

The HATEFUL EIGHT

**FIRST DRAFT
12-12-2013**

Chapter One

LAST STAGE TO RED ROCK

1.
EXT - WHITE WINTER WYOMING MOUNTAIN RANGE - SNOWY DAY

A breathtaking 70MM filmed (as is the whole movie) snow covered mountain range.

A staggering opening vista, set to appropriately nerve jangling music.

Then in the bottom left of this big 70MM SUPER CINEMASCOPE FRAME, we see a STAGECOACH being pulled by a team of SIX HORSES rip snorting through the bottom of the landscape.

CUT TO

EXT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - SNOWY DAY

Now, still in big super CINEMASCOPE 70MM filmed gloriousness, we follow along with the lone STAGECOACH DRIVER fighting and guiding these six horses to shelter.

We follow alongside the HORSES, working our way from the back horse in mid stride, to the tip of the lead horses nose.

We follow along the twelve horse hooves as they tear up and spit out snow and dirt.

We take the DRIVER'S POV down the hurtling six horse team.

We follow along the big stagecoach WAGON WHEEL, then up to the stagecoach door WINDOW (complete with curtains). Which beyond we can make out the figures of a MAN and a WOMAN sitting side by side.

70MM CU of The STAGECOACH DRIVER O.B. (pronounced Obie) as he whips the horses forward, keeps the wheels on the road, and avoids the rocks.

Then.....

....he see's something up ahead.

He pulls back on the reins.

CU HORSE MOUTH
as reins are pulled back.

Their HOOVES
slowing in the snow.

O.B.
still fighting the reins.

The HORSES

still trying to stop their vigorous glide. Snorting and coughing HOT BREATH, the horses finally settle to a stop.

O.B.

calms the halted horses, as he looks straight ahead and down at the impediment to his vehicle's progress.

O.B.'s POV:

What O.B. see's on the road is a BLACK MAN in the middle of it, sitting on a nice leather saddle, laid on top of THREE FROZEN DEAD WHITE MEN, smoking a pipe (the Black Man, not the three dead white guys).

The BLACK MAN

removes the pipe from his mouth and says to the the man behind the six snorting horses;

BLACK MAN

Got room for one more?

O.B.

looks at the Black Man sitting on the three dead white men in the middle of the road, smoking a pipe, amongst falling snow flakes, and says;

O.B.

Who the hell are you, and what happened to them?

The BLACK MAN is a older man. A sly LEE VAN CLEEF type with a bald pate, silver hair on the sides, a distinguished mustache, and a tall slim frame. He wears the dark blue uniform pants of the U.S. CALVARY, with the yellow stripe down the side of the pant leg, tucked into black regulation Calvary riding boots. His shirt and undergarment's is non regulation and worn for comfort, style, and warmth, including a long charcoal grey wool scarf. But his dark heavy winter coat is his OFFICER WINTER COAT from the U.S. Calvary.

On top of his bald pate he wears a supercool non regulation COWBOY HAT he picked up sometime after the war.

The NORTHERN OFFICER says;

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN

Names Major Marquis Warren former U.S. Calvary. Currently I'm a servant of the court.

The Northern Officer stands up from his saddle perch on the three frozen dead white men.

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN
(CON'T)

These are a coupla' no-goods i'm bringin' into market. I got the paperwork on 'em in my pocket.

O.B.

You takin' i'm into Red Rock?

MAJ. WARREN

I figure that's where you goin', right?

We see a terrible BLIZZARD kicking up in the BACKGROUND. The stagecoach has obviously been trying to beat it to shelter.

O.B.

That damblasted blizzards been on our ass for the last three hours. Ain't no way we gonna' make it all the way to Red Rock 'fore it catches us.

MAJ. WARREN

So ya' hightailin' it halfway to Minnie's Haberdashery?

O.B.

You know I am.

MAJ. WARREN

May I come aboard?

O.B.

Well smoke, it up to me, yes. But it ain't up to me.

MAJ. WARREN

Who's it up to?

O.B.

Fella' in the wagon.

MAJ. WARREN

Fella' in the wagon not partial to company?

O.B.

This ain't the regular line. The fella' in the wagon paid for a private trip. And i'm here to tell ya' he paid a pretty penny for privacy. So if you wanna' go to Minnie's with us.....you gotta' talk to him.

4.

MAJ. WARREN
Well i suppose i'll do that.

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN starts to walk around to the stagecoach door, when a rifle barrel comes out of the window pointing at the former officer.

We hear a HAMMER CLICK.

The VOICE BEHIND THE RIFLE yells out;

VOICE BEHIND THE RIFLE (OS)
Hold it black fella'!

Marquis Warren stops.

VOICE BEHIND THE RIFLE (OS)
(CON'T)
'Fore you approach, you take them two guns of yours and lay 'em on that rock over yonder. Then you raise both your hands way above your hat. Then you come forward....molasses-like.

Maj. Warren looks up at O.B. and says;

MAJ. WARREN
(to O.B.)
Real trustin' fella', huh?

O.B.
(to Maj. Warren)
Not so much.

Maj. Warren walks over to the rock that the voice behind the rifle chose as a good place for Marquis to relieve himself of his weapons.

He places two revolvers hanging on his hip on said rock.

Then raising his hands above his hat, he slowly approach's the stagecoach.

We see a bit of a face and a hat in the dark beyond the window frame in the stagecoach door.

The voice behind the rifle snaps;

VOICE BEHIND THE RIFLE (OS)
That's far enough!

The Major stops.

5.

The rifle barrel is taken inside the window...

Then....

....the fella' in the wagon KICKS OPEN the stagecoach door so Maj.Warren can see inside.

The FELLA' IN THE WAGON is a rough looking white man lawman type, with a drop dead black hat and a walrus like mustache above his top lip.

He one arms a rifle in Maj.Warren's direction.

The other arm is handcuffed to the wrist of The FEMALE PASSENGER/PRISONER in the stagecoach with him. She sits across from him, her wrist cuffed to his wrist, his cuffed hand holding a pistol, the pistol pointed at her belly.

This once pretty WHITE LADY (maybe before the trip, maybe years ago) wears a once pretty dress, and a once sexy smirk.

The TWO GUNNED MOUSTACHED MAN says;

TWO GUNNED MOUSTACHED MAN
Well i'll be dogged, you a black fella'
i know. Col.Something Warren, right?

MAJ.WARREN
Major Marquis Warren. I remember you too.
We shared a steak dinner in Chattanooga
once upon a time. You John Ruth, The Hangman.

JOHN RUTH
That be me.
(beat)
How longs that been?

MAJ.WARREN
Since that steak? Eight months.

JOHN RUTH
What brings you out in this shit?

MAJ.WARREN
I'm tryin' to get a coupla' of bounty's
to Red Rock.

JOHN RUTH
So you still in business?

MAJ.WARREN
You know I am.

JOHN RUTH
What happened to your horse?

MAJ. WARREN
He wasn't no spring chicken. The cold got to 'em. He couldn't make it.

JOHN RUTH
You don't know nothin' about this filly here?

Motioning towards the woman with the barrel of his pistol.

MAJ. WARREN
Nope.

JOHN RUTH
Don't even know her name?

MAJ. WARREN
Nope.

JOHN RUTH
Well i guess that makes this one fortuitous wagon.

MAJ. WARREN
I sure as hell hope so.

John Ruth makes the introductions;

JOHN RUTH
Major Marquis Warren, this here is Daisy Domergue. Domergue, to you, this is Maj. Warren.

While keeping his hands raised, Maj. Warren touches the brim of his hat and nods slightly in her direction.

DAISY DOMERGUE (pronounced DAHMER-GOO) gives Maj. Warren a opened handed wave with her free hand and says with a smile;

DOMERGUE
Howdy nigger!

That makes John Ruth chuckle and Maj. Warren frown.

JOHN RUTH
(to Maj. Warren)
She's a pepper, ain't she?
(to Domergue)
Now girl, don't you know darkee's don't like bein' called niggers no more. They find it offensive.

7.

DOMERGUE
I been called worse.

JOHN RUTH
Now that I can believe.
(To Maj. Warren)
Heard of her?

MAJ. WARREN
Should I?

JOHN RUTH
Well she ain't no John Wilkes Booth.
But maybe you might of heard tell 'bout
the price on her head.

MAJ. WARREN
How much?

JOHN RUTH
Ten thousand dollars.

MAJ. WARREN
Damn, what she do? Kill Lily Langtree?

MAJ. WARREN
Not quite. Now that ten thousands
practically in my pocket. It's why I
ain't too anxious to be handin' out RIDES.
Especially to professional's open for business.

MAJ. WARREN
Well i sure can appreciate that. Only i
ain't got no designs on 'er. One of my
fella's is worth four thousand, one's
worth three thousand, and one's worth
one. That's damn sure good enough for me.

JOHN RUTH
(meaning the three
dead white guys)
Who are them fella's?

MAJ. WARREN
Warren Vanders, Homer Van Hootin, and
Rebel Roy McCrackin.

JOHN RUTH
Let me see their paper work. Like i said,
molasses-like.

Maj. Warren slowly removes the handbills from his winter coat
pocket.

John Ruth lowers his rifle from Maj. Warren's chest, and takes the papers to study. He removes from his pocket a pair of spindly gold framed reading glasses that he applies to his face.

O.B., up on his drivers seat perch, yells back at them;

O.B.

(yelling)

Look, I sure hate to interrupt y'all!
But we gotta' cold damn blizzard hot on
our ass we tryin' to beat to shelter!

JOHN RUTH

(yelling back)

I realize that! Now shut your mouth and
hold them damn horses while i think!

The grizzled guy studies the handbills.

Then raises both of his eyes and the brim of his hat to study the black Major still standing with his hands raised.

John Ruth makes up his mind.

JOHN RUTH

Okay boy, we'll give it a try. But you
leave those pistols over yonder with
the driver.

Daisy Domergue says;

DOMERGUE

You ain't really gonna' let that nigger
in here is ya'? I mean maybe up there
with O.B., but not in here -

John Ruth takes the pistol in his cuffed hand, switches it to his free hand, and brings the iron weapon down hard on the side of Daisy's skull with a sickening CRACKING SOUND. This knocks the woman on to the floor of the stagecoach on her hands and knee's. Blood trickles from her hair, and runs down the side of her face.

John Ruth leans his big hulking frame over her on the stagecoach floor, and says with real grit;

JOHN RUTH

How you like the sound of them bells,
bitch? Real pretty, ain't they?
You open up your trashy mouth again,
I'll knock out them front teeth for ya'.
You got it?

9.

From the floor, Domergue says;

DOMERGUE

Yeah.

Yanking her cuffed wrist hard with his arm.

JOHN RUTH

Let me hear you say; "I got it".

Domergue looks up at the brute with hate flashing in her eyes, and says;

DOMERGUE

I got it.

JOHN RUTH

You damn well better.

After Ruth is through dealing with Domergue, he turns back to face Maj.Warren.

MAJ.WARREN

I'm gonna need some help tiein' these fella's up on the roof.

JOHN RUTH

Give O.B. fifty dollars when ya' get to Red Rock, and he'll help ya'.

MAJ.WARREN

Well, I think O.B.'s right. That storms got me kinda' concerned. We get goin' a lot faster you help too.

JOHN RUTH

(irritated)

Goddamit to hell, I'm already regretting this! Now i can't likely help ya' tie fella's to the roof with my wrist cuffed to hers. And my wrist is gonna' stay cuffed to hers, and she ain't never gonna' leave my goddamn side, untill i personally put her in the Red Rock jail! Now do you got that?

MAJ.WARREN

Yeah, I got it.

Maj.Warren walks over to O.B. on his drivers perch.

MAJ. WARREN

You help me tie these fella's up on the roof, I'll make it worth your while, we get to Red Rock.

O.B.

I hear you makin' eight thousand off these dead fuckers?

MAJ. WARREN

Yeah.

O.B.

I'll help ya' for two hundred and fifty dollars.

MAJ. WARREN

How 'bout a hundred and fifty dollars, and first two days we in Red Rock, I pay for all your booze. They got 'em a social club in Red Rock?

O.B.

Why yes they do.

MAJ. WARREN

I'll stake ya' a night there too. Now that's a good deal, son.

O.B. lights up.

O.B.

Shit fire, that's a damn good deal!

He leaps to the ground, and shakes hand with the black Major.

O.B.

You gotta' deal, smoke. Let's get to it.

TIME CUT

EXT - SNOW WHITE WYOMING MOUNTAIN ROAD - SNOWY DAY

SLOW MOTION EMPTY FRAME

We hear the slow motion sounds of the horses running and grunting through cold. Then we see the noses of the two lead horses bob into FRAME. Then with a little more effort on their part, their Face.

SLOW MOTION HORSE HOOVES

tear and kick up the snow as they move forward. We only hear the slow motion horse sounds.

INT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - SNOWY DAY

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN

sits on one side of the stagecoach, preparing his pipe for smoking.

JOHN RUTH & DAISY DOMERGUE

attached at the wrists, sit beside each other on the opposite side of the wagon.

John Ruth's pistol is pulled and sit's on his lap. Barrel lazily pointed in the direction of Domergue.....

.....or Maj.Warren...if need be.

JOHN RUTH

prepares his pipe for smoking as well.

JOHN RUTH

So what happened to your horse?

MAJ.WARREN

He was pretty old. I done had him for a bit. When the weather took a turn for the worse, it got to be too much for 'em.

JOHN RUTH

That's too bad.

MAJ.WARREN

Yes it is. Me an' ole Lash rode alotta miles together. You might say he was my best friend - if i considered stupid animals friends....which i don't. Never the less....I'm gonna' miss 'em.

John Ruth lights his pipe with a MATCH STROKE;

JOHN RUTH

I had a horse like that once. - bout twenty years ago. Called 'em Cauliflower. Use to call 'em my "beast friend".

MAJ.WARREN

What happened to him?

JOHN RUTH

Some rattlesnakes shot 'em out from under me.

Maj.Warren lights his pipe with a MATCH STROKE off the heel of his boot.

MAJ.WARREN

Didja' make it right?

The black man touches the match flame to the tobacco in the pipe bowl.

John Ruth PUFFS some SMOKE out of the side of his walrus mustache;

JOHN RUTH
Oh, you know i did.

WE CUT TO

EXT - SNOW WHITE WYOMING MOUNTAIN ROAD - SNOWY DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT - SLOW MOTION

The six horse pulled stagecoach with three dead frozen men now tied to the roof, rides through FRAME.

WE CUT TO

BACK INTO THE STAGECOACH (MOVING)

MAJ.WARREN
smokes his pipe.

JOHN RUTH
smokes his pipe.

Then all of a sudden, John Ruth gets a little sheepish, and asks;

JOHN RUTH
(to Maj.Warren)
I know we only met each other once before. And i don't mean to unduly imply intimacy. But-a.....do you still got it?

Maj.Warren knowing perfectly well what the old dog is referring to;

MAJ.WARREN
Do i still got, what?

JOHN RUTH
...the Lincon letter?

MAJ.WARREN
Of course.

JOHN RUTH
Do you got it on you?

Maj.Warren nods his hat brim, yes.

JOHN RUTH

Where?

Maj. Warren takes two fingers and points at his heart.

MAJ. WARREN

Right here.

JOHN RUTH

Look, i know you gotta' be real careful with it and all. I can imagine you probably don't want to take it in an' out of the envelope all that often. But if you wouldn't mind, I'd sure appreciate seein' it again.

MAJ. WARREN

Well, like you said, i don't like taking it in an' out of the envelope that often. However seein' as your saving my life an' all, i suppose i could let you read it again.

John Ruth breaks into a big grin.

Maj. Warren carefully takes out a envelope from his inside jacket pocket.

John Ruth watches the envelope....

Maj. Warren ever so carefully removes the letter inside the envelope.....

John Ruth puts on his spindly reading glasses.

....then carefully opens up the letter from it's folded position...

...then hands the open letter to John Ruth.

Daisy Domergue has no idea whats up with this letter.

JOHN RUTH READS

the letter. Moving his lips along with the words, but not saying them out loud.

MAJ. WARREN WATCHES

him read.

John Ruth looks up from the letter, to Maj. Warren sitting across from him.

JOHN RUTH
(reading from
the letter)

"Ole Mary Todds callin', so I guess it
must be time for bed"

.....Ole Mary Todd.....
(to Maj.Warren)
That gets me.

MAJ.WARREN
That gets me too.

John Ruth turns to Domergue, and holds out the letter in front of her.

JOHN RUTH
You know what this is, tramp? It's a
letter from Lincoln. It's a letter from
Lincoln to him.
(pointing at
Maj.Warren)
They shared a correspondence during the
war. They was pen pals. This is just one
of the letters.

Daisy Domergue looks over at the letter with interest....

THEN....

HOUCKS UP A LUGI
and SPITS it on the letter with a BIG SPLAT!

This shocks both Maj.Warren and John Ruth.

MAJ.WARREN SLAMS his FIST into the right side of DOMERGUE'S
FACE....so hard....he ends up punching her into the stagecoach
door with such force....IT FLIES OPEN....and DOMERGUE TUMBLES OUT
of the six horse pulled vehicle.....the handcuff chain taking JOHN
RUTH WITH HER...as well as the Lincoln letter.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD - SNOWY DAY

Daisy Domergue and John Ruth go flying out of the speeding wagon,
tumbling and somersaulting in the snow.

O.B. pulls up on the reigns yelling at the ponies, bringing the
fast steeds to a slushy stop.

John Ruth lies in the snow, still chained to the dazed Domergue,
holding his arm in pain.

JOHN RUTH
(cursing at
the cold)
...of all the stupid - Like to rip my
goddamn arm off!

Maj.Warren climbs out of the stopped vehicle.

John Ruth takes out a SMALL KEY, and for the first time in the story, UNLOCKS the handcuffs that tie him to his female prisoner.

For the moment...both John Ruth and Daisy Domergue are free.

He doesn't want to, but his arm hurts like dickins, and he has to walk it off.

Daisy Domergue, spits some blood from her mouth into the snow. She touches her freed wrist. She watches John Ruth walk off the pain in his shoulder. "Aww, he hurt his arm, ain't that too bad", she thinks to herself.

Maj.Warren looks for his Lincoln letter.

John Ruth yells at the Union Officer;

JOHN RUTH
I didn't drag her stinkin' ass up this
goddamn mountain, just for you to break
her neck on the outskirts of town!

MAJ.WARREN
You the one handed her my goddamn letter.
I didn't give it to her, i gave it to
you!

JOHN RUTH
Okay, it's both of our faults.

Maj.Warren gives him a look. Then goes back to looking for his special presidential correspondence.

John Ruth's arm feels a little better. He approaches the fallen Domergue, with a RIFLE in his hand.

With bloody teeth Domergue looks up at Ruth and says;

DOMERGUE
That nigger like to bust my jaw.

JOHN RUTH
You ruin that letter of his, that niggers
gonna' stomp your ass to death. And when
he do, I'm gonna sit back on that wagon
wheel watch and laugh.

Maj. Warren finds the letter.

It's worse for the wear, but still intact.

John Ruth calls to him;

JOHN RUTH

How is it?

MAJ. WARREN

She didn't help it none. But it's alright.

Maj. Warren puts the Lincoln letter back in it's envelope, then puts the envelope back in the pocket of his winter jacket.

Then the colored Union Officer scoops up a handful of snow, and crafts a snowball. He looks at Domergue.

She looks at him.

DOMERGUE

Is that the way niggers treat their ladies?

Maj. Warren throws the snowball in her face.

MAJ. WARREN

You ain't no lady.

Maj. Warren trod's off in the snow.

John Ruth looks down at her.

JOHN RUTH

Your about one wise word from being tied up on the roof with them other fella's. Now pick your trash ass up, and haul it back in that coach. Open your mouth again, and i'll feed it a knucklesanwhich.

O.B. the Stagecoach Driver calls from OFFSCREEN;

O.B. (OS)

Hey mister Ruth?

Answering without turning around;

JOHN RUTH

What?

O.B. (OS)

We got another fella' on foot, up here on the road!

Turning towards O.B.

JOHN RUTH

What?

MAJ.WARREN & O.B.

look down the road at the lone figure trying to get their attention. John ruth, rifle in hand, joins them.

POV:

way way down the snow covered road, a lone tiny figure of a man waves a lantern, trying to get there attention.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj.Warren)

Considering there's a blizzard goin' on,
whole lotta' fella's walkin' around,
wouldn't you say, Major?

The Major looks at Mr.Ruth.

MAJ.WARREN

Considering I'm one half of them fella's
.....yeah....seems to be a lot of us.

