

PLUME

Pilot

"The Boring Life Of Vesper Grey"

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Based on the graphic novel "Plume" by

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EXT. CATTLEBROOK - DAY

An old west town that sits like an island in a sea of sand. Vultures circle the sky in impressive numbers.

VESPER GREY (20; mixed race), one hand on her hip, holds a smoking, GOLD REVOLVER in her free hand. She wears a corset, blue jeans, a hip holster and brown knee-high boots.

Vesper blows the smoke from the barrel of her gun and flashes a satisfied smirk to--

CORRICK, a gorgeous man with shock-white shoulder-length hair, broad shoulders and glowing, golden eyes. Like a Greek adonis mixed with Doc Holliday.

They're surrounded by bodies. Whatever just happened here made the Wild Bunch look tame. Who the hell are these two?

A GROAN from one of the nearby bodies. Without hesitation Vesper fires a round into the newly-minted corpse ending his suffering.

She flips open the cylinder and dumps the spent shells into the dirt at her feet.

Corrick gives her some serious side-eye.

VESPER

What?!

Corrick just shakes his head. Silently judging.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. I lost my temper. But god help me, killing is therapeutic.

CORRICK

Whatever you say, Vesper.

VESPER

Besides, it's not like this was completely senseless violence.

She pulls back the torn canvas covering the overturned carriage to reveal a LOCKED CHEST.

VESPER (CONT'D)

(to the chest)

Hello beautiful. I promise to be gentle.

With a loud "HEYA!" kicks the lock off the chest.

Corrick brushes dust off the shoulder of his duster.
Unimpressed by this display.

VESPER (CONT'D)

This is it?

She reaches into the chest and pulls out an ancient looking
mask carved from wood.

VESPER (CONT'D)

A mask? All this for some old mask?

Corrick slips a WEATHERED JOURNAL from inside his duster and
casually flips through the pages.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Two weeks of travelling, one dead
horse, a near-drowning and we
killed half this shitty town all
for--

CORRICK

The Mask of the Seraphim.

(reads from journal)

It says here that it "grants the
bearer the Seven Celestial Wings of
Fire."

VESPER

The who of what? Why would anyone
want that? Are you just on fire the
whole time?

CORRICK

Apparently, they give you the
ability to reach godlike speeds.

He closes the journal. The wheels in Vespers head are already
turning.

Corrick looks apprehensive, he's seen this look on her face
many times before.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Are we about to do something really
stupid?

VESPER

Or brilliant!

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE SCENIC OLD WEST - DAY

Vesper and Corrick blaze a literal trail of fire across dusty desert in a carriage pulled by a flaming horse with giant wings of fire.

Vesper laughs and smiles as the wind whips burning embers past her face. Vesper's enthusiasm is infectious.

Corrick can't help but smile.

SMASH TO:

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - MORNING

Everything in the house is cloaked in darkness. The colors as muted as the sound.

Vesper (16), a shell of the woman she will become, sits at a long, elegant table. She's slouched over her breakfast in a fancy, yet drab gown.

SUPER: **TWO YEARS EARLIER...**

Around her neck is a brilliant gold chain from which a small, round, gold amulet hangs. Vesper lovingly fiddles with the necklace, miles away in her mind.

AGATHA (O.S.)

MS. GREY!

Vesper snaps to attention. At the opposite end of the table sits her aunt, **AGATHA MURDOCK**, a severe woman with an angular face and a tightly wound bun on the top of her head.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Sit up straight. I will not stand for any relative of mine slouching at my dining table.

VESPER

Sorry, Aunt Agatha.

AGATHA

You will never find a man to marry you with such poor posture, young lady.

VESPER

Yes, Aunt Agatha.

AGATHA

Imagine the look on your father's face when he returns from his explorations to find his only child slouching like some common street-urchin.

VESPER

I'm sorry, Aunt Agatha.

Vesper straighten her posture.

AGATHA

Now finish your breakfast, and head upstairs. We leave for worship in half an hour. I will *not* be late again, Ms. Grey.

INT. VESPER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vesper storms into her room and shuts the door behind her.

VESPER

(mocking her Aunt)

Sit up Ms. Grey. No man wants a sloucher.

(then)

Who would marry you with that hair, Ms. Grey?!

(then)

What man would want to be married to that scowl, Ms. Grey?! You must smile more!

(then; her own voice)

Pretty rich coming from the seventy-year-old widow who never remarried.

Vesper undresses down to her one-piece undergarments.

She tosses her dress across the bed and steps into the walk-in closet.

Vesper emerges from the closet in her Sunday best, complete with matching hat. She looks adorable (and a bit uncomfortable) as she checks herself in the mirror. Sighs.

VESPER (CONT'D)

She'll *still* find something to nitpick.

Her attention is drawn from her reflection to a photograph wedged into the corner of the mirror.

A handsome middle-aged man, **MAGNUS GREY**, Vesper's father, smiles at the unseen photographer.

VESPER (CONT'D)
 (to the picture)
 When will you be home, Papa?

AGATHA (O.S.)
 (from downstairs)
 VESPER!

Vesper rolls her eyes.

VESPER
 (loud; annoyed)
 Coming!

CUT TO:

EXT. MURDOCK MANOR - MORNING

A truly impressive estate, covered at the moment in several inches of snow. A small, frozen lake is situated in front of the massive home, with a long path running beside it. A horse-drawn carriage sits on the path waiting for--

Agatha and Vesper; who exit the house in a hurry.

AGATHA
 Step lively, girl. You embarrassed me enough last week to last a lifetime. Questioning the very nature of God in a house of Worship? Why I've never been so mortified in all my years...

As Agatha continues, Vesper walks a few steps ahead of her to conceal her eye-rolling.

WHOOOOOSH. An unexpected gust of wind blows across the grounds of the manor, nearly knocking Agatha off her feet.

Vesper turns to help her Aunt just as the wind whips up and knocks the hat off her head.

VESPER
 Ah!

She watches the hat flutter on an air current before settling down in the center of the frozen lake.

Without thinking Vesper gives chase to the hat. She takes a few tentative steps onto the ice before feeling confident enough to walk the rest of the way to her hat.

Agatha regains her balance and scowls at her niece.

AGATHA
Ms. Grey get back her at once!

Vesper, cautiously, closes the gap to her hat.

VESPER
(to herself)
Almost there.

