

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

THE HATEFUL EIGHT

BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

Quentin Tarantino



Chapter One

Last Stage to Red Rock

CUT FROM BLACK TO:

70mm SUPERSCOPE WIDEShot OF WYOMING

(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.

Setting is an undetermined time, six or eight or twelve years after the Civil War.

CUT TO

EXT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - SNOWY DAY

(2)

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 horse's 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 sees 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.

(3)

O.B.'s POV:

What O.B. sees 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 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 snowflakes, and says;

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

The BLACK MAN is an 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. CAVALRY, with the yellow stripe down the side of the pant leg, tucked into black regulation Cavalry riding boots. His shirt and undergarments are 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. Cavalry, with the officer insignias ripped off.

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
Name's Major Marquis Warren former U.S.
Cavalry. 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 (CONT'D)
These are a coupla' no-goods I'm bringin'
into market. I got the paperwork on 'em
in my pocket.

O.B.
You takin' 'em 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.

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 Cavalry 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 approaches 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.

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 under a man's heavy winter coat. Her face is a collection of cuts, bruises and scrapes. As if during this trip with The Walrus Mustache Man she took a few punches and falls.

The WALRUS MUSTACHE MAN says;

THE WALRUS MUSTACHE 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 long's that been?

MAJ. WARREN
Since that steak? Eight months.

JOHN RUTH
So why don't you explain to me what a
African bounty hunter's doin' wandering
'round in the snow in the middle of
Wyoming?

MAJ. WARREN
I'm tryin' to get a couple a 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
Circumstances forced us to take the
long way around. My horse 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 an open 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.

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?

JOHN RUTH

Not quite. Now that ten thousand's
practically in my pocket. It's why I
ain't too anxious to be handin' out
RIDES. Especially to professionals
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 fellas?

MAJ. WARREN

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

JOHN RUTH

Let me see their paperwork. 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 onto the floor of the stagecoach on her hands and knees. 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?

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 tyin' these fellas 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 storm's 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 fellas 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, until 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 driver's perch.

MAJ.WARREN
You help me tie these fellas 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 hands 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

(4)

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 faces.

SLOW MOTION HORSE HOOVES

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

INT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - SNOWY DAY

(5)

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 sits 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, he did what he could, but it got to be too much for 'em.

JOHN RUTH
That's too bad.

MAJ.WARREN
Yes it is. Me an' ole Lash rode a lotta' 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, and says;

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
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.

EXT - SNOW WHITE WYOMING MOUNTAIN ROAD - SNOWY DAY

(6)

OVERHEAD SHOT - SLOW MOTION

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

(7)

BACK TO THE STAGECOACH (MOVING)

MAJ. WARREN
says;

MAJ. WARREN
(to John Ruth)
So who's Daisy Domergue?

JOHN RUTH
A no damn good murdering bitch, that's who.

MAJ. WARREN
How long you been haulin' her?

JOHN RUTH
Five days. Caught her tryin' to catch a boat to Italy.

MAJ. WARREN
What happened to her face?

JOHN RUTH
Disagreements.

MAJ. WARREN
I can see you ain't got mixed emotions 'bout bringing a woman to a rope.

JOHN RUTH
If by woman, you mean her?

Jerking a thumb in Domergue's direction.

JOHN RUTH
(CON'T)
No I do not have mixed emotions.

MAJ. WARREN
So you takin' her into Red Rock to hang?

JOHN RUTH
You bet.

MAJ. WARREN
Gonna' wait to watch it?

JOHN RUTH

You know I am. I wanna' hear her neck
snap with my own two ears.

Domergue says wearily;

DOMERGUE

Enjoy yourself John. If the shoe was on
the other foot, I'd laugh as you died.

JOHN RUTH

Now that I can believe.
(to Maj.Warren)
You never wait to watch 'em hang?

MAJ.WARREN

My bounties never hang, cause I never
bring 'em in alive.

JOHN RUTH

Never?

MAJ.WARREN

Never ever. We talked about this in
Chattanooga. Bringing desperate men in
alive - is a good way to get yourself
dead.

JOHN RUTH

Can't catch me sleepin' if I don't close
my eyes.

MAJ.WARREN

Yeah well, I don't wanna' work that hard.

JOHN RUTH

No one said the job was suppose to be easy.

MAJ.WARREN

No one said it was suppose to be that
hard, nether.

(to Domergue)

But that little lady, is why they call
him "The Hangman". When the handbill says
DEAD OR ALIVE, the rest of us shoot ya'
in the back from up on top of a perch
somewhere, bring ya' in dead over a saddle.
But when John Ruth The Hangman catches ya',
you don't die by a bullet in the back.
When The Hangman catches you...you hang.

DOMERGUE

(to Maj.Warren)

You overrate 'em nigger. I'll give you
he got guts. But in the brains department,
he like a man who took a high dive in a
low well.

Domergue LAUGHS at her own joke....

SUDDENLY....

John Ruth ELBOWS Domergue HARD IN THE FACE.

She SCREAMS, as her hands go to her face.

John Ruth leans closer to her and says;

JOHN RUTH

Now Daisy, I want us to work out a signal
system of communication. When I elbow
you real hard in the face...that means
shut up.

Daisy looks at Ruth, she couldn't hate him more.

JOHN RUTH

You got it?

DOMERGUE

I got it.

Major Warren LAUGHS.

Daisy's eyes flash across the wagon over to the black man.

She couldn't hate John Ruth more.

That is unless he was a laughing nigger.

Then in that case, maybe she could hate him more.

They ride along quiet for a bit, when John Ruth asks Maj.Warren;

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 Lincoln 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 an 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 its folded position...

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

Daisy Domergue has no idea what's 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 Todd's 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....

HOCKS UP A LOOGIE
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...and John Ruth's rifle.

EXT - STAGECOACH ROAD - SNOWY DAY

(8)

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

O.B. pulls up on the reins 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 unchain Domergue, but his arm hurts like the dickens, 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. "Awww, 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 picks up the fallen rifle and approaches Domergue.

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 its 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
You ain't no lady.

Maj.Warren throws the snowball in her face, and trods off.

John Ruth looks down at her.

JOHN RUTH
You're about one wise word from being tied
up on the roof with them other fellas'.
Now pick your trash ass up, and haul it
back in that coach. Open your mouth again,
and I'll feed it a knuckle sandwich.

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 fellas' on foot, up here
on the road!

Turning towards O.B.

JOHN RUTH
What?

He turns back around and glares down at Domergue.

JOHN RUTH
Is that it Daisy? Is that the surprise
you got planned for me - cause I know
you gotta' surprise planned for me.

DOMERGUE
Maybe the surprise is I'm tired of
runnin'.

JOHN RUTH
Your facin' a rope tramp, ain't nobody get
tired of runnin' from that.

DOMERGUE
You might be surprised John.

JOHN RUTH
If your countin' on surprisin' me Daisy,
don't count on it.

MAJ.WARREN & O.B.

look down the road at something. 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 their attention.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj.Warren)

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

The Major looks at Mr.Ruth.

MAJ.WARREN

Considering I'm one half of them fellas
.....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 weren't, aye?

MAJ.WARREN

No I weren't.

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

JOHN RUTH

This changes things, son.
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 their backs. 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 horse.

John Ruth, keeping the barrel of his rifle pointed at Maj.Warren's chest, takes a pair of HANDCUFFS off his belt, and throws them in the snow at the former Cavalry Officer's feet.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj.Warren)

Put them on.

MAJ.WARREN

I ain't wearin' handcuffs.

JOHN RUTH

You put those on or you stop worryin' about this whole thing, right now.

Maj.Warren gives Ruth "a look", then bends down and puts on the handcuffs. As he does, he says;

MAJ.WARREN

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

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

CUT FROM BLACK TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE STRANGER ON THE ROAD
He faces O.B. the wagon, and the horses. Holding a lantern as the wind whips around him, he's a rather untrustworthy looking man in his early thirties with rotten teeth and an admittedly FLY WINTER COAT. His COOL BLACK COWBOY HAT is turned WHITE BY THE SNOW.

(9)

Cutting straight after that CHAPTER CARD to this 70mm MEDIUM SHOT of a new character suggests this new character is a real SON OF A GUN.

John Ruth's voice yells out from OFF SCREEN inside the wagon;

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

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

The Strangers voice pegs this new character as a stranger from The South.

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.

CUT TO

INT - STAGECOACH (NOT MOVING) - DAY

(10)

John Ruth next to the window has his rifle out and pointed at The Stranger. Domergue sits next to him cuffed to his wrist. Maj.Warren sits across from him with hands cuffed in front of him on his lap.

STRANGER ON THE ROAD (OS)
Okay, I done did it.

JOHN RUTH
O.B.? Ya' got 'em?

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

JOHN RUTH
Okay fell'a', 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.

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.

Inside the coach, with the doors closed, Maj.Warren says to John Ruth;

MAJ.WARREN
You know this fell'a'?

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 you're 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
(to Maj.Warren)
That's them. The scourge of South
Carolina, Mannix's Marauders. That's
Erskine's youngest boy, Chris.
(to Chris)
What brings you in my path, Chris Mannix?

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

John Ruth gives Maj.Warren a sarcastic look.

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

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 an alligator grin.

CHRIS
I'm the new sheriff.

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 you're a bounty hunter open for business. And I figure you're taking them three dead bodies into Red Rock to get paid?

Tilting his head in Domergue's direction.

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 damned.
You're The Hangman, Bob Ruth.

JOHN RUTH
It's John.

And spotting Maj.Warren in there too.

CHRIS
And you...you're 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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

Red Rock is my town now. And I'm gonna' enter my town, in bounty hunters chains? No sir! Sorry bushwackers, I ain't entering Red Rock that way.

(to O.B.)

When you finally get to Red Rock, you're going to realize every goddamn thing I said was right. 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.

The bounty hunter other bounty hunters call The Hangman makes up his mind. He turns to Maj.Warren.

JOHN RUTH

(to Maj.Warren)

Hold out your hands.

John Ruth takes a TINY KEY out of his inside vest 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?

They shake hands.

CHRIS

Ain't love grand. Y'all wanna' lie on the ground and make snow angels 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 its holster, and the other he rests lazy on his lap.

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 on his perch on the driver's seat. He WHIPS the SIX HORSES TO LIFE, and the whole wagon RUSHES AWAY!

INT - STAGECOACH (MOVING) - DAY

(11)

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN & CHRIS MANNIX
sit side by side, across from JOHN RUTH & DOMERGUE.

Chris Mannix 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 didn't
really know fer' 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 name's John.

CHRIS
- When we get to Red Rock, I'll buy you
and Major Marquis there dinner and booze.
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.Ruth, you sound like you got a
axe to grind against The Cause.

JOHN RUTH

The cause of a renegade army?
A bunch of losers gone loco, you bet I do.
Ya' wrapped yourselves up in the Rebel Flag
as an excuse to kill and steal.

(to Maj.Warren)

And this should interest you Warren,
imparticular emancipated blacks.

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 wanna' show me how grateful you
are....shut up.

Chris shuts up.

For a moment.

Then he turns to Maj.Warren and asks quietly;

CHRIS

(pointing at
John Ruth)

Does he know how famous you once was?

Major Warren answers him quietly;

MAJ.WARREN

I don't think so.

Chris looks over at Domergue.

CHRIS

(meaning Maj.Warren)

Do you know who he is?

DOMERGUE

Do I know about the thirty thousand
dollar reward the Confederacy put on the
head of Major Marquis? I had kin at
Wellenbeck. Yeah, I know about Major
Marquis and his head.

John Ruth looks to Maj.Warren.

Chris explains to John Ruth.

CHRIS

For hillbillies, the head of Major Marquis
was a new farm, or a ranch, or a business.
Or twelve good horses, the kind you could
start a proper stable with. A herd of
long horns and a prize bull.

(to Maj.Warren)

Them hillbillies went nigger head hunting
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'. Them peckwoods left their
homes and their families, and came to
this snowy mountain, lookin' for me and
fortune. None of them found fortune.
The ones ain't no one heard of no more,
found me.

CHRIS

(to John Ruth)

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

(to Maj.Warren)

What was it at war's end?

MAJ.WARREN

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

CHRIS

But, I bet even when it was five, you had
your share of country boys comin' to call?

MAJ.WARREN

You know I did.

JOHN RUTH

Why did they have a reward on you?

MAJ.WARREN

The Confederates took exception to my
capacity for killing them. After I broke
out of Wellenbeck, The South took my
continued existence as a personal
affront. So The Cause put a reward on
my head.

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 than 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
(to John Ruth)
There was a rookie regiment spendin' the
overnight in the camp. Forty-seven men...
...burnt to a crisp. Southern youth,
farmer's sons, cream of the crop -

MAJ.WARREN
(to Chris)
- 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. And that means kill 'em anyway
I can. Shoot 'em. Burn 'em. Drown 'em.
Drop a big ole' rock on their head.
Whatever it takes to put White Southern
Crackers in the ground, 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 of them boys were Rebs.

ON THE SOUNDTRACK in the B.G. we hear the sounds of a RAGING FIRE...then we hear the SCREAMS and CRIES of MEN and HORSES burning alive underneath Chris' dialogue.

CHRIS
(to Maj. Warren)

Burnt up some of your own boys, didn't ya' Major? How many burnt prisoners they end up findin'? Wasn't the final Yankee death count somethin' like thirty-seven?

The Fire and Screams FADE OUT.

MAJ. WARREN
That's the thing about war Mannix, people die.

