

COWBOY GIRLS

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY

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(DRAFT - 2011)

PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. VERANDA. FALLS COUNTY, TEXAS. 1920-
(PRESENT DAY)

MUSIC. A handsome, tough woman, MAEVE (60's) stands on her wooden Veranda. The HOUSE, huge, Gothic, stands proudly alone on the flat, endless plain. The huge wooden covered Veranda wraps around the house, overlooking the land. MAEVE squints into the sun and surveys her massive ranch. Her face is weather-beaten, tanned, but her green eyes are still young.

MAEVE stares breathes hard. Her ranch, MAEVE MORGAN'S ranch - the biggest ranch in the County. A metal 'M' swings above the ranch, MAEVE'S branding motif - 'M' for MAEVE, 'M' for 'MORGAN'. MAEVE takes out a cigar, as her Butler, ELROY, African-American, (50's) comes out onto the veranda. ELROY lights MAEVE's cigar. ELROY retires. MAEVE draws on her cigar, whispers.

MAEVE

Johnny ..? You out there, Johnny?

MAEVE beats back tears and blows out a SMOKE RING

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-TITLE. EXT. DONEGAL, IRELAND. VALLEY - DAY. 1875

MOVING SHOT of YOUNG MAEVE (15), raven-haired, pretty, and her sister BRIGE (14), ginger-haired, freckled, riding two PONIES bareback. They WHOOP and SHRIEK as they gallop

MAEVE

Come on, Misty. I'm gonna win
this feckin' race. I always win!

Their cousin, SEAN O'MARA, a few years older, gallops after them on a pony. SEAN shouts after her:

SEAN

I'm gonna get yer', Maeve Morgan -
when I get yer', gonna have yer!

MAEVE LAUGHS WILDLY and gallops ahead of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. HAYLOFT. DONEGAL - LATER

We see BRIGE, wide-eyed, sitting on a large hay bale listening to MAEVE and SEAN upstairs. We hear MAEVE'S SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER (00V). SEAN appears down a ladder, doing up his trousers. SEAN grins proudly

SEAN

You're next, Brige!

BRIGE shrinks back, terrified as SEAN goes out. Scrambling up the ladder, BRIGE sees MAEVE, chewing on a piece of straw.

BRIGE
W-w-what was it like, Maeve?!

MAEVE
Feckin' great, Brige!

BRIGE
B-but Maeve? Sean's our
c-c-c-cousin?

MAEVE
So feckin' what, Brige? You gotta
start somewhere!

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. DIRT COTTAGE. SIX MONTHS LATER - 1875

MAEVE and BRIGE are seated with their YOUNGER SISTERS AND BROTHERS around a small table. The room is dirty, a tiny fire smoking out the room. MAEVE looks horrified as her MOTHER spoons portions of GRASS onto their plate. MAEVE GAGS on the GRASS as BRIGE makes a face at her, retching. PATRICK SLAPS MAEVE HARD on the head.

PATRICK
Cows eat grass, so can we! EAT!

MAEVE's eyes widen as she shoves some grass into her mouth. Tears come into her eyes as she swallows. BRIGE WRETCHES.

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. COTTAGE. EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING

We see MAEVE, BRIGE and the THREE YOUNGER CHILDREN asleep in one bed, a threadbare blanket covering them. MAEVE eyes closed, rubs her stomach - she is pregnant. MAEVE'S eyes snap open as she hears LOUD BANGING noises.

KATHLEEN
The Bailiff is upon us? Get up,
girls, get out!

MAEVE and BRIGE jump up, horrified, grabbing the FOUR SMALLER CHILDREN. MASKED MEN peer through the windows, CLATTERING LOUDLY on the windows with large WOODEN STICKS.

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. EXT ROOF. COTTAGE - SAME TIME

TWO MASKED MEN on the roof SAW through the main beam of the house, scrambling downwards as the cottage COLLAPSES.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-TITLE EXT. COTTAGE, COUNTY DONEGAL - BIT LATER

The family stand by a road in front of the remains of their wrecked Cottage the FLAMES dying down. A NUN, SISTER IMMACULATA, stands near a HORSE and CART as the family's possessions are piled on. KATHLEEN, clutching her TODDLERS, spits at the MASKED MEN standing around.

KATHLEEN

British whore monger? Where will
we go? Where?!

MAEVE watches her MOTHER and YOUNGER SIBLINGS now wave from the back of the CART. SISTER IMMACULATA takes MAEVE by the arm as BRIGE cries. A nearby TINKER plays the fiddle.

KATHLEEN

Never let go of yer land, Maeve,
ya hear? Land is all ya got!

MAEVE GASPS loudly and cries, horrified - her eyes widen as she watches her MOTHER and FAMILY move off in the cart.

TINKER

(singing)

Dear son, I loved my native home
with energy and pride,
Till a blight came o'er my crops,
my sheep and cattle died ..

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-TITLE. EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. TEXAS - VERANDA, 1920

MAEVE, (60) rhythmically BANGS the floor of the veranda with her WOODEN STICK. She sings, her voice low, harsh.

MAEVE

(singing)

They set our house on fire, with
their cruel, foreign spleen,
And that's the real reason why I
left old Skibbereen!

ELROY behind a mesh door sighs deeply and shoots a look to COOK in the background. COOK (50's) shakes her head sadly.

DISSOLVE TO:

PRE-TITLE INT. CONVENT, EIGHT MONTHS LATER - 1875 - DAY

A LARGE CRUCIFIX on a wall. We are in the Convent run by THE NUNS OF THE HOLY ORDER. MAEVE is mid-labour, in a plain room with a large crucifix above the bed. She SCREAMS. A NUN, SISTER ALFONSUS (50's), SLAPS MAEVE hard across the face. MAEVE SCREAMS and pushes the BABY out.

SISTER IMMACULATA

A fine baby boy? He's going to a good home, so he is, Maeve!

TWO NUNS come and wrench THE BABY from MAEVE and MAEVE sinks her teeth into the hand of one of the NUNS. THE NUN YELPS, pulling away the BABY. SISTER IMMACULATA cuts a lock of THE BABY's hair, putting the hair in a SILVER HEART SHAPED LOCKET. MAEVE, fingers the LOCKET, hopeless.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

PRE-TITLE. INT. ROOM. CONVENT, 1880. FIVE YEARS LATER. DAY

MAEVE (21), raven haired, beautiful, dazzling, grins slowly, playing cards. MAEVE slaps down a ACE. SISTER IMMACULATA, smoking a CIGAR, hands a PENNY to MAEVE,

SISTER IMMACULATA

Cleaned me out, Maeve. Best pack me bags and go diggin' for all that gold out West!

MAEVE, eyes widening, thinks hard as she fingers the shiny PENNY, stealing SISTER IMMACULATA'S CIGAR from the ashtray and blowing out SMOKE RINGS.

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. CORRIDOR. CONVENT. DAY

BRIGE (20) is scrubbing the floors on her hands and knees of this vast entrance hall. SISTER ALFONSUS is nearby. SISTER ALFONSUS comes over and kicks over the bucket of dirty water. MAEVE is watching, through a half-open door.

SISTER ALFONSUS

Dirty, filthy Morgan girl - lick it up now? Lick it clean!

MAEVE's eyes widen with anger as BRIGE sobbing, leans down and starts licking the floor. SISTER ALFONSUS laughs harshly and marches off. MAEVE hisses at BRIGE.

MAEVE

Brige? We's getting out of this hell hole - got a plan!

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. DORMITORY, CONVENT - LATER

BRIGE is under the sheets of her bed with COUSIN SEAN.
BRIGE and SEAN emerge, panting.

SEAN

I've got the nag. We's goin'
diggin' for gold. Dawn it is!

BRIGE nods as SEAN climbs out of the open window and down a
drainpipe. A JEALOUS GIRL (MARY) looks over.

JEALOUS GIRL (MARY)

Why do you Morgan girls have all
the fun?

BRIGE smiles slightly and shrugs

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. SIN BIN, CONVENT - EARLY MORNING

MAEVE kneeling, puts her hands together in prayer.

MAEVE

Lord? Help a good Catholic girl?
Alright, a lousy feekin'
Catholic, but still a Catholic,
Lord?!

MAEVE hears a WHISTLE as she peers through the grilled
window. SEAN is attaching a huge rope to the grill. MAEVE
hears SISTER ALFONSUS and ANOTHER NUN outside the room. The
grill at the window CREAKS and suddenly pulls away...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIN BIN, CONVENT. SAME TIME. MORNING

SEAN is on a HORSE, with ropes dragging away the grilled
window. MAEVE climbs through, head first. She stops

MAEVE

Hang on, Sean?! Want the Sisters
to see me finest asset!

MAEVE GIGGLES, breathless and pulls up her skirts

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. 'SIN BIN' - SAME TIME

SISTER ALFONSUS and the OTHER NUN open the door to see.
MAEVE'S BARE BOTTOM through the window. We hear MAEVE
LAUGHING LOUDLY (OOV). The NUNS GASP and SISTER ALFONSUS
falls backwards in horror being caught by the OTHER NUNS.

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. INT. DORMITORY, CONVENT, SAME TIME

BRIGE stands on the window ledge, fully dressed, clutching a small bag. BRIGE looks frozen with fear.

JEALOUS GIRL (MARY)
Jump, Brige! Jump for all us
fallen girls!

BRIGE crosses herself, and SCREAMING, jumps.

CUT TO:

PRE-TITLE. EXT/INT. DORMITORY, CONVENT - SAME TIME.

SISTER ALFONSUS and the NUNS watch at the window in horror as the girls gallop away. MAEVE shouts.

MAEVE
So long, Sisters! Pray for us
Morgans girls!

TITLE FADES UP: 'COWBOY GIRLS' (TITLE FADES DOWN)

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. MAEVE'S VERANDA, TEXAS, 1920 - PRESENT DAY - DAY

MAEVE (60's) shakes her head and cackles softly, remembering. She RINGS a HAND BELL. ELROY comes out carrying a tray. He hands a glass of lemonade to MAEVE who smiles up at him.

MAEVE
Thank you, Elroy. The river's
dried up again? Where's Matty?

MAEVE picks up her BINOCULARS lying on a table and peers through them into the vast horizon. ANGLE ON MATT (39) red hair, freckles, just like his mother, BRIGE. MATT gallops towards MAEVE and ties up his HORSE, jumping up the steps. MATT pours himself some lemon juice. ELROY gulps hard.

ELROY
Mizz Morgan? Cook took a
telephone call from Ireland when
you was out riding. Lady said she
would call back!

A BEAT. MAEVE GASPS. ELROY bites his lip and collecting the glasses, retires. MATT clears his throat, nervously.

MATT
Aunt Maeve? We ain't had no
visitors for five years? Can get
lonesome out here ...

MAEVE

Foals are comin' through. Saddle
me up, will ya, Matty?

MATT sighs in frustration. He shrugs and slowly walks down the steps. MAEVE, reeling, now grabs the balustrade. A BEAT

MAEVE

Adelaide? Told you if you feckin'
came back, I'd shoot you dead!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION HOUSE. NEW YORK. 1880. DAY.

We see a fabulously ornate Mansion in a tree lined street - proud and emblematic of the huge wealth of the 'New Age'.

CUT TO:

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. MANSION. NEW YORK. 1880

We see ADELAIDE (25) intelligent and strong-minded, seated at her dressing table in her corsets. ADELAIDE stares at herself in the mirror and sighs deeply. She opens a drawer in her dressing table and takes out a book. ANGLE ON a PHOTOGRAPH of 'BELLE STAR, COWGIRL', high in the saddle of her horse, shooting two pistols. ADELAIDE'S eyes widen

ADELAIDE

'The Life and Adventures of Belle
Starr, Bandit Queen', handsomely
and profusely illustrated!

ADELAIDE giggles and stares into the mirror and holds up two fingers like a gun, and blows the tops of her fingers.

ADELAIDE

Bang, bang, you're dead!

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL/SANDY BAY. DONEGAL, IRELAND - DAYS LATER

We see MAEVE on one HORSE and BRIGE seated behind SEAN on his HORSE. They ride past some BURNT OUT COTTAGES, passing A FEW FAMILIES in rags. They ride around a hill and see, a huge WOODEN SHIP at a small JETTY. SEVERAL HALF-STARVED FAMILIES form a queue on the beach. OFFICIALS are stamping documents. CHILDREN WAIL as their MOTHERS stare at them - 'POTATO FAMINE' victims. MAEVE bites her lip anxiously. A LARGE, RED-FACED WOMAN nearby plays the ACCORDION.

RED-FACED WOMAN

(singing)

Farewell to old Ireland, the land
of my childhood,

RED-FACED WOMAN

(singing)

Which now and forever I'm obliged
to leave ...

THE CAPTAIN'S MATE, looks down from the Ship's deck at MAEVE on the beach. MAEVE slowly grins at him and lifts up the hem of her skirt. THE CAPTAIN'S MATE laughs and nods at her, she's on. MAEVE indicates SEAN but the CAPTAIN'S MATE shakes his head. MAEVE rolls her eyes

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EARLY EVENING. MOMENTS LATER

A FEW CHILDREN play on the sand. ANGLE ON SEAN, as he stares out to sea as the SHIP sails away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

MAEVE is alone on the deck. We can hear the LOW MOANS of the STEERAGE PASSENGERS in the ship's hold as BABIES CRY. MAEVE kisses the SILVER LOCKET around her neck

MAEVE

Make me millions, then I'll send
for ya, Johnny, so I will. I'll
send for ya!

MAEVE wipes her eyes but the tears keep coming. SHE SINGS

MAEVE

(singing)

I ... am bidding farewell to the
land of me birth,
To wander far over the sea!

CAPTAIN'S MATE

Fine singing, Paddy girl. Not too
rough for you?

MAEVE slowly wipes her eyes. She turns round and starts to grin as the CAPTAIN'S MATE's eyes widen. Maeve giggles.

MAEVE

I love a rough crossing, Mister.
Harder the better!

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN, SHIP - BIT LATER. EARLY EVENING.

MAEVE and BRIGE are lying snugly on some bags of huge bags of rice stacked up in the Crew's Kitchen. They are hungrily tearing at legs of chicken.

BRIGE
 Life of Riley. Yeh's fixed it
 again, Maeve!

MAEVE smiles smugly and stretches out on the bags of rice

MAEVE
 A girl must do what she
 shouldn't, to get where she must!

BRIGE suddenly gulps hard and looks nervous. A BEAT.

BRIGE
 P-p-pity about Cousin Sean, but
 he did steal me chastity?

MAEVE
 No ...? Sean's our feckin'
 cousin?!

BRIGE
 You g-g-got to start somewhere,
 Maeve. Said so yerself!

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION HOUSE. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM - 1880 DAY

ADELAIDE, seated at her dressing table, reading her book. A KNOCK. ADELAIDE quickly puts the book away in her drawer MILLY (16) the pretty and flirtacious young MAID comes in. ADELAIDE sighs deeply and nods. MILLY pulls at the cords at the back of ADELAIDE'S corset. ADELAIDE winces as her younger sister, JO (18), blonde ringlets, pretty comes in. MILLY ties a bow and leaves. ANOTHER KNOCK. WILFRED (60's), white haired, walrus moustache comes in.

WILFRED
 Splendid news, girls! The
 Stuyvesants are attending the
 Wedding as is Mrs. Astor. A
 railroad man like myself one of
 Mrs. Astor's elite? It's the New
 Age, indeedy!

ADELAIDE wriggles around. She looks very unhappy.

ADELAIDE
 There is something shifty about
 Charles, Poppa.

JO
 It's those pearly white spats!

WILFRED

Bah! Rhode Island snob talk.
Charles is an English aristocrat
and a lawyer. The union of our
two estates is an honour!

ADELAIDE

But I went to Vassar to become a
lawyer myself!

WILFRED places his hands on ADELAIDE'S shoulders. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE

It's the New Age and us girls are
making our own way in the world!

WILFRED

Adelaide? You're a woman of
intelligence and strong ideals,
but you're not getting any
younger. Your mother so wanted
you to wear this.

They both stare into the mirror. WILFRED takes out a
sparkling RUBY CHOKER. THE CHOKER DAZZLES. JO's eyes widen.
WILFRED wipes a tear from and slowly fixes the RUBY CHOKER
around ADELAIDE'S neck. ADELAIDE breathes hard. A BEAT.

WILFRED

You're a Hartington Girl. Be
proud, my darling. You will make
Charles a fine asset!

WILFRED plants a kiss on her head and leaves. Tears of
anger roll down ADELAIDE'S cheeks as she struggles with the
RUBY CHOKER locked around her neck. JO gulps hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP. NEW YORK - DAY. A FEW WEEKS LATER

We see the SHIP sail into NEW YORK HARBOUR. MAEVE and
BRIGE are on the top deck, highly excited. They slowly sail
by the IRON BUILT BEGINNINGS OF THE `STATUE OF LIBERTY' - a
FEW HUNDRED FEET or so of OF ROUGH IRON WORK. MAEVE stares
over, puzzled, and nudges BRIGE. BRIGE shrugs and nudges
FRANCES. FRANCES hisses to BRIGE

FRANCES

It's the Statue of Liberty!

BRIGE

S-statue of L-l-liberty, Maeve!

MAEVE

Liberty? What the feck's that
then?

THE CAPTAINS MATE appears with SEVERAL OTHER SAILORS.

CAPTAINS MATE

The Port Authorities have ordered
all in Steerage to remain on
board for three weeks. Typhus and
Cholera are rife. First Class
Passengers may descend!

ANGRY SHOUTS of disbelief from the STEERAGE PASSENGERS.
MANY WOODEN ROWING BOATS appear around the SHIP crammed
with RELATIVES of the passengers. Some hold up PLACARDS
with names on - 'O'Leary', 'O'Mara', etc - and SHOUT UP.

MAEVE

I ain't dyin' on this feekin'
tub. I came to America to live!

A FEW PASSENGERS scramble overboard. MAEVE shouts overboard
to SOME MEN in a boat who hold a sign saying 'O'LEARY'.

MAEVE

O'Learys?! Up here! Up here, I'm
tellin' ya!!!

THE O'LEARYS look up from their boat. BRIGE, horrified,
rushes over and grabs MAEVE'S arm as MAEVE rushes off

BRIGE

B-b-but I can't swim, Maeve?!

MAEVE

Who cares, Brige? The feekin'
sharks don't!

MAEVE leaps into the ROWING BOAT, caught by THREE BURLY
MEMBERS of the O'LEARY CLAN. BRIGE'S freezes in terror. We
MAEVE and the O'LEARY'S (OOV) shout 'JUMP, BRIGE, JUMP?!!!'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM MANSION HOUSE, NEW YORK - DAY

(OOV - SPLASH OF WATER AND BRIGE'S LOUD SCREAMS) We PAN UP
some GLEAMING WHITE SPATS, belonging to CHARLES (Mid-30's),
English, pencil moustache, extremely handsome, charming and
very 'dapper'. WILFRED, pours a brandy for CHARLES, seated
opposite him on a high backed sofa.

WILFRED

Charles won't bite, Adelaide. Say
something, me dear?

ADELAIDE

How is England?

CHARLES
 Syphilis is raging, child
 prostitution rampant, Gladstone
 is driving us all bonkers and the
 Boer War drags on - an utter
 bore!

WILFRED LAUGHS but ADELAIDE stiffens with distaste

ADELAIDE
 May I be excused, Poppa? I have
 some studies to attend to.

ADELAIDE leaves. WILFRED pours CHARLES a brandy, sighing.

WILFRED
 Adelaide's very serious-minded.
 Needs someone to? You know?
 Loosen her up!

WILFRED LAUGHS loudly and winks at CHARLES, WHACKING
 CHARLES hard on the back. CHARLES chokes on his tea.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. QUAY, NEW YORK 1880 - DAY. SAME TIME

MAEVE and BRIGE are on the QUAY, dodging the CROWDS of
 IMMIGRANTS. MAEVE, jaunty and determined, pulls BRIGE
 through the crowds. BRIGE giggles nervously, wide eyed. AN
 ORGAN GRINDER with his MONKEY on his shoulder, throws BRIGE
 an ORANGE from his cart. BRIGE stares in confusion and
 tries to bite the peel - it's bitter. In another part of
 the CROWD, the THREE O'LEARY BROTHERS angrily look for them

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK - 1880. NEXT DAY. DAY.

ADELAIDE and CHARLES sit in the back of an OPEN TOPPED
 CARRIAGE, being driven by a GROOM and HORSES through the
 park. MILLY, ADELAIDE'S MAID, sits next to the GROOM.
 ADELAIDE, trapped, hugely frustrated, twizzles her parasol

CHARLES
 Ever play poker, old bean?
 Spiffing good fun!

ADELAIDE rolls her eyes, irritated as CHARLES LAUGHS
 loudly. TWO OLDER LADIES, greet them as they pass.

OLDER LADY (ONE)
 Is this your English beau, Miss
 Adelaide?

OLDER LADY (TWO)
 Real British aristocracy? My?!

CHARLES beams and waves at THE TWO OLDER LADIES as they drive on. They swoon. The CARRIAGE now turn a corner and approaches a bench, enclosed by some BUSHES. THE CARRIAGE stops and THE GROOM jumps down to assist ADELAIDE in getting down. They sit down on the bench. ADELAIDE glares

ADELAIDE

I have turned down two suitors to date. An illiterate Engineer from Boston and a sour-breathed nincompoop from the Delaware. What could you offer me, Charles, that those two men could not? We don't even talk the same language!

CHARLES

A country manor and a town house in London and when married can assure you of a stiff and jolly ride!

CHARLES grins, breathing hard as ADELAIDE reels back.

ADELAIDE

I understood that, Charles! How dare you?!

ADELAIDE SLAPS CHARLES'S face hard. ANGLE ON A MAN, hidden by some trees, near the bushes, who watches them. This is JAMES R. McCREADY, (mid-30's), a SCOTTISH BOUNTY HUNTER, muscular, ruggedly handsome, a working-class Glaswegian. Large hat pulled down, McCREADY'S breathes hard in anger. ANGLE ON CHARLES, reeling, rubs his cheek, blustering

ADELAIDE

This marriage would never work! Milly, my bonnet?!

MILLY sticks her head out of the bushes and rushes over as ADELAIDE gets up and puts on her bonnet. ADELAIDE walks back to the bench and CHARLES smiles sweetly up at her.

CHARLES

Do please let's kiss and make up?

A BEAT. ADELAIDE slowly sits down, and suddenly smiles, her eyes narrowing in thought.

ADELAIDE

First you must adapt to our rebel Yankee ways. Let's play the New York dating game. It's spiffing good fun, old bean!

CHARLES nods, shuts his eyes and licks his lips eagerly.

ADELAIDE

Close your eyes and count to
twenty. Then, eyes still very
closed, lean forward and kiss
your Lady love

CHARLES

One, two, three, four, five ...

ADELAIDE quickly tiptoes off as MILLY rushes forward and
sits down next to CHARLES, revealing a toothless grin.

CHARLES

Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen,
eighteen, nineteen, twenty!

CHARLES, eyes still shut, leans in and kisses MILLY.
CHARLES opens his eyes as MILLY giggles. ANGLE ON MCCREARY
behind the trees. MCCREARY spins round and sees ADELAIDE
running through the trees, she trips and falls, flying
forward onto some leaves. She SHRIEKS and MCCREARY runs
over and taking her hand, helps ADELAIDE up. MCCREARY,
grins nervously as ADELAIDE stares in shock at him and runs
off as MCCREARY sighs hard, biting his lip.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN - BIT LATER

MAEVE and BRIGE trudge the CROWDED streets of Lower East
Side. MAEVE clutches a bit of paper in her hand. BRIGE
looks terrified, as dark-skinned YOUNG ITALIAN MEN hang out
of tenement windows and WOLF-WHISTLE at them. MAEVE stops -
this is where the O'MARAS live. A couple of the O'MARA
BOYS, handsome, but gaunt, step forward.

O'MARA BOY (1)

Fresh fruit off the boat? Let's
have a squeeze, then, girlies?

MAEVE pushes her way past them, managing to 'knee' O'MARA
BOY (2) in his private parts as she passes. He doubles up.

O'MARA BOY (2)

A feckin' wildcat from the bog?!

O'MARA BOY (1) grabs the ORANGE from BRIGE as she passes.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. O'MARAS' TENEMENT - DAY

BABIES WAIL as MAEVE knocks on a door. A pale CHILD opens
the door slowly. MAEVE and BRIGE nervously enter and see
THE O'MARAS in a dingy room, huddled over a pot of tea, the
room smoke-filled. MRS. O'MARA, thin, tall, red faced,
smokes a long pipe. She jumps up and rushes towards them.

MRS. O'MARA
The Morgan girls? Come in now,
girls! You must be starved?

MRS. O'MARA kicks one of her older boys off a chair. MAEVE
coughs on the smoke from MRS. O'MARA'S pipe

MRS. O'MARA
How is me darlin' sister
Kathleen?

MAEVE
Gone to the poorhouse, Aunt Beth.

MRS. O'MARA reels back, horrified.

MRS. O'MARA
No ... Bejayzis, no?! The
Hibernian brothers will avenge us
all! Blood will flow, I'm
tellin' ya, blood will flow!

MRS. O'MARA crosses herself, sobbing, coughing on her pipe
and collapsing into her chair. MAEVE steps forward

MAEVE
We's here to earn our fortune,
Aunt Beth, and then we will send
for Ma, Pa, and the babbies.

BRIGE
We's diggin' for g-g-gold!

PATRICK
Ha! 'Ent no gold in the Bowery,
Cuz!

MAEVE and BRIGE reel back with disappointment. MRS. O'MARA
clouts PATRICK across the head with her pipe.

MRS. O'MARA
Stop yer jawin', you two and get
the flamin' pot on. The young
ladies must be starved?

BRIGE
W-w-e's Americans now, Aunt Beth!

SEAMUS opens the lid of a big cooking pot and pulls out a
tiny rasher of burnt bacon, and grins broadly.

SEAMUS
Welcome to America, ladies!

CUT TO:

INT. O'MARA'S BEDROOM NIGHT - FEW HOURS LATER

MAEVE and BRIGE are packed together in a bed with TWO OTHER O'MARA GIRLS and THREE O'MARA BOYS - arms and legs everywhere. The SNORING is deafening. BRIGE turns over and looks at MAEVE as a TRAIN rattles past nearby.

BRIGE

Can't sleep a wink. Least we had
our own b-b-beds in the Convent!

MAEVE sighs deeply. PATRICK, eyes shut, reaches over his SLEEPING SISTER and places his hand on MAEVE's breast. He slowly squeezes MAEVE's breast, his eyes shut. MAEVE picks up PATRICK's hand and slowly sinks her teeth into it. PATRICK SCREAMS as A TRAIN RATTLES PAST LOUDLY

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM MANSION HOUSE, NEW YORK - NEXT DAY

ADELAIDE, deep in thought, is in a vast and elegant drawing room, playing the piano. JO, comes in. She comes over and sits next to ADELAIDE on the stool next to the piano seat.