She takes a couple more steps, with each one she grows more confident in the firmness of the ice. Her pace quickens.

AGATHA
We're going to be late! Get back here this instant!

Vesper ignores her Aunt and snatches the hat up off the ice. She plops it back on her head and spins on her heel to face Agatha.

VESPER
See? Nothing to i--

CRACK. SPLOOOSH. The ice beneath her feet completely gives way and Vesper disappears into the freezing water below.

Agatha SHRIEKS.

AGATHA
HELP! SOMEONE HELP HER!

She hurries back towards the house screaming for help along the way.

INT. THE FROZEN LAKE - CONTINUOUS

It's silent under the water. Cold. Vesper sinks.

As she sinks her dark brown hair floats around her head, the weight of all her wet clothes pulling her rapidly down to the bottom. But then...

The amulet around Vesper's neck does indeed begin to GLOW.

As the golden glow grows ever brighter, Vesper is pulled by her necklace towards the surface of the water.

EXT. MURDOCK MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Vesper's yanked out of the water and lands hard on her stomach against the ice.

She sputters and coughs up a mouthful of water onto some very fancy-looking boots.

VESPER

Oh... Um...

She looks up to find Corrick's warm smile looking down at her. He extends a hand to help her to her feet.

CORRICK

Hello. Vesper Grey.

She takes his hand and he easily pulls her to her feet. She's shivering from the cold now.

VESPER

Who are you?

CORRICK

I am someone who knows better than to run out on ice.

He swats her lovingly on the back of the head.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Stupid girl.

VESPER

Hey...

CORRICK

My name is Corrick.

In one smooth-ass move he scoops her up into his arms like she's his newlywed bride. Their eyes lock for a brief, but truly magical moment.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Let's get you inside before you catch a nasty case of death, shall we?

Vesper gazes up at Corrick, speechless, as he effortlessly carries her up the front steps and into the manor.

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - BATHROOM - LATER

Vesper sits in the empty tub, wrapped in several layers of towels being tended to by a pair of MAIDS. The three women all eye Corrick, seated across the room, suspiciously.

He's a sight to behold, what with his white hair and literal-glow. Plus, his eyes are bright orange, like two tiny suns are burning in his irises.

VESPER

Could we... have a moment?

The two maids share a cautious glance to one another and then back to Corrick.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Please?

They reluctantly stand and exit, their eyes never leaving Corrick until the door is shut behind them.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Thank you. For saving my life.

Corrick nods.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Should I be afraid of you?

Corrick stands and kneels down next to the tub.

CORRICK

Are you?

VESPER

No.

CORRICK

Good.

VESPER

What's your name?

CORRICK

Corrick.

VESPER

Where did you come from?

CORRICK

Interesting necklace you got there.
Where did you get it?

She looks down.

VESPER

My father gave it to me when I was a little girl. He's an archeologist. Said he found it on one of his expeditions. Told me never to take it off.

CORRICK

Did he ever tell you why?

Vesper stares at her necklace with fresh eyes.

VESPER

No...

CORRICK

It's called the Amulet of Auru... It's over 600 years old. Back then it was nothing but a symbol of power worn in the crown of a king. Until the king was murdered and his brother ascended the throne. The brother was so paranoid that he'd wind up dead himself he demanded his most trusted advisor cast a spell. He bound a man's soul to the amulet, enslaving him to forever protect the person who wore the crown.

Vesper fondles the amulet with newfound fascination.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

They turned it into a necklace in the 17th century.

VESPER

And this is that necklace?

Corrick nods.

VESPER (CONT'D)

And that makes you...

CORRICK

The poor sod who's bound to it.

Vesper can't help but giggle. She tries to contain it but that just makes it worse.

VESPER

I'm sorry, but...

She laughs.

VESPER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's just a lot to take in. It's a little farfetched if you know what I--

Everything in the entire room begins to levitate off the ground, including Vesper.

As it happens a mysterious gust of wind whips through the room, rattling the windows and door. Corrick's skin begins to glow even brighter and the suns in his eyes explode until his entire eyes are pure white light.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Okay! I believe you! I believe! Put me down!

When he speaks, Corrick's voice has a deep resonant echo.

CORRICK

Vesper, you have nothing to worry about.

He brings himself face to face with floating Vesper.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

You are safe with me.

Her hand is interlaced with his. Their noses so close they could touch. Then--

It all stops. Vesper CRASHES to the ground outside the tub.

VESPER

Ow... yeah.. You're right. I feel completely safe.

The bathroom door bursts open and a furious Agatha storms in.

AGATHA

I don't know what sort of shenanigans you two are getting up to in here but I will have no funny business under my roof.

She notices Vesper on the floor.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

Ms. Grey! Why are you on the floor wrapped in a towel?

VESPER

I--

Agatha ignores her niece and turns to face Corrick.

AGATHA

And as for you, I do not care who-
or *what*- you are. I will not have a
man of your character sniff around
an impressionable young lady such
as my niece. I demand you leave.
Now!

Corrick doesn't budge.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

I mean it. Savior or not I will not
stand for... for... *voodoo* in my
house!

Corrick looks beyond Agatha to Vesper and the smallest of
smiles tugs at the corners of his mouth before he BURSTS INTO
A BLINDING BALL OF GOLDEN LIGHT.

Agatha audibly gasps. Then the light is gone and Corrick is
back to his usual level of golden glow.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

That's... you... I...

Agatha clicks her heels, straightens her posture and turns
her nose up at Corrick.

Without another word she quickly leaves the bathroom,
SLAMMING the door.

Vesper's beams at him.

VESPER

That was so great. Wow. I've always
wanted to shut her up like that.

CORRICK

All right listen up because there
are a few things you need to keep
in mind.

Vesper sits with her back to the tub.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Yes, I will protect you. No matter
what. But I follow the necklace.
Not you. So once someone else puts
on the amulet... I'm *theirs*.

Vesper nods that she understands.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Rule number two: under no circumstances can you ever touch my flesh.

VESPER

Why can't I--

CORRICK

Very painful for you. Just don't do it. Trust me.

(beat)

Finally, don't go looking for trouble. When you start toying with the hands of fate, running into danger, the power of the amulet weakens. So don't go run out on the train tracks because I might not be able to stop a speeding train. Got it?

VESPER

I think so...

CORRICK

Good enough.

VESPER

So what now?

CORRICK

Now you live your life as usual. Just with a little less worry.