John Ruth points down the road.

JOHN RUTH

You know that fella'?

MAJ.WARREN

I know me some people 'round here.
I spent a lotta' time on this mountain
hidin' out from bushwackers. So maybe I
know that fella', and maybe I don't.
But i wasn't expecting nobody.

JOHN RUTH

You wern't, aye?

MAJ.WARREN

No I wern't.

John Ruth lowers the rifle barrel, till it's pointed at Maj.Warren.

JOHN RUTH

This changes things, son.

(beat)

Eight thousand dollars a lotta' money
for a nigger. But with a partner....
...eighteen's a whole lot better.

MAJ. WARREN

I don't have a partner no more.

JOHN RUTH

So you say.

MAJ. WARREN

Why don't you take a gander at those three frozen fuckers up there. You won't find no holes in there back. Well, okay, maybe not Rebel Roy McCracken, him I did shoot in the back. But shitfire, he deserved it. He not only shot my partner, he tried to steal my damn horse.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj. Warren)

Turn around.

Maj. Warren does.

JOHN RUTH

Put your hands behind your head.

Maj. Warren does.

MAJ. WARREN

You really think I'm in cahoots wit that fella'? Or her?

John Ruth CUFFS Maj. Warren's wrists behind his back.

JOHN RUTH

That's my problem boy, I don't know. And until I do, you in chains.

CUT TO BLACK

Chapter Two

SON OF A GUN

EXT - SNOW COVERED STAGECOACH ROAD - DAY

The CAMERA is behind The STRANGER ON THE ROAD, who's facing the horses, the stagecoach, and O.B. the stagecoach driver.

The wind has picked up more, befitting the coming blizzard.

John Ruth's Voice yells out from inside the wagon;

JOHN RUTH'S VOICE (OS)
Hand your weapons to the driver.

STRANGER ON THE ROAD
Little jumpy, ain't you?

JOHN RUTH'S VOICE (OS)
Never mind the jokes, just do it.

STRANGER ON THE ROAD
If you say so.

JOHN RUTH'S VOICE (OS)
I do.

The Stranger on the road, takes the pistol hanging from the gun belt on his hip, and hands it up to O.B.

STRANGER ON THE ROAD
Okay, I done did it.

JOHN RUTH'S VOICE (OS)
O.B.? Ya' got 'em?

O.B.
(yelling back)
I got 'em!

JOHN RUTH'S VOICE (OS)
Okay fella', keep holdin' that lantern with that one hand, and keep that other hand where i can see it. Walk around here where i can get a good look at cha'. Real slow like.

Keeping his back to the camera, The Stranger with hands raised, walks to the stagecoach.

When he gets to the side of the stagecoach, he see's John Ruth's head framed in one of the stagecoach door windows. The other window has both it's window blind rolled down, and it's curtains closed.

John Ruth gets a good gander at The Stranger.

JOHN RUTH

I'll be a goddamn dog in the manger.
That you Chris Mannix?

The Young Stranger, with his arm raised, holding the lantern with the wind whipping around him, says;

STRANGER ON THE ROAD

I'm sorry friend, do we know each other?

JOHN RUTH

Not quite.

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL) - WINDY DAY

Inside the coach, with the doors closed, Maj. Warren, with his hands cuffed behind his back, says to John Ruth;

MAJ. WARREN

You know this fella'?

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj. Warren)

Only by reputation.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD - DAY

STRANGER ON THE ROAD

Like i said friend, you got me at a bit of a disadvantage.

JOHN RUTH

Keepin' you at a disadvantage, is a advantage I intend to keep.

STRANGER ON THE ROAD

Whoever you are mister, you sure sound tough when your talkin' to a desperate man knee deep in snow. But i don't want no trouble. I just wanna' ride. I'm freezin' to death.

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL) - DAY

MAJ. WARREN

(to John Ruth)

Who is this joker?

JOHN RUTH
(to Maj. Warren)
You heard of the rebel renegade Erskine Mannix?

MAJ. WARREN
Mannix's Marauders?

JOHN RUTH
That's them. The scourge of South Carolina, Mannix's Marauders. That's Erskine's youngest boy, Chris.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD - DAY

JOHN RUTH
What brings you in my path, Chris Mannix?

CHRIS MANNIX
A early thirties, untrustworthy, rotten teeth hillbilly, with a admittedly FLY WINTER OUTFIT, complete with COOL COWBOY HAT.

CHRIS MANNIX
Well Mr. Face, i was riding to Red Rock and my horse stepped in a gofer hole in the snow, fucked up his leg, an' had to put 'er down.

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL)

John Ruth gives Maj. Warren a sarcastic look.

JOHN RUTH
Seems like a mighty bad luck day for horses.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD

CHRIS
Seemed like a mighty bad luck day for me too.....till i saw your wagon.

JOHN RUTH
You got business in Red Rock?

CHRIS
Yes i do.

JOHN RUTH
What?

Chris flashes a alligator grin.

CHRIS
I'm the new sheriff.

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL) - DAY

John Ruth and Maj. Warren exchange looks.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD - DAY

John Ruth snorts.

JOHN RUTH
Horseshit.

CHRIS
'fraid not.

JOHN RUTH
Where's your star?

CHRIS
Well I ain't the sheriff yet. Once I get there they swear me in, but that ain't happened yet. And that's when you get the star.

JOHN RUTH
You got anything that can back any of this up?

CHRIS
Yeah. When we get to Red Rock.

JOHN RUTH
Not even a telegram....you know, like when they hired ya'?

CHRIS
I travel light.
(beat)
And from the look of those three frozen fuckers up there,
(pointing at the stagecoach roof)
I figure your a bounty hunter open for business. And I figure your taking them three dead bodies into Red Rock to get paid?

The bounty hunter leans forward, and brings up the window shade on the other stagecoach door, revealing Domergue, and Maj. Warren sitting next to her.

JOHN RUTH
Three dead. One alive.

Chris and Daisy meet eyes.

CHRIS
Who's that?

JOHN RUTH
Daisy Domergue.

CHRIS
Who the fuck is Daisy Domergue?

JOHN RUTH
Not a goddamn thing to nobody, except me and the hangman.

Chris finally gets a good gander at the men inside the wagon.

CHRIS
Well i'll be double dogged dammed.
Your The Hangman, Bob Ruth.

JOHN RUTH
It's John.

And spotting Maj. Warren in there too.

CHRIS
And you....your the nigger with the head....Major Marquis. My lord, is that really the real head of Major Marquis lookin' at me now?

MAJ. WARREN
I'm really me, and it's really my head.

CHRIS
Boy oh boy...there was a time...What's goin' on, you havin' a bounty hunters picnic?
- Never mind - you takin' in them three and her to Red Rock to get paid, ain't ya'?

JOHN RUTH
Yeah.

CHRIS

Well the man in Red Rock suppose to pay ya' is me. The new sheriff. So if you wanna' get paid, you need to get me to Red Rock.

JOHN RUTH

Well excuse me for findin' it hard to believe a town electin' you to do anything except drop dead.

CHRIS

So i'm suppose to freeze, 'cause you find something hard to believe?

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL)

John Ruth considers the choice.

He looks to Maj.Warren.

Maj.Warren looks back, take him or leave him, it's up to you.

JOHN RUTH

I suppose not.

The bounty hunter KICKS the stagecoach door open. He removes the last set of handcuffs from off his belt, and tosses them in the snow at Chris' feet.

JOHN RUTH

Put them on and come inside.

Chris Mannix bends down and picks up the handcuffs at his feet.

He examines them in his hand.

Then he tosses them back inside the stagecoach, they land on the wood floor with a LOUD THUMP.

CHRIS

No.

JOHN RUTH

Then you'll freeze.

CHRIS

Then you'll hang.

JOHN RUTH

How so?

CHRIS

(to O.B.)

Driver! Could you come down here and join us?

O.B. climbs down off his perch and joins the conversation.

CHRIS

(to O.B.)

You heard me tell this fella' I'm the new sheriff of Red Rock, right?

O.B.

Yeah.

CHRIS

(to John Ruth)

Red Rock is my town now. And i'm gonna' enter my town, in bounty hunters chains? No-Sir! Chains of a nigger and a nigger lover? I ain't entering Red Rock that way, bushwackers.

(to O.B.)

When you finally get to Red Rock. Your gonna' realize every goddamn thing i said was true. And i expect you, O.B., to tell the townsfolk of Red Rock that John Ruth let their new sheriff freeze to death.

(to John Ruth)

There ain't no bounty on my head, bushwacker. You let me die, that's murder.

Chris Mannix just said a mouthful. A mouthful John Ruth chews in silence.

Maj.Warren breaks it...

MAJ.WARREN

John?

John Ruth looks to him.

MAJ.WARREN

He's right.

John Ruth makes up his mind.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj.Warren)

Turn around.

John Ruth takes the TINY KEY out of his pocket, and unlocks the black man's handcuffs. Every time John Ruth takes out that key Domergue clocks it.

JOHN RUTH

(to O.B.)

O.B., give the Major back his iron.

(to the Major)

One thing i know is this nigger-hatin' son of a gun ain't partnered up with you. I'll help you protect your eight thousand, you help me protect my ten, deal?

MAJ. WARREN

Deal.

They shake hands.

CHRIS

Ain't love grand. Y'all wanna' lie on the ground and make snow angles together?

JOHN RUTH

O.B., I said, give the Major back his iron!

O.B. leans in the wagon and hands the Major his two pistols back.

The black man puts one back in it's holster, and the other he rests lazy on his lap.

John Ruth YANKS Daisy Domergue back next to him.

Chris Mannix enters the coach, and sits in the space next to Maj. Warren.

Before he climbs back up on his perch, O.B. closes the stagecoach door, and says to the passengers through the window;

O.B.

From here on end, no more stops. Or ain't none of us gonna' make it to Minnie's.

O.B. disappears from the window, back up to his perch on the drivers seat. he whips the six horses to life, and the whole wagon rushes away.

INT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN & CHRIS MANNIX
sit on one side.

John Ruth with his wrist handcuffed to Daisy Domergue sits on the
otherside.

Chris Mannix just looks at the outdoors speeding by the little
window in the stagecoach door.

CHRIS
Phew doggie! That was a close one.
There were a few hours there I thought
I was a goner fe'r sure.

He lets out a LOUD REBEL YELL!

CHRIS
(CON'T)
Good god almighty, it's good to be alive!
Tell ya' what, Bob -

JOHN RUTH
- The names John.

CHRIS
- When we get to Red Rock, I'll buy you
and Major Marquis there dinner and drinks.
My way of sayin' thanks.

JOHN RUTH
I don't drink with rebel renegades,
and i damn sure don't break bread
with 'em.

CHRIS
Well Mr. Hangman, you sure don't sound
like a blue belly, but you sure do
talk like one. You gotta' axe to grind
against the cause.

JOHN RUTH
Yeah i do. I got me a big axe to grind
against a bunch of losers gone loco
wrappin' themselves up in the rebel flag
as a excuse for killin' and stealin'.
(to Maj. Warren)
And this should interest you Warren,
impaticular emancipated blacks!

Maj. Warren looks over at Chris.

DOMERGUE

Sounds like my kinda' fella'.

Chris says to John Ruth;

CHRIS

Sounds to me you been readin' a lotta' newspapers printed in Washington D.C.

(beat)

Anywho.....I'm just tryin' to let y'all know how grateful I am. I was a goner, and y'all saved me.

JOHN RUTH

You want to show me how grateful you are.....shut up.

CHRIS

I will. But before I shut up, there's something I'd like to know?

(beat)

Why do they call ya', The Hangman? That's a mighty mean moniker. What's it mean?

Major Marquis Warren opens his mouth.

MAJ. WARREN

It's a name well earned. And unique to our profession.

This gets everybody in the stagecoach's attention.

MAJ. WARREN

(CON'T)

when the handbill says Dead or Alive, John Ruth always tries to bring 'em back alive. That's why they call 'em The Hangman. When The Hangman catches you, you don't die by a bullet in the back. When The Hangman catches you...you hang.

Then Maj. Warren turns to Domergue, and says;

MAJ. WARREN

(to Domergue)

Like for instance, if i were bringin' you into Red Rock....you'd be up on that roof with them other fella's .

Chris looks over at Maj. Warren.

CHRIS
(meaning John
Ruth)

Does he know how famous you once was?

MAJ. WARREN
I don't think so.

John Ruth realizes he's being talked about.

Chris continues with his private conversation with Maj. Warren;

CHRIS
(to Maj. Warren)
Is there still a few stupid southern boys
out there who think there's a reward on
your head?

Maj. Warren knowing what Chris is referring to, says;

MAJ. WARREN
Not no more. I think i got the last of
'em, two years ago.

CHRIS
Like they always say, you can always
tell a southern boys...but you can't
tell 'em much.

That makes Maj. Warren, gafaw.

Chris turns his gaze on Domergue.

CHRIS
(to Domergue)
Do you know who he
(meaning Maj. Warren)
is?

DOMERGUE
Do I know about the thirty thousand
dollar reward on the head of Major
Marquis? Yeah, i know about Major Marquis
and his head.

John Ruth looks to Maj. Warren.

Chris explains to John Ruth;

CHRIS
For hillbilly's, the head of Major Marquis
was a new farm. Or a ranch. Or eight good
horses, the kind you could start a proper
stable with.

CHRIS

(to maj. Warren)

Them hillbilly's went nigger head huntin' but they never did get 'em the right nigger head, did they?

MAJ. WARREN

No they didn't. But it wasn't for lack of tryin'.

CHRIS

I bet.

(to John Ruth)

Now it didn't stay thirty thousand the length of the war. It dropped down to eight, then five.

(to Maj. Warren)

What was the reward at wars end?

MAJ. WARREN

At wars end? There was still a regiment of Alabama veterans offering eight hundred dollars.

CHRIS

You got some real committed old southern fuckers in Alabama.

MAJ. WARREN

Oh they were committed, all right. They was offering eight hundred real dollars. Not that confederate wall paper.

CHRIS

But i bet even when it was five, you had your share of southern boys comin' to call.

MAJ. WARREN

You know i did.

(to John Ruth)

The confederates took exception to my capacity for killin' them. So the cause put a reward on my head.

(beat)

And them peckawoods left their families, and left their homes, and came to this snowy mountain, lookin' for me. And the ones ain't no one heard tell of no more, them the ones that found me.

JOHN RUTH

Why was there a reward on you?

MAJ. WARREN

After i broke out of Wellenbeck, the south took my continued existence as a personal affront.

JOHN RUTH

What's Wellenbeck?

CHRIS

You ain't never heard of Wellenbeck prisoner of war camp, West Virginia?

JOHN RUTH

No Reb, I ain't never heard of it!
(to Maj. Warren)
You bust out?

Maj. Warren nods his head, yes.

CHRIS

Oh Maj. Marquis did more then bust out. Maj. Marquis had a bright idea. So bright you hafta' wonder why nobody never thought about it before.

(to Maj. Warren)

Tell John Ruth your bright idea.

MAJ. WARREN

Well the whole damn place was just made of kindling.

(beat)

So i burnt it down.

CHRIS

There was a rookie regiment spendin' the overnight in the camp. Forty-seven men...burnt to a crisp. Southern youth, farmers sons, cream of the crop.

MAJ. WARREN

And i say, let 'em burn. I'm suppose to apologize for killin' Johnny Reb? You fought the war to keep niggers in chains. I fought the war to kill white southern crackers. Kill 'em anyway i can. Shoot 'em, burn 'em, drown 'em, drop big ole rocks on their heads, whatever it takes to kill white southern crackers, that's what i joined the war to do....and that's what i did.

CHRIS

(to John Ruth)

To answer your question, John Ruth, when Major Marquis burned forty seven men alive, for no more a reason then to give a nigger a run for the trees, that's when the south put a reward on the head of Major Marquis.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Chris)

And I made them trees, Mannix. And you best believe i didn't look back neither. Not till i passed the northern line.

CHRIS

(to Maj. Warren)

But you had a surprise waitin' for you on the northern side, didn't ya'?

(to John Ruth)

See once they started pullin' out all the burnt bodies at Wellenbeck. Seems not all them boys were southern.

(to Maj. Warren)

Burnt up some of your own boys, didn't ya' Major?

(to John Ruth)

They started findin' the burnt bodies of prisoners.

(to Maj. Warren)

How many did they find?

MAJ. WARREN

(to John Ruth)

The fire got a little out of hand, he's exaggerating.

CHRIS

Now if memory serves, your side didn't look at it that way.

Not that i had the time to keep up with yankee politics with all the lootin' and shootin' me and mine suppose to have done. Anyway Maj. Warren, what was the final yankee death count?

JOHN RUTH

(to Chris)

Your dad was a bloody renegade. And he commanded a renegade army of cutthroats.

CHRIS

What my daddy fought fer' was dignity in defeat, and against the unconditional surrender. We wern't foreign barbarians at the gate. We were your brothers. We deserved dignity in defeat.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Chris)

How many nigger towns you sack in your fight for dignity in defeat, Mannix?

CHRIS

(to Maj. Warren)

My fair share, Major. When niggers are scarred, that's when white folks are safe. First order of business for a renegade army fightin' for a lost southern cause, make the white folks feel safe.

MAJ. WARREN

Now you gonna' talk that hateful nigger talk, you can ride up top with O.B.

CHRIS

No no no, you got me talkin' politics, i didn't wanna'. Like i said, i'm just happy to be alive. I think i'll just look out this window here, at all this pretty scenery, and just think about how lucky i am.

Chris turns away from the Major, and looks out the window.

We see the white winter wonderland landscape of trees and rocks and snow banks go rolling by in GLORIOUS 70mm SUPERSCOPE.

Chapter three

Minnie's

EXT - SNOW COVERED STAGECOACH ROAD - DAY

O.B. driving the six horse carriage forward. He takes his fist and BANGS on the side of the stagecoach.

INT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

Except for John Ruth, the other passengers have dozed off.

That pounding was O.B.'s cue that Minnie's was just ahead.

JOHN RUTH

Okay everybody, wake up. We're at Minnie's.

The other three passengers open their eyes and return to life.

JOHN RUTH

Now this storms lookin' pretty ugly.
So once we get here, whoever Minnie's
got working for her, is going to need
help unhitching these ponies and gettin'
them in shelter. Now since I can't likely
do that chained to her, I'm volunteering
you two freeloaders.

Neither Maj.Warren or Chris have a problem with that.

CHRIS

Sure.

(beat)

How long we been asleep?

JOHN RUTH

About a half hour.

CHRIS

I don't know if it's my imagination,
but it seems a lot colder then a half
hour ago.

JOHN RUTH

It ain't your imagination. I for one
can't wait to partake of some of Minnie's
coffy.

(to Maj.Warren)

What's that she always says about it?

MAJ.WARREN

About her coffy?

John Ruth nods his head in the affirmative.

MAJ. WARREN

That it's Strong, Hot, and Good.

John Ruth laughs;

JOHN RUTH

That's it. Strong, Hot, and Good.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

The six horse team stagecoach pulls up to the front of the log built building that's known as "MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY".

On the outside, Minnie's just looked like a slightly bigger than normal stagecoach stop over, parked halfway up a mountain. That's because, despite local reputation, that's what it is. If serving two bottles of tequila, one bottle of Mezcal, and one bottle of brandy qualifies you as a bar, it's a bar. If serving stew qualifies you as restaurant, it's a restaurant.

It sells a few hats, and gloves, and snow shoes for the stagecoach passengers. And supplies for the mountain folk. And it received special packages for people in Red Rock. Like say when Carlos Robante (Pedro Gonzalez-Gonzalez) in "Rio Bravo" buys those red bloomers for his wife Consuela (Estelita Rodriguez), but doesn't want everybody in town to know about it. If he lived in Red Rock, he'd buy them through the mail, have them sent to Minnie's, and when they arrived, Minnie would get word to him, and he'd ride out there and pick them up. Minnie's was also a good place to hold up during a storm. This wasn't the first time a group of passengers from the stage had to sit out the snow. Minnie and her partner Sweet Dave also traded goods. In fact the only stuff in their store of any interest is the stuff they acquired in trade. If that makes them a trading goods store, then their a trading goods store.

Minnie's Haberdashery is a lot of things, but the one thing it wasn't, was a haberdashery.

O.B. brings the horses to a stop. He sees something.....

ANOTHER STAGECOACH, horses put away, off to the side.

OB.'s first thought is, there's already people here. His second thought is, that's strange.

He looks around.

The storm has gotten uglier....the wind more brutal.

He see's the outside of Minnie's, he looks at the barn, the outhouse. The field of white snow surrounding it. It looks like Minnie's, but it looks a little spooky. But this storm is spooky, so O.B. caulks up his feelings to that.