JO

Poppa is planning to sell this
old piano once you're married.

ADELAIDE

My darling piano?! Never!

A BEAT. ADELAIDE nods and raises a rueful eyebrow.

JO

Those ladies in your book, Addy?
They're wearin' split breeches?!

ADELAIDE

Keep out of my drawers, pest!

ADELAIDE laughs and plays a POLKA. JO grabs a cushion and dances around the room. JO WHOOPS as she dances and ADELAIDE gets up to dance with her. The two girls dance wildly around the room, LAUGHING and SHRIEKING leaping over the sofas, falling back on the cushions. There is a KNOCK, MILLY the MAID (20'), pops her head in.

MILLY

The veil has arrived. It's so
lovely, Miss Addy, so lovely!

ADELAIDE suddenly freezes. JO looks at her and gulps hard.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT SHOP, LOWER EAST SIDE - BIT LATER - DAY

MAEVE and BRIGE are working in a crowded SWEAT SHOP.

MRS. O'MARA

This Hartington society wedding
is a big honour for us. Mitts off
now, girls - mitts off!

MRS. O'MARA lays the dress gently over the back of a chair, wrapping it in tissue paper. She moves off. MAEVE tiptoes up to the DRESS and unwraps it. She holds it up against herself, pinning up her hair. BRIGE gasps as do the OTHER GIRLS. MAEVE looks totally ravishing. She grins at them.

MAEVE

Lady Hartington is me name, and
prancing and dancing is me game.
Ha!

THE GIRLS laugh as MAEVE prances around, the dress held against her. MRS. O'MARA and CHARLES have come back in, unseen by MAEVE, but noticed by BRIGE who looks terrified. CHARLES struck by her beauty, stares at MAEVE. A BEAT.

CHARLES

Who's this? My bride-to-be?

MRS. O'MARA

Lord, no, no, no! That's me
niece, Maeve, Mr. Rustington ...?

CHARLES

Witt! Rustington-Witt.

CHARLES grins as the other GIRLS GASP. He twinkles at MAEVE who smiles back at him.

CHARLES

I would like this delightful
Dollymop to measure up for me
pantaloon, Mrs. O'Mara? Could
that be arranged?

MRS. O'MARA, flustered, quickly crosses herself.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT SHOP. LOWER EAST SIDE - BIT LATER

CHARLES, jacket off, is humming a tune as MAEVE pins the WEDDING TROUSERS on him. MAEVE is on her knees, pins in her mouth as BRIGE is measuring CHARLES's outstretched arms. CHARLES looks down at MAEVE. BRIGE moves off.

CHARLES

Where do you hail from then,
gutter gel?

MAEVE

Gutter girl? I'm a Convent girl,
if yer don't mind, Mister!

MAEVE jumps up, job finished. CHARLES thrusts MAEVE up against the wall. His accent suddenly rough, harsh - COCKNEY. CHARLES roughly kisses her neck. MAEVE's shrieks.

CHARLES

Bet the Sisters didn't teach you
that, Convent gel!

MAEVE

No, but they taught us this!

MAEVE, the remaining PIN in her hand, pricks CHARLES in the groin. CHARLES BELLOWS and springs back as BRIGE and MRS O'MARA come in. CHARLES MOANS and GROANS, doubling up.

MAEVE

It's nothing, Aunt Beth. Just a
wee little prick for a wee little
prick!

MAEVE runs out as MRS O'MARA reels back into BRIGE's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM. MANSION HOUSE, NEW YORK. DAYS LATER

ANGLE ON the WHITE VEIL which is carefully being placed over ADELAIDE'S HEAD. We see through the VEIL that ADELAIDE is crying. The MILLINER (AUNTY BETH) and the MAID (MILLY) unaware, fuss around the train. JO watches sadly

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. SWEAT SHOP. LOWER EAST SIDE. BIT LATER.

MAEVE, sitting with BRIGE at their Sewing benches, A FEW OTHER GIRLS in the background, MAEVE and BRIGE are sewing ADELAIDE'S SILK WEDDING TRAIN. MAEVE curses. She has pricked herself with a needle

MAEVE

Aye? Me feckin' finger?!

A couple of drops of MAEVE'S BLOOD have dripped onto THE WEDDING TRAIN. BRIGE GASPS and her lip starts to tremble.

MAEVE

We didn't come all this way work
in a sweat box, Brige. We're
still in prison, don't ya see?

MAEVE, frustrated, shoves the WEDDING TRAIN towards BRIGE,
who starts to sew up the RIP. WE HEAR ORGAN MUSIC(OOV)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH, NEW YORK - 1880. DAYS LATER - DAY

It's the day of the WEDDING. The cream of NEW YORK society
is assembled. WE ANGLE ON a HUGE WHITE VEIL covering
ADELAIDE's head and shoulders. ADELAIDE stands at the altar
with her father, WILFRED and JO, her sister as BRIDESMAID.
On the SILK WEDDING TRAIN, there are TWO TINY BLOODSTAINS,
from MAEVE's finger, PALE PINK, rather than RED. The
STUYVESANTS and the WILSON CLAN filter into the CHURCH,
their hats outrageously big, their silk Parisian gowns even
bigger. ONE WOMAN turns to a WOMAN in a massive feathered
hat.

LARGE WOMAN

They say Rustington-Witt is
genuine blue blood?

SECOND WOMAN

Indeedy? Why is Charles marrying
into dirty railroad money, then?

They TITTER as WILFRED looks agitated as he checks his
watch. CHARLES is very late. WILFRED leans into ADELAIDE
and whispers. ADELAIDE lifts up her veil. Her face is pale,
deeply unhappy. WILFRED whispers

WILFRED

The ruby choker? Why aren't you
wearing it, Adelaide?

ADELAIDE

Charles took it to be polished
for the big day. Said he ... oh?!

A BEAT. Their jaws slowly drop, their eyes widening.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING TRAIN - NEW YORK STATE. DAY - SAME TIME

CHARLES is sitting in 'First Class' compartment, looking
out at the open landscapes. He raises his glass of
champagne - the bottle already half drunk.

CHARLES

Ladies and Gents? I'd like to
propose a toast to the Groom.

(MORE)

CHARLES (cont'd)
To Charles Rustington-Witt. A
true blue British bastard!

CHARLES LAUGHS loudly and drinks his champagne as A POSH OLD LADY, is clutching her POODLE in the corner of CHARLES'S compartment stares at him. CHARLES beams at the OLD LADY but she looks away, sniffing her smelling salts.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. NEW YORK - SAME TIME

ADELAIDE under her VEIL is in torment. PEOPLE start to MURMUR loudly. The Church doors sweep open. MRS. ASTOR, the 'Queen' of New York society, sweeps down the aisle followed by her ENTOURAGE.

LARGE WOMAN
Mrs. Astor? Fashionably late as
ever.

SECOND WOMAN
Don't you mean 'the' Mrs Astor?

They GIGGLE as WILFRED, rushes over to greet MRS. ASTOR and ushers her to her pew. WILFRED, anxious, rejoins ADELAIDE at the altar. THE CONGREGATION are getting restless and the ORGANIST hits a WRONG KEY. Suddenly ADELAIDE, draws a huge breath, throws back her veil and leans into WILFRED.

ADELAIDE
I'm so sorry, Poppa. You've
worked all your life for this one
day, but I won't be sold off like
the family piano. When I catch
up with Charles, I will shoot him
dead like a dog!

WILFRED reels back as ADELAIDE hitches up her skirts and runs down the aisle out into the sunlight. THE CONGREGATION GASP. THE LARGE WOMAN turns to the SECOND WOMAN.

THE LARGE WOMAN
Shall we go see?

THE SECOND WOMAN grins broadly, hitching up her bustle.

SECOND WOMAN
You bet!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

Behind the Church, we see ADELAIDE attempting to pull off her veil, disentangling her hair. JO runs up to her.

JO

Addy?! What are you going to do?

ADELAIDE suddenly looks very clear, very sure.

ADELAIDE

Go westering, Jo, like everyone else. Charles will be heading out West with every other villain in New York!

ADELAIDE struggles with her veil which is caught up. ADELAIDE, fired up, thrusts her BOUQUET at Jo. WILFRED and MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION are pouring out of the Church.

ADELAIDE

Be good, Jo. No, don't be good - be bold!

JO nods, shocked, reeling as ADELAIDE hitches up her skirt and runs off down a grassy verge. MRS. ASTOR storms off, followed by her ENTOURAGE. WILFRED, tears in his eyes, stares at ADELAIDE running away, his world in pieces. McCREADY is watching, hidden near some trees. He pulls back into the bushes and disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS, LOWER EAST SIDE - SAME TIME

MAEVE walks through the streets, thronging with STREET TRADERS and IMMIGRANTS dragging BRIGE along by the hand. Suddenly MAEVE stops, seeing of a POSTER in a shop window. There on the POSTER is a painting of 'BELLE STARR' a female Cattle rustler. MAEVE walks up to the POSTER, transfixed.

BRIGE

`Belle Starr notorious B-b-bad
Girl catches her first steer!'

BRIGE giggles, impressed. MAEVE stands, transfixed. A BEAT.

BRIGE

Sister Immaculata would gag on
her p-p-porridge at them split
breeches, eh, Maeve?

MAEVE goes closer to the POSTER. ANOTHER BEAT. A COUPLE OF THE O'MARA BOYS - PATRICK and O'MARA BOY (2) suddenly appear. PATRICK'S hand is wrapped in a bandage.

O'MARA BOY (2)

What you gonna do, Maeve? Become
a Cowboy like that Belle Starr?

They pull at MAEVE and BRIGE'S hair playfully.

PATRICK

Ha! A woman wouldn't last one
minute out West.

MAEVE

Why not take that man's hand of
yours, Patrick, and shove it up
yer man's arse?!

MAEVE and BRIGE laugh loudly as THE O'MARA BOYS retreat.
MAEVE now leans in, eyes widening. BRIGE sighs deeply.

BRIGE

That Belle Starr, Maeve? She
looks real f-f-free, don't she?

MAEVE breathes hard and nods very slowly. A BEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - SAME TIME. DAY

CHARLES takes a slug of Champagne as he looks out, excited,
of the open window. CHARLES inhales deeply and raises up
his glass in a toast, very much the 'POSH', Gentleman.

CHARLES

The West? Land of legends, sweat
and sawdust. Westward ho!

THE OLD LADY, nervously clutches her POODLE - is this man
completely mad? CHARLES grins broadly at her as he drinks.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BARBER'S SHOP, LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

MAEVE runs her fingers through her hacked-off locks as she
emerges, smiling from the shop. BRIGE, hair shorn, is
HOWLING, shaking and she crosses herself.

BRIGE

Me hair? Mary Mother of G-g-god?!

MAEVE grabs BRIGE fiercely.

MAEVE

We have to change if we want
freedom, Brige, because freedom
don't come easy.

BRIGE whimpering, nods as MAEVE'S eyes burn with passion.

MAEVE

If we have to rip off our bloomers like Belle Starr and be wild girls, be real bad girls, we'll do it, bejayzus, because if we don't, we'll no get a bite of that freedom again!

MAEVE reaches down into an old bag and pulls a COWBOY HAT out and jams it on BRIGE'S head. MAEVE laughs.

MAEVE

Howdy, Cowboy? We's headin' West!

It slips down BRIGE'S face covering her eyes.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. HORSE-DRAWN COVERED WAGON, NEW YORK - LATER

We ANGLE ON TWO HUGE COWBOYS HATS, tipped down hiding the faces of MAEVE and BRIGE. They are dressed as MEN, sitting on a bench in a Covered Wagon with EIGHT HARD-LOOKING MEN. MAEVE and BRIGE are now 'MARTY' and 'BILLY', Cowhands searching for work. BRIGE peeks out from under her hat and catches sight of 'ANGEL' (26), a sexy, Italian WHORE from the Bronx slums, hair bleached blonde, smoking a cigar. ANGEL, her gold tooth gleaming, gives BRIGE a sexy wink. BRIGE, horrified, pulls down her hat and trembles!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT/EXT. STAGE COACH - DAY

ADELAIDE, dressed finely for travelling, bonnet tied under her chin, bag on lap, is seated with a COUPLE OF TRAVELLERS in a large STAGE COACH. She looks out, wide-eyed

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. MIDWEST. SAME TIME DAY.

McCREADY, the BOUNTY HUNTER, is riding along on a HORSE, rifle over his shoulder. McCREADY catches a glimpse of ADELAIDE'S STAGE COACH on the horizon and kicks his HORSE.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET, OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK - SAME TIME.

We see a LARGE HORSE-DRAWN WAGON heading out of New York. A COVERED WAGON, packed with TWO FAMILIES passes by and the DRIVER of the HORSE DRAWN WAGON shouts out at them.

HORSE DRAWN WAGON DRIVER

Which direction you heading?

DRIVER (COVERED WAGON)
 You crazy? We're heading West!
 Boys are all lookin' for work!

MAEVE now peers through a flap out the back of their WAGON. There are TEN or so, huge COVERED WAGONS and HORSE DRAWN CARTS, piled high with possessions. KIDS hang on the back, all packed with 'Westerers', IRISH, DUTCH, GERMAN IMMIGRANTS. ANGEL the whore looks over at MAEVE and winks.

ANGEL
 Gonna be crowded out West, huh?

MAEVE nods politely as BRIGE, terrified, stifles a giggle.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. STAGE COACH, 1880 - DAY. BIT LATER

ANGLE ON ADELAIDE. She is weary from travelling, looking out at the countryside. THE DAPPER OLD MAN seated opposite her leans forward. He's lecherous and smiles deeply. ADELAIDE won't be drawn. She smiles politely.

DAPPER OLD MAN
 Lost in the clouds of this big
 old country of ours, young lady?

ADELAIDE
 My head is just buzzing with
 wedding plans. I'm joining my
 fiancée out West.

THE DAPPER OLD MAN quickly recoils and sits back.

DAPPER OLD MAN
 Must be a lucky man to be
 marrying a fine lady such as
 yourself.

ADELAIDE coughs into her handkerchief, giggling a little.

ADELAIDE
 Lucky? Charles? Who knows?

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MOVING TRAIN, MIDWEST - MOMENTS LATER. DAY.

ANGLE ON CHARLES'S HAT, it's pulled down over his face. CHARLES, drunk, SNORES loudly. THE OLD LADY in the corner of his compartment wrinkles her nose in distaste.

CUT TO:

INT. WAGON - BIT LATER. DAY.

MAEVE and BRIGE stare at the huge, open landscapes. They nudge each other with excitement. THE MEN in the Wagon spit and chew. MAEVE now 'spits' like the other MEN. JARROD stares at MAEVE a bit suspiciously. ANGEL gives MAEVE a sexy smile and leans over to MAEVE, seated opposite.

ANGEL

Where you headin', pretty boy?

MAEVE

Texas. We's lookin' for gold.

BRIGE

We're l-l-looking for that Belle Starr too. The famous C-c-cowgirl Belle!

MAEVE nudges BRIGE to shut up. ANGEL grins.

ANGEL

Been earning on my back and now 'eez time for Angel to stand up and follow her dream. Gonna buy me a hotel. Something real fancy with a white wooden porch wrapped around.

ANGEL draws hard on her cigar as JARROD looks over.

ANGEL

My papa was a forty-niner. He deeg and deeg and never found a neekel. Only `black gold' left.

MAEVE

Black gold ...?

ANGEL

Oil! My Papa he lived like a dog, deeging in the dirt. Me? I'm happy to be a woman!

JARROD

We're happy too, eh, boys?

THE MEN SNIGGER as ANGEL, raises a weary eyebrow at MAEVE, her gold tooth gleaming.

ANGEL

Men? Who needs 'em, huh?

A BEAT. MAEVE reels back, tipping down her HAT and pretends to fall asleep as JARROD looks over, his eyes narrowing.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT/INT - STAGECOACH - SAME TIME. DAY

ADELAIDE stares out at the open countryside, breathing deeply a smile of excitement on her lips.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CAMP, DAY OR SO LATER - EARLY EVENING

THE MEN are setting up 'Camp' and ANGEL puts a POT over the camp fire. JARROD grabs some food from ANGEL's pot.

ANGEL

Hey...? Getta you dirty feengers outta the pot, Jarrod!

JARROD

You can sleep near the fire tonight, Lady bird. Only 'real' ladies sleep comfy in the wagon.

JARROD grabs ANGEL and pulls her towards him. ANGEL WHACKS JARROD across the face with her wooden spoon. MAEVE watches

ANGEL

You'll pay for that, Meesta!

MAEVE rushes over as JARROD drops ANGEL's arm. A BEAT.

MAEVE

We all decided this lady would sleep under cover, sir.

JARROD walks up to MAEVE, towering over her.

JARROD

Maybe you should sleep in the wagon too, dolly boy? Tucked up sweet with the women!

JARROD spits into MAEVE's face. JARROD laughs a harsh LAUGH and walks off. ANGEL now grins, her gold tooth shining.

ANGEL

When you last have a woman?

MAEVE staggers over to BRIGE and sits down at the fire, as ANGEL blows MAEVE a kiss.

MAEVE

Jesus O'Leary, Brige? It's a feekin' rum job being a man!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. SMALL TOWN, MIDWEST - 1880 - NEXT MORNING. DAY

ADELAIDE steps down daintily from the STAGECOACH as the DRIVER holds the door open for her. THE HORSE-DRAWN WAGON with MAEVE, BRIGE and the HARD-LOOKING MEN is waiting for their next passenger. THE DRIVER picks up ADELAIDE'S suitcases and opens the door for her to get in. JARROD shoves a MAN next to him to make space for her. THE MEN whistle as THE DRIVER helps ADELAIDE up.

DRIVER

You'll get the fresh air at the back, Miss. Move up now, boys!

ADELAIDE squeezes in between MAEVE and BRIGE as JARROD curses at his end of the bench. ANGEL laughs and kicks JARROD, who sits opposite her, sharply in the shins.

ANGEL

No real lady will sit near you, Jarrod. The smell `eez too bad!

THE MEN HOOT and JARROD, annoyed, stares meanly at MAEVE. A BEAT. ADELAIDE stares hard at MAEVE. MAEVE, as 'MARTY', suddenly acts tough and winks at ADELAIDE seated next to her. ADELAIDE, horrified, SLAPS MAEVE'S cheek and the MEN LAUGH. MAEVE grins proudly - she's 'passed' as a man!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUSTY TRACK, MIDWEST. DAY OR SO LATER. DAY.

BODIES are being thrown and dumped, wrapped in sheets, out onto the roadside from the back of COVERED WAGONS as they move. CHOLERA is laying waste to many 'Westerers'. ANGEL leans forward to MAEVE as she pulls a scarf around her face. She hisses at MAEVE who looks out in horror.

ANGEL

Cover up, Irish? Cholera!

MAEVE and BRIGE pull up their neck scarves around their faces. They pass a broken down Wagon and MAEVE spots a DISTRAUGHT WOMAN, clutching her YOUNG CHILDREN around her, crying loudly. MAEVE gulps as she watches.

DISTRAUGHT WOMAN

Help us, help a young widow and her children, help us? Don't let them leave us here? Not here?!

MAEVE, blinking back tears, nudges BRIGE, memories of her MOTHER and SIBLINGS flooding back. BRIGE nods as ADELAIDE looks over. MAEVE tips her hat down, pretending to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT CAMPSITE, MISSOURI - DAYS LATER

THE HARD-LOOKING MEN are at a different camp, and MAEVE is sent to the nearby lake to gather some water.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE, MISSOURI - DAY. MOMENTS LATER.

MAEVE comes up to the lake, carrying two large pails. It's a blazing hot day. MAEVE slips down to her underwear and runs into the lake. Behind some bushes, we see JARROD, rifle in hand, crawling on his belly - he watches MAEVE.

JARROD

Holly Cow, Dolly boy's a girl!

JARROD cocks his rifle and very slowly aims at MAEVE who is frolicking around in the water. JARROD aims his gun into the water near MAEVE and FIRES. A SHOT. MAEVE, SHRIEKING, rushes out of the water and grabs her clothes. JARROD LAUGHS LOUDLY and standing up, shouts out.

JARROD

How much to keep your little secret, lady?

MAEVE, dripping wet, tries to smile her sexiest smile. A BEAT. JARROD slowly walks over to her, lowering his rifle. He grabs one of MAEVE's breasts through her dripping bodice and squeezes it hard. MAEVE spots JARROD'S rifle.

MAEVE

I've always dreamed of handling a rifle. Can I hold it, Mister?

JARROD

Take it, dolly boy. Or should I say dolly girl? Ha!

JARROD, laughs harshly and shoves the rifle at MAEVE, and as she grabs it, JARROD throws her backwards onto the grassy bank. MAEVE hits the ground with a THUD. MAEVE on her back, still clutching the RIFLE, looks up at JARROD as he struggles with his buttons undoing his trousers. MAEVE, takes a huge breath and hauls up the RIFLE ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - SAME TIME

A SHOT! BRIGE, horrified, rushes up to ANGEL seated nearby the campfire. ADELAIDE, seated near the wagon, looks up.

BRIGE

Where is she? I mean, he, I m-m-
mean M-m-marty?!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. SAME TIME. DAY. HALF A MILE AWAY.

MCCREADY is packing away some pots into the bags hanging from his HORSE, as he hears the SHOT. He climbs up onto his HORSE and rides off fast in the direction of the SHOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. MISSOURI. DAY. MINUTES LATER.

MAEVE, SCREAMING LOUDLY, struggles with JARROD who has fallen next to her, wounded and is thrashing around. MAEVE SHRIEKS as JARROD pulls at her hair, cursing. MCCREADY appears on the top of a flat, giant RIDGE, overlooking the lake. MCCREADY pulls out his RIFLE and takes aim. He SHOOTS and JARROD falls back dead. MAEVE GASPS and looks up to the high ridge, the sun in her eyes. She can only see the distant outline of a MAN with a RIFLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP. BIT LATER. DAY.

MAEVE staggers back through some bushes into camp. She wears JARROD'S long coat, hiding her dripping bodice. MAEVE bears aloft JARROD'S RIFLE a DEAD RATTLE-SNAKE, swinging on the end.

MAEVE

This snake was going for me, but
that brave Mr. Jarrod missed the
snake and shot himself in the
worst place known to us men!

THE HARD-LOOKING MEN GASP IN UNISON and horrified, grab their 'balls'. ADELAIDE narrows her eyes. BRIGE now tugs MAEVE'S arm, dragging her around the back of the Wagon.

BRIGE

Me own sister a m-m-murderer?!
No?! In P-p-patro spiritu ...!

MAEVE is exhausted, her eyes blazing, she explodes.

MAEVE

It's kill or be killed in this
New feekin' World. There was
another man there shooting too!

BRIGE GASPS loudly as MAEVE shakes BRIGE hard.

MAEVE

Freedom didn't come easy, Brige!

MAEVE storms off. BRIGE, shocked, crosses herself. BRIGE clutches her belly. Her belly is bulging. She GASPS

BRIGE

I'll burn in h-h-hell?! F-f-
forgive me Father, I have sinned!

BRIGE, in shock, slowly crosses herself. We hear the ROAR of a HUGE STEAM TRAIN (00V) -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOVING TRAIN. NEAR AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY

A HUGE STEAM TRAIN is coming around a bend, past some mountains and through a pass. The TRAIN gradually begins to slow down, coming into a station. A sign says 'AUSTIN'.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - MOMENTS LATER

THE OLD LADY with her POOCH is trying to wake up CHARLES, but CHARLES is asleep, drunk. THE OLD LADY gets flustered.

OLD LADY

Come on, Raffles!

THE OLD LADY gets off the train and CHARLES SNORES LOUDLY as the train slowly moves off.

CUT TO:

INT. HORSE-DRAWN WAGON MISSOURI - WEEKS LATER

BRIGE is looking 'green' as they pass a sign saying 'KANSAS'. THE WAGON now goes over bumpy ground. THE MEN, asleep, snore under their hats. ADELAIDE, who's writing a letter, passes BRIGE some of her smelling salts and BRIGE, takes a sniff. MAEVE pushes it away quickly, spits out of the back of the wagon, looking tough.

MAEVE

What's got into yer, Billy? Salts
are for the ladies!

ADELAIDE looks at MAEVE directly. A BEAT. We hear ADELAIDE'S VOICE OVER - the VOICE OVER of her 'LETTER'.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
 Dearest Jo, you find me heading
 westwards in a covered wagon with
 a rag-bag of the most unsavoury
 characters ...

ONE OF THE HARD LOOKING MEN BELCHES LOUDLY in his sleep.
 ADELAIDE winces and giggles.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
 There's a dark lady of the
 streets called 'Angel' and two
 Irish scallywags, whose gentle
 nature is strangely out of place?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM, MANSION. NEW YORK - SAME TIME

JO reads the letter, seated at ADELAIDE'S dressing table.

ADELAIDE (OOV)
 These Westerers will need
 lawyers, and if I can gather up
 courage I will take up the law.

WILFRED opens the door.

JO
 (reading)
 Give my love to Poppa. Ask him to
 keep sending my allowance and
 tell him I will avenge him.
 Somehow, I surely will!

JO looks sadly at WILFRED - he's a broken man

DISSOLVE TO

INT. WAGON. LATER. DAY

ANGEL, seated next to ADELAIDE at the back of the wagon,
 wakes up and rubs her eyes, she looks 'softer' than before.
 She sees ADELAIDE writing and leans in, interested.

ANGEL
 My Pa, he taught all us kids to
 write. 'Write it all down, Angel'
 he would say. 'Write it down.' So
 many tales to tell, but where to
 start ...?

ADELAIDE, turns to look out of the back of the wagon.

ANGEL
 Ok, grand lady, no wanna talk?
 When I pick up the pen, I tell
 things the way they really are.

ANGEL leans forward and hisses into ADELAIDE'S ear.

ANGEL

I let you into a secret. The West
is for everyone, Seesta!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL CAMP. KANSAS. A BIT LATER. EARLY EVENING.

MCCREADY, on horseback, looking weary, covered with dust, approaches a FEW WADDIES (COWHANDS), YOUNG MEN, gathered around a small camp fire. ONE of the WADDIES (WADDIE 1, 17 years old) grins over. MCCREADY pulls out a small bottle of whiskey. WADDIE (2) playing the GUITAR and smiles at him. MCCREADY sits down passing a bottle around. WADDIE (2) strums the GUITAR gently. MCCREADY takes a swig.

MCCREADY

Ah'm trackin' an English fella,
full of hot airs an' graces.
Calls himself Rustington-Witt?

THE WADDIES shake their heads and look interested.

WADDIE (1)

What's he done wrong, Mister?