He sits back down in the chair. There's a long beat where nothing happens.

VESPER

Just like that?

CORRICK

Just like that. Just live.

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - STUDY - LATER

Corrick lounges across a chair with a book in his lap.

Vesper studies her homework a few feet away at a small desk.

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - DINING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Vesper eats dinner. At the other end of the table sits Agatha. No one speaks. In the seat at the center of the table sits Corrick reading a book. He doesn't eat.

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - BATHROOM - A MONTH LATER

Vesper is in the bathtub. Corrick sits on the other side of the room, his back to her, reading another book.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vesper strolls through a small outdoor market with a small basket. She checks out the various fruits and fresh vegetables for sale from the vendors. Corrick walks a few steps behind her.

A DAPPER YOUNG MAN, about Vesper's age, spots her at an apple cart and makes his way through the crowd.

Corrick clocks it before the man gets within 10 feet of Vesper. He steps in front of the young man and *stares directly into his soul with burning eyes.*

The young man opens his mouth to protest.

CORRICK

Walk away.

The young man's mouth closes and he turns on his heels to walk back the way he came.

Vesper looks up from the apple, catches Corrick's gaze and waves. He nods back.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER - DAY

Corrick sits with his back to a tree reading his book.

Vesper is a few feet away from Corrick painting at an easel. She's done a pretty spectacular job of capturing Corrick reading his book under the tree.

INT. VESPER'S ROOM - DAY

Vesper is sprawled across her bed reading a book. Corrick sits in a chair by the door doing the same.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER...

Corrick looks up from his book. Hearing something outside that's too far away for Vesper to notice.

He stands and turns towards the window to peak outside.

VESPER

What is it?

Corrick turns back from the window with a genuine smile on his face.

CORRICK

It's your father. He's back.

Vesper drops her book to the floor and rushes down the stairs.

EXT. MURDOCK MANOR - DAY

It's a beautiful summer day as **MAGNUS GREY** takes the last of his luggage off the top of the carriage. He nods to the driver and flips him a gold coin.

Vesper flings open the front door and comes bounding down the driveway towards him.

VESPER

PAPA?

Magnus takes off his hat and smiles at his daughter.

MAGNUS

Hello, Cricket.

She throws her arms around him nearly knocking him to the floor. Magnus embraces his daughter. Taking in her smell.

VESPER

I missed you so much.

Magnus breaks the embrace to take the sight of her in.

MAGNUS

Are you crying?

Vesper wipes away tears.

VESPER

I'm fine. Just... Don't leave me again, all right?!

MAGNUS

Yup. You got it kid.

VESPER

Promise?

MAGNUS

Haha. Yes. I promise. As long as I
live I will never leave you-- OH
GOD!

His attention is drawn to Corrick leaning against the front
of the house.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

What happened?!

CORRICK

Hello, Magnus.

MAGNUS

Corrick.

They shake hands.

VESPER

You know about him?!

MAGNUS

Yes. When I first discovered the
amulet I put it on for safekeeping.
And I found myself, well, let's
just say in a jam--

CORRICK

He nearly walked off a cliff.

MAGNUS

It wasn't that bad.

CORRICK

If he hadn't been wearing the
amulet he would definitely be dead.

VESPER

Papa!

MAGNUS

Nevermind me. What happened to you?

VESPER

It was nothing. An accident.
Thankfully, you told me never to
take this thing off and I never
did.

MAGNUS

I'm glad he was there, but to be honest I didn't think you'd need him so soon. I didn't realize such a posh life here at your aunt's would be so dangerous.

AGATHA (O.S.)

Well she does have your blood running through her veins.

Magnus smiles. Vesper crosses her arms.

MAGNUS

Agatha... you look well.

AGATHA

Welcome home, brother. I'll have the help bring your bags inside.

MAGNUS

Not too far inside.

AGATHA

You won't be staying long?

MAGNUS

We won't.

VESPER

We?

Corrick perks up a bit.

MAGNUS

That's right, Cricket. We're going back west.

Vesper throws her arms around her dad and squeals a little. Corrick remains stoic as usual. Agatha seethes.

EXT. SMALL DUSTY TOWN - DAY

A small western town complete with a GENERAL STORE, A SALOON and a few other shops lining the single dirt road.

There's a loud CRASH from inside the saloon, followed immediately by a few SCREAMS. Then, a MAN is flung out the open doors to the saloon.

A beat later another man, **EDDIE**, steps out of the saloon.

EDDIE

Next time I see you in town I'll
cut off yer balls and choke you to
death with them!

He spits on the man and heads back inside.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed with drunken cowboys and surly outlaws. Somewhere, someone plays a drinkin' tunes on an old piano. A BARTENDER hurries back and forth with drinks for the demanding customers.

Eddie, a hulking man in his 40s, ignores all the commotion and makes his way to the stairs at the back of the place.

The stairway is lined with a variety of women, all of them "working girls", who nod or smile at Eddie as he passes.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

A beautiful redheaded woman, **TEGAN**, grinds her hips on top of a burly outlaw. She's teasing him. Getting him good and worked up too. Slowly she starts to unzip the front of her corset to reveal her--

Eddie BURSTS through the door.

EDDIE

TEGAN!

Tegan jumps with fright and nearly falls off the bed.

TEGAN

Jesus Christ, Eddie!

The burly outlaw sits up, pissed off.

BURLY OUTLAW

What the hell?!

He stands and stabs a finger in Eddie's chest.

BURLY OUTLAW (CONT'D)

I paid good money for that ride.
You got a lotta nerve--

Eddie BREAKS the man's finger with a sickening crack. Then he head butts the man's nose.

There's a loud POP followed by a gush of blood. The man falls back onto the bed.

EDDIE

You're goddamn right. I'm all nerve, motherfucker. Now get out before I toss you through that window.

The burly outlaw scrambles to his feet and out the door.

TEGAN

Was that really necessary?

EDDIE

You need to get the girls under control.

TEGAN

What happened now?

EDDIE

The same thing that keeps happening. I'm short my cut.

TEGAN

There must have been some--

Eddie backhands her. It's hard enough it knocks her to the floor.

EDDIE

I don't make mistakes! I want my cut. If your girls think they can work here and dip into my cut they've got another thing comin'. Now get up and go talk to the new one.

Tegan shakes her head a bit and slowly starts to her feet.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

NOW, TEGAN!

