

THE DARK TOWER

"The Gunslinger"

Written by

Glen Mazzara

Based on the novels by

Stephen King

THE DARK TOWER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERT - DAY 1

EYES fill the screen.

They look around, wide in terror, unsure of where they are.

A desolate Monument Valley-type LANDSCAPE stretches in all directions.

The HORIZON stretches on endlessly.

The eyes take it all in, sadly. Hopelessness and fear give way to resignation. Then DETERMINATION.

2 EXT. DESERT - DAY 2

A lone rider crosses the desert.

WE WATCH from a distance. He looks insignificant against the landscape.

CLOSER -- His horse trots along.

EVEN CLOSER -- The rider's head is down. His body bounces with each step the horse takes.

TIGHTER -- His eyes now burn from under the brim of his hat. He scans this barren landscape. Taking in every detail. He's looking for something.

SOMEONE.

As he moves, water sloshes in the leather skin slung across his back. It rests on his side, just above--

HIS GUNS.

They're worn. Ancient.

He's a GUNSLINGER.

This is ROLAND DESCHAIN, both a hunter and a hunted man.

Actually, he's still on the verge of being a man but already carries the weight of the world.

He scours the desert. His eyes squint in the sun. His forehead glistens with sweat.

The gunslinger continues on his way.

3 EXT. DESERT - LATER 3

The sun begins to dip. The shadows of the horse's legs look like a giant black spider crawling across the desert floor.

4 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 4

Roland cuts through the darkness.

5 EXT. DESERT - DAY 5

Roland rides TOWARD CAMERA. He dismounts, then approaches--
A PILE OF STICKS.

He looks around cautiously, then examines the ground. After a beat, he SEES --

A BOOTPRINT.

His hand flies to his gun, ready to draw.

Roland scans --

THE HORIZON.

It's a wasteland.

He kneels beside the sticks. He pokes through them then digs in the hard dirt. He removes --

A CHARRED LOG. A remnant of a campfire.

Roland looks over his shoulder. He feels he just missed his prey. He sees something else in the sticks. He reaches in and pulls out a charred piece of BACON. He sniffs it, then pops it in his mouth.

6 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT 6

INSERT -- A flint strikes a steel rod. The SPARK falls onto some devil-grass and begins to smoke.

LATER. Roland sits beside a small campfire. He's lost in thought.

A wildcat YOWLS in the distance. Roland listens intently, then decides that it's not a close threat. He's got worse things to fear.

Roland sits by his twinkling fire, dwarfed by the blackness of the desert. He watches the devil grass smoke rise into the immense, star-filled sky.

One STAR'S PATH traces itself in the night sky. It leaves a white TRAIL behind it.

Roland watches.

Another star marks another trail. The next leaves yet another. More and more, as if the sky is turning.

It is. This is the WHEEL OF KA.

7 EXT. RED DESERT - THE NEXT DAY 7

Roland rides across the desert.

He descends into a canyon.

7A OMITTED 7A

8 EXT. DESERT - LATER 8

Roland has stopped. He sips some water then pours some into his cupped hand, holding it out for his horse.

IN THE DISTANCE --

An awkward-looking FIGURE stands on the horizon.

Roland stares at it. He pulls his guns and takes aim. The grips are polished sandalwood. Their weathered gray metal barrels glint in the sun.

TIGHTER ON the figure. Its head SWIVELS toward Roland. It's a TAHEEN, a human figure with the head of an eagle.

Roland realizes what it is. He lowers his guns.

The taheen runs off.

9 EXT. DESERT - DAY

9

A SANDSTORM rages full gale. The sound is deafening. The wind and sand hit Roland and his horse with such force, they are almost blown sideways. Roland drives his horse straight into the storm.

10 EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

10

The sun blazes in the sky.

Roland's shirt is drenched with sweat. He's gaunt, his eyes sunken. His lips are cracked and caked with dust. He raises the water skin to his mouth. It's empty.

LATER -- Roland pushes his horse across the endless, grey desert. Its ribs protrude severely, giving it an eerie skeletal look.

The horizon SHIMMERS in the heat.

The sun FILLS THE SCREEN, burning white hot.

Roland has heatstroke. He's half-conscious, half-dead.

The horse GRUNTS then WHEEZES. It COLLAPSES on its side, crashing down on top of Roland.

Roland hits the ground hard. He tries to push the horse off, but can't. It's too heavy and he's too weak. He looks up at the sun.

It bears down on him.

Roland realizes this is how it ends.

TIGHT ON ROLAND --

He may be playing the part of a grizzled gunslinger but he's just a kid. Frightened tears well up in his eyes.

He forces them back. He's determined not to show weakness now, even to himself.

The sun beats on him like a gravedigger's shovel.

He looks up at it.

ON ROLAND, buried beneath the horse. He passes out.

The blinding sun FILLS THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD:

THE DARK TOWER

- 11 EXT. GILEAD - DAY 11
- The sun shines over Gilead, the "City of a Hundred Castles." It looks more like 1870s Chicago, a cast iron and stone city on the edge of the west, than any medieval fortress. A desert stretches beyond it. CAMERA swoops over the city, through it, descending to FIND --
- 12 EXT. GILEAD - PALACE - TRAINING YARD - CONTINUOUS 12
- ABEL VANNAY walking across a yard ringed with fallen columns and stone blocks, the remains of a great wall. He has a pronounced limp and walks with a crutch. He wears a gun belt with a single pistol.
- A BILLY BUMBLER emerges against the stones. It looks like a cross between a raccoon, woodchuck, and dachshund. Its fur is striped black and gray. It sniffs the air then disappears into the rocks.
- Vannay pays it no mind. He reaches a stone cottage on the edge of the yard.
- 13 INT. GILEAD - CORT'S COTTAGE - DAY 13
- Vannay enters to find a WOMAN tending to a PATIENT.
- The sound of a RESPIRATOR fills the room.
- It's an IRON LUNG. Steampunk feel. An accordion-style respirator moves up and down rhythmically.
- The machine holds the massive figure of CORT. He's tall and has a great, big belly so his body seems to be crammed into the device.
- His face has been savagely beaten. His nose broken. His cheeks have been deeply clawed, his eyes sliced to ribbons.
- GABRIELLE DESCHAIN wipes Cort's mangled eye then looks at him sorrowfully. Her son did this.

GABRIELLE

You have remembered the face of
your father, old friend.

VANNAY

Long days and pleasant nights, sai.

GABRIELLE

And you, Abel. Has my husband
returned?

VANNAY

Not yet.

GABRIELLE

Then my son's still out there.

Vannay looks at a NURSE. He takes his cue and exits.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

And the others?

VANNAY

No word from them, either.

She looks at him, distraught. Not what she wanted to hear.

VANNAY (CONT'D)

Don't despair. Roland is a
resourceful boy. I'm sure he's
safe.

GABRIELLE

Words every mother would want to
hear, but we know that's all they
are -- words.

VANNAY

He can fend for himself. Cort
taught him well.

GABRIELLE

Yes but that was here, within his
father's city. He's far beyond
whatever safety these walls offer.