MCCREADY

A card shark, a hustler, been
floatin' crap games on the Lower
East side. Lloyds Bank of London
are paying mah boss, Robert
Pinkerton to drag him back East.
He left a reet fine lassie
standin' at the Altar and
skedaddled!

MCCREADY grins, a bit sheepish, as the WADDIES all LAUGH

MCCREADY

Ah'm hopin' that the lassie will
lead meh to Rustington-Witt.

WADDIE (2)

(singing)

I once knew a prick, called
Rustington-Witt,
Had a very small dick,
Mister Rustington-Witt!

They all LAUGH loudly. MCCREADY now leans in to WADDIE (1)

MCCREADY

Meh Ma brought us bairns up
proper, draggin' us to school an'
all. Taught us plenty of Burns.

WADDIE (1)

Burns?

MCCREADY

Aye, Burns. Robbie Burns. I ken cut a swell when I have tae but a fine lass like this wouldnae want a rough-eared keelie like meh, would she?

MCCREADY gulps very hard. WADDIE (1) smiles and shrugs

WADDIE (1)

Boys have heard the ladies out here are rippin' off their petticoats, goin' bronc riding!

MCCREADY nods as WADDIE (1) leans over to whisper

WADDIE (1)

Makes yer insides turn to jelly, don't it, Mister? It's all gone up and under out West!

MCCREADY eyes widen. He reaches into the breast pocket and takes out a pocket book of BURNS POETRY. WADDIE (1) yawns and turns over. MCCREADY, sighs, staring into the FIRE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP, KANSAS - SAME TIME. EARLY EVENING.

ANOTHER CAMP FIRE. We focus on ADELAIDE who is unpacking some bags and helping to set up camp, the MEN get out their shaving mugs. ADELAIDE approaches MAEVE and slowly hands her a RAZOR. ADELAIDE stares at MAEVE, unsure what to say. ANGEL flounces over with a huge wooden pail of water. ANGEL starts to lather up MAEVE'S chin, shooting ADELAIDE a territorial 'look'. ANGEL starts to shave MAEVE. MAEVE SHRIEKS! ANGEL has 'nicked' her skin. MAEVE curses and rushes off. ANGEL stares at ADELAIDE and walks over. She holds the RAZOR close to ADELAIDE'S throat. ADELAIDE GASPS.

ANGEL

The Cowboy `eez mine, back off!

ADELAIDE

You must be insane, do you - oh?!

ADELAIDE staggers back and trips backwards into ANGEL'S huge WOODEN TUB of dirty water. ADELAIDE is stuck and struggles to get out. A COUPLE OF THE MEN laugh loudly.

ANGEL

Ha! Even fine ladies need a wash!

ADELAIDE struggles out of the wet tub and storms off, dripping. MAEVE and BRIGE look over from the camp fire.

MAEVE

Cat fight? Over me? Bejayzis?

BRIGE suddenly goes pale and is violently sick.

BRIGE

Sean said redheads like me only caught on a t-t-tuesday!

MAEVE

If these men find out we's girls, we'll be dumped, Brige, feckin' killed! Pull in yer bump, stuff yerself silly and if that don't work, I'll leave ya for the feckin' wolves!

BRIGE SHRIEKS and clutches her belly as MAEVE storms off.

CUT TO:

EXT CAMPSITE - BIT LATER. CAMP FIRE. NIGHT.

MAEVE, BRIGE and the MEN are seated around a campfire. ANGLE ON BRIGE as she stuffs her mouth with food, her eyes bulging. A WOLF (OOV) HOWLS as BRIGE's eyes widen with fear. MAEVE nods at her to keep eating. ANGEL walks around with a pot, slopping out the food onto their plates.

HARD-LOOKING MAN (1)

Woah? Look at young Billy go!

MAEVE

Worms! Everything Billy eats gets gobbled up inside of him, tragic!

HARD-LOOKING MAN (2)

Tragic if he guzzles all our beans?

THE MEN laugh as ADELAIDE walks over - the MEN quickly making way for her. ADELAIDE nervously sits down.

HARD-LOOKING MAN (1)

Let's have some stories of New York society, Miss Adelaide?

HARD-LOOKING MAN (2)

Miss Adelaide's had a college education!

ADELAIDE

Oh, there's nothing so fine about New York life. Life out West has a lot more going for it!

ADELAIDE shoots MAEVE a quick 'look'. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE

I've heard that in Texas they're giving out land, one hundred and sixty acres for ten dollars, if you can work the land and stay on it for five years. For women too - 'Lady Ranchers' they call them!

MAEVE her back to ADELAIDE, can't resist slowly turning round. ADELAIDE is pleased. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE

My cousin knew a lady, a school teacher, who came out here, buried her husband, then raised some thirty thousand Steer on her own. Even shot a buffalo once.

ADELAIDE smiles, the audience in the palm of her hand.

ADELAIDE

But she was murdered by the red skinned fellows! Which goes to show ...

ADELAIDE looks directly at MAEVE. ANOTHER BEAT.

ADELAIDE

We need to stick together!

MAEVE holds ADELAIDE'S steady gaze. WOLVES 'HOWL' in the distance. BRIGE looks horrified as pulls her blanket in.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NEXT DAY - DAY

BRIGE is in the woods, near the CAMPSITE, collecting firewood. Her 'bump' busting out of her shirt. BRIGE is unaware that a HUGE 'GRIZZLY' BEAR is watching her.

BRIGE

(singing)

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My B-b-bonnie lies over the sea,
My B-b-bonnie lies over ...

THE BEAR sways around to the SINGING. BRIGE stands up and smiling, rubs her belly. There is a NOISE behind her and turning round BRIGE sees the BEAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - SAME TIME. DAY.

BRIGE SCREAMS LOUDLY (O/S). MAEVE back at CAMP, brushing down a HORSE, hears the screams. ADELAIDE, in the back of the wagon, sees MAEVE running towards the woods with a rifle and climbing out of the wagon runs off after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER. DAY

MAEVE, followed by ADELAIDE, is fighting her way through some bracken, heading for BRIGE'S SCREAMS. ADELAIDE, scratched and bleeding, catches up with MAEVE.

ADELAIDE

Do something?!

MAEVE is frozen with fear. She shakes her head, horrified. THE BEAR cocks its head and takes a couple of steps forward. A BEAT. BRIGE GASPS, trembling. We hear a TRICKLE OF URINE slowly run down BRIGE'S legs as BRIGE SHAKES with fear. ADELAIDE grabs MAEVE'S rifle and breathes hard. THE BEAR looks around at them. ADELAIDE raises up the GUN and aims. A SHOT. ADELAIDE has hit the target. THE BEAR, SQUEALING, CRASHES down hard to the ground, a few feet from where BRIGE is. BRIGE SHRIEKS as they rush over. ADELAIDE proudly puts her foot on THE BEAR'S head.

ADELAIDE

Those weekend shooting parties in the Hamptons came in mighty useful.

BRIGE shaking with nerves, comes over to look at THE BEAR.

BRIGE

It's a w-w-wild and wicked country. How will me b-b-babby survive?

BRIGE looks up and bites her lip, horrified as MAEVE glares at her. ADELAIDE twinkles and throws MAEVE the rifle.

ADELAIDE

Your gun ... 'Cowboy'?

MAEVE gulps hard and catches the rifle. ADELAIDE, grinning broadly, stares at MAEVE.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. TRAIN STATION, SPUNKY FLAT, TEXAS. DAY LATER. DAY.

A TRAIN comes into a tiny TRAIN STATION. A TICKET COLLECTOR helps CHARLES off with his bags and then, ruefully, passes CHARLES his Champagne glass

TICKET INSPECTOR
Six hours for the train to
Austin!

CHARLES groans, hung-over, he's overslept. THE TRAIN goes off slowly, a WHISTLE blowing. An OLD MAN is seated in a rocking chair, in front of a tiny STATION HOUSE. CHARLES reads a sign saying SPUNKY FLAT - WELCOME, FOLKS!

CHARLES
Spunky Flat? Why me? Why now?

The SIGN 'CREAKS'. CHARLES sighs. THE OLD MAN gets up and slowly comes over slowly. THE OLD MAN's face lights up

OLD MAN
Eunice, George? The New
Marshal's arrived!

EUNICE, GEORGE and SOJOURNER tumble onto the platform, straightening their 'Band' Outfits and taking up their musical instruments, play a 'welcome' TUNE, marching up and down the platform. THE OLD MAN reaches for a badge in his pocket, spits on it, and presses it onto CHARLES's lapel.

THE OLD MAN
Welcome to Spunky, Marshal!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. KANSAS 1880 - EARLY EVENING

ONE OF THE MEN is SINGING a song by the fire, playing GUITAR. MAEVE is at the side of the wagon, sorting out her stuff. ADELAIDE approaches and smiles knowingly at her. ADELAIDE steps forward and places her hand on MAEVE's arm.

ADELAIDE
Could I join you?

MAEVE
You crazy? A woman would never
survive out West!

ADELAIDE
Now hang on, Mr. Cow-boy-girl?!
You can't even shoot straight!

THE MEN look over as does ANGEL. ANGEL drops her wooden spoon into the pot and rushes over to an embarrassed MAEVE

ANGEL
Zee Lady give you trouble, Irish?

MAEVE
Those beans smell great, Angel.
Ladies, let's go eat ...?!

ADELAIDE, fuming, enters the Wagon, as ANGEL now cuddles up to MAEVE at the fire. One of THE MEN plays GUITAR. ANGEL, cuddles up to MAEVE, nuzzling her ear.

ANGEL

Come on, Marty. I show you things
you never dreamed of!

THE MEN JEER as MAEVE, terrified, is dragged off by ANGEL.

HARD-LOOKING MAN (2)

Do it, Marty - be a man!

ANGEL is now marching MAEVE to the WAGON. ADELAIDE, near the wagon, watches, giggling, enjoying this hugely.

CUT TO:

INT. COVERED WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

ANGEL whips off MAEVE's boots and trousers. MAEVE is in her 'long johns', trying to push ANGEL off, but ANGEL is determined. MAEVE is reeling.

MAEVE

How ...? How did you do that?

ANGEL

Years of experience, Irish!

ANGEL now has her hand down MAEVE's trousers.

ANGEL

Mama mia?!

MAEVE smiles very weakly.

MAEVE

I ... no potatoes?

ANGEL

Po ... ta ... toes?

MAEVE

Potatoes! Potato famine, back in
Ireland, me 'bits' didn't grow.
Need potatoes for yer bits to
grow and I never ate potatoes?!

ANGEL

No potatoes, no problem?

ANGEL grins broadly and rolls her sleeves up.

ANGEL

We `eemprovise!

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGON. MOMENTS LATER. EVENING

We hear MAEVE'S SHRIEKS (OOV) and ANGLE ON ADELAIDE as she LAUGHS loudly staring at the WAGON as it rocks around. Suddenly, MAEVE, half-dressed, tumbles out of the WAGON onto the grass outside. ADELAIDE laughs loudly as MAEVE, horrified, runs away from ANGEL, buttoning up her long johns. THE MEN LAUGH. ANGEL emerges from the WAGON scratching her head. POLKA MUSIC IS PLAYED ON THE PIANO -

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. CUTTER'S PASS. TEXAS. 1880. DAYS LATER. DAY.

THE OLD MAN from the station is riding with CHARLES through a large VALLEY. CHARLES ridiculous in his 'western' saddle, Fedora akimbo, white spats on, rides awkwardly. THE OLD MAN points to a SHACK in the dip of the valley.

OLD MAN

Cutter's Pass! Land belonged to the last Marshal, Cutter the younger. All yours now, mister. Fellow told Cutter there was black gold running deep, but he never found it.

CHARLES

Black gold, what's that, old boy?

OLD MAN

The one thing the world will blow up over, Marshal - Oil!

CHARLES EYES WIDEN. CHARLES now trots awkwardly down the valley. They stop by the TIN SHACK.

CHARLES

What happened to Marshal Cutter?

OLD MAN

Rustlers. Slit him from gullet to groin and left him in a pool of blood. Wanted the black gold too.

CHARLES recoils with horror

OLD MAN

These are ugly times, Marshal. Why just last week a grass Widow poured kerosene over herself and burnt herself to a cinder. She missed the crackle and pop of Chicago!

CHARLES wobbles a bit in his saddle. A BEAT

OLD MAN

Watch out for Bransome, Marshal.
He's a powerful big bug and if
Bransome don't like you, he'll
knock you into galley west!

THE OLD MAN rides off. CHARLES imitates the OLD MAN.

CHARLES

'Powerful big bug' indeedy?
Bransome better realise who's
here: Charles Rustington-Witt.
Aristo, Lawyer, Marshal and...?!

CHARLES grins darkly and LAUGHS slowly.

CHARLES

Prime fucking blagger!

CHARLES'S HORSE rears up on it's hind legs and CHARLES slips onto a LARGE COW PAT his white spats are soiled. We see on a HIGH FLAT RIDGE, ALVIN and EUGENE, a couple of Cowhands. They smirk at each other and ride away.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. WAGON. DAYS LATER. OKLAHOMA - DAY

MAEVE nudges BRIGE excitedly. BRIGE looks very sick. ADELAIDE looks over and MAEVE grins over at her. ADELAIDE, pleased, smiles back as she scribbles in her notebook.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

Dearest Jo, as our wagon wheels
turn, the rattle and bang, smells
and hurry of New York life turn
to dust and are replaced by the
sweet, free open of the West ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

MONTAGE SEQUENCE. WAGON TRAINS - DAY - SAME TIME

MONTAGE of WAGON TRAINS rolling

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

As the land is tamed and seeds
are sown, the noble pioneer woman
becomes equal to the male ...

OXEN pull huge FURROWS through fields. MEN and their WIVES cut the earth from the land, roofs of mud huts are being thatched. We see McCREADY, ride his HORSE through a wide open plain. He is tanned, wind beaten, determined.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. WAGON - SAME TIME

ADELAIDE is seated opposite MAEVE and BRIGE. They GIGGLE with excitement as they lean out of the window.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
 Those scamps from the Irish bogs
 are in fact girls and their
 fruity language would make Mrs.
 Astor and her ladies choke on
 their pink tea!

BRIGE suddenly VOMITS out of the back of the WAGON. BRIGE gags, GROANING and MOANING LOUDLY on the wooden bench. THE MEN stare. MAEVE is improvising wildly

MAEVE
 Billy's ... got a giant cyst -
 ain't that right, Miss Adelaide?!

ADELAIDE
 Erm, quite? Billy could explode -
 his worms will fly everywhere!

MAEVE smiles gratefully at ADELAIDE as THE MEN and ANGEL pull back in horror as the WAGON stops. THE MEN jump out as BRIGE starts WAILING, MAEVE, pulls over a blanket. ADELAIDE, rolls her sleeves up, fired up.

ADELAIDE
 What do we need?

MAEVE
 Scissors!

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGON - EARLY EVENING - SAME TIME.

ANGEL nearby looks mystified as she stirs a pot of stew.

ADELAIDE
 Scissors?!

MAEVE (OOV)
 To cut the feckin' cord!

ANGEL's eyes widen as her jaw drops

CUT TO:

INT. WAGON - HOUR OR SO LATER. EARLY EVENING

BRIGE, propped up on some blankets, is heaving away as MAEVE supports her. MAEVE rolls her eyes. BRIGE SCREAMS.

BRIGE
Oh, Lord, d-d-d-deliver me?

MAEVE
Wish he flamin' would!

BRIGE bites down into MAEVE hand - MAEVE SCREAMS

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAGON. BIT LATER. EVENING.

ANGLE ON BABY MATT as we hear the FIDDLE MUSIC from outside as MAEVE strokes the BABY'S hair as he nuzzles at BRIGE's breasts. ADELAIDE smiles gently at them both as MAEVE swigs at a bottle of Whiskey. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE
We ladies can change the world if
we just stick together.

MAEVE
Learn that at college, Miss Addy?

ADELAIDE LAUGHS warmly. MAEVE stares hard at her. A BEAT.

MAEVE
You could string along with us?
But don't get fancy ideas now,
Missy College girl/

ADELAIDE
Hear you Convent girls are wild?
Notorious even?

MAEVE
We didn't learn no fancy feckin'
words but we learnt how to drink!

ADELAIDE
Really? Any fool can drink ...

ADELAIDE grabs the whiskey bottle from MAEVE and knocks it back, spluttering. MAEVE laughs. BRIGE YELPS in pain. MAEVE, horrified, jumps up

MAEVE
Jesus O'Leary? The baby bag?

MAEVE jumps up and starts to tug the PLACENTA out of BRIGE. ADELAIDE covers her eyes and peeks out to see MAEVE, sweating hard, holding up blood-stained hands.

MAEVE
Ha! Sure ya got the guts to be a
cowboy, Miss Adelaide?

ADELAIDE wobbling, flops back onto the cushions, FAINTING.
MAEVE and BRIGE ROAR with laughter.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. WAGON - HOUR OR SO LATER - EVENING

MAEVE and ADELAIDE and BRIGE, holding BABY MATT, emerge from the WAGON, shirts blood-stained. The VIOLIN PLAYING stops. ANGEL'S jaw hits the ground as she ladles some stew onto a MAN'S hand, burning him. ANGEL shakes her head.

ANGEL

Mama mia? Someone gotta write
thees all down. Poppa was right!

THE MEN all GASP LOUDLY as MAEVE and ADELAIDE smile weakly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT CONVENT. IRELAND. SAME TIME

A FIRE BLAZES. It's MAEVE and BRIGE's old CONVENT. One WING of the CONVENT BUILDING is in flames - we hear SCREAMS. CONVENT GIRLS stare from the window as LOCAL FIREFIGHTERS attempt to get the GIRLS down with ladders. SISTER ALFONSUS and her NUNS watch in horror and SISTER IMMACULATA, the kindly Nun, wipes her eyes, as THE BODIES of SEVERAL GIRLS are brought out dead on stretchers.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, CONVENT, IRELAND. DAY 1880

ANGLE on a STATUE of JESUS on the CROSS. SISTER IMMACULATA and SEAN stand in the long corridor of the Convent. ANGLE ON SEAN as he listens, horrified

SISTER IMMACULATA

Seven girls dead because one sad
soul knocked over a candle?!

SEAN

And Maeve Morgan's babby, sister?

SISTER IMMACULATA

Johnny's gone to a good family up
in Dublin, don't torment yerself.

SEAN drops his head in his hands, hopeless.

SISTER IMMACULATA

Ireland's a sinking ship. Why yer
not balin' out like the girls?

SEAN

Yeh's right. If I can't find me
boy, I'll go find his mother!

SEAN runs off down the corridor as SISTER IMMACULATA smiles. SEAN suddenly stops, drops his head down in shame.

SEAN
I've sinned. I've doubly sinned
with both me cousins! How many
'Hail Marys', sister?

SISTER IMMACULATA
Three hundred a day. Be off now!

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON, SPUNKY FLAT, TEXAS. 1880. DAY.

CHARLES wears his MARSHAL'S badge and plays cards with ARTHUR BRANSOME, a powerful, wealthy, Land Baron (40's) in his pinstripe suit. ALVIN and EUGENE drink at the bar with some other COWHANDS. ARTHUR takes a big puff of his CIGAR.

ARTHUR
Some riff-raff took eighty of my
Longhorn last night. Told the
boys to string up this new
'barbed wire'. Keep out the scum
that's spewin' in from the East.

CHARLES puts down a card and smiles politely, very POSH

CHARLES
The Westwards migration is a
modern day diaspora, old boy. No
barbed wire of yours will stop
it.

CHARLES smiles a little smugly and COUGHS a little. ARTHUR leans in, his face darkening. CHARLES eyes widen. A BEAT.

ARTHUR
You legal eagles love tangling
folks up, huh? Land you've got
down at Cutter's Pass ain't worth
a goober. Marshal Cutter, he dug
and dug and didn't find a bone.
Until his little accident ...

ARTHUR clears his throat and looks at ALVIN and EUGENE.

ARTHUR
Cutter wasn't well liked and it's
real clever to be well liked
around here, Charlie boy!

ARTHUR grins and slaps down an ACE on the table.

ARTHUR

Bingo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. BARN. MAEVE'S RANCH, TEXAS, 1920 (PRESENT DAY) DAY

MAEVE and 'BABY' MATT lean on a barn door, watching a BABY FOAL takes it's first steps. MAEVE smiles at MATT, moved by the sight. They walk slowly towards their horses.

MATT

Did Ma really give birth to me in the back of that wagon. Aunt Maeve? No doctor, nothing?

MATT gives MAEVE a leg up into her saddle.

MAEVE

We improvised, Matty. Scared the men would find out we were girls and ship us back East with the beef!

MATT

And that walk across the desert. Aunt Maeve? I must have weighed a ton?

MAEVE suddenly looks uneasy.

MAEVE

We took it in turns to carry you.

MATT

That's you, Ma and ...?

MAEVE

Stubborn? Like yer' ma, eh? Ok - Me, your Ma and Miss Adelaide!

MAEVE kicks her HORSE and gallops off as MATT grins broadly and punches the air. He jumps up and gallops after MAEVE across the ranch. MAEVE pulls her HORSE to a stop. A BEAT.

MAEVE

It was me, wanted to put you down in that desert, Matty. You were so heavy and these were life and death times!

MATT, jaw open, nods at her. MAEVE blinks back tears.

MAEVE

I can never forgave meself for that, Matty. Sure you want to keep on digging now?

A BEAT. MATT, reeling, nods very slowly.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. SHIP. IRISH SHORES/SEA. DAY. 1880

SEAN is on a SHIP, standing on the deck looking back at the shores of IRELAND. A ROUGH-FACED PEASANT WOMAN stands next to SEAN with her PRETTY DAUGHTER (18). SEAN, showing off, SINGS LOUDLY

SEAN
(singing)
My heart bleeds for old Ireland
And I wish that I was home,
To help the people trample on the
Landlords' long rent roll!
Oh, I wish that I was home,
Oh, I wish that I was home ...?!

THE ROUGH FACED PEASANT WOMAN lifts up her TATTERED UMBRELLA and bashes SEAN on the head. SEAN SHRIEKS.

ROUGH FACED PEASANT WOMAN
Quit feekin' moanin, will ya?
We's only just flamin' left the
place !

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT WAGON. DESERT. 1880. DAY

ADELAIDE looks out from the back of the slow moving WAGON, looking back at MAEVE, BRIGE and BABY MATT alone in the massive plain. BRIGE SOBS, terrified.

MAEVE (V.O.)
Us bone-headed Bog girls knew
nothing about life and now we had
a babby ...

ADELAIDE eyes widen as MAEVE suddenly mouths a word to her 'Help?'. A BEAT. ADELAIDE gasps and suddenly unfreezes. She grabs her parasol and stands up.

ADELAIDE
Stop the wagon? Stop, I say!

THE WAGON GRINDS to a halt. ANGEL grips ADELAIDE'S shoulder, pulling her back roughly.

ANGEL
You crazy, lady? You never
survive out there?

ADELAIDE
I'm a Hartington girl and we
Hartingtons always survive!

ADELAIDE jabs her parasol into ANGEL's foot. ANGEL YELPS, releasing her grip. The MEN watch in amazement as ADELAIDE climbs off with her bags and walks towards MAEVE and BRIGE. The WAGON moves off. MAEVE smiles very weakly at ADELAIDE. ADELAIDE nods grimly, picks up her suitcase, and marches off. MAEVE and BRIGE pick up their bags and follow. In the WAGON, ANGEL picks up ADELAIDE'S notebook and pen. Breathing hard, ANGEL starts to WRITE, looking back at them

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT. HOURS LATER - EVENING

ADELAIDE marches ahead, her Osprey feather trim looking ragged as she drags her suitcase behind her. We see a THE SKULL of a LONGHORN in the dust. MAEVE wipes her brow, staggering after ADELAIDE, BRIGE and BABY MATT.

MAEVE (V.O.)

Brige reckoned Adelaide was a guardian angel sent by the Lord to look after us. Who knows?

They walk along a HIGH RIDGE, the sun setting behind them.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT. EVENING

MAEVE dumps her bags and stumbles down to the ground. MAEVE empties the last drop of water from her bottle. Her lips are parched, her cheeks burnt by the sun. ADELAIDE staggers over, her dress in rags. She drops her bags and slumps down beside MAEVE, leaning back on a large boulder. BABY MATT starts to WAIL and a COYOTE HOWLS.

MAEVE (V.O.)

One thing was clear. In a few days time, we would all be dead.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT DESERT. NIGHT. HOURS LATER.

MAEVE, BRIGE and ADELAIDE are cuddled up around BABY MATT as they sleep all around him. On a HIGH RIDGE in the background we see McCREADY on a HORSE, shotgun over his shoulder. McCREADY gets off his horse and unpacks his WATER BOTTLE. He walks down the hill taking care not to make a noise. McCREADY stares at ADELAIDE asleep - she looks serene. A BEAT. McCREADY takes a breath and puts his WATER BOTTLE near ADELAIDE and tiptoes off. Asleep, lit by the MOON, they all look peaceful. A COYOTE HOWLS. We hear CHARLES sing from 'A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO' -

CHARLES (00V)
 (singing)
 Daisy, daisy, give me your answer
 do ...

DISSOLVE TO:

CUTTER'S PASS. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. 1880 DAY

CHARLES, sleeves rolled up, is digging a BIG HOLE in the scrubland. He sings a song to keep himself going. HORSE FLIES BUZZ noisily around CHARLES'S head.

CHARLES
 No more screeving and forging,
 Ladies and Gents. Spunky Flat is
 the perfect place to lie doggo/

CHARLES digs lower and lower. His native COCKNEY accent comes through, his voice hardens

CHARLES
 Gonna be as cunning as a
 shithouse rat, hit the oil, pull
 up stumps and leave this hell-
 hole filthy fucking rich! AYE?

CHARLES whacking a FLY on his neck, slips on the mud into the large hole that he's dug - we can no longer see him.

CHARLES (00V)
 Fucking ... Fuckety ... fuck?!

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. SAME TIME. 1880

ADELAIDE, MAEVE and BRIGE, exhausted, parched, are waking up. The sun is blazing. ADELAIDE notices McCREADY'S WATER BOTTLE. ADELAIDE grabs the bottle and drinks and then shakes MAEVE. MAEVE drinks, and BRIGE clasps her hands together in prayer.

ADELAIDE
 Come on, ladies. The sun is high!

ADELAIDE marches off as BRIGE bends over to pick up her bags, MAEVE playfully kicks BRIGE. BRIGE CURSES as she picks up BABY MATT, struggling to keep up

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. HOURS LATER

They stagger through a big valley, the water gone. FLIES swarm around BRIGE'S head as she staggers through the dust.

BRIGE, a way behind MAEVE and ADELAIDE, carries BABY MATT. She flops down on the ground, exhausted.

BRIGE
I'm not takin' another f-f-f-
feekin' step!