He pulls her up roughly by her arm and shoves her towards the door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

And when you see that bitch you tell her I want my money or a black eye will be the *least* of her worries.

Aggravated, but obedient, Tegan hurries out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - STUDY - EVENING

Magnus is surrounded by boxes and wooden crates. He's knee-deep in cataloguing all his artifacts and discoveries.

Agatha appears in the doorway to the study wearing a scowl.

AGATHA

Magnus, do you have a moment?

MAGNUS

For you, dear sister, I have five.

He sits on top of a nearby crate.

AGATHA

I want to discuss the girl.

MAGNUS

Vesper?

AGATHA

I think she should stay here in my care. Your... work... is too volatile, unpredictable, and frankly, unbecoming of the woman I have attempted to mold her into.

MAGNUS

Why don't you tell me how you *really* feel?

AGATHA

You jest, but this is your child's future on the line. It has taken me years to vitiate her mother's influence--

MAGNUS

And why would you want to do that?

Magnus stands.

AGATHA

We both know--

She chooses her words carefully, as the fury in her brothers eyes is poorly hidden.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
 Vesper's mother was of different
 stock.

MAGNUS
 Meaning?

AGATHA
 We don't need to go down this road
 again, brother. You know well my
 feelings on your life choices. I've
 done my best to raise your daughter
 as a proper, well-mannered lady of--

MAGNUS
 My wife was all of those things and
 more.

AGATHA
 (hisses)
 And it was your recklessness that
 got *her* killed too.

A beat. Magnus' demeanor darkens. Agatha instantly regrets
 her words.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I just care about--

MAGNUS
 Only yourself.

He turns away from her and continues to pack crates.

AGATHA
 You speak of me as if to imply you
 are any different. Who were you
 thinking of when you brought hell
 to my doorstep? You were you
 thinking of when you abandoned
 your child with me? Whose best
 interests were you thinking about?
 Mine, Vesper's, or your own?

He ignores her. Agatha bristles and clenches her hands into
 white-knuckled fists.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
 Well then, I suppose the only
 matter left to discuss is one of
 compensation.

Magnus straightens without turning to face her.

MAGNUS
Compensation?

AGATHA
You seem poised to make a small fortune on all of these artifacts and discoveries you've made. None of that would be possible had you been gallivanting the globe with a child in tow.

MAGNUS
So *that's* what this is? You want money? You live in a palace, Agatha.

AGATHA
Upkeep is very expensive. Not to mention feeding, clothing, and raising your unruly child. Thank god our Mother passed before she could see you breed with that n--

Magnus SLAMS his fist down onto a closed crate. It's loud and sudden enough to cause Agatha to jump.

MAGNUS
ENOUGH! GET OUT! OUT!

He swats at a nearby stack of boxes sending them crashing to the ground and spilling their contents all over the floor.

AGATHA
There's petulant, angry boy I remember. Pathetic.

MAGNUS
You continue to prove that you can take the trash out of the South but you can't take the South out of the trash.

She turns and exits without another word.

CUT TO:

INT. VESPER'S ROOM - LATER

Vesper is also packing her things. She's busy running around the room putting her clothes into a large chest at the foot of her bed. Corrick sits in his chair trying to read a book.

VESPER

Do you think we'll get all the way to the coast? What do you think the clothes are like out there? I wonder if there'll be other girls there. Or boys. Do you think there'll be people my age? Do you think they'll be like me?

CORRICK

You're one-of-a-kind.

VESPER

True; in that I'm probably the only girl with a magical necklace man in her bedroom at half-past midnight.

CORRICK

Speaking of which, shouldn't you get some rest? Tomorrow the courier comes and your father is expecting us to help finish packing his office.

VESPER

I don't know how I'm expected to sleep at all. Ever again! We're finally getting out of this hellhole and going on an adventure. Why aren't you more excited?

CORRICK

I've lived enough adventure to last me multiple lifetimes. I kind of like it here.

VESPER

That's all you do is read all day.

CORRICK

"I cannot live without books."
Thomas Jefferson said that.

VESPER

"The world is a book and those who do not travel read only one page."

CORRICK

Who said that?

VESPER

Saint Augustine. An actual Saint.

CORRICK

Jefferson was a President.

VESPER

Not even a good one though. Saint beats President. Sorry. Adventure wins!

CORRICK

Swashbuckling pirates rarely die peacefully in bed surrounded by loved ones.

VESPER

Who said that?

CORRICK

Me. Just now.

VESPER

Well, maybe dying peacefully is overrated?

Vesper turns back to her packing, unaware of the uneasy look on Corrick's face.

INT. MURDOCK MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Most of the room is packed up. There are a few items still left untouched on the desk. Vesper bends down to stare at a reddish ORB a little bigger than a baseball, inside of a glass casing.

VESPER

What's this one?

Magnus carries the last of his boxes and sets it on top of a pile near the door.

MAGNUS

That's the powerstone I found in South Africa.

Corrick is seated at the desk. He's flipping through the same journal he was reading back in the opening. It's one of Magnus' journals!

CORRICK

You wrote here that it's the "Otujaran Powerstone. Made from the ashes of past tribal members."

VESPER

Gross.

CORRICK

You also say here that it gives the carries tenfold strength?

MAGNUS

That's also true. It's the whole reason the Otieki tribe was wiped out a thousand years ago. And why I once kicked straight through a carriage by accident.

(beat)

Hence the glass enclosure.

VESPER

Neat. It sounds dangerous.

A COURIER enters the room and begins to load several large crates onto a handcart.

MAGNUS

Most of the relics I find are. That's why some are going to the vault at the museum and others are coming with us. It's not like I'm going to trust some courier with all of these.

A beat. Everyone looks to the courier who pauses mid-load.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

No offense.

The courier nods.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

(to Courier)

Anyway, these boxes are all going with you. Please use care when handling them.

COURIER

Yes, sir.

The courier wheels the crates out of the room. When he's gone Magnus bends down to put the lid on one of the remaining smaller boxes.

His jacket hangs open as he bends over and the light catches on the butt of a GOLDEN REVOLVER (yup, same one from the opening) in a shoulder holster.

VESPER

Papa. A gun?!

Magnus stands quickly, a little embarrassed.

MAGNUS

Some of the items we're taking with us are extremely powerful and rare, Vesper. There are individuals who would do anything to get their hands on them.

VESPER

Like who?

