

' COWBOY GIRLS '

**An original musical screenplay
written & composed by**

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FADE IN:

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S MANSION. TEXAS. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

MAEVE MORGAN (50's), a handsome, tough Irish woman, stands alone on her wooden veranda. The house, huge, gothic, stands on the flat, endless plain.

Maeve squints into the sun and surveys her massive ranch. Her face is weather-beaten, her black hair pinned back, her green eyes sharp, youthful.

Maeve takes out a cigar, as ELROY, dapper, smart-suited, African-American (40's), comes out onto the veranda. Elroy lights Maeve's cigar and they both nod comfortable in their routine. Elroy retires. Maeve draws on her cigar and fingers a SILVER LOCKET around her neck.

MAEVE

Johnny ..? You out there somewhere?

Maeve beats back tears and blows out a smoke ring.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. VALLEY. IRELAND. DAY. 1873.

We see YOUNG MAEVE (17), raven-haired, ravishing, and her sister YOUNG BRIGE (16), ginger-haired, freckled, riding two PONIES bareback. They WHOOP and SHRIEK as they gallop. Maeve kicks her horse hard. The HORSE NEIGHS.

MAEVE

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

Their friend, SEAN, simple, willing, a few years older, gallops after them on a pony. Sean shouts after Maeve.

SEAN

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

Maeve laughs hard and gallops ahead of them.

PRE-LAP: MAEVE'S LAUGHTER

INT. HAYLOFT. IRELAND. DAY. (LATER)

ON BRIGE - sitting on a large hay bale listening to MAEVE'S LAUGHTER and SEAN upstairs. Sean appears down a ladder, doing up his trousers and grins over at Brige, very proudly.

SEAN

Bejaysus?! That was grand!

Brige shrinks back, terrified as Sean goes out. Scrambling up the ladder, Brige sees MAEVE, chewing on a piece of straw, lying back on the hale bales, half dressed.

BRIGE

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

MAEVE

Great, Brige, and don't look at me like that, ya ugly potato head. Ya gotta start somewhere!

SONG 1 - 'THE HUNGER' - HALF-STARVED IRISH (O.S.) ALL SING

(Please refer to www.cowboygirlsthemusical.com for SONGS)

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. IRELAND. EARLY MORNING. (MONTHS LATER)

We see MAEVE, BRIGE and the SIX YOUNGER CHILDREN asleep in two beds, threadbare blankets covering them. Maeve rubs her stomach - she is pregnant.

She hears LOUD BANGING noises as Maeve's mother KATHLEEN rushes in, grabbing her younger children.

KATHLEEN

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

Maeve and Brige jump up, horrified as MASKED MEN peer through the windows, CLATTERING LOUDLY on the windows with large wooden sticks --

EXT. COTTAGE. ROOF. EARLY MORNING. (CONTINUOUS)

TWO MASKED MEN on the roof saw through the main beam of the house, scrambling downwards as the cottage collapses --

EXT. COTTAGE. ROAD. EARLY MORNING. (CONTINUOUS)

MAEVE'S FAMILY stand by a road in front of the remains of their wrecked cottage the flames dying down.

A NUN, SISTER IMMACULATA (50's), kindly, stands near a horse and cart as the family's possessions are piled on.

KATHLEEN, clutching her CHILDREN, spits at MASKED MEN standing there as MAEVE watches her mother and younger siblings climb into the cart. Sister Immaculata takes Maeve by the arm as BRIGE cries. A nearby TINKER plays the fiddle.

KATHLEEN

British whoremongers! Where can we go, where, bejaysus?! Never let go of yer land, Maeve. Yer hear me now? Yer land is all ya got!

Maeve nods and stares, horrified after the cart.

SONG 1 - 'THE HUNGER' - CONTINUES

END FLASHBACK

PRE-LAP: MAEVE SINGING '**THE HUNGER**' - her voice low, harsh.

MAEVE (O.S.)
 (singing)
*'No more of bonnie Ireland
 As the Brits have burnt our homes!*

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S MANSION. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

MAEVE, tears forming in her weather-beaten face, rhythmically BANGS the floor of the veranda with her wooden stick.

MAEVE
 (singing)
Oh, oh, oh, the hunger!'

ELROY, behind a mesh door, sighs deeply and shoots a look to COOK (50's) in the background. Cook shakes her head sadly. Maeve breathes hard, as she remembers -

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. ROOM. CONVENT. IRELAND. DAY. 1874.

It's months later and YOUNG MAEVE is now mid-labour in a plain room. A large crucifix is above her on a wall. We are in the Convent run by THE NUNS OF THE HOLY ORDER.

Young Maeve SCREAMS and A NUN, SISTER ALFONSUS (50's), SLAPS her hard across the face. Maeve SHRIEKS and pushes the BABY out. SISTER IMMACULATA, warm, kindly, throws her hands up.

SISTER IMMACULATA
 A fine baby boy? He's going to a
 good home, so he is, Maeve! Let's
 call him Johnny. Wee Johnny!

TWO NUNS come into the room and wrench THE BABY from Young Maeve and she sinks her teeth into the hand of NUN #1. Nun #1 YELPS, wrenching the Baby away from Maeve.

Sister Immaculata sadly shakes her head and cuts a lock of The Baby's hair, putting the hair in a SILVER HEART SHAPED LOCKET. Young Maeve, fingers the locket, hopeless as the Baby is taken away by NUN #1 and NUN #2. Maeve, bleak, gasps hard.

INT. CONVENT. ROOM. IRELAND. DAY. 1880. (SIX YEARS LATER)

MAEVE (24), 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 gold out
West like everyone else!

ON MAEVE - eyes widening as she slowly fingers the penny. She steals Sister Immaculata's cigar from the ashtray and blowing out smoke rings, her eyes widening.

INT. CONVENT. CORRIDOR. IRELAND. DAY. 1880. (WEEKS LATER)

BRIGE (23) is scrubbing the floors on her hands and knees of this vast entrance hall. SISTER ALFONSUS narrows her eyes and comes over and kicks over the bucket of dirty water. MAEVE is watching, unseen, through a half-open door.

SISTER ALFONSUS

Clean it up now, ya lazy Morgan
girl! Clean it up!

Brige nods and keeps mopping. Sister Alfonsus laughs and marches off. Maeve hisses at Brige.

MAEVE

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

Brige nods as she sobs and scrubs --

INT. CONVENT. GIRLS DORMITORY. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS. (LATER)

-- BRIGE is under the sheets of her bed with SEAN (21). Brige and Sean emerge, panting. Sean grins proud of himself. He jumps out of bed and pulls up his trousers as Brige watches.

SEAN

I've got the nag. We's goin'
diggin' for gold, Brige! Dawn it
is, so be ready!

Brige nods as Sean climbs out of the open window and down a drainpipe. A JEALOUS GIRL (17) looks over, eyes narrowing.

JEALOUS GIRL

Why do you Morgan girls have all
the fun?

Brige smiles slightly and shrugs --

INT. CONVENT. CELLAR. EARLY MORNING. (CONTINUOUS)

-- MAEVE in a darkened room, kneeling, puts her hands together in prayer as she looks to the only small window.

MAEVE

Lord? Help a good catholic girl?
Alright, a lousy 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 and strapping it to his horse.

Maeve hears SISTER ALFONSUS and NUN #1 outside the room. The grill at the window CREAKS and suddenly pulls away --

INT./EXT. CONVENT. CELLAR. EARLY MORNING. (CONTINUOUS)

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

MAEVE

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

Maeve giggles and pulls up her skirts. SISTER ALFONSUS and NUN #1 and NUN #2 open the door to see MAEVE'S BOTTOM through the window. All the Nuns gasp in horror and SISTER ALFONSUS chokes and collapses backwards --

INT. CONVENT. GIRLS DORMITORY. EARLY MORNING. CONTINUOUS

-- BRIGE stands on the window ledge, fully dressed, clutching a small bag. Brige looks frozen with fear. The JEALOUS GIRL jumps up and watches Brige grab her small bag.

JEALOUS GIRL

Jump, Brige! Jump for all us
fallen girls!

Brige crosses herself, and SCREAMING, climbs out of the window and scrambles down the drainpipe --

EXT./INT. CONVENT. CELLAR. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

-- SISTER ALFONSUS and NUN #1 and NUN #2 watch at the window in horror as the girls gallop away. MAEVE shouts back at them as we hear her laughter.

MAEVE

So long, Sisters! Pray for us
Morgan girls!

We hear LOUD HORSES HOOVES

EXT. SANDY BAY. IRELAND. DAY LATER

We see MAEVE and BRIGE seated behind SEAN on his HORSE. They ride around a hill and look down onto the beach below. ON MAEVE - her eyes widening, breathing hard. They ride down to dismount and join the queue as Sean watches them, holding the horse. He blinks back tears and they all hug hard.

ON BRIGE - her eyes widening with fear, turning to Maeve, as she grips her bag. They stare at the queue of HALF STARVED IRISH snaking over the beach and hear them singing.

SONG 1 - 'THE HUNGER - HALF-STARVED IRISH (O.S.) ALL SING

HALF STARVED IRISH

(singing)

*'We'll take a chance and head out
West
And then we'll dig for gold!
We'll dance upon the Blarney Stone
Our fortunes will be told!
No more of bonnie Ireland
As the Brits have burnt our homes!'*

Brige stares wide-eyed at Maeve.

BRIGE

Sweet Jesus, Maeve? Are we d-d-
doin' the right thing?

Maeve shrugs, brightening, as they move down the queue. THE HANDSOME CAPTAIN'S MATE (30's) looks down from the ship's deck at Maeve on the beach. Maeve grins up at him and lifts up the hem of her skirt. The Captain's Mate laughs - she's on! Maeve grabs Brige as they push through the queue of half starved Irish.

END SONG

END FLASHBACK

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. TEXAS. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

MAEVE (50's) shakes her head and laughs softly. ELROY comes out carrying a tray. He hands a glass of lemonade to Maeve who grins up gratefully at him.

MAEVE

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

Maeve picks up her binoculars and peers through them.

ON MATT (30's) - red hair, freckles, like his mother, BRIGE - riding his horse towards them. Elroy clears his throat.

ELROY

Miss Maeve? Cook took a telephone
call from Ireland. Lady said she
would call back.

He gulps very hard.

ELROY

I reckon it's her.

Maeve breathes hard and lowers the binoculars. She looks at Elroy who shrugs and retires. Matt ties up his horse, jumping up the steps.

Matt pours himself some lemon juice and drinking, walks over, grinning at Maeve. Maeve smiles fondly at him.

MAEVE

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

MATT

Sure thing, Aunt Maeve!

Matt nods, walking down the steps and runs off. Maeve stands up, looking over her land. She grabs the balustrade, her knuckles whitening. She hisses to herself.

MAEVE

Adelaide?! I told you if you ever came back, I'd shoot you dead!

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

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

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

ON ADELAIDE (27) intelligent, strong-minded, seated at her dressing table in her corsets, holds up two fingers like a gun, and blows the tops of her fingers. She laughs.

ADELAIDE

Bang, bang, you're dead!

ON THE BOOK'S COVER - '*BELLE STAR, COWGIRL*'. We see BELLE, high in the saddle of her horse, shooting two pistols. Adelaide's eyes widen with excitement as she reads.

ADELAIDE

(reading)

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

Adelaide smiles with excitement. She now puts the book away in a drawer and starts to comb her hair, staring hard at herself in the mirror. She sighs deeply.

EXT. SHIP. DECK. OCEAN. DAY. (SAME TIME)

MAEVE is alone on the deck. We hear LOW MOANS of the STEERAGE PASSENGERS in the ship's hold as BABIES CRY. Maeve gently kisses the SILVER HEART around her neck. She gulps hard.

MAEVE

I'm gonna come back and find you, Johnny! Yer Ma won't be forgettin', you, you hear?

Maeve hears a WHISTLE and looks up. The CAPTAIN'S MATE is grinning down at her from another deck.

CAPTAIN'S MATE
 You alright there, Paddy girl?
 Crossing not too rough for you?

Maeve brightens and slowly grins up at him.

INT. MANSION HOUSE. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ADELAIDE, seated at her dressing table, reading her book. A KNOCK. Adelaide quickly puts the book away in her drawer MILLY (16) the 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 (23), blonde ringlets, pretty, comes in. Milly ties a bow and leaves.

ANOTHER KNOCK. WILFRED (50's), Adelaide and Jo's father, white haired, walrus moustache comes in. He claps his hands.

WILFRED
 Splendid news, girls! The
 Stuyvesants are attending the
 wedding as is Mrs. Astor herself!

Adelaide wriggles around. She looks unhappy. Wilfred beams smugly unaware of his daughter's reaction.

WILFRED
 A railroad man like myself one of
 Mrs. Astor's elite? It's the New
 Age, indeedy!

ADELAIDE
 There is something shifty about
 Charles, Poppa.

JO
 (giggling)
 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
 I went to Vassar to become a lawyer
 myself, Poppa! Us girls are making
 our own way in the world!

WILFRED

Adelaide? You're a woman of intelligence and high ideals, but you're not getting any younger. Your mother 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.

WILFRED

You're a Hartington. Always remember that, Adelaide, and wear our family heirloom with pride!

Wilfred plants a kiss on her head and leaves. Tears of anger well up in Adelaide's eyes as she struggles with the ruby choker now locked around her neck. Jo gulps hard.

INT. MANSION HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

ON SOME GLEAMING WHITE SPATS - belonging to CHARLES (35), English, pencil moustache, handsome and very 'dapper'.

WILFRED, pours a brandy for Charles, seated opposite him on a high backed sofa. ADELAIDE sits next to Charles, clutching her cup and saucer.

WILFRED

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

Adelaide purses her lips and tries to smile.

ADELAIDE

How are things in England, Charles?

CHARLES

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

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, Charles. A Vassar girl, always over thinking things. Needs someone to help her relax, enjoy life!

Wilfred slaps Charles on the back. Charles chokes on his tea.

INT. SHIP. GALLEY. EVENING. (LATER)

MAEVE and BRIGE are lying snugly on some bags of bags of rice stacked up in the crew's kitchen. They are hungrily tearing at legs of chicken. Brige grins and splutters.

BRIGE

Yeh's f-f-fixed it again! But Maeve? Are we d-d-doing the right thing by leaving Ireland? I f-f-feel so scared I could cry!

MAEVE

Bah? Yeh's scared of yer own shadow, Brige Morgan!

SONG 2 - 'WE'RE BREAKING FREE!'

Maeve sings as Brige watches, eyes wide. Maeve falls back onto the bags of rice, giggling smugly.

BRIGE

P-p-pity Sean couldn't come along, but he did steal me chastity?

Maeve sits bolt upright. BRIGE shrugs nervously.

BRIGE

I was curious, like you, Maeve! You g-g-got to start somewhere? Said so yerself!

Maeve rolls her eyes, spluttering.

EXT. SHIP. HARBOUR. NEW YORK. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

We see the Ship sail into New York harbour. MAEVE and BRIGE are on the top deck, highly excited. The CAPTAIN'S MATE appears with SEVERAL OTHER SAILORS. He makes a loud announcement.

CAPTAIN'S MATE

Typhus and Cholera are rife. First Class passengers only to descend!

ANGRY SHOUTS of disbelief from the DISPOSSESSED IRISH Steerage passengers. Wooden boats appear around the ship crammed with RELATIVES of the passengers. Some hold up signs with written names on them: 'O'Leary', 'O'Mara', etc - and they call up at the passengers. Maeve turns to Brige.

MAEVE

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

Maeve shouts overboard to THREE BURLY MEMBERS of the O'LEARY clan, in a boat who hold a sign saying 'O'LEARY'.

MAEVE
 (shouting)
 O'Learys?! Up here! Up here, lads!

The three burly members of the O'Leary clan look up from their boat. Maeve climbs overboard as Brige gasps, frozen.

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

MAEVE
 Who cares, Brige? The feckin' sharks don't!

Maeve jumps and leaps into the rowing boat below, caught by three burly members of the O'LEARY clan. Maeve looks up at Brige. They shout up as Brige shakes her head, petrified.

MAEVE/O'LEARY CLAN
 (shouting)
 Jump, Brige, jump! Jump, bejaysus!

Brige, terrified, crosses herself. Brige climbs over the side and jumps into water. The O'Leary clan haul her out of the water as MAEVE groans loudly.

EXT. QUAY. NEW YORK. 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 a MONKEY on his shoulder, throws Brige an orange from his cart. Brige stares in confusion and tries to bite the peel - it's bitter.

THREE O'LEARY BROTHERS (20's) - angrily looking for them in another part of the crowd. They've been hoodwinked!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. NEW YORK. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

ADELAIDE and CHARLES sit in the back of an open topped horse-drawn carriage being driven by a GROOM through the park.

MILLY, Adelaide's maid, sits next to the Groom. Adelaide, trapped, frustrated, twizzles her parasol as Charles grins warmly at her, leaning in.

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

Adelaide rolls her eyes, irritated as Charles laughs loudly. TWO OLDER LADIES, walking past, greet them as they pass.

OLDER LADY (#1)
 Is this your English beau, Miss Adelaide?

OLDER LADY (#2)
Real British aristocracy? My?!

Charles waves at the two older ladies as they drive on. The carriage turns a corner and approaches a bench. The carriage stops and the groom jumps down to assist Adelaide in getting down. They walk to sit down on the bench. Adelaide stares coldly at Charles.

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 possibly offer me, that those two men could not? We hardly talk the same language, Charles!

CHARLES
Mater and Pater have left me with a fine old country pile and what's mine is yours, old bean!

ADELAIDE
'Old bean?' I rest my case!

ON A MAN - hidden by some trees behind the bushes, who watches them. MCCREADY, (35), a SCOTTISH BOUNTY HUNTER, muscular, ruggedly handsome Glaswegian.

ON ADELAIDE - she gets an idea and smiles slowly, looking at Charles. She calls over to Milly.

ADELAIDE
Milly? My bonnet, please?

Charles smiles sweetly at her as Milly rushes over with her bonnet and gives it to Adelaide who smiles slyly.

ADELAIDE
Let's play the New York dating game, old boy! Close your eyes and count to twenty. Then lean forward and kiss your lady love!

Charles eagerly closes his eyes tight.

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!

ON CHARLES - leaning in to kiss Milly, his eyes still shut. Charles opens his eyes as Milly giggles.

ON MCCREADY - behind the trees, spinning round to see Adelaide running through the trees. She trips and falls. McCready runs over and taking her hand, helps her up.

ON ADELAIDE - she stares in shock at him and runs off. McCready sighs deeply, watching her go.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE. NEW YORK. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON MAEVE AND BRIGE - trudging around the streets of the Lower East Side weaving through the CROWD. Brige looks terrified as dark-skinned YOUNG ITALIAN MEN hang out of tenement windows and WOLF WHISTLE at them.

Maeve stops at a tenement dwelling - this is where the O'MARAS live. A couple of the O'MARA BOYS, (20's) handsome, feral, step forward and surround them.

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 (#1) 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.

INT. TENEMENT. CORRIDOR. LOWER EAST SIDE. DAY.

BABIES WAIL as MAEVE knocks on a door. A pale CHILD opens the door slowly. Maeve and Brige nervously enter and see the TWO O'MARA BOYS and TWO O'MARA GIRLS (17, 18) huddled over a pot of tea, the room smoke-filled. MRS. O'MARA (50's), thin, red faced, smokes a long pipe. She jumps up and rushes towards them delighted.

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
 Bejaysus, no?! The Hibernian
 brothers will avenge us all! Blood
 will flow, blood will flow!

Mrs. O'Mara crosses herself, coughing on her pipe and
 collapsing into her chair. Maeve steps forward

MAEVE
 We's here to earn our fortune, Aunt
 Beth, then send for Ma, Pa, and the
 babbies. And ... me Johnny!

MAEVE gulps hard as Mrs. O'Mara puffs her pipe, eyes wide.

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

O'MARA BOY (#1)
 Ha! 'Ent no gold in the Bowery!

Maeve and Brige reel back with disappointment. Mrs. O'Mara
 clouts O'MARA BOY (#1) 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!

O'MARA BOY (#2) opens the lid of a big cooking pot and pulls
 out a tiny rasher of burnt bacon, and grins broadly.

O'MARA BOY (#2)
 Welcome to America, ladies!

INT. TENEMENT. O'MARA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. (HOURS LATER)

ON MAEVE AND BRIGE - packed together in a bed with TWO OTHER
 O'MARA GIRLS and the TWO 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 hisses.

BRIGE
 Can't sleep a wink, Maeve! The
 windows are rattlin'! Least we had
 our own b-b-beds in the Convent!

A train RATTLES past loudly.

PRE-LAP: PIANO MUSIC

INT. MANSION HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. NEW YORK. DAY. (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, Addy.

ADELAIDE

My darling piano? Never!

Jo nods sadly as Adelaide closes the piano lid. They blink hard at each other and we sense their bond. Jo brightens.

JO

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

ADELAIDE

Keep out of my drawers, pest, and leave my books alone!

Adelaide opens the lid and plays a Polka. Jo grabs a cushion and the two girls dance wildly around the room, falling over sofas and flinging cushions at each other.

A KNOCK - MILLY the maid, pops her head in.

MILLY

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

Jo looks at Adelaide and gulps hard. All dancing stops.

INT. SWEAT SHOP. LOWER EAST SIDE. DAY. (LATER)

MAEVE and BRIGE are working in a crowded sweat shop sitting at sewing machines in rows. The room is dark, airless.

IRISH and ITALIAN SWEAT SHOP GIRLS work at benches near them. Maeve exhausted, wipes her forehead. She walks over to Brige.