And into this spooky storm A BEARDED MAN in a big winter coat and hat comes out of Minnie's front door, and walks towards the stagecoach. Just as he gets closer the passengers inside open the shades on the windows of the carriage door. The Man sees it's four passengers sitting inside.

This seems to startle him.

He shoots off to speak with O.B.

INT - STAGECOACH (STILL) - DAY

All four passengers saw the Man's reaction.

CHRIS

He didn't look that happy to see us.

John Ruth, staring at Minnie's building, says;

JOHN RUTH

I think he's already got 'em some customers.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

The bearded man in the winter coat moves over to O.B.'s perch on the wagon.

BEARDED MAN

(speaking with
French accent)

What the hells going on, we weren't expecting another stage tonight?

Referring to the other stagecoach.

O.B.

I can see. you already got another one up here.

BEARDED MAN

I just got through putting the horses away.

The storm is really getting going now. So much so people have to yell to be heard.

O.B.

This ain't the normal line. But we are stuck on the wrong side of a blizzard, so it looks like your stuck with us. Are Minnie and Sweet Dave inside?

BEARDED MAN

They ain't here. I'm running the place
while their gone.

John Ruth steps out of the stagecoach into the cold dragging
Domergue along with him.

JOHN RUTH

Where's Minnie and Sweet Dave?

O.B.

He says they ain't here. He's lookin'
after the place while they gone.

JOHN RUTH

(to O.B.)

They ain't here...

(to Bearded Man)

...where are they?

BEARDED MAN

Their visiting Minnie's mother.

JOHN RUTH

Her mother? Who are you?

BEARDED MAN

I'm Bob.

JOHN RUTH

Your what?

BOB

I'm Bob.

JOHN RUTH

Bob?

BOB

Oui...Bob.

JOHN RUTH

What are you?

BOB

I'm French.

JOHN RUTH

So your lookin' after the place while
Minnie's away?

BOB

Oui.

JOHN RUTH
Coffy in there?

BOB
Oui.

JOHN RUTH
Is it Strong, Hot, and Good?

BOB
Oui.

JOHN RUTH
Well whoever you are, help O.B. with
the horses. Get 'em outta' this cold,
before the blizzard lands on our heads.

BOB
I just put those other horses away.
You need it done fast, you need to help.

JOHN RUTH
I got two of my best men on it.

He says as both Maj. Warren and Chris Mannix climb out of the stagecoach.

John Ruth YANKS Domergue away towards the front door of Minnie's, when suddenly his arm is YANKED BACK.

He looks down and sees Domergue has stopped and squatted in the snow to take a pee.

She looks up at him.

DOMERGUE
You'd let a horse piss, wouldn't ya'?

Okay, maybe she's got a point. He lets Domergue take her pee.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

We focus in on the front door of Minnie's Haberdashery, and only the front door.

We hear John Ruth outside, trying to open the door, but it's nailed shut.

Then we hear PEOPLE INSIDE THE ROOM YELL OFF SCREEN at the door;

PEOPLE INSIDE (OS)
Kick it open!

John Ruth KICKS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN - The WIND from outside WHIPS INTO THE ROOM - John Ruth and Domergue step quickly inside, Ruth SLAMS the door SHUT behind him - CUTTING OFF THE WIND - only to see there's no door lock.

The People Inside yell at them;

PEOPLE INSIDE(OS)
You have to nail it shut!

Both him and her look at them, "What"?

PEOPLE INSIDE(OS)
There's a hammer and nails by the door!

As they hold the door closed, they look down and see a hammer and a can of nails.

So as Domergue holds the wind battered door closed, John Ruth picks up the hammer, grabs some nails, and begins POUNDING THEM into a piece of wood on the door. He finishes and starts to put the hammer down, when the People Inside yell at him;

PEOPLE INSIDE(OS)
You need to do two piece's of wood!

Both him and Domergue give them a bit of "a look", but then turn back to the door. He picks off the floor another piece of wood, and HAMMERS it into the door and the wall.

When he finishes, he lays down the hammer, and says;

JOHN RUTH
That doors a son of a gun. Who's the idiot who broke that?

He turns to look at the People Inside.

It's THREE MEN:

One, a BLONDE LITTLE MAN who wears a grey european cut business suit who stands up when he sees a woman has entered the room.

BLONDE LITTLE MAN
(speaking with
a English accent)
Good heavens, a woman out in this white hell. You must be frozen solid.

The Blonde Little Man is a bit of a Fop. Not a gigantic Fop, just a bit of one.

Two, a OLD MAN with a white beard in a old grey Confederate Officer Uniform. Rank, GENERAL. He sits by himself in a cozy chair by the fire place complete with roaring fire. He doesn't look up at the man and woman.

and...

Three, a lone COWBOY FELLA', in a cow puncher uniform complete with cool brown cow puncher hat. He sits at a little table in the corner, peeling a apple with a little tiny knife, the apple skin hanging down unbroken in a long string. When the Man and Woman enter the room, he doesn't stop what he's doing (peeling the apple), but his eyes go up to them.

We also take in the inside of Minnie's Haberdashery. As has been reported by Bob, sadly no Minnie. Even without meeting Minnie, we feel her loss to this building. With Minnie's big presence this place comes alive and is homey and warm. Without her, it's a cold shack full of junk.

There's a kitchen area, that includes a pot belly stove.

Two comfy chairs sit in front of fireplace with a big warming fire crackling in it. In one of the cozy chairs sits the Old General, in the other was the Little English Man before he stood up.

Across from the kitchen area, on the otherside of the room, is a Bar Area. A Small Bar, with Three Bar Stools. And Four Bottles of Booze. Two bottles of Tequila. One bottle of mezcal. One bottle of Brandy.

A few scattered small tables for one to four. The Cowboy Fella' sits at one of those.

A Picnic Table in the middle of the room for community eating.

A Old Piano in the corner.

And A Big Iron Double Bed that sits amongst the goods in the store. It's Minnie and Sweet Daves bed.

John Ruth answers the English Man;

JOHN RUTH

Got a few dead ones back there frozen
solid. This tramps just chilly.

ENGLISH MAN

Well she should warm herself by the fire.

JOHN RUTH

Coffy i'll do her good.

Ruth YANKS her in the direction of the pot belly stove and the coffy.

The People Inside see the handcuffs that attache the two.

As John Ruth crosses the room heading towards the kitchen area, dragging Domergue along like a rag doll, he asks the English Man;

JOHN RUTH

Seems like Minnie's got 'er a full house.
When did you fella's arrive?

ENGLISH MAN

About forty minutes ago.

JOHN RUTH

(meaning the
Cowboy Fella')

Is that your driver?

John Ruth finds the coffy pot on the stove.

ENGLISH MAN

No, he's a passenger. The driver lit
out. He said he was going to spend the
blizzard shackled up with a friend.
He'd come back when the sun came out.

JOHN RUTH

Lucky devil.

John Ruth goes looking for coffy cups. He sees a half plucked chicken, makes a face at it. He finds a coffy cup, and pours himself a hot cup of Minnie's coffy.

He turns to Domergue and asks;

JOHN RUTH

What was it again?

DOMERGUE

About her coffy?

JOHN RUTH

Yeah.

DOMERGUE

Strong hot and good.

JOHN RUTH

That's it, Strong, Hot, and

John Ruth takes a DRINK of coffy....Then SPITS IT OUT...

JOHN RUTH

Jesus Christ, that's awful!

The Cowboy Fella' laughs.

As does the Little Man.

As does Domergue.

As does John Ruth as he takes the coffy pot and dumps out the brown junk in it.

JOHN RUTH

Christ almighty, what that French fella' do, soak his ole socks in the pot?

They all laugh.

LITTLE MAN

I think we felt the same way, but were alittle too polite to say something.

DOMERGUE

(referring to Ruth)

He don't have that problem.

JOHN RUTH

Where's the coffy?

The Little Man points at a bag.

LITTLE MAN

There.

John Ruth makes a new pot of coffy, dragging Domergue with him. As he prepares the coffy, he asks the Little English Man;

JOHN RUTH

So all three of you on the way to Red Rock when the blizzard stopped ya', huh?

LITTLE MAN

Yes, all three of us were on that stagecoach out there. How many in yours?

JOHN RUTH

Full house. Including me, her and the driver, five.

The Cowboy Fella's eyes raise as he hears the stagecoach brought five with them. He eats a piece of apple.

The Old General doesn't twitch.

The Little English Man's eyes raise as well.

LITTLE MAN
Five? Well well well. Looks like Minnie's
Haberdashery is about to get cozy the
next couple of days.

JOHN RUTH
Where's the well water?

The Little English Man points at a bucket.

LITTLE MAN
Right there.

John Ruth adds water to the coffy pot and puts it on the pot belly
stove to boil.

Then suddenly Domergue blurts out to The Little Man or the room;

DOMERGUE
The new sheriff of Red Rock is traveling
with us.

All three, English Man, Old Man, and Cowboy Fella', hear that.

JOHN RUTH
Sheriff of Red Rock, that'll be the day.

LITTLE MAN
(curious)
The new sheriff of Red Rock is traveling
with you?

JOHN RUTH
He's lien, he ain't sheriff of nothin'.
He's a southern renegade. He's just
talkin' his self outta' freezin' to
death, is all.
(to Domergue)
What the fuck i tell you 'bout talkin'?
I will bust you in the mouth right in
front of all these people, I don't give
a fuck!

The Little English Man watches the terse exchange between the man
and woman with a visible amount of distaste.

LITTLE MAN
You never said your name, sir.

JOHN RUTH
John Ruth.

LITTLE MAN
Are you a lawman?

JOHN RUTH
I'm takin' her to the law.

LITTLE MAN
So your a bounty hunter?

JOHN RUTH
That's right, Buster.

LITTLE MAN
Do you have a warrant?

John Ruth is surprised by that question.

JOHN RUTH
'Corse i do.

LITTLE MAN
May I see it?

JOHN RUTH
Why?

LITTLE MAN
Your suppose to produce it upon request.
How am I suppose to know your not a
villain, kidnaping this woman without a
warrant in your possession?

JOHN RUTH
(irritated)
What's your name, Buster?

LITTLE MAN
Well it certainly isn't Buster.
It's Oswaldo Mobray.

JOHN RUTH
Oswaldo?

OSWALDO
Yes.

JOHN RUTH
Well i got my warrant, Oswaldo.

John Ruth takes the warrant out of his winter coat, and SLAPS it
into Oswaldo's hand.

45.
Oswaldo removes a glasses case from his suit coat pocket. Out of the case he removes a pair of reading glasses, and places them on his face. He examines the document.

He looks up from the paper to the face of Daisy Domergue.

OSWALDO
I take it your Daisy Domergue?

Domergue starts to say, yes - when John Ruth interrupts her.

JOHN RUTH
- It's her.

Oswaldo goes back to examining the warrant.

OSWALDO
(as he reads)
This warrant says, Dead or Alive?

JOHN RUTH
Yes it does.

OSWALDO
You've been transporting her for days,
haven't you?

JOHN RUTH
How do you know?

OSWALDO
Because you both look like it.
(he hands Ruth
back the warrant)
Transporting a desperate hostile prisoner
like her sounds like hard work.
Wouldn't transporting her be easier if
she were dead?

As John Ruth puts the warrant back in the pocket of his winter coat.

JOHN RUTH
No one said the job was suppose to be
easy.

OSWALDO
Why is her hanging proper, so important
to you?

JOHN RUTH
Let's just say i don't like to cheat the
hangman. He's gotta' make a living too.

46.

Oswaldo Mobray reaches into the pocket of his suit vest, and produces a BUSINESS CARD, which he extends to John Ruth.

OSWALDO

I appreciate that. Allow me to properly introduce myself. I'm Oswaldo Mobray, the hangman in these parts.

John Ruth looks at the card.

JOHN RUTH

Well la-dee-da.

(looks at
Oswaldo)

Looks like i brought you a customer.

Oswaldo looks to Daisy.

Daisy looks to Oswaldo.

OSWALDO

So it would appear.

DOMERGUE

Have you ever spent two days or more locked up with one of your customers before hand?

OSWALDO

No i can't say i have. This will be a new experience.

DOMERGUE

What's life without new experiences?

JOHN RUTH

Oh you about to get a new experience Dolly. You gonna' get to experience what it's like to be choked to death by a rope. Or what it's like to suddenly have your neck broke. Them the new experiences in your future.

(to Oswaldo)

Don't talk to my prisoner. I talk to my prisoner, that's it. You got it?

OSWALDO

Got it.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY
and
INT - MINNIE'S STABLE

We see separate shots of Maj. Warren, Chris, O.B., and Bob unhitching the horses from the stagecoach....Leading them across the snowy ground to ^{the} stable....and once in the stable leading them into the stall.

All FOUR MEN : MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN. CHRIS MANNIX. O.B..BOB.
Know how to handle horses.

We also see THE WIND get WORSE.

INT - MINNIE'S HABADASHERY - DAY

John Ruth, with Domergue in tow, has relocated with Oswaldo Mobray by the bar. John Ruth pours shots of mezcal into clay shooters for Oswaldo, himself, and Domergue.

They drink.

As the clay shooter leaves John Ruth's lips, he looks across the room at The Cowboy Fella' .

The Cowboy Fella' is at his table, a deck of cards laid out in front of him, playing a game of SOLITAIRE.

A BOTTLE of BRANDY and a GLASS sit on the table.

As does a pile of SHELLED PEANUTS, and a PILE OF BROKEN SHELLS.

The Cowboy Fella' minds his own business, drinking BRANDY, eating PEANUTS, and playing SOLITAIRE.

John Ruth turns to Oswaldo at the bar;

JOHN RUTH
How 'bout the cowboy fella'? What's his story?

OSWALDO
I don't know, he doesn't say much.

JOHN RUTH
What'd ya' mean, he doesn't say much?
You rode up that whole hill together
didn't ya'?

OSWALDO
And he didn't say much.

JOHN RUTH
What's his name?

OSWALDO
I don't know.

JOHN RUTH
He never said his name?

JOHN RUTH
I don't think so.

John Ruth digs a SILVER DOLLAR out of his pocket. With his thumb, he FLIPS IT THROUGH THE AIR, landing on The Cowboy Fella's solitaire table with a LOUD THUMP.

The Cowboy Fella' looks up from his game.

John Ruth, dragging along Domergue, heads towards the Cowboy Fella's table.

JOHN RUTH
No offense cowboy fella', just gettin' your attention.

The Cowboy Fella' leans back in his chair and looking up at the bounty hunter, says his first lines;

COWBOY FELLA'
You got it.

JOHN RUTH
I'm John Ruth, I'm bringin' in this one
(gesturing to
Domergue)
to Red Rock to hang. That's my story.
What's yours?

The Cowboy Fella' shows the bounty hunter he's a real wise ass.

COWBOY FELLA'
Actually...it was my brother Earl,
Who was the storyteller in the family.
Me, I've never been very good at it.
It's a gift. Some folks have it, some
folks don't.

John Ruth looks down at him sitting at the table with a smile on his face.

JOHN RUTH
Smarty pants, huh?

Ruth turns to Domergue, and points at the solitaire table.

JOHN RUTH

Turn that over.

Domergue, doing what she's told, TURNS OVER the cowboy fella's table. Cards, a brandy bottle, and peanuts go flying.

John Ruth steps in to the sitting man closer, and he places his hand on the butt of his pistol.

COWBOY FELLA

You do realize you broke our only bottle of brandy?

JOHN RUTH

Where your goin' you won't need brandy.
(beat)

Look boy, smarty pants answers ain't gonna' cut it. I'm transporting a prisoner. A prisoner who has friends. Friends who'd like to see her free, and me dead. Ain't no way i'm spendin' a coupla' nights under a roof with somebody i don't know who they are. And I don't know who you are. So who are you?

COWBOY FELLA'

Joe Gage.

JOHN RUTH

What?

JOE GAGE

That's my name. Joe Gage.

JOHN RUTH

Okay Joe Gage, why you goin' to Red Rock?

JOE GAGE

I ain't goin' to Red Rock.

JOHN RUTH

Where you goin'?

JOE GAGE

I'm goin' nine miles outside of Red Rock.

JOHN RUTH

What's there?

JOE GAGE

My mother.

JOHN RUTH
Your mother?

JOE GAGE
I'm a cow puncher. I just finished a big long drive. I wasn't just a ass in a saddle, ether. I was partners on this one. For once in my life I made a pretty penny. I was coming up here to spend Christmas with my mother.

JOHN RUTH
Really?

JOE GAGE
Really.

JOHN RUTH
Funny, you don't really look like the coming home for Christmas type.

JOE GAGE
Well then looks are deceiving. Because I'm defiantly the coming home for Christmas to spend it with my mother, type. Christmas with mother? It's the greatest thing in the world.

(beat)
Is that good enough?

JOHN RUTH
That's good enough for now.
(beat)
Steer clear of my prisoner.

He moves away from Joe Gage, and looks at the Old General.
He just looks at the Old Man who doesn't look at him.

John Ruth makes contact.

JOHN RUTH
(CON'T)
Hello old timer.

The old timer points out the General rank on his uniform.

OLD GENERAL
General.

JOHN RUTH
(respectfully)
General.

OLD GENERAL
You sir, are a hyena.

Domergue laughs at this.

OLD GENERAL
(CON'T)
And I have no wish to speak to you.

John Ruth takes the insult for a moment and says;

JOHN RUTH
I've been called worse. Fair enough,
General, sorry to bother you.

INT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

The four men get all the horses in the stable stalls. With the other stage's six horses, and Minnie and Sweet Daves nag, it's quite a full house at Minnie's stable.

Thirteen Horses.

Not such a great number.

As they finish, Bob the Frenchman says to the other three;

BOB
I'll feed and water the horses. You go inside, and get some hot coffy. I've got some stew on the fire, should be ready soon.

O.B.
Sounds good to me.
(to Bob)
Look no matter how bad this blizzard gets, we still gotta' feed these horses. So me and Chris better lay out a line from the stable to Minnie's front door.

BOB
Good idea.

O.B. and Chris grab a rope, a hammer, spikes and start in on that.

Maj.Warren tells Bob;

MAJ.WARREN
I'll help you.

BOB
No, don't worry, go inside, get warm.

MAJ. WARREN

Your doing stable work in a blizzard,
i offer to help, and you say, no?

BOB

Your right. Thank you for your help.

the two men get to the business of feeding and watering the hard
working horses.

EXT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

Chris and O.B. stretch out a rope in the harsh snow and wind.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

John Ruth and Domergue sit at the bar drinking with the hangman
Oswaldo Mobray.

Oswaldo is in mid-monologue;

OSWALDO

(to Domergue)

Your wanted for murder. For the shake
of my analogy, let's assume you did it.

John Ruth SNORTS.

Her eyeballs go to John Ruth for a beat, then move back to
Oswaldo.

DOMERGUE

So....assuming that....?

OSWALDO

John Ruth wants to take you to Red Rock
to stand trail for murder. And...IF....
your found guilty, the people of Red
Rock will hang you in the town square.
And as the hangman, I will preform the
execution. And if all those things end
up taking place, that's what civilized
society calls JUSTICE.

(beat)

However if the relatives and loved ones
of the person you murdered were outside
that door right now. And after busting
down that door, they drug you out in the
snow, and strung you up by the neck....
....that would be FRONTIER JUSTICE.

OSWALDO
(CON'T)

Now the good part about frontier Justice
is it's very thirst quenching. The bad
part is it's apt to be Wrong as Right.

JOHN RUTH
(to Domergue)

Not in your case. In your case, you'd
have it comin' . But other people, maybe
not so much.

OSWALDO
But ultimately...what's the real
difference between the two? The real
difference is ME....The Hangman.
To me, it doesn't matter what you did.
When i hang you, i will get no
satisfaction from your death. It's my
job. I hang you in Red Rock, i go to
the next town, i hang somebody else there.
The man who pulls the lever that breaks
your neck, will be a dispassionate man.
And that dispassion is the very essence
of justice. For justice delivered
WITHOUT dispassion, is always in danger
of not being justice.

Then we hear Chris and O.B. outside the front door.

EXT - FRONT DOOR MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

Chris tries the door it won't open.

then he hears The People Inside YELL from the otherside of the
door;

PEOPLE INSIDE(OS)
Kick it open!

Chris and O.B. trade looks.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

Chris Mannix KICKS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN - The WIND from outside
WHIPS INTO THE ROOM - Chris Mannix and O.B. step quickly inside,
Mannix SLAMS the DOOR SHUT behind him - CUTTING OFF THE WIND -
Only to see there's no door lock.