MAGNUS

The vengeful sort.

VESPER

Vengeful of what?

MAGNUS

Perhaps upset at my success. Or angry that I beat them to the artifacts. I'm not the only archeologist out there.

VESPER

And these other archeologists would... They'd hurt you to get these items?

MAGNUS

They might. Revenge is like a plume of black smoke. It seems tangible but when you reach for it you're grasping nothing but air. It's enough to drive a man insane. Insane men are unpredictable.

(pats the gun)

This is our protection from that unpredictability.

He brushes her hair out of her eye then places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Don't look so worried. We're safe. I have this gun and you have the ever watchful, vigilant and highly perceptive Corrick looking after you.

He motions to Corrick who is completely engrossed in the journal he's been reading. After a beat, he looks up at them.

CORRICK

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. MURDOCK MANOR - LATER

The courier has already left. All of their remaining belongings have been loaded up onto a large carriage. Magnus is seated in the carriage. Corrick extends his hand to help Vesper inside.

VESPER

Won't Aunt Agatha be along to see us off?

MAGNUS

I doubt it. She said she was feeling under the weather but she loves you very much.

Vesper takes a skeptical last look back at the place she's called home for her entire life.

VESPER

That doesn't sound like something she would say.

Magnus laughs as Corrick helps her into the carriage where she sits down across from her father.

Corrick slips in next to Magnus and closes the carriage door.

MAGNUS

You're probably right.

He bangs a few times on the roof to signal to the driver that they're ready to leave and then they're moving.

Vesper takes one last look at the manor as it recedes into the distance.

None of them notice Aunt Agatha watching them from an upstairs window.

INT. AGATHA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agatha steps away from the window letting the curtain fall back into place. Her room echoes her personality: cold, sterile, and dark.

She crosses to her dresser and picks up a small silver bell. She rings it twice then places it back down.

A moment later her door opens and a MALE SERVANT stands before her.

SERVANT

You rang, ma'am?

AGATHA

Yes. I want you to send word to Crow's Nest. Address the correspondence to "Dominick." To wit, "Magnus has returned, STOP. He has all the artifacts, STOP. They're heading West, STOP. Better hurry." Full stop. I want that message delivered by sundown tomorrow.

The servant nods and then heads off to do exactly that.

Agatha turns back to the window and pushes aside the curtain. She can just barely make out the silhouette of Magnus' carriage in the distance.

AGATHA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Now we shall see who gets paid what they are due.

EXT. THE SCENIC OLD WEST - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT

The long trek West has begun. The carriage travels over a bridge, through a green field, across the arid desert at night, and finally through the brutal desert heat of a sunny afternoon.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Vesper is sound asleep laying lengthwise across her side of the carriage.

Magnus watches his daughter sleep with a dreamy smile on his face. Corrick sits beside him reading a book.

MAGNUS

What's she like Corrick?

CORRICK

Huh?

MAGNUS

My daughter. I've been away so long, and left so often I... I feel like I hardly know her.

Corrick puts his book down and looks at the sleeping girl across from them. She snores a little.

CORRICK

She's kind. She has a huge heart and thinks about people other than herself. She's also stubborn. Like her mother was.

Magnus smiles at the memory of his wife.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

She's smart too. Although sometimes reckless, like walking out on thin ice to fetch a hat.

MAGNUS

Well, she is my daughter after all.

CORRICK

True, sir.

Vesper stirs a little, snorts, and then turns over deep in sleep.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

Sir?

Magnus pulls his gaze from Vesper to meet Corrick's. Corrick looks uncharacteristically concerned.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

We've got company.

Magnus raises an eyebrow and then turns to the curtain covering the carriage windows. He pulls a curtain back just enough to peak outside.

EXT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

A crew of ten men on horseback are riding with great speed towards the carriage. Kicking up dirt and dust enough to leave them silhouetted shapes backlight by the sun.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Magnus drops the curtain and sits back in his seat. A thin film of sweat on his brow and upper lip. He grabs Corrick's jacket and pulls them face-to-face.

MAGNUS
(through gritted teeth)
Protect her with everything you
got.

CORRICK
Of course, but--

BANG! The gunshot is close enough to reverberate inside the carriage. It shocks Vesper awake with a start.

VESPER
Wha-- What's going on?!

MAGNUS
VESPER GET DOWN!

He pulls out his revolver and draws back one of the curtains. Before she can witness his next move, Vesper is yanked out of her seat to the floor of the carriage by Corrick.

CORRICK
(all glowy)
Stay down.

GUNSHOT ERUPT FROM ALL SIDES. Splinters of wood break off the sides of the carriage as bullets tear through it like wet paper.

Vesper grits her teeth and closes her eyes.

Magnus leans out of one of the windows and fires off several rounds.

EXT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Two of the ten outlaws take bullets right between their eyes.
They're yanked off their horses by the force of the impact.

The rest of the riders are undeterred. They easily close the gap between themselves and the carriage.

The outlaw closest to the carriage takes aim and shoots the driver through his temple.

Magnus fires his last round at the same outlaw. The bullet rips through the outlaw's shoulder.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Magnus pulls himself back inside to reload.

MAGNUS

They shot the driver. We can't let them get the artifacts.

He's finished reloading. Snaps the cylinder into place.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Goddammit how did they find us so quickly?!

The curtain over the opposite window flutters and then is pulled completely out of the carriage by one of the outlaws.

He grins at them with nicotine-stained teeth as he aims his gun directly at Vesper.

Corrick's eyes instantly burn bright as he holds up a hand and--

A GUST OF POWERFUL AIR blows the attacker violently off his horse. He flies about 20 feet in the air and lands on the dirt with a loud CRACK. He doesn't get back up.

VESPER

Damn...

MAGNUS

Watch it they're closing in on--

A BULLET ZIPS PAST THE TIP OF HIS NOSE. It's close enough to stop him mid-sentence.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

SHIT!

DOM (O.S.)

Howdy, Magnus!

Outside the window, keeping pace with the carriage on his black stallion, is the leader of the outlaws: DOMINICK or DOM as he likes to be called. A devilishly handsome man, save for the SCAR above and below his right eye.

He winks at Magnus and then heels the stallion to speed it up. He disappears from their view.

EXT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dom sidles up beside the terrified horses pulling the carriage and takes aim with his shotgun.