CHRIS

Ahhh, so ya' chalkin' it up to "War IS Hell", aye? Well admittedly that's a hard argument to argue with. But if memory serves, your side didn't look at it that way. I think they thought, thirty-seven white men for one nigger wasn't so hot a trade.

FLASH ON:

INT - MILITARY COURT MARSHALL - DAY

(12)

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN stands at full attention in FULL DRESS CAVALRY OFFICER UNIFORM inside a MILITARY COURT ROOM.

EIGHT OLD WHITE MEN CAVALRY OFFICERS sit along a long table in judgement on Major Warren.

Though we can't hear what is being said, we see the MIDDLE OLD WHITE MAN OFFICER angrily accuse Maj.Warren of, as far as the old white men sitting around the table are concerned, a horrible crime.

MAJOR WARREN

stands at attention showing no emotion at the accusations.

Chris' dialogue continues as VOICE OVER:

CHRIS (vo)

I do believe they accused you of being a kill crazy nigger who only joined the war to kill white folks and the whole Blue and Grey of it all didn't really much matter to ya'.

(all said in one breath)

FLASH ON:

EXT - CAVALRY FORT - DAY

(13)

MAJOR MARQUIS WARREN stands at full attention in the courtyard of a Cavalry Fort in full officer uniform.

A WHOLE REGIMENT OF COLORED CAVALRY SOLDIERS stand in line at attention on one side.

On the other side is a WHOLE REGIMENT OF WHITE CAVALRY SOLDIERS who stand in a line at attention.

The Middle Old White Man Cavalry Officer RIPS the OFFICER INSIGNIAS OFF of Maj.Warren's uniform. Including all the gold buttons down his blue uniform jacket. The coat separates, revealing his bare chest underneath.

INSERT

A big stick with a white rag tied around the end of it, is dipped into a bucket of CANARY YELLOW PAINT. When the stick is brought out, the white rag is WET and DRIPPING YELLOW.

The Yellow End of the Stick is brought down the middle of the BACK of MAJ.WARREN'S BLUE CAVALRY UNIFORM COAT.

MAJOR WARREN

Stands ramrod still as The Yellow Stripe is DRAWN down his back.

The BLACK SOLDIERS

stand in line and watch.

The WHITE SOLDIERS

stand in line and watch.

The WHITE OFFICERS
who sat in judgement around the table, stand in line and watch.

A DRUMMER

PLAYS a military flutter on his lone drum, the only thing that can be heard other then Chris' Voice Over;

CHRIS (VO)

And that's why they drummed your black ass outta' the Cavalry with a yellow stripe down your back.

(beat)

Isn't it Major?

BACK TO STAGECOACH

(14)

JOHN RUTH

Horse shit. If he did all that, the Cavalry woulda' shot him.

CHRIS

(to John Ruth)

I didn't say they could prove it.

(to Maj.Warren)

But they sure did think it out loud,
didn't they Major?

(to John Ruth)

But Warren's war record was stellar,
that's what saved his ass.

(to Maj.Warren)

Killed yourself your share of redskins
in your day, didn't cha' Black Major?

(to John Ruth)

Cavalry tends to look kindly on that.

JOHN RUTH

I'll tell ya' what The Cavalry didn't look kindly on. Mannix's Marauders that's what. And the fact that Erskine Mannix's boy would talk about anybody else's behavior during war time makes me wanna' horse laugh.

CHRIS

What my daddy fought fer' was dignity in defeat, and against the unconditional surrender. We weren't foreign barbarians pounding on the city walls. 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?

CHRIS

My fair share, Black Major. When niggers
are scared, that's when white folks are
safe. You ask the people in South Carolina
they feel safe? Our niggers in niggertown
walk soft.

Maj.Warren lifts the pistol sitting in his lap, COCKS BACK the
hammer, and places the end of the barrel against Chris' temple.

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 winda' here at all this
pretty scenery, and think about how
lucky I am.

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

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

CUT TO BLACK

Chapter Three

MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY

Part I

The Burning of Atlanta

CUT FROM BLACK TO:

SERGIO LEONE CU

JESUS FACE

An extreme close up of a HANDCARVED WOOD FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.

(15)

We start on Jesus' Face and SLOWLY ZOOM OUT...to reveal a very old statue. It's a handcarved wood Jesus on a HAND CHISELED STONE CROSS stuck in the snow. The statue looks like it was there hundreds of years before the pilgrims. It's as if The Vikings marched up a mountain in Wyoming, chiseled a cross out of stone, carved a figure of the saviour out of a log, planted it in the snow, then sailed back to Norway. The aesthetic's of the statue reveal a Slavic origin. The Jesus figure with its skinny, pointy physique looks more like a crucifixion of Eisenstein's Ivan The Terrible than the hippy saviour of catholicism.

But the number one thing the audience will notice about the statue, is an entire snowbank has built up on the longways section of the cross. As well as two snow piles. One, sitting on top of the cross. And the other sitting on top of Jesus' head.

O.B. and the six horse team come whizzing by kicking up dirt and snow as it whooshes by the cross and the 70mm CAMERAS.

CUT TO

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

(16)

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 stopover, 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 a restaurant, it's a restaurant.

It sells a few hats, gloves, and snowshoes for the stagecoach passengers. And supplies for the mountain folk. And it receives 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 they're 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.

O.B.'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 sees 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 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.

(17)

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

(18)

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

MAN

(speaking with
a Spanish accent)

What the hell's 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.

MIN

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 you're stuck with us. Are Minnie and Sweet Dave inside?

MAN

They ain't here. I'm running the place while they're 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 Man)
...where are they?

MIN
They're visiting Minnie's mother.

JOHN RUTH
Her mother? Who are you?

MAN
I'm Bob.

JOHN RUTH
So you're lookin' after the place
while Minnie's away?

BOB
Si.

JOHN RUTH
Coffy in there?

BOB
Si.

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
(to the
two men)
Okay freeloaders, get to work.

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

(19)

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 OPEN THE FRONT DOOR - 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 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 pieces of wood!

Both John Ruth 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 door's a son of a gun. Who's the idiot who broke that, that Mexican fellas'?

He turns from the door to see The People Inside.

It's THREE MEN:

ONE, a BLONDE ENGLISH MAN who wears a grey European cut business suit, who stands up when he sees the man and woman enter the room.

Speaking with an English Accent;

BLONDE ENGLISH MAN
Good heavens, a woman out in this white hell.
(to Domergue)
You must be frozen solid, poor thing.

The Blonde English Man is a bit of a fop. Not a gigantic fop, just a bit of one.

TWO, an OLD MAN with a white beard, in an old Confederate Officer Uniform.

RANK: GENERAL.

He sits by himself in a cozy chair by the fireplace complete with ROARING FIRE. He doesn't look up when the man and woman enter.

and

THREE, a lone COWBOY FELLA', in a cow puncher uniform, tan pull over shirt and pants, and chocolate brown leather vest, and cool but worn brown cowboy boots and hat. He sits by himself at a table in the corner.

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 a fireplace with a big warm fire crackling in it. In one of the cozy chairs sits the Old General, in the other was the English Man before he stood up.

Across from the kitchen area, on the other side 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.

An Old Piano in the corner.

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

John Ruth answers the English man;

JOHN RUTH
Where's the coffy?

The English Man points in the direction of the pot belly stove.

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

The People Inside see the handcuffs that attach 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 fellas 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 shacked up with a friend.

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

JOHN RUTH
Jesus Christ, that's awful!

The Englishman laughs.

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 Mexican fell'a' do, soak his ole socks in the pot?

ENGLISH MAN
I think we felt the same way, but were a little too polite to say something.

DOMERGUE
(referring to Ruth)
He don't have that problem.

JOHN RUTH
Where's the coffy?

The English Man points at a bag.

ENGLISH MAN
There.

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

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

ENGLISH MAN
Yes, all three of us were on that stagecoach out there.

JOHN RUTH
Where's the well water?

The English Man points at a bucket.

ENGLISH 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;

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

JOHN RUTH
Sheriff of Red Rock, that'll be the day.
If that fella's a sheriff, I'm a monkey's uncle.

DOMERGUE
Good, then you can share bananas with your nigger friend in the stable.

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

JOHN RUTH
He's lyin', 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 these people, I don't give a fuck!

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

ENGLISH MAN
You never said your name, sir.

JOHN RUTH
John Ruth.

ENGLISH MAN
Are you a lawman?

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

ENGLISH MAN
So you're a bounty hunter?

JOHN RUTH
That's right, Buster.

ENGLISH MAN
Do you have a warrant?

John Ruth is surprised by that question.

JOHN RUTH
'Course I do.

ENGLISH MAN
May I see it?

JOHN RUTH
Why?

ENGLISH MAN
You're suppose to produce it upon request.
How am I suppose to know you're not a
villain, kidnapping this woman without
a warrant in your possession?

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

ENGLISH 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.

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 you're 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
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.

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-de-da.
(looks at
Oswaldo)
Looks like I brought you a customer.

Oswaldo looks at Daisy.

OSWALDO
So it would appear.

DOMERGUE

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

OSWALDO

No I can't say I have.

JOHN RUTH

(to Oswaldo)

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

OSWALDO

I got it. Jolly good.

EXT - MINNIE'S STABLE - SNOWY DAY

(20)

We see the four men left out in the cold, O.B., Maj.Warren, Bob, and Chris unhitch the six horses one at a time, walk them across the snowy field to the stable, and lead them into their stall.

All four men know how to handle horses.

The brutal wind gets more brutal still.

INT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

(21)

The stable is a rather large affair. It houses eighteen horses. Six from John Ruth's coach. Six from that other coach out there that brought Oswaldo and his group. As well as six other horses that would of replaced one of those wagons if there hadn't been a blizzard.

It's quite a full house.

The four men get the six horses in to their stalls.

As they finish, Bob the Mexican 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 cooking. Should be done soon.

O.B., who as an experienced stagecoach driver, has seen his share of bad weather, says to the Mexican put in charge;

O.B.

Look no matter how bad this blizzard gets, we still gotta' feed these horses and take a squat from time to time. So me an' Chris better lay out a line from the stable to the front door, and from the front door to the shithouse.

BOB

Good idea.

O.B. and Chris grab some rope, hammers, spikes and get to work on that.

After they leave, Maj.Warren says to Bob;

MAJ.WARREN

I'll give ya' a hand.

BOB

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

MAJ.WARREN

You're doing stable work in a goddamn blizzard, I offer to help and you say no?

BOB

You're right mi amigo, muchas gracias.

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

EXT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

(22)

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

One to the front door from the stable. The other from the front door to the outhouse.

CUT TO

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

(23)

John Ruth with Domergue in tow, has relocated himself to the makeshift bar drinking tequila out of clay cups with the hangman Oswaldo Mobray.

OSWALDO
(to Domergue)

Now you're wanted for murder. For the sake 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 back to Red Rock to stand trial for murder. And...IF.... you're found guilty, the people of Red Rock will hang you in the town square. And as the hangman, I will perform 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.

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.

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

'The Cowboy Fella' sits at his table, writing in a little book. He BUSTS a peanut shell with his fist, then picks up the nut and pops it in his mouth.

John Ruth is just about to turn to Oswaldo and ask about the 'Cowboy Fella'.

When SUDDENLY we hear a LOUD SNAP SOUND, followed by the DEATH CRY of a surprised rodent. Domergue jumps.

DOMERGUE
What's that?

OSWALDO
Rat trap.

DOMERGUE
What?

OSWALDO
Rat trap. Minnie's basement is apparently filled with the filthy creatures. One less it would appear as of now.

John Ruth looks back over at the 'Cowboy Fella', he's writing in a book with a fancy ink pen of the day, which he dips into a blue ink bottle from time to time.

JOHN RUTH
(to Oswaldo)
How 'bout that cowboy fella'? What's he writing in that book?

OSWALDO
His diary, I suppose.

JOHN RUTH
Well then it would appear the man has had an exciting life. 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?

OSWALDO
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 table with a LOUD THUMP.

The Cowboy Fella' looks up from his writing at John Ruth.

John Ruth dragging along Domergue, heads towards The Cowboy Fella'.

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

The Cowboy Fella' lays his fancy pen down on the table, leans back in his chair, and says to the bounty hunter his first lines;

COWBOY FELLA'
You got it.

JOHN RUTH
What'cha writing friend?

COWBOY FELLA'
Only thing I'm qualified to write about.

JOHN RUTH
What's that?

COWBOY FELLA'
My life story.

JOHN RUTH
You're writing your life story?

COWBOY FELLA'
You bet I am.

JOHN RUTH
Am I in it?

COWBOY FELLA'
You just entered.

JOHN RUTH

Well you like writing stories so much,
why don't you tell me the story that
brings you here?

COWBOY FELLA'

Who's askin'?

JOHN RUTH

I am. John Ruth. I'm bringin' in this
one

(gesturing to
Domergue)

to Red Rock to hang. 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. I'm a cow puncher. I just
finished a big long drive. I wasn't
just an ass in a saddle this time,
either. I was partners on this one.
For once in my life I made a pretty penny.
I was coming here to spend Christmas
with mother.

JOHN RUTH

Really?

JOE GAGE

Really.

JOHN RUTH

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

JOE GAGE

Well then looks are deceiving. Because I'm definitely the coming home for Christmas to spend 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.

The Old Timer, defiantly, doesn't look back.

JOHN RUTH

(to Old Timer)

Hello old timer.

The Old Timer points out the General rank on his uniform. Unlike Maj. Warren, the old timer's officer insignias haven't been ripped off his uniform.