Vannay gets to the reason for his visit.

VANNAY

Steven has been detained. He got
word Farson may move on Cressia.

GABRIELLE

The gunslingers ride into battle?

He shakes his head.

VANNAY

Everyone else is scattered, looking for Roland and the others. Steven only has two men with him.

GABRIELLE

So he's easy prey for Farson and his bandits.

VANNAY

Gabrielle, you know better. Steven Deschain is no easy prey for anyone.

She takes small comfort in this.

GABRIELLE

My son is out there. Now my husband. How many vigils must I sit? The wheel of ka has spun. The world has moved on.

He has no answer.

She looks down at Cort sadly. OFF the three of them --

14

EXT. CRESSIA - DAY

14

Black SMOKE fills the screen.

Three horsemen slowly emerge. The only sound is that of their horses. CLIP-CLOP. CLIP-CLOP.

The lead horseman is STEVEN DESCHAIN. He's only 40 but the worry on his face makes him look ancient. The HORN OF ELD hangs from his belt. Besides him are two other gunslingers, CHRISTOPHER JOHNS and ROBERT ALLGOOD.

They look around gravely.

What was once a village is now destroyed, burned to the ground. The charred remains still smolder. Small FIRES still burn.

The BODIES of a FAMILY lie in the garden beside their house. Killed trying to escape.

A dead DOG lies underneath an overturned CART.

More BODIES lie in front of a wall. Bullet holes show they were gunned down by a firing squad.

TIGHT ON Steven.

Steven, Christopher, and Robert come to a house and stop.

A SHERIFF hangs from the roof. Beneath him is a painted symbol:



TIGHT ON each man as they take in the wreckage. They pull to a halt and dismount.

Steven takes it all in.

There is a NOISE behind him.

He spins and draws.

Through the smoke, a BOY, 4, stares back at him with wide eyes. Tears streak his dirty cheeks.

A woman, CAROLEEN, runs and scoops up the child, shielding the boy with her body.

Steven realizes she fears for her life.

STEVEN

You're safe.

He holsters his gun. Opens his hands, palms up. Steps toward her. Caroleen pulls her child closer.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I am Steven Deschain of the House
of Eld. From Gilead.

CAROLEEN

The gunslinger?

ROBERT

Aye, he's the dinh.

STEVEN

You have nothing to fear. I
promise, you are safe.

A half-dozen other SURVIVORS slowly come out of the cracks. Glazed eyes. Traumatized. Looking at Steven for what will happen next.

CAROLEEN

Safe? Look 'round and then I beg
ye, look again. Then tell me we are
safe. Where were ye?

Steven, Christopher, and Robert trade uncomfortable looks.
OFF STEVEN --

OVER BLACK:

WE HEAR the creaking of rusted metal.

15

EXT. EDGE OF DESERT - DAY

15

Roland startles awake.

ABOVE HIM --

Broken wind TURBINES dot the landscape. One spins slowly.

Roland looks around. The ground beneath him is moving. He
lies on top of a tarp. He pulls it back to reveal --

His dismembered horse.

He reaches for his guns.

They're GONE.

He pulls himself up to FIND --

He's in the back of a mule-drawn cart crossing the desert.

A MAN drives it. This is BROWN, middle-aged.

Roland throws his arm around his neck. Brown screams and
falls from the cart.

Roland pounces on top of him.

BROWN

Please, I don't mean any trouble.

He's terrified. Roland SEES --

His guns in the driver's seat.

He grabs them.

Brown cowers his eyes, sure he's going to be killed.

Roland looks down on him with pity.

16 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY 16

Roland sits next to Brown as the cart approaches what looks like a junkyard.

TIGHT ON WHEEL - It turns.

17 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY - MINUTES LATER 17

Brown pulls the cart to a stop.

BROWN
Here ye go, sai.

Roland looks around and watches him warily.

Roland sees a WELL. Brown understands. He crosses to it and pumps some water into a jug.

As Roland steps out of the cart, he continues to take in the area.

Brown hands the jug to Roland.

BROWN (CONT'D)
The land may be cursed but at least
the well is clean and cold.

Roland drinks desperately.

BROWN (CONT'D)
Sai --

Too late. Roland VOMITS the water.

BROWN (CONT'D)
That sun is the devil's fire. When
I found ya, I thought ye had passed
onto the clearing at the end of the
path. Drink slow.

Roland does then pours the water over his head. He looks at Brown gratefully.

17A EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY 17A

Brown unlocks a heavy steel door then leads Roland into --

18 INT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 18

Roland takes in the small dwelling. It's sparse.

A RAVEN stares down at him from his perch.

BROWN

Long days and pleasant nights,
stranger.

ROLAND

May you have twice the number.

BROWN

Unlikely. I don't have nobut corn
and beans.

The raven SQUAWKS then-

ZOLTAN

Beans, beans, the magical fruit.
The more you eat, the more you
toot.

Roland studies the bird.

ZOLTAN (CONT'D)

Screw you and the horse you rode in
on.

BROWN

He means no harm. Speaking of
horse, I see well your mount was
tough, but a night on the fire
should have him soft enough for
breakfast. You're welcome to stay
if you don't mind eating steed.

Roland sees how nervous he makes Brown but does nothing to
put him at ease.

18A INT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY

18A

Brown sets up at the fire, tosses meat in the stew, stirring
it occasionally, adding kindling, etc. He indicates Roland's
gun.

BROWN

I haven't seen one of those in a
nigh. Pistol like that is not for
hunting.

ROLAND

(menacing)
It is.

BROWN

Those markings, fine metalwork they are. You hail from Gilead.

Roland nods.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Are ye an apprentice?

ROLAND

I'm a gunslinger.

Brown looks at him in disbelief.

BROWN

Kind of young, ain't ya?

Roland cuts him a look.

ROLAND

Old enough to earn my guns.

Brown laughs nervously.

Zoltan croaks then flies out of the hut.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I seek another. I've been tracking him since Gilead. Have you seen him?

BROWN

If you mean the one who came through here days ago, aye. I saw him.

Roland sits forward, listens eagerly.

BROWN (CONT'D)

Dressed in black he was. But I can't remember his face, even after our palaver.

As he talks, the ghostly IMAGE of Marten appears in the b.g. It's too feint to be certain. Is he really there?

BROWN (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

It's like he was something from the back of a dream.

Zoltan's footsteps scratch on the roof above them. Roland reaches for his gun.

BROWN (CONT'D)
It's just the bird.

ROLAND
What did he say? The man.

BROWN
I don't remember.

ROLAND
How many days ago did you see him?

BROWN
Time stretches out here. Hard to tell. Two, maybe three days. I don't think any more than that.

ROLAND
(frustrated)
Where did he ride? For your father's sake, answer me.

Brown shakes his head, disappointed with himself for not remembering. Then --

BROWN
He said Hambry is where travelers rest their tired bones. It's just another day's ride.

ROLAND
Why Hambry?

Brown shrugs. Roland makes a decision.

BROWN
Hear me well, there's no love for gunslingers there.