DOM
Sorry about this one guys.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Vesper's eyes go wide as she HEARS the shotgun blast, the NEIGHING of the horses as they're executed and the CRASHING of their bodies as they fall to the ground.

THEN EVERYTHING IS SIDEWAYS.

The carriage CRASHES TO THE GROUND. Their luggage and boxes fly in every direction. The world tilts as the carriage starts to spin. And then--

VESPER (V.O.)
And then--

Everything stops. Golden light fills the inside of the carriage. It crackles and pops off of Corrick as--

EXT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

THE ENTIRE CARRIAGE LEVITATES IN THE AIR.

The outlaws and Dom stare in wide-eyed disbelief as the carriage rights itself and gently lowers down to the ground with a small THUNK.

Dust settles. Everyone just sort of stares at the magical carriage. The golden glow from within slowly dissipates.

Dom, nonplussed, draws his shotgun and aims at the carriage door.

DOM
Okay, Magnus, spectacular display.
It's over now.
(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

We've got you surrounded. C'mon out. And no more funny business.

The rest of the outlaws drawn down on the carriage. The silence is eerie.

Dom narrows his eyes at the carriage.

DOM (CONT'D)

(low)

Careful, boys. This ain't over yet.

No one moves. Not even the wind. Not a single grain of sand.

There's an almost imperceptible shift in the air that raises the hair on the back of Dom's neck. And then--

FWWWWWWWWWO00000000000000000000SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

A FUCKING DUST STORM ERUPTS AROUND THEM!

Their horses scream. The outlaws holler. Dom stays impressively chill searching the dust for any sign of--

CORRICK. His glowing eyes pierce through the dust in the air.

His entire body is glowing as sand whips around him in every direction. *It's honestly fucking terrifying.*

Magnus steps out from behind Corrick with a BRONZE GAUNTLET on his right hand. He opens the palm of the gauntlet and a WHISP OF FIRE ignites from the center. He aims the gauntlet at Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)

You found the Gauntlets of Ausporia?

MAGNUS

One of them.

DOM

Incredible.

MAGNUS

Tell your men to back off. You cannot win this one.

DOM

Check the numbers, Magnus. It's seven on two.

MAGNUS

You know how dangerous these artifacts are, Dom. They should be kept under lock and key. They--

DOM

You should worry less about your loot and more about yourselves.

He fires his shotgun right at Corrick. The impact pushes Corrick a few inches back, but incredibly he stays on his feet. His glow briefly dims as he grunts in pain.

Then Corrick's eyes snap open, burning at full intensity. He raises his palm and sends out another powerful gust of air.

Dom is blown 15 feet off his horse. He lands with a thud and a groan.

DOM (CONT'D)

GET THE TRUNKS!

His men hop off their horses and scramble to collect Magnus' belongings.

MAGNUS

No!

The palm of the gauntlet belches out a HUGE BALL OF FIRE. Dom's men all take a step back and shield their faces from the heat.

Dom sits up and fires his gun at Magnus.

The bullet strikes the back of the gauntlet and ricochets.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Shit!

He dives for cover behind one of the crates.

One of Dom's guys tears open the door of the carriage to find an equally surprised Vesper.

He aims his pistol into the carriage.

OUTLAW

Bye, pretty lady.

Then Corrick is behind him. He wraps one arm around the outlaw's throat and uses his other hand to knock the pistol to the ground.

Vesper hops out of the carriage and makes for the pistol. Just as it's in reach, Corrick's foot steps on it.

VESPER

What are you doing?

Corrick easily tosses the outlaw to the ground. Then turns to face Vesper.

CORRICK

What are you doing?

She pulls the pistol out from under his boot and stands to face him.

VESPER

I need a weapon.

He tries to grab the gun from her.

CORRICK

I can't protect you if you're going to be stupid!

VESPER

Let go!

They wrestling over the gun. Corrick pulls her into his arms so that her back is against his body. He's careful that they never make skin-to-skin contact.

Vesper clutches the pistol with both hands.

The outlaw on the ground pulls himself to his feet just as--

BANG! The gun goes off and shoot him square in the chest. He falls back down. Dead.

Vesper and Corrick pause. They exchange a look: *"Oh shit, did we do that?"*

Then there are OUTLAWS on either side of them.

The one closest to Vesper has a sword.

He swings for her and she ducks just in time.

He swings again and she stumbles backwards, tripping over her own feet.

The outlaw closest to Corrick throws a punch.

Corrick easily catches the outlaws fist.

CORRICK

Stop.

He tosses the outlaw into the side of the carriage.
 The outlaw with the sword looms menacingly above Vesper.
 She scrambles away from him in the sand--
 Manages to kick some of the sand into his eyes.
 He growls and drops the sword. His hands to his eyes.
 Vesper crawls towards the sword.
 The outlaw kicks her in the ribs.
 With swollen eyes, he bends to pick up the sword as--
 Corrick SMASHES his knee into the outlaw's jaw. CRACK!
 Vesper grabs the sword and stands beside Corrick.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

VESPER

Trying to help!

CORRICK

You're really not!

She turns to face him.

VESPER

At least I'm--

CORRICK

LOOK OUT!

Another outlaw takes aim at Vesper from behind, but before he can fire he's knocked out by the butt of Magnus' revolver.

MAGNUS

Keep her safe, Corrick!

CORRICK

I'm trying!

Corrick pulls Vesper to cover behind the carriage. Magnus joins them a moment later.

VESPER

So what's the plan?

CORRICK

The *plan* is for you to drop that sword and get back in the carriage!

VESPER

The hell I will! I won't sit idly by like some helpless girl.

CORRICK

You are a helpless girl!

MAGNUS

Um guys...

They're surrounded by the remaining outlaws and Dom.

VESPER

Oh crap.

Dom sucks his teeth.

DOM

Now you've really gone and pissed me off, Magnus. Here's how you can make it up to me--

Magnus spits at Dom's feet.

DOM (CONT'D)

You're going to tell me where the rest of the artifacts went. And I want the journals.

Magnus says nothing.

DOM (CONT'D)

No? Nothing?

(he sighs)

Okay... here's how we're going to do this...

He aims his gun at Magnus.

DOM (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you to the count of three. If you don't start talking I'll end you right here while the kid watches.

(beat)

One...

VESPER

Papa!

She moves towards her father but Corrick grabs her by the arm and pulls her back into a bear hug.

VESPER (CONT'D)
LET ME GO!

DOM
Two...

VESPER
Papa...?