MAEVE

We didn't get in that coffin ship and come all that way for this!

Maeve looks around to the other sweat shop girls.

MAEVE

Don't they ever open a window round here? We're frickin' steaming!

SONG 3 - 'SWEATING!'

MAEVE, BRIGE, SWEAT SHOP GIRLS SING as they all dance, their wooden clogs BANGING loudly on the floor. . MRS. O'MARA comes in and CLAPS her hands. She proudly holds up a WEDDING DRESS.

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. Brige gasps as do the other girls. Maeve looks ravishing.

MAEVE

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

Maeve swings around, the dress held against her. BRIGE now holds up the huge white veil and with TWO OTHER SWEAT SHOP GIRLS carries it over to Maeve, gently placing it over her head. Maeve grins, beaming through THE WHITE VEIL --

INT. DRAWING ROOM. MANSION HOUSE. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

-- WHITE VEIL over ADELAIDE'S head. Adelaide blinks back tears. The MILLINER (60's) and MILLY the maid fuss around the long train. JO, aware of her sister's pain, watches sadly.

PRE-LAP: ORGAN MUSIC.

INT. CHURCH. NEW YORK. DAY. 1880. (DAYS LATER)

ON THE ORGANIST - playing as people file into the church. Shafts of sunlight beam through the church windows as the cream of New York society in all their finery are assembled.

ON ADELAIDE - standing at the altar with her father, WILFRED and JO, behind her as Bridesmaid. The STUYVESANTS and the WILSON CLAN filter into the CHURCH, their hats outrageously big, their silk Parisian gowns even bigger.

ONE LARGE WOMAN (#1) in a massive feathered hat turns to a ANOTHER LARGE WOMAN (#2) in an even larger feathered hat.

LARGE WOMAN (#1)

(whispering)

They say Rustington-Witt is genuine
blue blood?

LARGE WOMAN (#2)

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

They giggle as Wilfred looks agitated. CHARLES is very late.

INT. TRAIN. COMPARTMENT. NEW YORK STATE. DAY. MOVING.

-- CHARLES is sitting in a compartment, looking out at the open landscapes. He raises his glass of champagne.

CHARLES

Ladies and Gents? I'd like to propose a toast to the Groom. To Charles Rustington-Witt. A true blue British bastard!

Charles laughs and drinks his champagne as a GRAND OLD LADY clutching a POODLE, stares over. Charles smiles politely but she wrinkles her nose and sniffs her smelling salts.

INT. CHURCH. NEW YORK. DAY.

ON ADELAIDE - she is in torment. THE CONGREGATION start to murmur loudly. The Church doors open. MRS. ASTOR, the Queen of New York society, sweeps down the aisle grandly, followed by her ENTOURAGE.

LARGE WOMAN (#1)

Mrs. Astor? Fashionably late!

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. Wilfred leans into Adelaide, pale and tense under her veil, clutching her bouquet.

WILFRED

(hissing)

Your mother's ruby choker? Why aren't you wearing it, Adelaide?

ADELAIDE

Charles took it off to be polished for the big day. Said he wanted to see it sparkle and ...?!

Their jaws slowly drop. Adelaide, draws a huge breath, throwing back her veil and stares her father in the eye.

ADELAIDE

I'm sorry, Poppa, you've worked all your life for this but I won't be sold off like the family piano! No man steals momma's heirloom and when I catch up with the 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. Members of the CONGREGATION GASP. Large woman (#1) turns to LARGE WOMAN (#2)

LARGE WOMAN (#1)

Shall we go see?

Large woman (#2) grins broadly, hitching up her bustle.

LARGE WOMAN (#2)

You bet!

EXT. CHURCH. NEW YORK. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

-- behind the Church, ADELAIDE attempts to pull off her veil, disentangling her hair. JO runs up to her.

JO

Addy?! What are you going to do?

ADELAIDE

Go westering, Jo, like everyone else! Charles will be heading out West with every other villain in New York and I'll be on his heels!

Wilfred, Mrs. Astor and entourage and memebers of the congregation ae pouring out of the Church. Adelaide breathes hard, very clear now and thrusts her bouquet at Jo.

ADELAIDE

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

Jo nods, reeling as Adelaide hitches up her skirt and runs off down a grassy verge. Mrs. Astor stares, horrified. at Wilfred and storms off with her entourage.

Wilfred stares at Adelaide running away, his world in pieces. McCREADY is watching, hidden near some trees. He pulls back into the bushes and disappears.

EXT. STREETS. LOWER EAST SIDE. DAY.

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 is *BELLE STARR* a renowned female Cattle rustler. Maeve walks up to the POSTER, transfixed. She nudges BRIGE quickly.

BRIGE

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

Brige giggles, impressed as Maeve stands, transfixed. A beat.

BRIGE

Bejaysus? Sister Immaculata would gag on her p-p-porridge at them split breeches!

Maeve goes closer to the poster. A COUPLE OF The O'MARA BOYS - (#1) and (#2) appear. O'MARA BOY (#1) holds his hand which is wrapped in a bandage. Maeve's bite cut deep. He snarls.

O'MARA BOY (#1)
 What you gonna do, Maeve? Become a
 Cowboy like that Belle Starr?

O'MARA BOY (#2) pulls at Maeve and Brige's hair playfully.

O'MARA BOY (#2)
 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?!

The O'Mara Boys retreat. Maeve now leans into the picture.

BRIGE
 Belle Starr? She looks f-f-free!

Maeve breathes hard and nods very slowly.

INT. TRAIN. COMPARTMENT. NEW YORK STATE. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

CHARLES takes a slug of champagne as he looks out, excited,
 of the open window. Charles inhales and raises up his glass
 in a toast, very much the aristocratic gentleman.

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

THE OLD LADY, nervously clutches her POODLE. Charles, a
 little drunk now, grins broadly at her --

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

MAEVE runs her fingers through her hacked-off locks as she
 emerges as BRIGE, hair shorn, is howling, crossing herself.

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

Maeve, eyes very wide, grabs Brige and pins her to a wall.

MAEVE
 If we have to rip off our bloomers
 like that Belle Starr and be wild
 girls we'll do it, bejaysus,
 because 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
 Howdy, Cowboy? We's headin' West!

Maeve laughs as the COWBOY HAT slips down Brige's face --

SONG 4 - 'WESTERING!' - ALL CAST SING

HORSES HOOVES (PRE-LAP)

INT. HORSE-DRAWN COVERED WAGON. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY (CONTINUOUS)

ON HORSES HOOVES as they thunder through the dust.

TWO HUGE COWBOY HATS - tipped down, hiding the faces of MAEVE and BRIGE - 'Marty' and 'Billy', cowhands searching for work. They are dressed as men, sitting on a bench in a covered wagon with FIVE HARD-LOOKING MEN - Cowhands (20's/30's).

ON BRIGE - peeking out from under her hat as she catches sight of JUNETEENTH (26), an African-American/Italian prostitute from the Bronx, hair bleached blonde, smoking a cigar.

ON JUNETEENTH - her gold tooth gleaming in the sun, giving Brige a wink. Juneteenth giggles as Brige, terrified, pulls down her hat --

SONG 4 - 'WESTERING!' - CONTINUES

INT/EXT. STAGECOACH. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON ADELAIDE - dressed finely for travelling, bonnet tied under her chin, seated with a COUPLE OF TRAVELLERS (50's) in a large stage coach. She looks out, wide-eyed --

EXT. OPEN PLAIN. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON McCREADY - riding along on his horse, rifle over his shoulder. McCready catches a glimpse of Adelaide's stage coach on the horizon and gallops after them --

INT./EXT. COVERED WAGON. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

A large horse-drawn covered wagon driven by DRIVER (#1) We see a SECOND COVERED WAGON, packed with THREE FAMILIES which passes by. DRIVER (#2) of the second wagon shouts over.

WAGON DRIVER (#2)
Which direction you heading?

WAGON DRIVER (#1)
We're heading West! Boys are all
lookin' for work!

MAEVE peers through a flap out the back of their wagon.

TWO MORE COVERED WAGONS and SEVERAL HORSE DRAWN CARTS behind, piled high with possessions in the wagon train. CHILDREN hang on the back of the wagons, all packed with 'Westerers', IRISH, DUTCH, GERMAN IMMIGRANTS --

INT. COVERED WAGON. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

JUNETEENTH looks over at MAEVE and winks, grinning warmly, her Italian accent evident.

JUNETEENTH
Mama mia? Gonna be crowded out
West, eh, cowboy?

Maeve nods politely as BRIGE, terrified, stifles a giggle --

SONG 4 - 'WESTERING!' CONTINUES

INT./EXT. STAGE COACH. OPEN PLAIN. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON ADELAIDE - weary from travelling, looking out at the countryside. A DAPPER OLD MAN (60's) seated opposite her leans forward. He's a bit lecherous and smiles deeply. ADELAIDE won't be drawn and 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
fiancee 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
Lucky? Charles? Who knows?

Adelaide coughs into her handkerchief, smiling a little --

EXT./INT. MOVING TRAIN. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

CHARLES'S HAT - pulled down over his face. Charles, very drunk, SNORES loudly.

THE OLD LADY - in the corner of his compartment wrinkles her nose in distaste.

END SONG.

INT./EXT. COVERED WAGON. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (DAY LATER)

MAEVE and BRIGE stare at the huge, open landscapes. They nudge each other with excitement.

THE MEN in the Wagon spit and chew.

MAEVE as 'Marty' looks hard and spits like the other men. JARROD (40's), huge, burly, rough, stares at Maeve a bit suspiciously. JUNETEENTH gives Maeve/'Marty' a sexy smile.

JUNETEENTH

Where you headin', pretty boy?
 Juneteenth! I was Maria after
 momma, but papa, was a slave on the
 Brooklyn farms, insisted my name
 was changed to celebrate zee mighty
 day of freedom for our people.
 Juneteenth! Mouthful, eh, handsome?

Juneteenth giggles knowingly as MAEVE gulps, jaw dropping.

MAEVE

I'm Marty. Me 'eejit brother over
 there is Billy.

BRIGE, eager leans forward, pushing back her hat.

BRIGE

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

Maeve nudges Brige to shut up as Juneteenth laughs.

JUNETEENTH

Been earning on my back, now time
 for Juneteenth to follow her
 dreams! Mama, she an Italian house
 maid, she say 'You get out west,
 Juneteenth, and buy zee hotel and
 make your mama proud!'

MAEVE

We's headin' west too, misses,
 lookin' for gold!

Juneteenth draws hard on her cigar as Jarrod looks over.

JUNETEENTH

They say there 'eez only the black
 gold left now, handsome.

MAEVE

Black gold ...?

JUNETEENTH

Papa 'ee leeve like a dog, deeing
 zee cow shit for his masters. Me?
 I'm just happy to be zee woman!

JARROD

We're happy too, eh, boys?

The MEN snigger as Juneteenth, raises an eyebrow at Maeve.

JUNETEENTH

Men? Who needs 'em, eh?

Maeve reels back, shocked, tipping down her hat and pretending to fall asleep as Jarrod looks over.

EXT./INT. STAGECOACH. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON ADELAIDE - staring out at the open countryside, a smile of excitement on her lips. The wind blows her hair ...

EXT. CAMP. COUNTRYSIDE. EARLY EVENING.

THE MEN are setting up camp and JUNETEENTH puts a large pot over the camp fire. JARROD grabs a wooden spoon from the pot and licks it, grinning at Juneteenth. Juneteenth recoils.

JUNETEENTH

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

Jarrod grabs Juneteenth and pulls her towards him. Juneteenth WHACKS Jarrod across the face with her wooden spoon.

JUNETEENTH

You pay for that, Meesta!

Maeve walks past as Jarrod drops Juneteenth's arm. He glares over at Maeve. Maeve gulps hard as Jarrod leans over her.

MAEVE

I think we all agreed this lady
would sleep under cover, mister?

JARROD

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

Jarrod spits into Maeve's face and laughs harshly and walks off. Juneteenth rushes over and grins happily at Maeve.

JUNETEENTH

My knight in zee shining armour!
When you last have a woman, Irish?

Maeve shakes her head quickly and rushes over to Brige and sits down at the fire as Juneteenth blows over a kiss.

MAEVE

It's a feekin' rum job being a man!

EXT. STREET. SMALL TOWN. MORNING. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

ADELAIDE steps down daintily from the stagecoach THE DRIVER (#1) holds the door open for her.

MAEVE, BRIGE, JUNETEENTH and the HARD-LOOKING MEN inside wait for their next passenger. THE DRIVER (#1) of the wagon 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 Adelaide. THE MEN whistle as the Driver (#1) helps Adelaide up.

DRIVER (#1)
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. Juneteenth laughs and kicks Jarrod.

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

THE MEN roar with laughter and Jarrod now stares hard at Maeve. Maeve, as 'Marty', acts tough and winks at Adelaide next to her. Adelaide SLAPS Maeve's cheek as the men roar with laughter. Maeve grins proudly. She's 'passed' as a man!

INT./EXT. COVERED WAGON. DAY (DAYS LATER)

MAEVE, seated opposite JUNETEENTH, stares out of the wagon as BODIES are being dumped, wrapped in sheets, onto the roadside. Cholera is laying waste to many WESTERERS. Juneteenth nudges MAEVE as she pulls a scarf around her face.

JUNETEENTH
Cover up, Irish? Cholera!

Maeve and Brige pull up their neck scarves. They pass a broken down wagon and Maeve sees a - DISTRAUGHT WOMAN clutching her YOUNG CHILDREN, holding her hands out.

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

Maeve, blinking back tears, nudges BRIGE.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COTTAGE. IRELAND. DAY. 1875.

- YOUNG MAEVE'S (16) eyes filled with tears watches her MOTHER/KATHLEEN and her YOUNGER SIBLINGS being driven off in a horse-drawn cart, clutching their meagre possessions. MOTHER/KATHLEEN, bleak, stares hard at Maeve. Maeve, frozen with horror, nods slowly and stares over at her mother.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COVERED WAGON. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

MAEVE blinks back tears. ADELAIDE looks over at Maeve, her eyes questioning. Their eyes meet. Maeve quickly tips her hat down. Adelaide narrows her eyes.

EXT. CAMPSITE. MISSOURI. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

THE HARD-LOOKING MEN are at a different camp, and MAEVE, carrying a pail, is sent to the nearby lake to gather some water. She walks towards the river.

EXT. RIVER. MISSOURI. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

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

JARROD

Holly Cow, Dolly boy's a girl!

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 harshly as he approaches Maeve, standing on the bank.

JARROD

How much to keep your little secret, lady?

Maeve, wet and teeth chattering, smiles her sexiest smile. Jarrod slowly walks over to her, lowering his 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!

Jarrold 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. Maeve hauls up the rifle --

EXT. WOODS. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

A SHOT!

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 --

EXT. CAMP. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

BRIGE, horrified, rushes up to ADELAIDE, near the wagon.

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

Adelaide shakes her head, worried, staring at Brige --

EXT. LAKE. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

MAEVE - struggles with JARROD who has fallen next to her, wounded and thrashing around.

MCREADY - appears on the top of a flat, giant ridge, overlooking the lake and pulls out his rifle and takes aim.

A SHOT! - Jarrod falls back dead. Maeve looks up to the high ridge, the sun in her eyes.

MAEVE'S P.O.V - the distant outline of a man with a rifle. She can't make him out.

EXT. CAMP. DAY. (BIT LATER)

MAEVE staggers back through some bushes into camp. Maeve bears aloft Jarrod's rifle, a DEAD RATTLE-SNAKE 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 and grab their crotches as ADELAIDE shakes her head knowingly. BRIGE runs over and tugs Maeve's arm, dragging her around the back of the Wagon.

EXT. BACK OF WAGON. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

BRIGE stares horrified at MAEVE. She's shaking. Her eyes questioning. Maeve shrugs defensively.

BRIGE
 Bejaysus? Me own sister a m-m-
 murderer?! In p-p-patro spiritu ..?

Maeve, eyes blazing, spits out at Brige.

MAEVE
 It's kill or be killed in this New
 frickin' World! There was another
 man there - shooting too!

Maeve storms off as Brige clutches her belly.

BRIGE

F-f-forgive me Father, for I have
sinned!

Brige quickly crosses herself, praying hard.

PRE-LAP: THE ROAR of a STEAM TRAIN (O.S.)

EXT. MOVING TRAIN. NEAR AUSTIN, TEXAS. DAY. TRACKING.

- A STEAM TRAIN coming around a bend, past some mountains and through a tunnel. The Train begins to slow down, coming into a station. A sign says 'AUSTIN'--

INT. TRAIN. COMPARTMENT. AUSTIN TEXAS. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

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 pulls her dog's lead and gets off the train. As Charles SNORES drunkenly, the train slowly moves off.

INT./EXT. COVERED WAGON. KANSAS. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

ON BRIGE - looking sick and pale as the wagon goes over bumpy ground. Maeve shoots her a stern look. Brige nods.

ON THE MEN - asleep, SNORING LOUDLY under their hats.

ON ADELAIDE - writing a LETTER. She passes Brige some of her smelling salts and Brige takes a sniff and passes it to MAEVE. Maeve pushes it away quickly, looking tough.

MAEVE

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

Adelaide looks at Maeve directly. Maeve stares back at her. 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 men BELCHES LOUDLY in his sleep. Adelaide winces.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)

*'-- there's a lady of the streets
called Juneteenth and two Irish
scally wags, whose gentle nature is
strangely out of place?'*

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. NEW YORK. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

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

JO
(reading)
*'These Westerers will need lawyers,
and if I can gather up courage, Jo,
I will take up the law!'*

WILFRED opens the door and gulps sadly.

JO
(reading)
*'Give my love to Poppa. Thank him
for sending my monthly allowance
and tell him I will avenge him and
bring back our family heirloom!'*

Jo looks sadly at Wilfred. He's a broken man --

INT. COVERED WAGON. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON JUNETEENTH - seated next to ADELAIDE at the back of the wagon, wakes up and rubs her eyes. She sees Adelaide writing and leans in, interested.

JUNETEENTH
My papa, 'ee taught us kids to
write. 'Write it all down,
Juneteenth!' he would say. So many
tales to tell, but where to start
...?

Adelaide nods politely and turns to look out of the back of the wagon. JUNETEENTH recoils, her eyes flare up.

JUNETEENTH
Ok, grand lady, no wanna talk? When
I pick up the pen, I will tell
things the way zay really are!

Juneteenth leans forward and hisses into Adelaide's ear.

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

EXT. SMALL CAMP. NEAR KANSAS. NIGHT. LATER.

McCREADY, on horseback, weary, covered with dust, approaches a FEW WADDIES (COWHANDS), young men gathered around a small camp fire. One of the WADDIES (#1) (17 years old, toothless) grins over. McCready pulls out a small bottle of whisky.

WADDIE (#2), playing the guitar, smiles at him. McCready sits down passing a bottle around. McCready takes a swig.

MCCREADY

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

WADDIE (#1)

What's he done wrong, Mister?

MCCREADY

A card shark, a hustler, 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!
Hopin' she leads meh to Rustington-
Witt!

WADDIE (#1)

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

WADDIE (#2)

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

McCready slowly nods. He reaches into the breast pocket and takes out a pocket book of *ROBBIE BURNS - POETRY*. McCready opens the book and reads from *A Red Red Rose*.

MCCREADY

(reading softly)

*'Oh, my love is like a red, red
rose
That's newly sprung in June
Oh, my love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.'*

McCready sighs deeply, staring into the campfire --

EXT. CAMP. NEAR KANSAS. EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

Another campfire.

ON ADELAIDE - unpacking some bags as the MEN get out their shaving mugs. Adelaide approaches MAEVE and slowly hands her a razor. Adelaide stares at Maeve, unsure what to say.

JUNETEENTH flounces over with a huge wooden pail of water and starts to lather up Maeve's chin, shooting Adelaide a territorial look. Juneteenth starts to shave Maeve.

Maeve SHRIEKS! Juneteenth has 'nicked' her skin. Maeve rushes off as Juneteenth walks over to Adelaide, her eyes narrowing as she holds the razor close to Adelaide's throat.

JUNETEENTH

The cowboy `eez mine, grand lady.
Back off!

Adelaide staggers back and trips backwards into Juneteenth's huge wooden tub of dirty water. Adelaide, legs flailing, is stuck and struggles to get out. A COUPLE OF THE MEN laugh loudly. Juneteenth shakes her head and laughs hard.

JUNETEENTH

Even fine ladies needa zee wash!

Adelaide struggles out of the wet tub and storms off, dripping. Maeve and Brige look over from the camp fire.

MAEVE

A cat fight? Over me? Bejaysus?

Brige suddenly goes pale and is violently sick. She slowly wipes her mouth and stares, wide-eyed, at Maeve.

BRIGE

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

Maeve, furious, throws her hands up in the air.

MAEVE

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

Brige, shaking, clutches her belly as Maeve storms off.

EXT. CAMPSITE. CAMP FIRE. NIGHT. (LATER)

MAEVE, BRIGE and the MEN are seated around a campfire. Brige stuffs her mouth with food, her eyes bulging. JUNETEENTH walks around with a pot, slopping food onto their plates.

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 making way for her. Adelaide sits down, planting a cushion underneath her.

HARD-LOOKING MAN (#1)

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

HARD-LOOKING MAN (#2)
Miss Adelaide's had a fancy 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'.

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, who has her back to Adelaide, slowly turns round.
Adelaide smiles slightly. She gathers confidence.