Zoltan's scratching gets faster and faster. THUD. Zoltan's scratching stops. Roland and Brown look up then at each other.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE ROOF. Not a bird's. Heavy. Clearly the footsteps of a man. Roland draws his guns and runs out.

19

EXT. BROWN'S HUT - CONTINUOUS

19

Roland points his guns at --

THE ROOF.

No sign of Zoltan or anything else.

Roland runs up an incline and reaches --

THE ROOF.

Roland sees Zoltan on the far corner. He steps toward it.

WIDE SHOT -- Roland crosses the roof.

The bird looks around.

Roland raises his gun, trains it on the raven, cocks the hammer. His face twitches. He's dying to pull the trigger.

ROLAND

Is that you, Marten?

Zoltan looks around nonchalantly. He doesn't give a shit what Roland thinks.

20

INT. BROWN'S HUT - A MINUTE LATER

20

Roland enters, his guns reholstered. Brown sits at the fire, his back to Roland.

BROWN

He's a sorcerer, ain't he?

ROLAND

Among other things.

BROWN

And you?

ROLAND

I'm just a man.

BROWN

Then you'll never catch him.

ROLAND

I'll catch him.

BROWN

No, you won't, Roland, son of Steven, of the Line of Eld.

Roland's blood runs cold.

ROLAND

How do you know me?

Brown looks at him, fear in his eyes. It's as if he's frozen. He speaks with a voice of dead calm, as if someone is speaking through him.

The ghostly IMAGE of Marten appears again in the deep b.g.

BROWN

Because I see you, boy. I see you very well.

He flinches. Roland now notices --

Brown's hand is in the fire. BURNING.

Roland watches him in shock and fear.

Brown looks back at him in panic. FLAMES engulf his hand. His flesh burns away. Tears stream from his eyes.

ROLAND

Pull your hand from the fire.

Brown is paralyzed.

BROWN

I CAN'T!

A chunk of flesh drops and SIZZLES in the fire.

BROWN (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Please... help me.

Roland crosses to him to pull him free but before he can reach him --

BROWN (CONT'D)

I will meet you in the Golgotha,
gunslinger, in the land of bones.

ROLAND

Leave him be. Marten, release him!

Brown pulls his arm from the fire. It's ENGULFED in FLAMES. He swings at Roland wildly. Roland clumsily knocks each blow away. He may be trained, but he's not battle-tested.

Brown barrels into Roland, grabbing his gun and pulling it from the holster. Roland grabs it and tries to wrestle it away but Brown forces it up under his chin and pulls the trigger.

BOOM! The blast shatters Brown's head. Blood SPLATTERS everywhere.

ON Roland, horrified. He's rattled but tries to collect himself.

21 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - SECONDS LATER 21

FROM THE ROOF -- Roland steps out. He looks around frantically then runs away from the hut.

HIGH SHOT FROM ROOF -- Zoltan watches Roland head off then turns TO CAMERA and ATTACKS IT.

BLACK.

21A EXT. GILEAD - DAY 21A

WE FLY over the desert --

PAST a RUSTED SUPERTANKER surrounded by nothing by sand.

TO GILEAD. The city sits atop a dried lake bed. It's encircled by a deep rut, what was once a great canal. The levees now serve as the city walls.

22 EXT. GILEAD - CITY WALLS - DAY 22

Steven, Robert, and Christopher lead a horse-drawn cart along the city walls and through the gates.

ANGLE on the cart's SPINNING WHEEL.

23 EXT. GILEAD - PALACE - COURTYARD 23

Inside the cart are the survivors of Cressia. Compared to the people of Gilead, they are country folk in from the front lines of a war. Shell-shocked, hungry, and exhausted.

Steven, Christopher and Robert lead the caravan into the courtyard. Gabrielle, Vannay and OTHERS rush to meet them.

STEVEN

These people are from Cressia. The Good Man Farson burned it to the ground.

He dismounts.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

They need doctors. Food and water.

GABRIELLE

Steady.

She helps Caroleen and her son out of the cart, giving them a reassuring look. Nurses assist then lead Caroleen and her son off.

STEVEN

Vannay.

He taps his throat -- a Mid-World greeting.

VANNAY

Sai.

STEVEN

Bad times are on horseback. Call the gunslingers to council.

VANNAY

We're the only ones here. Everyone else is out searching for the young irons.

Steven takes in Christopher, Vannay, and Robert.

STEVEN

Then I guess we'll have to do, won't we?

They head inside the castle. Steven is about to follow but --

GABRIELLE

Steven.

She stops him.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Surely, there must be more survivors.

STEVEN

These are the only ones who escaped Farson's butchers. I've never seen such carnage.

He exits with her on his heels.

24

EXT. GILEAD - PALACE - STEPS - CONTINUOUS

24

Steven ascends to his palace. Gabrielle runs up the steps behind him. He doesn't wait for her.

GABRIELLE

What of Roland? Did you find any trace of him?

He shakes his head sadly.

STEVEN

We fear he entered the desert. It could take weeks to track him through it, maybe even more.

A wave of dread hits her.

GABRIELLE

And the others?

He shakes his head again.

STEVEN

If ka wills they are tet, they may have found him by now. They may all be together. There's hope in that.

GABRIELLE

Ka deals itself a hand all the world must play.

STEVEN

I must palaver with Vannay.

He turns and exits. She falls in alongside him.

GABRIELLE

Spare me two gunslingers. I will ride after Roland myself.

STEVEN

Gabrielle --

GABRIELLE

I know these lands as well as anyone.

STEVEN

Aye, but we know nothing of Farson's movements. He and his harriers cut through the baronies like a scythe. He's too great a risk. And you see I have no gunslingers to spare.

GABRIELLE

So our son and his friends are on their own?

STEVEN

I'm not the reason they're out
there, am I?

His words hit her like a slap. She looks at him in disbelief.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

We will find them. But for now,
this is the hand we must play.

He enters the palace. Gabrielle watches him go. Heavy is the
head. And so is the heart.

25 EXT. EDGE OF DESERT - DAY

25

Four riders cut through the desert. The turbines are far off
in the distance.

TIGHTER --

CAMERA moves through the riders to reveal:

Two boys, CUTHBERT ALLGOOD and ALAIN JOHNS, and two girls,
ILEEN RITTER and JAMIE DeCURRY. They're only sixteen but
already hardened.

Jamie sees something in the distance. She signals then breaks
formation and circles toward it. The others follow.

The band rips through the dust.

They each grip their reins tight. They're determined. Filled
with youthful intensity. Soldiers on a mission.

26 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY

26

The four riders enter frame and tear toward the hut. When
they reach it they pull to a stop.

Cuthbert, Alain, Jamie, and Ileen take in the hut then
dismount.

Cuthbert removes a small bird skull from the front of his
saddle and slips it around his neck. This is his ROOK'S
SKULL.

As the four pass the cart, Alain looks in. He SEES --

Roland's saddle covered with blood and horse guts.

He follows the others.

ANGLE ON the cart's wheel.

