

INT. THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Dust swims in the dying daylight that's pouring through the window. It's a simple room, bookshelves lined with all manner of military history, poetry, philosophy - a marble bust of Andrew Jackson on horseback in the far corner. At the table in back, an old bald soldier inks a letter with a quill pen. There's a sorrow to the pen strokes. His name is MCINTYRE. We hear the creak of a door followed by heavy bootsteps. We see a slight smile emerge and fade on McIntyre's face before we finally meet WALTER WALLACE, the broken down old gunfighter. He has a thick, bushy white mustache and a wild tangle of hair to match. He has the impatience of a younger man. Wallace motions to the letter.

MCINTYRE

Back East.

WALLACE

The boy?

MCINTYRE

Fits won't give.

WALLACE

I had a cousin...

MCINTYRE

Didn't like how that story ended
the first time.

Wallace motions to his head.

WALLACE

It slips.

McIntyre laughs.

MCINTYRE

Makes it easier. The guilt.

Wallace shakes his head.

WALLACE

No. That part stays. Just can't
place what for.

McIntyre keeps writing.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

What's this about?

MCINTYRE

You didn't take *another* piece out
of him, did ya?

McIntyre touches his own ear derisively.

WALLACE

(scoffing) He don't belong anywhere
near there.

MCINTYRE

You came, didn't you?

WALLACE

Let me know it's serious?

MCINTYRE

Yeah.

WALLACE

Why?

MCINTYRE

Because it's fuckin' serious. Scout
came back...went to Cheyenne Falls
for supplies.

INSERT: Through a thick screen of smoke we see a young
Hispanic soldier, LALO, running with heavy breaths before
falling abruptly...

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

Ashes, Walter. Ashes.

INSERT: As Lalo rises, we see the remains of a dozen charred
bodies face down in a circle.

WALLACE

Send in the pups.

MCINTYRE

I am. They'll be following you.

WALLACE

I'd just slow 'em down.

MCINTYRE

That's what I'm counting on. Spry
bunch - but dumb sons a bitches.
Overeager. With the exception of...

McIntyre touches his ear again.

WALLACE

We let a lot of things go unsaid.

MCINTYRE

What's your point?

WALLACE

That's not what's gonna happen
right now.

MCINTYRE

It's the kid.

INSERT: Shot of Wallace pulling a NATIVE AMERICAN CHILD out
of a muddy embankment in pouring rain.

WALLACE

How do you know?

MCINTYRE

They found this...

McIntyre pushes forward a black and white photograph of a
building marked with four dark, dripping crosses.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

Brings to mind somethin', don't it?

Long, heavy silence.

WALLACE

What now?

MCINTYRE

For men like us ... we are defined,
I have found, by our sins.

WALLACE

And so...

MCINTYRE

I find it appropriate that it has
found us. Finally. We're no longer
beneath the disguise, as it were.
The mask of a good deed. Because
men like us don't do good deeds.