MAEVE, horrified, marches over to BRIGE

MAEVE
Brige Morgan? You swore?

BRIGE
So I did! F-f-f-f-f-f-feck!!!

MAEVE, exhausted, hopeless SLAPS BRIGE's face.

MAEVE
Daft cow, how will you survive?

BRIGE
We'll be fine without y-y-you!

MAEVE looks over at ADELAIDE. A BEAT.

MAEVE
Addy? We're not goin' to make it?
Should we leave the babby?

BRIGE, horrified, puts BABY MATT on the ground and jumps up, squaring up to MAEVE, her eyes blazing.

BRIGE
L-l-leave me babby? You crazy?

BRIGE grabs MAEVE by the throat. MAEVE pushes her off

MAEVE
If you hadn't spread yer legs,
Brige Morgan, we wouldn't have no
babby slowin' us down!

BRIGE
Least I kept hold of my b-b-
babby, Maeve Morgan!

MAEVE, reeling, SLAPS BRIGE across the face. BRIGE now WHACKS MAEVE across the face. MAEVE staggers back

ADELAIDE
Ladies? Why kill each other when
we're all going to die anyway!

BRIGE
We 'ent ... l-l-ladies!

MAEVE KNOCKS OUT BRIGE'S front tooth. BRIGE YELPS

MAEVE

We's pissin' ... Cowboys!

BRIGE punches MAEVE hard on the chin as ADELAIDE struggles to pull BRIGE off MAEVE. ADELAIDE sees someone on the horizon - a FAT WOMAN dragging an EMPTY STRETCHER.

ADELAIDE

Stop! Look ... over there?

Filthy, an old COWBOY HAT on her head, THE WOMAN walks in a straight line across the valley, eyes fixed on the horizon. ADELAIDE rushes over and catches up with the FAT WOMAN, who ignores her and keeps walking.

ADELAIDE

Please? Where are you going?

THE FAT WOMAN

Goin' back East!

THE FAT WOMAN stops for a moment to wipe her brow. MAEVE and BRIGE hobble towards them, nursing their bruises.

MAEVE

Did ya find any gold, Misses?

THE FAT WOMAN LAUGHS LOUDLY. MAEVE looks at ADELAIDE.

THE FAT WOMAN

Gold's all gone, little sister.
Them's killin' each other back
there, tearin' each other apart.
Put a bullet in me darlin's
brain. Damned Miners! May they
rot in hell!

They all stare at the STRETCHER, which is empty, but for a HUMAN SKULL and some BONES RATTLING in the wind. THE FAT WOMAN now staggers on, dragging the stretcher behind her.

THE FAT WOMAN

Goin' back East to bury me
darlin'!

Her voice echoes in the wind. They watch the FAT WOMAN walk on through the valley. BRIGE, scoops up MATT. ADELAIDE, picks up her suitcase. MAEVE sinks to the ground, defeated.

MAEVE

Gold's all gone? No? Can't go on!

BRIGE hobbles over, nursing a black eye. ADELAIDE'S eyes are now blazing she grabs MAEVE'S arm and shakes her hard

ADELAIDE

Skivvie in your sweat shops. Live a life of the strumpet selling your body for three bucks a time, Maeve. That will suit you just fine. We women came West for a different kind of gold!

BRIGE

Came West for l-l-liberty. Ain't that right, Miss Addy?

MAEVE is frozen. ADELAIDE now SLAPS MAEVE HARD and MAEVE, slowly unfreezes. ADELAIDE looks into the horizon

ADELAIDE

If that poor soul went East, then that's got to be West? Come on!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY. HOURS LATER. EVENING/SUNSET

The THREE GIRLS, their clothes in tatters, stagger along against the horizon against the sunset. We focus on MCCREADY, silhouetted against the same horizon, further back, following them on his HORSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY LATER. DAY.

CHARLES and ARTHUR are playing cards again. ARTHUR blows smoke from his cigar. EUGENE and ALVIN drink at the bar.

ARTHUR

Got three thousand acres ready to ooze out the black gold. Boys will help you drill, Charlie boy.

CHARLES

Thanks, old boy, but rather keep digging my own land, thanks, old boy.

ARTHUR

Don't dig too big a hole, Charlie boy. You may find you can't dig your way out!

CHARLES gulps hard as EUGENE and ALVIN grin over.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS, OKLAHOMA, 1881 - DAYS LATER. DAY

MAEVE, and BRIGE, clutching BABY MATT, sit on the side of a crossroads in the middle of nowhere. The sun beats down.

BABY MATT feeds at BRIGE'S breast. MAEVE frustrated, tosses some stones into the dirt. ADELAIDE is changing behind some BUSHES. She undoes her corsets, flinging them over the bushes. ADELAIDE opens her suitcase and puts on a woman's split leather breeches, a waistcoat and a GUN in a gun-belt. She puts on a pristine, white COWBOY HAT and emerges from behind the BUSH. MAEVE LAUGHS harshly

MAEVE

Look at Belle Starr over there?
Can see her breasts pokin' out!

ADELAIDE stares hard and now reaches into her bag and takes out some SCISSORS. She cuts off her hair. A BEAT.

MAEVE

Ha? Takes more than shorn locks
to be a cowboy/

BRIGE

G-g-give over, Maeve. You ain't
such a fine cowboy yerself!

ADELAIDE

I don't want to be a Cowboy.
I want to be a Lady Rancher ...
a Cowboy Girl!

A BIG BEAT. MAEVE and BRIGE both stare at each other in confusion. Suddenly, we hear a RUMBLING NOISE. THE 'RUMBLING' NOISE becomes DEAFENING. A WAGON TRAIN comprising of a CATTLE TRUCK, a CHUCK WAGON and a GOODS WAGON, appear on the horizon. A HERD OF LONGHORN follow the TRUCKS, several hundred of them. ADELAIDE steps into the middle of the first road and waves down the WAGONS. THE TRUCK DRIVER of the FIRST WAGON SHOUTS at the OTHER DRIVERS, as he pulls at his HORSES and TWO OTHER WAGONS, stop.

THE DRIVER

Woah ...!!! Woah, there!

THE TRUCKS are full of 'WADDIES', Cowhands, 15 to 18 years old, BLACK, HISPANIC, faces blackened by the sun.

ADELAIDE

Three Waddies at your service!

BRIGE terrified, clutches the BABY. She hisses at MAEVE.

BRIGE

What's a w-w-waddie, Maeve?

THE DRIVER

You boys, boys? Or is you boys
... girls?

ADELAIDE

We're girls, sir. Cowboy Girls!

WADDIE (1)
Cowboy girls?! Hear that, boys?

THE WADDIES JEER, BANGING on the side of the WAGON with their fists. THE DRIVER is reeling. MCCREADY, lying on his stomach on a high, flat rock, watches the action below.

THE DRIVER
Out here alone? With a baby?

ADELAIDE spits into the dust, acting very tough.

ADELAIDE
Parents scalped and left for
dead. Cheyenne. Wagon train all
wiped out!

THE DRIVER
But this ain't Cheyenne country?

ADELAIDE
'Tis' now. Those Cheyenne can
really move. Can we join you?

WADDIE (1)
Only men allowed on these wagons.

ADELAIDE
Got a belt, there, waddie? Could
you be so good as to hold it out?

THE WADDIE (1) looks nervous as the WADDIES urge him on. MAEVE nudges BRIGE and rolls her eyes, astounded. We ANGLE ON MCCREADY. He eyes widen with admiration as he LAUGHS

ADELAIDE
How many holes in the buckle?

WADDIE (1) unstraps his belt. He slowly counts the holes

WADDIE (1)
There's five.

ADELAIDE
Let's make it six shall we?

WADDIE (1) holds it at arm's length as ADELAIDE takes out her GUN. BRIGE clutches BABY MATT, as MAEVE breathes in hard. WADDIE (1) grins nervously as ADELAIDE aims. A SHOT. THE BELT flies to the ground as BRIGE crosses herself.

ADELAIDE
How many holes now?

WADDIE (1), shocked, hobbles over to pick up his belt

WADDIE (1)
Darn' me - there's six!

ADELAIDE
 Might want to pull up your
 longjohns, Waddie!

THE WADDIES LAUGH AND WHISTLE. MAEVE, beams, amazed. We see MCCREADY laughing, shaking his head in admiration.

DRIVER
 Make room back there? Three
 girls and a little baby!

ADELAIDE winks at an astounded MAEVE as they climb up.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - MINUTES LATER - DAY

C/U ELROY (16) sitting next to MAEVE, BRIGE, and ADELAIDE squeezed in the TRUCK with OTHER YOUNG WADDIES. MAEVE, leans into ELROY. They grin warmly at each other.

ELROY
 Texas? We's headin' north to
 Abilene - some three thousand
 miles. Cattle market at Kansas.

MAEVE
 North? No ...?! Got to get West,
 make a home for me babby!

ADELAIDE gulps hard. MAEVE feels around her neck

MAEVE
 Me locket? It's gone? A curse!

ADELAIDE squeezes her hand. MAEVE hides her tears

MAEVE (V.O.)
 We was cursed alright, floating
 this way and that. Chasing the
 elephant' the Waddies called it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY, KANSAS, WEEKS LATER. DAY

MAEVE, her face blackened by the sun, gallops on her HORSE across a valley, followed by ADELAIDE on her HORSE. We see a HERD of LONGHORN in the background.

MAEVE (V.O.)
 Chasing a dream, just over the
 next hill. Dirt poor cowgirls
 with no home of our own ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. OPEN VALLEY - WEEKS LATER. DAY - 1881

MAEVE gallops across the valley to ADELAIDE on her HORSE. ADELAIDE sweating, dirty, looks shattered.

MAEVE

Be pushin' up the daisies by the time we get to Texas! You can leave anytime, College girl. Fine jaunt among the cowboys, eh?

ADELAIDE IS HORRIFIED.

ADELAIDE

How dare you, Maeve? I burnt my bridges to come out here like you did, upi uneducated foul-mouthed peasant!

ADELAIDE whisks out her GUN and aims towards MAEVE. She pulls the trigger as MAEVE GASPS. A BEAT. ADELAIDE, shocked, horrified, reeling, slowly lowers her gun. THE TRAIL BOSS comes riding over - the LONGHORN break loose

TRAIL BOSS

Paddy? Round up the right flank!
Cowgirl? Take the other side!

ADELAIDE pulls up her neckerchief over her mouth. SOME LONGHORN break loose from the HERD. Clouds of DUST stir up. MAEVE, ADELAIDE, and ELROY ride through the HERD, cracking their WHIPS, doing their best to round up the LONGHORN. MAEVE is stuck in the middle of a growing STAMPEDE, surrounded by LONGHORN. Choking on the dust, MAEVE gallops ahead.

Clouds of WHITE DUST appear. ADELAIDE, can't see anything and takes out her GUN and FIRES into the air in an attempt to stop the LONGHORN. The LONGHORN start to STAMPEDE. ONE OF THE LONGHORN charges MAEVE'S HORSE and MAEVE gets knocked off. ELROY drags MAEVE up onto his HORSE. They battle their way through the LONGHORN. ADELAIDE, hidden by the DUST CLOUD shouts.

ADELAIDE (OOV)

Maeve? Elroy?! Help me, HELP!

MCREADY, scarf pulled up, charges through the HERD towards ADELAIDE. He grabs ADELAIDE'S reins and pulls her through the dust. ADELAIDE emerges through the HERD, SOBBING and CHOKING. MCREADY turns round to her. A BEAT. ADELAIDE GASPS as MAEVE and ELROY gallop over on ELROY'S HORSE, MCREADY rides off through the HERD. ADELAIDE, shocked, shaking, nods as THE TRAIL BOSS rides over

TRAIL BOSS

Nearly lost the herd with your
greenhorn buddy shooting up. You?
Out back on drag - now!

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS. KANSAS. DAY OR SO LATER. DAY. 1881

Neckerchief up, ADELAIDE rides slowly at the dusty rear of the HERD, wiping the dust from her eyes. She looks bleak, hopeless. MAEVE gallops over towards ADELAIDE.

MAEVE

Don't ever point yer gun at me
again, and if yer feckin' call me
a feckin' foul-mouthed peasant
again, Adelaide, yer feckin'
dead, ya hear?

ADELAIDE nods, grateful, relieved. MAEVE smiles just a little. They ride on, side by side, scarves pulled up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS/PLAIN. SAME TIME. DAY.

MCCREADY sits on his HORSE overlooking the plain and the HERD. He is shaken up, face black with dust. HE GASPS

MCCREADY

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my
dear, Till all the seas gang dry.

MCCREADY takes out a HIP FLASK and has a slug of whiskey. He wipes tears of exhaustion from his eyes. He rides on.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGH STREET - SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

CHARLES emerges from his MARSHAL'S OFFICE and surveys the high street. A DRUNKEN COWBOY staggers across the street. CHARLES groans. TWO WOMEN, out shopping, walk past him on the boardwalk. CHARLES takes off his hat and bows.

WOMAN (1)

Morning, Marshal.

WOMAN (2) pretty, shoots CHARLES a flirtacious look

WOMAN (2)

Caught any baddies lately,
Marshal?

CHARLES

I am the baddie. Didn't you ladies know? Grrrrr ...!

CHARLES rolls his eyes around and chases them as THE TWO WOMEN SHRIEK with laughter and scuttle off. CHARLES groans AN UNDERTAKER slowly drives his WOODEN CART past CHARLES, WOODEN COFFINS are piled high in the back of the CART.

UNDERTAKER

Howdy, Marshal? Burning this lot. Three more families with the pox. Four more shot themselves. Too lonely out here for city folk. It drives 'em all doolally!

THE UNDERTAKER moves off. CHARLES notices some SMOKE tail up into the air from behind the UNDERTAKER'S BUILDING

CHARLES

It's driving me doolally!
Desperate fools dropping like flies, chasing their poxy dreams of freedom. Fools, dead fools!

ARTHUR emerges from the SALOON across the road, ALVIN and EUGENE behind him. CHARLES face darkens.

ARTHUR

You mollygrubbin', Marshal? Why aren't you diggin' your land?

CHARLES

Waiting for some new digging equipment from Chicago, old boy. Vital to keep up with developments back East, n'est ce pas?

ARTHUR

Don't frenchify me, Marshal! Last chance, three thousand acres of land, flexible on payment? A family heirloom? A Ruby choker, perhaps?

A BIG BEAT. CHARLES's jaw drops. ARTHUR grins darkly

ARTHUR

My man in New York keeps me posted. Essential to keep up with things back East, n'est-ce pas? Sign in the morning, old boy!

EUGENE guffaws loudly as CHARLES is reeling! They walk off.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. IRELAND. 1920 (PRESENT DAY)

An OPEN-TOPPED ROLLS ROYCE is streaking through the country lanes. ADELAIDE (60's), silver haired, a successful barrister, is seated in the front. ADELAIDE shouts out to her sister, JO, at the driving wheel. JO (50's) is still blue-eyed and pretty. JO jams the BREAKS as A HERD OF COWS cross the road, a LAD with a stick beats them on their way. The COWS surround the car. JO LAUGHS, looking at ADELAIDE.

JO

Round em up, eh, Cowgirl?

ADELAIDE

Bah? Give me Longhorn anytime!

A nearby COW `MOOS' loudly. JO turns off the engine

JO

Addy? All this for some woman you haven't seen for thirty years?

ADELAIDE

Never would have become a lawyer if I hadn't met Maeve Morgan. She made me brave, take risks ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. OPEN PLAIN. KANSAS. DAY. MONTHS LATER. 1881.

ADELAIDE watches MAEVE on a HORSE, in her slip and white bloomers, balancing on top of her HORSE'S back, her arms out wide, as it trots across the open plain. BRIGE, holding BABY MATT and seated near ELROY on the grass, all CLAP.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

From the back of my horse my view was changing. The world looked wide!

MAEVE waves over and ADELAIDE struggles to climb, bareback on her own HORSE, but falls off on the grass.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - BROWN & WHITE 'SEPIA' PHOTOGRAPHS

A WHITE FLASH of an UNSEEN CAMERA. C/U of A PHOTOGRAPH: MAEVE standing proudly on her HORSE's back; ADELAIDE seated on a HORSE, holding aloft her rifle; MAEVE, ADELAIDE and BRIGE grinning at camera with their arms around each other.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

We hit the Rodeos, buck-riding, steer breaking. 'Queen of the Steers' the Waddies called Maeve and I was 'Sure Shot Addy'!

ANOTHER FLASH: ADELAIDE is being presented with a silver cup by a the ROUND UP OFFICIALS - she beams. A GUN SHOT -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATTLE ROUND UP. KANSAS. DAY (MONTAGE)

They sit amongst the CROWD at a ROUND UP and MAEVE smokes a BIG CIGAR. BRIGE, highly excited, nudges ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
Brige reckoned she saw the
'Bandit Queen', Belle Starr ...

In a different part of the CROWD we see BELLE STARR (30's) and her ADMIRERS. BELLE is highly glamorous in her silks, a 'DREAMLIKE' GLOW around her as she watches the rodeo from under her parasol. BRIGE, eyes wide, jumps up and down and nudges MAEVE and ADELAIDE. They all look over and BELLE STARR 'winks' at them and smile, disappearing into the crowd. The girls stare, amazed - there is a DREAMLIKE feeling to this.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATTLE TRADERS ROUND UP. DAY (MONTAGE)

MAEVE, chewing on her cigar, pointing at the CATTLE. BRIGE runs over to ADELAIDE and points up to a woman - a very drunken and staggering CALAMITY JANE (30)

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
Calamity Jane showed up and it
sure was a calamity when she and
Maeve hit the juice!

MAEVE and CALAMITY, arm in arm, staggering around the ring, waving the crowds. ADELAIDE in the crowd, resplendent in her rhinestone outfit, shaking her head, smiling, as both MAEVE and CALAMITY fall over, drunk.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
They called us 'Cow-boy-girls'.
We were seeing life ...

A WHITE FLASH - CALAMITY with MAEVE, ADELAIDE and BRIGE grouped in the middle of the ring, posing with their guns, a tied up STEER at their feet. A BIG 'FLASH'

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATTLE RING. DAY. (MONTAGE)

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
And life was seeing us!

BLACK & WHITE NEWSPAPER PICTURES spin into frame: ADELAIDE holding up her shotgun;

MAEVE, in the ring, her foot on the head of a tied down HEFFER. The HEADLINES announce: 'Brave Cowgirl tames Heffer!' 'Sure Shot Addy does it again!'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR. RODEO - DAY. WEEKS LATER.

We see MAEVE, BRIGE, CALAMITY, ADELAIDE all seated round a table, playing cards, drinking. Their faces are burnt from the sun, hats off, laughing and joking. THE bar door opens and in walks ANNIE OAKLEY (25), long hair, a shotgun over her shoulder, a couple of HUGE COWBOYS, either side. ANNIE OAKLEY walks up to the bar as MAEVE nudges ADELAIDE who is staring at her, eyes wide. ALL go QUIET as ADELAIDE gets up and walks up to ANNIE OAKLEY, who stares coldly at her.

ANNIE OAKLEY

Little Miss Sureshot. She's surely tryin' to steal ma crown!

ADELAIDE

Didn't realise the Circus was in town? Bring on the clowns, Oakley!

ADELAIDE whisks her gun out FASTER than OAKLEY and they all GASP. ANNIE OAKLEY reels back, lowering her gun.

ANNIE OAKLEY

When Buffalo Bill pays yer more than the U.S. President himself, you don't hang around with trash girls. C'mon, boys!

ANNIE OAKLEY and her COWBOYS leave, everyone CHEERS and they lift up ADELAIDE on their shoulders, carrying her round the bar. ADELAIDE grins, happily.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

We girls had it all. We were sisters in spirit, sisters in the mud. We needed no one - no one!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TENT. BACKSTAGE. RODEO ARENA. DAYS LATER. DAY

ADELAIDE is dressing up in her show gear, dazzling rhinestone waistcoat, huge white hat. BRIGE is standing near as ADELAIDE holds the reins of WHITE HORSE and BRIGE adjusts her lapels. We see the entrance to the indoor arena. McCREADY, the BOUNTY HUNTER, shaved, cleaned up from the trail, nods over and grins nervously. A BEAT. ADELAIDE GASPS, and turns towards her horse.

BRIGE

D-d-dont want to stir up the
devil, but a man with eyes as bl-
bl-black as coal is starin' over
at ya.

MCCREADY pushes back his hat and winks at BRIGE. BRIGE,
widens her eyes. MCCREADY approaches. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE

The man in the park ...?

MCCREADY twinkles and nods. He grabs the reins as
ADELAIDE's HORSE is getting frisky. ADELAIDE is reeling.

ADELAIDE

The water ...? The stampede?

MCCREADY

Dinna wanna see yeh crushed, hen.

ADELAIDE, shocked, leans forward and grabs her reins

MCCREADY

James R. McCready, of
Pinkerton's, New York. Am
trackin' the same scoundrel as
you, and ...?

ADELAIDE

I hold my own reins, and am no
man's bait. I am Sureshot Addy!

ADELAIDE CRACKS HER BULL WHIP and rears up on her HORSE.
MCCREADY jumps back. ADELAIDE charges into the ring - we
hear a LOUD CHEER (00V) from the AUDIENCE.

BRIGE

Mr. M-M-Mcready? D-d-dont mind
Addy. She's so stubborn.

MCCREADY gasps, reeling and laughs. BRIGE grins nervously.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER ROUND UP. RODEO RING. KANSAS - DAY LATER. DAY

MAEVE runs around the ring, CALAMITY by her side. They tie
up a STEER with rope as the SMALL CROWD SHOUT and WHISTLE.
BRIGE holds BABY MATT, leaning on the Wooden rails of the
ring. ADELAIDE sneaks a look over at MCCREADY, standing
with a COUPLE OF WADDIES on the other side of the ring.
MCCREADY tips his hat at her and grins.

ADELAIDE

Don't encourage that man, Brige.
He's surely from the wrong side
of the tracks.

BRIGE

He's surely s-s-sweet on you!

ADELAIDE, shocked, sneaks a quick look at McCREADY. She turns away as A LONGHORN is released and it charges round the ring. A SNEERING WADDIE leans into McCREADY.

SNEERING WADDIE

Cowgirls are takin' over? Won't
be diddly-squat left for us boys.

McCREADY transfixed by ADELAIDE, shrugs. THE SNEERING WADDIE chews on his tobacco and spits. MAEVE straddles the LONGHORN, ADELAIDE, concerned, climbs into the ring, her bullwhip ready. ANGLE on McCREADY, eyes wide with concern.

SNEERING WADDIE

Gal with the whip think's she's
dandy, huh? Squeal like a pig
with one of us boys ridin' her!

McCREADY spins round and PUNCHES the SNEERING WADDIE who reels back. A SECOND WADDIE leans in and PUNCHES McCREADY - a FIGHT starts. ADELAIDE looks over from inside the ring as PUNCHES are thrown. MAEVE is thrown off her LONGHORN and ADELAIDE rushes towards her. The WADDIES move off, leaving McCREADY with cuts and bruises. He climbs into the ring and hobbles towards them. MAEVE lies in the dust, blood pouring from her lip. ADELAIDE kneels down, as BRIGE rushes over. MAEVE doesn't move. MAEVE opens her eyes and grins up at them, spitting out a tooth. McCREADY comes over. MAEVE, looks up at him and twinkles.

MCCREADY

Where ah'm from, we banjo a man
who insults our lassies!

ADELAIDE

We girls look after ourselves.
You may go now, Mcready.

BRIGE

Been our g-g-guardian angel? The
Lord will help ya, Mr.McCready.

MCCREADY

Keep prayin' for meh, hen!

McCREADY shoots a look at ADELAIDE as he hobbles off backwards across the ring, still staring at ADELAIDE.

MCCREADY

Have a lead on Rustington-Witt
and meh boss is payin' meh to hit
meh target. Goodday, lassies!

ADELAIDE stares at him. MCCREADY stares at her. MAEVE and BRIGE stare at each other, eyes wide, and grin slowly. MCCREADY hobbles off across the ring. They watch him.

MAEVE

Bejayzis? Addy's got a fancy man?

BRIGE

D-d-don't let him go, Addy!

ADELAIDE, reeling, is frozen to the spot. ANGLE on the LONGHORN 'mooing' tied up on the other side of the ring. MAEVE laughs loudly, spitting out another tooth. ADELAIDE suddenly runs off across the ring.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS/OPEN PLAIN. DAY. MINUTES LATER.

MCCREADY rides through a big open plain. ADELAIDE thunders over the same hill and down into the open plain. ADELAIDE takes her gun out and SHOOTs. MCCREADY turns round, pulling on his reins. MCCREADY grins, delighted as she rides up towards him, breathless

ADELAIDE

McCready? Wait! How can I find Charles? Tell me? I can pay!

MCCREADY

Money? Mebbie, darlin'? If I could have just one wee thing?

MCCREADY slowly grins. ADELAIDE reels back. MCCREADY laughs warmly and jumps off his HORSE. ADELAIDE does the same. MCCREADY walks towards her.

ADELAIDE

I ...? I'll do it, but it's a wretched thing you ask. I need information on Charles, but never tell a soul about this, McCready!

MCCREADY

No one's here. Just you and this wretched soul. We're safe, hen!

ADELAIDE puckers up her lips. MCCREADY stops. MCCREADY pulls her towards him and kisses her deeply. SHE GASPS.

MCCREADY

Kinna tell yeh where Charles is heading as ah'm paid to drag the bastard back alive!

ADELAIDE gasps, reeling, as MCCREADY mounts his HORSE.

MCCREADY

It's not the roar o'sea or shore,
 What makes meh longer wish to
 tarry,
 Nor shouts o' War that's hear
 afar,
 It's leaving thee, sweet Addy!

MCCREADY looks down at her.

MCCREADY

Changed the name at the end.
 Farewell, Miss Adelaide. That
 kiss will keep meh going!

ADELAIDE, gulping hard, watches him ride off through the wide, empty valley. She breathes hard.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

McCready taught me to get on with
 life. To grab the thistle ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONVENT. LEAFY LANE. IRELAND. (PRESENT DAY) 1920. DAY

JO and ADELAIDE sit in JO's open topped car. They are parked about to go into the Convent. ADELAIDE smiles.

ADELAIDE

Time for action. Shall we?

ADELAIDE straightens her jacket and grabs her briefcase. JO nods, opening her door. They go up to the CONVENT door. SISTER ALFONSUS (in her 80's) she opens the door. ADELAIDE, stiffening, passes SISTER ALFONSUS her card.

ADELAIDE

Adelaide Hartington, Hartington &
 Partners, New York. We're trying
 to track down one Johnny Morgan,
 Maeve Morgan's son.

A BEAT. SISTER ALFONSUS suddenly freezes remembering MAEVE

SISTER ALFONSUS

Sister Alfonsus. We had a fire.
 Destroyed all our records.

