.

LENA (CONT'D)  
How long have you been infected?

DOC  
A year. How did you figure it?

LENA  
Observation. Your reaction to the crucifix. The odd liquid from your flask. Your day malaise which most believe to be alcohol poisoning or consumption but I suspect is a sensitivity to light.

DOC  
Far from conclusive.

LENA.  
True. But then in battle, I saw a vampire refuse to attack one of its own: you.

DOC  
Put the dagger away. You're in no danger.

She pockets a snakewood dagger concealed in her skirt.

LENA  
You don't feed?

He taps on the flask inside his breast pocket.

DOC  
I drink.

LENA  
How are you kept in spirits?

DOC  
Black market. Bled from the dopers.

LENA  
May I ask how were you infected?

DOC  
A woman... She was just eighteen.  
Skin like marble. Hungarian  
succubus. Vampire. My soulmate.

LENA  
Demon soul.

DOC  
The heart wants what it wants.

LENA  
Or else it does not care...

Poetry. A shared moment. Lena breaks it:

LENA (CONT'D)  
Does this woman share your  
progressive ideas as regards to  
feeding?

DOC  
No.

LENA  
Then she is the enemy. You must  
kill her to save yourself.

Doc leans his head back, exhausted.

DOC  
I can't. I love her.

LENA  
Then you are doomed.

EXT. SILVER STAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The train rolls south through the West Texas desert, carrying the Marshals "home" to Mexico. Cue MUSIC, under a

**MONTAGE:**

EXT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

Atop the mountain, the vampires gather for a ritual. New recruits kneel. Jesse pulls a cattle brand out of the fire and burns a broken cross symbol into a RECRUIT's chest.

The Recruit wails in pain (we don't hear it), and bares fangs.

INT. TRAIN - LIBRARY COACH - NIGHT

Lena studies vampire autopsy shots. The corpses all have the broken cross brand. She opens an Egyptian Book of the Dead, finds the symbol for the ancient *Order of the Vampire*.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER COACH - NIGHT

Wyatt stares at the old photo of brother Morgan, young and innocent. Before the fall.

EXT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

A second recruit is branded. Vampires chant and gesticulate, including Morgan Earp -- a dedicated member of the cult.

INT. MISSION MAGDALENA - MORGUE - NIGHT

Edison working late dissecting a vampire, draining it. He studies the blood under a microscope, looking for the cure.

EXT. TRAIN - WEAPONS COACH - NIGHT

Bass and Annie drink coffee and clean their weapons. Two soldiers prepping for the next battle.

EXT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

A third recruit is branded, the ritual reaching fever pitch.

INT. TRAIN - PASSENGER COACH

Doc rests his head against a window. He lifts Kate's lace kerchief to his nose, inhaling her scent, missing her.

EXT. GOLD MINE - NIGHT

The last recruit is Kate. She lifts her hair up. Jesse brands the back of her neck. Kate shows no pain but she sheds a tear as she knows she has lost Doc forever.

**END MONTAGE.**

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

**Superimpose: Lincoln County, New Mexico**

Jesse and his vampire gang ride to the banks of the Rio Grande to meet rival BANDITS fronted by a

YOUNG MAN (18), in vest and ragged sweater, slouch cowboy hat and a holstered Colt revolver on his left side.

The meeting has the feel of a criminal summit.

The young man and hostile bandits glare at Jesse with itchy trigger fingers.

YOUNG MAN

Folks dumb enough to ride up on my camp uninvited, we mostly kill'em and ask questions later.

FRANK

Try it and take the dirt nap.

In a nanosecond --

The bandits morph into beasts. TEETH jutting. CLAWS bursting. Hunched low to the ground, GROWLING... Werewolves.

Jesse's men morph into vampires, baring fangs and HISSING.

Shit is about to go down.

JESSE

(calm voice)

We come a long way to talk so pull in your horns and give us a listen.

Tense beat.

Then werewolves and vampires morph back to human form.

YOUNG MAN

Talk.

Jesse slides down off his horse. He walks up to the cocky young man who seems to be in charge.

JESSE

You be William Bonney?

KID

Call me Kid. Everybody does. These curly wolves are the Lincoln County Regulators.

(beat)

What ya' come for?

JESSE

Truce. Throw in with us.

KID

That a joke?

JESSE

We have a common enemy.

FRANK  
Marshals need to be stopped.

KID  
Why for?

JESSE  
Because they are hunting us. They  
have but one goal: to exterminate  
our kind... all of us.

KID  
Good luck with that.

The Kid and his men LAUGH.

JESSE  
They studied us. Learned our  
weaknesses. And they got new  
weapons, ones that kill.

Laughter dies down to SILENCE.

KID  
Got a plan?

JESSE  
To survive and grow the ranks. You  
men are a militia. How'd you like  
to be an army?  
(lets it sink in)  
For our kind it's domination or  
death. No middle ground. Either we  
run the whole shebang or they pick  
us off one by one until we're  
snuffed out. I vote for domination.

KID  
How?

JESSE  
It starts with the Marshals. That's  
the battle that wins the war.

Jesse offers his hand. Kid takes it.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Peace. And war.

KID  
Peace and war.

Werewolves HOWL!

And the truce is sealed -- vampires and werewolves united against the Marshals, the Union... and against humanity.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END PILOT.**