

SCRIPT TITLE

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TEASER

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

ALLAN PINKERTON steps off the red eye from Chicago in a foul mood. He has not slept all night.

KATE WARNE (V.O.)

Allan. Come to Kansas City
immediately stop. William is in
terrible trouble stop. I need your
help unable to cope with the
situation at hand stop.

ALLAN crumples the telegram and strides through the snow towards the hotel/saloon.

INT. ALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ALLAN and a grim looking KATE sit sipping tea.

ALLAN

Drinking paralyzes the moral
compass, it hardens the heart, it
turns men into sordid, selfish,
sons of bitches.

KATE

Its nothing to do with drinking,
Allan.

ALLAN

His ma's frantic about him. She
sent more shortbread.

He takes up the packet and offers kate a piece.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

I built this business up from
nothing, Kate. Never touched a drop
in all my life.

KATE

This isn't just any saloon floozy,
Allan.

ALLAN

Hard work. That'll save you.

KATE

Her name is Rose.

ALLAN

Who?

KATE

Rose. She of the velvet eyes. The cherry lips.

ALLAN

Oh so that's what this is about. Love, is it?

KATE

"Her raven locks. The pale milk bosom that heaves when he doth place his lips upon hers."

ALLAN

So he's a poet now is he?

KATE

He is "doomed".

ALLAN

Sentimental claptrap. Its not so bad then. A good talking to and he'll pull himself together.

KATE

I fear its not going to be that easy. You should see the way he is around her.

ALLAN

And he met her when?

KATE

"Love knows not time. Love is eternal."

ALLAN

Nonsense. I'm presuming he met her a fistful of days ago. You dragged me on the red eye from Chicago for this? I'm surprised at you, Kate.

KATE

It was love at first sight.

ALLAN

Its the drinking, I tell you, and the gambling. His mind abides in a swamp.

The train whistles in the distance.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Damn it. There goes the train back to Chicago. Well, I'm stuck here now. Where can I find her, this Rose?

KATE

He says he's asked her to marry him.

ALLAN

He'll do no such thing. I'll sort the boy out. Don't mention the shortbread to him, if you please. Where is he?

He rises and brushes away the crumbs of shortbread which he has eaten in their entirety.

KATE

He's downstairs.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

As ALLAN appears at the top of the stairs, followed by KATE.

On stage: a preacher has his eyes shut and his bible lifted up to the sky in his fist. The saloon is not full, there is a small crowd of townsfolk, being led in a hymn.

ALLAN and KATE watch from the stairs as the preacher opens his eyes, the hymn ends and he begins to speak in hushed tones.

SALMOND

The promised land. Until today you all thought that land was out there, in a distant future. But I am here today to tell you. The promised land is here and now. Say halleluljah, brothers and sisters.

A VOICE

Halleluljah!

SALMOND

Praise the Lord, for he sends a virgin among us now. She wanders through you and can heal the sick, and take away your sorrows. Praise be to Jesus.

ANOTHER VOICE

Praise to jesus! Amen!

SALMOND

For who among us has not sinned? Who has not transgressed? And who has not felt the devil himself breathing down his sinner's neck? But I say get thee behind me Satan!

A VOICE

Praise be to Jesus! Get thee behind me!

SALMOND

Get thee gone from these poor folks of Jerusalem, let them walk with Jesus! Say halleluljah!

AUDIENCE

Halleluljah!

A figure in a hood seems to drift through the saloon doors, past ALLAN and through the audience.

SALMOND

She is an angel, yes.

The audience hushes and stares. ALLAN sees only her back.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

Angel of mercy. Angel of light. Let her rip the evil from your hearts.

A WOMAN

Touch me. Here! Me please, heal me!

As ALLAN and KATE watch, the hooded figure passes through the crowd, touching people. Some faint. Others dance around as if touched by joy.

The hooded figure stops before a native American Indian in a wheelchair. The crowd goes silent again.

The hooded figure takes him by the hands. SALMOND descends from the stage.

SALMOND

What ails you, Indian?

SALMOND reads a card the Indian hands him.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

His throat was cut from ear to ear by Pawnees while tracking for Lieutenant Custer. He can't talk no more.

The crowd gasps as SALMOND pulls away a scarf to reveal the horrific scar this man bears.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

And are you a God fearing Christian, son?

The Indian nods and mouths words "I am".

SALMOND (CONT'D)

By the powers invested in this girl
I call upon the spirit to heal this
poor Indian soldier who fought so
diligently for the Christian cause,
to rid this land of the Indian
savage. Deliver him from evil,
Lord. Make him speak again!

A hush. The hooded figure beckons him to stand. Slowly, he rises from his chair.

The crowd gasps. Because he is a giant, built like a brick building.

The hooded figure leads the giant Indian man to the stage where she touches his throat.

He falls back as if hit by lightning and hots the stage with a shuddering thud. The crowd gasps.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

He is cured! He can talk!

The Indian gets to his knees and from his throat a sound emanates, like the howl of a wolf. The audience is under the spell of this theatre.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

Seek the Lord and ye shall find the
Lord. Halleluljah!

The Indian tries to say Halleluljah, but once again he howls.

The hooded figure pulls back her hood, revealing a beautiful young girl with sparkling emerald eyes and olive skin.

ALLAN stares at her. She reminds him of someone, somewhere.

AUDIENCE

Halleluljah!

The Indian forms the words.

INDIAN

Halleluljah!

The rapt audience applauds. A figure begins to go around the audience with a hat, collecting their donations.

SALMOND

Tomorrow night this young girl who
is barely sixteen, who has cured
all the evils of mankind, will
attempt what has never been done
before. She will raise the dead!

A gasp.

ALLAN, still staring at the girl, who meets his eyes.

SALMOND (CONT'D)
She speaks!

AUDIENCE
She speaks. Hush!

ROSE
His heart is going pitapatapitapat.

As she stares directly into ALLAN'S soul...

INT. MANSION - 1861, 5 YEARS AGO

A young girl laughs at the camera.

CHILD
His heart is going pitapatapitapat.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN is brought back to reality as the man holds out a hat to him for a donation.

ALLAN
William?

WILLIAM looks up.

WILL
Dad?

A flurry of emotions wash across his face. Pleasure at seeing his father. Then confusion, fear, guilt. Finally defiance.

WILL (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

ALLAN grabs him by the shirt and tries to pull him up the stairs. WILLIAM resists violently. The hat goes flying, the coins clatter to the ground. A voice screams. The crowd goes for the money as mayhem breaks out.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

ALLAN and WILLIAM are locked behind bars. KATE stands before LOGAN.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Disturbing the peace. Assault with a deadly weapon.

WILL

What deadly weapon?

KATE

A chair.

ALLAN

The chair was made of pine, not oak.

LOGAN

And?

ALLAN

Hardly a deadly weapon. Pine wood is light, it breaks easily.