SISTER ALFONSUS goes to shut the door, but ADELAIDE sticks her foot in, breathing hard and recognizes the SISTER.

ADELAIDE

No need for blessings, Sister.
 I'm a practicing atheist!

JO
 We've travelled such a long way,
 so please excuse her. A quick
 chat and a cup of tea, Sister?

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM. CONVENT, DONEGAL, IRELAND. MINUTES LATER.

SISTER ALFONSUS is sitting behind a large desk - her face is set in stone. ADELAIDE sips at her tea. SISTER ALFONSUS narrows her eyes as JO shoots ADELAIDE a nervous look.

SISTER ALFONSUS
 We expected to hear no word. The
 Morgan family were undesirables.

JO
 Where do you suggest we go next,
 Sister Alfonsus?

SISTER ALFONSUS shrugs. A BEAT. ADELAIDE glares at her.

ADELAIDE
 To the devil, Sister?

SISTER ALFONSUS reels back as ADELAIDE, fuming, stands up and leans towards SISTER ALFONSUS, her hands on the desk.

ADELAIDE
 After years of inflicting misery
 on these young girls, you block
 their last chance of happiness?
 Maybe we should all go to the
 devil, Sister?

ADELAIDE now sits down and stares triumphantly at JO. JO gulps hard as SISTER ALFONSUS pale with shock, gasps

SISTER ALFONSUS
 The ... library might have the
 Morgan family tree. The father
 was a road digger, I recall.

JO's eyes roll wildly as they get up, ADELAIDE grinning.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENT, ROAD, MINUTES LATER - DAY. 1920

JO is driving along at speed as ADELAIDE, blows imaginary 'SMOKE' out of her two fingers held upwards like a 'gun'.

ADELAIDE
 Didn't call me 'Sure Shot Addy'
 for nothin'. Yeehaw!

ADELAIDE cackles as JO shakes her head. A GUN SHOT (00V)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BULLRING. 'ROUND UP' KANSAS. DAY. 1881

ADELAIDE slowly lowers her SMOKING RIFLE, standing opposite row of targets in a ring - a SHOOTING COMPETITION. It's a CATTLE ROUND UP. ADELAIDE takes aim at the BULLSEYE.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
Those endless round ups were
making a difference. I was
sharpening up, getting clear ...

C/U on ADELAIDE's EYES narrowing as she aims at the TARGET.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
Each shot was taking me closer to
my final target. I was saving my
last bullet for Charles ...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. SPUNKY FLAT. NEXT DAY. DAY.

CHARLES stands outside his MARSHAL'S OFFICE on the sidewalk. A STAGE COACH approaches and one passenger gets out, the DRIVER helping her with her bags. THE STAGE COACH slowly drives off. ANGEL stands alone in the street with her suitcases. CHARLES, eyes widen as he sees ANGEL. Near CHARLES, the TWO LADIES we saw earlier whisper.

WOMAN (1)
That's her! New owner of the
Saloon. Word is, she's a ...?

WOMAN (2)
No ... ? Lordy!

THE TWO WOMEN cross themselves as CHARLES looks irritated and walks over to ANGEL, who stands alone in the street. CHARLES smiling takes off his hat and does a low bow.

CHARLES
Charles Rustington-Witt.
Enchante, madame. You are ...?

ANGEL
Angel.

CHARLES
As Marshal, I welcome you, Angel
from your heavenly heights to the
murky depths of Spunky Flat.

ANGEL laughs, her gold tooth gleaming in the sun

ANGEL

What sort of welcome would that
be, Marshal?

CHARLES grins slowly, his eyes widening. ANGEL giggles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP. OKLAHOMA. 1881. DAY

ADELAIDE is outside the COVERED WAGONS folding some
blankets. Something falls out - MAEVE'S SILVER HEART-
SHAPED LOCKET. ADELAIDE quickly puts it in her pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE HAY BARN. DAYS LATER. EVENING. 1881.

MAEVE lies in the hay. ADELAIDE happy, tanned, shorn hair,
is unrecognizable from the 'lady' she once was. She loosens
her shirt and grinning throws her hat down onto the hay.

ADELAIDE

I can breathe again. Out of those
wretched corsets. My life back
East was stifling me.

ADELAIDE flops down next to MAEVE on the hay. THE MEN in
the background are settling down to sleep and play GUITAR
softly. ADELAIDE takes the SILVER LOCKET out of her pocket

ADELAIDE

Found it, fixed it for you.

MAEVE

A present - for me? The Sisters
didn't allow presents. Oh ...?
Johnny? Yer in there, me darlin'!

MAEVE opens it and takes out the LOCK OF JOHNNY'S HAIR
fingering it gently. She kisses the HAIR and puts it back
in THE LOCKET. MAEVE, thrilled, hugs ADELAIDE. They flop
back, side by side, in the hay. MAEVE giggles

MAEVE

Addy? Did you and Charles ever do
the humpy-pumpy?

ADELAIDE

Lord, no? Do we women really need
men in this New Age, Maeve?

MAEVE

I do. Desperate for a pokin', I
am. Boys won't touch me - reckon
I'm half bull, half cow.

ADELAIDE LAUGHS loudly. MAEVE breathes hard, excited.

MAEVE

Nearly in Texas, Addy? 150 acres,
make a ranch, send for Johnny!

ADELAIDE bites her lip, very nervous. A BEAT

ADELAIDE

Why don't we set up ranch
together? Not quite ready to say
goodbye to you yet, Maeve Morgan.

MAEVE looks at ADELAIDE narrowing her eyes, a smile on her
lips.

MAEVE

Woah? You fallin' in love with me
now, College girl?!

ADELAIDE

Don't be ridiculous, Maeve! Who
could love an illiterate, foul-
mouthed peasant like you?

MAEVE suddenly grabs ADELAIDE'S hand and puts on a PRIESTS
VOICE and twists some STRAW around ADELAIDE's finger.

MAEVE

Adelaide Hartington? Will you
take this potato head to be yer
lawfully wedded wife?

ADELAIDE looks at the STRAW RING, reeling. Memories of her
NEW YORK WEDDING coming back to her. She hears the
CLACKING TONGUES of the CONGREGATION, sees their FACES, as
she stands at the ALTAR. She starts to sweat

ADELAIDE

I ... I ...?

MAEVE

I do! A friendship ring. Lovers
come and go, but yer friends are
the ones ya really know.

MAEVE plants a kiss on ADELAIDE's lips. They both burst out
laughing and falling back on the straw.

COWBOY (OOV)

Turn in now, boys and girls! Big
push in the morning.

A COUPLE OF COWBOYS WHISTLE and LAUGH. MAEVE hisses

MAEVE

A 'big push'? What wouldn't I
give for that? Charles? Let me
have him before ya kill him,
Addy!

ADELAIDE pulls back, shocked, reeling.

MAEVE

Kissed him in New York, when I
was sewing up yer wedding train!

ADELAIDE

You kissed Charles? You disgust
me, you vile being!

They roll over in the hay, LAUGHING and SHRIEKING

COWBOY (OOV)

Hunker down, Cowboy Girls!

ADELAIDE

This is a New Age, a time of
great change, a time to be brave.
Everything's turned on it's head
now, Maeve. Everything!

ADELAIDE laughs, happy excited. She fingers the STRAW RING
and stares up to the STARS through a hole in the roof.

ADELAIDE

I came out looking for Charles
but think I've found myself?!

MAEVE, yawns, and turns over and settles down to sleep.

ADELAIDE

They'll write about us some day.
Cowboy Girls and our daring deeds
out West. We'll inspire young
women to throw off their corsets,
- to take risks ...

MAEVE starts to SNORE. ADELAIDE whispers and smiles fondly

ADELAIDE

(whispers)

They'll write about you, Maeve
Morgan!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

ANGEL'S SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. 1881

ANGEL, now the new owner of the SALOON, chews on her pen,
seated on a bar stool behind her bar, writing her
sensational novelette - 'COWGIRLS, WILD STORIES OF WILD,
WILD WOMEN'

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. SAME TIME.

McCREADY rides past a sign that says SPUNKY FLAT. He rides on past and into town ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. STUDY. ARTHUR'S MANSION. TEXAS. EVENING.

ARTHUR sits in his study at his huge desk, fingering ADELAIDE'S RUBY NECKLACE. ARTHUR smiles as THE RUBY NECKLACE glistens as it turns round and round ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. HIGH RIDGE. CHARLES' NEW RANCH. TEXAS - DAY.

CHARLES IS seated in his PONY & TRAP, on a hill, overlooking his new plot of land - hundreds of acres. ALVIN and EUGENE and OTHER MEN as they drill his land for OIL. A WOODEN OIL RIG CREAKS around

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. MANSION. NEW YORK. NEXT DAY.

We see JO, ADELAIDE'S sister, seated at ADELAIDE'S dressing table, writing quickly, she concentrates hard.

JO (V.O.)

Addy, you'll never believe this?
One of Lady Astor's maids gave
Milly some information. The
Rustington-Witt name is a
complete fabrication and Charles
is actually a disgraced bank
clerk from London, by the name of
one 'Peter Smythe'

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP. DAY. DAYS LATER. NEAR TEXAS.

ADELAIDE is seated on the grass a distance away from MAEVE and BRIGE and the OTHER WADDIES. ADELAIDE gasps.

JO (OOV)

Two of Lady Astor's maids have
been advantaged by Smythe, a
known frequenter of the Dolly
houses of Seven Dials, has a wife
and children living in slum
dwellings back in London!

ADELAIDE gasps and reads, her jaw dropping.

ADELAIDE

(reading)

Milly's heard that Smythe is
posing as Marshal in some mud
town - Spunky Flat in Texas?

A BEAT. ADELAIDE, pale with shock, lowers the letter

CUT|TO:

EXT. CAMP. VALLEY - TEXAS. SUNSET. EARLY EVENING.

MAEVE walks away from the WAGONS and sees BRIGE, sitting on a high flat rock, overlooking a huge valley with a glorious sunset. MAEVE puts her arm around BRIGE as they stare out.

MAEVE

Texas at last? Come a long way
for two potato heads, eh, Brige?

BRIGE

Think we'll see Ma and Da again?
Sean, the sisters and brothers?

MAEVE shakes her head and shrugs. Suddenly tears pour down MAEVE's cheeks. They hug fiercely, we pull out and see the two girls tiny and against the vast Texan landscape.

BRIGE (OOV)

Dearest Cuz, Maeve and I have
travelled a m-m-million miles
across this land of bears and
giant b-b-boulders. We heard of
the death of our folks and have
only just stopped cryin'...

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGON - DAYS LATER. NEW YORK OUTSKIRTS. DAY

SEAN is sitting in the back of the WAGON, squeezed between some IRISH WESTERERS. He listens to a YOUNG BOY (10) reads him BRIGE'S letter. SEAN looks sick from the bumpy ride.

YOUNG BOY

(reading)

We now have a fine lady friend,
called Adelaide, who's leadin' us
to Spunky Flat in Texas ...

AN IRISH MOTHER with her THREE OTHER CHILDREN, fusses nearby. SEAN looks pale. THE YOUNG BOY continues

YOUNG BOY

(reading)

Remember that fine pokin' we had?

THE YOUNG BOY suddenly grins wickedly.

YOUNG BOY
 (reading)
 You's now the father of a bonnie
 boy. You's got two sons now,
 Sean, two wives as well!

SEAN, shocked, sticks his head out of the side of the WAGON to be SICK. THE CHILDREN and their MOTHER stare over as SEAN GASPS, trembling and crossing himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. SAME TIME. 1880

MCCREADY is riding along on his HORSE, a half a mile back from the HERD. He sings to keep himself going.

MCCREADY
 (singing)
 Mrs McGuire peed in the fire,
 The fire was too hot,
 She peed in the pot,
 The pot was too wee, She peed in
 the sea, The sea was too wide,
 She peed in the Clyde,
 All the wee beasties ran up her
 backside!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE. LATER. NEW YORK. DAY

SEAN walks around the crowded streets. He stares up at the towering buildings, bumping into PASSERS BY. SEAN stares at a crumpled up piece of paper from his pocket.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUNTY BETH'S ROOMS. NEW YORK. EVENING. HOURS LATER

SEAN is seated in the squalid rooms of BETH MORGAN and her family - PATRICK and SEAMUS, MAEVE'S COUSINS, along with various CHILDREN and NEIGHBORS huddled around a fire. AUNTY BETH puffs on her pipe, her eyes widening.

SEAN
 Bejayzis, no? Me two wives have
 turned into men?!!

SEAMUS
 Brige was wearing a long man's
 overcoat and mens' breeches!

PATRICK
 Maeve was seen spittin' and
 wearin' a stetson!

SMALL CHILD

What's a stetson, Cousin Sean?

AUNTY BETH

Something wild and wicked, son,
something wild and wicked!

They all quickly cross themselves in unison.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S SALOON/HOTEL. NEXT DAY. DAY

ANGLE ON A LARGE STETSON. ANGEL, writing, looks up, pen in her mouth, thinking hard and pushes back her hat. ALVIN and EUGENE sit on the bar stools drinking. ANGEL's sign 'SPIT IN THE BOX' hangs behind her. McCREADY comes in, cleaned up, his hat down. ANGEL smiles widely. McCREADY grins at ANGEL as she pours him out a beer. ALVIN moves up to McCREADY at the bar.

ALVIN

Angel's writing them racy
stories. Them ladies, back East
lurve to hear about us mean,
sweatin' Cowboys, huh?

ANGEL

My readers wanna read about
Cowgirls, not Cowboys, Rustler.

ALVIN

Makes 'em hot and sticky in their
lace panties, huh, Angel?

EUGENE drunkenly spits in the spittoon, missing it as ANGEL SLAMS down her book hard on the bar, so ALVIN's teeth CLATTER against his beer glass and he SPILLS his drink. McCREADY grabs his bottle of beer before it falls off.

ANGEL

Spit in the box, coyote shit! My
book is a Romance about brave,
tough Cowgirls!

EUGENE

Like Belle Starr and Calamity?

ALVIN

Ha! Two bit whores - all of 'em.

ANGEL sees red and she climbs up onto the bar and stands there. A FEW COWHANDS and SHOWGIRLS look over and go quiet. ANGEL holds herself up fiercely. ALL GO QUIET

ANGEL

In the West, we start afresh. We
rise up, push back boundaries
with the land and with ourselves!
The West gives us all new chances
to be who we wanna be!

ONE OF THE SHOWGIRLS starts to CLAP and BANG on the BAR.

SHOWGIRL (1)

Tell 'em, Angel!

ANGEL

Some break free from zee shackles
of their past. They emerge, shiny
and new! Others?

ANGEL spits down into ALVIN's beer and LAUGHS loudly

ANGEL

They stay in zee gutter!

THE COWHANDS CHEER as ALVIN cursing, throws his beer to the ground. ALVIN'S FACE darkens as he moves off through the Saloon door and spits on the floor. EUGENE follows. ANGEL takes a low bow as McCREADY laughs admiringly. As ANGEL jumps down. McCREADY leans across the bar.

MCCREADY

Seen an Englishman? Smooth-
talkin' swell, Rustington-Witt?

ANGEL

Every kinda man around here,
handsome. Every kinda woman too!

ANGEL grins and winks at McCREADY. He rolls his eyes.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. RIVER/WILLOW TREE. NEAR TEXAS. DAY.

ADELAIDE is swimming in her underwear, her clothes on the bank. BRIGE is feeding BABY MATT under a large tree. MAEVE, in her underwear, runs into the water. We see ALVIN and EUGENE on their HORSES, hidden behind some trees. MAEVE and ADELAIDE splash each other and SHRIEK and LAUGH.

ADELAIDE

You are, Maeve, one of the most
outrageous, foul-mouthed females
in the whole United States!

ADELAIDE splashes her. MAEVE SCREAMS and LAUGHS LOUDLY

ADELAIDE

But since I've known you, my life
has been such a headlong rush of
adventure, that I hope, dear
Lord, that it's not a dream as I
never want to wake up ...

ADELAIDE suddenly goes under the water. MAEVE looks
worried. ADELAIDE lurches up through the water.

ADELAIDE

I am reborn!

MAEVE LAUGHS as they dance in the water. ANGLE on EUGENE
who turns to ALVIN, disgusted. EUGENE and ALVIN sneak up as
BRIGE, singing, feeds BABY MATT with a bottle. ALVIN has
reached around the large trunk of the tree and grabbed
BRIGE by the neck with his hands. ALVIN and EUGENE tie a
ROPE around BRIGE, they strap BRIGE to the TREE TRUNK.

ALVIN sticks the BABY'S CLOTH into BRIGE'S mouth and BRIGE
GAGS. They jump on their horses, SHOOTING their guns into
the air as ADELAIDE and MAEVE look over from the lake,
swimming back fast. They run to BRIGE and MAEVE pulls the
cloth out of BRIGE'S mouth. BRIGE SCREAMS and ADELAIDE
grabs her SHOTGUN and runs after them but they ride off.

EUGENE (OOV)

Dirty Cowboy-girls! Get back
East. No one wants ya here!

ADELAIDE rushes back, fuming. BRIGE is trembling.

BRIGE

F-f-freedom don't come easy?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES'S NEW RANCH. TEXAS - DAY LATER. DAY

CHARLES drives his PONY AND TRAP down a hill into the
valley, into his NEW RANCH that he has bought from ARTHUR.
He sees ALVIN, EUGENE, a COUPLE OF OTHER COWHANDS digging
in the background and stops to survey his land. ANGLE on a
OIL DRILL digging away, wheels CLANKING and GRINDING
LOUDLY. CHARLES gets out as ALVIN throws his spade down.

ALVIN

Boys are bone tired, Marshal?
Nothin' down there.

CHARLES

Tell them to dig deeper, then.

ALVIN shrugs and spits. A BEAT. He leans in to CHARLES

ALVIN

Rustlin's a better way to make a buck. Cut the wire and sell em' on for double. No Rustlers back in London town, Marshal?

CHARLES narrows his eyes, his COCKNEY ACCENT evident.

CHARLES

We're all Rustlers down the Dilly. Understand, gulpy glock?

ALVIN shrugs and leans in, grinning.

ALVIN

Scotsman on yer tail. Make sure Ransome don't get in cahoots, or you'll end in the bone orchard with the jingly-jangly skeletons. Understand, Marshal?

CHARLES is reeling, shocked, and cracking his whip, rides off. ALVIN turns to EUGENE and LAUGHS LOUDLY

ALVIN

Ransome's sold our Marshal a dud and the Marshal knows it. Sit back watch the fireworks!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT/INT. TRUCK. SPUNKY FLAT. NEXT DAY. DAY

THE TRUCK passes a sign for 'SPUNKY FLAT'. ADELAIDE, MAEVE, BRIGE and BABY MATT climb out of the TRUCK, the WADDIES passing down their bags. MAEVE, ADELAIDE and BRIGE untie their horses, mount and ride towards the town. ELROY now jumps off with his bag, and runs towards MAEVE, dragging his bag. ELROY calls after them. They all stop.

ELROY

Miss Maeve?! Been lookin' all over for Pa since the war ended, don't reckon I'll ever find him.

MAEVE

Saved me life in the stampede. Jump up, Elroy, yeh's family now.

ELROY beams and jumps up on the back of MAEVE'S HORSE. THEY RIDE TOWARDS SPUNKY FLAT.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. BIT LATER

ANGEL, smoking her cigar is deep in thought, writing 'COWGIRLS, WILD STORIES OF WILD, WILD WOMEN!' behind her bar. CHARLES'S comes in, worried. ANGEL closes her book and pours him a beer. He drinks it quickly, sweating.

CHARLES

Angel? What happens if I kill a man? Hypothetically speaking?

ANGEL

You's the law here, Charlie. Handsome Scottie in. Asked if I knew an Englishman? Tell him Angel knows many, many men.

CHARLES goes pale. Shocked, he wipes his brow and drinks. ANGEL leans over and wraps her arms around his neck.

ANGEL

Need inspiration for my next chapter. Wanna deeg, Charlie? Hypothetically speaking?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHARLES NEW RANCH. SAME TIME. DAY

CHARLES'S huge OIL DRILL, CLANKS and GRINDS away, digging.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. BEDROOM. SALOON/HOTEL. BIT LATER. DAY

CHARLES, sits up in bed - he hears the HORSES HOOVES. ANGEL lounges on the bed, in her negligee, smoking a cigar. CHARLES gets up and pulling back a curtain, looks down onto the High Street. He sees MAEVE, BRIGE, ADELAIDE. He catches a glimpse of ADELAIDE - it couldn't be? No! He shakes his head and walks back to the bed, where ANGEL pulls him towards her. They kiss passionately.

ANGEL

Dig deeper, Charlie. Dig for oil!

CHARLES pulls off ANGEL's negligee and starts kissing her breasts moving down lower. ANGEL shrieks and laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE. HIGH ST. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. BIT LATER

MAEVE, ADELAIDE, BRIGE and ELROY ride up to the Post Office and dismount.

Weatherbeaten, hats on, hair cropped, they are totally unrecognizable. They tie up their horses and join OTHER WESTERERS entering the Post Office.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE. HIGH ST. MINUTES LATER

CHARLES, as 'MARSHAL', is sitting behind a table, ALVIN and EUGENE are in the background, as CHARLES divides up the CLAIMS. A QUEUE of 'WESTERERS', stand in front of CHARLES. MAEVE, ADELAIDE, BRIGE, BABY MATT and ELROY stand at the back. Suddenly, ADELAIDE FREEZES - CHARLES? A BEAT. They move forward and stand in front of CHARLES. MAEVE hands A CLERK the twelve dollars for the land. CHARLES stares at MAEVE, her face covered with mud. MAEVE grins at CHARLES. ADELAIDE pulls back in distaste, her hat pulled down. CHARLES pulls out some PAPERS. He gulps hard.

CHARLES

You ladies might be interested in some land just east of town? Two thousand acres and oil rich - two hundred dollars, a bargain!

MAEVE excited, nudges BRIGE who hands MAEVE over a large pursefull of dollars. MAEVE hands it over to CHARLES.

BRIGE

All we got left, Maeve?

MAEVE

Two hundred dollars, mister.

CHARLES

Smart lady. No papers needed, buy it all together then divvy up the land up in your three separate names, sign here, ladies.

MAEVE nods and pulls BRIGE to sign CHARLES's paper. ADELAIDE, hat tilted down, shuffles forward. A BEAT. Her hand is shaking as she signs a false name. ALVIN steps forward and stands in front of ELROY, blocking his way. A BEAT. ELROY gulps hard as ALVIN glares at him.

They leave and CHARLES puts a copy of the paper into his briefcase, and chuckles. CHARLES looks up brightly and is faced with some ROUGH LOOKING WESTERERS - eye patches, broken teeth, bandages and a crutch. CHARLES smiles and puts a CLAIM PAPER in front of them, wrinkling his nose.

CHARLES

Come to claim? Of course you have. Paw prints here, please.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY. SAME TIME.

ADELAIDE looks shaken up from seeing CHARLES and MAEVE's rejection MAEVE jumps on her horse as ADELAIDE looks shaken up from seeing CHARLES and looks back at the POST OFFICE.

BRIGE

Why did you sign as Prusilla Daniels, Addy?

ADELAIDE

Didn't want Charles to recognise me. No papers needed? I smell a rat - a rat called Charles!

MAEVE

Charles is dandy. I should have shagged him back in New York.

ADELAIDE

How dare you, Maeve? Charles is a vile imposter called Peter Smythe stole my family heirloom!

MAEVE

We're all imposters out West, even you, Prusilla. Let's go.

MAEVE and ELROY ride off and BRIGE looks at ADELAIDE, her eyes rolling to the sky. ADELAIDE spits on the ground, fuming and looking back at the POST OFFICE, deep in thought. She jumps on her horse as does BRIGE, MATT on her back. The SKY is darkening. A CLAP OF THUNDER

CUT TO:

INT. BARBER'S SHOP. HIGH ST. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY

ANGLE on McCREADY as he looks out of THE BARBER/SHOP he is shaving and GASPS in DISBELIEF. McCREADY lurches up in his seat, THE BARBER nicking him with the razor.

MCCREADY

Miss Sureshot? She made it?!

MCCREADY grabs the BARBER and plants a HUGE KISS on the man's cheek. McCREADY runs out into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBER'S SHOP. SAME TIME. DAY

MCCREADY, eyes wide with excitement, Barber's white gown still on, shaving foam on his cheeks, see the GIRLS riding off. THE BARBER runs out looking for his gown.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RIDGE. CUTTER'S PASS/MAEVE'S LAND. EARLY EVENING

MAEVE, BRIGE, ADELAIDE and LEROY ride onto a high ridge, a massive flat rock overhangs CUTTER'S PASS. MAEVE dismounts and walks to the edge of the flat rock/high ridge. The view is spectacular. MAEVE goes up to the edge of the rock. ADELAIDE watches, uneasy. MAEVE beams at them all.

MAEVE

They can never throw us off this
land, you hear me, Ma? Never.
We've got a home, girls, a home!

MAEVE dances an IRISH JIG, near the very edge of the ridge, grinning back at them, wildly. Jumping off her horse, BRIGE shrieking with joy, rushes over to join MAEVE dance a jig as ADELAIDE, preoccupied, sits on her HORSE and watches. THE TWO GIRLS dance as ELROY holds BABY MATT

ELROY

Mad as hops, Matty, mad as hops!

We hear a CRACK OF THUNDER. ADELAIDE beats back tears of anger and exhaustion. A CRACK OF THUNDER.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. VALLEY. CUTTERS PASS. DAYS LATER. DAY. 1881

MAEVE, ADELAIDE and ELROY dig the land with their shovels. They are digging for Oil as BRIGE tends BABY MATT in the background by a makeshift TENT. MAEVE wipes the sweat from her brow and leans on her spade. Other holes are visible on the flat, scrubland, mountains of earth piled up high.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAND. CUTTER'S PASS. WEEK LATER. DAY.

MAEVE, ADELAIDE, ELROY keep digging, there are MANY MORE EARTH MOUNDS now than before. MAEVE throws down her spade

MAEVE

Black gold? Your English bastard
sold us a turkey, Addy, or is
that Scott yer fancy man? Can't
feckin' keep up!

ADELAIDE, furious, whisks her GUN out of her holster and SHOOTs three holes a tree trunk. ELROY raises his eyes as MAEVE kicks her spade with frustration, defiantly gives ADELAIDE the one-fisted 'salute' and storms off. ADELAIDE glares and we hear A LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAEVE'S RANCH. RANCH. TEXAS. 1920. (PRESENT DAY) DAY.

MAEVE is seated on her horse, next to MATT in a valley on her ranch. They watches a HERD OF LONGHORN grazing

MATT

All them years, Aunt Maeve? Why didn't you ever send for Johnny. I just never understood.

MAEVE gulps hard, her eyes blazing, beating back tears.