PEOPLE INSIDE
You hafta' nail it shut!

So as Chris holds the door closed as the wind beats against it, O.B. picks up the hammer, grabs some nails, and begins POUNDING THEM into a piece of wood on the door. He finishes and starts to put the hammer down, when the people Inside yell at him;

PEOPLE INSIDE

You need to do two piece's of wood!

Both O.B. and Chris give them a bit of a "look", but then turn back to the door, and POUND NAILS into another piece of wood.

When O.B. finishes, he lays the hammer down and says;

O.B.

Jesus Christ, that doors a whore!

Chris turns around and takes in the room and the people.

CHRIS

Oh, i get it, haberdashery, that was a joke.

He see's John Ruth at the bar, and on the otherside of the room, the pot belly stove with the pot of coffy on it.

The very cold Chris and O.B. head for the coffy pot.

CHRIS

(to John Ruth)

Hows the coffy?

Moving over to the pot belly stove, and where he goes so goes Domergue, John Ruth says;

JOHN RUTH

Now, pretty good, if i do say so myself.

O.B finds the cups.

Chris pours the coffy.

John Ruth and Domergue join them.

As does Oswaldo Mobray.

Chris and O.B. drink the coffy.

They both really like it.

O.B.

Damn that's good.

Talking to Chris and O.B. John Ruth jerks his thumb in Oswaldo's direction;

JOHN RUTH
Guess who he is?

Chris takes a drink of coffy and guesses;

CHRIS
Buffalo Bill?

The little english fop laughs at that;

OSWALDO
Ha ha ha - hardly. I'm Oswaldo Mobray,
I'm The -

John Ruth interrupts him.

JOHN RUTH
- He's the hangman of Red Rock.

Both Chris and O.B.'s eyes raise.

CHRIS
Oh, you are?

Oswaldo smiles at him.

OSWALDO
Yes I am.

Chris offers his hand to shake, they do.

CHRIS
Well good to meet you Mr.Mobray, I'm
Chris Mannix the new sheriff in Red Rock.

Both Joe Gage and The Old General look up to see who's talking.

John Ruth, chained to Domergue, drinking Mezcal, says;

JOHN RUTH
(loudly)
Horseshit!

Mr.Mannix and Mr.Mobray finish shaking hands, they both look to rude Ruth.

CHRIS
Pay no attention to him.

John Ruth continues with his boorish behavior;

JOHN RUTH
(loudly)
HORSE-SHIT!
(to Chris)
If your a goddamn sheriff, I'm a
monkey's uncle.

CHRIS
(to Ruth)
Good, then you can share bananas with
your nigger friend in the stable.

Chris continues with the introductions, despite John Ruth;

CHRIS
(to Oswald)
Fella' next to me is a hellva' driver
named O.B.

Oswaldo and O.B shake hands.

JOHN RUTH
That's the only thing you said that's
the truth.

Chris ignores him.

CHRIS
(to Oswald)
You comin' into Red Rock to hang Lance
Lawson?

OSWALDO
Precisely.

CHRIS
Do you have your execution orders on you?

OSWALDO
In my bag.

CHRIS
Can i see them?

OSWALDO
Of course.

John Ruth and Domergue just watched the following exchange
somewhat flabbergasted. Even John Ruth would have to admit, if
Chris is lying....he sure is a convincing liar.

Oswaldo goes over to the BAG he left by the cozy chair by the fireplace, next to The Old General. He opens it searching for the papers.

John Ruth asks Chris;

JOHN RUTH
Who's Lance Lawson?

CHRIS
He's a fella' been sittin' in the Red Rock jail about a month now. He's the fella' - who shot the fella'- who was sheriff 'fore me.

Chris moves over by the fire, and takes the papers that Oswaldo hands to him.

He reads them.

Everybody in the room watches him read the papers.

As he reads, Oswaldo asks him;

OSWALDO
What did you mean when you said, the bounty hunters nigger friend in the stable?

CHRIS
(still reading)
He's got a nigger bounty hunter friend in the stable.

OSWALDO
All that just to guard her?

Finishing with the papers;

CHRIS
I don't think that was the original idea, but that's the idea now.

He hand Oswaldo back his papers.

OSWALDO
I didn't know they had nigger bounty hunters in America?

CHRIS
We ain't got many. But the one we got are peppers.

After handing the hangman's papers back to him, he gets a good look at The Old Southern General sitting in one of the two cozy chairs in the room.

CHRIS

Well cut my legs off and call me shorty,
is that Gen.Sanford Smithers in my line
of sight?

The Old General looks up at the young man and smiles;

OLD GENERAL

You've a good eye son.

Chris lets out a laugh and a twirl;

CHRIS

I'll be double dogged dammed!
General Sandy "Don't give a damn"
Smithers!

Chris salutes the Old General.

CHRIS

(CON'T)

Cap't.Chris Mannix, Mannix Marauders.

Gen.Smithers returns the salute.

GEN.SMITHERS

Erskine's boy?

CHRIS

Yes sir.

Gen.Smithers points to the empty cozy chair, covered by a blanket
and some animal skins.

GEN.SMITHERS

Sit down, Cap't.

CHRIS

Yes sir.

Chris sits down across from the old General.

CHRIS

(CON'T)

Boy did my daddy talk about you.
I heard you pulverized them blue bellies!
Ones you didn't kill, ran off screamin'
in terror!

GEN.SMITHERS

Me and my boys did our part. As did
Erskine and his boys. I never knew your
father son, but i respected his resolve.

CHRIS

Gen.Sandy Smithers. It's a small damn
world.

John Ruth, who has moved back by the bar, says to Domergue;

JOHN RUTH

I don't know about the world. But this
goddamn mountain sure seems pretty
fuckin' small.

INT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

Maj.Warren and Bob have finished feeding and watering the horses.

MAJ.WARREN

What's your name?

BOB

Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

What?

BOB

Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

One more time...

BOB

Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

Bob?

BOB

Oui, Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

Marquis.

The two men shake hands.

MAJ.WARREN

Minnie and Sweet Dave inside?

BOB

Minnie and Sweet Dave went to visit her mother on the north side of the mountain.

MAJ. WARREN

Her mother? I didn't know Minnie had a mother.

BOB

Everybody's got a mother.

MAJ. WARREN

I suppose. And they left you in charge?

BOB

Yes.

MAJ. WARREN

That sure don't sound like Minnie.

BOB

Are you callin' me a liar?

MAJ. WARREN

Not yet i ain't. But it sure do sound peculiar.

BOB

What sounds peculiar?

MAJ. WARREN

Well for one, Minnie just never struck me as the sentimental type. An two, I can't imagine Sweet Dave liftin' his fat ass outta' his chair long enough to fetch well water, unless Minnie was layin' a fryin' pan upside his head. No less takin' trips to the north side.

BOB

That sounds a whole lot like your calling me a liar, Mister Black.

MAJ. WARREN

It does sound a whole lot like it. But i still haven't done it yet. Minnie still serve food?

BOB

Do you consider stew food?

MAJ. WARREN

Yes.

BOB

Then we serve food.

MAJ. WARREN

Minnie still stink up the place with her "Old Quail" pipe tobacco?

BOB

Minnie don't smoke a pipe. She rolls her own. "Red Apple" tobacco. But Mister Black...I think you already know this.

MAJ. WARREN

Just seein' if you do.

The stand off is over. They both head for Minnie's.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

Chris stands at the pot belly stove pouring two cups of coffy from the coffy pot. One for him, and one for Gen. Smithers, who he talks to as he pours.

CHRIS

So what brings you out Wyoming way, sir?

The Southern General has not moved from his chair.

GEN. SMITHERS

My boy.

CHRIS

You gotta' boy lives in Red Rock?

Chris comes back carrying two cups of coffy.

He places one on the table next to the General.

And he sips the other as he sits back down in the cozy chair.

GEN. SMITHERS

My son, Chester Charles Smithers, died out here a few years back.

CHRIS

Forgive me sir.

GEN. SMITHERS

No forgiveness needed. Like i said, it was a few years back.

GEN.SMITHERS
(CON'T)

It was after his service was served.
He took off for the hills of Wyoming to
make his fortune. Never to be heard from
again. I've bought him a symbolic plot
in the Red Rock cemetery. I'm here to
instruct the stone maker of the
headstone.

CHRIS

Is he a goner fer' sure? No chance he
could be livin' "the cold life" out in
the woods. It's a rough life. But folks
can learn it.

GEN.SMITHERS

If he did what he came to do, he'd a
come home.

CHRIS

Where's home?

GEN.SMITHERS

Georgia.

CHRIS

Well what say we have a drink to Chester
Charles Smithers? A drink to your service
to the south, sir. And a drink to the
great state of Georgia.

GEN.SMITHERS

I'd like a drink from Erskine Mannix's
boy to my boy. But I won't drink with
that flesh peddler at the bar. That
fella' is a bully and a hyena.

CHRIS

I couldn't agree more. That fella' is a
bully and a hyena. But luckily, I speak
hyena. Let me have a word with him.

Chris moves over to John Ruth and Domergue at the bar.

CHRIS

(to John)

Mr.Ruth would you mind if myself and the
General commandeered the bar for a little
Southern war remembrance?

JOHN RUTH

Sure, why not.

Chris goes back to get the southern General. At first the old man doesn't want to leave his seat, and seems nervous, but Chris wont take no for a answer.

Now Gen.Smithers and Chris have traded places with John Ruth and Domergue. With the two southerners at the bar, and John Ruth sitting in Gen.Smithers cozy chair. Domergue sits on the floor next to John Ruth.

Chris pours two shots of tequila into clay cups for him and the old man. Then holding his cup high, Chris toasts;

CHRIS

This a drink to Chester Charles Smithers.
This is a drink to one man's commitment
to a cause.

(he puts his
hand on the
General's shoulder)

And this is a drink to the red in
Georgia clay.

The southern Gen.and Cap't. drink down the tequila.

As John Ruth sits by the fire, he notices something in the fireplace. He asks Domergue who's closer;

JOHN RUTH

Hey girl, see those pages in the
fireplace?

DOMERGUE

Yeah.

JOHN RUTH

Grab 'em for me?

She does, and hands him what looks like the half burned pages from a novel.

He examines them in his hand.

WE SEE THE BURNT PAGES

And notice the name of one of the characters...."D'ARTAGNAN".

THEN.....

BOB KICKS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR - The WIND from outside WHIPS INTO THE ROOM - Bob and Maj.Warren step quickly inside, Bob SLAMS the DOOR SHUT behind him - CUTTING OFF THE WIND - Bob says to The Major;

BOB

You have to hold it closed, while i nail it shut.

Maj.Warren looks at him, really?

Bob grabs the hammer and wastes no time POUNDING the nails into both pieces of wood.

They finnish, and turn from the door, with Maj.Warren getting his first look at the room and it's people.

He sees:

General Smithers from behind at the bar with Chris.

Joe Gage sitting at a table.

Oswaldo Mobray sitting by the fire in the seat opposite John Ruth.

Maj.Warren see's O.B. over by the pot belly stove drinking coffy. He heads over to him.

MAJ.WARREN

Looky here O.B., I gotta' proposition for ya'. At first you asked for two hundred and fifty dollars when we get to Red Rock.

Well I think your driving this wagon so godddamn fuckin' great, that when we get to Red Rock I'm gonna give you two hundred and fifty dollars just for driving this wagon so goddamn fuckin' great. And I'm gonna keep my other hundred and fifty dollar deal with the drinks and booze and friendly ladies....with ANOTHER hundred on top of THAT....if....you help me take them two fella's down from off the roof and stash them in the snow. And when the snow melts, help me tie 'em back on.

O.B.

Jesus smoke, I just got warm.

MAJ.WARREN

I know. I know. But you and I both know it's gonna' get colder out there. And you and i both know now's the time.

Maj.Warren holds out his hand to shake.

MAJ.WARREN
We gotta' deal.

O.B.
Deal.

He shakes hands with the black man. Then starts putting on his winter coat.

AT THE BAR

Gen.Smithers looks at the black man with bitterness.

Chris Mannix notices it.

CHRIS
You know that nigger, sir?

GEN.SMITHERS
I don't know that nigger. I know he's
a nigger. That's all i need to know.

Chris laughs to himself.

CHRIS
Well that nigger just ain't any nigger.
That nigger is -

Just as Chris Mannix was going to name Major Marquis Warren to the old man, Major Marquis Warren YELLS out across the room;

MAJ.WARREN
General Sanford Smithers?
Battle of Baton Rouge?

This gets everybodies attention.

Everybody turns to Maj.Warren.

Everybody that is except the old southern general, who sits at the bar, back to the black man.

The Southern Old Man, tells the Southern Young Man (Chris);

GEN.SMITHERS
(to Chris)
Inform this nigger in the Calvary uniform,
I had a division of confederates under
my command in Baton Rouge.

CHRIS
 (to Maj. Warren)
 Major Nigger? General Smithers wishes me
 to inform you -

MAJ. WARREN
 (to Chris)
 - I heard 'em hillbilly.

Major Warren starts slowly crossing the room towards the Old Man,
 hot cup of coffy in his hand.

MAJ. WARREN
 (to Chris)
 Inform this old cracker I was in
 Baton Rouge as well.
 (beat)
 On the other side.

CHRIS
 Oh that's interesting.
 (to the General)
 General Smithers, he said -

GEN. SMITHERS
 (to Chris)
 Cap't Mannix, inform this nigger I don't
 acknowledge the uniforms of northern
 niggers.

MAJ. WARREN
 (to Gen. Smithers)
 You captured a whole colored command
 that day. But no colored troopers ever
 made it to a camp, did they?

Maj. Warren accusing stance prompts the Old Man to turn around and
 face his accuser. But he doesn't stand up from the bar stool.

The whole room watches.

GEN. SMITHERS
 (to Maj. Warren)
 We had neither the time, the food, or
 the inclination to care for northern
 horses or northern niggers.
 (beat)
 So we shot them where they stood.

Maj. Warren throws his cup of coffy away, and his hand goes to his
 gun butt.

WHEN...

Oswaldo Mobray steps into the line of fire between the old white man and the black man.

OSWALDO

Gentlemen, I know Americans aren't apt to let a little thing like a unconditional surrender get in the way of a good war. But i strongly suggest we don't restage The Battle of Baton Rouge in a blizzard in Minnie's Haberdashery.

(breath)

Now Maj.Warren, while i realize passions are high, that was awhile ago. And if you shoot this unarmed old man, I guarantee you, I will hang you once we arrive in Red Rock.

CHRIS

I can damn well guarantee that too.

JOHN RUTH

Yeah Marquis, that's the thing 'bout old men. You can kick 'em down the stairs but you can't shoot 'em. No matter how annoying they are.

OSWALDO

Now gentlemen we may be trapped here close together like for a few days. May i suggest a possible solution? We divide Minnie's in half. The Northern side and The Southern side. With the dinner table operating as neutral territory. We could say the bar acts as a symbolic representative of Georgia. While the fire side of the room represents..... Philadelphia.

Maj.Warren walks over to the bar, by Gen.Smithers....

All eyes on him....

MAJ.WARREN

I'm okay with that. Except..
(slapping his hand
on the bar top)
.....the bar's Philadelphia.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

We see Maj.Warren and O.B. in this bad weather remove the dead bodies from on top of the stagecoach.

It ain't easy.

The Shot starts ZOOMING BACK until we realize we're looking at them through a glass window with Oswald.

OSWALDO MOBRY

The little English man sips coffy as he watches the two Americans deal with the dead bodies.

JOE GAGE

lies dozing on a cot.

CHRIS & GEN. SMITHERS

Continue to talk sitting in the two cozy chairs by the fire.

BOB

stirs the BIG STEW POT on the fire.

JOHN RUTH (w/Domergue)

pours himself a new cup of coffy from a freshly made pot.

As he drinks he sees the discarded HALF PLUCKED CHICKEN again in the kitchen area.

BOB

Checks the stew, replaces the lid on the top of the pot, and turns around to face John Ruth (w/Domergue) holding the half plucked chicken in his hand.

JOHN RUTH

(meaning the
chicken)

What the hell is this?

BOB

It's a chicken.

JOHN RUTH

No it's not. It's a half plucked chicken.

A half plucked chicken is bad luck.

We don't need bad luck in a blizzard.

Now what's it doing here?

BOB

I was plucking it when your stage arrived.

JOHN RUTH

And you stopped to take care of the passengers?

BOB

Oui.

JOHN RUTH

Well...your not taking care of the
passengers now?

BOB

I thought better to deal with the stew.

John Ruth roughly shoves the chicken in his hand;

JOHN RUTH

Pluck the chicken.

Bob takes the chicken from John Ruth and sits down on a stool and
finishes the job of plucking it.

Everybody watches this.

At this point almost everybody in the story has been bullied by
John Ruth at some point or another.

MAJ.WARREN KICKS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN - The WIND from outside WHIPS
THROUGH THE ROOM - Maj.Warren and O.B. hurry inside and SLAM the
door behind them - O.B. holds the door closed as Maj.Warren POUNDS
nails into two pieces of wood nailing the door closed.

When Maj.Warren finishes, he drops the hammer to the floor.

O.B. says;

O.B.

That damn doors a dirty whore.

The two freezing men head straight for the pot belly stove and the
coffy pot.

They're so cold they don't even remove their Winter coats.

John Ruth picks up the coffy pot and starts pouring the hillbilly
and the black man cups.

JOHN RUTH

I just made some more coffy. Git some
in ya.

They drink the coffy.

JOHN RUTH

(quietly to
Maj.Warren)

We still got that same deal we talked
about in the wagon? I help you protect
your eight thousand, you help me protect
my ten?

MAJ. WARREN

Yeah, i guess.

JOHN RUTH

One of them fella's
(meaning Bob or Joe
or Oswald or Chris)
is not what he says he is.

O.B.

What is he?

JOHN RUTH

He's in cahoots with this one
(meaning Domergue)
that's what he is. One of them, maybe
even two of 'em, is here to see Domergue
goes free. And to accomplish that goal,
they'll kill everybody in here.

Maj. Warren looks over to Domergue who hasn't any expression.

JOHN RUTH

(CON'T)

And they got 'em a coupla' days. So all
they gotta' do is sit tight and wait for
a winda' of opportunity. And that's when
they strike, huh bitch?

DOMERGUE

If you say so, John.

MAJ. WARREN

(to John Ruth)

Are you sure your not just being paranoid?

John Ruth doesn't even entertain the question, he just continues;

JOHN RUTH

Our best bet is this duplicitis fella'
ain't as cool a customer as Daisy here.
He won't have the leather patience it
takes to just sit here and wait.

O.B.

Wait for what?

JOHN RUTH

A opportunity to kill us all. But waiting
for a opportunity, and knowing it's the
right one, isn't easy. If he can't handle
it, he'll stop waiting. He'll try an'
create his opportunity. And that's when
Mr. Jumpy reveals himself.

JOHN RUTH
(CON'T)

And i bet he does it 'fore mornin'.
I bet he does it way 'fore mornin'.

Maj.Warren turns his head in the direction of Domergue.

MAJ.WARREN

What do you got to say about all this?

DOMERGUE

What do i got to say? About John Ruth's raving's? He's absolutely right. Me and one of them fella's is in cahoots. And we're just waitin' for everybody to go to sleep, that's when we gonna' kill y'all. Then we just sit tight, drink Mezcal and eat stew till the sun comes out.

JOHN RUTH

See, what i tell ya' ? She even admits it.

MAJ.WARREN

I think she was just bein' funny.

JOHN RUTH

Really Major? You think she's funny?
Well if you do, you just might die laughin'.

Maj.Warren and O.B. can't quite tell if this old bastred is on to something or a hopeless loon.

JOE GAGE

lying down on the cot, with his cowboy hat over his face, hears the bounty hunter John Ruth call out to the room;

JOHN RUTH VOICE(OS)

Okay everybody, hear this.

Joe takes the hat away from his face, and remaining vertical listens to the bounty hunters speech.

JOHN RUTH (w/Domergue) stands in the middle of the room, talking to the other people inside of Minnie's.

JOHN RUTH

(pointing at Domergue)

This here is Daisy Domergue. She's wanted dead or alive for murder. Ten thousand dollars. That money's mine boys. Don't wanna' share it, ain't gonna' lose it. When the sun comes out, i'm taking this woman into Red Rock to hang. Now is there anybody here committed to to stopping me from doing that?

Nobody says anything.

Not Oswaldo Mobray.

Not Joe Gage.

Not Bob.

Not Chris and the Old General.

Not O.B.

Not The Major.