WILL

Exactly.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Resisting arrest. Assaulting an officer of the law.

ALLAN frowns at the black eye LOGAN is nursing.

ALLAN

You took a swing at the sheriff?

WILL

It was an accident. I was swinging at someone else, he got in the way.

ALLAN

Put a steak on that.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Beg your pardon?

ALLAN

A steak. Old Scots remedy. Listen, Sheriff, I'm sure we can come to some pecuniary settlement about this sordid affair.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Plus damages to property. Threw my deputy right through the window of the saloon.

ALLAN

I'll pay for all damages.

He takes a wad of cash out. LOGAN eyes the cash lustily.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Right through the window.

ALLAN

Shall we say ten dollars?

SHERIFF LOGAN

We talking bail here?

A hostile silence. KATE coughs and gestures higher.

ALLAN

Twenty dollars then.

LOGAN takes the twenty. Opens the cell door. ALLAN steps out. WILLIAM tries to follow. ALLAN pushes him back in.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

The twenty is for me alone.

WILL

Hey!

ALLAN

I apologize for my involvement in that skirmish, Sheriff. But I would appreciate it if you could keep my son under lock and key for the time being.

SHERIFF LOGAN

He's your responsibility. You raised him.

ALLAN peels off another ten dollars. LOGAN takes it.

WILL

That's bribing the law. That's a criminal offence.

ALLAN

Just keep him here for the night til I can sort this mess out.

WILL

I'll break out of here. There is no jail cell in the world built that can hold me.

LOGAN

Yeah, there's talk going on he's in love with the healer.

WILL

Nothing will keep me from the girl I love.

LOGAN

Like she's put some kinda spell on him.

WILL

I will move mountains to be with her. Mountains and lakes. I am the dreamer who looks into the pool.

LOGAN

Mind if I gag him?

EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET - DAY

ALLAN and KATE WARNE exit the jail and hurry along the snow covered street, huddling against the bitter cold.

ALLAN

Who is this girl, Kate? Where did she come from?

KATE

She's a member of a religious revivalist cult, Allan. That's all the information I can glean.

ALLAN

He fell for a con artist? My son?

KATE

And hard.

ALLAN

Where can I find her?

KATE

She and the preacher have rooms in the hotel.

ALLAN

Successful con artists then.

KATE

Very.

ALLAN

This ends now.

They enter the hotel.

INT. SALOON - AFTERNOON

ALLAN and KATE sit in wait, watching the stairs to the hotel, and the saloon doors.

KATE

You sent a message asking them to join you hours ago.

ALLAN

Which they have clearly decided to ignore. We shall play the mongoose to the rattlesnake. And wait them out.

KATE

Speak of the devil.

For descending the stairs is the preacher SALMOND. ALLAN rises and cuts off his exit.

ALLAN

A word with you.

SALMOND

Who asks?

ALLAN

Allan Pinkerton.

SALMOND

Of the Pinkerton detective agency. I have no need of your services, sir, good day to you.

ALLAN takes his arm firmly and sits him down.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

Hey.

ALLAN

That is my son you're toying with.

SALMOND

The boy, William? Yes, a convert, a lost sheep joins the flock.

ALLAN

He's lost his head momentarily is all. Had it turned by a gal. Who is she?

SALMOND

You are referring no doubt to the High Priestess herself. She with powers that can heal all sin and cast out the darkness.

ALLAN

I'm a man of science, and for all your talk of lambs you can't pull the wool over my eyes. You're a wolf in a sheepskin coat.

SALMOND

Yours is not bad either. Is that buffalo fur?

ALLAN

I'm not going to sit here and make small talk. You leave my son alone.

SALMOND

Or what? You think we're forcing him into our fold? He's made his own choice. Free will and all that. The sins of the father. Now if you'll excuse me, I've much to do in preparation for tomorrow's ceremony. Did you not hear? She's going to raise the dead.

KATE

Did you not hear us? We're not buying it. Beat it.

SALMOND

Thomas too wasn't buying it. He changed his tune.

ALLAN

The girl. Let me talk to her.

SALMOND

Oh no. No no. She can't possibly be disturbed. She's under lock and key. She's in deep meditation. Preparing for the Miracle. May your God go with you.

He stands and leaves with a smirk. ALLAN fumes. He stands.

ALLAN

I'm going to find her.

KATE

I'm coming too.

The climb the stairs.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN peers around a corner. Down the hall stands the huge Indian fellow, outside a room. KATE peeks around too. They look at each other.

ALLAN rounds the corner and walks slowly towards the Indian who just stares him down and unfolds his arms, ready for trouble. KATE walks behind ALLAN, peeking around his broad frame.

ALLAN stops at his own hotel room and unlocks the door. Enters. Followed by KATE.

INT. ALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door closed. KATE stares at ALLAN.

ALLAN

Now what?

KATE goes to the window and slides it open. Climbs out. ALLAN follows.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As ALLAN and KATE make their way in the cold along the balcony. They stop at a window and stare in. ALLAN slides the window open.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN and KATE climb in behind ROSE, the priestess, who meditates, humming with her eyes closed. A hand goes over her mouth as she tries to scream.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She is gagged and tied. ALLAN stands before her.

ALLAN

We mean no harm. Just a few questions is all. I am Allan Pinkerton. William is my son. I apologize for the intrusion but your preacher and the Indian outside left me no alternative. I am going to un gag you now.

He ungags her. Silence. She glares at him.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask you to leave town tonight. You and your preacher and the Indian fellow. There's a train at dawn. Take it. Disappear. Never see my son again. We clear?

Silence. She glares at them.

ROSE
And if I do, what do I get in
exchange?

ALLAN hadn't thought about this. He looks at KATE. KATE
gestures to his wallet. ALLAN takes it out and counts the wad
of cash.

ALLAN
I've got two hundred dollars here.

Silence. ROSE stares at KATE. Who looks in her purse. She
takes out some cash.

KATE
Forty five dollars and seventy five
cents.

ROSE
That what you think your son's
worth?

ALLAN
Its all I've got.

ROSE
Untie me. Get more.

ALLAN contains his fury. KATE unleashes.

KATE
What kind of a woman are you? You
play with people's hopes and
dreams? Toy with them? Were you
raised by wolves?

ROSE turns on her.

ROSE
Oh you're so fine and mighty, miss
Kate Warne. Yes, I know you've got
the warmth of human compassion
running through your veins.

A knock at the door. She responds with a sharp voice.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Do not disturb me! I am preparing!

Silence. Back to ALLAN. Cold. Rubbing her wrists.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I don't want your filthy money. Now
leave, before I start to scream.
And have you arrested for breaking
and entering. Your son despises
you. And everything you stand for,
Mister Pinkerton. Now get out.

She has the upper hand. ALLAN just stares at her.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

ALLAN and KATE sit there, contemplating the check mate situation they face.

KATE
What now?

ALLAN
Is there something about her that
doesn't quite make sense?