OLD TIMER

General.

JOHN RUTH

(respectfully)

General.

OLD TIMER

You sir, are a Hyena.

Domergue laughs at this.

OLD TIMER

(CON'T)

And I have no wish to speak to you.

John Ruth takes the insult for a moment, then says;

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

Then we hear Chris and O.B. on the other side of the front door.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

(24)

Chris tries the door, it won't open.

Then he hears The People Inside YELL from the other side of the door;

PEOPLE INSIDE (OS)
Kick it open!

Chris and O.B. trade looks.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

(25)

Chris Mannix KICKS IN THE FRONT DOOR - 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 against the brutal wind, O.B. picks up the hammer, grabs some nails from the nail can, 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 pieces 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, sealing the door shut from the elements outside.

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

O.B.
Jesus Christ, that door's a whore!

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

CHRIS
Oh, I get it, haberdashery, that was a joke.

He sees John Ruth attached to Domergue at the bar.

And on the other side of the room he sees the pot belly stove and the blue coffy pot on it.

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

CHRIS
(to John Ruth)
How's 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.

JOHN RUTH
Thank you.

SUDDENLY.....

We hear a LOUD SNAP SOUND, followed by another surprised RAT'S DEATH CRY.

A startled Chris jumps.

CHRIS
What the hell is that?

DOMERGUE O.B. JOHN RUTH
Rat trap. Rat trap. It's a rat dying in a trap.

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, 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!

Chris continues with the introductions, despite John Ruth;

CHRIS
(to Oswaldo)
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 Oswaldo)
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
May I see them?

OSWALDO
Of course.

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 near 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 she mean when she said, the bounty hunter's 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 hands Oswaldo back his papers.

OSWALDO
So the new sheriff of Red Rock, and a nigger bounty hunter? Five of you?
Well well well, looks like Minnie's Haberdashery is about to get cozy over the next few days.

CHRIS
Yes it does.

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.

As Oswaldo puts away his papers, he asks Chris;

OSWALDO
Are you the chap with the Lincoln letter?

CHRIS
The Lincoln what?

OSWALDO
The letter from Abraham Lincoln?

CHRIS
President Abraham Lincoln?

OSWALDO
Yes, weren't you pen pals?

CHRIS
With the President?

OSWALDO
I'm sorry, I heard somebody in your party
had a letter from Abraham Lincoln, I
assumed it was you.

CHRIS
Well I ain't got no letter from Lincoln,
and I can assure you, we weren't pen pals.

John Ruth INTERRUPTS and EXPLAINS;

JOHN RUTH
Not him! The black fella' in the stable.

OSWALDO
The nigger in the stable has a letter
from Abraham Lincoln?

JOHN RUTH
Yeah.

CHRIS
(to John Ruth)
The nigger in the stable has a letter
from Abraham Lincoln?

INT - MINNIE'S STABLE - DAY

(26)

Speaking of Maj.Warren, he and Bob The Mexican have just finished feeding and watering the horses in the stable.

MAJ.WARREN

What's your name?

BOB

Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

Warren.

They shake hands.

MAJ.WARREN

(CON'T)

Minnie and Sweet Dave inside?

BOB

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

MAJ.WARREN

What, you tellin' me they ain't here?

BOB

Yes. They're visiting her mother.

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

Si.

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.
And 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 you're calling me a liar, mi negro amigo.

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 doesn't smoke a pipe. She rolls her own. "Red Apple Tobacco".
But mi negro amigo...I think you already know this?

MAJ.WARREN
Just seein' if you do, Senor Bob.

The stand off is over. They both open the stable door, and brave the brutal elements to get inside Minnie's with the others.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT OF CHRIS
looking at something that's surprising him.

(27)

CHRIS

Well cut my legs off and call me Shorty...
....is that Gen.Sanford Smithers I see?

The Old General looks up from his chair at the young Southerner.

Chris smiles at him.

The Old Man smiles back.

GEN.SMITHERS

You've got a good eye son.

Chris lets out a laugh and a twirl;

CHRIS

I'll be double dogged damned!
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.

Chris points to the empty cozy chair covered in animal skins,
across from The Old General.

CHRIS

(CON'T)

May I sit down, sir?

Instead of cordially inviting the young respectful man to sit
down, the Old Man says curtly;

GEN.SMITHERS

According to the Yankees, it's a free
country. Do what you want.

That wasn't quite a yes, but Chris decides to ignore it. I mean
his nickname is "Don't Give A Damn". So Chris sits down anyway.

CHRIS

Boy did my daddy talk about you. I heard
you gave those Blue Bellies sweet hell.

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

Thank you for saying that, General.
Your respect woulda' meant the world to
him. Can I getcha' some coffy?

GEN.SMITHERS

That would be nice.

Chris stands up from the chair, heads over to the pot belly stove,
and pours two cups of coffy from the blue coffy pot. As he pours
he talks across the room at the Old Man;

CHRIS

So what bring you out Wyoming way, sir?
If ya' don't mind me askin'?

The Old General never moves 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.

As he sips the other, he sits down on the cozy chair covered in
animal skins.

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. It was after he
served his service. He took off for the
hills of Wyoming to make his fortune.
Never to be heard from again.

(MORE)

GEN.SMITHERS
(CON'T)

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 had done 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.

CHRIS

And that's a drink I'd like to drink.

Chris stands up, walks over to Joe Gage's table, borrows the Brandy bottle, and snags two empty coffy cups. Returning to the table in front of the Old General, he pours the Brandy into the two cups. And while still standing, he picks up one of the cups and raises it high to toast the sitting General.

CHRIS

This is a drink to Chester Charles Smithers. This is a drink to one man's commitment to a cause. And this is to the red in Georgia clay.

The Southern General and Captain drink the Brandy.

CHRIS

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

JOHN RUTH & DOMERGUE
sitting at the bar. He hears Chris say that, and leans over to Domergue and says quietly;

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

THEN.....

BOB KICKS IN 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
Really? Who's the idiot who broke the damn door?

BOB
Just hold it closed.

Maj.Warren gives him one of "his looks" then turns towards the door, holding it as Bob pounds nails into two pieces of wood holding the door closed.

When he finishes Bob puts down the hammer and Maj.Warren turns around and gets his first good look at the People Inside.

Like O.B. and to some degree John Ruth, Maj.Warren has been here before. But he's never been here WITHOUT Minnie and Sweet Dave. And to see the familiar place filled with unfamiliar people makes the Major uneasy.

As Maj.Warren removes his hat, he notices Joe Gage and Oswaldo still wearing theirs.

Maj.Warren turns to Bob;

MAJ.WARREN
A lotta' hats, Senor Bob?

BOB
Huh?

MAJ.WARREN
Considering Minnie's no hats indoors policy? If I remember it correctly, that was one of them BAR OF IRON rules.

(MORE)

MAJ.WARREN
(CON'T)

Kinda rule, I'd think, she'd want kept up in her absence. But you seem to have a laissez faire attitude when it comes to the hats.

Bob turns to the sass mouth black Major;

BOB
I'm guilty. I have a laissez faire attitude about the hats.

MAJ.WARREN
Fair enough. But as a customer of long standing, I'd like to lodge a complaint. I think the interior of Minnie's is much friendlier, sans hats.

BOB
Well mi negro amigo, complaint duly noted. How about we forget about the hats today, considering there's a blizzard going on and all, and make tomorrow "No Hat Day"?

Bob makes his quip and F.O.'s (fucks off). Major Warren looks at the People Inside.

John Ruth and Domergue sitting at the bar with an official looking blonde fellow in a grey business suit.

Chris sitting in a nice chair by the fireplace, with an Old Man in a Grey Confederate Officer Uniform.

And a lone cow poke sitting by himself at a table.

He sees O.B. sitting at the picnic table. Maj.Warren goes over to the pot belly stove, picks up the blue coffy pot and pours himself a cup. He then sits down across from O.B. at the picnic table.

MAJ.WARREN
O.B.....? I gotta' proposition for ya'.

O.B.
Well what do you propose?

MAJ.WARREN
You asked for two hundred and fifty dollars the first time, right?

O.B.
Yeah.

MAJ.WARREN
How 'bout three hundred and fifty?

O.B.
How 'bout it?

MAJ.WARREN
You help me take them three fellas down from off the roof, stash 'em in snow, and when the snow melts, help me tie 'em back on?

O.B.
And same deal about the booze and the bitches in Red Rock?

MAJ.WARREN
Same deal.

O.B.
You gotta' deal Smoke.

They shake hands.

As the two men prepare to go outside, Gen.Smithers sits in his chair looking at Maj.Warren 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?

This gets everybody's attention.

MAJ.WARREN
(CON'T)
Battle of Baton Rouge?

Everybody looks from Maj.Warren to the old man.

The Old General never looks in the direction of the black Major.
But he addresses Chris sitting across from him.

GEN.SMITHERS
Inform this nigger in the Cavalry uniform,
I had a division of Confederates under
my command in Baton Rouge.

CHRIS
Major Nigger, General Smithers wishes me
to inform you -

MAJ.WARREN
- I heard 'em hillbilly.

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

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

GEN.SMITHERS
Cap't Mannix, inform this nigger I don't
acknowledge the uniforms of Northern niggers.

MAJ.WARREN
You captured a whole Colored Command that
day. But no Colored Troopers ever made it
to a camp, did they?

The Old Man finally turns and looks at the black Major.

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.

Just as Maj.Warren's hand moves to his pistol butt, Oswaldo Mobray
appears between the two men and says;

OSWALDO

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

Oswaldo does have a calming influence on the tension.

He continues;

OSWALDO

(to Maj.Warren)

Now Maj.Warren, while I realize passions
are high, that was a while ago. And if
you shoot this un-armed old man
(placing his hand on
Smithers shoulder)
I guarantee I will hang you by the neck
until you are dead, once we arrive in
Red Rock.

Chris Mannix looks over at Maj.Warren and says;

CHRIS

I guarantee that too.

John Ruth chimes in over by the bar drinking with Domergue.

JOHN RUTH

Yeah Warren, that the problem with old
men. You can kick 'em down the stairs
and say it's a accident, but ya' can't
shoot 'em.

OSWALDO

Now gentlemen, since 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 fireplace side of the room
acts as a symbolic representative of Georgia.
While the bar represents....

(thinking of a
place)

...Philadelphia.

John Ruth from the bar, by Domergue, says loudly;

JOHN RUTH
As long as the bar's Philadelphia,
I agree.

CUT TO

(28)

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

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

It ain't easy.

The SHOT of Maj.Warren and O.B. starts ZOOMING BACK until we realize we're looking at them through a window. We continue to ZOOM BACK FARTHER till we see Oswaldo at the window watching the men.

CU OSWALDO MOBRAY

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

JOE GAGE
lies dozing on a cot.

CHRIS & GENERAL SMITHERS
sit in the two cozy chairs by the fire.

JOHN RUTH (w/Domergue)
Pours himself a cup of coffy from a freshly made pot.

As he drinks he drifts over to the kitchen area, and sees the discarded HALF PLUCKED CHICKEN.

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

Si.

JOHN RUTH

Well...you're not taking care of
the passengers now?

BOB

I thought better to deal with the stew.

John Ruth roughly shoves the chicken into Bob's hands;

JOHN RUTH

Pluck the chicken.

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

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

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

When O.B. finishes, he drops the hammer to the floor;

O.B.

That damn door's 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 fellas
(meaning Bob or Joe
or Oswaldo 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 you're not just being paranoid?

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

JOHN RUTH

Our best bet is this duplicitous 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

An opportunity to kill us all. But waiting
for an oportunity, and knowing it's the
right one, isn't so 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. 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
ravings? 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 show me a fella' finds
Domergue funny, I'll show you a fella'
gonna die laughin'.

Maj.Warren and O.B. can't quite tell if this old bastard 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

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 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? 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. I'll protect you.

Joe Gage almost can't believe the degree of bastard 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 bastards 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 you're calm.

Joe Gage BLINKS.

Maj.Warren looks up at John Ruth;

MAJ.WARREN
(CON'T)
Did he blink?

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ.WARREN
(to Joe Gage)
Blink if your gonna' remain calm?

Joe Gage BLINKS.

JOHN RUTH
He blinked.

MAJ.WARREN
Take his gun.

John Ruth reaches down and removes Joe Gage's 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 takes the knife away, lets go of Joe Gage's neck, and quickly backs away.

Joe doesn't overreact once he's freed.

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

He removes a BANDANA 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 Oswaldo the hangman.

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

Oswaldo holds open his suit jacket, exposing his pistol in its 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
(CON'T)
Go to the outhouse. Dump this bucket
down the shit hole.

O.B.
Why do I gotta' go outside?

JOHN RUTH
Your jacket's already on. And I sorta
kinda trust you.

Ruth looks at Joe Gage and Oswaldo Mobray.

JOHN RUTH
(CON'T)

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 THROUGH 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. Mex, 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 open 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 prisoners.

JOHN RUTH
Oh don't be so melodramatic, Joe Gage.

Bob steps up.

BOB
I just want to make an announcement.

JOHN RUTH
What announcement?

BOB
Stews on.

JOHN RUTH
Well then, let's eat.

Everybody except Gen. Smithers moves to the kitchen area. Chris tries to get the General to come over, but the old man 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.

and last up, Bob.

INT/EXT - OUTHOUSE - SNOWY DAY

(29)

O.B. tosses the pistol pieces down the shit hole.

Then opens the door.

We see how snowy and brutal the weather has become.