JOHN RUTH

Really?

(beat)

Nobody gotta' problem with this?

Nobody says anything.

John Ruth (taking Domergue with him) slowly crosses the room;

JOHN RUTH

Well I guess that's very fortunate for me. However, i hope you will all understand, I just can't take your word. Circumstances force me to take precautions.

When John Ruth stops walking, he's standing at the foot of Joe Gage's cot, looking down at the reclining cowboy.

Looking up at the bounty hunter, the cow puncher says;

JOE GAGE

When you say precautions, why do i feel you mean me?

JOHN RUTH

Because I'm gonna' take your gun, son.

JOE GAGE

You are?

JOHN RUTH

Yes i am. Nothing personal.

JOE GAGE

Just mine? The Hangman got himself a gun?

JOHN RUTH

I'll be dealing with his gun after i deal with yours.

Joe Gage raises from his reclined position to a sitting position, with his hand slowly drifting to the butt of the pistol on his hip.

JOE GAGE
Feel kinda' naked without it.

John Ruth puts his hand on the butt of his gun, and says;

JOHN RUTH
I still got mine. Don't be scarred.
I'll protect you.

Joe Gage almost can't believe the degree of basterd that is John Ruth. Still in his sitting position, he places his hand on the butt of his gun.

Domergue, standing there next to John Ruth, thinks, oh shit.

Joe Gage looking up at John Ruth says;

JOE GAGE
A bastreds work is never done,
huh John Ruth?

John Ruth looking down at Joe Gage says;

JOHN RUTH
That's right, Joe Gage. Gimmie the gun.

Joe Gage laughs a little to himself at John Ruth's brazen masculinity, then opens his mouth to say something cool....

WHEN...

Major Warren SWIFTLY COMES UP BEHIND HIM - THROWING HIS ARM ACROSS HIS NECK - AND A KNIFE BLADE DUG DEEP (but not too deep) INTO THE SIDE OF JOE GAGE'S NECK.

Joe Gage starts to struggle.

MAJ. WARREN
Calm down.

Joe Gage freezes.

MAJ. WARREN
(CON'T)
Take your hands away from your pistol.

He does.

MAJ. WARREN
(CON'T)

Blink your eyes if your calm.

Joe Gage BLINKS.

Maj. Warren looks up at John Ruth;

MAJ. WARREN
Did he blink?

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ. WARREN
(to Joe Gage)
You sure your calm?

Joe Gage BLINKS.

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ. WARREN
Take his gun.

John Ruth reaches down and removes Joe Gages pistol from the holster on his hip. As he does he tries to soften the blow.

JOHN RUTH
I'm real sorry about this, son. Like i said,
nothing personal. Just a precaution.

Maj. Warren says to Joe Gage;

MAJ. WARREN
Blink if your still calm?

Joe Gage BLINKS.

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ. WARREN
Blink if your gonna' remain calm?

Joe Gage BLINKS.

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ. WARREN
(to Joe Gage)

Okay, let's give it a try.

Maj. Warren takes the knife away, lets go of Joe Gage's neck, and quickly backs away.

Joe doesn't over react once he's freed.

He touches his throat. Touches the blood running down the side of his neck.

He removes a BANDANNA from his pocket, and ties it around his neck where the knife wound was. As he does he glances over his shoulder at Maj. Warren .

JOE GAGE
(to Maj. Warren)

Pretty sneaky.

MAJ. WARREN

folds up his knife as he looks back at Joe.

John Ruth approaches Oswald the hangman.

JOHN RUTH
I'm afraid the same applies to you too
Mr. Mobray.

Oswald holds open his suit jacket, exposing his pistol in it's holster on his belt, for John Ruth to extract.

OSWALDO
Precautions must be taken because life
is too sweet to lose.

John Ruth removes the gun from the holster on Mobray's hip.

Then the bounty hunter places both pistols on a table.

John Ruth asks Domergue;

JOHN RUTH
Hand me that little bucket.

She hands him a little bucket.

He takes the two men's pistols apart piece by piece, and places the pieces in the little bucket. John crumbles the weapons in his hands like dirt clods.

JOHN RUTH
O.B.?

O.B. steps up.

JOHN RUTH

~~Put on your coat.~~ Go to the outhouse.
Dump this bucket down the shit hole.

O.B.

Why do i gotta' go out side?

JOHN RUTH

Your jacket's already on. And i sorta
kinda trust you.

Ruth looks at Joe Gage and Oswaldo Mobray.

JOHN RUTH

When we get to Red Rock I'll replace the
weapons you lost. That's the best i can
do. When he leaves, you two nail the
door behind him.

O.B. takes the little bucket , and YANKS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN -
The WIND from outside WHIPS TROUGH THE ROOM - Oswaldo holds the
door closed as Joe HAMMERS nails into the door.

John Ruth turns to Bob.

JOHN RUTH

(to Bob)

Okay, Mr.French, where's your guns?

BOB

I don't have a gun.

JOHN RUTH

What's that?

John Ruth points at a double barrel shotgun mounted on the wall.

BOB

Oh well, there's that.

Bob takes the shotgun off the wall and hands it to John Ruth.

He cracks opens the weapon and removes two shotgun shells. Placing
them on a nearby table.

John, holding the shotgun by the barrel, walks to the stone
fireplace, and SMASHES the wooden stock against the stones.

He tosses the useless gun to the floor, and looks to his audience.

JOHN RUTH

So any more guns i don't know about?
Now later i'm gonna' remember asking
this question, and i'm going to remember
your answer. So, one more time, any guns
I don't know about?

JOE GAGE

You got 'em all chief. We're your prisoner.

JOHN RUTH

Oh don't be so melodramatic, Joe Gage.
I just stopped ya' from shootin' me in
the back is all.

(beat)

I know at least one of you wanna' kill
me.

(meaning Domergue)

Counting her, two of ya'.
But without guns....killing me ain't
gonna be so easy.

Bob the Frenchman steps up.

JOHN RUTH

You stepin' up to take the challenge,
Mr.French?

BOB

I just want to make a announcement.

JOHN RUTH

What announcement?

BOB

Stews on.

JOHN RUTH

Well then, lets eat.

Everybody except Gen.Smithers moves to the kitchen area.
Chris tries to get the General to come over, but he refuses.
Preferring to sit in his chair by the fire by himself.

Bob has laid out a number of bowls, and big brown wooden spoons.

One by one they go to the stew pot, take the ladle, pour some stew in the bowl, sit down at the picnic table, and eat.

John Ruth & Domergue.

Chris Mannix.

Major Marquis Warren.

Oswaldo Mobray.

Joe Gage.

O.B.

and last up, Bob.

Everybody eats in silence. Silence that is except for all the GOBBLING SOUNDS as they gobble up the stew.

JOHN RUTH & DOMERGUE
are having a little trouble eating with their hands cuffed to each other.

John Ruth takes the TINY HANDCUFF KEY out of his pocket, and holds it up for his female prisoner to see.

JOHN RUTH
I'm gonna' let you loose while we eat.
Don't get any ideas, I ain't goin' soft
on ya'. You lift your ass even one inch
off this seat, i'll put a bullet right
in your goddamn throat.

He UNLOCKS the handcuffs.

For the second time in the movie, Domergue's free from Big John's iron.

With their stew bowls in front of them, they still sit next to each other, they just scoot away a bit.

Maj.Warren eats his stew, then looks over at the old man by the fire.

General Sandford Smithers sits alone in his grey uniform, bathed in crackling and cackling FIRE LIGHT.

Maj.Warren gets up from the table, taking his stew bowl and big wooden spoon with him. He walks over to the stew pot, pours some food into a empty bowl. Picks up a big wooden spoon. Walks over to where Gen.Smithers sits. And places the stew bowl and spoon next to him on a little table.

Gen.Smithers looks to the stew bowl, then up at the black fella' in Calvary pants that stands over him.

Across the room Chris Mannix yells at Maj.Warren;

CHRIS

Warren goddamit, you leave that old man alone!

Maj.Warren yells across the room right back;

MAJ.WARREN

Stand down you son-of-a-bitch, I shared a battle field with this man.

That makes Chris stand down.

Gen.Smithers remains silent looking straight ahead, not acknowledging Maj.Warren.

Maj.Warren looks down at the old man in the cozy chair.

MAJ.WARREN

Or would you deny me that too?

Gen.Smithers doesn't look in Maj.Warren's direction..... Then says;

GEN.SMITHERS

I suppose you were there.

Maj.Warren points at the empty cozy chair across from the old general.

MAJ.WARREN

May i join you?

After a clock tick or two, without looking up at him, the old man says;

GEN.SMITHERS

Yes you may.

Holding his stew bowl and big wooden spoon, Maj.Warren sits in the chair opposite Gen.Smithers. Maj.Warren is coming correct to the old southern general, at least as far as the old southern general is concerned. Correct due to age, due to rank, and due to race.

The two men sit in silence, as Maj. Warren eats a spoonful of stew.

GEN. SMITHERS
What's in the stew?

MAJ. WARREN
I don't know.
(yelling to
Bob)
Hey Bob! What's in the stew?

Bob answers.

BOB
Beaver, buck, and horse.

The Old Man snorts.

GEN. SMITHERS
There ain't no buck in that bowl.

The Old Man picks up the spoon and the bowl next to him, and shoves some in his mouth. Then, with some brown stew staining his grey beard, Smithers says;

GEN. SMITHERS
A lotta' horse. Lotta' possum be my
guess.

The two men sit in their chairs by the fire, eating out of their bowls.

Bob finishes at the picnic table, and moseys over to the piano, and begins tinkering with it.

The two former civil war officers continue to eat.

MAJ. WARREN
How's life been since the war?

GEN. SMITHERS
Got both of my legs. Got both of my arms.
Can't complain

MAJ. WARREN
Got a woman?

GEN. SMITHERS
Fever took her beginning this winter.

MAJ. WARREN
Me I never went in for a woman regular.

GEN.SMITHERS

In my day no one asked you if you went in for it. You just did it.

MAJ.WARREN

What was her name?

GEN.SMITHERS

Betsy.

MAJ.WARREN

Georgia girl?

GEN.SMITHERS

Atlanta. Atlanta girl and a Augsta boy.

(pause)

I use to raise Kentucky horses. Her Paw' owned the breedership I purchased most of my ponies from. I made a good deal on her. Used that steak i got from him. Purchased a few peach orchards. Set myself up pretty good. Did a hellva' lot better then my no good brothers, that's for damn sure. All in all....can't compliant. Betsy took fat after our boy. But i never minded that. She was a nice woman, i never minded anything she did.

MAJ.WARREN

Yeah, your son came up here a coupla' years ago. He spoke highly of his mama too.

A SHARP STING goes through Sandy Smithers body as he shifts his focus on the black man.

GEN.SMITHERS

You knew my boy?

MAJ.WARREN

Did i know 'em?

(small chuckle)

Yeah....I knew 'em.

The old man snorts.

GEN.SMITHERS

You didn't know 'em.

Maj.Warren places his stew bowl aside, and says;

MAJ.WARREN

Fine, suit yourself.

Maj.Warren stands and the old man grabs his wrist.

GEN.SMITHERS
Didja' know my boy?

Maj.Warren looks down at the frantic old man, and says calmly;

MAJ.WARREN
I know the day he died, do you?

The old man is hit in the heart. He croaks out a ;

GEN.SMITHERS
No.

Looking down at the febel old man in the chair;

MAJ.WARREN
Wanna' know what day that was?

The old man clutches the black man's sleeve tighter.

GEN.SMITHERS
Yes.

The black man leans down slightly closer to the old man, and says;

MAJ.WARREN
The day he met me.

The white old man falls back in his chair.

As Bob plunks out a tune on the piano, the black bounty hunter removes one of his pistols from his gun belt, and places it on the little table next to Sandy Smithers chair.

The old man looks down at it.

Then with one pistol left in his gun belt, Maj.Warren walks over to the bar in Philadelphia, leans against it sideways, and continues talking to the old man in Georgia.

MAJ.WARREN
He came up here to do a little nigger head huntin'. By then the reward was five thousand and bragging rights. But back then to battle hard rebs, five thousand just to cut off a niggers head, that was good money. So the Johnny's climbed this mountain, lookin' for fortune. But there was no fortune to be found. All they found was me.
(MORE)

MAJ. WARREN
(CON'T)

All them fella's came up here, when they
found themself's at the mercy of a
niggers gun, sang a different tune.
"Let's just forget it. I go my way, you
go yours", that's your boy Chester talkin'.

The old man by the fire SCREAMS AT HIM from across the room;

GEN. SMITHERS
You a damn lie!

MAJ. WARREN
"If you just let me go home to my family,
i'll never set foot in Wyoming again",
that's what they all said. Some of them
ole' boys had some real sad stories to
tell too. Beggin' for his life, your boy
told me his WHOLE LIFE STORY. And you
was in that story, General. And when I
knew me I had the boy of The Bloody
Nigger Killer of Baton Rouge.... I knew
me I was gonna' have some fun.

The other people, most of which are still around the picnic table,
know exactly what Maj. Warren is doing. He's placed a loaded pistol
by the old man, and now is trying to provoke Gen. Smithers to pick
it up, and point it at the black man. At which point the black man
can legally shoot him dead in self defense.

Chris Mannix is on his feet YELLING at the black man and the old
white man;

CHRIS
(to Maj. Warren)
You shut your liein' nigger lips up!
(to Gen. Smithers)
Gen. Smithers, don't listen to 'em, he
don't know your boy! He just heard tell
why you here is all! He's just peckin'
at ya' for a fight!

MAJ. WARREN
(to Gen. Smithers)
It was cold the day i killed your boy.
And i don't mean snowy mountain
in Wyoming cold....Colder then that.
And on that cold day, with your boy at
the business end of my gun barrel....
...I made him STRIP. Right down to his
bare ass. Then i told him to start walkin'.

FLASH TO

EXT - SNOWY VISTA IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

We see what Maj.Warren describes.

But we see the BIG WIDE 70MM SUPER CINEMASCOPE VERSION.

A magnificent white Wyoming winter vista, and inside of it, Maj.Warren on his horse Lash, pointing a rifle at A NAKED WHITE MAN walking ahead of him in the snow.

MAJ.WARREN'S VOICE(OS)

I walked his naked ass for two hours....

Then we see the Naked White Man collapse in the snow.

Maj.Warren holds up his horse, and watches the cold man.

MAJ.WARREN'S VOICE(OS)

... 'fore the cold collapsed him.

BACK TO MINNIE'S

CU GEN.SMITHERS

GEN.SMITHERS

You never knew my boy!

Chris joins in;

CHRIS

No he didn't! He's just a sneaky nigger tryin' to getcha to go for that gun! This black devil's a bounty hunter, that's how bounty hunters do!

Maj.Warren just continues with his story. His concentration unaffected by the other voices in the room.

MAJ.WARREN

(CON'T)

Then he started in begging again. But this time he wasn't begging to go home. He knew he'd never see his home again. And he wasn't beggin' for his life no more. That was long gone and he knew it. He was just beggin' for a BLANKET. Now don't judge your son too harshly. You ain't never been as cold as your boy was that day. You'd be surprised what a man that cold, would-do-for-a-blanket.

MAJ. WARREN
(CON'T)

Wanna' know what your boy did?

The old man watches the storyteller, eyes bulging out of his head.

MAJ. WARREN
(pause)

I took my big black pecker outta' my pants.
And i made him crawl in the snow on all
fours over to it. Then I grabbed a hand
full of that black hair on the back of
his head.....

The old man leans forward in his chair.

MAJ. WARREN
(beat)

Then I stuck that big black Johnson
right down his goddamn throat. And that
Johnson was fulla' blood. So it was warm.
You bet your sweet ass it was warm. And
Chester Charles Smithers sucked on that
warm black dingus as long as he could.

FLASH ON

EXT - SNOWY VISTA - DAY

We see what Maj. Warren describes in BIG WIDE 70MM SUPER
CINEMASCOPE.

A WHITE WINTER WYOMING VISTA, and inside of that vista, is a Naked
White Man on his knees sucking the dick of a Heavily Clothed Black
Man in the snow.

BACK TO MINNIE'S

CU GEN. SMITHERS

the old man is in knots. It was worse then his imagination ever
dared. He knows the truth when he hears it. This is how Chester
ended his life.

CU MAJ. WARREN

the black Major has the white General right where wants him. He
flashes a alligator grin, and says;

MAJ. WARREN
Starting to see pictures, ain't ya'?
(MORE)

MAJ. WARREN

(CON'T)

Your son. Black dudes dingus in his mouth. Him shiverin' - him cryin' - me laughin' - him not understandin'. But you understand, doncha' Sandy?

(beat)

I never did give your boy that blanket. Even after all he did, and he did everything I asked. No blanket. That blanket was just a heart breakin' liars promise. Sorta' like when the union issued those colored troopers uniforms....that you chose not to acknowledge.

Maj. Warren makes his point.

It's a pretty good one.

MAJ. WARREN

So what are you gonna' do old man? You gonna' spend the next two or three days ignoring the nigger who killed your boy? Ignoring how I made him suffer? Ignoring the agony I inflicted? Ignoring how I made him lick all over my Johnson? Yep', the dumbest thing your boy ever did, was let me know he was your boy.

The Old Man LEAPS TO HIS FEET GRABBING THE GUN, bringing the pistols barrel up towards Maj. Warren at the bar.

Barely even turning towards him, Maj. Warren calmly and smoothly pulls his pistol from his holster, and puts a bullet square in the Old Man's chest.

Maj. Warren's pistol BLOWS GEN. SMITHERS OFF HIS FEET and INTO THE ROARING FIREPLACE.

His old uniform CATCHES FIRE, and he FLIP FLOPS on the floor, letting out a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM as The Old Man burns.

Some of the people at Minnie's run to put out the fire.

Maj. Warren DRAWS HIS GUN stopping them.

MAJ. WARREN

Let 'em burn.

And burn he does.

Till he's dead.

CHRIS

We gotta' put it out 'fore it burns
this whole place down!

Major Marquis replaces his pistol back in it's holster.

MAJ. WARREN

Go ahead.

They put out the blazing body till it's just a smoldering corpse.

Once the fire is put out, Maj. Warren, Chris Mannix, John Ruth, and Oswald Mobray get into a extended and spirited discussion about the legality of what just transpired.

Bob and Joe Gage, lift the dead body of Gen. Smithers, and carry him to a door in the floor. Bob opens the door, and Bob and Joe carry the corpse down the stairs into the cellar.

DOMERGUE

still sitting at the picnic table, still unchained from John Ruth. While debate goes back and forth among the men, Daisy Domergue has other things on her mind. Daisy Domergue knows a secret. A secret nobody else in the room knows. Nobody else except a Killer.

The debate, which wasn't going anywhere, breaks up due to lack of oxygen. And John Ruth makes a bee-line for the coffy pot on the pot belly stove.

Domergue watches him go for the coffy pot.

John Ruth pours himself a cup from the coffy pot.

Domergue smiles to herself.

O.B. walks up to John Ruth, the bounty hunter pours the stagecoach driver a cup of coffy. O.B. takes A BIG DRINK OF COFFY and heads back towards the bar.

Domergue watches him cross the room to the bar, then her eyes go back to John Ruth.

John Ruth walks back over to the table that Domergue is sitting at. He still HASN'T DRUNK ANY COFFY. He reaches the table...

WHEN.....

The STRONG WIND outside BLOWS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN - The WIND WHIPS THROUGH THE ROOM - John Ruth turns towards it - He places his undrunk coffy cup down on the table in front of Domergue.

Her eyes go to the cup, then back up to him. She bites her lip.

John Ruth starts to head off to deal with the door, hesitates, turns back around, picks up the coffy cup, and takes a drink, then puts it back on the table before running to the door.

Domergue unbites her lip, and smiles to herself.

John Ruth gets to the windy door, O.B. joins him. But this time before they close the door, they look outside.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - SUNSET

It's magnificently beautiful. Windy, but beautiful. The SUNSET IN THE SKY paints not only the sky in gorgeous colors, it casts those colors against the surrounding white snow.

Wind whipping around them, John Ruth and O.B. take in the sight.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - NIGHT

They SLAM the door shut. O.B. holds the door, as John Ruth HAMMERS nails in the door.

Domergue sitting by herself watches the two men by the door, unable to wipe a half smile off her face.

From here on end, the sun starts going down outside, and Minnie's becomes a lot darker and colder place. Little by little the different characters start putting on their winter coats inside.

Bob, O.B., and Chris start walking around the shack, LIGHTING CANDLES and LANTERNS. As the following scene progresses, the LIGHTING TURNS FROM DAY TO NIGHT.