ADELAIDE
My cousin knew a lady, a school
teacher, who came out here, buried
her husband, raised some thirty
thousand steer on her own. Even
shot a buffalo once! But she was
murdered by a starving westerer,
murdered for a sack of potatoes!
Which goes to show ...

Adelaide looks directly at Maeve. Maeve stares back.

ADELAIDE
We need to stick together!

Adelaide gets up and walks off as Maeve and Brige settle down
by the fire in their blankets. WOLVES HOWL in the distance.

EXT. WOODS. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

ON BRIGE - in the woods, near the CAMPSITE, collecting
firewood. Her 'bump' busting out of her shirt.

A HUGE GRIZZLY BEAR watches 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 --

EXT. CAMP. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

BRIGE SCREAMS LOUDLY (O.S.).

MAEVE back at CAMP, brushing down a HORSE, hears the screams as ADELAIDE, in the back of the wagon, sees Maeve running towards the woods with a rifle and follows her --

EXT. WOODS. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

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

frozen with fear.

THE BEAR

cocks its head and takes a couple of steps forward.

BRIGE

trembling. A trickle of urine runs down Brige's.

ADELAIDE

grabs Maeve's rifle and breathes hard.

THE BEAR

swivels his head around slowly to look 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. Brige SHRIEKS as they rush over. Adelaide, gun over shoulder, proudly puts her foot on the bear's head, smiling.

ADELAIDE
Those weekend shooting parties in
the Hamptons came in mighty useful!

Brige shaking with nerves, looks over at the dead 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 laughs and throws Maeve the rifle.

ADELAIDE

Your gun ... 'Cowboy'!

Adelaide, laughing hard, stares over at Maeve.

EXT. TRAIN STATION. SPUNKY FLAT. TEXAS. DAY. (DAY LATER)

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 (80's) 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 in the wind as Charles sighs. The old man gets up and slowly comes over. The old man's face lights up

OLD MAN

Eunice, George, Sojourner? The New Marshall's arrived!

EUNICE, rotund, rosy-cheeked (40's), GEORGE, tall and thin (50's) and SOJOURNER (30's), their plain-looking daughter, all tumble onto the platform, straightening their Band outfits, playing a 'welcome' TUNE, marching up and down. The old man reaches for a badge in his pocket, pressing it onto Charles's lapel.

THE OLD MAN

Welcome to Spunky, Marshall!

Charles reels back, spluttering.

EXT. CAMPSITE. NEAR KANSAS. EVENING. (BIT LATER)

MAEVE is at the side of the wagon, sorting out her stuff. ADELAIDE approaches and smiles at her but she's still hesitant - eager to make this happen.

ADELAIDE

Could I join you?

MAEVE

You crazy? A woman would never survive out West!

Adelaide, highly indignant, puts her hands on her hips.

ADELAIDE

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

THE MEN look over as does JUNETEENTH. Juneteenth drops her
spoon into the pot and rushes over to an embarrassed Maeve.

JUNETEENTH

Zee Lady give you trouble, Irish?

MAEVE

Those beans smell great,
Juneteenth, they sure do. Ladies,
let's go eat ...?!

Adelaide, fuming, storms off to the Wagon, as Juneteenth
marches Maeve over to the campfire. One of the men plays
GUITAR as Juneteenth cuddles up to Maeve, nuzzling her ear.

JUNETEENTH

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

The men laugh as Maeve is dragged off by Juneteenth.

MAN (#1)

Do it, Marty - be a man!

MAN (#2)

Juneteenth will put hairs on your
chest, Marty boy!

Juneteenth is now marching Maeve to the Wagon as ADELAIDE,
near the wagon, watches, enjoying this hugely --

INT. COVERED WAGON. EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

JUNETEENTH whips off MAEVE's boots and trousers and Maeve
tries to push Juneteenth off, but Juneteenth pushes Maeve
backwards onto some cushions as Maeve GASPS loudly.

MAEVE

Bejaysus? How did you do that?!

JUNETEENTH

Years of experience, Irish!

Juneteenth has her hand in Maeve's underwear. Juneteenth,
moving her hand around, SHRIEKS and springs backwards.

JUNETEENTH

Mama mia?!

MAEVE smiles very weakly.

MAEVE

(improvising wildly)
I ...? No potatoes?

JUNETEENTH

Po ... ta ... toes?

MAEVE

Potatoes! Potato famine, back in
Ireland, me bits didn't grow!

JUNETEENTH

No potatoes, no problem, Irish!

Juneteenth grins broadly and rolls her sleeves up.

JUNETEENTH

We `eemprovise!

INT./EXT. COVERED WAGON. EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

MAEVE'S SHRIEKS (O.S.)

ON ADELAIDE - laughing, staring at the wagon as it rocks
around.

ON MAEVE - half-dressed, tumbling out of the wagon onto the
grass. Maeve, horrified, runs off, buttoning up her
underwear. THE MEN roar with laughter, slapping their sides.

ON JUNETEENTH - emerging from the Wagon scratching her head.

EXT. VALLEY/CUTTER'S PASS. TEXAS. DAY. 1880. (DAYS LATER)

THE OLD MAN from the station is riding with CHARLES through a
large valley. Charles, ridiculous in his western-style
saddle, Fedora hat 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 Marshall, Old Man Cutter's
son. All yours now, mister. Fellow
told Cutter there was black gold
running deep, but he never found
it, god rest his soul!

CHARLES

Black gold, what's that, old boy?

OLD MAN

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

Charles, eyes widening, kicks his horse and trots awkwardly
down the valley. The old man follows him and they pull their
horses up near the shack.

CHARLES

What happened to Marshall Cutter?

OLD MAN

Rustlers. Word is, they slit him from gullet to groin and left him in a pool of blood but his body was never found. They wanted the black gold too, Marshall!

Charles recoils with horror

OLD MAN

These are ugly times. 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. Digging tools are in the shed, Marshall.

Charles wobbles a bit in his saddle.

OLD MAN

Watch out for Bransome, Marshall. 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, Marshall and ...?!

Charles grins darkly and grins slyly.

CHARLES

Prime bleedin' blagger!

ON ALVIN and EUGENE - BRANSOME'S men, seated on their horses, smirking at each other, watching.

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. (LATER)

ON CHARLES - sweating and digging with a spade. Charles, sleeves rolled up, digs a big hole in the scrubland. 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!

SONG 5 - 'KING OF THE WORLD!' CHARLES SINGS.

CHARLES

Gonna be as cunning as a workhouse
rat, hit the oil and leave this
hell-hole filthy 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 (O.S.)
Fucking ... Fuckety ... fuck?!

ALVIN and EUGENE laugh softly as they ride off.

INT/EXT. COVERED WAGON. OKLAHOMA. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

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 ...'*

MONTAGE SEQUENCE. WAGON TRAINS. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

-- WAGON TRAINS rolling through open plains.

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 --

-- MCCREADY, ride his horse through a wide open plain. He is tanned, wind beaten, determined --

INT. WAGON. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON ADELAIDE - 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, moaning loudly on the wooden bench. THE MEN stare over, confused. Maeve, smiles weakly, improvising wildly.

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

Adelaide stares over. Maeve is drowning here!

ADELAIDE
 Billy could explode - his worms
 will fly everywhere! It could get
 messy, very messy indeed!

One of the men shouts loudly to the DRIVER (O.S.)

ONE OF THE MEN
 Stop the wagon! Driver!

Maeve smiles gratefully at Adelaide as the men and JUNETEENTH
 all jump out as Brige, going into labour, starts WAILING.
 Maeve pulls a blanket over her as Adelaide rolls her sleeves
 up, fired up. Eyes burning, she looks over to Maeve.

ADELAIDE
 What do we need?

MAEVE
 Scissors, bejaysus, scissors!

Adelaide nods and grabs her bag --

EXT. COVERED WAGON. CAMP. EARLY EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

ON JUNETEENTH - looking mystified as she stirs a pot of stew.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)
 Scissors?!

MAEVE (O.S.)
 To cut the frickin' cord!

Juneteenth's eyes widen as her jaw drops --

INT. COVERED WAGON. EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

BRIGE, propped up on some blankets, is pushing away as MAEVE
 struggles to support her. Brige flails around and SCREAMS.

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

MAEVE
 Wish he flamin' would!

Brige bites down into Maeve hand - Maeve SCREAMS!

INT. COVERED WAGON - LATER

ON NEWBORN BABY MATT - FIDDLE MUSIC (O.S.) as Maeve strokes
 baby Matt's hair as he nuzzles at BRIGE's breasts.

ON ADELAIDE - wiping her forehead with a rag, smiling at them
 both as Maeve, reeling, swigs at a bottle of whiskey.

ADELAIDE

We ladies can change the world if
we just stick together!

MAEVE

Learn that at college, Miss Addy?

Adelaide laughs as Maeve starts to laugh, tears rolling down her face with relief. Maeve shakes her head, drinking.

ADELAIDE

Pass the bottle, missy!

Adelaide takes the whiskey bottle from her and has a swig. Maeve smiles fondly at her.

MAEVE

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

Adelaide acts tough, swigging at the bottle again.

ADELAIDE

Huh? Hear you Convent girls are
wild? Notorious even!

MAEVE

We didn't learn no fancy words but,
bejaysus, we learnt how to drink!

Adelaide knocks back another more whisky and splutters. Maeve laughs hard. Suddenly, Maeve, horrified, jumps up

MAEVE

Jesus O'Leary? The babby bag?

Maeve kneels down near Brige and starts to tug the placenta out. Adelaide, reeling, 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 as Maeve roars with laughter.

PRE-LAP: A VIOLIN PLAYING

EXT. COVERED WAGON. CAMPSITE. EVENING. (CONTINUOUS)

A VIOLIN - being played by a COWHAND as MAEVE and ADELAIDE and BRIGE, holding BABY MATT, emerge from the wagon, shirts blood-stained. The VIOLIN PLAYING stops as the MEN stare.

JUNETEENTH'S jaw hits the ground as she ladles some stew onto another MAN'S hand, burning him. The man SCREAMS.

JUNETEENTH

Mama mia?! Someone gotta write
thees all down! 'Write it all down,
Juneteenth!' Papa tell me!

Brige, pale and weak, clutches at her baby bundle. Juneteenth beckons them towards the camp fire and Maeve and Adelaide, drunk, exhausted, bonded, stare into the FIRE --

EXT. CONVENT. IRELAND. NIGHT. (CONTINUOUS)

A FIRE BLAZES.

One wing of the convent has large flames emerging from it. The CONVENT GIRLS SCREAM loudly and stare, terrified, from behind the bars of the bedroom windows.

Local FIREFIGHTERS attempt to get the Convent Girls out on a ladder but as a firefighter stretches out his hand, it's too low for the windows and he can't reach.

SISTER ALFONSUS and her NUNS, down on the grass, watch with horror. SISTER IMMACULATA (the kindly nun) wipes her eyes.

LATER -

BODIES of DEAD CONVENT GIRLS covered in sheets are brought out on stretchers as the Nuns rush over. Sister Immaculata crosses herself, wiping her eyes. The building is consumed in SMOKE --

INT. SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. TEXAS. DAY.

CIGAR SMOKE swirls around the table. The large cigar of ARTHUR BRANSOME (50's) powerful, red-faced, wealthy, a Land baron sitting playing cards at a table with CHARLES, who wears his MARSHALL'S badge.

ALVIN and EUGENE, Bransome's men, drink at the bar as Bransome slowly takes a puff of his cigar.

BRANSOME

(to Charles)

Some riff-raff took eighty of my
Longhorn last night, Charlie boy.
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.

CHARLES

The Westwards migration is a modern
day diaspora, old boy. No barbed
wire can stop that!

Bransome leans in, his face darkening.

BRANSOME

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

Charles narrows his eyes and gulps. BRANSOME shrugs it off
drawing on his cigar, eyes narrowing.

BRANSOME

There's nothing there, Marshall!
Got a parcel of land waiting for
you, ready to ooze black gold!

CHARLES

I'll take my chances with it,
Arthur. I'm digging deep now!

Charles smiles and plays a card. Bransome blows out a large
puff of smoke towards Charles. Charles coughs.

BRANSOME

Cutter wasn't well liked, Marshall,
and it's real clever to be well
liked around here. Best not dig too
deep, Charlie boy!

Bransome grins and slaps down an ace. Charles breathes hard.

INT. CONVENT. CORRIDOR. IRELAND. DAY. (WEEK LATER)

SISTER IMMACULATA and SEAN - MAEVE and BRIGE'S friend from
Ireland - are talking. Sister Immaculata shakes her head.

SISTER IMMACULATA

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

SISTER IMMACULATA sighs deeply and crosses herself as Sean
gasps horrified. His eyes widen and he trembles.

SEAN

And Maeve Morgan's babby, sister?

SISTER IMMACULATA

Johnny's gone to a good family in
Dublin, don't you worry. Ireland's
a sinking ship, son. Why yer not
balin' out like the girls?

SEAN drops his head in shame.

SEAN

I've sinned, sister! Goubly sinned
with both them Morgan girls! How
many 'Hail Marys', sister?

SISTER IMMACULATA

Three hundred a day, Sean. At the very least! Be off now, you've got a long, long way to go!

Sean nods and brightens. He runs off down the corridor as Sister Immaculata smiles slightly, watching him go.

EXT. BARN. MAEVE'S RANCH. TEXAS. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

ON MAEVE - she leans on a barn door, smoking her cigar is watching a BABY FOAL takes its first steps. She fingers the SILVER LOCKET around her neck.

Maeve smiles over at MATT, her nephew, who helps the foal onto its legs. They walk slowly towards their horses. Matt laughs gently and looks at Maeve.

MATT

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

MAEVE

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

MATT

That's you, my Ma and the other lady? Miss Adelaide?

Maeve stiffens quickly and turns away, nodding slightly.

INT/EXT WAGON. DESERT. DAY. 1881.

ON ADELAIDE - looking out from the back of the slow moving wagon, staring back at MAEVE, BRIGE and BABY MATT alone in the massive plain. Brige SOBS, terrified.

ON MAEVE - mouthing a word back to Adelaide - 'Help!'

ON ADELAIDE - suddenly unfreezing. She grabs her parasol and stands up and shouts to the DRIVER.

ADELAIDE

Stop the wagon? Stop, I say!

The wagon grinds to a halt. Juneteenth grips Adelaide's arm.

JUNETEENTH

You crazy, lady? You never survive out there?! Never!

ADELAIDE

I'm a Hartington girl and we
Hartingtons always survive! Kindly
remove your arm, Juneteenth!

The MEN watch in amazement as Adelaide climbs off with her bag and walks towards Maeve and Brige.

The Wagon moves off. Maeve smiles over weakly at Adelaide. Adelaide nods , picks up her suitcase, and marches off. Maeve and Brige pick up their bags and follow.

INT. COVERED WAGON. DAY.

ON JUNETEENTH - picking up Adelaide's notebook and pen. Breathing hard, she slowly starts to write, looking back at them.

EXT. DESERT. EVENING. (HOURS LATER)

ON ADELAIDE - marching ahead, her Osprey feather trim looking ragged as she drags her suitcase behind her.

ON MAEVE - wiping 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.

EXT. DESERT. NIGHT. EVENING. (LATER)

MAEVE dumps her bags and stumbles down to the ground and empties the last drop of water from her bottle. Her lips are parched, her cheeks burnt by the sun.

ADELAIDE staggers over, her dress tattered. 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'd all be dead!

EXT DESERT. NIGHT. (HOURS LATER)

MAEVE, BRIGE and ADELAIDE are cuddled up around BABY MATT as they sleep all around him as a small fire flickers.

McCREADY sits on his horse on a high ridge, shotgun over his shoulder. He gets off his horse and unpacks his water bottle. He walks down the hill taking care not to make a noise. McCready stares lovingly at Adelaide asleep. He takes a breath and puts his water bottle near Adelaide and tiptoes off.

ON ADELAIDE, MAEVE, BRIGE - asleep, lit by the moon, they all look peaceful as the stars twinkle and a COYOTE HOWLS.

EXT. SHIP. IRISH SHORES. OCEAN. DAY. 1881. (DAYS LATER)

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 (16). Sean, showing off, sings loudly as he winks at the pretty daughter, who smiles shyly.

SEAN

(singing)

*'Me 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. He SHRIEKS.

ROUGH FACED PEASANT WOMAN

Quit ya frickin' moanin, will ya?
We's only just left the place!

EXT. VALLEY. SAME TIME. DAY.

ADELAIDE, MAEVE and BRIGE, exhausted, parched, are waking up. The sun is blazing. Adelaide notices MCCREADY'S water bottle and grabs the bottle and drinks thirstily. She shakes Maeve. Maeve drinks as does Brige.

ON ADELAIDE - staring at the sun. She stands up straight now.

ADELAIDE

Come on, ladies. The sun is high.
Let's make progress while we can!

Maeve and Brige gather their belongings together and they walk off after Adelaide ...

MONTAGE -

-Adelaide leading them in a line across a high ridge

-Maeve in front, as they stagger through a swarm of insects on the open prairie

-The three girls walking through a large open Canyon, lips parched. BUFFALO graze in the far distance.

END MONTAGE.

PRE-LAP: FLIES BUZZING LOUDLY

EXT. BIG VALLEY. EARLY EVENING. (LATER)

FLIES swarm around ADELAIDE'S head as she staggers on, sweat pouring down her forehead. They walk slowly through a big valley, their water gone. BRIGE, a way behind MAEVE, carries BABY MATT. She suddenly flops down on the ground, exhausted, putting the baby down.

BRIGE

Bejaysus? I can't take another f-f-f-feckin' step! I've got to rest!

Maeve, horrified, marches over to Brige.

MAEVE

Brige Morgan? You swore?

BRIGE

I d-d-did! So what, Maeve?

Maeve, exhausted, desperate, looks over at Adelaide. BRIGE, angry, comes close to Maeve.

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, unlike y-y-you!

Maeve SLAPS Brige across the face as Brige WHACKS Maeve across the face and Maeve staggers backwards.

ON ADELAIDE - marching ahead, she looks back, horrified.

ADELAIDE

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

BRIGE

(breathless)

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

Maeve knocks out Brige's front tooth. Brige SCREAMS.

MAEVE

We's ... pissin' ... Cowboys!

Brige whacks Maeve hard on the chin as Adelaide rushes back and pulls Brige off Maeve as they roll around in the dust.

ADELAIDE

Stop! For god's sake, stop, will you?! Look over there ...?

Adelaide sees someone on the horizon and stops.

ON A WOMAN (50's) - dragging an EMPTY STRETCHER. The woman, in tatters, eyes hollow, walks in a straight line across the valley, staring into the horizon. Adelaide rushes over and catches up with the woman, and runs alongside her.

ADELAIDE

Please? Lady? Tell us?! Where are you going? Where have you bean?!

THE WOMAN

Goin' back East! There's nothing out West, sister!

The 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 woman laughs, her voice cracked.

THE WOMAN

Gold's all gone, 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 has a HUMAN SKELETON strapped onto it. The bones RATTLE in the wind as the woman staggers on, dragging the stretcher behind her. The girls stare after her, horrified. She doesn't turn round.

THE WOMAN

Goin' back East to bury me darlin'!

Her voice echoes in the wind. Brige, scoops up Baby Matt. Adelaide picks up her suitcase as Maeve sinks to the ground.

MAEVE

No? The gold's all gone?!

Adelaide grabs Maeve's arm and shakes her fiercely.

ADELAIDE

Skivvie in your sweat shops and live a life of the strumpet then, Maeve, selling your body for three bucks a time! We women came West for a different kind of gold!

BRIGE

We came west for f-f-freedom. Ain't that right, Addy?

ADELAIDE

Indeed, Brige!

The sun is setting the desert has an orange glow. Brige turns into the sunset, holding BABY MATT. Brige raises her hands high as the girls stare across the valley.

BRIGE

The Lord is all around us, p-p-protecting us! Look, girls?

SONG 6 - 'LET IT FLOW' - BRIGE SINGS

They breathe hard, calm again. Adelaide struggles with a tattered map.

ADELAIDE

There could be a spring over there?
If that poor soul went East, then
that's got to be West? Come on!

Maeve now smiles over at Brige.

MAEVE

Come here, ya potato head!

BRIGE

(rubbing her cheek)
I lost a tooth?

MAEVE

Still alive, ent ya? Praise the
Lord!

They laugh and hug fiercely and follow Adelaide.

EXT. VALLEY. EVENING/SUNSET. (HOURS LATER)

The THREE GIRLS stagger along against the horizon, their silhouettes outlined against the setting sun.

McCREADY - out of sight and further back, is silhouetted against the same horizon, following them on his horse.

EXT. HIGH STREET. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

CHARLES emerges from his MARSHALL'S OFFICE and surveys the high street. A DRUNKEN COWBOY staggers across the street. Charles groans.

TWO WOMEN (30's) pretty, out shopping, walk past him on the boardwalk. Charles takes off his hat and bows as they smile.

WOMAN (#1)

Morning, Marshall!

WOMAN (#2) shoots Charles a flirtacious look.

WOMAN (#2)

Caught any baddies, Marshall?

CHARLES

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

Charles rolls his eyes and laughing, chases them as the two women giggle and scuttle off. AN UNDERTAKER drives his wooden car past Charles, COFFINS piled high in the back.

UNDERTAKER

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

The undertaker moves off. Charles sighs.

CHARLES

It's driving me doolally! Desperate fools dropping like flies, chasing their poxy dreams of freedom! Ach?

BRANSOME emerges from the SALOON across the road, ALVIN and EUGENE behind him. They stride over.