MAEVE

An Irish peasant, who can't read or write, failed her sister and drove away the one real friend who cared. Who would want a Ma like that? Would Johnny?

MATT reels back. MAEVE turns away, wiping tears of anger.

MATT

You and my ma and the other girls. You had to make some real tough choices ...

MAEVE

We did and you're Ma, my sister, was the bravest of us all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CUTTER'S PASS. ADOBE HUT. EARLY MORNING. 1881

They sleep, huddled together in the ADOBE MUD HUT. We hear THE RAIN and some drops start to trickle in. BRIGE COUGHS and shivers. A lump of MUD falls onto BRIGE's face. BRIGE's eyes widen as we hear IRISH MUSIC. She hears SOUNDS of SAWING and sees IMAGES of MASKED MEN on the roof of their cottage in Ireland. A MUD SLIDE. BRIGE SHRIEKS, grabbing BABY MATT.

BRIGE

Get up, girls! Get up, get out!

CUT TO:

EXT. CUTTER'S PASS. MAEVE'S LAND. MINUTES. DAY.

They watch as the hut, lashed by the RAIN, collapses. BABY MATT WAILS as MAEVE and BRIGE stare frozen, arms round each other. A LOUD GUNSHOT. ELROY suddenly collapses, his arm, bleeding. ADELAIDE, horrified, runs over and looks up to the hills. She sees TWO MEN on HORSES riding away.

CUT TO:

EXT, HIGH RIDGE, OVERLOOKING CUTTER'S PASS. SAME TIME.

ALVIN puts his gun away, EUGENE besides him. They ride off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUD HUT. CUTTER'S. MOMENTS LATER - DAY

ADELAIDE runs over, horrified. BRIGE ties a knot in a sheet around ELROY'S arm. BRIGE staggers forwards, shaking.

BRIGE

They tried to k-k-kill us?

MAEVE GASPS and looks desperate. A BEAT. She stares at ADELAIDE and her lip trembling and gulps hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. 1881. LATER. DAY

ADELAIDE, GALLOPS along. THE HOOVES THUNDER along the road. ADELAIDE GALLOPS across the valley, determined, head down.

JO (OOV)

Dearest sis, terrible news?

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION HOUSE. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. NEW YORK. DAY.

We see JO at ADELAIDE'S dressing table writing a letter.

JO (V.O.)

Poppa's ill, most feverish and
Dr. Winston is worried indeed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. SPUNKY FLAT. BIT LATER. EARLY MORNING.

ADELAIDE emerges from the POST OFFICE, her face dropping.

JO (OOV)

Poppa's frozen your allowance
too, Addy. He so wants you home!

ADELAIDE gasps, reeling. She pockets the letter and staggers down the boardwalk. ADELAIDE walks past a FRUIT STALL and stares hungrily at the fruit. She hears VOICES inside. ADELAIDE grabs a couple of apples and rushes off. ADELAIDE sees the sign for the MARSHAL'S OFFICE. Her eyes widen as she ducks down - CHARLES is in there. ADELAIDE AIMS at CHARLES. Suddenly A GIRL (9) taps her on the shoulder. ADELAIDE spins round.

GIRL

Ma says shootin ain't a Christian
act. Lower yer gun, Mister.

ADELAIDE, weak with hunger, staggers along the boardwalk
and trips over a ROW OF COFFINS, outside the UNDERTAKER'S
office. The lids are off and DEAD FACES stare up.
MCCREADY, hat down, comes around the corner. THEY whisk
out their GUNS. MCCREADY grins, delighted.

MCCREADY

Miss Sureshot? You made it?
Charlie boy the bait, or me?

MCCREADY lowers his gun but ADELAIDE points her's at him.

MCCREADY

Darlin'? You don't look well?

ADELAIDE

I'm nobody's darling!

MCCREADY

I can fix that.

ADELAIDE

Out of my way and no more of your
damned poems!

MCCREADY, hurt, glares at her. ANGEL emerges, and sees
ADELAIDE, her GUN still pointed at a fuming MCCREADY.

ANGEL

You boys litterin' up Angel's
boardwalk? And girls?

ADELAIDE reels round, GUN still held high. ANGEL, hands up
in the air, now walks towards ADELAIDE

ANGEL

Had a rough ride out West,
Cowgirl? I need some stories for
my Lady readers, go wild back
East for my tales of our high
jinks. Hey there? Bonnie boy!

ANGEL wraps her arms around MCCREADY. ADELAIDE, horrified,
lowers her gun. MCCREADY stares ruefully at ADELAIDE as
ANGEL kisses him. ADELAIDE spits in the dust and glares at
MCCREADY. ANGEL now walks towards ADELAIDE.

ANGEL

Seen you before? Got a sister?

ADELAIDE

I have, but would never tell her
to come out West, a place of
cheating, filthy ruffians!

ANGEL

Look at me? Petticoats 'eez never
a bar to ranching or writing!

ADELAIDE

Or whoring?

ANGEL

Mama mia? Zee snooty lady from
Uptown? Need a bath now, lady?

ANGEL laughs loudly and throws her cigar to the ground and charges at ADELAIDE knocking her off the boardwalk into the STREET. ANGEL SLAPS ADELAIDE across the face and ADELAIDE PUNCHES ADELAIDE as they tumble over and over in the dust, FIGHTING. ARTHUR, ALVIN, EUGENE emerge across the other side of the street. McCREADY pulls out of sight, around a corner, as ADELAIDE PUNCHES ANGEL. ANGEL staggers back.

ALVIN

Holy Cow? Look at them whores go!

ARTHUR

Don't call our Marshal's girl a
whore, Alvin? Ha!

CHARLES is fuming. ANGLE on ANGEL as she straddles across ADELAIDE, pinning her arms to the ground. ADELAIDE spits

ADELAIDE

Strumpet! You belittle the
sisterhood!

ANGEL

Sisterhood? I tell ya before, zee
West is for everyone!

ANGEL SLAPS ADELAIDE hard across the face. A CROWD gathers. ALVIN LAUGHING, whisks his gun out and FIRES at ADELAIDE'S feet. SHOTS! ADELAIDE, jumps up and down on the boardwalk.

ALVIN

Dance, Cowboy girl, dance!

McCREADY, hiding behind his corner, raises his gun and aims at ALVIN hitting him in the foot. ALVIN SHRIEKS and reels back as McCREADY sinks backs out of sight. ARTHUR looks confused as ALVIN hobbles over but can see no one. ARTHUR now WHACKS CHARLES hard on the back.

ARTHUR

Show these Townsfolk what a big,
tough Marshal you are, Charlie!

CHARLES, shaken, tries to look masterful. He steps into the middle of the street and shouts out to ADELAIDE.

CHARLES

Lady Rancher? Could you
skedaddle, old bean, leave my
town in peace.

ADELAIDE freezes, seeing CHARLES wearing his Marshal's
badge. CHARLES doesn't recognise her. ARTHUR bellows over.

ARTHUR

Your town? My town, Charlie, my
town. Lend our Marshal a gun,
boys, he's gonna need one!

EUGENE throws CHARLES a RIFLE. CHARLES trips onto his face
under the weight of the gun. CHARLES, spitting in the dust,
fuming, beating back tears as PEOPLE LAUGH. He reverts to
his NATIVE COCKNEY ACCENT. He hisses to himself.

CHARLES

Yer a dead man, Ransome. I'll be
at yer topping and dance on yer
grave!

CHARLES grapples with the RIFLE and points it at ARTHUR. A
SHOT! The RIFLE goes off, missing ARTHUR and CHARLES is
blasted backwards. ARTHUR LAUGHS LOUDLY. ANGEL, nurses a
cut lip, and steadies herself on the boardwalk's handrail.

ANGEL

Mama mia? I must write eet all
down!

MCCREADY charges past ANGEL and around the corner ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER/BOARDWALK - MOMENTS LATER. DAY

ADELAIDE is about to get on her horse but MCCREADY catches
her arm and pulls her towards him, wrapping his arms
around her, breathing hard. ADELAIDE struggles furiously,
trying to hide her attraction to MCCREADY.

MCCREADY

Yeh need something very badly.

ADELAIDE

I need nothing and no one. Talk
to your whore, McCready, because
you and I don't speak the same
language!

MCCREADY

Language of love is all yeh need,
hen. Robbie Burns will tell yeh.

ADELAIDE wrestles away from him as MCCREADY bites his lip,
frustrated. ADELAIDE runs to mount her HORSE.

MCCREADY

Be in the barn out back, above
the cattle if yeh do need me.

ADELAIDE

The cows should understand you!

MCCREADY laughs as ADELAIDE rides off. MCCREADY's eyes widen with excitement. He shakes his head, as she gallops off, and walks off down the street.

MCCREADY

(singing)

Me girls' a corker, she's a New
Yorker,
I'd do most anything to keep her
in style,
She's got a pair of legs just
like two ham n'eggs,
That's the way the money goes!

TWO PRETTY YOUNG TOWN GIRLS (17 years) stare over as MCCREADY grins at them and takes a LEAP into the air. The GIRLS GIGGLE, twizzling their parasols. He marches off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUD HUT. HOUR OR SO LATER.

Outside the collapsed Mud hut, the GIRLS sit, hopeless, their bags around them as ADELAIDE gallops in.

ADELAIDE

Poppa's cut me off - No more
money - disaster!

BRIGE mops ELROY'S head. ADELAIDE jumps off, shattered.

MAEVE

Bullet skimmed him, he's alright.

ADELAIDE

Saw Charles, or Smythe? He's no
more Marshal than lawyer. This
land might not be ours, Maeve!

MAEVE GASPS LOUDLY. She reels back, horrified.

BRIGE

F-f-find any food, Addy? The
babby's starvin'?

ADELAIDE shakes her head and collapses. MAEVE, shaking, delirious with hunger, staggers over to a nearby field

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER. DAY

MAEVE sinks down onto her knees onto the grass and puts her hands together in prayer, looking upwards

MAEVE

Lord? Help a good Catholic girl?
 Alright, a lousy Catholic, Lord,
 but still a Catholic, Lord, and I
 need yer help now ...?!

MAEVE falls forward onto her front, sobbing and grabs a handful of GRASS and shoves it in her mouth.

MAEVE

We's starvin' again, Ma?
 Starvin'? Don't make me eat the
 grass again? No! I want you
 here, Ma!

MAEVE breaks down, as ADELAIDE rushes over and hugs her as MAEVE SOBS shaking hard. BRIGE and ELROY run over.

BRIGE

Ya's driven me w-w-wild since I
 was born, Maeve Morgan, you got
 us all out here. Yeh's a fine
 brave lass, a real fine lass.

MAEVE wipes her face and brightens. MAEVE gets up slowly, wiping her tears. She looks at them and smiles.

MAEVE

Thank you, Brige. A fine girl,
 with a fine arse, a mean hand for
 poker? Elroy, stay here and guard
 our land? Brige? You're me maid
 so smarten up! Addy? Saddle the
 horses, me gentleman groom.

ADELAIDE is struck dumb. MAEVE now laughs wildly.

MAEVE

I didn't come West to eat worms
 and die in a mud hut. I came out
 came out West to live!

BRIGE quickly crosses herself and looks upwards as ELROY shakes his head, holding BABY MATT. ELROY laughs. We hear MUSIC playing, it's AL JOLSON, piano music of the JAZZ AGE, on a GRAMOPHONE PLAYER

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAEVE RANCH. VERANDA. DAY. (PRESENT DAY) 1920

ELROY winds up the GRAMOPHONE PLAYER. ANGEL (60) emerging from a open topped CHEVROLET, now a successful novelist.

Glamorous, a fur around her neck, ANGEL waves over at MAEVE who's standing on her veranda.

ANGEL
Yoo Hoo, Cowgirl? Howdy!

MAEVE
Get that extra box of cigars out,
will ya, Elroy? Angel always
smokes all me feckin' cigars.

The CAR parks in front of the Verandah, and ANGEL climbs up the wooden stairs with a loud CLIP-CLOPPING of her high heels. MAEVE stands up to greet ANGEL as ELROY brings out the drinks. ANGEL, at one end of the Verandah, holds up both hands as if drawing two guns. MAEVE raises an eyebrow as ELROY hands ANGEL a cigar.

ANGEL
Good to see ya, Elroy. Not got
her to move, then?

ELROY
Ain't left this ranch since Mizz
Brige left us.

ANGEL sighs deeply and shakes her head. MAEVE looks over.

ELROY
Mizz Addy's been phoning but Mizz
Morgan won't take her calls?

ANGEL
Adelaide? Ain't seen her for
years? She could help us? Look? I
get to work on this old buzzard.

ELROY nods with appreciation and leaves the Verandah. ANGEL walks towards MAEVE and picks up her whiskey.

ANGEL
Mama mia? These book tours burn
me out! Chicago, Boston, L.A.
Even Mary Pickford and Dougie
Fairbanks reada my novels now.

ANGEL grins proudly at MAEVE, her gold tooth flashing

ANGEL
My agent in New York, 'ee say
'Angel? Hollywood is calling,
wanna make a movie about us crazy
Cowgirls. Hollywood, Maeve? Not
bad for a whore from the Bronx,
eh?

MAEVE raises an eyebrow. ANGEL narrows her brows.

ANGEL

We girls did what we had to back
then. Survivors together, huh?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPUNKY FLAT. HIGH STREET. EARLY EVENING. 1881

ANGEL watches MAEVE ride into town. SOME TOWNSPEOPLE stare over - MAEVE, looks stunning as she holds her head aloft, side-saddle on her horse. BRIGE follows, holding BABY MATT. ADELAIDE rides behind as the GROOM, wide hat pulled low. McCREADY stands in the CROWD, semi-hidden. ADELAIDE glares at McCREADY as McCREADY twinkles at her.

CUT TO:

INT BALLROOM. ARTHURS MANSION. EARLY EVENING 1881

ARTHUR proudly surveys his huge empty ballroom, A COUPLE OF SERVANTS climb up ladders preparing some GIANT CHANDELIERS for a BALL. A PIANIST 'TINKLES' at a HUGE GRAND PIANO.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT 1881. EARLY EVENING

ALVIN rushes in, breathless and sees CHARLES playing poker with a COUPLE OF WADDIES.

ALVIN

Wealthy widow in town, Marshal!

CHARLES looks up as ANGEL shoots him a fierce look.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON/HOTEL. SPUNKY FLAT. MINUTES LATER.

ADELAIDE, her Groom's long coat on and black hat tipped forward is hissing to MAEVE as she ties up the HORSES.

ADELAIDE

You're no better than Angel.
She's here, peddling her wares!

MAEVE, eyes blazing, SLAPS ADELAIDE on the cheek. ADELAIDE GASPS loudly and reels back.

MAEVE

You had everything back East,
Adelaide, feckin' everything. Me
and Brige we had nothin',
nothin'! Try eatin' grass for ya
supper, as it will be me who puts
the grub back on our plates, not
you. Go groom the horses!

MAEVE flounces off angrily towards the Hotel. ADELAIDE, horrified, reels back against her HORSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT HOTEL/SALOON. EVENING. 1881. LATER

MAEVE is standing at the top of the grand staircase, in ADELAIDE'S finery. She looks dazzling, her beaded HALF-VEIL, shading her from recognition. CHARLES sits at the bar and looks up. He looks deeply troubled. ALVIN and EUGENE are seated with ANGEL and A FEW SHOW GIRLS at a card table. ALL GO QUIET as MAEVE descends the stairs that sweep down into the BAR, followed by BRIGE. CHARLES GASPS.

CHARLES

Fuck-a-doodle-do? Spunky's just got funky!

ADELAIDE rushes in, her Groom's hat tilted down. She stops in her tracks as MAEVE takes a CIGAR out of her bag, standing near CHARLES. ADELAIDE sinks back. SILENCE

MAEVE

Who does a woman have to shag around here to get a light?

CHARLES

You have to shag the Marshal, Madam, and luckily that's me.

ANGEL hisses as CHARLES lights MAEVE'S cigar. MAEVE inhales and leans forward to TAP on his TIN STAR and twinkles.

MAEVE

That looks scratchy, Marshal? Any pins attached?

CHARLES, amazed, laughs, suddenly recognizing her. MAEVE winks at CHARLES as ANGEL SLAMS DOWN a BOTTLE on the card table. A SHOW GIRL pulls her back. MAEVE blows out a SMOKE RING. CHARLES smiles at her, his eyes widening.

MAEVE

I hear there's a jig goin' on?

CHARLES

Our local Oil Baron, is holding some ghastly Texan knees-up.

MAEVE

Gramd. I feckin' love a good Craic!

PEOPLE GASP as MAEVE smiles at the them, stubbing out her CIGAR. CHARLES, grinning, hisses to her in COCKNEY

CHARLES

Let's play this crowd of halfwits
then skedaddle, me tasty toffer,
before we both get nibbed.

MAEVE grins as CHARLES offers his arm and they move towards the Saloon doors. ANGEL'S eyes widen with anger as ADELAIDE pulls down her hat quickly as they pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALOON/HOTEL/STREET. EVENING. MOMENTS LATER.

ADELAIDE watches as MAEVE gets into CHARLES'S BUGGY. CHARLES whips the horses as MAEVE waves back at ADELAIDE and BRIGE. ANGEL emerges, wild-eyed, clutching a glass bottle. ANGEL shouts out

ANGEL

I keel you, Charlie, and if I can
not, I have friends in in zee
'famiglia' who can!

ANGEL flings the BOTTLE to the ground. It SMASHES LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

INT. HAYLOFT. EVENING. MOMENTS LATER.

We see some COWS in the stables downstairs. McCREADY leans over from the high HAYLOFT - a wooden ladder nearby. He looks sexy, his shirt half open. ADELAIDE gulps, reeling.

ADELAIDE

Charles is going to the ball at
Bransome's. It's his last dance!

She pulls out her gun. McCREADY pulls back.

MCCREADY

Woah? That looks dangerous? Could
we talk - up here?

ADELAIDE puts away her gun and narrows her eyes.

ADELAIDE

I'm not climbing those stairs,
over-sexed Scottish alley cat.

MCCREADY LAUGHS and climbs down. He twinkles at her.

MCCREADY

Me? More of a barn cat, darlin'.
All cosy and warm. Very warm.

He grins at her. ADELAIDE has an idea and suddenly smiles.

ADELAIDE
Come close, McCready. There is
actually something you need.

MCCREADY grins, excited and moves near her. WHACK! ADELAIDE
punches MCCREADY hard on the jaw - he GROANS

ADELAIDE
That's for the bear!

ADELAIDE swings another punch, as MCCREADY GROANS

ADELAIDE
That's for the leaving the water,
McCready, and the stampede!

ADELAIDE now swings both fists for the BIG ONE - WHACK!

ADELAIDE
And that's for kissing Angel!

MCCREADY is reeling, rubbing his chin.

ADELAIDE
No man saves me, McCready. No
man. Sureshot Addy saves herself!

ADELAIDE pulls MCCREADY towards her by his braces and
KISSES him hard. ADELAIDE pulls away now.

ADELAIDE
See you at the ball!

ADELAIDE rushes out, leaving MCCREADY stunned..

MCCREADY
Miss Sureshot kissed meh? Mebbie
she needs me? Mebbie she loves
meh?

A COW 'MOOS' LOUDLY and MCCREADY buttons up his shirt
quickly. He pulls his braces up, laughing, excited.

MCCREADY
Love yeh too, darlin'!

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. LATER. (1881) EVENING

A BAND TUNES UP. We hear some DANCE MUSIC. MAEVE,
surveying the huge BALLROOM, whispers to herself fingers
her HEART SHAPED SILVER LOCKET around her neck.

MAEVE
(whispers)
Johnny? You out there somewhere?
Doin' this all for you.

ADELAIDE rushes in, hat pulled low over her eyes. A BEAT. CHARLES leans forward and MAEVE snaps out of her reverie.

CHARLES

So vulgar these Texan Balls.
We're in it together, Dollymop!

MAEVE giggles as ADELAIDE, as MAEVE's GROOM, steps forward and takes off MAEVE's wrap, shooting MAEVE a disapproving look. MAEVE irritated, pulls away. ARTHUR rushes to greet MAEVE and he stares at her, enthralled. A BEAT.

MAEVE

Lady Adelaide Hartington. In town
for the poker. Filthy feekin'
rich, and ready to go.

CHARLES, reeling does a double-take and GASPS as does ADELAIDE. ARTHUR, beams, laughs and kisses MAEVE's hand.

ARTHUR

A straight talkin' heffer? Too
many flannel-mouthed liars out
here! Lord Hartington, Lady A?

MAEVE

Safely underground with all the
other Hartingtons.

MAEVE winks back at CHARLES as the BAND STRIKE UP. ARTHUR leads MAEVE onto the dance floor, holding her tight.

ARTHUR

That's a real pretty locket
around your neck, Lady A?

MAEVE

A gift from Lord Hartington. He
wanted to lie between my breasts.

ARTHUR

A man could die happy there! Got
a ruby choker that would look the
ticket around your neck? Want to
brand you and bed you, Lady A.

MAEVE WHACKS ARTHUR on the arm with her closed fan

MAEVE

You'll have to wed me before ya
bed me, Arthur. I don't come easy
- I'm feekin' notorious.

ARTHUR LAUGHS LOUDLY and leads MAEVE off onto a BALCONY. MAEVE shoots a helpless grin at ADELAIDE who is seething.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY. MOMENTS LATER. EVENING.

ARTHUR leads MAEVE onto the Balcony, overlooking his land. ARTHUR leans in towards MAEVE, breathing hard, sweating.

ARTHUR

Got more oil than I can drill,
but no one to share it with but
the Longhorn. Will you share it
with me, make an old Bull happy?

ARTHUR takes out BOX and opens it. The RUBY NECKLACE lies there - sparkling. MAEVE GASPS LOUDLY. ARTHUR takes out the NECKLACE and fixes it around her neck, removing MAEVE'S HEART SHAPED LOCKET. ARTHUR throws the LOCKET to the ground. MAEVE pulls back, suddenly unsure.

MAEVE

I ... I? I'm gaggin' for a beer.

ARTHUR

Ha! Let's get roostered!

ADELAIDE walks out onto the balcony. A BEAT. ADELAIDE sees her RUBY NECKLACE. ADELAIDE reels back, glaring at MAEVE

MAEVE

Me locket, keep it safe, groom.

ADELAIDE grabs the SILVER LOCKET. She rubs it, puts it in her pocket. ADELAIDE sees CHARLES inside the BALLROOM. ADELAIDE'S eyes widen and she fingers her GUN.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. EVENING

ADELAIDE steps back into the BALLROOM, GUN in her pocket, behind a PILLAR at the edge of the ballroom. ADELAIDE stands behind CHARLES. SOUNDS of her WEDDING IN NEW YORK, we see FLASHES of the NEW YORK CONGREGATION HISSING, TONGUES CLACKING. A FLASH of ADELAIDE in her wedding veil.

ADELAIDE squeezes the TRIGGER. McCREADY steps forward and drags her back into the shadows amongst SOME SERVANTS. ADELAIDE tips down her hat and pockets the GUN as CHARLES spins around. CHARLES looks UNEASY. BRIGE, nearby, curtesies and smiles at CHARLES. The MUSIC stops. McCREADY pulls ADELAIDE, grabbing her arm.

ADELAIDE

Can't stop me killing him?

MCCREADY suddenly stares into her eyes. A BEAT.

MCCREADY
Yeh's killin' me, sweetheart!

ADELAIDE suddenly pulls away. MAEVE dances with CHARLES, flirting outrageously, watched by a fuming ARTHUR. ADELAIDE'S eyes darken under her hat as she stands near BRIGE and THE OTHER SERVANTS watching MAEVE dance.

BRIGE
We g-g-gotta eat, Addy?

ADELAIDE
I'd rather starve. Your sister's turned whore!

An UGLY, ELDERLY SERVANT gives BRIGE a 'squeeze' on her bottom from behind. BRIGE SHRIEKS and SLAPS his face. THE ELDERLY SERVANT grins lecherously. ADELAIDE sees CHARLES across the BALLROOM and sees him slip out. She follows, weaving through the CROWD. MCCREADY looks over and moves towards the door. MAEVE, dancing with ARTHUR, looks over and grabbing a beer, swigs it back. She laughs wildly. THE BAND plays on ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND/CUTTER'S PASS. EVENING.

ELROY is sitting, a blanket around him, huddled by a tiny fire. A WOLF HOWLS and ELROY tips down his hat. ELROY shudders. The BLACK OIL behind some bushes in the distance is snaking its way slowly across the land. ELROY sings.

ELROY (SINGING)
John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHARLES NEW RANCH - TEXAS. EVENING.

A GAS LIGHT swings in the background. ANGLE ON CHARLES, digging, and he throws a spade to the ground.

ELROY (SINGING) (OOV)
John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave,
But his soul goes marchin' on!

CHARLES spots something - a COFFIN. Pulling it open, CHARLES finds the SKELETON of the LAST MARSHAL (CUTTER). The TIN STAR hangs on the bloody rags of his shirt. ADELAIDE, runs and crouch down behind the OIL-DIGGING MACHINERY.

She pulls out her GUN and aims, but knocks over a large OIL CAN. CHARLES whisks out his GUN. It's McCREADY on a HORSE, but it's dark, the OIL LIGHT obscuring his vision. CHARLES jumps up, grabbing the TIN STAR and the SKELETON. He dashes for his HORSE. ADELAIDE raises her gun but McCREADY lunges for her, pinning her to the ground. CHARLES rides off up the hill. Behind the OIL MACHINERY, McCREADY glares down at ADELAIDE

MCCREADY

Need him alive, Cowgirl!

ADELAIDE WHACKS HIM across the face with her RIFLE. McCREADY GROANS as ADELAIDE runs to her HORSE and gallops off. McCREADY, curses and hobbles over to his HORSE.

MCCREADY

Get meh back to the Gorbels,
where a man's a man and a
lassie's a flamin' lassie!

MCCREADY as he mounts, he gets tangled up in the stirrups

MCCREADYT

How did ah' get tangled up with a
bastartin' Cowboy girl?

MCCREADY falls back on the ground hard, CURSING.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. NIGHT - LATER

MAEVE is playing POKER at a round table. ARTHUR and SEVERAL OTHER MALE GUESTS, all dazzled by MAEVE's beauty and the RUBY NECKLACE around her neck. MAEVE sweeps in the winnings. ALL THE MEN gaze adoringly at her.

MAEVE

Sorry boys. Luck's a lady
tonight!

ARTHUR

Take it all, Lady A. Plenty
more, oil keeps on flowing!

CHARLES comes in. ARTHUR SNEERS.

ARTHUR

Law is here, boys. Don't go
snakin' the deck now, Charlie?