KATE
I know what you mean.

ALLAN
She's not in love with my son.

KATE
No she is not.

ALLAN
Then why is she going out of her
way to do him so much harm?

KATE
He's made himself a few enemies
here and there. Its his nature.

ALLAN
Cannot put my finger on it. Lets go
and talk to William, perhaps he can
be reasoned with.

LOGAN appears at their table, rubbing his head.

LOGAN
You need to come right away.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

LOGAN (V.O.)
I was out on a call and so was the
deputy, when I got back...

The iron door has been wrenched off its hinges. WILLIAM is gone. ALLAN and KATE stare at the damage. LOGAN holds out his palm.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SALOON - EVENING

ALLAN and KATE sit at a table in the crowded saloon, finishing their supper. ALLAN wipes his mouth. KATE on the other hand has no appetite.

ALLAN
You've no appetite.

KATE
No.

ALLAN
One can't let good food go to waste.

KATE nods, her mind a million miles away. He takes her plate.

KATE
You sure we shouldn't be looking for your son?

ALLAN
Where's he going to go in this weather? Where's the girl?

He points his fork up to the ceiling.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Up there. He'll show his face. Let the sheriff go catching his death out there with his search party. If I know my son, he'll show his face.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY, SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

As William hauls himself onto the balcony, shivering in the icy wind. He goes to the window and tries to open it. Shut. He bangs on the window.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSE opens the window for him, and he falls in, a shivering wreck.

ROSE
William. You've come.

WILL
Yes. My toes are falling off. I've been hiding out for hours in the cold.

ROSE

I have been waiting for you. Help me with my hair.

She hands him a towel. He begins to dry it for her. Forgetting his own discomfort.

WILL

This afternoon my father came to town. I have to talk to you.

ROSE

Your father. Pinkerton. Yes. I met him.

WILL

You did?

ROSE

He came here to my room, William. He broke in and he held me hostage.

WILL

He did what?

ROSE

He threatened me, he told me to leave this town. He told me to leave you.

WILL

He did that?

ROSE

He tried to buy my love for you, William.

WILL

How much?

ROSE

Two hundred dollars.

WILL

Typical. He always was a cheap old bastard.

ROSE

And a lecher, with that woman he consorts with.

WILL

What?

ROSE

His concubine. Miss Warne.

WILL

No, you're wrong about that. My mother. He loves my mother, she's his rock.

ROSE

I'm sorry, William.

He stops drying her hair and has turned away, in a sulk. She takes his face in her hands and looks into his eyes.

ROSE (CONT'D)

William. Why are you such a violent man? I am yours.

WILL

I swear. I love you, Rose.

ROSE

I know. But your love is a disease. You must cleanse yourself of all the sins of your past if you wish to be with me.

WILL

You want me to give up drink? All the women? Done.

ROSE

I want you to give up everything, family, past. To be mine.

William stares long and hard at her. He melts.

WILL

OK. I'll do it. There. Done. Anything else?

ROSE

I am a virgin, William.

Silence. He stares at her confused.

WILL

What are you saying?

ROSE

The powers I possess, come from God, and God uses me because I am pure. If I were to give myself to you, I would lose those powers, William.

WILL

I see.

But he doesn't. Love truly is blind. A silence. He comes up with it.

ROSE

If you marry me God can continue
his great work through me. Come.

She takes his hand. She opens a door and there stands
SALMOND, with his greasy smile.

SALMOND

Yes, Rose, what is it?

ROSE

William and I are in love, and we
wish to be married.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN has finished her plate and sips his tea. KATE is so
troubled. ALLAN eyes her.

ALLAN

You're unusually quiet of late.
Something on your mind?

KATE

That young girl.

ALLAN

Something about her.

KATE

I feel like I know her.

ALLAN

Know her?

KATE

Yes, like we've met somewhere
before. The way she looked at me. I
can't put my finger on it.

ALLAN

More tea please.

ALLAN notices the Indian who was miraculously given the power
to talk again. He is staring at him across the bar.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a moment.

He gets up and strides over to the Indian, carrying his cup
of tea. Sits. Sips.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Only one fellow strong enough to
tear that door off its hinges and
I'm looking right at him.

The Indian does not answer.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Lemme tell you, con men are not appreciated around here. You steal honest folks' hard earned money, they tend to get riled up and next thing you know, you're hog tied and covered in tar and feathers.

The Indian just stares at him.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

You ever been tarred before? Its painful beyond human endurance. Most men die of shock. I suggest you clear out of town before you get hurt.

The town coffin maker approaches, drunk.

MACKAY

You telling that Indian to clear out of here, Pinkerton? Well, why don't you follow your own advice and take your stinking agency back to Chicago.

ALLAN rises, leaving his tea cup on the table, his attention now on the belligerent coffin maker.

MACKAY (CONT'D)

That's right. Ever since you dopes showed up with your "shoot to disarm " policy, my business has gone down, way down, no more shoot outs, no bushwhackers, no marauding gunslingers, and you don't exactly leave any corpses rotting in the street for me to clean up.

ALLAN

On your way, MacKay.

MACKAY takes a drunken swing at ALLAN, who steps aside as he crashes into the table. The INDIAN stands, as MACKAY crumbles to the ground.

The Indian holds out ALLAN'S tea cup. ALLAN takes it.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Where is my son?

The INDIAN walks upstairs, a mountain of a man.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALMOND smiles at both of them.

SALMOND

This is quite a surprise. Welcome into the fold my son. Come take your beloved's hand and let us begin the ceremony of innocence.

WILL

You can marry us, here and now?

SALMOND

I am an ordained priest.

He smiles, motions for them to take hands.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

William Pinkerton, Rose O'Neal, you are here together beneath the eyes of the all seeing Almighty.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN has returned to his table and sits opposite KATE.

KATE

What was that about?

He winks and pours more tea into that cup.

ALLAN

I've got them on the run I think. Things are going to start happening around here. Keep your eyes peeled.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALMOND

William Pinkerton, will you take Rose O'Neal to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forth, for better and for worst, til death do you part?

WILL

I do.

INT. SALOON - EVENING

KATE watches ALLAN prepare tea.

KATE

I meant the walking mountain.

ALLAN

I merely told the fellow we could not be responsible for their safety if they chose to keep stealing from the town folk. When they wise up, they will want swift retribution.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALMOND

Rose O'Neal will you take William Pinkerton to be your lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forth, for better and for worst, til death do you part?

ROSE

I do.

INT. SALOON - EVENING

KATE watches as he prepares to drink.

KATE

Why don't you ever take milk and sugar?

ALLAN

I can do without. Did I ever tell you as a child my mother would bring home a single boiled egg and it was the height of luxury.

He drinks. Closes his eyes as the flavor of the tea hits the back of his throat.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALMOND

I now declare you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

As they kiss...

INT. SALOON - EVENING

ALLAN opens his eyes. His eyes begin to water. His hand goes to his neck as he starts to choke.