He uses the line he and Chris stretched out earlier to make his way back to Minnie's.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

(30)

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

JOHN RUTH & DOMERGUE

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 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.

THEN.....

O.B. KICKS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR, then moves quickly inside and SLAMS IT SHUT.

Chris jumps up from the table, and helps him hold the door while O.B. pounds the nails that keep it shut.

As he pounds in the nails O.B. says;

O.B.

Goddamn this fucking fucking whore!

The door's done.

O.B. gets some stew.

Chris sits back down at the table, next to Maj.Warren and across from John Ruth and Domergue, and starts digging into his stew bowl.

CHRIS

(as he eats)

So Domergue, I suppose this blizzard counts as a stroke of luck as far as you're concerned?

DOMERGUE

You don't hear me complaining do ya'?

CHRIS

No I sure don't.

(to Oswaldo)

How 'bout you Oswaldo?

OSWALDO

How about me what?

CHRIS

Look, considerin' all the things I done
for money, I ain't one to judge. But
don't you feel just the least little bad
'bout hangin' a woman?

OSWALDO

Till they invent a TRIGGER that women
can't pull, if you're a hang man, you're
going to hang women.

CHRIS

Well hell Ozzy, I guess I ain't never
looked at it like that before.

JOHN RUTH

When it comes to some of them mean bastards
out there, it's the only thing does the
job. You really only need to hang mean
bastards. But mean bastards, you need to
hang.

OSWALDO

But as I was telling Mr.Ruth and
Miss.Domergue earlier, I don't like the
term HANG-MAN. I'm a Executioner.
Assuming Miss.Domergue has a pain in the
neck in her future, it won't be me that
hangs her. It will be the judge, the jury,
and by extension, the entire town of
Red Rock that sentences her to hang.

(beat)

I just execute the sentence.

CHRIS

Well I know how ya' feel Ozzy, I don't
like a lot of the terms John Ruth throws
at me. But short of shootin' 'em, I
don't know a hellva' lot I can do about it.

JOHN RUTH

You try shootin' me Mannix, for your sake
it better be in the back.

CHRIS

Oh don't worry John, it will be.
(to Maj.Warren)
How you doin', black Major?

INSERT PAGE

Major Warren moves his eyes in Chris Mannix's direction, then moves them back down to his stew bowl.

MAJ.WARREN

I ain't in the mood, Mannix. Leave me be from your horseshit.

CHRIS

Well oddly enough, it's horseshit I wanted to speak with you about.

Maj.Warren puts down his spoon and turns in his seat to face Chris.

MAJ.WARREN
I tole' you jackass to Hee-Haw somewhere else and I meant it.

Chris turns in his seat so he's facing Maj.Warren.

CHRIS
John Ruth says you gotta' a Lincoln Letter?
(to John Ruth)
That's right John, you said that didn't ya'?

JOHN RUTH
Yes I did.

CHRIS
(to Maj.Warren)
So....you gotta' letter from Abraham Lincoln?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
Thee Abraham Lincoln?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
Abraham Lincoln? The President of the United States...?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
...of America?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
Wrote you a letter, personally?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
Personally? As in; "Dear Maj.Warren"?

MAJ.WARREN
No. Personally as in; "Dear Marquis".

CHRIS
"Dear Marquis"?
Abraham Lincoln-the-President-of-the-
United-States-of-America?
(said as one
word)

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
May I see it?

MAJ.WARREN
No you may not.

CHRIS
But the way John tells it, you weren't
just some random nigger soldier picked
from a pile of letters.
(beat)
Way John tells it, y'all had a'
correspondence

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
Way John tells it, y'all's practically
pen pals?

MAJ.WARREN
Yes.

CHRIS
And a pen pal's.....practically a
friend.

Maj.Warren doesn't say anything. He just turns away from Chris and eats his stew.

Chris turns around to face John Ruth sitting across from him.

CHRIS
(to John Ruth)
So you think a nigger drummed outta'
the Calvary with a yellow stripe down
his back....was practically friends with
The President of The United States of
America?

Now that John Ruth has watched that episode played out in front of him. And frankly, now that he thinks about it, the letter's authenticity does seem unlikely.

CHRIS

John Ruth, I hate to be the one to break
it to ya', but nobody in Minnie's Haberdashery
has ever corresponded with Abraham Lincoln...
...Least of all, THIS NIGGER HERE.

John Ruth looks across at Maj.Warren.

Maj.Warren looks back at him.

JOHN RUTH

Was that all horseshit?

MAJ.WARREN

Course it was.

BEAT.

THEN....

DOMERGUE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING!

John Ruth looks over at her, picks up his stew bowl and THROWS THE STEW IN HER FACE!

Then holding out the empty wooden bowl in front of her face, he says;

JOHN RUTH

Unless you want to eat this bowl, that better be the last time you laugh at me.

He BACKHANDS HER with the bowl, KNOCKING HER TO THE FLOOR.

Looking down at her from the bench, he says;

JOHN RUTH

You got it?

Domergue on the floor, holding her face, nods her head, yes.

JOHN RUTH

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

EYES OF HATE

Look up from the floor and say;

DOMERGUE

"I got it".

John Ruth points down at her with his big finger;

JOHN RUTH

You damn well better!

88.

Then he turns and faces Maj.Warren sitting across from him.

JOHN RUTH

So I guess it's true what they say about
you people. You can't believe a fuckin' word
that comes outta' your mouths.

MAJ.WARREN

Whats wrong? I hurt your feelings?

JOHN RUTH

As-a-matter-of-fact, you did.

MAJ.WARREN

Now I know I'm the only black son-of-a-bitch
you ever met, so I'm gonna' cut your ass
some slack. But you ain't got no idea what
a black man starin' down America looks like.

(small beat)

The only time black folks are safe, is when
white folks are disarmed.

Pulling the phony letter out of his inside jacket pocket.

MAJ.WARREN

(CON'T)

This letter had the desired effect of
disarming white folks. They believed the
Lincoln Letter because they wanted to
believe the Lincoln Letter, and White
folks will believe anything they WANNA'
believe.

JOHN RUTH

Call it what you want, I call it a
dirty trick.

He puts the letter back inside his coat.

MAJ.WARREN

Wanna' know why I'd lie about something
that, white man?

(beat)

Got me on that stagecoach, didn't it.

"Yes it did", thinks John Ruth, and the thought makes him blink.

Maj.Warren suddenly stands up from the table, taking his stew bowl
and spoon with him. As Warren walks away, Chris says to the table;

CHRIS

Well I'll tell you like the lord tolle'
John, a letter from Abraham Lincoln
wouldn't have that kinda' effect on me.
I might let a whore piss on it.

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

Maj.Warren walks over to the stew pot, pours some food into an 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 Cavalry 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.

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

MAJ.WARREN
Or would you deny me that too?

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 starts to hesitantly play the Christmas tune "Silent Night".

SUDDENLY

Below their feet in the basement, the SOUNDS of a VICIOUS FIGHT BETWEEN TWO RATS breaks out.

DOMERGUE
What the fuck is that?

GEN.SMITHERS
Rat fight.

DOMERGUE
What?

MAJ.WARREN
It's two rats in the basement fightin'.

GEN.SMITHERS
I wouldn't be surprised when it comes to the stew, if the basement wasn't a constant supply of meat.

The RAT FIGHT CONTINUES unseen.

Bob fucks up "Silent Night", and starts again.

CHRIS
How long these mice gonna' fight?

GEN.SMITHERS
As with all living things, depends on
the rats. Usually till one kills the
other, or one realizes it's beaten.

Suddenly the rat fight is over.

GEN.SMITHERS
(CON'T)
Wonder which it was?

The two former Civil War officers continue to eat stew with big wooden spoons.

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

Augusta. Atlanta boy, and a Augusta girl.
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 stake I got from him.
Purchased a few peach orchards. Set myself
up pretty good. Did a hellva' lot better
than my no good brothers, that's for damn
sure. All in all....can't complain. 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.

Just as Bob fucks up "Silent Night", and starts again.

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 feeble 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 continues to play "Silent Night" more confidently, 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 nigger's 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. All them fellas came up here, when they found themselves at the mercy of a nigger's 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.

(beat)

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 lyin' 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 than 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

(31)

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 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 VOICE (OS)
....'fore the cold collapsed him.

BACK TO MINNIE'S

CU GEN.SMITHERS

GEN.SMITHERS
You never knew my boy!

(32)

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
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.
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

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

(33)

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

(34)

CU GEN.SMITHERS

the old man is in knots. It was worse than 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 he wants him. He flashes an alligator grin, and says;

MAJ.WARREN

Starting to see pictures, ain't ya'?
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' liar's 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 pistol's 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 its holster.

MAJ.WARREN

Go ahead.

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

CUT TO BLACK

Chapter Three

MINNIE'S
HABERDASHERY

Part 2

Domerque's got a secret

CUT FROM BLACK TO:
OVERHEAD CRANE SHOT OF MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY

We see an overhead tableaux of Minnie's Haberdashery about fifteen minutes since the last page.

Maj.Warren sits at a table alone, drinking from the Brandy bottle.

Both Joe Gage and O.B. carry the dead burnt corpse of Gen.Smithers out of the room and out the door. The WIND from outside WHIPS INTO THE ROOM - Bob shuts the door behind them - CUTTING OFF THE WIND - and holds it closed.

Domergue (still unchained) hasn't moved from her spot before. She still sits at the community picnic table.

An unseen LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack clueing the audience into what's happening.

NARRATOR (VO)

About fifteen minutes has passed since we last left our characters. During that time Chris, John Ruth, and Oswaldo got into a vigorous debate about the legality of what just transpired. Marquis Warren, who is supremely confident about the legality of what just transpired, ignored them, sat at a table by himself and finished the brandy bottle. Then as the legality discussion started to wind down due to lack of oxygen, Joe Gage and O.B. carried the dead charred body of Gen.Smithers out of the haberdashery to stash out in the snow. Bob held the door for them. Domergue, however, hasn't moved from her spot at the community dinner table since John Ruth uncuffed her.

The CAMERA begins to CRANE DOWN towards Domergue till it LANDS on a TIGHT MEDIUM of her.

NARRATOR (VO)

At this point in the story Daisy Domergue is keen with anticipation. Something her face, body, and demeanor are trying very hard to conceal. Because, as stated in the title of this section of Chapter three, Domergue's got a secret.

FREEZE FRAME on Domergue.

NARRATOR (VO)

Let's go back a bit.

CUT TO

(36)

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

We've gone back in time to the moment Maj.Warren was taunting the Old Man by telling him tales of sticking his dick down the General's son's throat. Except this time we watch the scene from a eye level perspective across the room...more or less in the area of the pot belly stove.

NARRATOR (VO)

Fifteen minutes ago Maj.Warren shot Gen.Smithers in front of everybody. But....twenty minutes ago, something equally as important happened, but not everybody saw that.

The CAMERA BEGINS MOVING BACK.....Till.....The pot belly stove and The BLUE COFFY POT enter FRAME.

Maj.Warren talking shit across the room a little SOFT in the B.G. and The Blue Coffy Pot on the RIGHT SIDE OF FRAME SHARP in the F.G.

NARRATOR (VO)

You see, while Warren was reminiscing with Smithers about his boy...

WE SEE UNSEEN FINGERS lift The LID off of the blue coffy pot.

NARRATOR (VO)

...somebody...

WE SEE UNSEEN FINGERS pour the contents of a LITTLE BLUE BLACK BOTTLE into the coffy pot.

NARRATOR (VO)

...poisoned the coffy.

CUT TO

CU DOMERGUE

And the only one to see him do it was Domergue. Her head is turned away from The black Major, her eyes are big saucers, as she watches The Poisoner poison the coffy.

NARRATOR (VO)

And the only one was to see 'em do it, was Domergue.

OFF SCREEN The Poisoner locks eyes with Domergue.

Domergue looks back...

When...

BANG!

Domergue turns around at the shot fired behind her, we see from her perspective Gen.Smithers blown into the fireplace.

PICNIC TABLE

We see the people around the table (except for Domergue) rise and start to move towards the fire.

WE SEE MAJ.WARREN'S PISTOL COME FROM OFF FRAME - POINT AND COCK AT THE PEOPLE INSIDE.

The People freeze.

MAJ.WARREN (OS)
Let 'em burn.

The people can't take their eyes off of the burning Smithers....
...all except Domergue...who sneaks a look behind her.

DOMERGUE'S POV:

Her perspective of the deadly blue coffy pot of poison...just sitting on the stove...waiting to be deadly.

CUT TO

BACK TO THE PRESENT

(37)

DOMERGUE

The CAMERA MOVES INTO A CU OF DOMERGUE with just the barest hint of a smile on her face.

CUT TO

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - SUNSET

(38)

Joe Gage and O.B. have tossed the corpse of Gen.Smithers out in the woods. As they go back to the shelter they realize the sky is magnificently beautiful, windy, but beautiful. The SUNSET paints ice cream colors not only in the sky but against the surrounding white snow. With both the wind and the cold whipping around them, Joe Gage and O.B. take in the sight.

Enjoying it.

CUT TO

(39)

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - SUNSET

The BLUE COFFY POT

ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF FRAME sits the Blue Deadly Coffy pot on the stove. ON THE LEFT SIDE OF FRAME the camera is pointed at the front door in the B.G.

The front door opens, and Joe Gage and O.B. walk through it.

Bob slams the door, and goes about nailing it shut.

The very cold O.B. makes a bee-line towards the blue coffy pot.

Joe Gage heads for the fireplace to warm up instead.