They approach the door, Cuthbert in the lead. They listen. There's a HUMMING coming from inside the room. As he puts his hand on the latch, Jamie pulls two hand axes from holsters on her hips. Alain draws a long hunting knife. Cuthbert opens the door.

27 INT. BROWN'S HUT - INTERCUT

27

The room is FILLED WITH FLIES.

The group cover their mouths with bandanas then enter. They look around. Brown's corpse is covered with flies and maggots.

Cuthbert crosses to it to inspect it. He notices Brown's burnt hand.

Ileen and Jamie are all business. Jamie crouches near the fire, sees the scraps of horse meat crawling with flies, sees the scuff of Roland's boot in the dust, the cup he drank from. She's confident he was here.

28 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY

28

The four step out. They lower their bandanas and take in the fresh air.

JAMIE

Roland was here a day ago, maybe two.

CUTHBERT

(frustrated)

We've been riding seven nights.

ALAIN

I thought it had been four.

JAMIE

And I thought ten.

They trade confused looks.

ILEEN

It seems the longer we're in this desert, the more time bends to ka's will.

JAMIE

Then it doesn't matter how hard we
ride after Roland.

CUTHBERT

Would you have us turn back?

JAMIE

Never.

ALAIN

Why would he send that man to the
clearing at the end of the path?

CUTHBERT

(trying to make light)
I guess he hates horse stew.

The others ignore him.

JAMIE

Roland wouldn't spill blood
needlessly.

ILEEN

He spilled Cort's.

CUTHBERT

He had his reasons.
(off their looks)
He must have.

Jamie looks at the sun.

JAMIE

Only a few hours of daylight left.
If that sun's to be believed.

CUTHBERT

Let's push on. The horses can rest
when we break for the night.
(re: hut)
Far from here.

ILEEN

I'll look for his trail.

She walks off.

Jamie notices something on the incline leading to the hut's
roof.

JAMIE'S POV -- Roland's footprint.

Jamie runs up the incline.

ON THE ROOF --

Jamie sees Roland's footprints and traces them.

ZOLTAN, the raven, stares at her.

She doesn't pay him any attention. As she turns to leave --

ZOLTAN
Is that you, Marten?

Jamie spins and looks at the bird in surprise.

ZOLTAN (CONT'D)
Beans, beans, the magical fruit.
The more you eat, the more you
toot.

As Jamie looks at Zoltan, unsure what to think, SOMETHING ENTERS FRAME and SNATCHES the bird in its mouth, KILLING it.

Jamie steps back.

A grotesque MUTANT RAT hisses at her. It's the size of a small dog, furless, and covered with SCABIES.

ON Jamie. She's never seen anything so ugly.

The rat grabs Zoltan in its mouth and slinks off. As it crests a berm, another RAT joins it and they vanish into a hole.

29 EXT. BROWN'S HUT - DAY

29

Cuthbert, Ileen, and Alain wait on their horses as Jamie joins them.

CUTHBERT
Find anything?

JAMIE
Coupla mice.

She mounts her horse. They ride off.

30 EXT. RHEA'S COTTAGE - SUNSET

30

A giant moon already hangs in the sky. SUSAN DELGADO (17) approaches an old train station.

She looks around nervously then passes through the gate and makes her way to the door. She hesitates then KNOCKS.

RHEA (O.S.)

Come in.

Susan opens the door and enters slowly.

31 INT. RHEA'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

31

It's small and simple. Bowls with dried herbs. Sticks tied into bundles. Plants strung up to dry by the hearth. Maps.

It's dark, even though several candles are lit.

RHEA OF THE CÖÖS, a warm, grandmotherly type, enters the room.

RHEA

There you are. I thought you had lost your nerve.

SUSAN

Hello, I'm...

RHEA

Hayseed and fresh water.

SUSAN

Susan Delgado.

RHEA

But of course you are. Come in. I'm Rhea. (Pronounced: "REE-A")

Susan realizes the woman has trouble seeing.

SUSAN

May I help you?

RHEA

How kind. There's not many who take the trouble to help me.

SUSAN

If it please ya, forgive my lateness. I stopped to look at the Kissing Moon. It gets into my blood as my da would've said.

Rhea takes in a deep breath.

RHEA

Aye, your father. Dear ol' Pat Delgado. I smell his lands on you. Could have been mayor, he was so respected.

Susan smiles proudly.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Such a sad day, when I heard what happened.

Tears well up in Susan's eyes but she holds them back and stands tall.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Well, then, come, daughter of Pat, don't linger on the step. Let us be about our business. You know what that is?

Susan nods.

RHEA (CONT'D)

You have something for me?

Susan reaches into her pocket and removes the coin. She hesitates.

SUSAN

My aunt told me I'm to give this to you after I get the paper.

RHEA

Your Aunt Cordelia. She's a shrewd one. A woman that coarse would have to be.

Susan laughs. Rhea smiles warmly then takes the coin anyway.

SUSAN

Forgive me.

RHEA

No need. We both know why she's sent you to me. A man would have to be blinder than me to want her cunny. So her future days hang on you -- and yours.

Susan nods, embarrassed.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Well, then, Susan Delgado, daughter
of Pat, let's get to it, shall we?

She strikes a match and lights a candle, muttering a silent
prayer to herself. AS Susan watches --

32

EXT. STREAM - SUNSET

32

Roland crouches beside a stream at the bottom of a small
ravine. He's shirtless and using his bandana, he scrubs
Brown's blood off his clothes then face.

He lifts a knife and uses it to shave. As he stares at his
reflection in the water, he SEES --

MARTEN'S REFLECTION.

As if Marten is standing behind him.

Roland spins, clutching the knife.

No one is there.

He catches his breath then turns back to the water and looks
in.

A drop of blood drips off his face into the water, disturbing
his reflection. Roland wipes his face then looks at his hand.
He cut himself.

His concentration is broken by a loud WHINING. An eerie noise
way off in the distance.

He stops and listens. The sound is both unsettling and
enchanted.

TIGHT ON ROLAND, trying to make sense of it.

He gets to his feet. Grabbing his gun gear and pulling on his
shirt, he climbs up the ravine, LEAVING HIS BANDANA BEHIND.
When he reaches the top, he SEES something racing in his
direction.

He watches in fascination as the thing kicks up a trail of
smoke behind it. Its whining gets louder as it gets closer.

The thing speeds toward Roland. He takes care to make sure
he's out of sight.

As it approaches, he can make out a metal vehicle bearing
down on him. Its RIDER leans forward in its saddle. Roland
doesn't realize it, but it's a MOTORCYCLE.

The rider guns the engine hard. The motorcycle picks up speed and blasts past him, over a bridge and toward --

THE TOWN OF HAMBRY twinkling a few miles in the distance.

Roland stares after it. Then follows it. As he moves, he pulls his gun belt high on his waist, up and out of sight. When he steps OUT OF FRAME, WE SEE he was hiding behind a dilapidated MOTEL SIGN.

33

INT. RHEA'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

33

Susan waits by herself while Rhea putters off screen. The room is now lit by many candles. She looks around.

Rhea enters holding a dress. She hands it to Susan.