BRANSOME

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

CHARLES

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

Bransome, chewing on his big cigar, glares at Charles.

BRANSOME

Don't frenchify me, Marshall! Last chance now, three thousand acres of land ready to go. I'm flexible on payment, Marshall. A family heirloom? A Ruby choker, perhaps?

Charles's jaw drops. Bransome laughs darkly. He comes close.

BRANSOME

Vital to keep up with developments back East, old boy. Sign in the morning!

Bransome laughs loudly as Alvin and Eugene grin and follow Bransome up the street as Charles is imploding.

EXT. CROSSROADS. OKLAHOMA. DAY. 1881.

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

ON ADELAIDE - changing behind some bushes. She opens her suitcase. She puts on a woman's split leather breeches, a waistcoat and takes out a gun, putting it in a gun-belt.

She takes out some scissors and, her face solemn, slowly cuts her hair. She puts on a white cowboy hat and emerges from behind the bush. Maeve and Brige reel back in shock.

MAEVE

Look at Belle Starr over there?
Takes more than shorn locks to be a
feckin' cowboy, Addy!

Adelaide stares steadily at Maeve.

ADELAIDE

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

Beat.

A LOUD RUMBLING NOISE - A WAGON TRAIN comprising of a CATTLE TRUCK, a CHUCK WAGON and a GOODS WAGON, appearing on the horizon.

A HERD OF LONGHORN - follow the truck.

ON ADELAIDE - as she steps into the middle of the road and holds her hands up in the air.

ON MAEVE - her jaw dropping, her eyes widening as she stares at Adelaide.

THE TRUCK DRIVER - shouts at the OTHER DRIVERS.

THE DRIVER

Woah ...!!! Woah, there!

The two other wagons stop behind him. Horses neigh loudly as wagon wheels CLATTER in the dust.

Adelaide stands firm, resplendent in her gleaming white outfit. The trucks are full of WADDIES, cowhands, (16-18 years old). Black, white, hispanic, young men with faces blackened by the sun, staring out of the wagon.

ON ADELAIDE - wiping the dust from her face, coughing.

ADELAIDE

Three waddies at your service, sir!

ON BRIGE - shaking, clutching BABY. She hisses at Maeve.

BRIGE

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

Maeve shrugs and rolls her eyes.

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

Adelaide pulls herself up proudly and shouts up at him.

ADELAIDE
 We're girls, sir! Cowboy Girls!

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

ON THE WADDIES - JEERING loudly, BANGING on the side of the wagon with their fists. The Driver is reeling.

ON McCREADY - lying on his stomach on a high flat rock, watching the action down below. He grins slowly, impressed.

THE DRIVER
 Out here alone? With a baby?

Adelaide spits into the dust, acting tough.

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

Maeve slaps her thigh, grinning in disbelief.

THE DRIVER
 But this ain't Cheyenne country?

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

A MEAN-FACED WADDIE (20's) leans out and shouts over.

MEAN-FACED WADDIE
 Only men allowed on these wagons!
 Ladies bring bad luck!

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

The mean-faced waddie looks nervous as the waddies JEER.

ADELAIDE
 How many holes in the buckle,
 waddie?

The mean-faced waddie unstraps his belt. He counts the holes.

MEAN-FACED WADDIE
 There's five!

ADELAIDE

Let's make it six shall we?

The mean-faced waddie holds it at arm's length as Adelaide takes out her gun.

ON MCCREADY - on the high ridge, his eyes widening.

MCCREADY

You go, my brave lassie!

Adelaide aims.

A SHOT!

THE BELT flies to the ground as Brige SHRIEKS and crosses herself. Adelaide wipes her brow, shouting over.

ADELAIDE

How many holes now, waddie?

The mean-faced waddie, shocked, hobbles over to pick up his belt. His chin drops.

MEAN-FACED WADDIE

Darn' me - there's six!

ADELAIDE

Might want to pull up your long
johns now, waddie!

ON THE WADDIES - laughing and whistling in the wagon.

DRIVER

Make room back there, boys. Three
girls and a little baby!

Adelaide grins at an astounded Maeve as they climb up.

ELROY (16) - a friendly Black waddie sitting next to Maeve. He holds out his hand which Maeve shakes.

ON BRIGE and ADELAIDE - squeezing in the truck with OTHER WADDIES. |The waddies stare over in awe at BABY MATT.

INT. TRUCK. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

MAEVE leans into ELROY. They grin warmly at each other as he passes her his water bottle. Maeve drinks gratefully.

ELROY

You's headin' for Texas, missy?
Goin' north to Abilene - three
thousand miles. Cattle market at
Kansas.

MAEVE

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

ELROY

Guess we're all looking for family?
Been lookin' all over for Pa since
the war ended. Don't reckon I'll
ever find him.

Adelaide looks over as Maeve feels around her neck.

MAEVE

(horrificed)
Me locket? Bejaysus, no?! It's
gone?

BRIGE

No?! It's a c-c-curse, Maeve?!

Maeve hides her tears as Adelaide squeezes her hand.

MAEVE (V.O.)

We was cursed alright! Chasing a
dream over the next hill, dirt poor
cowboys with no home of our own ...

ON MAEVE - looking out of the wagon at the road behind them,
her face bleak, the tears run down her face.

EXT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (WEEK LATER)

A STAGE COACH - approaching in a cloud of dust and one
passenger gets out, the DRIVER helping her with her bags.

ON JUNETEENTH - standing alone in the street with her
suitcases.

ON CHARLES - his eyes widening as he sees Juneteenth. Near
Charles, TWO LADIES we saw earlier whisper.

WOMAN (#1)

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

She leans in to whisper to her friend.

WOMAN (#2)

(eyes widening)
No ... ? Lordy!

The two women cross themselves as Charles looks irritated and
walks over to Juneteenth, 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 ...?

JUNETEENTH

I'm Juneteenth. Juneteenth Jones!

CHARLES

As Marshall, I welcome you,
Juneteenth, from your heavenly
heights to the murky depths of
Spunky Flat!

Juneteenth laughs, her gold tooth gleaming in the sun.

JUNETEENTH

What sort of welcome would that be,
Marshall?

Charles grins slowly, his eyes widening. Juneteenth giggles.

EXT. VALLEY. KANSAS. DAY. 1882. (WEEKS LATER)

MAEVE, her face blackened by the sun, gallops on her horse across a valley, followed by ADELAIDE on her horse. Their faces are blackened from the sun and the dust. We see a HERD OF LONGHORN in the background. Maeve looks fierce.

MAEVE

Be pushin' up the daisies by the
time we get to Texas! You can leave
anytime, college girl! A fine jaunt
among the cowboys!

Adelaide, dirty, shattered, explodes.

ADELAIDE

How dare you? I burnt bridges to
come out here like you did, you
illiterate, foul-mouthed peasant!

THE TRAIL BOSS comes riding over - the longhorn break loose

TRAIL BOSS

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

Adelaide nods and pulls 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 doing their best to round up the longhorn.

ON MAEVE - stuck in the middle of a growing stampede of longhorn. She gets knocked off her horse and ELROY rides in and pulls her up on the back of his horse.

ON ADELAIDE - struggling to see through the dust, taking out her gun, she fires in an attempt to stop the longhorn.

A SHOT!

ON THE LONGHORN - stampeding.

ON ADELAIDE - losing control of her horse. She is hidden from view, encircled in white dust.

ADELAIDE

Maeve? Elroy?! Help me, HELP!

ON MCCREADY - charging through the herd, towards Adelaide, his scarf pulled over his face. He grabs Adelaide's reins and pulls her through the dust.

ON ADELAIDE - emerging through the herd, choking.

ON MCCREADY - turning around to her. Adelaide can only see his eyes over his scarf. They stare at each other.

McCready rides off through the herd as Maeve and Elroy ride over with the TRAIL BOSS. He shouts over angrily to Maeve.

TRAIL BOSS

Nearly lost the herd with your
greenhorn buddy shooting up! Out
back on drag both of you now!

EXT. PLAINS. KANSAS. EVENING. (LATER)

Neckerchief up, ADELAIDE rides slowly at the rear of the herd, wiping the dust from her eyes. MAEVE gallops over towards Adelaide. Adelaide, shaken up, look over.

They ride on, Maeve now looks over at her as they ride. She nods at Adelaide who nods back - we sense a bond is restored.

EXT. HILLS. OPEN PLAIN. EVENING. (SAME TIME)

MCCREADY sits on his horse overlooking the plain and the HERD. Face covered with dust, he watches Adelaide from afar. Voice cracked with emotion, he quotes from *Robbie Burns*.

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 and rides on.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

He was a really good man, McCready,
the only man I could have married.
Maddening, bull-headed, but oh-so
handsome!

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. IRELAND. 1910. DAY. (PRESENT DAY)

An OPEN-TOPPED ROLLS ROYCE is streaking through the country lanes. ADELAIDE (50's), silver haired, handsome, a successful barrister, is seated in the front. JO (40's), her sister, is at the wheel, still blue-eyed and pretty and, smiling, she shouts over to Adelaide.

JO

And there was always Maeve Morgan!

Adelaide laughs softly as Jo jams the breaks as A HERD OF COWS cross the road. A LAD (17) with a stick beats them on. The cows surround the car. Jo smiles, looking at Adelaide.

JO

Round em up, Cowgirl?

ADELAIDE

Bah? Give me Longhorn anytime!

A nearby COW MOOS loudly. Jo turns off the engine and stares hard at her sister as they watch the cows pass.

JO

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

EXT. OPEN PRAIRIE. KANSAS. DAY. 1882.

ON MAEVE'S HORSE - standing on her horse, arms outstretched, in her slip and white bloomers, balancing on top of her horse's back, as it trots across the open plain. She grins.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

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

ON ADELAIDE'S HORSE - as she canters across the open prairie.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

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

ON ADELAIDE - struggling to climb up onto her own horse but she slips to the grass. Maeve and Brige laugh hard.

SONG 7 - 'COWBOY GIRLS' - ALL CAST SING

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

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

A WHITE FLASH of an UNSEEN CAMERA.

BEGIN MONTAGE - BROWN & WHITE 'SEPIA' PHOTOGRAPHS

-ADELAIDE seated on a HORSE, holding aloft her rifle.

-MAEVE, ADELAIDE and BRIGE grinning at camera with their arms around each other in the middle of the open prairie.

ANOTHER FLASH!

-MAEVE pulling a STEER down in the ring, tying ropes around him. She grins and holds her arms up, triumphant.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CATTLE ROUND UP. KANSAS. DAY.

They sit amongst the CROWD at a round up and MAEVE smokes a big cigar. BRIGE, highly excited, nudges ADELAIDE.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)
Brige reckoned she saw the 'Bandit Queen' herself - 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 glow around her as she watches the rodeo. Belle winks' at them and smile, disappearing into the crowd. The girls stare, amazed - a DREAMLIKE feeling to this.

INT. CATTLE RING. CATTLE TRADERS ROUND UP. DAY.

SONG 7 - 'COWBOY GIRLS' - CONTINUES

MAEVE, chewing on her cigar, points over at the CATTLE. ADELAIDE rides round the ring, resplendent in her rhinestone outfit as MAEVE jumps in the ring and jumps on a horse.

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

A WHITE CAMERA FLASH!

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

ON ADELAIDE - in the ring, holding up her shotgun proudly.

ON MAEVE - her foot on the head of a tied down HEFFER.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES - announcing: *'Brave Cowgirl tames Heffer!'* *'Sure Shot Addy does it again!'*

END SONG.

INT. BAR. RODEO. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

MAEVE and ADELAIDE are seated round a table, with other COWBOY GIRLS playing cards. Hats off, laughing and joking, they are tanned and happy.

The saloon door opens and in walks ANNIE OAKLEY (25), pale, petite, immaculate in her rhinestone outfit, a shotgun over her shoulder. Two BURLY COWBOYS and A FEW ADMIRERS flank her. All go quiet as Adelaide slowly gets up and walks up to Annie Oakley, who stares coldly at her. Annie Oakley smirks.

ANNIE OAKLEY

Lookie here? Little Miss Sureshot?
She's tryin' to steal ma crown!

Adelaide, much more confident now, stands firm.

ADELAIDE

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

Annie Oakley bristles and whisks out her gun as Adelaide whisks her gun out even faster!

A STAND OFF. PEOPLE GASP.

Annie Oakley lowers 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 burly cowboys leave. People CHEER, throwing up their hats they lift up Adelaide onto their shoulders as Maeve and the cowboy girls watch, laughing and clapping. Adelaide grins down at Maeve.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

We girls had it all! We needed no
one, no one!

INT. BACKSTAGE AREA. RODEO ARENA. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

ADELAIDE is dressing up in her show gear, dazzling rhinestone waistcoat, huge white hat, seated on her white horse. BRIGE is standing nearby.

McCREADY, shaved, cleaned up, nods over, tying up his horse, and grins as Brige smiles back nervously.

BRIGE

D-d-don't want to stir up the
devil, but a man with eyes as bl-bl-
black as coal is starin' over!

McCready winks at Brige as he approaches. Adelaide is reeling back, horrified as he bows before them and smiles.

ADELAIDE

The man in the park ...?

McCready twinkles and nods as she tightens her reins.

ADELAIDE

The water ...? The stampede?!

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 whip and rears up on her horse. McCready jumps back as Adelaide charges into the ring - we hear a LOUD CHEER from the CROWD.

BRIGE

Mr. M-M-Mcready? D-d-dont mind
Addy. She's as stubborn as they
come!

McCready nods gratefully, laughing softly.

EXT. ANOTHER RODEO RING. KANSAS. DAY. (DAY LATER)

MAEVE runs around the ring and ties up a STEER with rope. BRIGE grooms their horses with ADELAIDE at the side 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 BRIGE, giggling, shyly waves back as Adelaide frowns and hisses at Brige.

ADELAIDE

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

INT. RODEO RING. OPPOSITE SIDE OF RING. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

A LONGHORN charges round the ring as Maeve lassoes and catches the longhorn, dragging it to the ground.

THE CROWD CHEERS.

A SNEERING WADDIE (30's) leans into McCready who is standing near as they watch Maeve.

SNEERING WADDIE

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

McCready, transfixed by Adelaide across the ring, shrugs.
The sneering waddie chews on his tobacco and spits. Adelaide
climbs into the ring, bullwhip ready.

SNEERING WADDIE

Gal with the whip think's she's
dandy, huh? Ha?!

ON MCCREADY - spinning round and punching the Sneering
Waddie. Waddie (#2) punches McCready as a fight starts.

ON ADELAIDE - looking over from inside the ring as punches
are thrown and McCready staggers backwards, falling over.

ON MAEVE - falling off another longhorn as Adelaide rushes
over. Maeve lies in the dust, blood pouring from her lips.
Adelaide kneels down by Maeve as McCready climbs into the
ring and hobbles over. McCready nods and smiles. Brige smiles
shyly at him as Adelaide turns away.

BRIGE

You've been our g-g-guardian angel?
The Lord will help ya, Mister!

McCready smiles gratefully at Brige. Adelaide turns back -
her eyes lock with McCready's and he smiles gently at her.

MCCREADY

Keep prayin' for meh, hen! Have a
lead on Rustington-Witt and meh
boss is payin' meh to hit meh
target! Good day, lassies!

Adelaide frozen to the spot, stares after McCready. Maeve
spits out a bloody tooth and wipes her mouth.

MAEVE

(grinning)
Bejaysus? Addy's got a fancy man?

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

A SHOT!

Adelaide is galloping across the plain after McCready. She
lowers her shotgun as McCready turns round and pulls on his
reins. She gallops over.

ADELAIDE

McCready?! How can I find Charles?
Please tell me! I can pay you!

MCCREADY

Mah boss takes care of me, but if
ah' could have just one wee thing?

McCready jumps off his horse. Adelaide dismounts as he walks over to her, leading his horse. He twinkles at her warmly. Adelaide breathes hard, drawn to him in spite of herself. McCready leans in to her.

ADELAIDE

(reeling back)

It's a wretched thing you ask,
McCready? Don't tell a soul!

Adelaide closes her eyes and puckers up her lips in distaste. McCready gently pulls her towards him and kisses her. Adelaide reels back. McCready puts his hat back on and grins.

MCCREADY

Kinna tell yeh where Charles is,
hen, as ah'm paid to drag the
bastard back alive and you'll
banjax him before meh!

McCready mounts his horse and smiling rides off quickly. Adelaide, reeling, her eyes widening, watches him go.

EXT. CONVENT. IRELAND. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

ON ADELAIDE - smiling and shaking her head, as she remembers.

JO and Adelaide sit in Jo's open topped car. They are parked about to go into the Convent. Adelaide straightens her jacket and grabs her briefcase. JO nods, opening her door. They go up to the Convent door. SISTER ALFONSUS (80's) opens the door. Adelaide 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.

Sister Alfonsus stares suspiciously at them.

SISTER ALFONSUS

We had a fire. Destroyed all our
records. Bless you and good day!

Sister Alfonsus goes to shut the door, but Adelaide sticks her foot in, breathing hard, recognising Sister Alfonsus. Jo smiles politely at Sister Alfonsus holding her hand out.

JO

We've travelled such a long way,
could we just bother you for a
quick cup of tea, sister?

Sister Alfonsus purses her lips and slowly nods.

INT. ROOM. IRELAND. DONEGAL. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

SISTER ALFONSUS is sitting behind a large desk - her face is set in stone. Adelaide sips at her tea.

SISTER ALFONSUS

The Morgan family were undesirables
and that Maeve Morgan was the very
spawn of the devil, so she was!

ADELAIDE

After years of inflicting such
misery on so many poor girls like
Maeve and Brige, it's questionable
who'll end up in hell, eh, sister?

Sister Alfonsus gasps and reels back as Jo steps in.

JO

Please do excuse my her, she's very
headstrong, a New Yorker, you see,
sister!

ADELAIDE

We're very odd in New York. Most
odd, in fact!

Sister Alfonsus rolls her eyes and but carries on.

SISTER ALFONSUS

The Murphy's took the boy in.
They're in the next village. Johnny
works up at the bottling factory
over in Dublin. Good day now!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

JO is driving along at speed as ADELAIDE, laughing, blows
imaginary smoke out of her two fingers held like shotgun.

ADELAIDE

They didn't call me 'Sure Shot
Addy' for nothing! Yeehaw!

Adelaide cackles as Jo shakes her head.

PRE-LAP: A GUN SHOT--

INT./EXT. BULLRING. KANSAS. DAY. (MONTHS LATER) 1882.

A SMOKING RIFLE - being lowered by ADELAIDE, standing
opposite a row of targets in a ring - a shooting competition
at the cattle round up. Adelaide takes aim at the bulls eye.

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

ON ADELAIDE - narrowing her eyes as she aims at the target.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
 Each shot was taking me closer to
 my final target.

BULLS EYE! THE CROWD ROAR.

EXT. RIDGE. CHARLES'S NEW RANCH. TEXAS. DAY. 1882.

ADELAIDE (V.O.)
 I was saving my last bullet for
 Charles!

ON CHARLES - sitting in his pony and trap, overlooking his
 new plot of land - hundreds of acres. ALVIN and EUGENE and
 OTHER MEN down below work the rig, drilling his land for oil.

EXT. CAMP. OKLAHOMA. DAY. (WEEK LATER)

ADELAIDE is outside the covered wagons folding some blankets.
 Something falls out - MAEVE'S SILVER LOCKET! Adelaide's eyes
 widen as she quickly picks it up and pockets it.

INT. LARGE HAY BARN. EVENING. (DAYS LATER)

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 laughing happily flops down next to Maeve on the
 hay. THE MEN in the background are settling down to sleep
 and one plays GUITAR softly. Adelaide takes the SILVER LOCKET
 out of her pocket

ADELAIDE
 Found it, fixed it for you! A
 present for you, Maeve.

MAEVE
 A present? Bejaysus? Never had one
 of them?

Maeve, thrilled, takes the locket and kisses it. She hugs
 Adelaide. They flop back in the hay. Maeve's eyes widen.

MAEVE

Nearly in Texas now and I can build
me ranch, send for Johnny soon!

Adelaide gulps and bites her lip, eyes widening.

ADELAIDE

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

MAEVE

(grinning)
Woah? You fallin' in love with me
now, college girl?!

ADELAIDE

Ha? Who could love an illiterate,
hot-headed, rough and ready peasant
like you, Maeve Morgan?

Maeve grabs Adelaide's hand and grinning hard, twists some
straw around Adelaide's finger. She adopt's a Priest's voice.

MAEVE

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

Adelaide looks at the straw ring, memories of her NEW YORK
WEDDING coming back to her. She hears the CLACKING TONGUES of
the CONGREGATION, as she stands at the ALTAR.

ADELAIDE

(reeling)
I ... I ...?

MAEVE

I do!

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)

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

Maeve grins gently at Adelaide and points to the straw ring.

MAEVE

A friendship ring, Addy. Many
lovers you might know, but true
friends never let ya go!

Maeve giggles, a bit embarrassed as Adelaide takes some straw
to twist around Maeve's finger. Maeve grins happily.

MAEVE

Are we's married now, Addy?

ADELAIDE
Bound for life, I'd say!

They laugh and hug hard, rolling over and over in the hay,
tickling each other, LAUGHING and SHRIEKING

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)
Hunker down, Cowboy Girls!

ADELAIDE
This is a New Age, Maeve, a time of
great change, a time to be brave!

MAEVE
Time for me bed!

Adelaide smiles fondly at her as Maeve yawning, settles back
to sleep. Adelaide, excited, fingers the STRAW RING and
stares up to the stars through a hole in the roof.