John Ruth walks back over to Domergue's table. He picks up the coffy cup, DRINKS SOME MORE, and sits down next to Domergue.

He holds out the coffy cup, offering her some;

JOHN RUTH

Want some?

DOMERGUE

No thanks. It's getting late.
Coffy makes me jumpy.

JOHN RUTH

You look a little jumpy. Must be all
this Freedom.

He grabs her arm and LOCKS himself back in the handcuff attached to her wrist.

DOMERGUE

Awww John, I thought -

JOHN RUTH

- You thought wrong, bitch.

DOMERGUE

If you just give me a chance _

JOHN RUTH

- Bitch, you had your chance. Your whole goddamn worthless life was a chance. A chance you squandered. Now comes time to pay for all your evil horseshit...you belly ache.

DOMERGUE

You the one gonna' get the belly ache, John.

Ruth doesn't know what that means, but he doesn't know what half the things she says means. He figures she's calling him fat.

Chris sees Maj.Warren by himself in Philadelphia (the bar), and approaches him.

CHRIS

May a poor southern boy visit the Philadelphia bar, enjoy libation, and return home to Georgia unmolsted?

MAJ.WARREN

Come to collect my head? Ain't no money in it, no more. But bragging rights are still available. Tequila or Mezcal?

CHRIS

Tequila.

Maj.Warren pours him a drink of Tequila in his coffy cup.

Then the Major slides the cup in front of the Cap't.

The Cap't picks it up, swirls it around a little bit, then swallows it in one gulp.

He almost gags (not like a comedy, but like a real person).

CHRIS

(about the tequila)

That'll get ya' where your goin'.

Chris takes the bottle and pours Maj.Warren a Tequila.

Maj. Warren drinks it.

MAJ. WARREN

So about your friends death, you seem to be on the reasonable side of things?

CHRIS

(waving his hand dismissively)

Awww, he was old.

(beat)

The yankee death count at Wellenbeck was thirty-three. Before i wasn't sure if you didn't know or just didn't want to say in front of your new friend John Ruth.

(whispers)

I won't tell 'em.

DOMERGUE (w/John Ruth)

watches O.B. light candles, he seems fine.

BOB

lights a lantern.

CHRIS & MAJ. WARREN AT BAR

CHRIS

You said earlier, that you got into the war to kill Johnny Reb and Crackers, and a lotta' other names that mean White Folks. So i think, you got into the war to kill white folks. And the Grey and the Blue of it all, wasn't really that important to you. I mean if you can kill the Grey ones, and it don't cost nothin', well, why not? But any Blue ones get on your nerves, you can kill them too. Just gotta' be a little more sneaky about it, is all. You moved up the ranks like me, Major, the hard way. I know you killed Blue officers before don't nobody know 'bout. These sons-a-bitches didn't know their ass from a hole in the ground. If you didn't kill the bad officers, you'd never get a good one. So you know going into Wellenbeck, that these inbred, West Virginia hill people - not hillbillies, i'm a hillbilly. Hill-People peckawoods, finally got their hands on your black ass.

DOMERGUE SITTING NEXT TO JOHN RUTH

keeps a eye on O.B. as he lights candles. As well as John next to her. Any moment now.

CHRIS & MAJ. WARREN

As Chris continues to make his point to Maj. Warren, he gets up and walks across the room, to the pot of coffy on the pot belly stove.

CHRIS
(CON'T)

Southern prisoner war camps were beatin' starvin' and whippin' white yankees to death. What 'cha think they do to a black yankee, a black yankee like you?

He pours himself A CUP OF COFFY.

DOMERGUE

Suddenly sees this, and the closest thing to a break in the young lady's resolve we've seen so far, flashes across her face.

CHRIS

with the coffy in his hand, walks back towards Maj. Warren, as he continues;

CHRIS
(CON'T)

Oh, and the white yankee prisoners, you know, your side...? They'd be at your throat just as quick.

He gets back to the bar.

CHRIS

And i say to get out of Wellenbeck Military Prison, you'd burn a hundred white folks alive. And if a few Blues happen to get caught in the blaze... ..chalk it up to "War is hell".

He brings the coffy up to his lips.

THEN...

Lighting four candles O.B. 's GUTS EXPLODE VOMITING BLOOD....

He SCREAMS in agony....retching and cringing in pain...then vomits more blood....collapsing to the floor holding his guts.

John Ruth not understanding whats happening, looks to his handcuff partner, who's face shows she does.

Domergue smiles and bats her eyes at him.

DOMERGUE

When you get to hell, John?
Tell 'em Daisy sent ya'.

John Ruth gets it.

ROARING he stands up, and takes his big fist and PUNCHES DAISY RIGHT SQUARE IN THE MOUTH.

Her head SNAPS VIOLENTLY BACK, as her lips EXPLODE BLOOD. When her head comes back, she SPITS OUT HER TWO FRONT TEETH, and laughs at him.

Ruth quickly turns to Chris Mannix with the cup of coffy in his hand;

JOHN RUTH
Mannix, the coffy!

Everybody in the room hears this.

Mannix throws his coffy cup to the floor, undrunk.

Ruth turns back to Domergue's laughing bloody face.....and PUNCHES it again, knocking her to the floor.

Daisy continues to laugh, as he climbs on top of her, grabbing a handful of her hair with one hand, and bringing his other fist SMASHING IN HER FACE.

THEN....

The poison hits John Ruth's guts, he RETCHES....and PUKES BLOOD ALL OVER DAISY.

Daisy just laughs.....

He brings another powerful fist down on her face....

His guts turn more....

He PUKES MORE BLOOD....

The pain in his guts makes him roll off of her on to the floor holding his sides...

He looks at her next to him...

Domergue laughs.

He weakly takes out his pistol from the holster on his hip.... she grabs at it....chained together they struggle over the gun...

Everybody watches the struggle on the floor.

His guts retch again...he doubles over...leaving Domergue the pistol...she holds it with both hands....pointing the barrel point blank at the bounty hunters face....she cocks back the hammer....

Maj. Warren's boot comes INTO FRAME KICKING the gun away as it FIRES.

The bullet sails over John Ruth's head.

One of Maj. Warren's hands grabs Domergue by the hair, the other grabs the gun and wrestles it away from her grip, then hits her in the head with it, knocking her back.

Gun in hand, Maj. Warren looks to John Ruth on the floor.

Ruth lies dead.

THEN....

MAJ. WARREN

turns the pistol on everybody else in the room.

MAJ. WARREN

Everybody get your back sides up
against that back wall!

JOE GAGE

Look goddamit -

Maj. Warren FIRES his pistol.

The bullet STRIKES the top of a wooden chair, right besides Joe Gage's hand. The WOOD EXPLODES right next to Joe Gage's flesh, burning, stinging, cutting, and shocking him.

Gage jumps back, holding his stinging hand, looking at Maj. Warren.

MAJ. WARREN

Get or don't get Gage. It's up to you.

JOE GAGE

I'll get.

MAJ. WARREN

Then get.

Joe Gage gets up against the wall with the other men in the room.

Chris Mannix, Oswald Mobray, Joe Gage, and Bob stand in a line, backs to the wall.

Domergue sits on the ground, wrist still handcuffed to the wrist of the dead bad ass, John Ruth.

MAJ. WARREN

two guns in hand, one of his own, the other John Ruth's, a third in the holster on his hip, keeps them pointed at the four men.

Maj. Warren looks down at O.B.

Dead.

He looks to John Ruth and Domergue on the floor.

One dead, one stares back with hate.

Then he looks to the four men he has lined up against the wall.

MAJ. WARREN

(to the room)

Y'all keep your mouth shut and do what I tell ya'. Anybody opens their mouth, gonna' get a bullet. Anybody moves a little weird....little sudden - gonna' get a bullet. Not a warning. Not a question. A bullet. Now y'all got that?

They acknowledge.

Using John Ruth's line, the Major says;

MAJ. WARREN

Let me hear you say, "I got it".

He makes them say it.

MAJ. WARREN

(CON'T)

Mannix?

Chris Mannix eyes go to him.

MAJ. WARREN

Get over on this side.

Chris moves cautiously away from the wall, to the Major's side of the room.

MAJ. WARREN

Take that pistol out of this holster.

Indicating the pistol still in the left side holster hanging from the Major's hip.

Chris looks at him with a expression that says; "Really"?

The Major nods affirmative.

Chris cautiously removes the pistol from the black man's belt.

Now Chris has a gun. He looks to the Major, who still has two guns pointed at the other three men against the wall.

MAJ. WARREN

Okay, point it at them. Like I said,
they do anything - and I mean "anything"
- kill 'em.

Chris Mannix does that.

CHRIS

(to Maj. Warren)

So you finally decided I'm tellin' the
truth 'bout bein' the sheriff of Red
Rock, huh?

MAJ. WARREN

(to Chris)

I don't know 'bout all that. But you
ain't the killer who poisoned that
coffy. You almost drunk it your own
damn self.

The Major's eyes go back to the three men against the wall.

MAJ. WARREN

(to them)

But one of y'all is.

The Major hears something, and he turns towards Domergue on the floor.

She has dug the TINY HANDCUFF KEY out of John Ruth's pocket, and is just about to stick it in the lock and free herself from the corpse.

Maj. Warren points one of his pistols at her, and FIRES into the FLOOR next to her. The SOUND in the enclosed log cabin is ear drum exploding LOUD. She freezes.

Maj. Warren has one arm outstretched holding a gun pointed at the three men against the wall. The other arm is holding a gun pointed at Domergue on the floor. He takes the gun pointed at Domergue, and places it back in its holster. Then he holds his hand out palm up to Domergue.

MAJ. WARREN

Gimmie the key.

It breaks her heart, but she places the tiny handcuff key in the palm of his hand, his fingers close around it.

Maj. Warren walks across the room to the pot belly stove. He opens the door of the stove above the fire, and TOSSES THE TINY KEY INSIDE.

Domergue, who's modus operandi is outrageous behavior and the disarming affect it has on opponents, can't believe Marquis just did what he did. She SCREAMS AT HIM;

DOMERGUE

YOU MOTHERFUCKING BLACK BASTERD! Your gonna' die on this mountain and I'm gonna' fucking laugh when you do!

Maj. Warren turns from the stove and FIRES his pistol at Domergue.

The BULLET EXPLODES in the dead body of John Ruth next to her, SHOWERING HER WITH RUTH'S BLOOD. It shocks her enough to shut her up at least.

MAJ. WARREN

What I say 'bout talkin'?
'Ment it, didn't I?

Major Warren has all the attention in the room. He turns from her on the floor, to them against the wall.

MAJ. WARREN

Now...one of you....is workin' with her.
Or...two of you are workin' with her.
Or...all y'all is workin' with her.
But only one of you poisoned the coffy.

(Gesturing towards
Domergue)

Now what ever charms this bitch got make you brave a blizzard and kill in cold blood, I'm sure i don't know. But....John Ruth's tryin' to hang your woman, so you kill him...okay - maybe? But O.B. wasn't hangin' nobody. He's sure enough dead now though, ain't he? Just like anyone of us who'd drank that coffy.

(to the three)

Those of you against the wall don't practice in poison should think about that. Think about how that coulda' been you rollin' around on the floor. And about how one of the men next ta' ya' is responsible.

Chris chimes in;

CHRIS

And i know who I got my money on.
(to Joe Gage)
Yeah that's right cow puncher,
i'm lookin' at you.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Chris)

Not so fast Chris. We'll get there.
Let's slow it down. Let's slow it way
down.

(to the three)

Who made the coffy?

Bob, pointing at the dead bounty hunter on the floor, says;

BOB

He did.

CHRIS

Yeah, he did didn't he?

MAJ. WARREN

Yes he did.

The Major thinks silently for a moment.

They watch him think.

Then he says;

MAJ. WARREN

(CON'T)

Why is "The Hangman" , who's got
nothing on his mind except gettin'
this girl to the gallows, brewin'
the coffy at Minnie's Haberdashery?

The Little English Man points at The Bearded French Man.

OSWALDO

Because his coffy was awful.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Bob)

Really? Well ain't that interesting.

BOB

(to Maj. Warren)

You didn't have any of my coffy. So don't
be so sure about what this little man
says.

JOE GAGE

I had his coffy. Wasn't the best coffy
I ever drank, but wasn't nothin' wrong
with it.

BOB

If you want me to make a pot of coffy,
all you have to do is ask.

MAJ. WARREN

Maybe...maybe...but it's the stew got me
thinking. When did you say Minnie left?
A week ago?

BOB

Oui.

MAJ. WARREN

See, when my mama made stew, it always
tasted the same, no matter the meat.
And there was another fellow on the
planntaion, Uncle Charly, and he made
stew too. And just like my mama's, I ate
his stew from the time i was a whipper
to a full grown man. And no matter the
meat, it always tasted like Uncle Charly's
stew. Now I ain't had Minnie's stew in
'bout six months or so, so i ain't no
expert. But that damn sure was Minnie's
stew. So...if Minnie's on the north side
visiting her mama...how'd she make the
stew this morning?

Maj. Warren moves over to the cozy chair he sat in opposite General
Smithers earlier. It's covered in a blanket and a few animal
skins.

MAJ. WARREN

This is Sweet Dave's chair. When i sat
in it earlier, i couldn't believe it.
Nobody sits in Sweet Dave's chair.
I mean this maybe Minnie's place, but
this damn sure is Sweet Dave's chair.
If Sweet Dave did go to the north side,
I'm pretty goddamn sure that chair's
going with him.

He removes the skins and blanket that cover the chair. The cloth
patterned chair has a BIG BLOOD STAIN on it.

Maj. Warren looks to the room for a reaction.

BOB

Are you accusing me of something sinister?

MAJ. WARREN

(to Bob)

Well Bob, it's like this. Who's ever workin' with her,

(meaning Domergue)

ain't who they say they are.

If it's you, that means Minnie and her man ain't at her mama's. Their lien' out back there dead somewhere.

(to Oswald)

Or if it's you, the real Oswald Mobray is liein in a ditch somewhere. And your just a english fella' passin' off his papers.

CHRIS

(to Joe Gage)

Or we go by my theory, which is the ugliest guy did it. Which makes it you, Joe.

BOB

(to Maj. Warren)

So i take it you've deduced the coffy was poisoned while you were murdering the old man?

MAJ. WARREN

Yep.

BOB

Well during that whole incident, i was sitting on that side of the room, plucking on the piano.

The piano couldn't be further from the pot belly stove and coffy pot.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Bob)

I didn't say you poisoned the coffy.

I said you didn't make the stew.

(to all)

My THEORY is.....Your working with the man who poisoned the coffy. And both of you murdered Minnie, and Sweet Dave, and anybody else might a picked the wrong day to visit the haberdashery this morning. And your intention was, at some point, ambush John Ruth and free Daisy. But you didn't expect the blizzard, and you didn't expect the two of us.

(using the barrel
of his pistol to
indicate both him
and Chris)

That's as far as I got. How am i doin'?

BOB

That's a pretty imaginative theory,
Mister Black. You gonna' murder three
men on a far fetched nigger theory, or
are you gonna' prove it?

Maj.Warren doesn't answer him, he just moves away from the three
to Chris, and hands him his other pistol.

Chris takes the other pistol and points both smoke wagons at the
trio.

MAJ.WARREN

(to Chris)

Watch 'em. Watch 'em good.

CHRIS

Don't you worry 'bout me, i won't
hesitate a inch.

Maj.Warren moves away from Chris and the trio, over to where
Domergue chained to the dead John Ruth lies.

He grabs a chair, moves it over by the woman, sits down.

MAJ.WARREN

(to Domergue)

He's right. Me and Chris can't just
shoot them fella's cause we're tired
of trying to figure it out.

(beat)

But not you Domergue. You....on the
other hand...are wanted DEAD OR ALIVE.
That means, with the entire American
Justice System on my side, I can do to
you, pretty much, any goddamn thing I
wanna'. Now when it came to you, ole
John Ruth might not of been too friendly.
But of the two of us, he was the only one
who was committed to see you reach Red
Rock alive.

Domergue says from the floor;

DOMERGUE

Nigger, if you wanna' shoot me, you
can shoot me - ain't nobody can stop
ya'. But that monkey skull of yours
got this figured wrong.

(meaning the

three)

I don't know them fella's.

MAJ.WARREN

So you think you can brazen it out to the bitter end, huh bitch? We'll see how long that lasts.

Major Marquis stands up from the chair.

He walks over to a table, as he does he tells Mannix;

MAJ.WARREN

Both barrels on those three, Mannix.

Chris holds both pistols ready at the trio.

Bob, Oswald, and Joe Gage, backs against the wall, watch.

Maj.Marquis, standing by a table, opens the ammo cylinder of his pistol, and empties out all the cartridges on the table top.

The ammo cylinder of his pistol is empty.

Domergue watches him.

Bob, Oswald, and Joe Gage watch him.

Chris could care less what Maj.Warren is doing, he never takes his undivided attention from the three men.

Major Marquis takes one of the bullets, puts it in the ammo cylinder, spins it, then snaps it shut.

Then he walks over to Domergue. Standing over her, gun pointed at her....he asks;

MAJ.WARREN

Which of them are you working with?

DOMERGUE

I told you nigger -

Maj.Warren FIRES...CLICK (empty).

The three men jump a little.

Domergue's heart almost stops.

DOMERGUE

Jesus Christ!

MAJ.WARREN

Oh, you believe in Jesus now? Well good news bitch, you 'bout to meet 'em.

Maj.Marquis walks back to the table...opens the cylinder of the pistol...picks up another bullet....places it inside the cylinder....as he walks back towards her, he spins the cylinder, then snaps it shut.

TWO BULLETS at play.

He brings up the pistol, Domergue instinctively puts her hands up to shield herself from the bullets, and pleads with her executioner;

MAJ.WARREN

Which of then three you workin' with?

DOMERGUE

Now look, just wait a goddamn minute!
I get it. Your smart. Your real smart!
And your stories good. It makes sense.
It makes a lotta' sense.

(beat)

But this time...you got it wrong.
Three things....

(she counts out
on her fingers)

I don't know these fella's - ain't never
seen 'em before in my life, that's one.
Two. I didn't poison that goddamn coffy!
I couldn't lift my ass a inch off that
bench 'fore John Ruth crack my head
open, how am i suppose to poison coffy?
And three, i don't know who did.

Maj.Marquis FIRES the pistol....BANG (bingo)

The BULLET EXPLODES IN HER LEG.....SHE HOWLS LIKE A WOLF!
Her hand goes to her bloody leg, as she rolls around on the floor
in pain.

The three man jump.

Chris doesn't even flinch. He just sits ready to shoot dead the
first of these three fella's to get froggy.

While Domergue feels the pain of a bullet, Maj.Marquis goes back
to the table, opens the ammo cylinder of the pistol, and adds two
more bullets to the game, spins and snap.

Three bullets in play.

CU DOMERGUE
desperate.

CU OF THE THREE
we track along the three men's faces as they watch this.

CHRIS
doesn't look back. He just tells the three;

CHRIS
Easy boys.

Major Marquis walks over to Domergue. She looks up at him standing over her.

Maj. Marquis reaches down and grabs Domergue by the back of the hair, and yanks her head back, then places the pistol barrel against her forehead, clicks back the hammer with his thumb, and asks her;

MAJ. WARREN
Last chance bitch, who poisoned that
fuckin' coffy?

THEN...

Before Major Marquis can go any further, a voice yells out;

VOICE(OS)
Hold it!

Still holding Domergue, Major Marquis turns to see who's talking.

The THREE
Joe Gage has his hand raised.

JOE GAGE
I put the poison in the coffy.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS
I fuckin' knew it!

Maj. Marquis lets go of Domergue's hair, she sinks back to the floor. His thumb replaces the hammer back into safety position on the pistol. And his and all the room's attention turn towards Joe Gage.

The THREE
The other two start moving away from him, leaving Joe Gage in the frame by himself.

FADE TO BLACK

Chapter four

The Four Passengers

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

It's the same day at Minnie's, except early morning. It's cold as hell, but the storm hasn't hit yet, so the sun's out and it's amazing looking in 70MM SUPERSCOPE.

A SUBTITLE READS:

"Earlier that morning at Minnie's"

A six horse team lead stagecoach comes roaring up to Minnie's place. The same stagecoach O.B. noticed earlier, pulled off to the side. Up on the driver's seat perch sits Two Drivers ED (a big older shitkicker type) and SIX-HORSE JUDY (a young female Calamity Jane type, dressed in buckskin). Judy's on reins, she pulls the horses to a stop in front of Minnie's.