John Ruth, by the pot belly stove, lifts the blue coffy pot off of the stove and pours the stagecoach driver a cup.

Right after it gets poured, O.B. brings it up to his lips and DRINKS IT.

John Ruth pours himself a cup, then replaces the blue coffy pot back on the hot stove.

O.B. heads over to the bar, to light candles and lanterns now it's getting darker.

John Ruth takes the untouched coffy cup, and crosses the room back over to the picnic dinner table that Domergue is sitting at.

He takes a DRINK OF POISON COFFY as he sits down next to Domergue.

Domergue watches him do it, and can't help but smile.

John Ruth sees her smile at him.

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 puts down the coffy cup, 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.

Then DRINKS MORE COFFY.

Domergue giggles.

She has to play it cool, but each drink he takes is like a knife plunge.

John Ruth TAKES ANOTHER DRINK.

Domergue smiles a satisfied smile, turns away and her eyes search for O.B.

She finds O.B. walking around the shack LIGHTING CANDLES and LANTERNS. Bob and Chris do the same as the LIGHTING turns from DAY TO NIGHT.

DOMERGUE
watches.

O.B.
lights a lantern. He seems fine. He walks over to where Chris is lighting six candles in a candle holder. He removes a candle, and lights more candles with it.

DOMERGUE
watches O.B.

Behind her we see the pot belly stove with the blue coffy pot on it in SOFT FOCUS in the B.G. We also see Chris enter this soft focus lighting candles.

O.B.
lights more candles.
We SLOWLY ZOOM TOWARDS HIM.

DOMERGUE
watches O.B. ...waiting.

Behind her we see Chris in SOFT FOCUS pick up the blue coffy pot and pour a cup.

O.B.

puts down his candle, and picks up his coffy cup taking a big drink. We ZOOM CLOSER TOWARDS HIM.

DOMERGUE

watches O.B....waiting....WHEN...

John Ruth, handcuffed to Domergue, GUTS EXPLODE INSIDE OF HIM VOMITING BLOOD.

In the B.G. Chris with the coffy cup in hand, stops and looks.

O.B.

turns and looks.

JOHN RUTH

holds his belly. Looks at the puke in front of him, sees it's blood. He doesn't get it.

THEN....

O.B.'s

GUTS EXPLODE INSIDE OF HIM VOMITING BLOOD. Knocking him to all fours on the floor.

JOHN RUTH

Guts explode again, VOMITING MORE BLOOD.

O.B.

on all fours VOMITS MORE BLOOD on the floor.

JOHN RUTH

is ready to collapse from the picnic table. He looks over to the woman he is chained to and sees Domergue's smiling face.

Domergue smiles and bats her eyes at him.

DOMERGUE

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

John Ruth realizes Domergue's got a secret.

She's killed him.

ROARING like a dragon, John Ruth rises to his feet, and takes his big fist and PUNCHES DAISY RIGHT SQUARE IN THE MOUTH.

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

John 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 again, he WRETCHES....and PUKEs BLOODY ALL OVER DAISY.

Daisy just laughs.....

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 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....She cocks back the hammer...

And FIRES THREE SHOTS into John Ruth's chest and body.

The big bad bounty hunter tips over to the floor dead.

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.

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 beside 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, Oswaldo 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
Mannix?

Chris Mannix's 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 an 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...WHEN...

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 eardrum exploding LOUD. She freezes.

Maj.Warren, his 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, whose 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 BASTARD! You're 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.

MAJ.WARREN
What I say 'bout talkin'?
'Meant it, didn't I?
(more)

MAJ.WARREN
(CON'T)

You need to understand. You just shot
the only man committed to getting you
to Red Rock alive. Raise your voice
again, and the next bullet goes in your
lung.

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 whatever 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
trying 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 any one 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 Mexican Man.

OSWALDO
Because his coffy was dreadful.

MAJ.WARREN
(to Bob)
Really? Well ain't that interesting.

BOB
(to Maj.Warren)
You didn't have any of my coffy,
bounty hunter. 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
Si.

MAJ.WARREN

See, when my mama made stew, it always tasted the same, no matter the meat. And there was another fellow on the plantation, 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 may be 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

So are you actually accusing me of murder?

MAJ.WARREN

Well Bob, it's like this. Whoever's 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. They're lyin' out back there dead somewhere.

(to Oswaldo)

Or if it's you British Man, the real Oswaldo Mobray is lyin' in a ditch somewhere. And you're just an 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 Gage.

BOB

(to Maj.Warren)

So I take it you've deduced the coffy
was poisoned while you were murdering
the old man?

MAJ.WARREN

Yes.

BOB

Well during that whole incident, I was
sitting on that side of the room,
playing Silent Night on the piano.

The piano couldn't be further from the pot belly stove.

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.....You're 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

Your a real imaginative nigger, ain't
you? So do you intend to murder me based
on a far fetched nigger theory?
Or can you prove it, cabrone?

MAJ.WARREN

It ain't so far fetched, Bob.
And it's a bit more than theory.

(beat)

When did you start workin' for Minnie?

BOB

Four months ago.

MAJ.WARREN

Well if you worked here two and a half years ago, you'da known all about the sign usta' hang above the bar.

Bob doesn't know what he's talking about.

MAJ.WARREN

Minnie never mentioned it?

BOB

No.

MAJ.WARREN

You know what that sign said, Bob?

Bob doesn't say anything.

MAJ.WARREN

It said; "NO DOGS OR MEXICANS ALLOWED". Minnie hung up that sign the day she opened The Habadashery. And it hung up there every day till they took it down a little more then two years ago. You know why they took it down?

(beat)

They started lettin' in dogs.

Bob doesn't say anything.

MAJ.WARREN

(CON'T)

Minnie likes everybody. But she sure don't like Mexicans. So you tell me Minnie went to the North side to visit her mama? Well I find that highly unlikely...but okay - maybe? But you tell me Minnie Mink took The Habadashery, the most precious thing to her in the world, and put it in the hands of a Goddamn Mexican? Well that's what I meant when I said; "That sure don't sound like Minnie?"

The TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR

that leads to the basement begins to SLOWLY LIFT OPEN. We can't see who's opening the trap door, but neither can Maj.Warren because the door is behind both him and Chris.

The THREE MEN AGAINST THE WALL (BOB, OSWALDO, AND JOE GAGE) see the basement door open up behind Maj.Warren and Chris, and a PISTOL PEEK OUT POINTING AT MAJ.WARREN'S BACK.

MAJ.WARREN

You're a liar Bob. And if you're lying,
which you are, that means you killed
Minnie...

Maj.Warren SHOOTS BOB in the chest, the bullet goes through him,
EXPLODING BLOOD and GUNK AGAINST THE BACK WALL.

MAJ.WARREN

...and you killed Sweet Dave...

Maj.Warren SHOOTS BOB AGAIN, BLOWING HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

Bob's body does a bloody slide to the floor.

Maj.Warren points his pistol at the face of the corpse on the
floor that was once Bob.

MAJ.WARREN

..And more than likely the driver of
that stagecoach out there.

Maj.Warren SHOOTS his pistol, destroying the face of Bob.

Then the Black Major brings up his smoking pistol barrel and
points it in the direction of the two men left.

MAJ.WARREN

Three measly bullets...and there goes Bob.
But that still don't get us any closer to
which of you two poisoned the coffy, does
it Chris?

CHRIS

No it sure don't.

TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR

and that's when the pistol peeking out of the basement FIRES.

MAJOR WARREN

is SHOT in the lower spine, and SCREAMS OUT falling to the ground,
dropping both pistols.

CHRIS

SPINS in the direction of the shooter, and FIRES his pistol at the
FELLA' IN THE FLOOR.

FELLA' IN THE FLOOR

gets SHOT by Chris in the ARM. But said arm was holding up the
trap door. Once it's shot, his arm jerks away, and the trap door
FALLS ON HIS HEAD. He disappears down the hole and the door slams
shut.

DOMERGUE
cries out for the Fella' in the floor;

DOMERGUE
Jody!

CHRIS
half turned away from the two men he's got covered. He's just fired at the Fella' in the floor, when Joe Gage comes across with a RIGHT CROSS that TAGS Chris in the jaw, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET and CRASHING HIM HARD TO THE FLOOR. Upon crashing to the floor, Chris starts FIRING HIS PISTOL.

OSWALDO & JOE GAGE
the bullets mostly hit the wall behind them, but then ONE BULLET HITS OSWALDO IN THE LUNG. Bringing the little man down to the floor.

CHRIS
scared and desperate, lays on his back on the floor, his pistol pointed up at Joe Gage.

JOE GAGE
not moving, holds his position with his hands raised.

OSWALDO
still alive, lies on the ground in pain, clutching his bloody chest.

DOMERGUE
curses them;

DOMERGUE
You bastards, you miserable fucking bastards!

and

MAJOR WARREN
shot in the back, alive, but unable to get off the floor.

CUT TO BLACK

Chapter four

The four Passenger's

CUT FROM BLACK:

(40)

MEDIUM SHOT JESUS STATUE

Same statue as before but earlier that morning before the blizzard. When the sky above it was bright blue and the snow capped mountains in the B.G. were at their most majestic, and BEFORE THE SNOW CANOPY overtook it.

A six horse pulled stagecoach comes roaring past.

CUT TO

(41)

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 led 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, you and your friends
can stretch your legs. When you're 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

(42)

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 used to be Sweet Dave's 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 an 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. Three of the four passengers are our old friends BOB, OSWALDO, and JOE GAGE. The FOURTH PASSENGER it would appear is the leader of the quartet.

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 scarves that sit around their faces,
smiling at the friendly black woman.

OSWALDO

Oswaldo Mobray, madame.

JOE GAGE

Joe Gage.

BOB

Bob.

THE FOURTH MAN

(smiling)

And I'm Jody. It's a pleasant surprise
to find such a warm sanctuary in the
middle of such a cold hell.

MINNIE

Well make yourself comfortable. Get
warm by the fire.

JODY

We're just gonna' go warm ourself's by
the stove, if that's all right?

MINNIE

Stove - fireplace - whatever. Just get
warm.

JODY

Oh, and Judy said something about the
best coffy in the world....?

OSWALDO

Yes I do believe Judy did say 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, ma'am. 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

(43)

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

(44)

The FOUR PASSENGERS - SLOW MOTION

Check out the way station, as they warm their hands by the pot
belly stove.

JODY - 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.

BOB - 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 definitely 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 ta' 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'.

Minnie starts making her famous coffy as she nags the stagecoach driver.

MINNIE

(CON'T)

Naw naw naw, you need to take this motherfucker with you today. You feel that air out there don't 'cha? We might be gittin' a blizzard come tonight. I ain't sittin' hold up for three goddamn days with that ole' cracker.

We hear a LOUD SNAP and the death cry of a RAT OFF SCREEN.

MINNIE
(CON'T)

I'll be good and dammed, that's another
one of those little sonsabitches dead
and gone!

Minnie's so happy about killing one of the basement rats, she
temporarily forgets about the Confederate General.

MINNIE
(CON'T)

Charly! You go down there and pick up
that dead rat. I don't want him stinkin'
up the place. Take Ceaser, wit ya'.

Charly picks up a broom, and a TABBY CAT named CEASER. He then walks over to a trap door in the floor that leads to the basement. He puts the cat down on the floor. Ceaser the cat is very excited. He knows what's in the basement. When they let Ceaser hunt in the basement, those are the happiest moments of Ceaser's feline life.

Charly lifts open the trap door in the floor.

Ceaser shoots down there like an arrow.

We hear the commotion under the floor boards of the rats panicking and running away, and the cat chasing and killing them.

After Ceaser's got the rodents attention, Charly proceeds downstairs into the basement, broom held fast.

Once he disappears in the floor, we hear him yelling at the vermin;

CHARLY
Git away you little bastards!
You sonsabitches!

We hear the broom banging around.

The FOUR PASSENGERS by the stove watch all this and trade looks. That's a very interesting room down there. They also trade looks that say, let's get this party started.

The Four Passengers, one at a time, take their positions.

JODY starts the whole thing off. Moving from the pot belly stove over to where Minnie is making coffy. She's smoking one of her hand rolled cigarettes.

JODY
Miss Minnie?

She turns towards him.

JODY
Would you roll me a cigarette?

MINNIE
Sure honey.

BOB
crosses the room over by the fireplace to watch the two old men play chess. He just stands there watching their game.

They notice him.

Bob smiles at them and indicates for them to continue with their game.

BOB
Don't mind me gentlemen, I'm just watching.

SWEET DAVE
You play?

BOB
You know, I must of had at least twelve people teach me that goddamn game. Just never could keep the moves in my head. But if I'm not disturbing, I like to watch?

SWEET DAVE
Hell no. I like whippin' this old man's ass in front of a audience.

GEN. SMITHERS
You ain't whippin' shit.

JODY & MINNIE
Minnie hands Jody the cigarette she just rolled for him. Jody accepts it with gallant flair.

JODY
Merci beaucoup Mademoiselle Minnie.

Minnie giggles at being flirted to in French.

MINNIE
Oh that's real nice! What is that?

JODY
It's French.

MINNIE
You speak French?

JODY
Oui.

MINNIE
Oui....what does that mean?

JODY
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 Jody)
Look at that, I can speak French.

She giggles at herself, Minnie has a great giggle.

Jody lights the hand rolled smoke on a nearby candle, takes a big drag, blows out a long stream of smoke, and says to her;

JODY
Delicious.

She playfully hits him (Minnie loves being flirted with).

OSWALDO

moves 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. Her pretty smile gets even wider.