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

SONG 8 - 'THEY WILL READ ALL ABOUT US' - ADELAIDE SINGS.

Adelaide turns back to look at Maeve, snoring loudly.
Adelaide shakes her head and giggles fondly.

ADELAIDE
They'll write about you, Maeve
Morgan!

ANGEL'S SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. 1882. (WEEKS LATER)

A HAND WRITING - ANGEL'S, the new owner of the saloon. She
chews on her pen, seated on a bar stool, writing her
novelette - 'COWGIRLS, WILD STORIES OF WILD, WILD WOMEN!'

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. (SAME TIME)

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

INT. STUDY. BRANSOME'S MANSION. TEXAS. DAY. (SAME TIME)

BRANSOME sits in his study at his huge desk, fingering
ADELAIDE'S RUBY NECKLACE. BRANSOME smiles.

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. NEW YORK. DAY. (SAME TIME)

JO, Adelaide's sister, seated at Adelaide's dressing table,
writes quickly, concentrating hard.

JO (V.O.)
*'Addy, you'll never believe this?
 One of Lady Astor's maids gave
 Milly some information. Charles's
 Rustington-Witt name is a complete
 fabrication!*

EXT. CAMP. NEAR TEXAS. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

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

JO (O.S.) (CONTD.)
*'Charles is actually a disgraced
 bank clerk from London, one `Peter
 Smythe' a known frequenter of the
 Dolly houses of Seven Dials!'*

Adelaide gasps and reads, her jaw dropping.

ADELAIDE
*'Milly's heard that Smythe is now
 posing as Marshal in some mud town
 called Spunky Flat in Texas.'*

Adelaide, pale with shock, lowers the letter, breathing hard.

ADELAIDE
 Spunky Flat?

EXT. CAMP. VALLEY. TEXAS. EARLY EVENING/SUNSET. (LATER)

MAEVE walks away from the wagons and sees BRIGE, sitting on a high flat rock, overlooking a huge valley. She sits next to her and gently puts her arm around Brige.

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

BRIGE
 Think we'll see Ma and D-d-da
 again? The sisters and brothers?

MAEVE shrugs, gulping very hard. The girls look tiny against the vast landscape, their faces lit up by the setting sun.

BRIGE (O.S.)
*'Dearest Sean, 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!'*

EXT. WAGON. NEW YORK OUTSKIRTS. DAY. (WEEKS LATER)

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
who's leadin' us to a town called
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 romp in the hay we
had, Sean? You's now the father of
a bonnie boy. Got two sons now!'*

The YOUNG BOY grins wickedly as SEAN, shocked, reels back. Sean gasps, trembling and crossing himself.

EXT. VALLEY. DAY. (SAME TIME)

MCREADY is riding along on his horse, a half a mile back from the herd.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE. 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.

INT. AUNTY BETH'S ROOMS. NEW YORK. EVENING. (HOUR LATER)

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

ON PATRICK AND SEAMUS - grinning like cats who have got the cream with their news. Sean GASPS, his eyes rolling!

SEAN

Begorrah, no?! Me two girlyies have turned into men?!!

SEAMUS

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

PATRICK

(eyes rolling)

Maeve was seen spittin' and wearin' a stetson!

SMALL BOY

What's a stetson, Cousin Sean?

AUNTY BETH

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

INT. ANGEL'S SALOON/HOTEL. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

ON A LARGE STETSON - sitting underneath, behind the bar, is ANGEL, writing, pen in her mouth. She pushes back her hat.

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 bloomers, runs into the water.

We see ALVIN and EUGENE on their horses, hidden behind some trees higher up. Maeve and Adelaide splash each other and SHRIEK and LAUGH.

ADELAIDE

You are, Maeve Morgan, without doubt, one of the most outrageous, foul-mouthed females in the whole of the United States of America!

Adelaide splashes her. Maeve laughs loudly and splashes back.

ADELAIDE

But since I've known you, my life has been such a headlong rush of adventure, that I hope 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!

Adelaide now pulls Maeve close. They hug hard.

ON EUGENE AND ALVIN - behind the tree, sneaking up BRIGE.

ON BRIGE - singing as she feeds BABY MATT with a bottle.

ON ALVIN - reaching around the large trunk of the tree and grabbing Brige by the neck with his hands.

ON BRIGE - eyes widening as Eugene sticks the baby's cloth into her mouth.

ON ADELAIDE AND MAEVE - swimming back fast and running over to Brige and Maeve pulls the cloth out of Brige's mouth.

Brige SCREAMS and grabs baby Matt as Adelaide, horrified, stares after Alvin and Eugene but they ride off their neck scarves over their faces. She can't make them out.

ALVIN

Get back East, Cowgirls! No one wants ya here!

Adelaide curses as they ride off as Brige looks at her.

BRIGE

We girls came West for freedom, but it won't c-c-come easy, eh, Addy?

Adelaide nods quickly, staring after them, breathing hard.

EXT. CHARLES'S NEW RANCH. TEXAS. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

CHARLES drives his pony and trap down a hill into the valley, into his NEW RANCH that he has bought from BRANSOME.

AN OIL DRILL - digging away, wheels CLANKING and GRINDING LOUDLY. Charles gets out of the trap as Alvin throws his spade down, walking over, wiping his brow.

ALVIN

Nothin' down there, Marshall.
Bransome gone sold ya a turkey!

Charles reels back as Alvin leans in. He hisses darkly.

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, eh, Marshall?

Charles angrily hisses, his harsh Cockney accent evident.

CHARLES

We're all rustlers down the Dilly!

ALVIN

That so? Best not cross Bransome or you'll end in the bone orchard with all them jingly-jangly skeletons!

Charles, shocked, cracks his whip, rides off. Alvin turns to Eugene and laughs as they watch him go.

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

The truck passes a sign for 'SPUNKY FLAT'. ADELAIDE, MAEVE, BRIGE carrying BABY MATT emerge from the truck, the WADDIES passing down their bags. Maeve, Adelaide and Brige untie their horses, mount and ride towards town.

ELROY jumps off with his bag calling after Maeve.

ELROY

Miss Maeve? Could I come with you?
Got no kind of family of my own!

Maeve stares back, pulling the reins of her horse.

MAEVE

Saved me life in the stampede, so
you did. Jump up, yeh's family!

Elroy beams and jumps up on the back of Maeve's horse as they all ride towards Spunky Flat.

PRE-LAP: HORSES HOOVES

INT/EXT. BEDROOM. JUNETEENTH'S SALOON/HOTEL. EVENING. (LATER)

CHARLES, sits up in bed - he hears the horses hooves.
JUNETEENTH lounges on the bed, in her negligee, smoking a cigar.

Charles looks down onto the High Street. He sees MAEVE, BRIGE and ADELAIDE. He catches a glimpse of Adelaide. He shakes his head and walks back to the bed. Juneteenth pulls him towards her and they embrace.

EXT. CHARLES'S NEW RANCH. EVENING. (SAME TIME)

ON A LARGE OIL RIG - digging deeper and deeper, CLUNKING and GRINDING ...

EXT. POST OFFICE. HIGH ST. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

MAEVE, ADELAIDE, BRIGE and ELROY ride up to the Post Office and dismount. Weatherbeaten, hats on, hair cropped, they are unrecognizable. They tie up their horses and join OTHER BEDRAGGLED WESTERERS entering the Post Office.

EXT. POST OFFICE. HIGH ST. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

CHARLES, as MARSHALL, is sitting behind a table, ALVIN and EUGENE in the background. Charles divides up the claims.

The QUEUE of BEDRAGGLED WESTERERS stand in front of Charles. MAEVE, ADELAIDE, BRIGE, BABY MATT and ELROY stand at the back.

ON ADELAIDE - freezing. CHARLES?! She quickly moves up her neck scarf to cover her face, just her eyes showing. They move forward to stand in front of Charles.

Charles stares at Maeve, her face covered with mud. She grins at Charles who smiles back. An attraction obvious. Adelaide, horrified, pulls back as Charles pulls out some papers.

CHARLES

You ladies might be interested in
some land just east of town?
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Two thousand acres and oil rich -
two hundred dollars, a bargain!

Maeve excited, nudges Brige who hands Maeve over a large purse full of dollars. Maeve hands it over to Charles.

CHARLES

Smart lady! No papers needed, just
sign here, ladies.

Maeve pulls Brige forwards to sign the form paper. Adelaide, hat tilted down, shuffles forward. Charles stares at her.

Beat.

Adelaide's hand is shaking as she signs a false name, Brige leans forward to read it as Alvin stands in front of Elroy. Maeve shakes her head, pulling Elroy forward to sign.

MAEVE

War's long, long over, mister. He's
with us. Family!

Elroy reels back as Elroy grins warmly at Maeve. As they leave, Charles puts a copy of the paper into his briefcase, and laughs softly. THREE ROUGH-LOOKING WESTERERS look down at Charles - eye patches, broken teeth, bandages and a crutch. Charles smiles brightly at them.

CHARLES

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

EXT. HIGH STREET. SAME TIME. DAY.

ADELAIDE looks shaken up from seeing CHARLES. MAEVE jumps on her horse as BRIGE and ELROY mount another.

BRIGE

Why did you sign as Pr-pr-prucilla
Daniels, Addy?

Adelaide shakes her head, still very shaken.

ADELAIDE

No papers needed? I smell a rat - a
rat called Charles! An imposter
called Smythe who stole my family
heirloom!

MAEVE

Bah? We're all imposters out West,
Prucilla. Let's go!

Maeve and Elroy ride off as Adelaide, hurt and angry, spits on the ground, looking back at the post office. She climbs onto her horse --

INT. BARBER'S SHOP. HIGH ST. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

ON MCCREADY - looking out of THE BARBER'S SHOP where a BARBER is shaving his beard off. He sees ADELAIDE on her horse outside the window and lurches up in his seat, the barber nicking him with the razor.

MCCREADY

Ach?! Miss Sureshot? She made it?!

McCready, gleeful, grabs the barber and plants a huge kiss on the man's cheek and runs out into the streets, gown still on--

EXT. BARBER'S SHOP. SAME TIME. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

-- MCCREADY, eyes widening with excitement, watches the GIRLS riding off. THE BARBER runs out into the street looking for his gown.

INT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (LATER)

JUNETEENTH, smoking her cigar is deep in thought, writing '*COWGIRLS, WILD STORIES OF WILD, WILD WOMEN!*' behind her bar.

ALVIN and EUGENE sit on the bar stools drinking. Juneteenth's sign '*SPIT IN THE BOX*' hangs behind her over the bar. MCCREADY comes in, his hat down. McCready grins at Juneteenth as she pours him a beer. Alvin moves up to McCready.

ALVIN

June bird's writing them racy stories! Them ladies back East love to hear about us mean, sweatin' cowboys, huh, June bird?

JUNETEENTH

My readers wanna read about Cowgirls, not Cowboys, Rustler. Cowboy girls!

Alvin drunkenly spits in the spittoon, missing it as JUNETEENTH SLAMS down her book hard on the bar, so Eugene's teeth CLATTER against his beer glass and he spills his drink.

JUNETEENTH

And spit in the box, coyote shit! My book is a Romance about brave, tough cowboy girls!

EUGENE

Like Belle Starr and Calamity?

ALVIN

Two bit whores - all of 'em!

Juneteenth sees red and she climbs up onto the bar. A FEW COWHANDS and SHOW GIRLS look over as Juneteenth puts her hands on her hips and looks down at them all.

JUNETEENTH

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

SONG 9 - 'YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE!'

Juneteenth marches up and down the long bar as she sings.

SHOW GIRL (#1)

Tell 'em, Juneteenth!

JUNETEENTH

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

Juneteenth spits into Alvin's beer as he jumps back.

JUNETEENTH

They stay in zee gutter!

Alvin cursing, moves off through the Saloon door.

JUNETEENTH

Remember my name, cowboy!
Juneteenth! A proud and mighty name
to carry!

Eugene follows. Juneteenth jumps down as McCready leans over.

MCCREADY

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

JUNETEENTH

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

Juneteenth winks at McCready. He rolls his eyes and goes out.
CHARLES comes in, looking anxious. Juneteenth closes her book
and pours him a beer. He drinks it quickly, breathing hard.

JUNETEENTH

Handsome Scottie in. Ask me if I
knew zee Englishman? Tell him
Juneteenth knows many, many men!

Juneteenth giggles as Charles reeling back, shocked, and
drinks quickly. Juneteenth wraps her arms around his neck.

EXT. HIGH RIDGE. CUTTER'S PASS. EVENING. (LATER)

MAEVE, BRIGE, ADELAIDE and ELROY ride onto a massive high
flat rock overhanging the land. This is Charles's original
plot of land.

Maeve dismounts and walks to the edge of the flat rock. The view is spectacular. Adelaide, unsettled, watches, uneasy as Maeve shouts happily across the valley.

MAEVE

They can never throw us off this
land, you hear me. Ma? Never! We've
got a home of our own, Ma, a home!

Brige rushes over to join Maeve and they dance a jig on the very edge of the ridge and WHOOP loudly as Elroy, holding Baby Matt, laughs hard.

ELROY

Mad as hops, Matty, mad as hops!

PRE-LAP - A CLAP OF THUNDER.

EXT. VALLEY. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

RAIN pours down hard.

MAEVE, ADELAIDE and ELROY dig the land with shovels. They are digging for oil as BRIGE tends BABY MATT in the background in a makeshift tent.

Maeve wipes the sweat from her brow and leans on her spade. Adelaide stares over, exhausted too.

EXT. LAND. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (DAYS LATER)

MAEVE, ADELAIDE, ELROY keep digging, more earth mounds than before. Maeve, exhausted, throws down her spade. She spits at Adelaide.

MAEVE

Black gold? Your English bastard
sold us a turkey! Or is the bonnie
Scot yer fancy man? Can't keep up!

Adelaide, furious, exhausted, whisks her gun out of her holster and SHOOTS two holes a tree trunk.

BANG! BANG!

All jump back and Maeve kicks her spade with frustration and storms off. Adelaide glares after her.

MAEVE'S RANCH. CUTTER'S PASS. TEXAS. 1910. DAY. (PRESENT DAY)

MAEVE is seated on her horse, near MATT, also on a horse, in a valley on her ranch. They watch a HERD OF LONGHORN grazing. Matt looks over at Maeve and gulps hard.

MATT

And all them years, Aunt Maeve? Why
didn't you ever send for Johnny?

Matt shrugs gently as Maeve turns away. She is struggling and spins round, her eyes blazing as she beats back tears.

MAEVE

An Irish peasant, who can't read or write and who failed her own sister? Who would want a Ma like that? Would Johnny?!

Maeve turns to gallop off across the valley as Matt bites his lip.

PRE-LAP: THUNDER

INT. ADOBE HUT. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (EARLY MORNING) 1882.

ON BRIGE - coughing under a make-shift mud hut, as they sleep, huddled together. RAIN and some drops trickle in and fall on Brige's face.

IRISH MUSIC and Brige remembers -

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. COTTAGE. BEDROOM. IRELAND. DAY. 1875. (EARLY MORNING)

YOUNG BRIGE hears SOUNDS of SAWING and sees IMAGES of MASKED MEN on the roof of their cottage. Her eyes widen in terror.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ADOBE HUT. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (EARLY MORNING)

A MUD SLIDE!

Brige SHRIEKS loudly, jumping up.

BRIGE

Get up, girls! Get up, get out!

EXT. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

They watch as the hut, lashed by the rain, collapses. BABY MATT WAILS as ADELAIDE, MAEVE, BRIGE, ELROY stare frozen.

A LOUD GUNSHOT!

Elroy suddenly collapses, his arm, bleeding.

EXT, HIGH RIDGE, CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ALVIN puts his gun away, EUGENE besides him. They ride off.

EXT. MUD HUT. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

ADELAIDE runs over to ELROY as MAEVE ties a knot in a sheet around his arm. Brige staggers forwards. Maeve, shaken, now stares at Adelaide, her lip trembling.

MAEVE

Bullet skimmed him but we've got
nothin' for the baby, Addy. Nothin!

Adelaide nods slowly at Maeve, her face very grim.

PRE-LAP: HORSES HOOVES

EXT. ROAD. DAY. (LATER)

HORSES HOOVES THUNDER along the road as ADELAIDE gallops
across the valley, fiercely determined, head down.

JO (O.S.)

'Dearest sis, terrible news!'

INT. ADELAIDE'S BEDROOM. NEW YORK. DAY. (SAME TIME)

We see JO at ADELAIDE'S dressing table writing a letter.

JO (O.S.)

*'Poppa's ill, most feverish and Dr.
Winston is worried indeed.'*

EXT. HIGH STREET. SPUNKY FLAT. EARLY MORNING. (BIT LATER)

ADELAIDE emerges from the POST OFFICE, her face dropping as
she reads JO'S letter.

JO (O.S.)

*'Poppa's frozen your allowance,
Addy. Now all he so wants is to get
you home!'*

Adelaide, reeling, pockets the letter, staggering down the
boardwalk. She passes a fruit stall and stares hungrily at
the apples. She grabs a couple of apples and rushes off.

Adelaide, sees the sign for the MARSHALL'S OFFICE. Her eyes
widen as she ducks down. ADELAIDE takes out her gun and
crouches down, aiming at Charles. She breathes hard, sweat
pouring down her forehead and CLICKS the trigger.

A PRISSY YOUNG GIRL (10), hair in neat plaits, taps her on
the shoulder. Adelaide spins round.

PRISSY YOUNG GIRL

Ma says shootin ain't a Christian
act. Lower yer gun, Mister!

Adelaide nods, weak with hunger, and staggers off down the
boardwalk. She trips over a ROW OF OPEN COFFINS, outside the
UNDERTAKER'S office. DEAD FACES stare up at her. Adelaide,
horrified, staggers onwards as McCREADY comes around the
corner and delighted throws his hands up.

MCCREADY

Miss Sureshot? Yeh made it? Was
Charlie the bait, or was it meh?

Adelaide, reeling, stares hard at him as JUNETEENTH emerges.
Juneteenth's face lights up as she rushes over to McCready.

ANGEL

Hey there? Bonnie boy!

Juneteenth wraps her arms around McCready's neck and kisses
him as Adelaide spits in the dust. McCready smiles weakly at
Adelaide. Juneteenth, not recognising Adelaide, walks over.

JUNETEENTH

Hey? Had a rough ride out West,
cowgirl? I need some stories for my
lady readers back East. Wanna talk?

Adelaide quickly shakes her head. Juneteenth leans in.

JUNETEENTH

Hey? I see you before, cowgirl? You
gotta a sister?

ADELAIDE

I have, but I would never tell her
to come out West, a place of
cheating, filthy ruffians!

JUNETEENTH

Mama mia? Zee snooty lady from
Uptown? Need a bath now, lady!

JUNETEENTH

charges at Adelaide, knocking her off the boardwalk into the
street. They tumble over.

ADELAIDE

slaps Juneteenth as they roll over and over in the dust,
slapping each other.

BRANSOME, ALVIN, EUGENE and CHARLES

emerge from across the other side of the street and looking
over, laugh in amazement.

MCCREADY

sees Charles and pulls out of sight quickly, around a corner.

JUNETEENTH

punches Adelaide and Adelaide staggers backwards.

ALVIN

Holy Cow? Look at them girls go!

JUNETEENTH

straddles Adelaide, pinning her arms to the ground. Adelaide spits up at her and Juneteenth, breathless, laughs.

JUNETEENTH

The fine lady fights dirty, huh?

Juneteenth SLAPS Adelaide across the face.

ADELAIDE

Strumpet! You belittle the sisterhood!

JUNETEENTH

Sisterhood? I tell ya before, lady, zee West is for everyone!

ADELAIDE

shoves Juneteenth off her and runs down the boardwalk.

EUGENE

laughing, whisks his gun out and fires at Adelaide's feet.

SHOTS RING OUT!

EUGENE

Dance, Cowboy girl, dance!

McCready, hiding from Charles behind a corner, aims at Alvin hitting him in the foot. Alvin SHRIEKS and reels back as Bransome now WHACKS Charles hard on the back.

BRANSOME

Best show these good Townsfolk what a big, tough Marshall you are, eh, Charlie boy?

Charles, shaken, fuming, tries to look masterful. He shouts out to Adelaide, still unaware who she is.

CHARLES

Hello there? Lady Rancher? Can you kindly skedaddle, and leave my town in peace?

BRANSOME

Your town? My town, Charlie boy, and don't you forget it! Alvin? Eugene? Lend the Marshall a gun, he's gonna need one!

Eugene throws Charles a rifle and Charles trips onto his face under the weight of the gun. Charles, spitting in the dust, hissing angrily as Bransome and his men laugh loudly.

CHARLES

(hissing)

Yer a dead man, Bransome! I'll be
at yer topping and dance on yer
bleeding grave!

Juneteenth, nurses a cut lip and steadies herself on the boardwalk's handrail. She shakes her head, eyes rolling.

JUNETEENTH

Juneteenth write thees all down!
Now she getta zee plot!

EXT. CORNER/BOARDWALK. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

ADELAIDE is about to get on her horse but MCCREADY rushes around the corner and rushes over to her.

MCCREADY

That kiss, Miss Sureshot? Ah' have
to tell ya that ah ...?

ADELAIDE

Go talk to your whore, McCready! We
don't speak the same language!

Adelaide pulls away angrily, hiding her attraction to him.

MCCREADY

Language of love is all yeh need,
hen. Robbie Burns will tell yeh!

Adelaide runs to mount her horse. He gulps hard.

MCCREADY

In the barn out back if yeh need
meh, hen?