A chubby half black, half Indian boy wearing a winter coat comes running out of Minnie's. His name is CHARLY, he works there.

The two drivers up on their perch, look down at young Charly.

ED

Hey Charly my boy, how the hell are you?

CHARLY

Hi ya' Ed, hi ya' Judy. How many ya' got?

ED

Full house today, friend.

CHARLY

We got one in there waiting.

ED

Well he's gonna' hafta keep on waitin' cause we ain't got no room.

CHARLY

Well you need to tell Minnie. Cause he's been here two days, and Minnie wants him outta' here.

ED

Well i can't give him a seat i don't have -

(interrupts himself,
turns to Judy)

Take the passengers inside, introduce them to Minnie. Warm yourself up. Drink some coffy.

Judy jumps off her perch onto the ground.

She looks into the stagecoach door window. Judy being from New Zealand speaks with a Kiwi accent.

JUDY

Here we are everybody, Minnie's Haberdashery. Step outside reverend, you and your friends can stretch your legs. When your ready, step on inside, get warm by the fire, get some coffy in you. I'll introduce you to Minnie.

Judy bounces into Minnie's. We haven't seen the four passengers yet.

INSERT The DOOR HANDLE

of the stagecoach door, turns. The door opens, the camera pans down to the Foot Step right below the stagecoach door. A Boot steps on it. Then Another, and Another, and Another. All stepping on to foot fall and out of frame.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

It's early morning at Minnie's Haberdashery, the business part of the building just opening for business.

Minnie herself is in the kitchen area. On this mountain the black woman named MINNIE MINK is a beloved figure. Everybody on this mountain knows her, and knows her haberdashery.

Sitting in his chair that Maj.Warren talked about is SWEET DAVE. He's Minnie's something. No one knows for sure what they are to each other. Rumor has it Minnie use to be Sweet Daves slave. And after Minnie got her freedom, Sweet Dave didn't want to live without her. And if she'd stay with him, he'd buy her a place of her own, she could run anyway she wants. But that's only a rumor.

Sweet Dave sits in one of the two cozy chairs by the fire, playing CHESS with GENERAL SMITHERS sitting in the chair we first found him in.

A pretty young black gal with a incredibly sweet smile is in the kitchen area plucking a chicken, her name is GEMMA.

Judy sits on a table horsing around with Minnie;

JUDY

What'd ya' mean no coffy?

MINNIE

I haven't had a chance to make it yet, Judy. I just finished preparing the stew.

JUDY

Now Minnie, i'm not trying to tell you
how to run your business. But i would
think, coffy, would be the first
thing you'd make.

The FOUR PASSENGERS

walk in. We only see their BOOTS enter Minnie's.

JUDY

sees the Passengers, HOPS off the table to her feet.

JUDY

Come on in everybody, don't be shy.

Minnie takes one look at the four passengers and says one word;

MINNIE

Hats!

The FOUR PASSENGERS

We see the four male passengers. After Minnie yells at them, they
all four snatch off their cowboy hats. The Four Men are lead by a
COUNTRY PREACHER dressed all in black except for a white clergy
collar, and his three cowboy disciples. The three cowboy's with the
Preacher are our old friends OSWALDO MOBRAW, JOE GAGE, and BOB.
Nether Oswaldo and Bob are dressed in the clothes we met them in.
Their dressed more like bad ass cowboys, with a bit of a Mexican
flavor to their outfits. Even the Preacher.

JUDY

Everybody, this is Minnie, and this is
her place. Behind her pluckin' that
chicken is Gemma.

Gemma smiles at The Four Passengers.

The Four Passengers walk further in towards Minnie.

JUDY

Nice smile, that Gemma. Now the fella'
in the uniform i don't know
(meaning General
Smithers)
but the one he's playing chess with is
Sweet Dave.
(to Sweet Dave)
Hi ya' Dave!

Sweet Dave waves from his chair.

SWEET DAVE

Hey Judy.

JUDY

And Minnie, these are the passengers.

MINNIE

Well that's not good enough. Take away them rags, let's see some faces, let's hear some names.

The Four Passengers lower the scarfs that sit around their face, smiling at the friendly black woman.

OSWALDO

Poncho.

JOE GAGE

Fernando.

BOB

Ramon.

The PREACHERMAN

And I'm brother Mateo, and thank you Sister Minnie for this warm sanctuary in such a cold hell.

MINNIE

Well, Preacher, Fernando, and Ramon, and Poncho - funny y'all don't look Mexican?

The PREACHERMAN

We ain't Mexican. But we sure do like Mexico alot.

MINNIE

Well make your self comfortable. Get warm by the fire.

The PREACHERMAN

We're just gonna' go warm ourself's by the stove, if that's all right?

MINNIE

Please please please....get warm.

The PREACHERMAN

Oh, and Judy said something about the best coffy in the world....?

MINNIE

Well i don't know 'bout all that. But I'll tell ya' what it is. It's Hot and it's Strong, and it's Good. And in this snow it sure 'nuff warms your ass up.

JUDY

You don't need to sell it, Minnie, you need to make it.

MINNIE

And you need to get your ass out there and help Charly with them bags. And get Ed in here.

JUDY

Yes, mam. But fix the coffy.

Judy bounces out.

MINNIE

(to Judy)

I'll fix you!

The Four Passengers warm their hands by the pot belly stove, and trade looks with one another.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

The two stagecoach drivers talking.

JUDY

I don't know. Some old man.

ED

Well i don't know what i'm suppose to do about it?

JUDY

I'm just tellin' you what she said. Anyway she sent me out here to help Charly. She wants to talk to you.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

The FOUR PASSENGERS - SLOW MOTION

Check out the way station, as they warm their hands by the pot belly stove.

BOB - SLOW MOTION

Checks out Minnie and Ed.

MINNIE and ED - SLOW MOTION

The black woman argues with the old white cowboy dude. As she does, she ROLLS HER OWN SMOKE from a bag of Red Apple Tobacco.

The PREACHERMAN - SLOW MOTION
 Watches the two old men play chess.

SWEET DAVE and GEN.SMITHERS - SLOW MOTION
 Play chess.

OSWALDO - SLOW MOTION
 Watches the young girl Gemma pluck the chicken.

GEMMA - SLOW MOTION
 She plucks the chicken.

JOE GAGE - SLOW MOTION
 Watches Judy and Charly unload the baggage on the stagecoach,
 through the window.

JUDY and CHARLY - SLOW MOTION
 Through the window unloading the bags from the stagecoach.

The Four Passengers are defiantly staking the place out.

The Slow Motion kicks into twenty four frames a second, and we can
 hear the argument between Minnie and Ed.

MINNIE

(meaning Gen.Smithers)

This Georgia cracker has been here
 three days, and i'm sick of it. I
 wanna 'em go to Red Rock. He wanna'
 go to Red Rock. Why can't you take 'em?

Ed points out the Four Passengers by the stove.

ED

Look over there Minnie. You see 'em?
 Four Passengers. Two drivers. Ain't no
 seat.

MINNIE

Three days of ole' white man stories.
 You hear what i'm sayin'? Three goddamn
 days of OLD, WHITE, CRACKER, PECKAWOOD,
 HORSESHIT. I tell ya' Ed, I stood what
 i could stood, but i can't stand no mo'.

ED

I can't take 'em with me. Does he have
 money?

MINNIE

I ain't doin' this motherfucker a favor
he's payin'.

ED

Then he can hire Judy. We get to Red Rock. She hires a wagon, comes back, picks up the old man, takes him to Red Rock.

She thinks about it....then dismisses it.

MINNIE

Naw naw naw, that's just way too long.

Minnie heads for a door in the floor that leads to a cellar, as she opens it, she tells Ed;

MINNIE

(CON'T)

You need to take this motherfucker with you today.

She disappears into the door in the floor, in a cellar underneath the haberdashery.

The Four Passengers trade looks. That's a very interesting room. They also trade looks that say, lets get this party started.

The Four Passengers one at a time take their positions.

OSWALDO

starts it off, by moving away from his position by the pot belly stove, over to deeper in the kitchen area, where Gemma is plucking her chicken.

He indicates to her he's going to ask her a question.

She perks up to listen.

He asks with his most charming English accent;

OSWALDO

Are you the jelly bean salesman around here?

He points at a large glass jar filled with multi colored jelly beans high on the top shelf of a cabinet.

GEMMA

giggles and smiles, nodding her head, yes.

OSWALDO

I'll take two bags. One for me, and one for...you.

GEMMA

Really? You wanna' buy me jelly beans?

OSWALDO

If i may be so bold.

The way he talks makes her giggle.

BOB

moves from the potbelly stove over to where Minnie is making the coffy. She's smoking one of her hand rolled cigarettes.

BOB

Miss Minnie?

She turns towards him.

BOB

Would you roll me a cigarette?

MINNIE

Sure thing, honey. Where you from?

BOB

France.

As she rolls him a cigarette she says;

MINNIE

France? How excitin'. You been a lotta' places?

BOB

Yes i have.

MINNIE

What's the furest' place you been?

BOB

Furest' from here?

MINNIE

Yeah, from here.

Bob thinks about it.

BOB

China.

MINNIE

(excited)

China! That's where Chinamen come from, ain't it?

BOB

Oui.

MINNIE

Oui.....what does that mean?

BOB

It means yes.

MINNIE

Yes - Oui.

(to Sweet Dave)

Hey Dave, ask me if my ass is fat.

SWEET DAVE

What?

MINNIE

Ask me if my ass is fat?

SWEET DAVE

It is.

MINNIE

I said ask me!

SWEET DAVE

Why?

MINNIE

Just do it!

SWEET DAVE

Is your ass fat?

MINNIE

Oui!

(to Bob)

Look at that, i can speak French.

She giggles at herself, Minnie has a great giggle. She hands Bob the cigarette she rolled for him.

Bob lights it on a near by candle, takes a drag, and thanks her;

BOB

Merci, Mamimoselle Minnie.

Minnie giggles at being flirted to in french.

The Preacherman moves away from Joe Gage and the pot belly stove, over to where the two old men are playing chess.

He stands there watching their game.

They notice him.

The Preacherman smiles at them and indicates for them to continue with their game.

The PREACHERMAN

Continue brother, I hope I'm not disturbing?

SWEET DAVE

Hell no. I like whippin' this old mans
ass in front of a audience.

GEN.SMITHERS

You ain't whippin' shit.

Judy comes in carrying some of their luggage. Plopping it on the floor.

JUDY

I brought in your luggage in case anybody
wants to change your clothes before
Red Rock.

Handsome Joe Gage warms his hand on the pot belly stove,
holding a bag of candy. He offers the female stagecoach driver
a PEPPERMINT SICK. She excepts it.

JOE GAGE

Why do they call you Six Horse Judy?

JUDY

Cause I'm the only Judy you've ever met
who could drive a six horse team....Fernando.

JOE GAGE

Do i look like a Fernando to you?

JUDY

Well now you mention it, no you don't.

JOE GAGE

(whispers)

That's because my real names Jerry.

JUDY

(whispers)

You don't look like a Jerry, ether.

JOE GAGE

Your very cute. And your stagecoach
driving skill is very impressive.
But i can't understand a fucking thing
you say?

Judy giggles at the handsome bad boy.

Oswaldo Mobray watches Gemma move a ladder in place to climb up and bring down the large jar of jelly beans.

Charly brings in the rest of the luggage.

Ed moves over to where Gen.Smithers is.

ED

Hello General sir?

GEN.SMITHERS

Hello son, General Smithers.
Sanford Smithers.

ED

General Smithers. Names Ed.

GEN.SMITHERS

Hello Ed.

ED

Hello. I hear you wanna' go to Red Rock?

GEN.SMITHERS

Yes I do. I have business with the undertaker in Red Rock.

ED

What does that mean?

GEN.SMITHERS

It's business pertaining to my son.

ED

My regrets.

GEN.SMITHERS

No regrets. Only fond remembrances.

ED

Anywho....as you can see, i ain't got a seat.

The Preacherman standing there joins in the conversation.

The PREACHERMAN

He can have my seat.

ED

Really?

The PREACHERMAN
Really, brother Ed.

ED
So what reverend, your gonna' sit here
all night and the next day waitin' for
the other stage, and maybe it ain't full
up?

The PREACHERMAN
(yells to
Judy)
Hey sister Judy, when you get to Red Rock,
can you get a rig and come back and get me?
I'll pay you a hundred and fifty for
the trouble.

JUDY
(that's a good
deal)
You bet!

ED
(to The Preacherman)
I can't refund ya' your ticket.

The PREACHERMAN
It's only money.

Ed has never heard that expression before.

Oswaldo watches Gemma holding the large jar of jelly beans begin
to climb down the ladder.

Ed wraps up his business with the General.

ED
Well, all's well that ends well, i guess.
Putting his hand on the old Generals shoulder.

ED
Sir -

GEN.SMITHERS
- Gen.Smithers.

ED
Gen.Smithers. We'll be leaving after
lunch, a little more then a hour from
now.

GEN.SMITHERS
That'll be just fine, son.

Minnie calls out;

MINNIE
Coffy's ready!

ED
It's about damn time.

Ed hurries to where Minnie and her coffy pot is.

Joe Gage and Judy stand around the pot belly stove flirting,
sucking on their Peppermint Sticks.

Bob moves towards Ed and the coffy pot.

Ed sees Bob;

ED
(to Bob)
Best coffy on the mountain.

Minnie smiles and waves away the compliment.

MINNIE
(to Bob)
Stagecoach drivers like it. Passengers,
not so much. Most find it a mite too
strong.

She pours Ed a cup of coffy.

The Preacherman watching the old men play chess, moves his hand by
his gun butt.

Minnie pours Bob a cup of her coffy.

Oswaldo watching the pretty black gal struggling with the large
jar of jelly beans, places his hand on his gun butt.

Bob takes a drink of Minnie's famous coffy.

Joe Gage quietly removes the pistol from the holster on the side
of his hip. The cutie pie in the buckskins doesn't see this.

Ed all smiles and Minnie all eyes asks Bob;

MINNIE
Well, what'd ya' think?

Bob answers by taking out his pistol and shooting the surprised
Minnie and Ed many times (his shooting style is to fan the hammer
quick). Both Minnie and Ed hit the floor dead. Minnie's last pot
of coffy still clutched in her hand, as she crashes to the floor.

Judy's head turns in the direction of the carnage.

Joe Gage raises his gun and Fires into Judy's shoulder, blowing her across the room, and slamming her into a wood post.

Oswaldo removes his pistol from it's holster and Fires.

Shooting Gemma through the glass jar of jelly beans. She tumbles from the ladder to the floor.

The Preacherman brings up his pistol and fanning the hammer shoots Sweet Dave in his chair three times.

Judy shot in the shoulder, against the wood post. She looks across to Joe Gage with a complete lack of understanding, but a big question on her face.

He doesn't answer her questioning look, he just shoots her a second time, this time more effectively. The bullet hits her square in the chest, wiping away her questioning expression, and spinning her hard to the floor.

Charly runs for the door.

Bob takes a pot shot at him, missing the boy, but hitting the lock on the front door.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

Charly runs out, trying to escape.

Bob steps outside, and Fires at Charly running away. The Bullet hits Charly in the back, he plops down awkwardly in the snow.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

The PREACHERMAN brings his pistol barrel against the temple of Gen.Smithers, cocks back the hammer, and is just ready to go bang, when suddenly Oswald appears in front of them.

OSWALDO

Hold it!

The PREACHERMAN looks at him.

OSWALDO

He's a nice touch.

The PREACHERMAN

Him?

OSWALDO
Him. He's authentic.

The PREACHERMAN
We can't trust this old fart.

OSWALDO
Sure we can, Jody. You just have to
convince him to trust us.

It seems The Preacher's name is JODY.

OSWALDO
Without her or him
(meaning Minnie
and Sweet Dave)
this place is going to seem real empty.
He adds something. Not much. But something.
He makes the whole set up more convincing.

JODY
Okay, I'll talk to the old man.
You and Grouch
(nickname for
Joe Gage)
start getting rid of the bodies.
Now don't try and bury nobody.
Just stack 'em on top of each other,
and shovel some snow on top of 'em.

He goes over to the dead Sweet Dave, grabs him by his sweater,
and yanks him out of the chair on to the floor.

JODY
Start with him.

As Joe and Oswald move to get Sweet Daves body, Jody instructs;

JODY
Now stack 'em somewhere out back there.
Just not by the two places where people
go. The outhouse and the wood pile.
Francy.....(meaning Bob)
Start unhitching those horses and get
'em in the barn, and get 'em fed. When
Ruth and Daisy get here, your gonna'
hafta' do it for them. After i get
through with this ole' hickory tree
(meaning Gen.Smithers)
i'll come help ya'.

Oswaldo and Joe Gage carry out the dead bodies.

Bob goes outside to work on the horses.

Jody turns his attention to the old southern General.

JODY

Okay General sir, what do they call you?

GEN.SMITHERS

Gen.Sanford Smithers.

JODY

No, that's what niggers and Johnny Rebs call ya'. What does your wife call ya'?

GEN.SMITHERS

Sandy.

JODY

Well Sandy, if you was a cat, what just happened here would count as one of your nine lives. You realize how close you came to being tossed on a pile of niggers?

GEN.SMITHERS

Yes.

JODY

And when it comes to that pile of niggers we building out back, won't take nothin' to make you General of it. You believe that?

GEN.SMITHERS

I expect no less.

JODY

Well not so fast Sandy. You might have way out yet.

Jody turns from the old man, and begins looking through some of the trading post goods. Looking for and finding a blanket. As he talks , he covers the blood stain on Sweet Daves chair with the blanket.

JODY

Later today, a dirty son of a guns gonna come in here. He's gonna' have my sister with him. He's gonna' have her in chains. He's taking her into Red Rock to be hung.

He finds a few other skins and pelts, and tosses them across the chair as well.

JODY

You know why? Ten thousand dollars, that's why.

Jody sits in Sweet Daves chair, and continues explaining his plan of action to the old officer.

JODY
(sits)

When he comes here i'm gonna' kill that fella', and i'm gonna' let my sister loose. Now do you have any reason you'd want to interfere with me saving my sister from a hangman's rope?

GEN.SMITHERS

No.

JODY

You don't?

GEN.SMITHERS

No i don't.

JODY

Are you sure you don't? I mean we did just kill Minnie and Sweet Dave. You and Sweet Dave seemed pretty chummy there.

GEN.SMITHERS

I just met those people. I'm here about my son. I don't give a damn about them, or you, or your sister, or any son of a bitch in Wyoming for that matter.

JODY

Good answer Sandy.

(beat)

So when they get here, you just sit your ass in this chair. And you don't do nothin', you don't say nothin'. Hello, thank you, good night - that's about it. - Maybe your name - but that's it.

GEN.SMITHERS

Hello, thank you, good night, maybe my name.

JODY

Your starting to convince me, Sandy. Be a old man. Be dotty. Go to sleep. And don't say nothin', and i mean nothin', to that bounty hunter got my sister. You understand?

GEN.SMITHERS

Yes.

JODY
Once it's safe, i kill him, free my
sister, and leave you be.
(holds out
hand)

Deal?

The Old Man shakes his hand.

GEN.SMITHERS
Deal.

Jody the outlaw leader takes his hand away from the old man, and looks across at the general suspiciously.

JODY
Now you ain't playin' foxy grandpaw
with me now, are you?

GEN.SMITHERS
No.

JODY
I don't have a trusting nature, old man.
(beat)
But we'll give it a try.

He pats the old man's knee, and stands up.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

Joe Gage comes pushing a wheel barrel with a dead Minnie in it.
Followed by Oswaldo and Jody carrying the dead body of Gemma.

Bob is in the B.G. unhitching the horses from the stagecoach.

Joe pushes the wheel barrel behind the haberdashery ...finally
finding a spot out back where lies the dead body of Sweet Dave.
Joe dumps Minnie out next to him.

MINNIE'S DEAD BODY
is dumped on the snowy ground next to the dead Sweet Dave. We hold
for a beat or two on her dead body, when the dead Gemma is thrown
on top of her.

BOB
unhitches horses from the stagecoach.

OSWALDO AND JOE
carry the dead Judy to the pile.

BOB
leads a horse into the stable.

OSWALDO AND JOE
toss Judy on the pile of bodies.

DEAD JUDY
lies on the ground.

JOE SHOVELS
snow.

BOB
feeds one of the horses.

OSWALDO SHOVELS
snow.

DEAD JUDY
gets snow shoved on her.

JOE SHOVELING
snow.

DEAD ED
gets snow shoveled on him.

OSWALDO SHOVELING
snow.