DOM
THREE!

BLAM! He fires a single shot at Magnus. Corrick spins his body away from the action to shield Vesper's view.

She struggles against Corrick, pounds at his chest. Finally, wiggles free of his grip.

VESPER
PAPA!

She rushes to her father who has fallen to the dirt on his back. A crimson stain spreads out in all directions across his white shirt.

VESPER (CONT'D)
NO...

She kneels at his side.

VESPER (CONT'D)
No... no, no, no, no.

Magnus smiles at his daughter one last time.

MAGNUS
I'm... so s-- sorry, Cricket.

Vesper, tears in her eyes turns to Corrick.

VESPER
HELP HIM!

CORRICK
I...

VESPER
FUCKING HELP HIM!

CORRICK
I can't... It's too late.

Furious she moves to rip the necklace off herself, but Corrick is faster. He grips her wrist.

CORRICK (CONT'D)
DON'T.

VESPER
Don't touch me!

CORRICK
You can't take that off.

The remaining outlaws hitch the last of Maguns' crates to their horses.

DOM
That everything?

An outlaw nods in affirmation.

DOM (CONT'D)
Then let's ride.

And just like that they're gone as quickly as they appeared.

Corrick watches them disappear into the horizon. He turns back to find Vesper sobbing over her father's corpse.

CORRICK
We need to move, Vesper.

Vesper pries the golden revolver from her dead father's hand.

CORRICK (CONT'D)
Vesper?

She stands. Approaches the only outlaw left alive that didn't run off. She gives him a swift, hard kick to the ribs.

MAGNUS (V.O.)
Revenge is like a plume of black
smoke.

The outlaw rolls onto his back with a loud groan.

VESPER
Where are they going?

The outlaw sits up and stares at Vesper expressionlessly.

VESPER (CONT'D)
TELL ME!

MAGNUS (V.O.)
It seems tangible but when you
reach for it...

She steps right to him and presses the barrel of her father's
gun against his right eye.

OUTLAW 2
Go to hell, bit--

BLAM! Vesper fires a single round into his eye. It explodes
out the back of his head along with grey matter and a mist of
blood.

CORRICK
Vesper...

MAGNUS (V.O.)
...you're grasping nothing but air.

Off Vesper's newly discovered grim determination--

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SALOON - EVENING

Tegan (the pretty redhead from before) wrings a wet cloth out
over a small bowl of warm water.

TEGAN
You'll be all right.

She uses the wet cloth to wipe blood away from the badly
split eye of another YOUNGER WOMAN.

TEGAN (CONT'D)
Despite Eddie's best efforts.
There's one thing he cannot beat
out of us. Our resilience.

The younger woman nods as tears roll down her face.

TEGAN (CONT'D)
You must not let anyone see you
cry.

CORRICK (O.S.)
VESPER! WAIT! WILL YOU LISTEN TO
ME!

The shouting from outside draws Tegan's attention to the
window.

She peaks out from the second-story bedroom above the saloon and spots Corrick chasing after Vesper as they enter the small town.

CORRICK (CONT'D)
You're going to get yourself
killed!

VESPER
Will you shut up and find the
coroner?

Tegan turns back to the young woman.

TEGAN
Try to get some rest. I'll be back.

INT. SALOON - MOMENTS LATER

Vesper shoves open the swinging doors and storms into the mostly empty bar.

VESPER
Where are they? Dominick and his
gang. I know they passed through
here.

All eyes are on her but no one speaks up.

VESPER (CONT'D)
Where did they go?

A COWBOY in dusty clothes and a weathered hat stands to face her.

COWBOY
I think you might be confused,
little girl.

Vesper draws the revolver and presses it under his chin.

VESPER
No. I think you might be confused.
So step back before I add a new
hole in your head.

The cowboy grins.

COWBOY
Well, aren't you a tough little
mouse.

Corrick is behind the man now, his skin and eyes begin to faintly glow.

CORRICK
(growls)
Get the hell away from her.

TEGAN (O.S.)
YOO-HOO! Oh my God, Vesper?! Is that you?!

The man slowly backs away from Corrick. Vesper drops her gun hand to her side and turns to face Tegan at the bottom of the stairs.

TEGAN (CONT'D)
It IS you! As I live and breathe!
And it looks like you found
yourself a heck of a man! Come on
upstairs, girl. Let's catch up.

She's all smiles but her eyes scream "please just go upstairs" at them.

Corrick and Vesper exchange an uneasy glance.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SALOON - LATER

Tegan, Corrick and Vesper stand awkwardly in the bedroom.

TEGAN
You guys can crash here for the night.

VESPER
We don't need accommodations. We need directions.

TEGAN
Honey, there's bravery and then there's stupidity. You can't follow them to Crow's Nest at night. It's literal suicide.

CORRICK
She's right. We'll want daylight on our side.

TEGAN
Sexy eyes is right.
(to Corrick; flirty)
Hi. I'm Tegan. Want to see under my skirt?

CORRICK

Back away from me before I move you away.

TEGAN

Oooh. Yeah. I like it rough.

Vesper clears her throat.

VESPER

How do you know my name?

TEGAN

You two came into town loud enough for half the town to know your name.

(beat)

And if you don't want to stay I ain't gonna force nothing on you. I'm just saying the last thing you should do is underestimate Dom and his gang. It's at least a day and half to Crow's Nest. You definitely don't want to show up there after dark. Plus, you'll need weapons, a new outfit--

VESPER

A new outfit?

She looks down at her posh dress.

TEGAN

You can't go into war wearing a circus tent. I'll see if I can dig something up from my girls.

(to herself)

Not that you'll fit into most of their clothes.

VESPER

What's that supposed to mean?

Tegan puts her hands to her breasts and pushes up her cleavage.

TEGAN

Were it not for your face I wouldn't know if you were coming or going.

Corrick blushes. Vesper fumes.

Tegan heads for the exit.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry though. I'm in the business of satisfaction. I'll make sure you get what you need.

Then she's gone and they're alone.

Vesper sits on the edge of the bed, exhausted. She puts her head in her hands, doubles over and starts to cry.

Corrick gently sits down beside her sure to leave some space between them. He pats her back.

CORRICK

(uncomfortable)

There, there...