CHARLES, face grim, staggers over to the table, staring at ARTHUR, pulling up the SACK along. MAEVE deals. THEY PLAY. MAEVE wins again. CHARLES checks in his wallet. Nothing left. ADELAIDE runs in, and stands amongst a COUPLE OF SERVANTS. MAEVE HISSES at CHARLES behind her fan.

MAEVE

There's those you wed and them
you bed. Come up and see me!

CHARLES nods, but is very distracted. ADELAIDE approaches MAEVE and leans in and hisses as MAEVE looks at her cards.

ADELAIDE

Vile whore? How dare you wear my
family heirloom?

MAEVE

I'm Workin' me ass off here for
all of us!

MCCREADY comes in and hat down. ADELAIDE grabs a tray of BEERS from a SERVANT and tilts them over MAEVE's head, but trips and spills it over CHARLES instead. MAEVE SHRIEKS as CHARLES, drenched, spins round angrily. ARTHUR, roaring with LAUGHTER, WHACKS CHARLES on the back as ADELAIDE pushes through the GUESTS to hide amongst the SERVANTS. CHARLES catches ADELAIDE'S eye. Adelaide? No?!

ARTHUR

Any luck with your land, Charlie?
Hear you're a dog without a bone?

CHARLES hauls up his SACK onto the table. A THUD. ALL GO QUIET. MAEVE HICCUPS LOUDLY. SILENCE.

CHARLES

This dog's just found a bone,
Bransome. One skull, one shin
bone, in fact, the whole caboodle
- a man's skeleton. Bingo!

CHARLES pulls out CUTTER'S SKULL and BANG IT on the table. They all spring back and ARTHUR, shocked, jumps up as does CHARLES. CHARLES pulls out the BLOOD STAINED STAR BADGE. CHARLES picks up the SKULL and waves it around on his hand.

CHARLES

Ladies and Gents? May I present
the late Marshal Cutter? Tongue
ripped out by Bransome's thugs!

THE GUESTS GASP as CHARLES waves the SKULL around.

CHARLES

Yer gonna wear the broad arrow,
Bransome. As Marshal, I arrest
you for the murder of Cutter,
last Marshal of Spunky Flat!

MCCREADY now pushes forward and grips CHARLES's shoulder. CHARLES looks shocked as BRANSOME looks excited.

MCCREADY

Yeh are the 'last Marshal',
Smythe. A bunko artist and
chiseler of great renown in the
Dolly houses of the Dials. Jig's
up!

MAEVE's eyes widen and she knocks back a whiskey. ADELAIDE is reeling as ARTHUR BEAMS, smiling to his GUESTS.

MCCREADY

Sent by Pennebaker Associates of
New York. Rob McCready. Tekkin'
this here villain back East!

MCCREADY puts the handcuffs on a stunned CHARLES as ALL THE GUESTS CLAP. MCCREADY beams at them and takes a LOW BOW. MAEVE jumps up and grins, swaying, very drunk now.

MAEVE

This bones talk is giving me the
heebie-jeebies. If I don't get a
whiskey, I'll pack me bags and
skedaddle! (hic!)

ARTHUR

Whiskey for the lovely Lady A!
Give our 'Marshal' a beer before
his long walk back to London!

A WAITER hands ARTHUR A BEER and ARTHUR pours it over CHARLES'S head. CHARLES, drenched is dragged off by MCCREADY. MAEVE jumps up onto a chair, and HICCUPS and looks to the BAND as ADELAIDE and BRIGE watch, jaws dropping - horrified. A FIDDLE STRIKES UP

MAEVE

(singing)

I'll be the girl to lead the band
Beneath that flag of (hic!)
green, Loud and high we'll raise
the cry, Revenge for Skibbereen!

MAEVE swaying on the chair, lets out a LOUD HICCUP as she falls with a LOUD THUD to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLS. NIGHT. BIT LATER

MCCREADY comes in, dragging CHARLES, in handcuffs, behind him. MCCREADY looks at ALVIN. EUGENE stands nearby. ALVIN unlocks the cells as MCCREADY follows CHARLES in, unlocking his handcuffs. CHARLES swings a PUNCH, but MCCREADY bobs down, laughing. He punches CHARLES

MCCREADY

For leavin' a fine lassie at the
altar, limey scum-bag!

MCCREADY pushes closes the cell door and padlocks it.
CHARLES, sweating, comes to the bars and spits at MCCREADY.

CHARLES

She wouldn't touch ya, mate.
You're from the lower orders!

MCCREADY, eyes blazing, pulls CHARLES towards him through
the bars, grabbing him fiercely by the throat

MCCREADY

She kissed meh. Miss Addy kissed
meh long and deep. Her taste and
silken taste, yeh'll never now,
as yeh's the flamin' idiot that
let her go!

MCCREADY looks up suddenly and grins a little

MCCREADY

It rhymed? Robbie? Yeh with me?

MCCREADY flings CHARLES back, as CHARLES WHIMPERS.
MCCREADY LAUGHS harshly, throwing the keys to ALVIN.

MCCREADY

Gob hard in his grits, boys, and
piss in his porridge. London
sewer rats live on filth!

ALVIN nods as MCCREADY leaves. ALVIN, eyes widening, now
walks up to CHARLES staring at him through the bars.

ALVIN

Should have come rustling when ya
had the chance, Marshal?

CHARLES's face darkens. ALVIN walks out throwing the keys
to EUGENE. EUGENE comes up to CHARLES and gives him a
grin. EUGENE SPITS in CHARLES's face and LAUGHS LOUDLY

CUT TO:

INT. MAEVE'S BEDROOM. HOTEL/BAR. SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT

MAEVE is naked in a large SILVER TUB of BUBBLE BATH.
Drunk, she wears nothing but the RUBY NECKLACE. BRIGE
rubs her back with a sponge as ADELAIDE, stares, glowering.

MAEVE

Give the sponge to me (hic)
groom, so he can give me a scrub.

ADELAIDE kneels by the tub, blinks back tears.

ADELAIDE

You're not the woman you were.

MAEVE, drunk, suddenly pulls back. She looks sad.

MAEVE

Oh ...? Who was the woman I was?

ADELAIDE

My good friend, Maeve, that's who.

MAEVE giggles drunkenly, slipping down in the BUBBLES.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLS. NIGHT. BIT LATER

ANGEL comes into the CELLS. EUGENE is there, slumped over his gun, fiddling with a pack of cards. CHARLES looks up and sees ANGEL. ANGEL winks at him and grins at EUGENE, sexily. She hands EUGENE a bottle of WHISKEY.

ANGEL

A present. Will help you through zee night, beeg boy!

He takes a slug of whiskey and ANGEL grins at him. ANGEL sees the KEYS to the CELLS hanging from his waist.

ANGEL

Drop your pants, Cowboy. Angel give you another present.

EUGENE, nods eagerly, opening his shirt, taking the KEYS off and putting them on a TABLE near the CELL DOOR. EUGENE starts to SLOBBER all over her neck. ANGEL, hiding her revulsion, clasps her hands over EUGENE'S ears. CHARLES grabs the KEYS, pulls them through the bars, unlocks the door. He grabs EUGENE from behind and chokes him with his HANDCUFFS. ANGEL grabs the BOTTLE and knocks EUGENE out. CHARLES, unlocking his HANDCUFFS, pushes past ANGEL roughly - more COCKNY than POSH GENTLEMAN.

CHARLES

Where where you, ladybird? On yer back, spreadin' yer soddin' legs?

ANGEL

I keel you, Charlie? I a Lady Novelist!

ANGEL, eyes blazing, SLAPS CHARLES HARD on the face. CHARLES pulls out a KNIFE and holds it to ANGEL'S throat.

CHARLES

I'll carve yer up proper, and put
an end to yer' whorin' days!

CHARLES thrusts ANGEL away, and runs off. ANGEL eyes widen
and she breathes very hard.

ANGEL

Today, Dear Readers, is zee first
day of Angel's life. My whoring
days are over. Finito, basta.
Enough. I send telegram to zee
'famiglia'. Make spaghetti outa
Charlie boy!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARTHUR'S LAND. LATER. NIGHT. TEXAS. 1881

CHARLES, seated on a HORSE, a scarf over his mouth, his hat
tipped down, is near some barbed wire, ALVIN is near him on
his HORSE. ANOTHER MAN cuts the wire and move out the
LONGHORN CATTLE. They WHACK the LONGHORN with sticks. As
THE LONGHORN THUNDER through the gap in the fence, A FEW OF
ARTHUR'S MEN come charging through the dust, BULLETS
FLYING. CHARLES, ALVIN and the OTHER MAN gallop away.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. ARTHUR'S MANSION. PORCH. NIGHT. BIT LATER

ARTHUR opens his door, he can hear NOISES of HORSES HOOVES
riding off. He looks down and there is a large SACK.
ARTHUR opens it and some HUMAN BONES fall out.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. POST OFFICE. DAY

ANGEL is sending a TELEGRAM. It reads 'Poppa, please send
Carlo - Angel needs help - fast!'.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. MAEVE'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. LATER

LOUD KNOCK at the door and MAEVE, in the bath, sits up, her
nakedness hidden by the BUBBLES. ADELAIDE, hat tilted down
and opens the door. CHARLES, stands there, he looks rough.
ADELAIDE, reels back, but hat down, runs out of the door.
CHARLES looks quizzical, but shrugs it off. CHARLES
approaches MAEVE, kneeling down at the TUB.

CHARLES

You and me, we're the same, eh?
Crawled from the gutter.

CHARLES sees the RUBY NECKLACE, eyes widening.

CHARLES

Where shall I begin, my delicious
dollymop? By removing this?

MAEVE bites down hard on his hand and CHARLES YELPS

MAEVE

Hands off. Don't steal from the
ladies again, or I'll chop off
yer goolies with a carving knife!

MAEVE grabs CHARLES and pulls him forward. They kiss.
CHARLES climbs into the tub, embracing her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. SAME TIME. NIGHT.

ANGLE on ADELAIDE as she stands, leaning against the wall,
seething with anger. BRIGE emerges from the room next door
and rushes up. They hear MAEVE'S LAUGHTER (00V)

BRIGE

Maeve says a g-g-girl must do
what she shouldn't to get where
she sh-sh-should?

ADELAIDE

Oh does she? Tell her ladyship
her Groom has just resigned!

ADELAIDE jams her hat on and storms off down the corridor
as we hear MAEVE SHRIEK LOUDLY from inside. BRIGE puts her
hands together in prayer and looks up, anguished.

BRIGE

Forgive her, Lord? For she knows
exactly what she d-d-does!

BRIGE, pale, weak, slowly crosses herself. BRIGE COUGHING
HARD, puts her handkerchief to her mouth and taking it away
sees there is BLOOD on her handkerchief. A BEAT.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT/INT. BARN. NIGHT. BIT LATER.

ADELAIDE rides up to the BARN and dismounts, tying up her
She looks up and down the street - no one. She goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER.

ADELAIDE rushes in and looks over. McCREADY leans on a
wooden beam, shirt open to his waist. He looks sexy

MCCREADY

Charlies's tucked safely in bed.
Tekkin' him back in the morning.
Truce, Miss Sureshot?

ADELAIDE gulps very hard. This is not easy for her.

ADELAIDE

Those kisses we had were
pleasurable, McCready, strangely
pleasurable, but we come from
very a different social strata. I
couldn't possibly dream of..?!

MCCREADY leans forward and pulls her to him

MCCREADY

Out West now, darlin'. Old rules
don't apply!

They kiss deeply and move towards a pile of HAY in the
corner, sinking down onto the hay. MCCREADY pulls off his
shirt and moves on top of ADELAIDE. He grins down at her.

MCCREADY

Man on top, woman underneath. A
fine social order ...

ADELAIDE LAUGHS and rolls on top of MCCREADY.

ADELAIDE

Out West now, McCready. Old rules
don't apply. Girls on top!

A COW MOOS LOUDLY - ADELAIDE smiles down at him. MCCREADY
kisses her deeply. They roll around in the hay.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. MAEVE'S HOTEL ROOM. SAME TIME.

CHARLES grins as he climbs on top of MAEVE, in bed, kissing
her neck. MAEVE drunkenly giggles as CHARLES pulls off his
shirt and embraces her. She has the RUBY NECKLACE on

CHARLES

Come here, me tasty toffer. We'll
join the swell mob back, get
hammered. What's yours is mine.

MAEVE

Hammered?

CHARLES

Married. Me trouble and strife,
me Mollisher, me wife, me mate.

CHARLES stares hard and fingers her NECKLACE.

CHARLES

Let's vamoosh, sweet dollymop and
leave this town to the tossing
turds who live here.

MAEVE suddenly reels back, shocked. She crosses herself

MAEVE

Bejayzis? I'm beddin' a bastard
Brit? Me folks would turn in
their feekin' graves? Best stay
on top!

MAEVE rolls on top of CHARLES and grins down at him.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

WAGON TRAIN. DAYS LATER. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. TEXAS.

A WAGON comes to a halt, stuck in the mud. SEAN and a group
of WESTERERS get out and look at the wheel of the WAGON
which is stuck in the mud. SOME MEN try to WINCH the wheel
out with some large planks of wood. SEAN, sighing,
continues with his 'Hail Marys', hands together in prayer
as a LARGE WOMAN stands near with a PARROT in a cage.

SEAN

Hail Mary, full of grace,
Hail Mary, full of grace,
Hail Mary, full of grace ...!

THE PARROT in the CAGE turns to SEAN

PARROT

Shut the feck up, Paddy,
Shut the feck up!

CARLO, A MAFIA HIT MAN, hair greased and immaculately, in a
black hat, long black coat, looks over. He carries a GUN
BAG. CARLO gives SEAN a smile, revealing GOLD TOOTH. SEAN
nods, very nervous, crosses himself

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY. OPEN TOPPED CARRIAGE/LAKE. DAY LATER

MAEVE, parasol up, is sitting next to ARTHUR in his OPEN
TOPPED CARRIAGE near a LAKE. ARTHUR adjusts the RUBY
NECKLACE around MAEVE'S neck and leans in, grinning.

ARTHUR

Another fine asset for my
collection. I want to bed you and
brand you, my little heffer

ARTHUR sinks his face in MAEVE'S breasts as she looks away.

ARTHUR

No skeletons in the closet, Lady
A? No baby under the bed?

MAEVE FREEZES and reeling, forces out a TINY LAUGH.
CHARLES, hiding behind some trees, pulls out his KNIFE.
MAEVE is trapped, unhappy. She catches sight of CHARLES and
shakes her head. CHARLES sinks back - seething

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. LATER. DAY. 1881

We see TWO WOMEN are finishing the floral decorations in
the church. THE OLDER hisses over to THE YOUNGER, the
toothless one we saw earlier.

TOWNSWOMAN (1)

Folks say the Widder's just
marryin' Bransome for his
millions?

TOWNSWOMAN (2)

Some say that Charles has been
visiting the Widder too - and him
a wanted man? Widder's been
keepin' his whereabouts a secret.

TOWNSWOMAN (1)

Lordy ...?

TOWNSWOMAN (2)

Bransome's hollerin' for a new
Marshal to be sent down from
Austin to clean up Spunky.

THE MINISTER walks into the Church, they spring apart and
carry on with their flower arranging.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/BAR. SAME TIME. DAY

MCCREADY comes in. He is beaming, happy. He comes up to
ANGEL who is seated behind the bar and grins broadly at her

ANGEL

You finda woman, McCready? Geev
Angel kiss, tell you secret about
Charlie boy!

MCCREADY looks startled, but ANGEL leans over the bar and
wrapping her arms around him, kisses him hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/SALOON. DAY - BIT LATER

ADELAIDE, still dressed as MAEVE'S GROOM, is tying up her HORSE outside the Hotel. ADELAIDE is beaming and laughs to herself softly, shaking her head. ADELAIDE looks through the window of the Saloon and reels back - horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/BAR. DAY. SAME TIME.

MCCREADY pulls away, seeing ADELAIDE. ANGEL hisses.

ANGEL
Charlie's broken free!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/BAR. DAY.

ADELAIDE, reeling, beating back tears, clutches onto a Wooden balustrade - MCCREADY runs out. He looks desperate

MCCREADY
Not what yeh think, darlin?

ADELAIDE, shaking her head in disbelief, jumps on her HORSE and GALLOPS off. MCCREADY, curses and spins round, and runs to the CELLS. ANGEL, ashamed, and bites her lip.

ANGEL
When men are involved, Dear
Readers, we women become fools.
Some things you no write down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY/HOTEL. BIT LATER. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

MAEVE comes onto the balcony, throwing back her veil, she wears ADELAIDE'S RUBY NECKLACE, her eyes red from crying. MAEVE sees ADELAIDE in the street, riding past. ADELAIDE pulls her reins hard. MAEVE leans forward and shouts down

MAEVE
Addy? Where are you going?

ADELAIDE
What do you care? Got your rich
husband, your sleazy lover. You
have struck gold, Maeve!

MAEVE grabs onto the balustrade, confused, panicking.

MAEVE
We have no money. I have to build
a life for me and Johnny!

ADELAIDE

Let's leave this place, with it's rotten, cheating men and build a life together.

MAEVE

I can't, I'm trapped!

ADELAIDE

It's the New Age, Maeve. Lovers come and go, but friends are the ones you really know. You said that, remember?

MAEVE crying, trapped, shakes her head. BRIGE looks out from the half open door. ADELAIDE, reeling, rejected, takes out the HEART SHAPED LOCKET and throws up the LOCKET onto the balcony and it lands near MAEVE's feet.

ADELAIDE

Your heart, Maeve. Have it back - might come in useful!

ADELAIDE gallops out of town. MAEVE picks up the LOCKET, and stumbles, back into her hotel room, sobbing ...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. MOMENTS LATER

BRIGE, angry, coughing, rushes up to a sobbing MAEVE

BRIGE

All you ever cared about is money, Maeve Morgan. When did ya forget to care about p-p-people?

BRIGE, COUGHING, and staggers out, grabbing a gun.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. BIT LATER. DAY

BRIGE runs into the SALOON. She stops, seeing CHARLES and hides behind a PILLAR as CHARLES, dirty, desperate, swings his KNIFE around. ANGEL, is behind the bar as CHARLES jumps over the bar and grabs ANGEL.

ANGEL

You can't have her now - the Widow is rotten, like you!

CHARLES

Poxy Italian whore! Let's have some fun. This time I'll pay!

CHARLES unbuttons his trousers and shoves ANGEL against a row of bottles behind her which fall off their shelves and SMASH. ANGEL SCREAMS. McCREADY comes round the corner and rushes in. CHARLES, back turned, has ANGEL pinned up against a rack of bottles. McCREADY SHOOTS. CHARLES'S hand is hit and he falls back over the bar, toppling over it to the other side.

BRIGE grabs a BUCKET from a table. McCREADY runs for CHARLES as BRIGE RAMS the BUCKET over CHARLES'S head. CHARLES staggers around and topples to the ground with a THUD. McCREADY rushes to tie up CHARLES. BRIGE staggers over to the bar. ANGEL recognizes BRIGE and starts to SLOWLY LAUGH. BRIGE knocks back a beer, and grins, proud.

ANGEL

Young Billy from the wagon train!

BRIGE

We ladies can change the w-w-world, if we stick together.

ANGEL

You geeve me idea for next chapter. Brave Cowgirl help zee hero stop zee villain. Perfecto! Angel now just need her ending?

BRIGE suddenly coughs hard. McCREADY looks concerned.

BRIGE

I'm f-f-fine. Going to find Addy!

MCCREADY

You did great. Tell Addy I ...?

CHARLES leans up, spitting, wounded.

CHARLES

Ahhh? Poem for Miss Adelaide?
Roses are red, Violets are blue,
McCready is the Bounty dog,
Who's no fuckin' good for you!

MCCREADY WHACKS CHARLES across the face. BRIGE runs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. MINUTES LATER

ADELAIDE, crying, gallops fast. BRIGE comes round a bend, galloping on her horse. BRIGE SHOOTS into the air. BRIGE, coughing, weak, rides up to ADELAIDE, who stops.

BRIGE

Addy? We Morgan girls never had no love when we were children, our hearts turned hard.

(MORE)

BRIGE (cont'd)
 Like Maeve's locket. But we c-c-
 care about you, we do. Don't g-g-
 give up on us now!

ADELAIDE shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

BRIGE
 Love does exist. I saw it in
 McCready's eyes. He loves ya,
 Addy, loves ya so!

ADELAIDE GASPS in disbelief, gallops away. BRIGE, coughing
 hard, rides back into town. MCCREADY gallops up towards
 BRIGE. He stops, breathless. BRIGE points after ADELAIDE.

BRIGE
 Don't let her go, McCready!

MCCREADY
 If no man ever tells yeh, Brige,
 yeh's a reet brave lassie.

MCCREADY rides off. It starts to RAIN. BRIGE smiles and,
 coughing hard, rides back into town.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN WOODS. EVENING. 1881. TEXAS

ADELAIDE rides into some WOODS, jumps off her HORSE,
 crouching down, behind a large ROCK. MCCREADY rides in. He
 hears ADELAIDE'S HORSE near a rock. He stays still.

MCCREADY
 Miss Sureshot? Me heart was
 tekken, when I first saw yeh back
 in the Park. I had no choice. I
 had to follow yeh, darlin'!

Behind the rock, ADELAIDE's jaw drops, her eyes widen.
 MCCREADY looks around as his HORSE rears up. It RAINS HARD

MCCREADY
 Let's be the people we want,
 build a reet fine life out here.
 I'm tekkin the Brit back East,
 then I'm comin' back for yeh.

MCCREADY has tears in his eyes, RAIN lashing his shirt.

MCCREADY
 Of all the airs the wind can
 blow, I dearly like the West,
 For there the bonnie lassie
 lives, The lassie I love best!

McCREADY gallops off. ADELAIDE, shocked, stands up slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DONEGAL (PRESENT DAY) DAY - 1920

ADELAIDE (60's) the Lawyer is seated in a public reading room of a library, leafing through some Parish records. She smiles to herself, dreamily, chewing on her pen

ADELAIDE

(softly)

'Of a' the airs the wind can
blow', McCready? I miss you so,
damn you!

ADELAIDE shakes her head, lovingly. A COUPLE OF STERN LOOKING PEOPLE look over disapprovingly. ADELAIDE smiles at them. Drawing a big breath, she scans a list of names.

ADELAIDE

Johnny Morgan, Johnny Morgan?
Where are you, Johnny Morgan?

ADELAIDE sighs SLAMS her book closed. JO rushes in

JO

Addy? Got a lead on Johnny!

ADELAIDE jumps up and they rush out. We hear THUNDER

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOLLEN. DUBLIN. DAY (PRESENT DAY) 1920

ANGLE ON BARE FEET peddling the LOOM and pan up to a MAN'S PALE FACE - seated in a row of LOOM WORKERS. A light bulb swings around the dark room. We see JOHNNY MORGAN (40's) gaunt, face pale, black hair like MAEVE'S. ADELAIDE and JO come to the door with the FOREMAN. The CLACK-CLACK of the LOOM is deafening. ADELAIDE's eyes widen.

FOREMAN

Sisters dumped him here years
back. Speaks to no one, and no
one speaks to Johnny!

ADELAIDE gulps hard as she stares at JOHNNY, his face pale, without expression as he works the Loom. ADELAIDE GASPS

ADELAIDE

Will Johnny speak to us?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DUBLIN. (PRESENT DAY) DAY. 1920

A CAR whizzes past. JO is driving and ADELAIDE is in the front seat. She scans the street, looking this way and that. It's RAINING hard.

CUT TO:

INT. JO'S CAR. EVENING. 1920. DUBLIN. (PRESENT DAY) DAY

JO, at the wheel, is stressed, dodging the traffic

ADELAIDE
Step on it, Jo!

ADELAIDE sees JOHNNY getting off the bus. JO BRAKES SCREECH HARD as ADELAIDE jumps out. The RAIN beats down.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY. SAME TIME. 1881 - DAY

YOUNG ADELAIDE gallops through the valley towards CUTTER'S PASS, the RAIN lashing her as she rides.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY. DUBLIN. MOMENTS LATER. DAY.

ADELAIDE comes rushing into the dark alley. JOHNNY is walking away fast down one end. ADELAIDE runs towards him.

ADELAIDE
Hey? Stop! Johnny Morgan?

JOHNNY stops in his tracks, and turns round. ADELAIDE breathless, runs up and takes out MAEVE'S SILVER LOCKET

ADELAIDE
It's your Ma's - Maeve Morgan's.
We were friends, Cowgirls!

JOHNNY steps nearer and reaches out for the SILVER LOCKET.

CUT TO:

INT. JO'S CAR. SIDE STREET. LATER. DUBLIN. 1920

THE RAIN beats down. JOHNNY as ADELAIDE sit in the back of JO's parked car, the roof up. JO is seated in the front, the partition closed. JOHNNY fingers the LOCKET. ADELAIDE, shaking her wet hair, takes out a HIP FLASK and offers it to JOHNNY. He shakes his head.

ADELAIDE
Damned Prohibition, makes
criminals of us all?
(MORE)

ADELAIDE (cont'd)
 A success in the Law courts, two
 failed marriages. A feckin'
 failure as your Ma would say.

ADELAIDE takes a swig of the whiskey, breathing hard

ADELAIDE
 Want to take you home to Texas,
 Johnny. Let your Ma down badly,
 can't live with that anymore.

ADELAIDE takes another swig and gulps hard. Johnny stares.

ADELAIDE
 Men move mountains, women walk
 starving across deserts, but
 where is home, Johnny, that's
 what we all want to know, where
 is home?

JOHNNY reaches forward for the hip flask - he takes a swig

JOHNNY
 Hadn't we better get movin'?

ADELAIDE, shocked, nods and KNOCKS HARD on the Partition

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. STEAM. TRAIN. MIDWEST. NIGHT. (PRESENT DAY) 1920

We see a STEAM TRAIN coming through a tunnel ...

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. MIDWEST. NIGHT. 1920

ADELAIDE is seated by JO on a seat across from JOHNNY. JO
 is asleep, her head leaning on ADELAIDE'S shoulder.
 ADELAIDE looks across to JOHNNY. He smiles. ADELAIDE now
 leans back, deep in memories. We hear ELROY singing:

ELROY (OOV)
 (singing)
 Home, home on the range
 Where the deer and the antelope
 play ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN PLAIN DAY. 1880.

MAEVE in her underwear, standing on a BAREBACK HORSE, arms
 held wide as she balances. Grinning, she trots past
 ADELAIDE who watches and claps with delight.

ELROY (O/S)
 (singing)
 The skies are not cloudy all day!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND (CUTTER'S PASS) 1881. DAY

ELROY sings, huddled up, a blanket wrapped around him. A CROW walks over, it is having difficulty flying, its feathers stuck together with the BLACK OIL. ELROY picking up THE CROW, gets OIL on his fingers. ELROY jaw drops, his eyes widening. ADELAIDE gallops in and jumps off her HORSE.