KATE

Allan? What's the matter?

But he can't answer her. He turns purple and as a crowd gathers, he stands and collapses to the floor.

KATE (CONT'D)

Allan! Someone get the doctor!

The dentist, another drunk, stumbles through the crowd.

DENTIST

I'm here.

KATE

You're not a doctor, you're a dentist!

He kneels next to ALLAN's immobile body and feels for a pulse. Looks up.

DENTIST

He's dead.

A hush through the crowd. KATE looks at a loss.

INT. ALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

ALLAN lies laid to rest in an open coffin. WILLIAM stands before his father, holding back his tears. KATE stands next to him, holding onto him.

WILL

Guess that appetite for life got him in the end, huh?

KATE holds her tongue.

KATE

Its time for all the townsfolk to pay their respects, William.

He takes a flask from his pocket and sneaks a shot.

Kate walks to the door but before she opens it, she can't help herself.

KATE (CONT'D)

William. Everything is not as its meant to be.

WILL

What do you mean?

KATE

The circumstances of your father's...demise. Are suspicious.

WILL

Suspicious.

KATE

Yes. I suspect foul play.

WILL

You heard the doc. He suffered a stroke which brought on a fatal heart attack. End of story.

KATE

Before his death, I witnessed your father approach the big native American Indian.

WILL

You mean Running Bear? He has a name.

KATE

Yes. He told him he was onto them and that they'd be run out of town sooner rather than later.

WILL

Yes, father was always a violent man, seeking confrontation.

KATE

Its possible the man slipped something into your father's tea cup. I'm analyzing the contents.

WILL

You're analyzing the contents?

KATE

Yes.

WILL

So you're trying to prove that the woman I love, the woman I just married, murdered my father.

He approaches her with a wild look.

WILL (CONT'D)

She loves me.

KATE

Your father loves you too. Loved.

WILL

He made my life a living hell, always yelling, castigating, nothing ever good enough for him.

KATE

But he cared for you, William.

WILL

He wanted to buy the love of the
woman I love and break my heart.

He reaches past her and throws the doors open, leaving Kate shaken.

INT. ALLAN'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The crowd shuffles past the open coffin. KATE, still shaken, watches in the corner as people congregate and murmur.

BARMAN

He never drank nothing but tea. And
it was the death of him. I say a
little alcohol, in moderation, is
dead good for ya.

MACKAY

Its the best I could do at such
short notice. Pine wood. Not oak.
Oak is better in the long run if
you wish to keep the worms at bay.
But it'll set you back a pretty
penny. Pine is adequate.

Into the room come some of the bushwhackers from episode one. Sam and Jesse. To pay their respects. They stare into the coffin and laugh.

SAM

Where be your jibes now, old man?

JESSE JAMES

He's turning, Sam. He's turning.

KATE

Sheriff! You can't let those
bushwhackers into this service. Its
disrespectful.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Its a free country, Miss Warne.
Anyone can come into this town now,
so long as they leave their guns at
the town limits. Your boss passed
that law, not me. I'm just here to
keep them. See, no guns.

He points at the boys. They are weaponless. Kate is furious. She approaches Jesse.

KATE

You should be ashamed of yourself,
coming here and laughing at a dead
man.

JESSE JAMES
Oh. Hello Miss Warne.

KATE
Do you hear me?

JESSE JAMES
I do. I...

He looks at his feet. Sam gets angry.

SAM
Stick up for yourself, Jesse. These damn detectives don't give a damn for anyone, hell they left me out there with a bullet in my gut for two days. Vultures almost ate me alive, lucky some stranger came by and dragged my sorry hide into town.

WILL
He's right.

They turn. WILLIAM stands in the saloon doors.

WILL (CONT'D)
The Pinkertons don't give a damn about anything except making money. Ain't that right dad? What? I don't hear you?

He grabs ALLAN from the coffin and begins to dance him around the room, Old West style. The bushwhackers laugh. Others are shocked.

WILL (CONT'D)
Come on dad, loosen up! When you were alive you never whooped it up, not one day did you drink or dance. Let's jiggedy jig, dad!

ROSE
William! Stop that!

WILLIAM stops, with ALLAN in his arms. And stares at his wife.

ROSE stands at the top of the stairs.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Behave yourself!

Sam and Jesse smirk at Will, who looks like a naughty boy.

RUNNING BEAR takes ALLAN's body and places him back in the coffin. Silence.

SALMOND

Oh, ladies and gents. I believe
maybe the miracle I talked of
yesterday is about to happen.

KATE watches intently as ROSE now approaches the coffin and closes her eyes. She places her hands on ALLAN's corpse. On his mouth. She begins a strange chant. RUNNING BEAR joins in.

SALMOND (CONT'D)

Behold the power of the virgin
ghost that courses through her
veins. Behold the enemy Satan as he
shuffles from the room. Look! All
of you! Do you not see him
slithering out of the door there?

He points to the door, everyone watches the door. Except for Kate who scrutinizes the Virgin girl.

ALLAN opens his eyes. The virgin steps back. Everyone turns and gasps as ALLAN sits up in his coffin. He looks around and rubs his eyes, confused.

ALLAN

What are all of you doing in my
room?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

ALLAN sits drinking tea, watched by a very curious crowd who surround him. Folks pouring in to see the miracle.

SALMOND and ROSE have taken to the stage, where they are now visited by a procession of townsfolk paying good money for a seemingly endless supply of bottles SALMOND is producing from a suitcase held by the Indian.

SALMOND

Get your holy water here. Cures all ills. If our little life is rounded with a sleep then a shot of this each day will keep all doctors away. Only a dollar a bottle.

KATE WARNE watches the crowd who seem drawn from the living miracle that is ALLAN PINKERTON raised from the dead, to the potion on sale.

KATE

I'm telling you, this was not a miracle. They poisoned Mr. Pinkerton, who "died" in my arms.

DENTIST

Its true, he had no pulse.

KATE

And somehow, they were able to revive him.

DENTIST

Revive him how? He was dead. He had no pulse.

KATE

I don't know.

ANNALEE

Are you saying she is a witch?

The crowd begins to chuckle.

SALMOND

Look at the living breathing miracle that is a Pinkerton raised from the dead. Tell us what heaven was like, Pinkerton.

BARMAN

Yes, tell us.

ALLAN

I don't remember a thing.

MACKAY

Who's going to pay for that damn coffin? Huh?

BARMAN

Give me a bottle of that potion.

MACKAY

I spent five hours hammering that thing together, and its good pine. Who's paying for it?

ANNALEE

I'll take one too.

ALLAN

Is this what a hangover feels like?

KATE

They must have some secret knowledge of herbs and plants unknown to us.

The crowd again chuckles at her.

SALMOND

She blasphemes against the power of the virgin priestess.

DENTIST

That's ridiculous, Mrs. Warne. Such remedies are the stuff of children's fantasies. They simply do not exist. He was dead.