JOE GAGE

goes over to where the candy counter is. He opens up a glass jar of green peppermint sticks.

JOE GAGE

(yells over
to Minnie)

How many peppermint sticks a nickel
buy me?

Minnie interrupts flirting with Jody.

MINNIE

(to Joe)

Five.

Joe loudly slaps a nickel down on the counter. He removes five green sticks, sticking one in his mouth, and putting the other four in a little white bag.

Judy comes in carrying some of their luggage. Plopping it on the floor.

JUDY

I brought in your bags in case anybody wants to change your clothes before Red Rock.

She goes over to where Joe Gage is by the pot belly stove. She warms her cold hands off the stove.

Handsome Joe Gage smiles at her.

Cute Judy smiles back.

He holds out the bag of candy and offers her a peppermint stick.

JOE GAGE

Peppermint stick?

JUDY

Thanks.

She takes one and sticks it in her mouth.

Oswaldo Mobray watches Gemma move the ladder in place to climb up and bring down the large jar of jelly beans.

Joe Gage sucks on his stick.

Judy sucks on hers.

JOE GAGE

Why do they call you Six Horse Judy?

JUDY!

Cause I'm the only Judy you've ever seen who could drive a six horse team.

JOE GAGE

You gotta' accent there? Where you from, England?

Oswaldo chimes in from across the room.

OSWALDO

I take exception to that!

Judy and Joe laugh.

JUDY

New Zealand.

JOE GAGE

Never heard of it. Is it anywhere by Old Zealand?

Judy flirts with the handsome bad boy.

The trap door in the floor opens up, and Ceaser (dead rat in his mouth) comes leaping out of the basement, followed closely by Charly carrying a dead rat in his hand.

Oswaldo watches Gemma holding the large jar of jelly beans begin to climb down the ladder.

Minnie calls out;

MINNIE
Coffy's ready!

ED
It's about damn time.

Jody moves towards Ed and the coffy pot.

Ed sees Jody;

ED
(to Jody)
Best coffy on the mountain.

Minnie smiles and waves away the compliment.

MINNIE
(to Jody)
Stagecoach drivers like it. Passengers,
not so much. Most find it a mite too
strong.

She pours Ed a cup of coffy.

Bob watching the old men play chess, moves his hand by his gun butt.

Minnie pours Jody 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.

Jody 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 Jody;

MINNIE
Well, what'd ya' think?

Jody answers by taking out his pistol and SHOOTING the surprised Minnie and Ed point blank.

Both Minnie and Ed hit the floor dead, her 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 its holster and FIRES.

Shooting Gemma through the glass jar of jelly beans. She tumbles from the ladder to the floor.

Bob 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 three WILD POT SHOTS at him, missing the boy, but hitting the lock on the front door.

Jody yells at Bob;

JODY
Christ almighty stop shootin' at that
nigger fore ya' kill us all!

Bob stops.

JODY
(to Joe Gage)
Grouch, finish 'em off.

EXT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

Charly runs out, trying to escape.

Joe Gage steps outside, and FIRES at Charly running away. The bullet hits Charly in the back, he plops down awkwardly in the snow.

(46)

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - MORNING

Jody brings his pistol barrel against the temple of Gen. Smithers, cocks back the hammer, and is just ready to go bang, when suddenly Bob shouts at Jody in SPANISH;

IN SPANISH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

BOB
(SPANISH)

Wait!

Jody stops.

BOB
(SPANISH)

He's a nice touch.

JODY
(SPANISH)

Him?

BOB
(SPANISH)

He's authentic.

JODY
(SPANGLISH)

We can't trust this
(ENGLISH)
old fart.

BOB
(SPANISH)

Sure we can. You just have to convince
him to trust us.

(beat)

Without those two fatsos, this place
is going to seem real empty.

(switching to
ENGLISH to make
his point)

He adds something.

Not much. But something.

JODY
(to Oswaldo)

What do you think, Pete?

Pete, it appears is OSWALDO.

OSWALDO

I admit, he does make the 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 onto the floor.

JODY

Start with him.

As Joe and Oswaldo move to get Sweet Dave's body, Jody instructs;

JODI'

Now stack 'em somewhere out back there.

Just not by the two places where people go. The outhouse and the woodpile.

Marco,...

(real name
of Bob)

...start unhitching those horses and get 'em in the barn, and get 'em fed. When Ruth and Daisy get here, you're gonna' hafta' do it for them. After I get through with this ole' hickory tree

(meaning Gen.Smithers)

I'll come help ya'.

Bob goes outside to work on the horses.

Oswaldo and Joe Gage carry out the dead bodies.

Jody looks down at The Old Man.

JODY

Well old man, 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 old man. You might have
a 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 Dave's chair with the blanket.

JODY
Later today, a dirty son of a gun's 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 Dave's chair, and continues explaining his plan of action to the old officer.

JODY
(sits)
When he comes here I'm gonna' kill that fell'a', 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 old man.

(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

Be an 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 grandpa 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.

(47)

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 shoveled on her.

JOE SHOVELING

snow.

DEAD ED

gets snow shoveled on him.

The two men next to the pile of six bodies covered in snow.

(48)

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

Jody climbs up top through the door in the floor, and joins Bob in the kitchen area.

JODY

(to Bob)

Other then those dam blasted rats down there, that basement's perfect. I can sit right underneath that dirty so an' so's nose the entire time, and Ruth won't be the wiser.

BOB

Unless he checks the basement.

JODY

Shitfire I hope he does. I'll shoot 'em dead climbin' down that ladder. End of story, end of problem.

Jody rips pieces of cloth off of an old rag, and sticks it in both ears.

BOB

How many rats down there?

JODY

I dunno'...three hundred?

BOB

You gonna' be down there all night with 300 rats?

JODY

A room fulla' rabbits ain't gonna stop me from savin' my sister. Specially after I go down there and show them bunny's who's boss.

He picks up the lantern, opens the trap door in the floor, and descends into the basement.

WE HEAR UP TOP Jody go down there and start both YELLING and SHOOTING at the rats. He empties both pistols at the scurrying rodents.

Oswaldo and Joe Gage come back inside, hearing all the shooting going on underneath the floor.

OSWALDO

What's with all the shooting?

Jody walks to the trap door, and says up to them;

JODY
Just demonstrating the new basement
rules to these rats.

JOE
Hows that goin'?

JODY
They get the general idea.
(beat)
Can you believe this room, it's perfect.

He sees the worried looks on both of their faces.

JODY
(CON'T)
What's wrong?

OSWALDO
Bad news.

EXT - SNOWY MOUNTAIN TOP - MORNING

(49)

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 is 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? Is it gonna' hit us for sure?

OSWALDO
Oh yes.

JODY
When?

OSWALDO
Sometime tonight.

BOB

If there's a blizzard coming we can't stay in that shack.

JODY

Get some gumption, Marco. That shack probably sees about 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 mi amigo here. We should move on to Red Rock while we have the chance.

JODY

If them niggers can ride it out at Minnie's, so can we. We ain't movin' no damn where, we're holein' up.

Bob makes an exasperated noise.

Jody turns to him;

JODY

You got something you wanna' say?

BOB

Have you ever been in a blizzard?

JODY

No.

BOB

I didn't think so. Funny how the people who have been in a blizzard are the ones who want to go. And the people who don't know what the hell they're talking about, are the ones who want to stay.

JODY

Look, John Ruth is a rattlesnake. And the only way we're gonna' separate him from my sister, is catch him off guard or at least on awkward footing. Now before they get to Red Rock, him here with a spoon in his mouth seemed the best bet. But if he has to sit here on his ass for three days chained to Daisy, waiting for the sun to come out...at some point... he's gotta' close his eyes. And that's when you blow the top of his head off.

JOE GAGE

Look ambushing John Ruth while he ate
was always risky for Daisy. But it was
the best chance we had, so we were gonna'
chance it.

This blizzard changes everything.
And if the idea is to safely separate
Daisy from this joker, this sit-tight
-during-the-blizzard idea is obviously
the safest way for Daisy.

JODY

Well if that's obviously the safest way
to free Daisy, that's obviously the way
we're gonna do it. Daisy ain't just my
sister. She's a goddamn dependable member
of this gang. And if any one of you ain't
willin' to brave a blizzard to save a member
of your own gang from a rope, you ought' not
be ridin' with 'em.

I guess they heard that.

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - SNOWY DAY

(50)

Grouch Douglass tosses a table on top of another table face down.

English Pete does the same thing.

Both men hammer a nail into the underside of the table.

FROM THE FRONT WINDOW OF MINNIE'S
We see O.B. and Ruth's chartered stagecoach arrive.

MARCO
watches too.

MARCO
(Spanish)
Here they come.

Grouch takes the hammer and hits the pounded in nail on the side,
turning it into a hook.

JODY
Grabs a BIG BEAR SKIN, wrapping it around his shoulders, he says
to his men;

JODY
Okay boys, this is it, get ready!

English Pete bends his nail into a hook.

Grouch turns the table back on its legs. Then takes one of his pistols and hangs it underneath the table on the self made hook.

Marco piles on his winter wear.

English Pete hangs his pistol on a under the table nail/hook.

Jody goes to the cellar door, throws it open, and tells his men;

JODY

Now remember, it doesn't matter if we have four men or forty, we're still gonna' be facing John Ruth chained to my sister with a pistol pointed at her belly. Now killin' that fella' 'fore he kills my sister, ain't gonna' be easy. But you best believe that's exactly what we're gonna' do. So the name of the game here is patience. Trapped here for two or three days, at some point, he will close his eyes.

GROUCH

I think the first forty-five seconds he's in the room is a good time.

JODY

If you gotta' shot Grouch, you take it.
But be right.

Jody disappears in the cellar, closing the door in the floor behind him, but before he does he yells to the seated General Smithers;

JODY

(yelling)

Remember old man, my sister don't leave this mountain alive, neither do you!

GEN.SMITHERS

(yells back)

I'll do my best!

The rest of the gang, Grouch, English Pete, and Marco the Mexican walk towards the front door. Marco is all bundled up. All three men look at each other. This is it. Good luck amigos. They pry open the door and Marco exits to deal with the stagecoach. Pete and Grouch nail the door shut.

SMASH CUT TO

(51)

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - DAY

TIME CUT: MINUTES LATER

JOHN RUTH KICKS OPEN THE DOOR (the front door of Minnie's), YANKING DOMERGUE in behind him, he SLAMS the door, only to see it doesn't have a lock.

We now show the audience this scene again, except this time from the perspective of The Domergue Gang, Grouch Douglass (Joe Gage), English Pete Hicox (Oswaldo Mobray) and Daisy Domergue.

After seeing MARCO THE MEXICAN (BOB) outside, Domergue sees her two favorite gang members inside, GROUCH DOUGLASS (JOE GAGE) and ENGLISH PETE HICOX (OSWALDO MOBRAY).

GROUCH DOUGLASS (JOE GAGE)	&	ENGLISH PETE HICOX (OSWALDO MOBRAY)
Sitting at his table.		Sitting in Sweet Dave's chair.

GROUCH(JOE) & ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
You have to nail it shut!

DOMERGUE & JOHN RUTH
look at them, "What?"

GROUCH(JOE) & ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
There's a hammer and nails by the door!

John Ruth turns to hold the door closed, sees the can of nails by his feet and the hammer lying beside it.

He indicates for Domergue to hold the door closed. She does.

John Ruth BANGS the nail with the hammer.

ENGLISH PETE, sitting in Sweet Dave's chair, watches the bounty hunter pound the nail. Then shifts his eyes over to Gen. Smithers, who looks down at his lap.

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
(whispering)
Look at me old man.

The Old Man brings his eyes up to the Englishman across from him.

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
Easy old boy. One wrong gesture...one
awkwardly worded sentence...I put a
bullet in your gizzard.

The BANGING stops.

Grouch (Joe) yells;

GROUCH(JOE)
You need to do...

English Pete joins in...

GROUCH & ENGLISH PETE
...two pieces of wood!

Both Domergue and John Ruth give them a bit of "a look", then turn back to the door and get to work.

BANG BANG BANG goes the hammer.

GROUCH DOUGLASS (JOE GAGE)
sits at his table with his diary and writing utensils in front of him.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN BELOW THE TABLE. We see Grouch fingering the pistol in his holster with his gun hand.

John Ruth finishes hammering in the second piece of wood.

JOHN RUTH
That door's a son of a gun. Who's the idiot that broke that, that Mexican fella'?

Him and Domergue turn to face the room.

DOMERGUE
sees ENGLISH PETE, who hops to his feet.

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
Good heavens, a woman out in this white hell.

Domergue smiles at Pete's foppish accent.

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
(to Domergue)
You must be frozen solid, poor thing.

JOHN RUTH
(to Oswald)
Where's the coffy?

English Pete points to the pot belly stove and the non deadly BLUE COFFY POT. John Ruth YANKS Domergue over to it.

ENGLISH PETE

as OSWALDO MOBRAY hurries over to where John Ruth is making coffy, and makes conversation. But his real purpose is to cut off John Ruth, and make the bounty hunter STOP and pay attention to the little English man. Which is another way of saying, not paying attention to Grouch Douglass, whose plan is to shoot John Ruth from his chair, if he can get a good shot, during the bounty hunter's first disorienting sixty seconds in the room.

JOHN RUTH

Looks like Minnie's got 'er a full house. When did you fellas arrive?

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)

About forty minutes ago.

UNDERNEATH GROUCH'S TABLE

His gun hand removes his pistol from its holster. The end of the barrel finds John Ruth.