ADELAIDE

The cows should understand you,
McCready, you speak the same
language!

McCready laughs softly as she gallops off.

EXT. MUD HUT. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. (HOURS LATER)

Outside the collapsed mud hut, MAEVE, BRIGE, clutching BABY MATT and ELROY sit on the grass, starving, hopeless. ADELAIDE gallops in and jumps off her horse. She gasps, breathless.

ADELAIDE

Poppa's cut me off - disaster! I
saw Charles, I mean Smythe, he's no
more Marshall than he was lawyer!
This land might not be ours, Maeve!

Maeve jumps up, horrified.

MAEVE

No?! But we signed for it? The land
is ours! Ours, Addy!

ADELAIDE

Smythe is a forger, a black-hearted
villain! The papers meant nothing!

Adelaide shakes her head as Maeve, shaking, delirious with
hunger, staggering over to a nearby field

EXT. OPEN FIELD. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

MAEVE staggers into the field sinks down onto her knees.
Shaking and crying, she beats her fists on the grass.

SONG - 'THE HUNGER' - REFRAIN (ALL CAST SING SOFTLY)

MAEVE

We's starvin' again, Ma? Starvin'!
There's nothin' to eat but the
grass! Oh, Ma? I want you here, Ma!

Maeve grabs a handful of grass and shoves it in her mouth.
She spits it out and looks upwards, her eyes pleading,
clasping her hands as if in prayer.

ADELAIDE rushes over and hugs her as Maeve sobs.

ADELAIDE

Oh, Maeve? Maeve?! We'll get
through this, we will!

BRIGE follows and crouches down near Maeve. She gently wipes
Maeve's hair out of her eyes as Adelaide hugs Maeve.

BRIGE

Ya's driven me w-w-wild since I was
b-b-born, Maeve Morgan, but ya got
us all out here, so ya did!
Yeh's a fine lass, Maeve Morgan!

Maeve sits up, wipes her nose and nods. She slowly brightens.

MAEVE

A 'fine lass', yeh say, Brige? Me?
A fine lass with a fine ass and a
mean hand for poker? Yes!!

Maeve jumps up, walking around in circles, manic, excited.

MAEVE

Elroy, stay here and guard our
land! Brige? You're me maid so get
me an outfit - one of Addy's! Addy?
Saddle up the horses and smarten up
now, you're me gentleman groom!

Adelaide reels back, horrified, as Maeve laughs wildly.

MAEVE

I didn't come out West to eat worms
and die in a frickin' mud hut! I
came out came out West to live!

Maeve looks upwards and punches the sky as Adelaide's jaw
drops and Brige rolls her eyes at her, shaking her head.

PRE-LAP: LIVELY PIANO MUSIC. Music of the JAZZ AGE, on a
GRAMOPHONE PLAYER

EXT. MAEVE RANCH. VERANDA. 1910. DAY. (PRESENT DAY)

ON ELROY - winding up a gramophone player.

ON JUNETEENTH (50's) - emerging from a open topped chevrolet,
now a successful novelist. Finely dressed, glamorous, a fur
around her neck.

ON MAEVE - sitting on the veranda, eyes widening. Juneteenth
grins and waves up. Maeve turns to Elroy who stands near her.

MAEVE

Get that extra box of cigars out,
will ya, Elroy? Juneteenth always
smokes all me feckin' cigars!

Juneteenth climbs up the wooden stairs, smiling broadly. She
holds up two hands at Maeve as if drawing two guns. She
laughs as Maeve nods over, smiling. Juneteenth leans into
Elroy as he hands her a cigar. She lowers her voice.

JUNETEENTH

Good to see ya, Elroy, very good!
How's the old gal doing?

ELROY

Miss Maeve ain't left this ranch
since Miss Addy left us!

Juneteenth sighs deeply and shakes her head.

ELROY

(eyes widening)
But would you believe it, Miss
Addy's been phoning us of late but
Miss Maeve won't take her calls?

JUNETEENTH

Adelaide? Ain't seen that mighty gal for years? Look, I getta to work on zee old buzzard!

Elroy nods and lights Juneteenth's cigar, leaving the Veranda. Juneteenth walks towards Maeve and picks up her whiskey, smiling and sits down near Maeve.

JUNETEENTH

Mama mia? These book tours burn me out, Maeve! Chicago, Boston, L.A. Even Little Mary Pickford and Dougie Fairbanks reada my novels!

Juneteenth grins proudly at Maeve, her gold tooth flashing.

JUNETEENTH

My agent 'ee say 'Juneteenth, honey? Zay build zee little town called Hollywood and they wanna make a moving picture of your book, the one about crazy Cowgirls!' Not bad for a whore from the Bronx?

Maeve nods slightly. Juneteenth leans in, winking knowingly.

JUNETEENTH

We girls did what we had to back then, eh, Maeve? We had to survive!

ON MAEVE - remembering, breathing hard.

JAZZ PIANO MUSIC from the GRAMOPHONE PLAYER.

EXT. SPUNKY FLAT. HIGH STREET. TEXAS/ DAY. 1882.

ON MAEVE - riding side-saddle on her horse, resplendent in one of Addy's outfits, a half veil dangling from her hat, covering half of her face. She holds herself high.

ON BRIGE - riding a horse, as Maeve's maid, holding BABY MATT as ADELAIDE rides behind as the groom, her hat pulled low.

ON JUNETEENTH - jaw dropping, watching Maeve ride into town. She does a double-take as she stares at Adelaide dressed as a man, but doesn't recognise Maeve. She shakes her head.

ON MCCREADY - eyes widening as he sees Adelaide beneath her hat and recognises Maeve and Brige. Brige gives McCready a little smile as Adelaide, seeing him, quickly looks away.

INT. BALLROOM. BRANSOME'S MANSION. DAY. (SAME TIME)

BRANSOME surveys his huge empty ballroom smiling proudly.

A COUPLE OF FOOTMEN climb up ladders adjusting a giant chandelier, ready for the Ball. Bransome lights his giant cigar and smugly blows out smoke rings as he watches.

INT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

EUGENE rushes in, breathless and sees CHARLES playing poker with a COUPLE OF TOWNSMEN and ALVIN.

EUGENE

Wealthy widow in town, Marshall! A
real plum turkey, all trussed up
and ready to be plucked!

Charles looks up as JUNETEENTH, behind the bar, glares over. He smiles weakly at Juneteenth.

EXT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. EVENING.

ADELAIDE is hissing to MAEVE as she ties up the horses.

ADELAIDE

You're no better than that
Juneteenth! She's here in town,
peddling her wares!

MAEVE reels back and SLAPS Adelaide's cheek.

MAEVE

You had everything back East,
college girl, and me and Brige we
had nothin', ya hear me? Nothin'!
You try eatin' grass for ya
frickin' supper, Lady Muck, as it
will be me who puts the grub back
on our plates, not you!

Maeve flounces off angrily towards the Hotel.

MAEVE

Go groom the horses!

Adelaide, nursing her cheek, reels back against her horse.

INT. RECEPTION. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. EARLY EVENING.

MAEVE is standing at the top of the grand staircase, in ADELAIDE'S finery. She looks dazzling, her beaded half veil, shading her eyes from recognition.

CHARLES sits at the bar and looks up. ALVIN and EUGENE are seated with JUNETEENTH 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 as her maid. Charles GASPS.

CHARLES

Fuck-a-doodle-do? Spunky's just got funky!

ADELAIDE rushes in, her hat tilted down. She stops in her tracks as Maeve takes a cigar out of her bag, lifting her half-veil. Maeve slowly grins as Charles's eyes light up.

MAEVE

Who does a woman have to bed around here to get a frickin' light?

CHARLES

You have to bed the Marshall, Madam, and luckily that's me!

Maeve winks at Charles and taps on his tin star. They both laugh warmly as he lights Maeve's cigar. Juneteenth SLAMS down a bottle on the card table. A SHOW GIRL pulls her back quickly as Maeve blows out a smoke ring and grins at Charles.

MAEVE

I hear there's a jig goin' on?

CHARLES

Our local Oil Baron, is holding some ghastly Texan knees-up.

MAEVE

Grand! Love a good craic, Marshall!

Charles offers his arm and they move towards the Saloon doors. Charles whispers to her in his native Cockney accent.

CHARLES

Let's play this crowd of half-wits, me tasty toffer, then skedaddle!

Maeve's eyes widen as she giggles. Adelaide, horrified, looks over, her face darkening under her hat.

EXT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/SALOON. STREET. EARLY EVENING.

Charles whips the horses as Maeve sits in his buggy. JUNETEENTH emerges, wild-eyed, clutching a glass bottle. Juneteenth flings the bottle to the ground as Charles and Maeve ride off in his buggy.

SMASH!

ADELAIDE rushes out of the saloon, her eyes widening as Juneteenth stares over at her, confused. Who is that?!

INT. HAYLOFT. EVENING. (MINUTES LATER)

We see some COWS in the stables downstairs as ADELAIDE rushes in to saddle her horse.

MCCREADY leans over from the high hayloft - a wooden ladder nearby. He grins broadly, his shirt half open as Adelaide slaps a saddle on her horse.

ADELAIDE

Charles is going to the dance at Bransome's and I'll be there! His very last dance, I assure you!

She pulls out her gun as McCready pulls back, laughing.

MCCREADY

Woah? Take it easy, Miss Sureshot! Can we talk?

ADELAIDE

I'm not climbing those stairs, you over-sexed Scottish alley cat!

McCready shrugs and scrambles down. He comes close to her.

ADELAIDE

There is something you need, McCready ...

McCready grins, excited and moves close.

WHACK!

Adelaide punches McCready hard on the jaw. He reels back.

ADELAIDE

That's for lying and stealing a kiss from me, immoral wretch!

WHACK!

ADELAIDE

And that's for saving me in the stampede, McCready! Sureshot Addy saves herself!

Adelaide pulls McCready towards her and kisses him hard. He staggers back, gasping. Adelaide laughs wildly, fired up.

ADELAIDE

See you at the ball!

Adelaide grabs her horse's reins and runs out, leaving McCready stunned. He rubs his cheek, grinning in disbelief.

MCCREADY

Miss Sureshot kissed meh? Mebbie she needs me? Mebbie she loves meh?

A COW 'MOOS' loudly and MCCREADY pulls his braces up.

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. NIGHT. (LATER)

A BAND TUNES UP. We hear some DANCE MUSIC.

ON MAEVE - surveying the huge BALLROOM, whispering to herself, fingering her HEART SHAPED SILVER LOCKET.

MAEVE

Johnny? You out there somewhere?
Doin' this all for you. darlin'!

ON ADELAIDE - rushing in, groom's hat pulled low over her eyes. She stops in her tracks.

ON CHARLES - smiling, lean into Maeve and whispers

CHARLES

So vulgar these Texan Balls, but
we're in it together, delightful
dollymop!

Charles takes her arm as Adelaide steps forward and takes off Maeve's wrap. She shoots Maeve a warning look as BRANSOME rushes to greet Maeve. Maeve, very much the 'grand lady', holds her hand out to Bransome, who bows down.

MAEVE

Lady Adelaide Hartington. In town
for the poker. Filthy feckin' rich,
and ready to go!

Bransome laughs loudly and kisses Maeve's hand.

BRANSOME

A straight talkin' heffer? Too many
flannel-mouthed liars out here! And
Lord Hartington, Lady A?

MAEVE

Safely underground with all the
other Hartingtons!

Maeve grins at Charles as Bransome pushes Charles aside, leading Maeve onto the dance floor. Charles's face darkens.

THE BAND STRIKES UP.

The GUESTS all dance and Maeve dazzles with her dancing on the arm of Bransome. Bransome leans in as they dance.

BRANSOME

That's a real pretty locket around
your neck, Lady A?

MAEVE

A gift from Lord Hartington!

BRANSOME

Got a ruby choker that would look
the real McCoy around your neck,
Lady A!

Maeve's eyes widen as she quickly smiles. Bransome leads Maeve off onto a balcony as Maeve rolls her eyes back at Adelaide who is standing nearby. Maeve indicates her neck and mouthing the word 'necklace'. Adelaide frowns, confused.

EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT. (MOMENTS LATER)

Bransome leans in towards Maeve, breathing hard, sweating as they survey his land before them.

BRANSOME

Got more oil than I can drill, but
no one to share it with but the
Longhorn! Will you share it with
me, Lady A, make an old Bull happy?

Bransome takes out small box and opens it.

ADELAIDE'S RUBY NECKLACE lies there - sparkling!

Maeve GASPS, reeling back as Bransome fixes it around her neck, removing Maeve's silver locket, putting it on a side table. Maeve reels back, suddenly very unsure.

MAEVE

I ... I? I'm gaggin' for a beer?!

BRANSOME

Ha! Let's get roostered!

They go inside as Maeve rolls her eyes and points at her silver locket to ADELAIDE. Adelaide rushes out onto the balcony and picks it up the SILVER LOCKET. She puts it around her neck, under her groom's jacket and breathes very hard.

SONG 10 - 'HOEDOWN TIME!' - ALL CAST SING

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. NIGHT. (MOMENTS LATER)

ADELAIDE steps back into the ballroom and stands behind a pillar behind CHARLES, hidden by some SERVANTS who watch the dancing. Adelaide reels back as she sees Maeve wearing her RUBY NECKLACE. Her eyes widen, her hat tilted down.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

SOUNDS of ADELAIDE'S WEDDING IN NEW YORK, we see FLASHES of the NEW YORK CONGREGATION HISSING, TONGUES CLACKING. A FLASH of ADELAIDE in her wedding veil.

END FLASHBACK

ADELAIDE, standing amongst the SERVANTS, sweating hard, squeezes the trigger of the gun in her pocket. MCCREADY drags ADELAIDE back into safety, grabbing her arm.

ADELAIDE
You can't stop me killing him!

MCCREADY
(softly)
Yeh's killin' me, sweetheart!

Adelaide pulls away as MAEVE now dances with Charles, laughing and flirting, watched by a fuming BRANSOME. BRIGE, amongst the other SERVANTS, leans into Adelaide, whispering.

BRIGE
We g-g-gotta eat, Addy!

ADELAIDE
I'd rather starve! Your sister's
turned whore!

Maeve, now dancing again with Bransome, grabs a glass of champagne from a Servant's tray and swigs it back.

Bransome, Maeve in his arms, stares triumphantly at Charles. Charles, eyes darkening, pushes through the GUESTS and runs out. Adelaide rushes out after Charles as McCready looks over and pushes through the crowd, running after her.

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND. CUTTER'S PASS. NIGHT. (LATER)

ELROY is sitting, a blanket around him, huddled by a tiny fire. A COYOTE howls as ELROY gulps hard. A trickle of BLACK OIL, behind some bushes, much further away, is slowly snaking its way slowly across the land. ELROY sings.

ELROY
(singing)
*'John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave ...
John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave...'*

EXT. CHARLES NEW RANCH. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

CHARLES, digging furiously, hits something hard in the ground, the small oil lamp propped up near him.

ELROY (O.S.)
(singing)
*'John Brown's body lies a mouldin'
in the grave,
But his soul goes marchin' on!'*

Charles's eyes widen - the SKELETON of the MARSHALL CUTTER. A TIN STAR hangs on the bloody rags of the man's shirt.

ADELAIDE

crouches down quietly, her barrel cocked, behind the oil-digging machinery. She pulls out her gun and aims at Charles, but knocks over an empty oil can which CLATTERS LOUDLY.

CHARLES

whisks out his gun, spinning around, alarmed. He looks around but it's dark, the swinging oil light obscuring his vision.

McCREADY

quietly ties up his horse, running towards Adelaide.

CHARLES

grabs the dead Marshall's skeleton, throwing it in a sack. He dashes for his horse.

ADELAIDE

raises her gun to shoot but McCready, creeping up behind her, lunges for her, pulling her to the ground as Charles rides up the hill in his horse and trap. Adelaide spits at him.

MCCREADY

Need him alive, Cowgirl!

ADELAIDE

WHACKS McCready across the face with her rifle and runs to jump on her horse and rides off after Charles as McCready spits in the ground, hobbling over to his horse.

MCCREADY

Ach? Get meh back to the Gorbels,
where a man's a man and a lassie's
a lassie!

PRE-LAP: HORSES HOOVES

EXT. ROAD. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT. (MINUTES LATER)

ON CHARLES'S HORSE AND TRAP - Charles whips the two horses to go faster.

ON ADELAIDE - riding her horse, not far behind.

ON CHARLES - hearing Adelaide's horse behind him. Charles pulls on his horses and stops, jumping out to put a log across the road. He jumps back in his buggy and whips his horses to go faster as Adelaide comes round the bend.

THUD! CRASH!

ON ADELAIDE - flying off her horse and hitting the ground hard as her horse stumbles on the log. Cursing, wiping herself down, Adelaide gets back in the saddle.

ON ADELAIDE - jumping back into the saddle and rides off.

INT. BALLROOM. ARTHUR'S MANSION. NIGHT. (LATER)

MAEVE is playing poker at a round table. Swigging back some champagne, she's getting drunk.

BRANSOME and OTHER MALE GUESTS sit around Maeve, dazzled by Maeve's beauty and the RUBY NECKLACE around her neck.

MAEVE

Sorry boys. Luck's a lady tonight!

BRANSOME

Take it all, Lady A. Plenty more,
the oil keeps on flowing!

CHARLES, sack over shoulder, eyes wild, rushes in. Charles staggers over to the table as Maeve leans over to Charles and whispers behind her fan as he sits down beside her.

MAEVE

(hissing)

There's those you wed and them you
bed. Come up and see me, handsome!

BRANSOME

Ha? Law's here, boys! Don't go
snakin' the deck now, Charlie boy!

ADELAIDE runs in and hat tilted down, covered with mud and dust, hat down as Charles stares over. Adelaide approaches Maeve. Maeve frowns drunkenly. Adelaide leans in, eyes flaring at Maeve. Maeve shrugs, irritated.

MAEVE

(hissing)

I'm workin' me ass off here, for
all of us, Addy!

Adelaide rolls her eyes McCREADY rushes in and stops, eyes fixed on Charles. Bransome glares over at Charles and laughs.

BRANSOME

Any luck with your land, Charlie?
You look like a dog without a bone!

Charles hauls up his SACK onto the table. A LOUD THUD!

CHARLES

This dog's just found a bone! One
skull, one shin bone, two leg
bones, a man's skeleton. Bingo!

Charles pulls out CUTTER'S SKULL and BANGS it on the table. PEOPLE GASP as the FEMALE GUESTS flutter their fans. Charles jumps up as Bransome reels back.

CHARLES

Ladies and Gentlemen? May I present
the late Marshall Cutter! His
tongue ripped out and his skull
bashed in by Bransome's bully boys!

Charles waves the SKULL around and Bransome reels back.

CHARLES

Yer gonna wear the broad arrow,
Bransome! As Marshall, I arrest you
for the murder of Cutter, last
Marshall of Spunky Flat!

McCready now pushes forward and grips Charles's shoulder.

MCCREADY

Yeh are the 'last Marshall',
Smythe! A bunko artist, forger and
chiseler of great renown. Jig's up!

Bransome cheers and claps as the GUESTS CHEER. McCready bows.

MCCREADY

Rob McCready, sent by Pennebaker
Associates of New York. Tekkin'
this here villain back East!

McCready slaps handcuffs on a stunned Charles as Maeve, non-plussed and drunk jumps up on a chair. She sways around.

MAEVE

If I don't get a frickin' whisky,
I'll pack me bags and skedaddle!

BRANSOME

A whisky for the lovely Lady A and
give our 'Marshall' a beer before
his long walk back to London town!

A SERVANT hands Bransome a beer on a tray and Bransome pours it over Charles's head. Charles, drenched and cursing, is dragged off by McCready. Maeve, waving around her glass of whisky, waves over to the BAND as Adelaide watches horrified.

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 falls to the ground with a LOUD THUD.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. CELLS. SPUNKY FLAT (NIGHT)

MCCREADY comes in, dragging CHARLES, in handcuffs, behind him. ALVIN and EUGENE stand nearby.

Alvin unlocks the cells as McCready follows Charles in, unlocking his handcuffs. Charles spins round and swings a punch, but McCready bobs down and punches Charles hard.

WHACK!

MCCREADY

That's for leavin' a fine lassie at
the altar, yeh limey scum-bag!

CHARLES

She wouldn't touch ya, mate.
You're from the lower orders!

McCready flings Charles back against the cell wall, throwing the keys to Eugene.

MCCREADY

Gob hard in his grits, boys, and
piss in his porridge!

Eugene nods as McCready leaves as does Alvin. Eugene walks up to Charles staring at him through the bars. He grins.

EUGENE

Should have come rustlin' with us!

INT. BEDROOM. ANGEL'S SALOON/HOTEL. NIGHT. (LATER)

MAEVE is naked in a large silver tub of bath water. Still drunk, she wears nothing but ADELAIDE'S RUBY NECKLACE. BRIGE rubs her back with a sponge as ADELAIDE, stares over.

MAEVE

Give the sponge to me (hic!) groom,
so he can give me a scrub.

Adelaide, glaring at Maeve, kneels by the tub.

ADELAIDE

You're not the woman you were!

Maeve, still drunk, reels back. She suddenly looks sad.

MAEVE

Oh ...? Who was the woman I was?

ADELAIDE

My dear friend, Maeve, that's who!

ON MAEVE - seeing her SILVER LOCKET around Adelaide's neck.