SALMOND

He was dead, and the virgin raised him from the dead. Halleluljah.

JESSE JAMES

Halleluljah. Give me a bottle of that. You want one, Sam?

KATE

Its a trick, I'm telling you. There's no such thing as raising people from the dead. That's the childish fantasy if ever I have heard one. Sugar water is what he's selling you.

DENTIST

I'll take four of them please.

KATE

Call yourself a dentist. I'm going to prove it to you, that Allan Pinkerton was poisoned. I have the tea cup and I will analyze it overnight. The results will be ready by tomorrow morning.

ALLAN

Was I dead?

KATE

You were not dead. Allan.

ALLAN

Then what was I?

ALLAN looks over at ROSE who is staring at him with a superior smile.

INT. MANSION - 1861, 5 YEARS AGO

A young girl laughs at the camera.

ROSE (12 YEARS OLD)

Pitapatapitapat. His heart is going pitapatapitapat.

A woman leans in to kiss ALLAN who recoils.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

ALLAN stares at ROSE.

ALLAN

Of course! I know who she is!

ALLAN stands immediately and walks to the door.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

I was poisoned. Where's that teacup. Lets go get these results immediately.

KATE

Allan.

ALLAN stops and turns. KATE has an open purse.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Its been stolen.

SALMOND

And behold he stands before us. A Lazarus for our times! Here is the Pinkerton prodigy. Come forth.

ALLAN gets on stage. He is looking for his son.

ALLAN
Where's my son?

SALMOND
Tell us. What was it like on the
other side? What did you see?

ALLAN
I saw nothing. Its a trick. Where
is my son?

He says this to ROSE. He attempts to grab her arm but she
pulls away from him with a shriek.

SALMOND
You do not touch the virgin, sir.

RUNNING BEAR approaches and throws ALLAN to the ground.

ALLAN
I want to know where my son is.
What have you done with him?

WILL
Here I am dad.

At the entrance, WILLIAM in his white robes, stands, a holy
man, clean and shaven. Silence. KATE and ALLAN stare in
disbelief at the transformation.

ALLAN
Enough of this nonsense lad.

WILL
Nonsense? What nonsense is that,
father?

ALLAN
William.

WILL
The nonsense Kate spouted as you
lay dead in your coffin, about how
this sweet virgin saint here,
murdered you.

ALLAN
Yes, she's out for revenge, son.
I've a tale to tell you.

WILL
Rose and I were married yesterday.
She is now my wife.

ALLAN
Is this true?

ROSE

Yes. He is mine.

ALLAN

I cannot prove I was poisoned since someone has destroyed the evidence. But I am telling you. I was poisoned.

WILL

You are not willing to take love into your heart, old man, though you have died and everyone here has seen you rise again.

ALLAN

Its a trick, Allan. She's a malevolent trickster.

LOGAN approaches ALLAN.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Pinkerton, that's enough disturbance for one day.

ALLAN pulls his gun suddenly. Silence.

SHERIFF LOGAN (CONT'D)

Bad move, Pinkerton. Bad move.

ALLAN

Kate, can you analyze the contents of that bottle?

KATE

I can. I've my chemist's bag right here.

ALLAN

Do it. Sit down! All of you!

The crowd sits down in the saloon. Hushed.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

You call her an angel. Well I'm here to tell you, she's an avenging angel. Listen. Five years ago, when the war that tore our country apart began, there was a southern belle, in Washington, our capital...

INT. D.C. MANSION - DAY

TITLE: WASHINGTON DC, 1861. We see the southern belle ALLAN describes, as she laughs, accompanied by an admiring male in uniform, CAPTAIN ELLISON. She is Vivien Leigh in Gone with the Wind. She is ROSE O'NEAL GREENHOW.

She is entering her front door, returning from a mission.

ALLAN (V.O.)

...of such beauty that any man who laid eyes upon her and heard the pearly laughter falling like water from her lips, fell instantly beneath her spell. Her name was Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a widower, with a twelve year old daughter and a charm only the devil can bequeath. She stood not for righteousness, this Jezebel.

We see her daughter running into the mansion, craving also her attention, tugging at her dress. The mother flicks her away as she would a fly.

INSIDE THE MANSION a group of plain clothes men hide in the shadows, waiting to pounce. Among them we see ALLAN PINKERTON, five years younger.

ALLAN (V.O.)

No, she was a Southern serpent, who desired only the death of the Union and craved for slavery, that terrible evil, to remain a stain upon mankind's greatness.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - NIGHT

She writes a letter in code and seals it. Writes the name of General Beauregard.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

As she hurries down the stairs and hands the document to a rider, who hurries out the mansion doors.

ALLAN (V.O.)

And she applied every breath she took, and every moment of her waking hours, and every thought of her cunning mind to further the cause of the south.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

As WILL listens. ALLAN has his crowd attentive.

ALLAN

She was a spy. And her victims fell one after another.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - NIGHT

She returns to the arms of her decorated Union Captain ELLISON, who embraces her with all his heart.

ALLAN (V.O.)

Men who were devout husbands and fathers, noble men who stood with all their honor against slavery, it did not matter. All fell. All confessed to her in her chambers between her sheets.

INT. GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

The courier enters into the chambers, where he salutes the southern general, who takes the dispatch, opens it, and proceeds to decode the message.

ALLAN (V.O.)

All gave her vital information about troop movements and numbers, blueprints for Forts, drawings of weak points, lists of artillery, information which caused the war to drag on year after year, caused the deaths of countless young boys.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

ALLAN talks to WILL.

ALLAN

You remember the Battle of Bull Run, son. You were there in the hot air balloon. You saw all the boys whose lives were taken that day. Because those officers dishonored themselves on their knees before that Confederate witch.

ROSE

She was no witch!

WILL

What is this about?

ALLAN

She was a spy! And I arrested her.

INT. D.C. MANSION - DAY

As the maid, Miss MCKALL, closes the door, the detectives rush forward from the shadows and seize ROSE SR., AND THE CAPTAIN and the DAUGHTER, ROSE JR.

ROSE
Help! Murder!

Pandemonium. The captain protests, while the maid screams.
The daughter looks thrilled by the attention.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Help! Murder!

DAUGHTER
Mummy what's going on?

ROSE
Help!

DAUGHTER
Mummy!

ROSE
Captain Ellison they want money.
Give the hoodlums money and let
them be on their way!

CAPTAIN ELLISON
I say, what is this?

ALLAN
My name is major Allen and I have
come to arrest you.

CAPTAIN ELLISON
By what authority?

DAUGHTER
Mummy, mummy, mummy.

ROSE
Let me see your warrant, sir.

ALLAN
I have verbal authority from the
war department.

The detectives hold them all at gunpoint. ELLISON tries to
throw a punch and is pounded to his knees.

ROSE
I demand to see a warrant!