John Ruth turns and gestures towards Grouch at the table. English Pete steps into Ruth's line of vision ever so slightly blocking his view.

JOHN RUTH

Is that your driver?

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)

No, he's a passenger. The driver lit out. He said he was going to spend the blizzard shacked up with a friend.

John Ruth was more concentrated on pouring his coffy than listening to English Pete's horse shit story.

JOHN RUTH

Lucky devil.

John Ruth takes a drink of coffy and spits it out.

JOHN RUTH

Jesus Christ, that's awful!

ENGLISH PETE & DOMERGUE

laugh.

JOHN RUTH

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

UNDERNEATH GROUCH'S TABLE
His thumb COCKS BACK the pistols hammer.

CAMERA BEHIND PISTOL
He moves the pistol barrel to get the best shot of John Ruth.

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
I think we all felt the same way, but
were a little too polite to say something.

DOMERGUE
He don't got that problem.

JOHN RUTH
Where's the coffy?

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
There.

John Ruth starts making coffy.

Giving Grouch Douglass a perfect target of his broad back.

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

English Pete catches Domergue's eye.

With his hand held low, he gestures with his fingers for her to step away from John Ruth (as much as she can).

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
Yes, all three of us were on that
stagecoach out there.

Domergue sees the gesture, and looks to Pete's eyes.

JOHN RUTH
Where's the well water?

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
Right there.

Domergue's eyes shift over to Grouch, and she sees the pistol pointed at John Ruth.

Daisy BLURTS OUT;

DOMERGUE
The new Sheriff of Red Rock is travelling
with us.

English Pete's eyebrows instinctively raise.

Grouch changes his mind about shooting John Ruth.

JOHN RUTH
Sheriff of Red Rock, that'll be the day!
If he's a goddamn sheriff, I'm a monkey's
uncle.

DOMERGUE
Good, then you can share bananas with
your nigger friend in the stable.

Both English Pete and Grouch Douglass hear this.

UNDERNEATH GROUCH'S TABLE

The pistol is replaced in its holster.

GROUCH
(to himself)
Look's like we're gonna' hafta' do this
the hard way.

Pete, hearing "nigger friend in the stable", but ignoring it, asks;

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)
So the new Sheriff of Red Rock is
travelling with you?

JOHN RUTH
He's lyin', he ain't Sheriff of nothin'.
He's a southern renegade. He's just talkin'
his way out of freezing to death, is all.

CUT TO

INT - MINNIE'S BASEMENT - UNDERGROUND

(52)

Jody Domergue listening to what's being said in the room above him.

As John Ruth talks brutal to his sister, a nasty sneer breaks out on Jody's mouth.

JOHN RUTH(OS)
(to Domergue)
What the fuck I tell you 'bout talkin'?
I will bust you in the mouth right in
front of these people, I don't give a
fuck!

JODY
(quietly to
himself)

I'll remember you said that to my
sister, when I cut off all your
fingers and make you eat them one by
one.

CUT TO BLACK

Chapter Five

Black night,
White Hell

CUT FROM BLACK:

(53)

MINNIE & SWEET DAVE'S IRON BED
It's empty.

We hear Chris say OFF SCREEN;

CHRIS(OS)
Put 'em on that bed.

Joe Gage ENTERS FRAME carrying Maj.Warren. While Joe Gage carries Maj.Warren, Maj.Warren carries his pistol, which he points at Joe Gage. Maj.Warren is paralyzed from the waist down, and is bleeding from the bullet wound in his back.

Joe Gage sits him down on the big bed.

CHRIS(OS)
Don't just plop him there like a sack
of potatoes. Make him comfortable.

Joe leans the Major's back against the bed's iron back in a sitting up position. Places his legs on the bed, and throws a blanket around his shoulders.

CHRIS(OS)
Now step away. Take your back and put
it against that wall.

Joe Gage leaves The SHOT, leaving the fucked up Maj.Warren alone in The SHOT.....Chris ENTERS The SHOT....bends down and speaks quietly to the Major.

CHRIS
How ya' doin' Marquis?

MAJ.WARREN
I'm bleedin' like a stuck pig. I'm burning up and freezin' at the same time. I can't move my legs. I'm gonna' die. And these motherfuckers did it. That's how I'm doin'. How you doin'?

CHRIS
Just make yourself comfortable.

MAJ.WARREN
Don't worry about my comfort, I can't feel my ass no more. Worry about these owl hoots and that back shooter in the basement.

CUT TO

INT - MINNIE'S HABERDASHERY - NIGHT

(54)

Domergue on the floor laughing at Maj.Warren, still chained to the dead John Ruth.

DOMERGUE

Ha ha ha ha, bushwacker don't like gittin'
shot in the back! Ha ha ha ha ha!
That's rich nigger, that's rich.

MAJ.WARREN ON THE BIG IRON BED
FIRES his pistol.

BANG!

The BULLET EXPLODES IN DOMERGUE'S LEG...SHE HOWLS LIKE A WOLF!
Her hand goes to her bloody leg, as she rolls around on the floor
in pain.

DOMERGUE

Jesus Christ!

MAJ.WARREN
laughs.

MAJ.WARREN

Oh, you believe in Jesus now, huh bitch?
Well good news, you 'bout to meet 'em.

The new tableau is Maj.Warren (shot in the back) on the big iron bed. Domergue (shot in the leg) still on the ground, still chained to the dead John Ruth. Oswaldo (shot in the chest) sitting in Sweet Dave's cozy chair. Joe Gage (not shot) standing under Chris' gun with his back against the wall. Chris (not shot) standing and orchestrating things...

and...

Jody (shot in the arm) down in the basement. Chris YELLS to the man in the basement;

CHRIS

You, down in the basement! You get your
ass up here, or I'm gonna blow Domergue's
goddamn head off!

Chris moves over to where Domergue is. He points the gun at her execution style.

CHRIS
(CON'T)

On three! One!.....Two!.....

We hear Jody YELL up from the basement;

JODY
Don't blow her I'm comin' up!

CHRIS
First! Open tha

Jody, hurt, YELLS back;

JODY(OS)
Hold it! I'm shot and the door's heavy,
and it hit me in the head!

CHRIS
I'm sorry you're havin' such a bad day!

Chris takes his foot and STOMPS his boot onto Domergue's leg wound. She SCREAMS!

CHRIS
(CON'T)
So is she! Now get that door open!

The Trap Door in the floor OPENS UP!

All ten eyes up top look at it.

CHRIS
Now throw out your pistols!

Still.....then....A single PISTOL flies up out of the basement, landing with a CLUNK on the hardwood floor.

CHRIS
Now the other one!

JODY(OS)
I only have one!

Maj.Warren, sweating profusely even though the shack is cold as hell, YELLS down to Jody;

MAJ.WARREN
Well motherfucker you better have another pistol! Cause if you don't throw a second one up here in the next two seconds we gonna' kill this bitch!

Beat.

Then a second PISTOL plops up out of the basement and onto the hard wood floor with a THUD.

CHRIS

Now, with your hands where I can see 'em,
slowly come on up!

Jody starts to climb out of the basement...slowly....he emerges from the hole in the floor.

Jody and Daisy see each other. It's the first time Daisy has seen her brother in the story.

With his hands raised, half in half out of the hole in the floor, he gives her a smile.

JODY

(to Domergue)

How ya' doin' dummy?

Domergue smiles back and says;

DOMERGUE

(To Jody)

Better now I see your ugly face.

JODY

smiles wider...WHEN....we hear a BANG...and a BULLET EXPLODES INTO JODY's BELLY! The bullet hits Jody just above the belt. He FALLS back down the hole in the floor, disappearing from sight. We hear his crash landing up top.

MAJOR WARREN

Smoking gun in his hand, YELLS to the man down in the hole;

MAJ.WARREN

How you like that one, spine shooter?

DOMERGUE

SCREAMS out in anguish.

Joe, standing back against the wall, and Oswaldo, in the chair watch this.

CHRIS

surprised, looks over to Maj.Warren.

MAJ.WARREN

looks back, and says to Chris;

MAJ.WARREN

Chris...shut that door.

Chris walks over to the door in the floor, and looks down in it.

CHRIS' POV:

We see straight down the ladder into the underground room. Jody is bleeding and holding his belly on the floor of the basement. Retching in unimaginable pain, as the lead ball that pierced his stomach leaks his gastric juices into his intestinal track.

(55)

With his foot, Chris Mannix lifts the door, and tips it over to shut position.

(56)

We can still hear Jody's muffled cries of agony down below their feet.

DOMERGUE

You mangy dogs, those goddamn rats 'ill eat 'em alive!

MAJ. WARREN

That's the general idea, bitch!

Domergue switches her intensity over to Chris;

DOMERGUE

Mannix, you sure picked the wrong time to turn into a nigger lover! That man in that basement dies, you ain't never leavin' this mountain alive. Don't you see that nigger and John Ruth put you smack dab in the middle of danger? You're about to be murdered in some nigger named Minnie's house, and you don't even know why!

CHRIS

Okay bitch, I'll bite...why?

DOMERGUE

I am workin with all three of them fellas...

(meaning Joe
Oswaldo and Bob)

...but not cause they got butterflies in their belly 'bout me. But because we're all members of The JODY DOMERGUE GANG (pronounced, DOE-MING-GREY). That fella' in the basement is Jody Domergue.

Maj.Warren over on the bed, didn't know that.

MAJ.WARREN

Last I heard about The Domergue Gang,
they were deep in Mexico, around
Chihuahua? What'd bring 'em out this
way?

DOMERGUE

Me. I'm Jody's sister.

CHRIS

Then how come y'all have different
names?

DOMERGUE

We don't, idiot!

CHRIS

Who the hell is Jody Doe-ming-grey?

DOMERGUE

Wanna' tell 'em bounty man?

We can still hear throughout this whole scene the SOUND of JODY DOMERGUE RETCHING in pain BELOW THEIR FEET.

MAJ.WARREN

(to Chris)

He's a big bad cat. He's worth fifty thousand dollars, and every member of his gang is worth at least ten.

(to Domergue)

Which finally explains why you're worth ten.

DOMERGUE

(to Maj.Warren)

And what's gonna' happen when that sun comes out nigger, so is my brother's fifteen men - comin' straight here for us!

(to Joe)

Tell 'em Grouch!

JOE(GROUCH)

Jody's got fifteen men waitin' in Red Rock. If we weren't able to kill John Ruth and free Daisy here. It's their job to sack the town, kill John Ruth and free Daisy there.

(to Chris)

But the point is Chris, you ain't part of this drama. We are, Warren is, Ruth was, but you ain't. So...let's make a deal?

CHRIS

(to Domergue)

Your gonna' make a deal with me? I just
shot your brother?

DOMERGUE

Yeah, but it was just his arm, and you
didn't know what you were doin'.

CHRIS

What if he's gotta' dead arm now?

DOMERGUE

Still, you didn't mean it - And it's
his left arm anyway. And it looks like
Warren killed 'em anyway. And I'm gonna'
probably lose my leg. Look, this
only works if we're all reasonable.
Now with my brother gut shot on that floor,
I'm in charge of this gang,

(YELLING to
Joe & Oswaldo)

Right boys?

JOE

back against the wall.

JOE GAGE

That's right, Daisy!

OSWALDO

coughs up a little blood, due to the bullet in his lung, into a
formally white handkerchief.

OSWALDO

Yeah.

DOMERGUE

And Chris I'm tellin' you, you ain't
done anything yet, we can't forgive.
So...let's make a deal?

The SWEATY, and NOW TREMBLING Maj.Warren COCKS BACK the hammer on
his pistol....

MAJ. WARREN

(to Domergue)

No deals, tramp!

Jackrabbit quick, she spits to Chris;

DOMERGUE

You gonna' let that nigger speak for
you Chris?

Maj.Warren starts to point the pistol in Daisy's direction.

When Chris turns to him and calls out;

CHRIS
(LOUD)
Hold it Warren!
(SOFTER)
Seein' as she ain't got nothin' to sell,
I'm kinda curious about her sales pitch.
(EVEN SOFTER)
Humor me.
(to Domergue)
All right, what's your deal?

DOMERGUE
(to Chris)
Here's the deal. Take your gun, shoot
that nigger dead, and get my brother outta'
that basement. THEN...we sit here all
nice like for the next two days. My
brother lives or dies, that's Warren's
fault not yours. At least he ain't bein'
eatin' alive by rats. When the snow melts
we go back to Mexico and you go on to
Red Rock to get that star pinned on
your chest.
(to OSWALDO)
Hey Pete, how much can we pay 'em?

Maj.Warren and Chris and Joe watch this whole negotiation from different perspectives.

Oswaldo (English Pete), dying in Sweet Dave's Chair, drops his foppish accent and says;

OSWALDO(ENGLISH PETE)
(to Domergue)
Well, we can give 'em Marco.
(to Chris)
Bob's real name is "Marco The Mexican".
He's worth twelve thousand dollars.

MAJ.WARREN
(to Oswaldo)
That's "Marco The Mexican"?

OSWALDO(ENGLISH PETE)
Precisely.

MAJ.WARREN
Well, after I blew his face off,
Marco ain't worth a peso.

OSWALDO(ENGLISH PEWTE)

Well then...if I die in the next two days, which is more than likely, you can have me. Under the name ENGLISH PETE HICOX I've gotta' fifteen thousand dollar federal bounty on my head.

(he points at
Chris with a
finger from a
bloody red hand)

And it's all yours Chris.