ON ADELAIDE - staring at her mother's RUBY NECKLACE around Maeve's neck. Maeve hiccups loudly and slips under the bubbles as Adelaide shakes her head and throws the sponge into the water. She storms out as Brige shakes her head sadly.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. CELLS. NIGHT.

JUNETEENTH comes into the cells. EUGENE is there, slumped over his gun. CHARLES, behind bars. Juneteenth winks at Charles and grins at Eugene, handing him a bottle of whisky.

JUNETEENTH

A present for you, cowboy. Will help you through zee night!

Eugene takes a slug of whisky as Juneteenth sees the keys to the cell hanging from his waist. She shoots him a sexy smile.

JUNETEENTH

Juneteenth make you more comfortable?

Eugene nods eagerly, opening his shirt, taking the keys off his belt and putting them on a table near the cell door. Eugene starts to kiss Juneteenth's neck.

Charles reaches out and grabs the keys, unlocking the cell door. He grabs Eugene with his handcuffs and Juneteenth grabs the bottle of whisky and knocks Eugene out. Charles, unlocking his handcuffs, roughly pushes past Juneteenth.

CHARLES

Where the hell were you, ladybird?
On yer bleeding back again?

JUNETEENTH

I keel you, Charlie! I am zee lady novelist!

Charles, eyes wild, whisks out a small knife and holds it to Juneteenth's throat.

CHARLES

I'll carve you up and put an end to your whorin' days! I've been invited to the widow's bed, a far safer place than yours!

He thrusts Juneteenth away and runs off. Juneteenth, shaken up, breathes very, very hard, her eyes widening.

JUNETEENTH

Today, dear readers, is zee first day of Juneteenth's life. Her whoring days are over! Finito! She send message to zee famiglia. They make spaghetti outta Charlie!

EXT. BRANSOME'S LAND. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT. (LATER)

CHARLES, seated on a horse, a scarf over his mouth, is near some barbed wire. ALVIN is near him on his horse.

Alvin cuts the wire and move out the LONGHORN CATTLE. They whack the longhorn with sticks and as the Longhorn THUNDER through the gap in the fence. BRANSOME'S MEN come charging through the dust

SHOTS RING OUT!

Charles and Alvin gallop away.

PRELAP: HORSES HOOVES

EXT. BRANSOME'S MANSION. PORCH. NIGHT. (MOMENTS LATER)

BRANSOME opens his door, he can hear horses hooves riding off. He looks down and there is a large sack. Some HUMAN BONES fall out. MARSHALL CUTTER'S SKULL bounces out and horrified, Bransome jumps back and GASPS LOUDLY.

INT. POST OFFICE. SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

JUNETEENTH is writing a telegram. She reads aloud before passing to the POST OFFICE CLERK who waits for her.

JUNETEENTH

(reading)

*'Mama? Senda, Carlo! Juneteenth
needa zee help! Spunky Flat,
Texas.'*

PRE-LAP: A LOUD KNOCK

INT. HOTEL ROOM. ANGEL'S SALOON/HOTEL. NIGHT. (LATER)

MAEVE, in the bath, sits up as BRIGE opens the door. CHARLES, stands there, he looks rough, his face dusty, his eyes wild. Charles approaches Maeve, kneeling down at the tub. He sees the RUBY NECKLACE around Maeve's neck. His eyes widen.

CHARLES

Where shall I begin, delicious
dollymop? By removing this?

Maeve, shocked, bites hard on his hand and Charles YELPS.

MAEVE

It's Addy's and don't go stealin'
again, ya limey slimeball!

CHARLES

(reeling)

'Addy's'?

Maeve grabs Charles and pulls him forwards and they embrace the water splashing out of the bath tub.

INT. ANGEL'S HOTEL/SALOON. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

ON ADELAIDE - leaning against the wall, seething with anger.

ON BRIGE - emerging from the room next door and rushing up to Adelaide. They hear MAEVE'S SHRIEKS and LAUGHTER (O.S.)

ADELAIDE

Tell her ladyship her groom has
just resigned!

Adelaide jams her hat on and runs off down the corridor. Brige, pale, crosses herself, as she COUGHS hard. Brige puts her handkerchief to her mouth. There is BLOOD on her handkerchief. Brige's eyes slowly widen.

EXT./INT. BARN. SPUNKY FLAT. NIGHT. (MINUTES LATER)

ADELAIDE rushes in and looks over. MCCREADY, emerges from behind his Horse, and stands there, shirt open to his waist. He smiles, walking towards her. Adelaide gulps very hard.

ADELAIDE

Those kisses we had were strangely
pleasurable, McCready, but we come
from a different social strata and
we couldn't possibly ..?!

MCCREADY

Out west now, darlin'. Old rules
don't apply!

McCready grins and walks towards her. They kiss and sink towards a pile of hay in the corner. McCready pulls off his shirt and Adelaide laughs and rolls on top of him.

ADELAIDE

Out west now, McCready. Old rules
don't apply. Girls on top!

A COW MOOS as they roll around in the hay.

INT. MAEVE'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. (SAME TIME)

CHARLES grins as he climbs on top of MAEVE in bed, kissing her neck. She has the RUBY NECKLACE on. Charles stares at the necklace as he kisses her neck fondly.

CHARLES

Let's vamoosh, sweet dollymop and
leave this town to the tossing
turds who live here!

MAEVE suddenly sits bold upright, reeling.

MAEVE

Bejaysus?! I'm beddin' a bastard
Brit? Me folks would turn in their
graves if they saw me now? Best
stay on top!

Maeve rolls on top of Charles and grins down at him.

INT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (SAME TIME)

McCREADY comes in. He is beaming, happy. He comes up to
JUNETEENTH who is seated behind the bar and grins broadly.

JUNETEENTH

Geev Juneteenth zee kiss and she
tell you zee secret about Charlie!

McCready looks startled, but Juneteenth leans over the bar
and wrapping her arms around him, kisses him hard.

JUNETEENTH

Charlie's broken free! He's in the
town, so move fast, handsome!

EXT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

ADELAIDE is tying up her HORSE. Adelaide laughs to herself
softly and looks through the saloon window and reels back --

INT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. DAY. (CONTINUOUS)

McCREADY, eyes wide, pulls away, seeing ADELAIDE --

INT./EXT. BALCONY/JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. DAY. (DAYS
LATER)

MAEVE comes onto the balcony, she wears ADELAIDE'S RUBY
NECKLACE, her eyes red from crying. Maeve sees ADELAIDE in
the street, riding past and leans over, shouting down.

MAEVE

Addy? Addy?! Where are you going?

ADELAIDE

What do you care, Maeve? You've got
your filthy rich husband, your
sleazy lover. You've struck gold!

MAEVE grabs onto the balustrade, flinging back her veil.

MAEVE

I have to make a life for meself
and Johnny! I can't starve again? I
can't ...!

Adelaide circles around, in anguish, on her horse.

ADELAIDE

It's the New Age! We girls can live
how and where we want. Let's grab
that chance, Maeve, come on?!

SONG 11 - 'FOREVER TOGETHER'

- ADELAIDE & MAEVE sing.

Maeve, tears in her eyes, shakes her head as Adelaide,
beating back tears, takes off Maeve's SILVER LOCKET, throwing
it up onto the balcony. The silver locket lands near Maeve's
feet as Adelaide shouts up.

ADELAIDE

Your heart? Have it back, Maeve!
Might come in useful!

Adelaide gallops off as Maeve picks up the LOCKET, and
stumbles, back into her hotel room, crying as BRIGE,
horrified looks on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

BRIGE, angry, coughing, rushes up to MAEVE

BRIGE

All you ever cared about is money,
Maeve Morgan! When did ya forget to
care about p-p-people?!

Brige, coughing, staggers out, grabbing a gun as she goes.

EXT. VALLEY. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. EARLY EVENING.

ADELAIDE, beating back tears, gallops fast. BRIGE comes round
a bend, galloping on her horse. Brige shoots into the air.

A SHOT!

Adelaide turns around. Brige, coughing, rides up to her.

BRIGE

We Morgan girls never had no l-l-
love when we was young and our
hearts turned hard as stone. But we
c-c-care about you, Addy, so d-d-
don't give up on us as we're just
learnin' what love is!

Adelaide shakes her head quickly, very tearful, and gallops
away. Brige, coughing, shakes her head sadly.

EXT. ROAD. NEAR CUTTER'S PASS. EVENING. (LATER)

ADELAIDE gallops through a field towards CUTTER'S PASS.

EXT. BALCONY. ANGEL'S HOTEL/SALON. EVENING. (SAME TIME)

MAEVE stands clutching the balcony, her veil thrown back, her face bleak as she fingers her SILVER LOCKET. She beats back tears, anguished as she looks into the sky.

MAEVE

Johnny? Yeh's out there somewhere?
What's a girl to do?

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND. CUTTER'S PASS. EVENING. (SAME TIME)

ADELAIDE rides in as ELROY, nursing a fire, jumps up. Adelaide staggers over to Elroy and exhausted, collapses into his arms. Adelaide sobs as Elroy wraps a blanket around her.

Behind some bushes, we see the OIL snake over a field slowly.
OIL - BLACK GOLD!

INT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (WEEK LATER)

We see TWO TOWNSWOMEN (50's) finishing the floral decorations in the church. TOWNSWOMAN (#1) hisses over to TOWNSWOMAN (#2)

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
Marshall to be sent down from
Austin to clean up Spunky. Bout
time too!

THE MINISTER walks into the Church, they spring apart and carry on with their flower arranging.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY. DUBLIN. DAY. 1910.

ADELAIDE (50's) is seated in a public reading room of a library, leafing through some Parish records.

ADELAIDE

Johnny Morgan, Johnny Morgan? Where
are you, Johnny Morgan?

Adelaide sighs wearily and SLAMS her book closed. A COUPLE OF STERN LOOKING PEOPLE look over. JO rushes in

JO

Addy? Quick? Got a lead on Johnny!

Adelaide jumps up and punches the air. The STERN LOOKING PEOPLE frown over as they rush out.

EXT. BOTTLING PLANT. DUBLIN. DAY. 1910.

ON JOHNNY MORGAN (34) gaunt, face pale, black hair like his mother MAEVE'S. OTHER BOTTLING WORKERS sit in a row sorting out the bottles that pass by on a conveyer belt.

ADELAIDE and JO come to the door with the FOREMAN (50) large, red-faced. Adelaide's eyes widen.

FOREMAN

Sisters dumped him here years back.
Johnny speaks to no one, and no one
speaks to Johnny!

Adelaide gulps hard as she stares at Johnny.

ADELAIDE

Will Johnny speak to us?

PRE-LAP: CLAP OF THUNDER

EXT. STREET. DUBLIN. DAY. 1910.

The RAIN pours down as JO is driving. ADELAIDE is in the front seat, anxiously scanning the street. JO peers through the windscreen wipers, rain lashing down on the car.

JO

There were lots of people pouring
out - we'll find him, don't worry!

ADELAIDE

Step on it, Jo, step on it!

PRE-LAP: ANOTHER CLAP OF THUNDER.

INT./EXT. DARK ALLEY. DUBLIN. MOMENTS LATER. DAY. 1910.

RAIN pours down. ADELAIDE sees JOHNNY getting off the bus. JO'S car brakes SCREECH HARD as Adelaide jumps out.

Adelaide comes rushing into the dark alley. Johnny is walking away down one end. Adelaide calls out after him.

ADELAIDE

Stop! Johnny Morgan? Please stop?!

Johnny turns round. Adelaide, breathless, runs up and takes out MAEVE'S SILVER LOCKET

ADELAIDE

It's your Ma's, Johnny! Maeve
Morgan's. We were friends! We
lived, slept, worked the cattle
together. Cowboy girls!

Johnny, confused, steps nearer and slowly reaches out for the SILVER LOCKET and fingers it, opening it as Adelaide watches. Johnny stares hard at Adelaide, who nods slowly.

INT. JO'S CAR. SIDE STREET. DUBLIN. DAY. (BIT LATER) 1910.

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.

Adelaide, rubbing her wet hair with a towel, takes out a hip flask and offers it to Johnny. He smiles politely and shakes his head. Adelaide laughs softly and takes a swig.

ADELAIDE

I let your Ma down badly, and I
can't live with that anymore. I
want to take you home, Johnny!

Johnny stares at her curiously as she takes another swig. Adelaide is fired up, a bit drunk, eyes widening.

ADELAIDE

Men move mountains, women walk
starving across barren deserts,
just like we girls did, but where
is home, Johnny, that's what we
ever wanted to know. Where is home?

Johnny reaches forward for the hip flask - he takes a swig and nods politely. He blinks hard at her, his eyes wide.

JOHNNY

I don't know much, but don't they
say home is where the heart is?

Adelaide, reeling, nods slowly her eyes widening.

PRE-LAP: STEAM TRAIN WHISTLING.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. MID WEST. NIGHT. 1910. (NEXT DAY)

We hear ELROY singing:

ELROY (O.S.)

(singing)

*'Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope
play ... '*

ADELAIDE is seated by JO on a seat across from JOHNNY. Jo is asleep, her head leaning on Adelaide's shoulder. Adelaide smiles across to Johnny. Johnny smiles back shyly.

EXT. FIELD. MAEVE'S LAND. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY. 1882.

ELROY sings, huddled up, by the adobe mud hut.

ELROY
(singing)
*'Where seldom is heard, a
discouraging word
And
The skies are not cloudy all day!'*

A CROW walks over, it is having difficulty flying, its feathers stuck together with BLACK OIL. Elroy walks over and picking up the crow, getting oil on his fingers. Elroy jaw drops as he sees the swell of oil trickling over the field.

ELROY
(shrieking)
Miss Addy? Miss Addy?! We's got
black gold! We's got black gold!

ADELAIDE rushes out into the field and SHRIEKS. She grabs a pick axe, digging at the ground where the oil is.

A JET OF BLACK OIL squirts up high in the sky. Jumping up and down in the oil, Adelaide and Elroy dance around as the oil bursts upwards into the sky. Adelaide staggers around, happy.

EXT/INT. WAGON. DAY. NEAR SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (SAME TIME)

SEAN sits next to CARLO, the Mafia hit man, called for by JUNETEENTH, and a LARGE WOMAN and her PARROT in a cage as they bump along. Sean does some praying, his eyes closed as Carlo stares over, impressed.

SEAN
Hail Mary, full of grace!
Hail Mary, full of grace!

THE PARROT
Hail Mary, full of grace!
Hail Mary full of grace!

SEAN
Hail Mary, full of grace
Hail Mary ... ?!

THE PARROT
(interrupting)
Shut the feck up, Paddy!
Shut the feck up!

Carlo, shocked, opens the parrot's cage and throttles it. The parrot SQUAWKS and dies as the WOMAN, who owns the parrot, SCREAMS loudly as Sean's eyes widen. Carlo shrugs at Sean.

EXT. JUNETEENTH'S HOTEL/SALOON. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (LATER)

MAEVE, her veil covering her face, is driven through the town in an open carriage, BRIGE is seated next to her, clutching her hand. Maeve gulps hard and blinks bravely at Brige.

McCREADY and CHARLES, attached to McCready by handcuffs, sit on a bench outside Juneteenth's saloon. They watch as Maeve and Brige pass by in their carriage. Charles sighs deeply.

McCREADY gets up and drags Charles up and they walk towards the Church along the boardwalk. Charles's face darkens.

EXT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

ON CHURCH BELLS - ringing loudly.

ON A SMALL CROWD OF TOWNSPEOPLE - entering the church.

EXT. DIRT ROAD. OUTSIDE SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (LATER)

SEAN jumps off the covered wagon, clutching his bag. CARLO, the Mafia hit man gets down and nods at Sean respectfully.

CARLO

You very fine Catholic, you pray
and pray and pray, mister?

SEAN

I've sinned a bit, ya see!

CARLO

I have man to keel. A man named
Charlie. Pray for me, meester! Are
you in zee 'famiglia'? Zee family?

SEAN laughs, suddenly relieved.

SEAN

I'm in the family alright! Got two
momma's out here, two babbies. I'm
the papa!

CARLO

You zee 'Papa'?

Carlo gasps, sinking to his knees and kissing Sean's hand.

CARLO

Mama mia?! Lead me, Papa and I will
follow you!

Sean gulps, confused as Carlo picks up Sean's bags.

PRE-LAP: CHURCH ORGAN MUSIC.

INT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (HOUR LATER)

ON A CHURCH ORGANIST - busily playing the piano.

ON THE WEDDING GUESTS - turning, smiling, to face MAEVE, veil over her face, walking up to the altar, BRIGE behind her, carrying her long train.

EXT. ROAD. OUTSIDE SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON ADELAIDE - thundering along on her horse, Elroy on the back. Adelaide's face is covered black with oil, she spurs her horse on, riding onwards ...

INT. CHURCH. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ON BRANSOME - standing proudly at the altar, as MAEVE approaches. Bransome beams over at Maeve.

ON MAEVE - we see her through her veil, her eyes filling up with tears. She remembers:

START FLASHBACK.

INT. RODEO RING. DAY. 1881.

MAEVE and ADELAIDE, a STEER in the background tied to the floor, Adelaide's shotgun swinging over her shoulder. Their arms are around each other's shoulders as run around the ring, throwing their hats in the air as the CROWD CHEER.

EXT. PLAIN. DAY. 1881.

MAEVE laughs hard as ADELAIDE struggles to ride her horse bareback but slips off onto the grass. Adelaide grins over.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CHURCH. MOMENTS LATER.

ON MAEVE - lifting up her veil. She wobbles. Can she do this?

ON BRANSOME - smiling at her, sweating, leaning in.

ON JUNETEENTH - slipping into the church. Juneteenth sits behind Charles and leaning forward hisses in his ear.

JUNETEENTH
You're zee dead man, Charlie!

ON ALVIN and EUGENE - walking in to sit at the back.

ON BRIGE - COUGHING LOUDLY. She splutters and blood appears in her handkerchief. She's unable to stop coughing.

ON MAEVE - spinning round, worried about Brige.

ON BRANSOME - unsettled as is the PRIEST standing before them, rolling his eyes.

ON SEAN - popping his head into the Church, followed by CARLO. Sean sees Maeve and Brige and runs up the aisle.

SEAN

Girlies?! It's me, Sean! I'm here
to make amends. I'm the Papa!

Maeve flings off her veil and spins round as Sean, followed by Carlo, runs up the altar towards them.

MAEVE

Sean O'Mara? Yeh took yer frickin'
time! Got a bone to pick with you!

Carlo jumps in front of Sean, and pulls out his shotgun.

PEOPLE GASP AND REEL BACK - as Carlo swings his shotgun around. They duck down in their pew seats.

Charles, pulling away from McCready, wraps the chain around McCready's neck and pulls it tight as McCready splutters. Juneteenth, popping up from the pew seat behind Charles, waves over to Carlo and quickly points to Charles.

JUNETEENTH

Carlo? Mama send you?! Juneteenth!
Zee bad man's over here! Here!

Carlo aims at Charles as Juneteenth ducks down in her seat. Eugene and Alvin whisk out their guns and aim at Carlo.

ALL FREEZE - a MEXICAN STANDOFF.

Maeve, hands on hips, steps into the middle of the aisle.

MAEVE

When you men have finished, I would
like to carry on with me frickin'
weddin' as it's me intention to
become filthy feckin' rich, even if
I do have to marry a foul-breathed
frickin' fraudster!

BRANSOME reels back, horrified and grabs Maeve's arm roughly as Sean, horrified, runs over, waving his arms.

SEAN

Hold it, mister? That's the mother
of me babby? I'm the papa!

BRANSOME

reels back, whisking his gun out and aims at Sean.

CARLO

shoots Bransome, who staggers towards Maeve, collapsing into her arms, his blood smearing her white wedding dress.

ALVIN

shoots Carlo, who staggers back and falls over a pew seat.

SEAN

tangled up in Maeve's long wedding train, struggles to try and reach her.

SEAN

Begorrah? What you girlies got me wrapped up in here?!

ADELAIDE

rushes in, followed by ELROY, her face totally covered in black oil. Highly excited, she runs towards Maeve.

ADELAIDE

We've hit black gold, girls - oil!
We're free, free!

ON MAEVE - her eyes widening with amazement.

ON ADELAIDE - seeing Charles, shielding himself with McCready, he neck still in Charles's chain.

ON MCCREADY - blinking hard at Adelaide, his eyes watering.

ON ADELAIDE - nodding at him quickly, pointing her shotgun at Charles as she walks backwards up the aisle.

ADELAIDE

Come on, Smythe, you vile imposter!
I'm waiting for you at the altar,
just like I did on our wedding day
when you ran off with my heirloom!
Come up and join me now, you dog!

ON CHARLES - reeling backwards, stares at Adelaide, black with oil, as he lets the chain drop around McCready's neck.

ON MCCREADY - grabbing his gun, shoots the chain which bursts open. McCready dives under some LADIES'S LARGE CRINOLINES. The ladies SHRIEK as McCready shelters under their dresses.

ON MAEVE - takes off the RUBY NECKLACE and handing it to Adelaide. She grins hard.

MAEVE

Kept it safe for ya, Addy!

ADELAIDE - breathless, nods, her gun pointing at Charles. She takes the ruby necklace, shoving it into her pocket.

CHARLES - being thrown a gun by Alvin, waves the gun around, backing out of the church, followed by Alvin and Eugene.

ADELAIDE - nods over to Maeve and Brige as they hitch up their long dresses and run out of the church after her.

MCCREADY - runs out after them as does Sean and Carlo.

EXT. CHURCH. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

MAEVE, cursing, rips off her wedding train and hitching up her petticoats, leaps onto her horse as ADELAIDE and MCCREADY jump on their horses. They all ride off after CHARLES.