CAPTAIN ELLISON
Just who in hell are you? I will
have your necks for this.

ROSE
I must insist you leave
immediately.

ALLAN

You are all under arrest for conspiracy. Including you, Captain Ellison. A Union captain, passing military secrets to the enemy. Search the house.

CAPTAIN ELLISON

Military secrets? We just talk.

ROSE

I am a southern lady with revolutionary blood in my veins. May I remind you that freedom of speech is a birthright guaranteed by the Constitution.

ALLAN

Search her possessions.

The captain is white as a sheet. ALLAN notices ROSE attempting to eat a piece of paper. He leaps at her.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Hold her mouth open.

He unceremoniously pulls out a piece of paper.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

A sketch made this afternoon during your mission, of Fort Ellsworth. Here and here. Weak points. Here.

He tears open a bag and opens out blueprints of the fort.

ALLAN (CONT'D)

Blueprints of the fort. Passed to you by the traitor Captain Ellsworth. Have you anything to say for yourself, Captain?

CAPTAIN ELLISON

I...I...

He is ashamed. Speechless.

ALLAN

Search the house.

INT. MANSION LIBRARY - DAY

ALLAN and the detectives ransack the place, throwing books to the floor, emptying drawers and flinging documents carelessly across the room. A gunshot. A scream.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - DAY

ALLAN runs in to find the body of Captain ELLISON, his blood forming a pool on the expensive carpet. A concealed gun lies next to him, still smoking.

ALLAN
I asked you men to search them
thoroughly, damn it!

ROSE
That carpet is priceless. Remove
him!

ALLAN stares at her in disbelief. She stares back at him with contempt. Out of her dress, Rose produces another pistol, and points it at ALLAN.

Rose speaks with venom.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I have known nine presidents. Nine.
You will rue the day you met me,
you immigrant thug.

He just smiles. She attempts to pull the trigger.

ALLAN
You have to cock the pistol first.

He takes the gun from her. Humiliated, she throws herself at him, but is restrained by a detective.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

WILL stands with his arm protectively around his wife.

WILL
I know all this, you ran the
operation from inside her house.
You kept them prisoners there.

KATE
For a year.

ALLAN
We had the spy and her daughter
held under house arrest for ten
months, to be precise. Hush hush,
never giving our presence away and
so we caught many of the traitors
in her web of spies who came
visiting. Even the mayor of DC was
implicated.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - NIGHT

Rose is smiling. She strokes her daughter's head, who observes with a strange intensity.

ALLAN (V.O.)

But Mrs Greenhow never stopped giving us trouble. She seduced my detectives with regularity, one after the other. Seymour fell first as I recall...

ROSE

Seymour...

An agent steps forward, young and handsome. Besotted by her.

SEYMOUR

Yes Mrs. Greenhow.

ROSE

How I miss my little birds.

SEYMOUR

Yes Mrs. Greenhow.

ROSE

Oh do call me Rose.

SEYMOUR

Mrs. Greenhow, would you like to see your birds?

ROSE

I would. Their song eases the pain of being held prisoner in my own house. Four weeks now. When will this ever end?

SEYMOUR

I will fetch them.

Seymour exits. Rose looks down at the notes she has written in code. She seals each and holds them in the palm of her hand.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is in disarray. Everything has been upturned in the search.

Seymour enters and takes up the birdcage. He raises a disapproving eyebrow at the table of detectives who sit in a cloud of smoke smoking cigars and drinking rum which is not theirs.

DETECTIVE LEWIS

Hey, Seymour, break their little necks and cook up them up for supper will you?

SEYMOUR

Will do, Lewis.

They laugh derisively. Seymour exits, smiling.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR

Seymour enters carrying a large cage filled with singing birds. Rose smiles and strokes his cheek.

ROSE

You alone have tender mercy for a grieving widow.

SEYMOUR

Oh Rose.

He kisses the palm of her hand.

ROSE

Open the windows for me, Seymour.

SEYMOUR

But you know it is not allowed, Mrs. Greenhow, for you to approach the windows. For fear of you passing signals to contacts in the street. As you did two weeks ago.

ROSE

I will not approach the windows, Seymour dear. I will sit here with my beautiful birds and listen to their melody while you open the windows and then I will breathe in the fresh autumn air. I give you my word as a Southern lady.

He looks at her and is unable to resist. As he goes to the window she hands the messages to her daughter.

The windows are open. As is the cage.

Rose smiles at Seymour, holds out her hands. He approaches.

The birds flit to and fro and fly out the cage, one by one.

Her daughter completes the task of attaching messages to the bird feet.

As Rose makes love to the detective in flash cuts.

The bird cage is now empty.

INT. MANSION ENTRANCE - DAY

ALLAN enters, furious

ALLAN
Seymour! You bloody fool!

The other detectives appear from the living room, unaware.

ALLAN runs up the mansion stairs, shouting.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Have the windows all shut and
boarded. Immediately!

ROSE the daughter laughs mockingly at ALLAN

INT. SALOON - DAY

ROSE the daughter still laughs mockingly at ALLAN. ALLAN
looks to WILL who is confused.

WILL
She sure had your number.

Now ROSE begins to speak in a low voice.

ROSE
Then there was the Irishman, Lewis.
That fat pig. My mother had miss
McKall seduce him and then pass
information...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two months later.

Lewis lies on the kitchen table, half naked and passed out,
as the maid, Mrs. McKALL readjusts her dress and pulls the
keys from Lewis' pocket.

ROSE (V.O.)
He drunkenly obliged by passing out
and leaving her freedom to come and
go by the servant entrance as she
pleased for several weeks.

INT. MANSION FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. McKALL peeks in. There, midst the catastrophe which this
mansion has become, sit the detectives, playing cards in glum
silence. The room is dark. The windows are boarded up.

Mrs MCKALL unlocks the door and exits, with one last contemptuous look at the drunken detective.

ROSE (V.O.)

Then there was Robert, the Scotsman, whom she turned with customary ease.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - DAY

Robert stands before Rose, who sits with her listless daughter's head in her lap, while in the background, we now see all windows upstairs too, are firmly nailed shut with wood. The detective whispers, sick with love.

ROBERT

Madam, you have no reason to feel anything but pride and satisfaction at the ordeal you have gone through, for there is not a line amongst your papers that does not do you honour. There is nothing that can come under the charge of treason, but enough to make the Government dread and hold you as a most dangerous adversary.

ROSE

You have read all my letters? My most intimate correspondence?

ROBERT

Yes madam.

She rises and slaps him hard.

ROSE

Wherever I go a detective follows me. If I wish to lie down, he is seated a few paces from my bed. If I desire to change my dress, or anything else, it must be done with open doors, and a man peering in at me. It is believed that all the Secessionists in the city are in communication with me, so everyone who calls is viewed as an emissary and interrogated here for days without any regard for the letter of the law. I have no more servants, Mrs Mckall has been removed from my service, my windows are all boarded up, my daughter grows more listless by the day and survives on a diet unfit for human consumption.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

We have only brutal men as our companions who possess themselves of rum and brandy and boast of the 'nice times' they expect to have with me.