RHEA

Your aunt brought this here. You're to wear it tonight. You'll look radiant.

Susan examines it.

SUSAN

I say thankee.

She looks at Rhea nervously.

RHEA

Don't be afraid. You're not the first virgin I've seen. You are unknown to men, aren't you?

She smiles then waves her hand.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

Susan removes her flannel shirt, boots, pants, and T-shirt.

RHEA (CONT'D)

The drawers too. You must stand as when ye slid from your mother.

Susan hesitates then removes her boxers so she stands naked. She folds her arms to cover herself.

RHEA (CONT'D)

I can't see much anyway.

She steps to Susan so they are face to face.

SUSAN

Will it hurt?

RHEA

No pain? That'll cost you extra.

She laughs. It takes Susan a second to realize that is Rhea's idea of a joke.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Do not fear.

She takes down Susan's hair, studies its length, and then smells it. She runs her fingers along the girl's scalp and feels her ears.

She examines Susan's face. First feeling her nose, then sniffing her breath. She opens her mouth and puts her fingers inside to feel her teeth. Susan flinches but Rhea continues as if examining an animal. She even pulls on Susan's tongue and checks her jaw. Susan steels herself against the humiliation.

Rhea runs her hands along Susan's neck and shoulders. Her hands come around and she feels Susan's breasts. She then puts her ear to Susan's chest to listen to her heartbeat.

SUSAN'S POV -- The candles blow out and a STRANGE PINK LIGHT starts to emanate from an old ticket booth at the end of the room.

Susan covers herself again.

SUSAN

What is that?

Rhea looks over. She's surprised to see the pink light. The light STOPS.

RHEA

Don't pay it any mind.

(beat)

It's only a trick. The dancing light of the Kissing Moon.

Susan isn't so sure.

Rhea's mood darkens, as if some black magic is affecting her. She's no longer the gentle, grandmotherly type.

She feels under Susan's arms then roughly yanks each one until she presses on each hand and pulls each finger. She takes Susan's pulse.

Rhea slides her hand down one of Susan's legs, pulling her foot off the ground.

The PINK LIGHT begins to shine again.

Rhea pushes the leg back down then grabs the other one, forcing Susan off balance.

Susan notices the pink light and pulls away. The light stops.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Hush. It's just you, me, and the
pets.

PRODUCTION NOTE: Get ALTERNATE LINE:

RHEA (CONT'D)

Hush. It's just you and me.

Susan notices for the first time a SIX-LEGGED CAT watches from the corner. A SNAKE is coiled on a table top.

The cat scurries off. The snake strikes at the air then slithers off.

As Rhea puts her hands on Susan's abdomen and squeezes --

RHEA (CONT'D)

Be not shy. Rhea's eyes have fallen
into twilight but in their day,
they saw it all.

(curt)

Turn around.

She spins Susan around and forces her to bend over. She rubs her fingers along the girl's spine.

The wooden ticket booth CRACKS slightly, allowing the pink light, now deeper in color, to shine through.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Now, we've come to where honesty
must be proved. Hold still.

TIGHT ON Susan's face as Rhea pushes and prods her from behind.

SUSAN'S POV -- The PINK GLOW bathes the room. It pulsates, slowly at first and then quickening.

ON SUSAN -- as Rhea examines her. She grimaces, trying unsuccessfully to hold back tears.

Rhea smiles.

SUSAN'S POV -- The PINK pulsates furiously.

ON SUSAN, what the fuck is happening?

She SLAPS Rhea's hand away.

SUSAN

What glammer is that?

The light STOPS.

RHEA

Do you dare call me a witch,
impudent girl?

She grabs her face tightly.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Get dressed and get out.

Susan looks at her frozen, as if Rhea is putting a spell on her.

ANGLE ON RHEA - You do not fuck with her.

She shakes her head as if waking from a dream. She looks around confused then grabs the dress and puts it on hurriedly.

SUSAN

No, old mother, I mean no offense.
It's just that it's late and I must
be at the fair. My aunt awaits the
paper.

Rhea smiles warmly.

RHEA

Of course, the fair. Where you'll
dance around the Charyou Tree.

(sings)

Charyou Tree! Charyou Tree! Come
Reap! Charyou Tree!

She holds her with her look then crosses to a table and rips a ticket from a dispenser. She uses a quill to write a single word on it. Her hand shakes.

Rhea holds out the ticket.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Give this to ye aunt. No one else.

Susan curtsies.

SUSAN

I say thankee.

RHEA

Of course, dear.

She holds out her arms for Susan to hug her. Susan wants to get the hell out of there but needs that paper.

She hugs Rhea. Rhea pulls her close, running her hands through Susan's hair, smelling it, then kissing her head..

RHEA (CONT'D)

He's lucky. Make sure you take only him. Hear me well, lie with no other man.

Susan takes the paper and heads to the door. She opens it, gives Rhea one last look, then exits.

34 EXT. RHEA'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS 34

She bursts into tears then runs from the cottage.

35 INT. RHEA'S COTTAGE - INTERCUT 35

Rhea watches the door. Then, sure Susan is gone, she approaches and stares into the ticket booth.

THE PINK LIGHT glows from within.

Rhea looks at it, mesmerized.

36 EXT. GREAT ROAD - NIGHT 36

Roland walks along, taking in the bright KISSING MOON. He sees a FIGURE approaching him from an intersecting road.

They walk toward each other, each watching the other out of the corner of their eye.

SUSAN steps onto the road just ahead of Roland. She's rattled from her encounter with Rhea. They lock eyes.

Roland taps his throat, a sign of respect.

ROLAND

Goodeven.

Susan is about to turn toward Hambry but stops.

SUSAN
Sai? Are you hurt?

ROLAND
(surprised)
No. Why?

SUSAN
You have blood on your face.

Roland wipes where he cut himself shaving.

ROLAND
Just a careless slip.

Susan waits for more of an explanation but when he doesn't offer one --

SUSAN
Do you need help?

Roland shakes his head.

Susan isn't sure what to make of him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Well, then, may your days be long
upon the earth.

ROLAND
(absent-minded)
May yours be long also.

She turns and begins to walk away. Roland watches, thinking to himself, then --

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Miss?

ANGLE ON SUSAN, beginning to regret ever speaking to him. She keeps walking. Roland follows.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Obviously, I'm a stranger here in --

She stops and turns. The moonlight catches her perfectly.

SUSAN
Hambry.

ROLAND
I could use an inn for the night.

SUSAN

You may have trouble finding one.
The town will be full. Tonight is
the Feast of the Kissing Moon.

He looks up at the moon. It's bright and full.

ROLAND

That it is.

She looks up at it as well.

As the world spins, a star leaves a white TRAIL behind it,
the same as Roland saw in his hallucination. Another trail is
traced beside it, then another. Soon, the sky is lit up by
countless trails.

Susan watches in awe. The stress of her visit to Rhea drains
away.

Roland looks up.

WIDE SHOT - they stand under the Kissing Moon and the trail-
filled sky.

SUSAN

I've never seen anything like that.