SEAN, eyes wide, watches as BRIGE is helped on her horse by ELROY and she rides off after Maeve. JUNETEENTH emerges and struggles to get up on a horse in her dress, falling off backwards onto the ground.

JUNETEENTH

Aye?! Wait?! Juneteenth eez gotta
get zee story! Wait, you fuckas,
wait for me ...?!

SEAN stares over at Juneteenth, shocked.

SEAN

Rippin' off their bloomers,
dressing and cussing as men? These
girls have turned wild and wicked!

A BULLET whizzes past Sean's ear and Sean SHRIEKS and dives into an open beer barrel full of beer. Sean emerges, licking his lips, a bit drunk. He scoops up some more beer.

SEAN

I'm back to the Bowery, me!

JUNETEENTH finally gets on her horse, side saddle, struggling to stay on. She rolls her eyes wildly and trots off.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD/VALLEY/HIGH RIDGE. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

ADELAIDE thunders along the road, but MCCREADY, riding behind, overtakes her.

MCCREADY

Tekkin him back alive, darlin'!

McCready rides off ahead as Adelaide curses and digs her heels in. MAEVE keeps the lead out front, catching up with CHARLES.

Charles looks back at Maeve, who is riding closer as EUGENE and ALVIN ride closely behind him. Maeve thundering along on her horse, takes aim at Eugene.

A SHOT!

EUGENE

falls off his horse, dead, one foot in the stirrup, dragged along in the dust. The horse NEIGHS loudly.

MAEVE

gallops after Charles and Alvin as they ride across a valley.

ADELAIDE

overtakes McCready, catching up with Maeve, aiming at Alvin.

A SHOT!

ALVIN is wounded and slumps forward on his horse but he keeps riding.

CHARLES

looks back at Maeve and Adelaide and takes a stony side path up to the high, flat ridge. Adelaide, riding beside her, shouts over at Maeve.

ADELAIDE

I'll circle round the back! Cut
them off at the top!

Maeve nods, eyes wide, riding up the stony path after Charles and Alvin, as Adelaide charges off on a different route. Charles and Alvin appear near the top of the winding path, and jumping off their horses, hide behind some boulders.

Maeve jumps off her horse, crouching down behind another boulder. Brige and Juneteenth catch up. They join Maeve. Alvin higher up the path on his horse, is unaware of Adelaide creeping up on him from above. She aims down at him.

A SHOT!

Alvin falls dead. McCready, hidden behind some bushes, emerges on his horse and follows Charles, who shoots back at him.

SHOTS RING OUT!

McCready's horse panics and McCready is thrown off his horse. Charles gallops off as Adelaide sees McCready on the ground.

ADELAIDE

McCready?!

She rides over as McCready opens his eyes, pats his pocket book of Burns poetry and grins up at Adelaide, breathless, his face bloody. He slowly grins up at her.

MCCREADY

Poetry can save yeh life!

Maeve, Brige and Juneteenth ride over and see Adelaide leaning in to kiss McCready. Maeve, reels back, eyes wide.

MAEVE

Love does exist? I've just seen it!

Brige laughs as Juneteenth smiles, tipping her hat to salute Adelaide. Adelaide smiles back at Juneteenth. Adelaide shouts back at McCready.

ADELAIDE

The mad dog's mine, McCready!

McCready gets up and staggers over to climb on his horse but he gets tangled up in the stirrups. He curses and struggles.

MCCREADY

Ach?! How did ah get tangled up
with a bastartin' cowboy girl?!

MAEVE, ADELAIDE, BRIGE and JUNETEENTH ride on together.

SONG - 'COWBOY GIRLS' - REFRAIN.

PRE-LAP: THUNDERING HOOVES

EXT. HIGH RIDGE/PRECIPICE. CUTTER'S PASS. DAY.

ON CHARLES'S EYES - looking wild as he rides up to the high ridge that overhangs MAEVE'S land. He jumps off his horse and runs to hide behind some bushes with his horse.

ON ADELAIDE AND MAEVE - riding up. They jump off and take cover.

ON CHARLES - sweating hard, looking through the bushes at the two women coming after him. He shakes his head.

CHARLES

Who the hell do these bloomin'
cowgirls think they are? Never
heard of male oppression?!

ON ADELAIDE - dismounting and slapping her horse in the direction of Charles, runs along behind it, getting nearer.

CHARLES (O.S.)

(shouting)

I was never Marshall so that claim
of yours means nothing, cowgirls!

ON MAEVE - running out, outraged, shooting at the bushes where Charles is hiding.

MAEVE

Never! This land is ours! Ours!

ON MCCREADY - thundering up after them, aims and shoots Charles in the arm.

ON CHARLES - dropping his gun, staggering towards the edge of the flat, high ridge, that overhangs the land.

ON MCCREADY - running towards Charles as Charles aims at him but misses. The two men wrestle near the edge of the precipice, a death defying drop below them.

ON CHARLES - whisking out his small knife and lunging at McCready.

CHARLES

Gonna carve ya up, Scottie!

MCCREADY dodges Charles, rolling around on the ground. He sees Adelaide, taking aim at Charles and shakes his head.

MCCREADY

No?! I've got him, Sureshot!

CHARLES, sitting on top of him, shoves his knife under McCready's throat and laughing wildly, shouts over at Adelaide.

CHARLES

Say goodbye to yer sweetheart,
Adelaide! Gonna chop him up and
serve him in pieces down the Dilly!

Adelaide, eyes widening with horror, grips her gun. Maeve looking over at Adelaide shouts out in disbelief.

MAEVE

Do it, Addy! Shoot!

Charles drags McCready to the edge of the ridge, laughing wildly.

CHARLES

No poems, McCready? How's about?
I'm about to bloomin' die, the
bleedin' drop is oh-so high!

ADELAIDE

eyes widening, aims at Charles, but freezes. If she fires she kills Charles, if she misses, she kills McCready!

MAEVE

seeing Adelaide freeze, takes aim at Charles as -

CHARLES

takes aim at Maeve, but Brige, rushes in front of Maeve and Charles shoots Brige.

BRIGE

collapses and falls to the ground.

MAEVE

horrified, runs over to Brige!

MCCREADY

teeters near the edge with Charles hanging onto him.

ADELAIDE

unfreezing, shoots Charles in the leg, so he releases his grip on McCready who runs back from the edge as ...

CHARLES

staggers backwards to the very edge of the ridge, grabbing his wounded leg, wobbling around.

CHARLES

No? I can't die?! I'm too young,
too handsome ...?!

Maeve, eyes widening with horror, at Brige's side, spins around, aiming her gun at Charles. Maeve hits him in the chest and Charles stumbles backwards, plunging down into the valley as they all watch, horrified.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Me hopes?! Me dreams ...?!

Adelaide runs towards McCready, hugging him hard. Maeve puts Brige's gently head in her lap as Brige, weakening, coughs.

MAEVE

I'll frickin' kill yer if ya die
now, Brige Morgan?! Brige ...?!

Brige coughs hard, she's weakening.

BRIGE

Look after my Matty and Addy! B-b-
best friend you've ever had. She
loves ya, Maeve, loves ya so!

McCready and Adelaide rush over. Brige coughs and smiles gently and closes her eyes as Maeve collapses as Adelaide hugs her fiercely. Juneteenth looks on sadly.

PRE-LAP - IRISH FIDDLE MUSIC

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND/WILLOW TREE. DAY. 1882. (WEEKS LATER)

ON AN IRISH FIDDLE PLAYER - playing his fiddle gently.

ON MAEVE - dressed in black, under a large willow tree.

ON ADELAIDE - also dressed in black, standing, head down with ELROY and JUNETEENTH standing further back.

ON MCCREADY - further back, hat off, wiping away a tear.

ON A COUPLE OF MEN - placing a marble cross on Brige's grave and they pat the ground with spades. A PRIEST nods, shaking his head sadly and walking off.

ON MAEVE - kneeling down, placing a huge bunch of white flowers on Brige's grave.

ON MCCREADY - putting his hat back on, walking away.

ON ADELAIDE - eyes widening as she sees him go.

EXT. WIDE OPEN PLAIN. DAY. (LATER)

MCCREADY is riding through the open plain on his horse.

A SHOT!

ADELAIDE, yielding her rifle, thunders up to him.

ADELAIDE

McCready? McCready, damn you?! Turn your horse around now!

McCready pulls his horse's reins as she rides near.

MCCREADY

Ah'm a Pinkerton man, darlin'.
Goin' back to face the music!

Adelaide shakes her head quickly, eyes widening.

ADELAIDE

But we're rich now! I can give you
a job, running the oil rigs, I can!

McCready shakes his head, smiling lovingly at her. Adelaide shakes her head, reeling, as he leans over for a kiss. She leans in and they kiss. McCready pulls back gently.

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!'*

Adelaide, tears rolling down her cheeks, watches as McCready rides off across the empty plain.

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. TEXAS. DAY. 1883. (MONTHS LATER)

MAEVE is seated, pale, dressed in black in her rocking chair on her Veranda, staring into the horizon. ELROY, also dressed in black, he looks over and sighs deeply.

ADELAIDE climbs up onto the steps at one end of the veranda and looks over at Elroy who slowly shakes his head. He leans into Adelaide.

ELROY

She won't forgive herself, Miss
Addy. Blames herself for Brige!

Adelaide nods sadly and slowly walks down the steps again.

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. TEXAS. DAY. 1883. (WEEKS LATER)

MAEVE is seated, pale, frozen, still dressed in black in her rocking chair. Maeve stares into the horizon as ELROY comes out with a tray, a pot of tea on it. He places it down and looks at Maeve but Maeve gulps and shakes her head.

ADELAIDE drives a pony and trap towards Maeve's mansion, dressed in a bonnet and travelling outfit, the lady that she once was. Her luggage is piled up in the back.

Adelaide ties up her pony and trap, and climbs up onto the steps of the Veranda. She looks over at Maeve.

ADELAIDE

I can't live a life of mourning,
Maeve. I want go back East, see my
family again, see McCready. I've
lived so long as a man I've
forgotten how to be a woman!

Maeve, eyes widening, suddenly gets up and moves towards the balustrade as Adelaide walks down the steps and gets into her trap. Maeve shakes her head, horrified, gripping the balustrade. She calls down to Adelaide.

MAEVE

Yer me best friend, Addy! No?! You
can't go?! Here? Take it?! Me
heart!

ON MAEVE - throwing Adelaide her SILVER LOCKET.

ON ADELAIDE - catching the locket and looking up at her.

ON MAEVE - staring down at Adelaide, her eyes widening.

MAEVE
 (desperate)
 Addy? Ya can't leave me, ya hear?

ON ADELAIDE - slowly shaking her head, turning the pony and trap around and starting to drive away. She doesn't look back and drives across the flat, empty land.

ON MAEVE - tears welling up in her eyes, shaking her head, horrified.

PRE-LAP: IRISH FIDDLE MUSIC -

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COTTAGE, COUNTY DONEGAL, IRELAND. 1865. DAY.

MAEVE'S MOTHER, KATHLEEN, leaving with her YOUNGER SIBLINGS in the wooden cart. YOUNG MAEVE GASPS loudly, horrified, her eyes widening as she shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MAEVE'S HOUSE. DAY

Maeve grabs the balustrade, reeling as Addy rides off. Adelaide doesn't turn back, tears streaming down her face.

MAEVE
 (shouting)
 Go on then, leave?! Go back East to
 yer fancy frickin' friends and your
 lost lover as I'll never leave me
 land, never! If yeh ever come back,
 I'll shoot ya dead like a dog!

Adelaide gasps, shocked, but drives on, tears in her eyes as Maeve staggers backwards and collapses as ELROY rushes to help her.

EXT. ROAD. EMPTY PLAIN. TEXAS. 1883. DAY. (MOVING)

ADELAIDE, tears pouring down her face, her eyes fixed on the road ahead, drives her pony and trap along the road through the empty plain.

EXT. ROAD. EMPTY PLAIN. TEXAS. 1910. DAY. PRESENT DAY.
 (MOVING)

ADELAIDE is sitting in the back of an open topped car, JOHNNY seated in the front, sits next to a JO, who drives. Adelaide exhales, leaning out, smiling happily, the wind in her hair.

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. TEXAS. DAY. 1910. (PRESENT DAY)

ON JUNETEENTH - seen through MAEVE'S binoculars, wearing her 'western' cowboy girl hat and leather breeches. She trots awkwardly across the flat land in front of Maeve's Mansion.

MAEVE (O.S.)
 (laughing gently)
 Easy on me horse, Juneteenth? He's
 a thoroughbred and he don't need
 you breakin' him in!

Maeve, lowering the binoculars laughs hard. ELROY rushes onto the Veranda, he's very excited.

ELROY
 Mizz Adelaide has just rung! Says
 she'll be here tomorrow!

Maeve reels back, breathing hard as Elroy gulps hard.

EXT. HIGH RIDGE. MAEVE'S LAND. DAY. 1910. (LATER)

MAEVE and JUNETEENTH sit on their horses up the high ridge, overhanging Maeve's land. They smoke cigars, staring out.

JUNETEENTH
 Brige was dying before that shoot
 out, Maeve. She was a lunger, took
 zee bullet for you because she was
 dying!

Maeve reels back, confused. Juneteenth nods sadly.

JUNETEENTH
 She loved you so much, Maeve!

Maeve shrugs, blinking very hard. Juneteenth smiles at her.

JUNETEENTH
 We all do, you crazy buzzard, but
 you gotta leave zee past behind!

MAEVE
 Yeh right. We can't stay stuck in
 the past. You're right!

Juneteenth smiles gently, proud of herself. Job done!

JUNETEENTH
 What you gonna do about Adelaide?

MAEVE
 What ya think I'm gonna do,
 Juneteenth? I'm gonna to shoot her!

Juneteenth's jaw drops, her cigar dropping from her lips.

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. TEXAS. DAY. (LATER)

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, eyes widening.

Maeve handles the gun, lost in her thoughts as Elroy SLAMS the tray down hard on a table.

ELROY

Miss Morgan, I've been Manager here for thirty years but if you kill Miss Adelaide, I'm packing my bags and headin' straight back to Georgia!

Maeve, alarmed, glares over at Elroy as Matt jumps up.

MATT

It's all me?! I've been diggin' up memories and stirred up a hornet's nest. I'm so sorry, Aunt Maeve!

Matt runs down the steps and gets on his horse.

MATT

Gonna join the boys down at the Creek for a few beers!

Maeve and Elroy watches Matt ride off across the flat land. Elroy breathes hard and looks at Maeve and softens.

MAEVE

If you hadn't found that crow covered in oil we wouldn't have this home, and don't call me 'miss' one day more. I'm Maeve. You're Elroy. Surprised you didn't leave when Addy left. Often bothered me?

Elroy shrugs and slowly grins at her.

ELROY

Well, there you go. I'm still here and Adelaide's coming back!

ON MAEVE - her eyes widening as she fingers her gun.

EXT. FLAT LAND. TEXAS. DAY. 1910. (DAY LATER)

ON ADELAIDE - sitting in the front of an open topped Chevrolet which JO, her sister, drives. JOHNNY is seated in the back. Jo shoots Adelaide a look and Adelaide nods with determination.

ADELAIDE

I lost McCready, shot down in a back street alley chasing a black heart villain. I can't lose the one friend who has always loved me!

JO shakes her head, satisfied. Adelaide smiles, breathing in the air.

ADELAIDE

I can't practise law anymore. This
land belittles the law!

Jo laughs as she drives and Johnny, more confident, leans forward to Adelaide and smiles.

JOHNNY

This is a frickin' big country, if
ya don't mind me sayin', ladies?

ADELAIDE

Ha? Try doing it in a covered
wagon, buster!

Johnny laughs softly. He looks happy, wind in his hair.

JOHNNY

Me ma? Is she, you know? Worth all
of this?

Adelaide blinks hard and smiles slightly.

ADELAIDE

(almost to herself)
Oh, yes. And a whole lot more!

Johnny shrugs and smiles, turning around.

PRE-LAP: A RHYTHMICAL THUDDING SOUND.

MAEVE (O.S.)

(singing)
*We'll take a chance and head out
West
And then we'll dig for gold!*

EXT. VERANDA. MAEVE'S HOUSE. SPUNKY FLAT. DAY.

MAEVE sits in her chair and sings *'The Hunger'*, banging the floor rhythmically with her shotgun.

MAEVE

(singing)
*We'll dance upon the Blarney Stone
Our fortunes will be told!*

ELROY stands at the other end of the veranda near JUNETEENTH who look over as they exchange worried looks.

EXT. MAEVE'S LAND. DAY. (BIT LATER)

ELROY drives MAEVE's Chevrolet over the flat, vast land towards the gates as JUNETEENTH sits in the back. Maeve is in her cowgirl hat and riding gear, grasping her shotgun.

EXT. MAEVE'S RANCH. THE GATES. DAY. (MOMENTS LATER)

The open-topped Ford approaches the huge metal gates, the metal 'M' for 'Morgan' hanging over the gates. JO turns off the engine and ADELAIDE climbs out. Jo gets out as JOHNNY leans out of the window, his eyes widening. Jo stands by Adelaide squeezing her hand. Adelaide gulps hard.

MAEVE'S Chevrolet slowly approaches the gates. ELROY gets out and opens the gates. They drive through. Elroy opens Maeve's door. Maeve gets out, she holds her shotgun.

Jo shoots a quick look at Adelaide who stands firm. JUNETEENTH gets out after Maeve. She bites her lip, looking from Maeve to Adelaide. Adelaide walks slowly towards Maeve as all watch. She stops and smiles gently, gulping hard.

Beat.

ADELAIDE

Hello, Maeve. Long time. I was worried I ever came to visit, you might, you know? Shoot me?!

Maeve, grips her shotgun, her eyes widening as Adelaide stands firm.

ADELAIDE

I've got your boy, Maeve!

Maeve, shocked, staggers back and looks over to the car, and sees JOHNNY, leaning out. He grins and waves nervously. Maeve clutches her throat, dropping her gun as Johnny jumps out.

IRISH MUSIC as Maeve remembers BABY JOHNNY being taken away from her in the convent. Maeve rubs her eyes in disbelief as JOHNNY walks over to her. He passes Maeve the silver locket and smiles gently.

JOHNNY

Your locket, ma. Thought you might like it back?

Maeve takes the locket as Adelaide gulps nervously. Maeve now rushes forward to hug him, laughing and crying.

MAEVE

Oh, Johnny, meh babby? I never thought I'd see ya again?! But you came back, you came found me?!

Johnny hugs her back fiercely. Johnny pulls back and points over to Adelaide, watching, blinking back tears now.

JOHNNY

She came found me, ma! Heard all ya stories, ma. You girls were wild!

Maeve wipes away tears and stares over at Adelaide who smiles at her. Maeve laughs and wipes back her tears. Maeve stares over at Adelaide who smiles warmly back at her. Maeve picks up her shotgun and walks towards her.

MAEVE

What did I say to you, back in that barn, Addy? 'Lovers, they come and go ... ?'

ADELAIDE

'But friends are the ones you'll always know!' Of course I remember, Maeve. And I'm back!

MAEVE

I can see that, Addy. Did warn ya, mind...?

MAEVE, hauling up her shotgun aims at Adelaide as people SHRIEK! Maeve cackles and lowers the gun as Adelaide bursts out laughing, wiping her brow.

MATT comes galloping through the gates with a horse tied behind him. Matt jumps down and nods over at Adelaide.

ADELAIDE

Baby Matt? Boy? You've grown up!

Juneteenth, smiling, relieved, whisks out her notebook and scribbles down words.

JUNETEENTH

Two friends, one a high society lady, zee other, a pees-poor Irish peasant, crossing this mighty country together, torn apart by a tragic death ...

Maeve grins at Adelaide rush together and hug fiercely as people CLAP, relieved. Maeve calls over to Juneteenth.

MAEVE

Addy will want that Mary Pickford playing her in yer moving picture, Juneteenth. I'm tellin' ya!

Maeve throws Adelaide the shotgun and Adelaide catches it, grinning proudly.

ADELAIDE

They don't call me 'Sureshot Addy' for nothing!

Matt now gives Adelaide a leg up onto his horse as Maeve mounts her own horse. Adelaide grins happily over at Maeve as Jo, Juneteenth, Elroy, Matt and Johnny watch them ride off.

MAEVE

What you gonna out here, then,
Addy? Become a two bit Rodeo girl?
We eat lawyers for breakfast!

Adelaide laughs happily, shaking her hair as she rides.

ADELAIDE

I don't know and I don't care! Know
one thing tough, Maeve. I'm home!

Maeve laughs and gallops off ahead.

A SHOT!

SONG - 'COWBOY GIRLS' - REFRAIN (ALL CAST SING)

Adelaide lowers her the gun, grinning, as Maeve looks back,
her horse rearing up. Adelaide thunders towards her and they
ride off. Juneteenth watches, laughing, shaking her head.

JUNETEENTH

Mama mia? Crazy cowboy girls!
Friendship found, friendship lost,
and zee friendship found once more!

Juneteenth does a skip and a hop, throwing her notebook into
the air and catching it.

JUNETEENTH

I gotta my ending!

FADE OUT.

THE END

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Song - 'The Hunger', music & lyrics, Barbara Jane Mackie
Musical Supervisor/Arranger - John Cameron

All songs - <http://www.cowboygirlsthemusical.com>

(11 songs, approx 2/3 mins each - running time on songs - 30
minutes. Running time of film approx 2 hours, 25 minutes.)

