

EXT. THE SANTOS GENERAL STORE - THAT INSTANT

The entire store follows the wooden crates and blows sky-high: a million splinters of infernal chaos.

EXT. SANTOS MAIN STREET - DOWN THE STREET

Billy Joseph and his little friend turn to the sight of the exploding General Store in sheer terror...

BILLY

Daddy--?

EXT. SANTOS BACK STREETS - THE SILHOUETTED FIGURE

hides the rifle beneath his slicker and walks off...

EXT. SANTOS MAIN STREET - PEOPLE CONVERGE

on the demolished General Store in trepidation...

INT. SANTOS SHERIFF'S OFFICE - THE MAIN ROOM

Sheriff Colt storms in, loads his rifles. The newly-formed Back-Up Deputies gather anxiously around...

SHERIFF COLT

This stops now!

BACKUP DEPUTY

We'll find this nut, Sheriff.

MARSHAL HICKOCK

You wanna help, get out there and calm everybody down.

BACKUP DEPUTY

McKeever's store just blew up with God only knows how many people inside, and you want me to calm everybody down?!

(beat)

Sorry, Marshal -- can't be done.

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Marshal Hickock grabs the Back-Up Deputy by the throat,
shoves him hard into

AN EMPTY JAIL CELL,

slams the bars shut on him.

MARSHAL HICKOCK

Then you can stay here.

(down-to-business)

The only people who are gonna
track down anyone around here are
myself, my handpicked men, and
Sheriff Colt and his men.

The Back-Up Deputy lunges at the bars...

BACKUP DEPUTY

Hey, you can't put me in here!

Marshal Hickock looks at the rest of the common town-
folk gathered that are looking to become vigilantes.

MARSHAL HICKOCK

The rest of you can join him in
the jail cell or you can do as I
say and get out there and calm
everybody down.

BACKUP DEPUTY

Hey, come on! This ain't funny,
dammit! Get me out of here!

Sheriff Colt steps to Marshal Hickock as the town-folk
hesitantly step out of the building...

SHERIFF COLT

(at low breath)

What in Hell 'you doing, Marshal?
You get the town against you, it's
all over. We could use these men.

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MARSHAL HICKOCK

For what, Sam?

SHERIFF COLT

Black Horse and his outlaws.

MARSHAL HICKOCK

We can use them later when we go after them. Right now we need to find the person who blew up that building.

SHERIFF COLT

Black Horse, dammit! Who else 'you think might've--?!

MARSHAL HICKOCK

Black Horse and his men did not do this, Sam.

An ominous and awkward moment of silence... The two leaders stare each other down... Then...

SHERIFF COLT

This was your boy who done this?

Marshal Hickock's intense stare is as good as a written confession. He turns and grabs extra ammunition...

MARSHAL HICKOCK

You'll notice he's never at a loss for creativity.

SHERIFF COLT

You've got no evidence or nothin' to go on, Marshal.

(beat)

You're making a rotten stink for nothin'. No one will follow you, not even your own men. People are dying all around you, dammit!

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