A tear falls down his cheek. He holds out a blank paper.

ROBERT

Yours is a sublime fortitude. Such grace. May I ask for your autograph, for, Madam, there is no telling what may happen here and I would like to look at your name, and know that you had forgiven me.

ROSE

You will pass messages for me.

ROBERT

Yes. I will.

ROSE

Approach. I am a southern woman and not a drop of Yankee blood has polluted my veins. Kneel.

He trembles as she folds him into her. Her daughter watches impassively from the couch as a rodent scurries along the edge of a wall.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

WILLIAM stares at ROSE with new found clarity as she circles ALLAN. The SALOON is rapt with attention.

ROSE

They converted the entire mansion into a prison. They brought other prisoners in. They confined my mother and I to one room.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - DAY

Rose is doing a tapestry. The detectives burst in and tear the tapestry from her hands, begin to inspect its design. Rose struggles with them as they exit the room.

ROSE DAUGHTER(V.O.)

After they denied her ink and paper mother was seized with a taste for tapestry, which, they discovered, she was encoding with messages. A vocabulary of colors, if you will...

INT. MANSION STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

As the detectives descend with the tapestry, Rose spits venom like a woman close to the breaking point. Her daughter laughs in the doorway. A mad version of her mother.

ROSE

Everything is contaminated. You unkempt, unwashed wretches, you have rolled yourselves in my fine linen, your mark is visible upon every chair and sofa. Even the chamber in which my youngest daughter died only a few months ago... the bed on which she lay has been desecrated by you emissaries of the tyrant Lincoln. Every hallowed treasure in my home has been rudely blasted and you have made off with your spoils. My castle has become my prison. The law of the land has been supplanted by the higher law of the Abolition despot. O Lord, how long will this iniquity be permitted?

ALLAN

Return to your quarters, Mrs. Greenhow. Look to your daughter.

ALLAN stands at the bottom of the stairs in this large, darkened, abandoned mansion, staring up at her from below. She spits down at him.

Another prisoner appears next to Rose. A slight woman whose dress suggests a courtesan down on her luck. She also begins to rail at ALLAN and the detectives.

MRS ONDERDUNK

She's right. Why are we being held without charge? The very sanctity of home is invaded. You Thugs of America, enter the houses and the chambers of women and children at the dead of night, dragging them from their beds in their nightgowns and yet you dare proclaim your mission to be "upholding the Constitution" oh and "restoration of the Union."

ALLAN

Return to your quarters. Both of you.

But Mrs Onderdunk continues to rail at them.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Hypocrites! I wonder why the thunderbolts of heaven do not strike you down. We have no paper, no ink, no visitors, no priest to absolve our sins, no books to read, no food to eat.

ALLAN

Lock them up together.

MRS ONDERDUNK

You are about to witness a mighty revolution, whose tide is even now surging towards your own homes.

They force her and Mrs Onderdunk, and her mad daughter back into her chambers and bolt the doors.

ROSE (V.O.)

Wait. Why do you lock me up with this prisoner. Remove her from my presence immediately! She is a stranger to me.

ALLAN stares at the door.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

ROSE

Hello Mrs. Onderdunk.

ROSE stares at KATE. Who is busily analyzing the contents of the bottle.

KATE

I'm working here.

ROSE

She's never far from him. His concubine.

KATE

That's a lie.

But KATE cannot look in their direction. She is somehow ashamed of her part in this story. She busies herself.

INT. ROSE O'NEAL'S BOUDOIR - DAY

ROSE and her daughter sit in the room, glaring at Mrs ONDERDUNK, whom we now realize is KATE WARNE in disguise, as she stares at herself in the mirror and fixes her unkempt hair.

MRS ONDERDUNK

They boast of 700,000 men in the field for the subjugation of the South. Yet all their industrial resources are paralysed, their factories are idle, their commerce destroyed, and the people want bread. The Abolition coffers are full, though. Millions of dollars they're making, just in interest, the war profiteers. You ever seen Mrs. Lincoln?

ROSE

Yes.

MRS ONDERDUNK

I saw Mrs. Lincoln once. I went into a shop and there was a little woman bargaining for some black cotton lace, to the disgust of the shop woman.

ROSE

Please cease your chatter.

MRS ONDERDUNK

She's short, broad, flat figure, with a broad flat face. Scornful face.

ROSE

I asked you politely. I will not ask again.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Just making small talk. You ever met any of the cabinet? Henry Wilson. Now he comes to me once a fortnight.

ROSE

How dare you!

MRS ONDERDUNK

Begging your pardon?

ROSE

Henry Wilson is a man of great bearing and would not venture to glance at a courtesan of your ill repute.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Oh he does more than stare. Know him then?

DAUGHTER

Can I wear a dress like that?

MRS ONDERDUNK

Of course you can sweetheart.

DAUGHTER

Can I, mummy?

ROSE

Rose. Come here now.

DAUGHTER

I want to look like her.

ROSE

She is a prostitute. A whore.

DAUGHTER

A whore. A prostitute.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Oh? And if I'm a whore, what does that make you then?

DAUGHTER

I want to be a whore. A prostitute.

ROSE

Henry Wilson adores me. He loves me with a passion that you cannot fathom.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Ha!

DAUGHTER

Ha!

ROSE

Rose, come here.

DAUGHTER

No.

MRS ONDERDUNK

You consort with him, its known

ROSE

Here, read these letters.

She pulls some letters from her dress, and tosses them at Kate Warne. The daughter tugs at Kate's dress, as she studies them.

MRS ONDERDUNK

"My most loving Rose. I will be with you tonight.

(MORE)

MRS ONDERDUNK (CONT'D)
 And then I will tell you again and
 again that I love you. Yours
 forever. H."

ROSE
 He has an undying love for me. The
 most powerful man in the capital,
 next to the President himself.

The daughter tugs at her sleeve. Kate pushes her off.

MRS ONDERDUNK
 Get off me, kid. I'm busy. Go annoy
 your ma.

Kate stands, with the letters, and pounds on the door.

MRS ONDERDUNK (CONT'D)
 I'm done in here, open up.

Rose stares at Kate, who stands by the door, with the fistful
 of letters, as the door is unlocked.

ROSE
 What are you doing? Who are you?

It is dawning on her that this woman has been sent to spy on
 her. The daughter tries to take Kate's hand.

DAUGHTER
 I want to come with you.

MRS ONDERDUNK
 Hey! Open the door already. I'm out
 of here.

As the daughter tries to leave with Kate, the door opens, and
 Allan looks in.

ALLAN
 Good?

MRS ONDERDUNK
 Oh yeah.

She hands him the letters. He stares at the writing.

ALLAN
 H?