Roland considers her, surprised. He wasn't sure if this is
real or not.

ROLAND

So you see it, too?

SUSAN

Of course. How could I not?

They take in the sky for a moment and then Susan breaks away.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I must be going.

Roland looks down at the road ahead of her. It leads to her
modest house.

ROLAND

Would it please ya I walk with you?
(off her look)
So you're kept safe.

SUSAN

I can take care of myself.

He believes her.

ROLAND
Then we are well met...

SUSAN
Susan. Susan Delgado.

ROLAND
And I am --
(thinks)
Will Dearborn.

SUSAN
Thank you, Will Dearborn.

She curtsies.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I will let you walk with me.

He taps his throat and smiles. There's another moment between them.

ROLAND
I say thankee.

WIDE SHOT -- They head toward town. The moon and star trails fill the sky.

HOLD ON MOON as the trails twinkle then fade away.

37 INT. GILEAD - CORT'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

37

TIGHT on a metal chest covered with GEARS.

Gabrielle puts a key in its lock then turns two cranks. The gears TURN. It's an incredibly complex system that finally unlocks.

Gabrielle opens the chest to reveal --

Four sets of six shooters sitting in red velvet lining. The center space is empty. A pair of guns is missing.

Gabrielle considers the guns then lifts one and inspects it.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Where are you going?

He indicates her change of clothes - more suited for the backcountry than palace halls.

Gabrielle startles then picks up another gun confidently.

GABRIELLE
I'll find Roland myself.

STEVEN
We talked about that.

GABRIELLE
We can't leave him and the others
out there. Cuthbert, Jamie, Ileen,
Alain. They're just children.

STEVEN
They're gunslingers.

He looks into the chest.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
At least Roland is.

GABRIELLE
I can't just sit here.

STEVEN
Gabrielle --

GABRIELLE
I've --

STEVEN
You've done enough!

She cuts him a look.

GABRIELLE
You blame me for this?

He looks over at Cort, as if to make a point.

STEVEN
I was the one who was true.

GABRIELLE
True to your Way of the Gun.

STEVEN
Yes, a way that is now under threat
from without. That's to be
expected. I never thought the
greatest menace would come from
within.

GABRIELLE
All you had to do was look, Steven.
Just once, open your eyes.

STEVEN

Hear me, my eyes are open and I see
you well, Gabrielle Veriss of
Arten, Gabrielle of the waters.

GABRIELLE

I am Gabrielle Deschain, your wife,
our son's mother.

STEVEN

And I am the dinh who says you'll
not leave Gilead.

A stalemate. They look at each other, a chasm between them.

He holds his hands out. She gives him the guns then steps
aside, out of the cage that holds the chest. He puts the guns
in the chest and shuts it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

The key.

She hands it to him. He locks the chest then closes the door
on the cage and starts to exit. Before he reaches the door --

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You and Marten, was it love that
brought him to our bed?

GABRIELLE

I told you what it was.

He wants to believe her.

STEVEN

You speak true it was glammer and
glammer alone?

PRODUCTION NOTE: Get ALTERNATE LINE:

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You speak true it was sorcery and
sorcery alone?

She knows what he needs to hear.

GABRIELLE

I do not love Marten.

Steven waits for her to say more.

She doesn't.

He nods then looks at her sorrowfully and exits.

Gabrielle looks at Cort.

Beat.

She hears a NOISE outside the room. She rushes across the room and reaches for the door. It's LOCKED.

She tries to force it open.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Steven!

She looks out the window to SEE --

38 EXT. CORT'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

38

Steven and Vannay look back at her. Steven turns and walks off, leaving Vannay to stand guard.

GABRIELLE

Abel, Abel!

Vannay looks at her sadly, then turns his back on her.

OFF Gabrielle, a prisoner --

39 EXT. HAMBRY - HILL STREET - NIGHT

39

Roland and Susan stroll into town.

COSTUMED REVELERS stream past on their way to the town square. Faces are painted. Grotesque masks. The costumes are odd. Exaggerated characters, mythological beasts. Some people are dressed as scarecrow-like STUFFY GUYS.

Roland looks around in bewilderment.

SUSAN

You seem surprised.

ROLAND

We don't do this where I come from.

SUSAN

And where is that? Your dress is obviously not of Barony Meijis.

To avoid answering, Roland steps out of the way of some revelers.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

If you haven't come to Hambry for
this, what brings you?

ROLAND

(hesitant)

I'm looking for someone.

SUSAN

Who? Maybe I know them.

Roland realizes his mistake. He shouldn't have said anything.

ROLAND

I hope you don't.

She senses his guardedness.

SUSAN

You won't tell me that either, eh,
Will Dearborn? My father said never
trust a man with too many secrets.

Their eyes meet.

ROLAND

You have no secrets?

She blushes.

He smiles then looks away awkwardly. Together, they pass
through a tunnel leading into another street.

HOLD ON the bustling street. It hums with activity. Noisy,
chaotic.

Then --

A woman steps onto a side street, OUT OF FRAME.

A grocer pushes a cart into an alley, also EXITING FRAME.

One by one, the revelers exit the street by stepping into
stores or side streets. After a BEAT --

The street is EMPTY.

SILENT.

Beat, then --

FOOTSTEPS echo on the cobblestones.

A FIGURE passes in front of camera. STAY ON his back so WE DON'T SEE his face.

MARTEN BROADCLOAK makes his way through the empty street like he owns it. When he reaches the end of the street, he exits to the side.

Almost immediately --

The grocer steps back into FRAME.

A man heads toward the square.

Revelers pour into the street from all sides.

Within seconds, the street is packed again. No one ever saw Marten come and go.

40

EXT. HAMBRY - HIGH STREET - NIGHT

40

Roland and Susan walk alongside each other. He points to --

A raucous tavern. The sign above it reads --

TRAVELLERS' REST.

ON ROLAND, remembering Brown's words.

ROLAND

I'll see if that inn has a room.

SUSAN

You'd best pass that one by. Hambry may be a friendly town but it's not because of the Travellers' Rest.

Roland looks at it curiously.

ROLAND

Very well. I'll find another. Thankee, Susan Delgado, for walking me so safely.

(looks around)

Hambry is a strange place. I'm glad to have made one friend.

He taps his throat respectfully. She nods.

SUSAN

Long days and pleasant nights, Will Dearborn.

Their eyes lock again and then Roland slowly backs away, almost knocking over someone on STILTS.

Susan laughs then turns and heads off.

Roland looks over his shoulder to see Susan disappear into the crowd. He's smitten. He heads towards the Travellers' Rest.

41 EXT. TRAVELLERS' REST - NIGHT

41

The motorcycle is parked near a wall a few yards away from the tavern door.

Roland doesn't know what to make of it. He's never seen anything like this. He inspects it carefully. Feels the body and the seat.

He crouches beside it to examine the engine.

He stands and feels the handlebar. Checks out the headlight. He turns the front wheel and --

The bike FALLS OVER.

Roland tries to catch it but it hits the ground with a loud crash. He looks around nervously then lifts it.

It's fucking heavy.

It falls again.