ADELAIDE
 Elroy? Elroy, where are you?

ADELAIDE rushes over to ELROY. ELROY, jumping up and down, points to the trickle of OIL.

ELROY
 We got black gold, Mizz Addy? We got black gold!

ADELAIDE grabs the PICK AXE, digging at the ground where the oil is. A JET OF BLACK OIL explodes through and squirts up high in the sky in a GIANT SPRAY. ADELAIDE SHRIEKS, reeling, and gets covered with OIL. Jumping up and down in the OIL, they both WHOOP and DANCE AROUND ...

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. WAGON. DAY. SPUNKY FALT. SAME TIME. DAY.

SEAN sits next to CARLO, the MAFIA HITMAN, and the LARGE WOMAN and her PARROT in a CAGE as they bump along, swaying this way and that. SEAN does some praying.

SEAN
 Hail Mary, full of grace,
 Hail Mary, full of grace!

THE PARROT
 Hail Mary, full of grace,
 Hail Mary, full of grace!

CARLO, squeezed in between SEAN and the PARROT, opens the PARROT'S CAGE and throttles the PARROT. It SQUAWKS and dies. CARLO gives SEAN a SMILE as SEAN'S eyes widen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH. DAY. SPUNKY FLAT, TEXAS. DAY. 1881

ANGLE on CHURCH BELLS RINGING LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

INT. MAEVE'S HOTEL ROOM. SAME TIME. DAY

ANGLE ON A WHITE VEIL/HEAD DRESS. MAEVE is sitting in front of her mirror in her NEGLIGEE, the RUBY NECKLACE clasped around her neck. MAEVE looks very unhappy

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH/ HIGH STREET. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. 1881

MAEVE, her VEIL covering her face, walks down the boardwalk, followed by BRIGE, carrying MAEVE's wedding train. CHILDREN run along the street following. MCCREADY and CHARLES sit and wait for NEW HORSES, outside ANGEL'S SALOON. CHARLES is attached, by handcuffs to MCCREADY. CHARLES stares at MAEVE. MAEVE looks away, walking on. MCCREADY pulls at the chain, jerking CHARLES hard.

MCCREADY

Suffering, Smythe, yer slimey
piece of shit? I'm sufferin' too!

MCCREADY, drags CHARLES up and they walk towards the CHURCH. along. TWO YOUNG BOYS (8 years) throw rotten fruit at CHARLES. CHARLES SNARLS and spits at them.

CHARLES

Know what we do with little boys
back in London? Shove 'em up the
chimney, set 'em on fire!

THE BOYS GAPS and reel back as CHARLES walks on. THE BELL RINGS LOUDLY from the CHURCH and A SMALL CROWD OF TOWNSPEOPLE go in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. 1881

SEAN jumps off the WAGON TRAIN, clutching his bag. CARLO, the MAFIA 'HIT MAN' also gets down and walks towards SEAN.

CARLO

You fine Catholic, you pray and
pray!

SEAN

I've sinned a bit, Mister?

CARLO

Have man to keel. A man named
Charlie. Pray for me? Are you in
zee 'famiglia'? Zee family?

SEAN LAUGHS laughs, suddenly very relieved.

SEAN

To be sure! I'm in the family
alright. Got two momma's out
here, me cousins, two babbies.
I'm the real Pappa!

CARLO

You the real 'Pappa'? The Don?

CARLO GASPS, sinking to his knees and kissing SEAN'S hand.
He is kissing the hand of the 'DON', the 'Pappa'.

SEAN

Name's Sean, the Papa alright.

CARLO

Mama mia? Lead me, Pappa and I
will follow you!

SEAN nods, confused. CARLO picks up SEAN's bags, as SEAN,
pleased, shrugging walks ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. MINUTES LATER. DAY

THE WEDDING GUESTS all turn to face MAEVE. MAEVE gasps
under her veil, wobbling a little. THE ORGAN MUSIC PLAYS

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. SAME TIME. DAY

ADELAIDE is thundering along on her HORSE, ELROY on the
back, her face smeared with OIL, spurring her HORSE on ...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION. SPUNKY FLAT. SAME TIME. DAY 1881.

A HUGE STEAM TRAIN pulls in. A TALL MAN with a large
moustache, gets off the train as it slowly pulls off. THE
OLD MAN looks over at him and rushes to greet THE MAN.

OLD MAN

Eunice, George, Soujourner?
New Marshal has arrived!

EUNICE beats a large DRUM as SOJOURNER blows a TRUMPET

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH. SAME TIME. DAY. 1881

THE TRUMPET mixes with the ORGAN MUSIC as we see ARTHUR,
standing proudly at the ALTAR, as MAEVE, veil over her
head, BRIGE behind her, carries her long train. ARTHUR
beams at MAEVE as she lifts back her veil.

ANGEL slips into the church, hissing at CHARLES, seated next to McCREADY in the back pew. ALVIN and EUGENE come in. ALL GO QUIET. THE PRIEST clears his throat and smiles at them all. THE OLD MAN from the Station comes in with the NEW MARSHAL.

OLD MAN

Excuse me, Mr. Bransome? Excuse me, folks? New Marshal is here!

MAEVE fusses around BRIGE, who is COUGHING LOUDLY. ARTHUR springs back, horrified. THE PRIEST is reeling as MAEVE crosses herself. SEAN pops his head into the CHURCH, followed by MARCO, the HITMAN. SEAN sees MAEVE and BRIGE

SEAN

Cousins, it's me? The daddy of your both yer bairns. I've doubly sinned and am here to save both me wives! I'm the new Pappa!

MAEVE

Bejayzis? Sean O'Mara? Got a feckin' bone to pick with you!

CARLO jumps out in front of SEAN, his hands out wide

CARLO

No one picka bone with zee Pappa!

ARTHUR points CHARLES out to the NEW MARSHAL

ARTHUR

That's you're man, Marshal!

THE NEW MARSHAL tries to grab CHARLES, McCREADY holds up his PINKERTON'S BADGE, jerking CHARLES on his CHAIN.

MCCREADY

Pinkerton's Agency, tekkin' the villain back East. Keep away!

THE NEW MARSHAL sinks back. CHARLES slips behind McCREADY, pulling the CHAIN around McCREADY'S neck. McCREADY GASPS LOUDLY. ANGEL pops up from behind a PEW SEAT.

ANGEL

Carlo? It's Angel. That the man!

CARLO THE HITMAN aims at CHARLES and EUGENE and ALVIN whisk out their GUNS and aim at CARLO. ALL FREEZE - a 'MEXICAN STANDOFF'. MAEVE steps forward into the aisle, eyes blazing

MAEVE

When you men have finished, I would like to carry on with me feckin' wedding here!

(MORE)

MAEVE (cont'd)

It's my intention to become
filthy feekin' rich, even if I do
have to marry a foul-breathed,
feekin' fraud!

ARTHUR WHACKS MAEVE HARD across the face. She reels back

SEAN

That's the mother of me babby,
Mister? I'm the Pappa!

CARLO THE HITMAN, SHOOTS ARTHUR, who staggers towards
MAEVE, falling onto her, BLOOD smearing her WHITE DRESS.
MAEVE SCREAMS and SEAN rushes over, struggling to support
her, entangled in her huge dress. SEAN flails around.

SEAN

Bejayzis, Maeve? What you got me
tangled up in here?

ADELAIDE rushes into the CHURCH, followed by ELROY,
breathless, her face completely covered with BLACK OIL.
ADELAIDE stands there, breathless, excited. ALL STARE.

ADELAIDE

We've hit black gold, girls -
oil! We're free - and we're rich!

ADELAIDE sees CHARLES, shielding himself with McCREADY, the
CHAIN around McCREADY'S neck. ADELAIDE FREEZES. CHARLES
reeling, stares at ADELAIDE, his jaw drops. McCREADY now
SHOOTS the CHAIN, which bursts open and dives under some
LADIES'S CRINOLINES in a WOODEN PEW. THE LADIES SCREAM! The
CONGREGATION duck down and ADELAIDE, pointing her gun at
CHARLES, walks backwards up the aisle. MAEVE takes off the
RUBY NECKLACE, thrusts it to ADELAIDE.

MAEVE

Friendship does exist, ya right,
Addy. Kept it safe for ya.

ADELAIDE GASPS, taking the RUBY NECKLACE and shoving it in
her pocket, her gun still pointing at CHARLES.

ADELAIDE

Come on, Smythe, you vile
imposter? I'm waiting for you at
the altar, like I did on our
wedding day. Come up and join me
now, you dog!

CHARLES, reeling, is thrown a gun by ALVIN. CHARLES, FIRING
SHOTS, now backs out of the Church, followed by ALVIN and
EUGENE. They back out of the CHURCH, SHOOTING, followed by
ADELAIDE, MAEVE, McCREADY, ANGEL, ELROY and BRIGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. SAME TIME - DAY

MAEVE, rips off her wedding train and leaps onto her HORSE as ADELAIDE and McCREADY jump up onto their HORSES. BRIGE is helped up behind ELROY and they ride off. SEAN and CARLO dash out. ANGEL unties a HORSE and struggles to get up.

ANGEL
Cowgirls, wait? Zut! Waita for
me, you fuckas ...?

SEAN crosses himself as ANGEL rides off

SEAN
Aunty Beth was right, these girls
have turned wild and wicked!

A BULLET WHIZZES past SEAN'S ear and SEAN dives into a barrel of BEER. CARLO looks horrified. SEAN drenched in BEER, pops his head up, licks his lips.

SEAN
I'm back to the Bowery, me.
(Hic!)

CARLO
Where Pappa lead, I follow!

SEAN
Fetch me bags, will ya? There's a
good wee slave!

CARLO nods quickly as SEAN grins, scooping up some more BEER and drinking it. He BURPS LOUDLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUSTY ROAD/VALLEY/HIGH RIDGE. DAY. LATER

ADELAIDE gallops fast, but McCREADY gallops faster

MCCREADY
Tekkin him back alive, darlin'!

MCCREADY rides off ahead. ADELAIDE digs her heels in, galloping faster as MAEVE follows. McCREADY is catching up with CHARLES, dodging bullets as CHARLES, EUGENE and ALVIN SHOOT BACK. McCREADY SHOOTS EUGENE who falls off his HORSE, foot in the stirrup, dragged along. CHARLES and ALVIN ride across a valley, McCREADY riding behind them. ADELAIDE and MAEVE thunder past McCREADY as his HORSE hits a stone and stumbles. McCREADY CURSES, riding on. ADELAIDE aims at CHARLES - A SHOT! A Bullet whizzes past CHARLES'S head.

CHARLES
 Fuck? Who the hell do these
 Cowgirls think they are? Never
 heard of male oppression?

CHARLES and ALVIN ride up a PATH that will take them up to
 the HIGH RIDGE. ADELAIDE, catching up, shouts to MAEVE.

ADELAIDE
 I'll circle round the back!

MAEVE nods, riding up the stony path as ADELAIDE takes a
 different route up. CHARLES and ALVIN appear near the top
 of the winding path, and jumping off their horses, hide
 behind some GIANT BOULDERS. MAEVE jumps off her horse,
 crouching down behind a BOULDER. BRIGE and ELROY catch up.
 They join her, behind some LARGE BOULDERS. CHARLES SHOUTS

CHARLES (OOV)
 Come out yer sleazy Irish bog-
 shites, yer finished!

ALVIN higher up the path, is unaware of ADELAIDE creeping
 up on him - she SHOOTs. ALVIN falls dead. Behind her
 BOULDER, MAEVE points at MAEVE'S BOUQUET which is strapped
 into BRIGE'S belt. BRIGE flings the BOUQUET high into the
 air. CHARLES shoots. THE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS spray
 everywhere as McCREADY thunders up the stony path, unaware
 that CHARLES is hiding and now aiming at him. CHARLES
 SHOOTs and McCREADY'S horse is hit as McCREADY is thrown
 off. CHARLES jumps on his HORSE, galloping off. ADELAIDE
 runs over to McCREADY, lying, on his back, lip bloody.
 ADELAIDE SHRIEKs, kneeling down, as MAEVE, BRIGE and ELROY
 rush over. McCREADY opens his eyes, grins and pats his
 POCKET BOOK OF POETRY

MCCREADY
 Robbie was with meh? Poems can
 save yeh life!

ADELAIDE kisses him hard. MAEVE, amazed, gasps

MAEVE
 Love does exist. I've just
 flamin' seen it!

They mount their HORSES and follow CHARLES. ADELAIDE rides
 off first, grinning back to McCready, who is still mounting

ADELAIDE
 The mad dog's mine, McCready!

MCCREADY, curses, jumps on his horse and follows.

CUT TO:

HIGH RIDGE/PRECIPICE - MAEVE'S LAND (CUTTER'S PASS) DAY

CHARLES reaches the HIGH RIDGE that overhang's MAEVE land, hiding in some BUSHES. ADELAIDE and MAEVE ride in, followed by ELROY and BRIGE. They take cover. ADELAIDE dismounts and slapping her HORSE in the direction of CHARLES, runs behind it, getting nearer to CHARLES. CHARLES aims at her HORSE, which keels over, but he misses ADELAIDE, who SHOOTs back at the BUSH he's hiding behind.

CHARLES (00V)

I was never Marshal so that claim
of yours means nothing!

MAEVE, outraged, runs out, SHOOTING towards the BUSH

MAEVE

Never. This land is ours - ours!

CHARLES, runs out and aims at MAEVE, but McCREADY, riding up, aims and SHOOTs CHARLES in the arm. CHARLES drops his gun, staggering towards the EDGE OF THE HIGH RIDGE that overhangs the land. McCREADY runs towards CHARLES, jumping off his horse. THE TWO MEN WRESTLE, near the EDGE of the PRECIPICE. CHARLES takes out a KNIFE and swings it towards McCREADY. ADELAIDE aims at CHARLES. McCREADY stares, shaking his head.

MCCREADY

No? I've got him, Sureshot!

CHARLES shoves his KNIFE under McCREADY'S throat, and twists McCREADY'S arm behind his back. CHARLES, LAUGHING, stares at ADELAIDE as MAEVE, BRIGE and ELROY stand near. CHARLES jerks McCREADY'S arm back, sweating hard.

CHARLES

Say goodbye to yer sweetheart,
Adelaide!

CHARLES drags McCREADY to the VERY EDGE of the HIGH RIDGE

CHARLES

No poems now, McCready? How's
about? I'm gonna bloomin' die as
the drop is soddin' high!

CHARLES tightens his grip as McCREADY GAGS. ADELAIDE GASPS, FROZEN with fear. CHARLES grabs McCREADY'S gun from his holster, aiming at ADELAIDE. ANGEL gallops in, seeing ADELAIDE FROZEN, screams over at. MAEVE takes her gun out.

MAEVE

I'll shoot the feckin' asshole!

CHARLES swinging the gun, aims at MAEVE, but BRIGE rushes to protect her and CHARLES SHOOTs BRIGE. BRIGE collapses. ADELAIDE NOW SHOOTs CHARLES!

MAEVE, horrified, grabs BRIGE, who has collapsed. McCREADY teeters near the EDGE, CHARLES hanging onto him as ADELAIDE, ANGEL and ELROY watch, horrified, as CHARLES GASPS LOUDLY

CHARLES

No? I can't die? I'm too young,
too fucking handsome, too ...?!

ANGEL SHOOTS CHARLES in the leg, so he releases his grip on McCREADY, who runs back from the EDGE. CHARLES staring back at them, arms spread out wide, totters backwards on the EDGE, staring back at them. ADELAIDE SHOOTS him again.

ADELAIDE

Die, mad dog, die!

CHARLES, SCREAMING, falls over the edge, plunging down into the valley. His SCREAMS ECHO OUT LOUDLY

CHARLES

Me hopes? Me sodding dreams!

ADELAIDE runs towards McCREADY, hugging him hard. MAEVE puts BRIGE's head in her lap. BRIGE COUGHS, blood trickling out of her mouth.

BRIGE

They can't throw us off this
l-l-land now, Maeve? It's ours!

MAEVE

I'll feckin' kill yer if ya die
now, Brige Morgan!

BRIGE

Look after Matty, and Addy, b-b-
best friend you've ever had .. ?

BRIGE falls back, smiling gently. MAEVE SCREAMS

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND/WILLOW TREE. WEEK LATER. DAY. 1881

MAEVE is standing near a WILLOW TREE on her land. MAEVE is dressed in BLACK and stands with ANGEL, ELROY and ADELAIDE, all dressed in black, under the tree. McCREADY is there, hat off. ELROY pats down the mud around the roots, wiping tears from his eyes. A COUPLE OF MEN place a marble cross on the grave. ADELAIDE puts her arm around MAEVE's shoulder as MAEVE collapses, sobbing. McCREADY puts his hat back on and walks away. IRISH FIDDLE MUSIC.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. OPEN PLAIN. DAYS LATER. DAY (1881)

MCCREADY is riding through the Plain. He hears SOME LOUD SHOTS - it's ADELAIDE, who comes thundering up to him.

ADELAIDE

Turn your horse around, McCready.
You're going nowhere!

MCCREADY shakes his head, smiling sadly, riding up close to her HORSE. MCCREADY leans over.

MCCREADY

Ah'm a Pinkerton man. Goin' back
to face the music. Me job,
darlin'.

ADELAIDE

I'm rich now, McCready. I'll buy
you an agency out here.

MCCREADY

I'll come back for yeh, darlin',
One thing, I need ...?

ADELAIDE leans over in her saddle towards him. THEY KISS. MCCREADY sits up, beating back tears.

MCCREADY

As fair thou art, my bonnie lad,
So deep in love, am I,
And I will love thee still my
dear, Till all the seas gang dry.

MCCREADY, wiping his eyes with his sleeves, gallops off. ADELAIDE stares, tears rolling down her cheek.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. MAEVE'S NEWLY BUILT MANSION. VERANDA. DAY. SIX MONTHS LATER. 1882.

MAEVE is seated, pale, still dressed in black in her rocking chair on her Veranda. ELROY, dressed as her BUTLER, comes out. MAEVE stares into the horizon. ELROY wipes away a tear. ADELAIDE climbs up onto the steps of the Veranda. ADELAIDE looks at ELROY who shakes his head. MAEVE is still frozen with grief. ADELAIDE sadly walks down the steps, mounts her horse and rides off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. VERANDA. DAY. MONTH LATER. 1882

MAEVE, still dressed in black, is seated on her veranda. ADELAIDE drives a PONY and TRAP towards MAEVE'S NEWLY BUILT MANSION, dressed in a bonnet and travelling outfit, the LADY that she once was, her luggage piled up in the back.

ELROY comes out. MAEVE moves towards the handrail.
ADELAIDE approaches the MANSION, stopping.

ADELAIDE

I can't live a life of mourning,
Maeve. Want go back East, see my
family. See McCready again.

MAEVE

Don't leave me? Yer me best
friend, Addy. Here? Me heart!

MAEVE throws ADELAIDE HER HEART-SHAPED LOCKET. ADELAIDE
catches the LOCKET and looks up at her.

ADELAIDE

Home is where our hearts are,
Maeve. Come with me!

MAEVE her eyes widening, shakes her head. IRISH FIDDLE
MUSIC - A FLASH of MAEVE'S MOTHER LEAVING with her SIBLINGS
in the WOODEN CART. MAEVE is reeling.

MAEVE

No? I'll never leave me land.
Friends last longer than lovers -
remember that, Addy!

ADELAIDE sadly turns the PONY and TRAP and starts to drive
away. MAEVE grabs the balustrade, reeling. She SHOUTS OUT.

MAEVE

Go on then? Go back East to yer
fancy friends and your feckin'
lover. If you do come back,
Adelaide Hartington, I'll shoot
ya dead!

ADELAIDE pulls the PONY to a halt, but doesn't turn round.
MAEVE GASPS, hopeful. ADELAIDE shakes her head and drives
on, tears running down her cheeks. MAEVE staggers back and
collapses into her chair, sobbing.

MUSIC/DISSOLVE

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH DAY. 1920 (PRESENT DAY) DAY.

ANGLE on ANGEL, seen through some BINOCULARS. ANGEL is
riding a HORSE, wearing her 'western' gear, cowgirl hat and
leather breeches. ANGEL trots awkwardly across the vast,
flat land in front of MAEVE'S MANSION. WE hear MAEVE (00V)
who is watching through her BINOCULARS. MAEVE CACKLES.

MAEVE (00V)

Easy on me feckin' horse, Angel?

ANGEL wobbles in the saddle. MAEVE lowering her BINOCULARS, walks down the steps onto the ground below. ELROY suddenly rushes onto the Veranda from the house, he's very excited.

ELROY

Mizz Adelaide has just rung. Says she'll be here tomorrow!

MAEVE's breathes in hard and jumps up onto her HORSE, and gallops off. ANGEL digs her heels into her HORSE, wobbling in the saddle and rides after her. ELROY frowns.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RIDGE. MAEVE'S LAND. DAY. (PRESENT DAY) 1920

MAEVE and ANGEL sit on their HORSES up the High Ridge, overhanging MAEVE's land. They smoke cigars, staring out.

ANGEL

Brige was dying before that shoot out. She was a Lunger, took that bullet for you because she was dying and because she loved you. We all do, you crazy buzzard, gotta leave the past behind.

MAEVE slowly nods. MAEVE blows out a SMOKE RING, she looks brighter. ANGEL looks over, relieved. A BEAT.

ANGEL

Hey? What you do about Adelaide?

MAEVE

What ya think I'm gonna do? I'm gonna feckin' shoot her.

ANGEL'S jaw drops, her cigar dangling from her lips.

CUT TO:

MAEVE'S RANCH VERANDAH. LATER. DAY (PRESENT DAY) 1920

MATT, breathless, runs up the steps onto the Verandah. MAEVE's face darkens and she reaches for her SHOTGUN. MATT looks alarmed and looks at ELROY who shrugs, alarmed. MAEVE handles the GUN and ELROY SLAMS the tray down HARD. A BEAT.

ELROY

Mizz Morgan? If you kill Mizz Adelaide, I'm headin' straight back to Georgia.

MAEVE glares at ELROY, shocked. MATT jumps up.

MATT

I've been diggin' up memories and stirred up a hornet's nest. I'm sorry!

MATT runs down the steps and gets on his horse.

MATT

I've pieced it all together now. Gonna join the boys down at the Creek for a few beers.

MAEVE and ELROY watches MATT ride off across the flat land.

ELROY

Mizz Morgan? Matt's got a place to study architecture in Austin. Maybe we should let him go?

MAEVE nods and ELROY smiles. A BEAT. He steps forward

ELROY

I'll never leave you, Mizz Morgan. You gave me a home.

MAEVE

If you hadn't found that Crow with oil on his back, Elroy, none of this would exist. What's mine is yours, remember that.

ELROY nods and smiles at her. MAEVE smiles back.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLAT LAND. TEXAS. 1920 (PRESENT DAY) DAY LATER

ADELAIDE is sitting in the back of an OPEN TOPPED FORD car, JOHNNY seated in the front, sits next to a DRIVER. JO, sits next to ADELAIDE, clinging onto her hat. ADELAIDE exhales.

ADELAIDE

I can't practise law anymore, Jo. This land belittles the Law.

JO LAUGHS and JOHNNY turns round to them. He SHOUTS

JOHNNY

This is a feckin' big country, if ya don't mind me sayin', ladies?

ADELAIDE

Try doing it in a covered wagon, buster!

JOHNNY LAUGHS, he looks happy, wind in his hair, handsome, like MAEVE. ADELAIDE looks out of the window, breathing in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S MANSION. VERANDA. (PRESENT DAY) DAY. 1920

MAEVE sits in her chair, clutching her SHOTGUN. MATT stands at the other end of the veranda near ANGEL. ELROY comes out. THE PHONE RINGS. MAEVE nods at ELROY as MAEVE sings. ANGEL rolls her eyes to MATT.

MAEVE

(singing)

Dear son, I loved my native home
with energy and pride,
Till a blight came o'er me crops,
me sheep and cattle died!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. LATER. DAY.

ELROY drives MAEVE's CHEVEROLET over the flat, vast land towards the gates of the Ranch. MAEVE, in Cowgirl hat and riding gear, grasping her SHOTGUN. ANGEL sits in the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. THE GATES. MOMENTS LATER

The open-topped FORD approaches the huge metal GATES, the metal 'M' for 'Morgan' hanging over the gates. The DRIVER turns off the engine and ADELAIDE climbs out. JO gets out and JOHNNY leans out of the window, his eyes widening. They hear a CAR approaching, MAEVE's CHEVROLET approaches the GATES. ELROY gets out and opens the GATES and drives through. JO grabs ADELAIDE'S hand, squeezing it hard. ELROY opens MAEVE's door. MAEVE gets out, she has her SHOTGUN. ADELAIDE, walks slowly towards MAEVE. A BEAT.

ADELAIDE

Hello, Maeve? Long time. Was
worried I ever came to visit, you
might, you know? Shoot me?!

MAEVE grips her SHOTGUN, her eyes widening. MATT comes galloping towards them with two horses tied behind him. MATT grins at ADELAIDE and nods nervously. MAEVE raises her SHOTGUN and COCKS the barrel. A CLICK. ALL GO QUIET

ADELAIDE

Brige said you get one shot at
love, two shots at friendship.
This is my third. I've got your
boy, Maeve!

MAEVE, shocked, starts to shake. She looks over to the car, and sees JOHNNY, leaning out. He grins nervously.

JOHNNY

Ma? Adelaide came and found me!

MAEVE

Johnny? You came back? Johnny!

JOHNNY gets out and MAEVE, staggers towards him. EVERYONE watches as JOHNNY passes MAEVE the SILVER LOCKET. JOHNNY grins as MAEVE shakes her head in disbelief. MAEVE hugs him hard, crying. MATT grins over at JOHNNY, his cousin. MAEVE, wiping her eyes, arms linked with JOHNNY, walks over to ADELAIDE. She smiles, throwing ADELAIDE her GUN.

MAEVE

Hey? College girl! Catch!

ADELAIDE grins, catching the SHOTGUN. Handling it eagerly.

ADELAIDE

They don't call me 'Sureshot Addy' for nothing.

MATT gives ADELAIDE a leg up onto a HORSE

MAEVE

What you gonna do out here, Addy? Become a two-bit Rodeo shoot out Queen? We eat lawyers for breakfast out here.

ADELAIDE

Don't know and I don't care and it feels great. Feckin' great, in fact, Maeve. I know one thing? I'm home!

MAEVE gallops off ahead. A SHOT! MAEVE turns around and sees ADELAIDE, swinging the SHOTGUN, laughing.

ANGEL

Mama mia? Crazy, crazy cowgirls and their daring deeds out West?

ANGEL does a hop and a skip and walks to catch up the others, who walk towards their CARS at the gates.

ANGEL

Hang on? I gotta my ending!

ANGEL beams in delight and throws her hat into the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