Vesper turns to him and buries her head in his chest. Sobs finally escape her. After a beat she settles, but doesn't lift her head from his chest.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

You know... I've fought alongside many men in battle. On both sides of war. I've protected men of all cultures. All creeds. All classes. And in my six centuries of existence, I can safely say: there has never been a man like your father.

Vesper looks up at him with wet eyes.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

He lives on in your kindness and passion. Please do not squander it all on this path for revenge.

She wipes her eyes.

VESPER

He died protecting those artifacts. I have to get them back. Keep them safe.

CORRICK

I understand that. But you have to let go of your anger first.

She gets it. Straightens up. Fixes her hair a bit.

VESPER

Am I allowed to ask... who were you before the necklace?

Corrick smirks. Sighs.

CORRICK

Tell you what... let's make a deal.
I'll tell you everything if you
promise not to pull anything
stupid.

Vesper crosses her arms defiantly.

VESPER

I'll do my best.

The door swings open with a bang and Tegan is back.

TEGAN

I have returned!

She's holding some clothes in one hand and a weathered journal in the other.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

I even found some high-grade, high-class battle gear.

She tosses the clothes to Vesper. Vesper holds up one of the garments.

VESPER

Is this a corset?

TEGAN

Thank me later.

(beat)

Also, the doctor was downstairs. He told me to give this to whoever brought the body into town.

Tegan hands Vesper the journal. A photograph sticks out of one of the pages.

Vesper opens it to that page to reveal a picture of: Magnus standing behind VESPER'S MOTHER, a black woman with perfect skin and a entrancing smile. Vesper's mom is holds a baby Vesper close to her chest.

The picture opens up wounds new and old. Vesper closes the journal. Nods appreciation at Tegan.

VESPER

When will he be cremated?

TEGAN

Tomorrow. First thing.

Vesper nods.

VESPER

Thank you. For your help. For everything.

Tegan sort of waves the compliment away.

TEGAN

Uh-huh. Yeah. Gratitude makes me anxious. Get some sleep, Sad Eyes. You have a big day tomorrow.

Tegan leaves them again.

Vesper flips open the journal and her eyes catch on something. She sucks in a breath.

CORRICK

What is it?

VESPER

It's... It's...

She pulls out another photograph to show Corrick.

The image is of Magnus, younger than we last saw him but older than in the picture with baby Vesper, standing with a group of about 4 other explorers. Next to her father, with his arm around Magnus in the picture, is a YOUNGER DOMINICK.

VESPER (CONT'D)

It's Dom...

Corrick takes the photo to have a closer look.

VESPER (CONT'D)

I... I don't understand. Did they work together? It doesn't make sense.

CORRICK

Maybe Dom used the job as a front to get closer to the artifacts.

(then)

Slimy bastard.

He hands the picture back to Vesper. She puts it back in the journal.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

(RE: the journal)

What about that?

VESPER

One of my father's many journals.
My earliest memories are of him
writing his research in books just
like this one. It should tell us
exactly what we have to find.

Corrick plucks the book from her hand.

VESPER (CONT'D)

HEY!

CORRICK

I'll read. You sleep.

VESPER

Corrick--

CORRICK

I know it's important to you, but
so is sleep. The more ready you are
for tomorrow the less headache for
me.

He's not going to back down and she knows it. Vesper sighs.

VESPER

Fine.

She kicks off her boots and pulls herself out of her dress.
She's down to her long underwear when she finally slips into
bed.

VESPER (CONT'D)

You're being awfully understanding
about all this. I'm stepping right
into danger tomorrow. You know
that, right?

Corrick takes a seat at the desk across the room.

CORRICK

Yes. You're also a Grey. I know
when an argument is fruitless.

Vesper's head finally hits the pillow.

CORRICK (CONT'D)

And I also know what it is like to
lose someone.

VESPER

Don't think this gets you off the
hook. You still owe me a story.

She turns over in bed and finds a comfortable position. Corrick opens the journal on the desk in front of him.

CORRICK

Yes. Yes. Just remember your promise too. Sleep well, Vesper.

VESPER

G'night, Corrick.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SALOON - MUCH LATER

Vesper is sound asleep in the bed. Corrick reads through the journal by candlelight. He turns the page and something shocks him.

He stops. His hand hovers over the page. He checks over his shoulder to make sure Vesper is asleep.

Then he quietly tears a page out of the journal.

He looks guilty as he stuffs the torn pages into the inside pocket of his duster. Then he closes the journal.

He looks disgusted with himself as he watches the candle continue to burn.

EXT. CENTER OF TOWN - EARLY MORNING

The burning candle dissolves into the crackling of a much larger fire. A funeral pyre. The sun hasn't even risen yet.

Corrick and Vesper stand side-by-side in front of the blazing fire. They watch as the body of Magnus Grey, wrapped in sheets, is slowly consumed by the flames.

Vesper clutches the journal tightly to her chest.

Corrick watches her out of the corner of his eye.

Both look incredibly grim.

TEGAN (O.S.)

All right sad faces....

Tegan is behind them; holding the reins to three horses.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

Who's ready to ride?

Vesper and Corrick turn to face her.

VESPER

(RE: the horses)
Why are there three?

TEGAN

You're going to need my help finding the place. Plus, since me and Dom go back a ways I figure he might be more inclined to say "Howdy-doo" then start shooting on sight.

CORRICK

(hopping on a horse)
Fine, but stay out of the way.

VESPER

Wait what? She is NOT coming with us. I don't trust her.

CORRICK

I'm calling the shots here and I say we could use all the help we can get.

VESPER

(hopping on her own horse)
Bullshit. You're not calling the shots!

CORRICK

Like hell I'm not!

TEGAN

Okay. Wow. I gotta cut in here.
(beat)
Whether you trust me or not. The bottom line is you need me.
(then)
Plus, we're wasting daylight.

The sun has indeed begun to slowly light up the night sky.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

So what's it going to be?

Vesper sighs.

VESPER

Fine.
(beat)
But just know I'll be watching you like a hawk--

TEGAN

We get it. You don't trust me.

Tegan hops onto her horse. Then opens a saddlebag and pulls something out.

TEGAN (CONT'D)

Regardless, take this. You're going to need a holster for that funny gold gun of yours.

VESPER

Oh...

(she takes the holster)

Thanks.

Vesper fastens the holster around her waist. Slips the revolver into it. A perfect fit.

VESPER (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's ride.

Then they're galloping off in the direction of the rising sun. Adventure and danger awaiting them in equal measure.

END OF PILOT