He lifts it once more, steadies it in place and takes a beat, hoping it doesn't fall. When it doesn't, he rushes into the tavern.

42 INT. TRAVELLERS' REST - CONTINUOUS

42

This post-apocalyptic, western/medieval dive bar is packed with GAMBLERS and HOOKERS. They're laughing, arguing, and drinking hard.

One group of bandits plays cards. They're THE BIG COFFIN HUNTERS and they act like they own the place.

SHEB MCCURDY pounds on a pipe organ. Sweat pours down his face. A heavysset singer, PETTIE, stands on a stool belting out a SONG. Anyone paying attention is either staring at her cleavage or waiting for her to fall.

The owner, CORAL, pours whiskey for some cowpokes at the bar.

INSERT -- The whiskey splashes over ICE CUBES.

Roland fixates on the ice.

The cowpokes slam down coins. Coral immediately scrapes them into her pocket.

Roland steps up to the bar. Coral looks at him impatiently. Roland points to the whiskey. Coral pours him a glass. Roland puts down --

A GOLD COIN, big and shiny.

Coral looks up at him, surprised.

Roland realizes his mistake but commits to playing it cool. Coral takes Roland's coin, puts down some change.

CORAL

From the western baronies, are ya?

To avoid answering, Roland downs the whiskey then signals for another. Coral pours.

ROLAND

If a stranger came through here in the past day, would you tell me?

Roland puts down another coin. Coral stares at it then scoops it up and pockets it.

CORAL

Haven't seen any strangers.

Roland realizes he was just played. Trying to save face, he picks up the drink and turns to take in the action. Coral watches him out of the corner of her eye.

TIGHT ON ROLAND, raising the glass to his lip. He doesn't notice a SHADOWY FIGURE over his shoulder take a seat at the bar.

43

EXT. HAMBRY - GREEN HEART SQUARE - NIGHT

43

Susan joins what must be the entire population of Hambry, maybe a thousand people. She looks around, scanning the crowd.

A BAND plays on a dais lit by gas lamps.

Stilt-walkers DANCE.

Susan surveys the crowd. She picks out --

CORDELIA, 50s, headed straight for her.

They speak to each other in SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES.

CORDELIA

¿Qué te tomó tanto tiempo? ¿Hubo problemas?

(What took ye so long? Was there trouble?)

SUSAN

No.

CORDELIA

¿Te dio el papel?

(Did she give you the paper?)

SUSAN

Si, me lo dio.

(She did.)

CORDELIA

¿Era su marca? El casco de un diablo, dicen algunos. Dalo aqui. Era su marca.

(It was her mark? A devil's hoof, some say. Give it here.)

SUSAN

Tengo que darlo directamente.

(I'm to give it directly.)

CORDELIA

¿Pagaste con mi moneda, no?

(You paid with my coin, did ye not?)

Susan cuts her a cold look.

SUSAN

Ella me dijo que no se lo diera a nadie más. Incluyendo usted.

(She said for me to give it to no one else. Including you.)

Cordelia doesn't believe her but can't take the chance.

CORDELIA
Bruja estúpida
(Stupid witch.)

She points across the square.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
Ahi esta.
(There he is.)

MAYOR HART THORIN, 60s, short, stuffy, mean but trying to hide it.

He has several high-powered STUFFED SHIRTS around him, both men and women. Hambry's ruling class.

His dutiful wife, OLIVE THORIN, 50s, using a wheelchair, laughs at all his jokes.

Cordelia grabs Susan by the hand to lead her to Mayor Thorin. Susan pulls her hand away. Cordelia glares at her then yanks Susan toward him.

Thorin shakes a few hands then spots Susan and Cordelia coming toward him.

Cordelia steps forward to shake his hand but he ignores and waits expectantly as Susan reaches into her pocket. She hands him Rhea's ticket.

Cordelia watches as --

Thorin reads the ticket. It has only one word:

onnest, and bears Rhea's mark:



He cuts Susan a salacious look.

She drops her eyes.

Roland sits at a small table in the corner watching the scene.

Sheb bangs out another song on the organ while Pettie plays to the crowd.

Roland fixates on a card game on the other side of the bar.

ROY DEPAPE, 25, plays with CLAY REYNOLDS, 30s. They sit with other bandits at the table. Everyone wears GUNS. There are several guns on the table.

A young man, SHEEMIE, enters from a back room. He wears an apron and carries a bucket marked with two handwritten words:

Camel Piss

Sheemie removes half finished drinks from the bar and spills them into the bucket. He then puts the empties into another bin and wipes down the bar with a cloth that he puts back in his apron. He makes his way to the next table.

Reynolds slams down a winning hand. His fellow players shout in protest. Depape snaps for another drink. Reynolds laughs as he rakes in the winnings.

Pettie sashays over to some drunks standing in front of the bar. She steps in front of one and sways as she sings her song. He grabs her ass. She slaps his hand sternly then moves away. The man feigns disappointment then laughs with his buddies.

Roland keeps his eyes on the card game.

Reynolds drops his hand to his side.

INSERT -- A card slides down from his sleeve into his hand. So fast, we're not sure we even saw it.

Coral carries a bucket of steamed clams past Reynolds' table. Depape snatches one, opens it, and slurps down the clam.

Coral puts the bucket on another table where a COWPOKE swigs from a bottle of whiskey. She crosses to Roland. There's nothing in front of him except one empty glass.

CORAL

You know how this works, doncha?

ROLAND

If you want me to lie with you, I only have so much coin.

CORAL

I'm the owner, cully. Food. Drinks. You want something more than that, see the Countess --

She points to COUNTESS JULIAN, flirting at another table.

CORAL (CONT'D)
Or ye can go fuck yourself.

ROLAND
I cry your pardon.
(off her look)
Whiskey.

She heads off. Roland SEES --

Reynolds win again. Depape slams back another drink.

Sheemie crosses behind them carrying the bucket of Camel Piss. One of the men at Reynolds' table, MCCREEDY, sticks his foot out so Sheemie stumbles.

He DOUSES Reynolds with Camel Piss.

Reynolds shoots to his feet.

SHEEMIE
Sorry, I go trippy-trip.

MCCREEDY
The hell you did.

Reynolds brushes the drinks off himself. He's pissed.

REYNOLDS
Look at this, you damned feeb.

Sheemie watches him nervously.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
My boots. Ye've drenched them.

Depape laughs, pissing Reynolds off even further.

Roland watches intently.

Another man, RUIZ, steps forward with a cloth to help dry Reynolds.

RUIZ
Sai Reynolds, the boy meant no ill.

He starts dabbing Reynolds.

REYNOLDS
Stop.

RUIZ

I'd be happy to buy you --

BAM! Reynolds pistol whips him in the mouth with his gun. Ruiz falls to the ground. He spits out blood and teeth. Reynolds draws on Sheemie. The entire place is frozen.

CORAL

Damnit, Reynolds, I told you --

REYNOLDS

(ignores her)

Clean my boots.

Terrified, Sheemie pulls his bar rag from his apron.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

No. Put that nasty clout back where it came from.