DEAD MINNIE
coverd in snow.

The two men next to the pile of six bodies covered in snow.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

While Bob pokes around in the kitchen, making himself familiar, making coffy, Jody opens the door in the floor that leads to the cellar. With a lantern in hand he goes down to investigate.

INT - CELLAR (MINNIE'S) - UNDERGROUND

Jody makes his way down in the dark cold cellar. He holds out his lantern to look around.

It's short, he has to stoop, but it runs underground the length of the bar area.

Goods like coffy, lamp oil, and corn meal are stored here.

Jody blows out the lantern to see how dark it is.

The light from the room above shines through the floorboards.

JOE and OSWALDO

come walking in from outside. And Jody can make out there figures clearly from the room underneath them.

JODY

smiles to himself.

OSWALDO(OS)

Jody!

JODY

Down here.

OSWALDO(OS)

Where's down here?

q

JODY

Beneath your feet.

Jody sees them see the trap door, and walk over to it.

JODY

Can you believe this room, it's perfect.

OSWALDO

We got trouble.

EXT - SNOWY MOUNTAIN TOP - MORNING

Oswaldo, Joe Gage, Bob, and Jody take a hike to a mountain top clearing, and look down off the cliff to see what's coming at them.

What they see looks like bad weather.

JODY

What's that?

OSWALDO

Having lived in Switzerland, i can tell you exactly what that is. It's a blizzard.

JODY

A blizzard?

OSWALDO

Yes. We all got our problems. In England we get a lot of rain. In Mexico it's very hot. In Wyoming, you get blizzards.

JODY

Is it gonna' hit us for sure?

OSWALDO

Oh yes.

JODY

When?

OSWALDO

Some time tonight.

BOB

If there's a fucking blizzard coming we can't stay in that shack!

JODY

'Corse that place can stand a blizzard. It probably sees 'bout twelve blizzards a year. If we hadn't killed Minnie and her nigger menagerie, what would they do? They'd hole up, that's what they'd do.

OSWALDO

I'm afraid i have to agree with my Mon' Amiee, here. We should move on to Red Rock while we got the chance.

JODY

When it comes to the safest way of disconnecting Daisy from that rattlesnake, this is the safest way for Daisy. Anyone who don't wanna' brave a blizzard for my sister, raise your hand?

Well now you put it that way.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

Oswaldo BANGS the front door open.

OSWALDO

There coming up the hill!

JODY

Okay everybody, this is it, get ready! Stash a coupla' guns in case you need them.

Joe Gage tosses a table on top of another table face down.

Oswaldo does the same thing.

Both men hammer a nail into the underside of the table.

BOB rips out the pages of a hard bound book, "The Three Musketeers".

Joe takes the hammer and hits the pounded in nail on the side, turning it into a hook.

Oswaldo does the same thing.

Bob places a pistol in the the covers of the hard bound Dumas book on the bookshelf.

Joe turns the table back on it's legs. Then takes one of his pistols, and hangs it underneath the table from the nail.

Oswaldo does the same thing.

Jody grabs a blanket and a bear skin, and heads for the cellar door.

JODY

(to his men)

Remember, the name of the game is patience. John Ruth, trapped here for one or two days, at some point, will close his eyes. If he feels he can close his eyes. You hafta make him feel he can. And when he does, that's when you blow the top of his head off. If a moment arises where he drops his guard...take it...but be right.

The Stagecoach drives up outside.

Jody disappears in the cellar, closing the door in the floor behind him.

Oswaldo pours himself some of Bob's freshly made coffy.

Joe slaps Bob on the back as he heads outside to deal with Daisy and John Ruth.

Oswaldo drinks the coffy.

OSWALDO

(yuuck)

Good lord.

And it starts.

Chapter five

BLACK Night,
White HELL

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - NIGHT

The THREE MEN, OSWALDO, BOB, and JOE GAGE.

MAJ.WARREN(OS)

Last chance bitch, who poisoned that coffy?

Joe says;

JOE

Hold it.

(raising his
hand)

I put the poison in the coffy.

Chris smiles;

CHRIS

I fuckin' knew it!

Maj.Marquis let's go of Domergue's hair, she sinks back to the floor. His thumb replaces the hammer back into safety position on the pistol. And his and all the rooms attention turn towards Joe Gage.

The THREE

the others start moving away from him, leaving Joe Gage in the frame by himself.

Maj.Warren points his pistol at Joe Gage.

Domergue watches from the floor.

Maj.Warren points at the Frenchman, Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

What about him?

JOE GAGE

What about 'em?

MAJ.WARREN

Is he workin' with you?

JOE GAGE

Nope.

MAJ.WARREN

Your lien.

JOE GAGE

' Bout what part? I say i poisoned the coffy, you believe that. I say he didn't, you don't believe that?

Maj. Warren looks at Joe Gage.

MAJ. WARREN

Chris?

CHRIS

Yeah?

Maj. Warren takes one more long look at Joe Gage, then tells Chris;

MAJ. WARREN

(meaning Joe)

Shoot 'em dead.

CHRIS

Yes sir..

Chris aims his pistol at Joe Gage.

Joe backs up, putting up his hands as shield. This is real, it's not a game.

JOE GAGE

Now hold on a minute...hold it...hold it
.....don't shoot!

Domergue screams from the floor;

DOMERGUE

Don't shoot Warren! Don't you do it!
If that man dies, you all die!

Oswaldo tries to interrupt the violent dynamic.

OSWALDO

Wait stop! Did you hear what she said?
(to Domergue)
What do you mean?

BOB

Everybody shut up and let her talk!

Domergue on the floor, points at the dead body next to her of John Ruth.

DOMERGUE

This stupid son-of-a-bitch, John Ruth,
put all your lives in danger. Your all
about to be slaughtered on this mountain
in some nigger named Minnie's house, and
you don't even know why.

OSWALDO

What do you mean slaughtered?

BOB

What are you talking about?

DOMERGUE

I am working with Joe. But not because he's got butterflies in his belly 'bout me.

(beat)

But because he's part of The Jody Domergue (pronounced, DOE-MING-GREY) gang.

This quiets everybody.

MAJ. WARREN

Last i heard tell about The Domergue Gang, they were deep in Mexico, around Chihuahua?

JOE GAGE

You heard right, that's where we roam.

MAJ. WARREN

What brings them out here?

JOE GAGE

(pointing at Domergue)

Her.

MAJ. WARREN

(to Domergue)

Who are you?

DOMERGUE

I'm Jody's sister.

Pause.

CHRIS

Then how come y'all have different names?

DOMERGUE

We don't, idiot!

CHRIS

Who the hell is Jody Domergue?

JOE GAGE

You wanna' tell 'em bounty man?

MAJ. WARREN

He's a big bad cat. He's worth fifty thousand dollars. And every one of his gang is worth ten. Which finally explains why your worth ten.

DOMERGUE

(to Maj.Warren)

And what's gonna' happen when that sun
comes out nigger, so is my brother.
With fifteen of his men - comin'
straight here, for me!

CUT TO

INT - CELLAR - UNDERGROUND

Jody smiles as he listens to his sister talk shit, in the room
below the action.

BACK UP TOP

DOMERGUE

And the only thing that's gonna' stop
him from slaughtering every last one
of you, is making a deal with me and
him right now.

She points at Joe.

Oswaldo chimes in;

OSWALDO

I for one would be very curious to hear
what this man has to say.

Maj.Warren thinks about what's been said.

MAJ.WARREN

I guess i would too.

Maj.Warren turns to the standing Joe.

MAJ.WARREN

Okay, Joe Gage talk.

Joe Gage let's out a nervous laugh;

JOE GAGE

Phew....that was a close one. Anybody
mind if i pour myself a drink? Calm
down my nerves a bit?

MAJ.WARREN

Go ahead.

CHRIS
Got some coffy over here for ya'.

JOE GAGE
(laughs)
Coffy. That's a good one.

He walks over to the bar, and grabs the bottle of tequila and a clay cup.

He then heads over to one of the tables we saw him plant the pistol at in the last chapter.

UNDERNEATH TABLE
we see his pistol hanging by the nail hook, as we see his legs sit in the chair at the table. He doesn't go for the weapon right away.

JOE GAGE
takes the bottle of tequila and pours himself a drink, as all eyes watch him. He takes a gulp, makes a face like he's cumming in his pants, and puts down the clay cup.

Then brings his eyes up to face the other men.

JOE GAGE
(just goes into it)
The plan was for Jody and the boys to wait for Daisy's stagecoach on the outskirts of Red Rock. My job was to meet the stage here, talk my way on to it, failing that, follow close behind when they leave.
(beat)
But the blizzard fucked it up for everybody.

CUT TO

INT - CELLAR - UNDERGROUND

Jody smiles at this.

JODY
(to himself)
Good story Joe.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - NIGHT

JOE GAGE
(CON'T)

Plan B was, while i'm here, if i see
a opportunity to spring Daisy...take it.
When you executed that old Georgia fart,
that was the opportunity i was waiting
for.

(beat)

In refection, i might of been a tad
overzellous.

OSWALDO

Was the plan to kill us all?

Chris looks at Oswaldo incredgiously.

CHRIS

(to Oswaldo)

And of course he'd tell ya' if it was,
on account of he's so honest.

JOE GAGE

I had to kill John Ruth.

MAJ.WARREN

What about Minnie and Sweet Dave?

BOB

There at Minnie's mother, goddamit, how
many times do i hafta fucking tell you?

JOE GAGE

It was John Ruth and that's all. Without
John Ruth in the picture, Daisy was
gonna' be a lot safer, and you all are
gonna' be a lot more reasonable.

As Maj.Warren and Chris get sucked into what Joe Gage says, and
what they say in response, Bob retrieves his pistol from the book
on the bookshelf. Nobodies sees him.

Oswaldo sits at the table he planted the gun at.

UNDERNEATH THE TABLE

Oswaldo takes the pistol off the nail hook, and slips it under his
winter coat.

Oswaldo stands up from the table, now well heeled.

During the following exchange between mostly Joe Gage, Maj. Warren, and Chris, Oswald and Bob start visibly duplicating "The Jody Domergue Gang" plan of attack we witnessed earlier with Minnie and her friends. Infiltrate and assassinate. The two Europeans take their execution positions directly behind their intended targets. In this case, Oswald behind Maj. Warren, and Bob behind Chris, as Chris and Maj. Warren face Joe Gage at the table.

DOMERGUE

watches the members of her gang take their killing positions.

MAJ. WARREN

I'll tell ya' why John Ruth had to go. Jordon Domergue can come down here, ten men - fifteen - fifty no matter. He's still gonna' find his sister handcuffed to John Ruth, with John Ruth's pistol barrel next to her belly. Jody Domergue can bring a whole lotta' pain. But he can't do it before John Ruth kills his sister.

CHRIS

And we can kill her just as quick.

JOE GAGE

But why? Look at 'er!

Everybody turns and looks at her on the floor.

She's a fucking mess.

JOE GAGE

Your gonna' die, so he
(pointing at
Oswaldo)
can hang her?

(pointing at
Daisy)

What the hell you care? It's simple, you wanna' live, mind your own goddamn fuckin' business!

(pauses for
dramatic effect)

Here's the deal. Sun comes out, we're gone.

(meaning him
and Daisy)

We meet up with her brother halfway, we go back to Mexico. Addios America, Chihuahua here we come. Y'all go on to Red Rock and do whatever the hell it was you was gonna' do before.

They all let his words stand.....

CUT TO

INT - CELLAR - UNDERGROUND

Jody looks up through the floor, pistol in hand, waiting for their reaction...

BACK UP TOP

Maj.Warren breaks the silence;

MAJ.WARREN

So we sit here all friendly like for the
next culpa' days, then you all leave
here, go meet up with Jody, and all
y'all hightail it to Mexico? Right?

JOE GAGE

Yeah.

MAJ.WARREN

What 'bout that slug i put in her leg?
(to Domergue)
You are going to lose that leg, you know?

JOE GAGE

This only works if we're all reasonable.

MAJ.WARREN

(to Domergue)

So say i bump into you in a bar in Mexico?
Now your gonna' be hoppin' around on one
leg, so i'll try not to bump into you too
hard. But when i do...One-Legged Domergue
....We're gonna' be friends?

(making fun
of her)

"Hey, remember that time back in Wyoming?
Boy that sure was cold wasn't it?"

(to Domergue)

Is it gonna' be that way 'tween us Daisy?
You ain't gonna' laugh as i die on this
mountain no more?

Domergue's look to him doesn't want to say fuck you, but it can't help it.

Bob breaks the mood and concentration of the moment.

He very convincingly says;

BOB

(to the room)

I don't want to die. I don't know any of you people. I'm just taking care of Minnie's. Like he said, when Sweet Dave sees what i did to his chair, he's probably going to throw me out. And i'm going to get slaughtered by a bandit because of her? About her or her brother, i don't give a damn! But i'm going to die, no matter.

Oswaldo throws in his two cents.

OSWALDO

(to the men)

If you allow me, let me speak the unhonorable truth. That my official standing allows me to put in a convent context to the dilemma at hand. As the hangman in the area, i have a route. That's why i'm here right now. I'm making my rounds on my route. And as of now, my rounds don't include her. I've been hired to hang Lance Lawson. The killer of Red Rocks previous Sheriff. That's the hanging that Red Rock's waiting for. Now this bloody saga that's going on between John Ruth, and her and her brother, is obviously long and involved. And also, just as obviously, has nothing to do with me. And while i don't mind dieing for my saga, i don't wish to die for there's.

(pause for dramatic effect)

So if we let them go once the sun comes out, then i can travel to Red Rock unmolested, and hang Lance Lawson, that's the path i chose.

From this point on, Chris gets going and once he starts, he can't stop. This is the point the actor playing Chris Mannix will have to work himself up into a whirling dervish.

However while the whirling dervish officially starts here, his first line barley makes a full rotation. When Chris speculates on exactly how many men Jody Domergue has, it's as much to himself as the room;

CHRIS

He's probably only got five or six at most. My daddy lead a army. Mannix's Marauders wasn't a goddamn gang! It was a Renegade Army. A army is at least fifteen men. But this fella's just a owl hoot. if he's got six, he thinks he's got a army.

Which is pretty good calculating on Chris' part, because The Four Passengers and Daisy are all that's left of "The Jody Domergue Gang".

BOB

But she said her brother has fifteen men?

CHRIS

She's a liar! Get that through your thick skull! Her brother, his fifteen men, that's all horseshit! Domergue is what she's always been. A lien bitch who will say anything to cheat that rope waitin' for her in Red Rock.

Maj.Warren challenges;

MAJ.WARREN

What if it's true?

CHRIS

It ain't!

MAJ.WARREN

What if it is?

CHRIS

It ain't!!

MAJ.WARREN

What if it is?

CHRIS EXPLODES;

CHRIS

THEN LET 'EM COME!!!

Major Warren smiles.

MAJ.WARREN

(to Chris)

I just wanted to hear you say that.

Chris moves over to Joe Gages table.

CHRIS

(to Joe)

John Ruth was one mighty mighty basterd.
But the last thing that basterd did
before he died, was save my goddamn life.

(beat)

You didn't. You were sitting there all
quiet like when i poured that cup.

(to Joe and

Domergue)

Both of you. Just watching me, waiting,
waiting for me to drink myself to death.
So what was the plan Joe Gage? I drink
the coffy, O.B. drinks the coffy, and
John Ruth drinks the coffy? And you two
sit around and laugh while we roll around
on the ground, holding our bellies,
screaming in pain?

JOE GAGE

When it came to you, as John Ruth told me
earlier, it wasn't personal.

Chris takes in his answer.

Then walks over to the pot belly stove, and grabs the poisonous pot
of coffy on it.

He takes the coffy pot, and a cup and walks over to Joe Gage's
table. He slams the cup down loudly on the table in front of Joe.
He pours the coffy in the cup from way up high, creating a long
stream of poison for everybody to see. When the cup gets messily
filled. Chris slams the coffy pot down on the table.

He takes his gun out and points it at the sitting Joe Gage.

COCK'S BACK the pistol's HAMMER....and says;

CHRIS

Drink it.

UNDERNEATH TABLE

Joe Gage takes the pistol in his grip, and points the barrel at
Chris's groin.

Oswaldo and Bob adlib protest, and get ready to pull their
weapons.

Maj.Warren stops the other fella's, he says;

MAJ.WARREN

Whoa boys.You weren't the one almost
poisoned, Chris was. So i say that makes
this Chris' say.

(meaning Domergue)

What do you say about her?

CHRIS

What about her?

MAJ.WARREN

Well, she's just guilty as him. What do
you say about her?

CHRIS

I say after he drinks the coffy and rolls
around on the floor screaming his guts
out. After we all have a good long enjoyable
look at that. We do with her what John Ruth
wanted.

(beat)

We hang her.

(pointing at
the ceiling)

From that beam right there.

Oswaldo and Bob adlib protest.

IN THE CELLAR

Jody places himself directly under Maj.Warren, gun pointed up
barrel of pistol aimed at the black man's balls.

BACK UP TOP

Chris looks to Maj.Warren, it's the taken the whole story, but
the two men have finally become compadres.

CHRIS

(to Maj.Warren)

And you know what else I say,
i say i don't care what they say.

(meaning Oswaldo
and Joe)

(to Maj.Warren)

What do you say?

Oswaldo and Bob trade looks, it's shootin' time

MAJ.WARREN

I say, and i really can't believe i'm
saying this, Chris i agree with everything
you just said.

Oswaldo and Bob take out their pistols.

Instinctively reacting to each others vibes, Both Maj. Warren and Chris draw their guns, beating Bob and Oswald to the draw.

The Americans SHOOT The Europeans.

Maj. Warren shoots Oswald in the belly, the bullets pierce the english man's stomach. The little man from Hammersmith rolls around on the floor, holding his belly, screaming in pain as his gastric juices are let loose through his intestinal tract.

Chris empties his pistol into Bob, shooting to pieces both The Frenchman, and the front door he was standing in front of.

The broken door flies open, as the frigid wind blows through the room.

Joe Gage stands up from the table with his pistol, fanning the hammer he shoots both Chris and Maj. Warren in the back.

Maj. Warren and Chris both get two bullets each from Joe Gage's gun. They arch their backs in reaction to the lead.

DOWN IN THE CELLAR

Jody fires his pistol up through the floor at Maj. Warren.

BACK UP TOP

The bullets from Jody's underground gun rip into Marquis Warren's groin. He reacts.

DOMERGUE
watches.

MAJ. WARREN - SLOW MOTION
falls to the floor.

CHRIS - SLOW MOTION
falls to the floor.

MAJ. WARREN - SLOW MOTION
falls to his knees, then forward catching himself on all fours on the floor.

CHRIS - BACK TO 24 FRAMES
Mr. Mannix gets John Ruth's Winchester on the ground, and shoots from the floor Joe Gage four times in rapid winchester secession.

JOE GAGE

torn apart by the bullets, falls to the floor.

DOMMERGUE

see's the gun that fell from Oswald's hand, lying on the floor next to screaming english man with the belly ache. The desperate woman makes a mad dash for the pistol. Dragging her arm and John Ruth's dead body across the floor, slowly ...slowly...closer.. ..closer...

DOWN IN THE CELLAR

Jody looks up and can see the outline of Maj.Warren's body on all fours above him. He fires into the ceiling, through the floor, three times.

BACK UP TOP

all three bullets explode from underneath the wood floor and tear into Maj.Warren's body, rolling him over on his back.

DOMERGUE

struggles for the pistol, drags John Ruth's dead body across the floor....closercloser...to Oswald's gun.

CHRIS

grabs Bob's fallen pistol and fires at Jody straight into the floor.

Chris and Jody exchange fire, one down into the floor, the other up into the ceiling. Both take many hits.

DOMERGUE

getting closer and closer....almost there....

CHRIS & JODY

exchange fire, Jody falls back dead.

DOMERGUE

reaches Oswald's body, and with great ecstasy gets her fingers around the pistol. She yanks it out, and finds Maj.Warren half way across the floor, delirious and dieing. She fans the hammer, shooting Maj.Warren three times. That did it. He falls back dead.

She whips around looking for Chris...and finds him....pointing the winchester at her.

He shoots her four times from the floor in Winchester rapid secession.

She's dead.

Chris Mannix who has five bullets in him, as the brutal wind whips around the room, collapses.

Then on all fours he crawls across the room.

Grabs a big woolly Buffalo skin, wraps it around himself, and falls/climbs into Minnie and Sweet Dave's big iron bed.

Where he rests, curls up, and waits to die.

As oswaldo continues to roll around on the floor, holding his belly, screaming in pain.

The END