MRS ONDERDUNK
 Henry Wilson.

ALLAN
 The Henry Wilson?

He looks shocked and stares at Rose.

MRS ONDERDUNK

Yep.

ALLAN lets KATE out and pushes the daughter back. The daughter begins to scream uncontrollably, as Rose just stares at the back of Kate, who has out spied the master spy. The door shuts and locks.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

ROSE has tears streaming down her face, staring at KATE. WILL stares at ROSE. She circles ALLAN.

WILL

Rose?

ALLAN

We uncovered a conspiracy that led us to the heart of the government. Do we still have those letters, Kate?

KATE

No, they were handed over to the president.

WILL

Rose.

ROSE

Ask this lecher if he not fall for her charms then, the Confederate witch?

ALLAN takes out the locket and opens it. He shows him the photo of he and his wife, Joan.

ALLAN

I did not fall, my son. I had the love of a woman, your mother, who is my rock and I have never strayed and I have guarded all my life against those spirits that hold sway over principalities. I fight for justice and the American way. For liberty and the pursuit of property.

ROSE

He's a liar. He fell.

WILL

You mean happiness.

ALLAN

No son. The original wording in the Constitution was property.

ROSE
I saw him fall. I was there.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

ROSE O'NEAL GREENHOW and her daughter are led downstairs by ALLAN. He looks out the door. Closes it, waiting.

The daughter stares with a strange intensity, the mother, with resigned amusement. She sits on a couch, waiting.

ROSE (MOTHER)
Care to tell me where we're going
in the middle of the night, Mr.
Pinkerton?

ALLAN
We're letting you go.

ROSE
Oh?

ALLAN
You'll be in Richmond by morning.

ROSE looks around in silence. She smiles almost sadly.

ROSE
Henry is a true admirer of mine and
has the ear of President Lincoln.
No doubt those letters were going
to do some damage to Lincoln's
squeaky clean slave loving self
portrait. I hear freedom of the
press has become a luxury of the
past. And so I am now free to go.

ALLAN
It appears so.

ROSE
After all your hard work, it must
leave quite a bitter taste in your
mouth. The men at the top close
ranks around the filthy lie that is
Power, Mr. Pinkerton. See?

ALLAN
See what?

ROSE
You'll never win. Men like you who
want to see justice, freedom, the
law prevail.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

You will only taste defeat, for Power itself is innately corrupt and seeks not justice nor truth but merely to sustain its own rotten existence. Power wears a mask of righteousness, but that hypocrisy is merely a tribute that evil pays to good. And what is abolition but a foreign contagion, a moral lesion from a foreign empire. They made their coin, now they seek to limit ours. This is our great American experiment.

The daughter hisses again.

DAUGHTER

Protestant bastard. You protestant bastard. We're Catholics, aren't we mummy?

ROSE

Yes, dear Rose, we are.

ALLAN

I think the holy ghost'd jump right back into his grave if he got one whiff of you.

ROSE

In the good old days you immigrants would get drunk, vote pro-slavery democrat and then celebrate by beating up the abolitionists.

ALLAN

This is protestant soil, Mrs. O'Neal. May kings and popes burn in hell.

ROSE

You're beautiful to me when you lose your temper, Allan.

She stands and walks up to ALLAN.

ROSE (CONT'D)

O Lord.

DAUGHTER

Mummy's going to kiss you, Allan.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

ROSE is in ALLAN's face.

ROSE
Mummy's going to kiss you, Allan.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

ROSE GREENHOW kisses him. He is paralyzed, as if before a snake. She smiles and studies his eyes.

ROSE
I find you quite fascinating. Yes, you are a goat but I see more in you. I see a King who does not know he is a King.

ALLAN
I am no King. I'm just a man.

ROSE
Not just any man. I see you have lost your way. I see that your wife...

ALLAN
Don't you talk about my wife...

She feels his heart. Her daughter laughs. Rose smiles, satisfied.

DAUGHTER
His heart is going pitapatapitapat.

ROSE
Your wife does not satisfy you anymore, I see a man who must have his dignity restored to him.

ALLAN
No...

ROSE
Yes, Allan, let me love you. I shall make you famous. I'm writing my prison diaries, you'll be immortalized. We'll make it all up, shall we? Who needs the truth?

DAUGHTER
The truth is a lie.

And now ROSE GREENHOW proceeds to seduce even ALLAN PINKERTON as he crumbles beneath her will and their mouths lock with bestial passion, watched by the daughter.

ROSE
Pitapatapitapat.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

ROSE
A pitapatapitapat...

As the daughter attempts to kiss ALLAN, he throws her back.

ALLAN
No!

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A knock at the door saves ALLAN PINKERTON. He quickly walks to the door, opens it. Wiping his mouth with a handkerchief.

ALLAN
Your freedom awaits you.

She stares at him with contempt.

ROSE
You will be a mere footnote in
history.

As she steps out...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

WILLIAM stares at ALLAN. Then ROSE. He looks around. The crowded saloon is on edge. What now? KATE looks up.

KATE

Sugar water. Harmless. Ineffective.

SHERIFF LOGAN

You boys are under arrest.

He cuffs SALMOND and RUNNING BEAR.

WILL

Why did you do this?

WILL speaks to ROSE, almost pleadingly.

SHERIFF LOGAN

Malice afoot.

He sniffs at the bottle he bought, empties it on the floor. The crowd murmurs discontent.

BARMAN

I want my dollar back.

WILL

Rose?

ROSE stares at him then begins to laugh with malice. WILL just stares at her as ALLAN puts away his gun.

ALLAN

I'll be taking these culprits to Chicago where they can get a fair trial.

DENTIST

Hold on there.

MACKAY

I say we tar and feather them first.

SHERIFF LOGAN

There'll be no tarring and feathering on my watch.

WILL

Why, Rose?

ROSE, with burning eyes, which remind us of her mother speaks with passion. The speech builds in pace and fury.

ROSE

You cannot conquer us. In every encounter we have demonstrated our superiority, and driven your countless legions, with all the appliances of modern warfare in their favour, disastrously from the battle-field. You may seek to overwhelm us by still greater numbers, and lay waste our land, but if our warriors fall in the defence of our rights and our firesides, our women will take their places. We may not successfully compete with you in the open field, but we will then defeat you by stratagem. And beware lest you drive us to secret organization, or you in your day may experience that the vengeance of Heaven is greater than that of Man. No, Sir, you cannot subdue a people endowed with such a spirit of resistance; and, although we may yet wade through oceans of blood, we will achieve our independence, or leave this land one howling wilderness, and a monument to all future time of the crimes of your kind. Here, Miss Warne! Take your cup!

She is screaming this now from the stage, like a mad woman. She flings the cup at her.

JESSE JAMES

I like her.

SAM

She's a handful alright.

WILL has gone to the bar and poured himself a beer. ALLAN joins him, a hand on his shoulder.

ALLAN

Sorry, son.

THE END