Maj.Warren threatens English Pete with his gun.

MAJ.WARREN

Keep talkin' Pete, you gonna talk
yourself to death.

(he shifts his
eyes over to
Joe Gage)

Who you be, Joe Gage?

JOE GAGE

GROUCH DOUGLASS.

CHRIS

(to Maj.Warren)

You know 'em?

MAJ.WARREN

(to Chris)

Yeah, I know of Grouch Douglass. He's
worth ten thousand, just like Domergue.

CHRIS

(to Domergue)

Remind me why wouldn't we just kill
all y'all and cash in?

Domergue reminds him.

DOMERGUE

(to Chris)

Oh, you can kill us all. But you'll never
spend a cent of that bounty money. And
you'll never leave this mountain alive.

(beat)

Because when that snow melts, the rest
of Jody's gang - all fifteen of 'em -
that were waiting in Red Rock are comin'
here.

(more)

DOMERGUE

(changing tone)

Now let's say you shoot us all. If you want all that Domergue Gang bounty money, you still got to get all our corpses into Red Rock. And that ain't gonna' be so easy. Cause I doubt you can drive a four horse team. And that wagon out there is too heavy for a two horse team. So that means you're gonna' hafta' lead a string of horses into Red Rock. And with that deep snow after a blizzard, you ain't gonna' be able to get away with any more then one body per horse. So that's YOU, leading a string of FOUR horses into Red Rock. And with all them horses, in that snow, and you all by your lonesome...you're gonna' be a mite poky. And your gonna' run smack dab into The Domergue Gang.

(to Grouch)

And again Grouch, how many is that?

GROUCH DOUGLASS

Fifteen killers strong.

DOMERGUE

And when those fifteen killers come across you, in possession of all of our dead bodies, they ain't just gonna' kill you and that nigger. There gonna go back to Red Rock and kill every son-of-a-bitch in that town. You really the Sheriff of Red Rock? You wanna' save the town? Then shoot that nigger dead!

Maj.Warren on the big iron bed FIRES his pistol.

Domergue's FOOT IS ALMOST BLOWN OFF by Maj.Warren's pistol.

Not because Maj.Warren was trying to shoot her in the foot. When he pulled the trigger he was positive it was a head shot. He's trembling so badly he can barely hold the pistol.

DOMERGUE'S SCREAMS
fill the rafters!

The SWEATING & TREMBLING MAJ.WARREN turns his pistol on the whole room, and says; "Anybody else wanna' make a deal?"

ENGLISH PETE HICOX (OSWALDO)

dying in Sweet Dave's Chair, looks at the bloody Daisy on the floor. Then takes a glance at his old friend Grouch Douglass standing against the wall at the mercy of Warren's and Chris' pistols. Knowing he ain't living through no blizzard, English Pete makes a move for his old friends. He coughs up a little more blood into the handkerchief, raises up a bloody finger, and says up to Chris;

ENGLISH PETE(OSWALDO)

Deal still goes Chris. You didn't do anything we can't forgive. It's still all on that nigger. Shoot 'em dead, take my body, and sit out the snow with Daisy and Grou -

MAJ.WARREN BLOWS ENGLISH PETE OUTTA' his chair with his pistol.

English Pete lies on the floor dead.

Grouch (Joe) YELLS at Chris;

GROUCH(JOE)

Stop 'em goddamit, he's gonna' kill us all!

Maj.Warren, now a little kill crazy, turns his pistol on Grouch (Joe) and FIRES...

...CLICK...

...Gun's empty.

Grouch (Joe) reacts to almost being shot...then his reaction to Maj.Warren's lack of bullets.

Domergue looks up from the floor at the sound of Maj.Warren holding an empty weapon.

Chris looks over to Maj.Warren on the big iron bed.

Maj.Warren, empty pistol in his hand, looks over to Chris...

Then...Chris looks over to Grouch Douglass (Joe Gage).

Chris says to Grouch and Domergue, as if they hadn't stopped talking;

CHRIS

So we sit here all nice and friendly like for the next two days, then the snow melts, and you leave here, meet up with your gang, and high tail it to Mexico? That's the deal, right?

The boy and the girl are as surprised as Maj.Warren over on the bed is.

DOMERGUE

Yeah.

GROUCH(JOE)

You bet.

CHRIS

And I get Oswaldo?

GROUCH(JOE)

Yeah.

CHRIS

What about Domergue's body if she dies,
and Jody's once he dies?

That's a lotta' money.

Maj.Warren SCREAMS at the North Carolina native;

MAJ.WARREN

You gonna make a deal with them
murderin' bastards?

Chris turns to Maj.Warren and says;

CHRIS

(to Maj.Warren)

I'm not sayin' I'm gonna' make a deal
with them we're just talkin'.

Calm down.

(back to Grouch
and Domergue)

So what about Domergue and Jody's body?

GROUCH(JOE)

No deal. We gonna' wanna' take 'em back
to Chihuahua with us. Jody's got children.

DOMERGUE

You'll never get my body, reb.

CHRIS

So I kill Warren and we're all friends?

DOMERGIUE

Yeah.

THEN....

SUDDENLY.....We hear The Many Many RATS in The Basement start their ATTACK of the dying Jody Domergue. WE HEAR BUT DON'T SEE HIM SCREAM and FIGHT BACK WILDLY.

Jody starts screaming for the people up top to save him.

The Men up top hear JODY'S SCREAMS.

CHRIS
(to Maj.Warren)
Hear that Warren?

Maj.Warren looks to Chris.

CHRIS
(to Maj.Warren)
Sounds like the basement's got 'em another rat fight goin' on.

MAJ.WARREN
(smiling)
Why yes it do. Jody Domergue vs. every motherfucking rat in the basement.

CHRIS
What was that that Smithers said about rat fights?

MAJ.WARREN
They fight till they die, or one realizes it's beat and gives up. But when it come to fightin' Jody, them rats ain't gonna ever give up.

Jody desperately pleads for the men up top to rescue him from the rats.

Chris calls down to Jody in the basement;

CHRIS
(shouting)
Jody I hate to tell ya', but you ain't never leavin' that basement alive! So if I was you, I'd make friends with them rats!

DOMERGUE
Chris you're makin' the biggest mistake of your life! When our boys get here in a coupla' days, their gonna cut your nuts off. And there won't be a stick left in that town unburnt.

CHRIS

Well I guess I should be plum scared
right now, huh?

DOMERGUE

If you had any brains, you would be.

CHRIS

(to Joe)

You see, here's the problem Joe.

(to domergue)

Here's the problem, Daisy.

In order for me to be scared of your
threats, I gotta' believe in those
fifteen extra gang members waitin'
it out in Red Rock.

And boy oh boy I sure don't.

Domergue SPITS OUT;

DOMERGUE

Then you'll die on this mountain, Mannix!

Chris doesn't stop for the interruption.

CHRIS

What I believe.... IS...Domergue is
what she's always been, a lyin' bitch
who will say anything to cheat that
rope waitin' for her in Red Rock.
Including shittin' out fifteen extra
gang members whenever she needs be.

Domergue interrupts;

DOMERGUE

My brother led a army of men!

CHRIS

Horse Shit! My daddy led a army, he led
a renegade army fightin' a lost cause!
He held up to four hundred men together
after the war with nothing but their
respect in his command. Your brother's just a
owl hoot who led a gang of killers.

CHRIS
(CON'T)

I BELIEVE, when it comes to what's left of The Jody Doe-ming-grey Gang...

(indicating the dead bodies on the floor)

...I'm lookin' at 'em, right here right now. And you know what Joe Gage or Grouch Douglass or whatever your name is, I believe YOU poisoned the coffy. And I believe Y'all Daisy, watched him do it. And you both almost watched me drink myself to death - but I'm suppose to trust you NOW? I gotta' hand it to y'all. Y'all know how to brazen it out to the bitter end.

(beat)

Well...just in case you ain't figured it out yet, this is the end.

Chris Mannix FIRES a bullet into Joe Gage's chest, blowing a chunk out of him and knocking him to the floor.

Joe Gage, now shot, tries to move on his back towards one of the tables that has a pistol stashed.

Domergue curses at Chris.

Maj.Warren yells from his bed to kill Joe Gage.

Chris FIRES down at Joe on the ground, HITTING HIM in the upper thigh.

Joe SCREAMS, but gets his hands on the pistol he stashed under the table, brings it up and FIRES!

The TWO MEN

One on the floor (Joe) and one standing (Chris) TRADE SHOTS at each other.

FIRING at Chris, Joe BLOWS OUT THE FRONT WINDOW - WIND WHIPS IN - Then Joe SHOOTS Chris TWICE - Once in the RIBS and once in the HIP - Chris FIRES at Joe Gage - hitting the floor several times before finally landing a killshot on Joe Gage.

Joe Gage dies.

Chris remains standing, but is doubled over in pain....Then suddenly...he CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

His PISTOL GOES SLIDING FROM HIS HAND in the middle of the floor.

Domergue, shot, sees this.

Mannix passes out.

She moves towards the gun, the chain holding her wrist to John Ruth, stops her.

Maj.Warren in bed, yells to Chris;

MAJ.WARREN
You still alive, boy?

Domergue DRAGS John's body to a shelf. On that shelf she picks up a hatchet, and starts HACKING John Ruth's ARM OFF.

Maj.Warren in the bed watches this and yells to Chris;

MAJ.WARREN
Unless your goddamn ass is nailed to the floor, you better wake the fuck up!

Domergue has almost CHOPPED THROUGH the arm.

Chris EYES FLUTTER....he's starting to come to.

Domergue, after HACKING AWAY at the arm with a hatchet, gives it A FEW GOOD YANKS, The Arm is TORN AWAY from John Ruth's body, John's Arm still in the manacle, still chained to Domergue's wrist.

Domergue is FREE!

Maj.Warren screams from his bed;

MAJ.WARREN
Wake up, white boy!

She rises to her feet.

Her EYES go to Chris' pistol.

Chris shakes the pain out of his head.

Domergue makes a RUNNING GRAB/DIVE for the Pistol.

Chris' arm comes OUT OF FRAME Picking Up The Pistol, COCKING BACK THE HAMMER, and pointing the barrel POINT BLANK in Domergue's face.

CHRIS
(to Maj.Warren)
I ain't dead yet, you black basterd.

Domergue doesn't move.

The WIND POURS INTO the house.

Maj.Warren sitting up on his bed, says;

MAJ.WARREN
You know Chris, I may have misjudged you.

Chris with his pistol barrel in Domergue's face.

CHRIS
This one did, that's for damn sure.
(to Domergue)
Now we come to the part of the story
where I blow your head off.

Maj.Warren YELLS from the bed;

MAJ.WARREN
Don't shoot her, Mannix!

CHRIS
Why the hell not?

MAJ.WARREN
John Ruth might of been one mighty mighty
bastard. But the best thing that bastard did
'fore he died was save your life.
(beat)
Now with everything that's happened, I think
it's pretty safe to say the only thing surviving
this blizzard is them rats down there! We're
gonna die, white boy. And we ain't got no say
in that. But there's one thing left we do have
a say in. How we kill this bitch. And I "say",
shootin's too good for her. If John Ruth wanted
to shoot her, he coulda shot her anytime anywhere
along the way. But John Ruth was "The Hangman".
And when The Hangman catches ya', you don't die
by a bullet in the face, when The Hangman catches
ya', you hang.

Chris starts to catch Maj.Warren's drift.

CHRIS
(remembering)
"You only need to hang Mean Bastards.
But Mean Bastards, you need to hang".

CUT TO

(57)

A HANGMAN'S NOOSE is put around Domergue's neck.

Chris throws the rope over the ceiling beam, it makes him cringe.

Chris leaning against the bed, with Maj.Warren's help, HOISTS THE ROPE...

PULLING ON DOMERGUE'S NECK and lifting her feet off the ground.

Domergue KICKS HER FEET.

Chris and Maj.Warren YANK HARD on the rope, SCREAMING!

Domergue is YANKED WAY UP. She hangs by the neck, suffocating, while John Ruth's wrist hangs off of her chain.

DOMERGUE'S FACE
as the rope cuts in.

CHRIS SCREAMS!

CHRIS

As my first and final act as the Sheriff of Red Rock, I sentence you, Domergue, to hang by the neck until dead.

He YANKS the rope again.

She goes higher.

As she twists and turns, Chris ties off the rope and collapses on the floor.

The blistering wind moves the kicking and fighting Domergue around at the end of the rope.

Until she fights and kicks herself out, and is just hanging from the rope dead.

Chris on the floor by the bed, and Maj.Warren on the bed look up and watch her die.

After she dies, Chris looks up at Maj.Warren;

CHRIS

Hey, can I see that Lincoln Letter?

MAJ.WARREN

Sure.

Maj.Warren reaches his bloody hand into his jacket, and pulls out the letter, smearing red blood all over the white envelope. He hands it to Chris, who with dripping red blood hands of his own, takes the envelope, opens it up, and takes out the letter, smearing blood all over it.

Chris reads it, as the WIND BLOWS inside, Domergue SWINGS from the rope, and Jody SCREAMS as the rats devour him.

Just then, CEASER The CAT, who must of been hiding all this time, finally decides the anxiety in Minnie's has calmed down considerably, and jumps up on the bed, joining the two men.

He's hungry, and makes a hungry sound to the fella's.

Maj.Warren looks over at the cat.

MAJ.WARREN
Where did you come from?

Chris reads.

CHRIS
"Ole' Mary Todd". That's a nice touch.

MAJ.WARREN
Thanks.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

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