Sheemie returns the cloth to his apron.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Lick em.

Sheemie hesitates. Ruiz staggers to his feet and collapses in a chair. His mouth, neck, and chest are covered with blood. Reynolds gestures toward him.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

(to Sheemie)

You'll be far worse if you don't lick my boots dry.

SHEEMIE

I cry your pardon....

Reynolds looks around. He has an audience. Everyone is frozen in fear and contempt.

REYNOLDS

Lick, you feeble-minded donkey. Every drop of that Camel Piss.

He cocks his gun. Sheemie starts to cry then slowly kneels beside Reynolds.

INSERT -- The boots gleam with Camel Piss. One drop rolls off and hits the floor.

Reynolds doesn't lift his boot so Sheemie has to bend all the way down to the floor.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

That's it. Go ahead.

DePape, McCreedy, and some others laugh. Coral and Sheb watch in disgust.

ROLAND (O.S.)

Stop.

Reynolds turns.

ROLAND is on his feet.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

That's enough. Let him be.

Reynolds glares at him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Your cardmate tripped the boy. You were too busy pulling kings from your sleeve to notice.

REYNOLDS

Stranger, you don't talk that way to Clay Reynolds, one of the Big Coffin Hunters.

ROLAND

If it's your coffin you hunt, I'll be happy to help.

He opens his coat, revealing his guns. Reynolds smirks.

They face off against each other.

REYNOLDS

Those are some pretty irons there, cully.

Roland knows he'd kill him for the guns alone.

The Countess runs out the door. Sheb takes Ruiz and follows.

CORAL

Take it outside!

Sheemie hides behind the bar.

The other Big Coffin Hunters look on.

REYNOLDS

This ain't your business.

ROLAND

Leave the boy in peace. 'Twas just
misfortune he spilled on your fine
boots.

DEPAPE

(laughs)

Clay, why are you waiting? Kill the
cully and be done with it.

Roland stays focused. Out of the corner of his eye, he SEES --

ON THE BALCONY --

ONLOOKERS lining up to watch the action.

Everyone in the bar holds their breath.

Reynolds is ready to kill.

ON ROLAND, wheels turning --

He stretches his hands, ready to draw.

Reynolds glares. He looks over Roland's shoulders where --

A GUNMAN slyly pulls a weapon.

TIGHT ON Roland's eyes.

TIGHT ON Reynolds' eyes.

In an instant Roland draws both guns from his shoulder
holsters. He FIRES --

Destroying Reynolds' gun and --

Blasting the gunman's gun out of his hands.

Beat. Then almost instantaneously --

Another GUNMAN on the balcony draws on Roland.

REVEAL Ileen, near him. As she lunges for him, she uncoils a
GARROTTE from a band on her wrist. She wraps it around the
gunman's forearm, pulling it down. She disarms him and puts
the gun to his head.

Beside her, Cuthbert steps forward, a SLINGSHOT in his hand.
He aims at Reynolds.

CUTHBERT

Hey!

Roland and the Big Coffin Hunters look up at him. Reynolds LAUGHS.

REYNOLDS

Best not play with toys. Ye'll hurt yourself.

He looks at a gun on the table in front of him then studies Roland, Cuthbert, and Ileen.

REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Fucking cullies.

He lunges for the gun.

Cuthbert FIRES a metal ball. It ricochets off the table in front of Reynolds, between his hand and the gun, and SMASHES him in the face, BREAKING HIS NOSE. BLOOD POURS everywhere. Reynolds collapses onto the table.

Cuthbert reloads and covers the other Big Coffin Hunters. Ileen does the same.

Roland takes in the scene then slowly takes a few steps toward Depape and the others. He stands over the fallen Reynolds.

ROLAND

Anyone else?

They glare at him but no one makes a sound.

Roland gives one last look around then steps over Reynolds and exits up the stairs.

Sheemie looks at him gratefully. Roland gives a small nod then exits behind Cuthbert and Ileen.

OFF the bar, in stunned silence --

45

EXT. TRAVELLERS' REST - NIGHT

45

Roland follows Cuthbert and Ileen onto the street. Cuthbert WHISTLES. DOWN THE STREET, Jamie and Alain turn toward them.

CUTHBERT

Did you see that shot?

ROLAND

Forget the shot. What about you?!

As Jamie and Alain reach them he hugs each of them --

CUTHBERT

Thank ka.

ALAIN

You found him?

ROLAND

How? How did you even --

Jamie tosses his bandana in his face. He looks around worriedly then quickly shoves it in his pocket.

JAMIE

You're easier to track than a three-eyed mule.

ILEEN

And a good thing we did.

ALAIN

What happened?

CUTHBERT

I had an amazing shot. You should have seen it.

ILEEN

How hard is it to hit a table?

Cuthbert cuts her a look.

ILEEN (CONT'D)

Roland took down two to your one.

CUTHBERT

At least I got one.

She holds up the gun, then shrugs and puts it in her waist band.

JAMIE

You can tell us about it later.

ROLAND

Yeah, let's get out of here.

45A EXT. HAMBRY - HIGH STREET - NIGHT

45A

They mingle in with the crowd streaming toward the square.

ROLAND

Thank ka you are all safe.

ILEEN

And you.

ROLAND

(to Cuthbert)

And I thankee.

Cuthbert nods proudly.

Roland's smile fades.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You've come to take me back to
Gilead.

CUTHBERT

Of course.

ROLAND

I can't go. Not until I find that
traitor, Marten.

(off their looks)

He's betrayed the entire House of
Eld.

ALAIN

Tell us what happened.

Roland wrestles with telling them. He wants to but --

ROLAND

I can't. Not now.

JAMIE

Hear me, Roland Deschain, you will
say!

They reach --

46

EXT. HAMBRY - GREEN HEART SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

46

The throngs of revelers has gotten thicker. Roland looks
around.

ROLAND

Do not call my true name.

CUTHBERT

Fine, Tim Brickbrain, then tell us
the truth. We haven't tracked you
weeks through the desert for
nothing.

ROLAND
Weeks?

ILEEN
Aye.

ROLAND
It took me months to cross.

ILEEN
Time moves strangely in the desert.
It waxes and wanes of its own
accord.

ROLAND
No matter. Head back. Tell my
father you didn't find me.

The others trade looks.

CUTHBERT
Roland, Steven didn't send us. We
came on our own.

ILEEN
We're ka-tet.

ALAIN
One from many.

Roland looks at them appreciatively.

ROLAND
You say true, but this is my
burden, not yours.

JAMIE
Your burden is ours.

CUTHBERT
We'll help you find Marten, bring
him back to Gilead for whatever
he's done.

Roland makes sure no one else can hear him.

ROLAND
I'm not here to bring him back. I'm
here to kill him.

The band ends its song. On another platform, DRUMMERS begin a
new beat.

47 INT. TRAVELLERS' REST - NIGHT

47

The bar has emptied out except for the staff and Reynolds. The front of his shirt is covered with blood. He holds ice to his face. Depape slaps down cards, as if playing solitaire.

Some of the Big Coffin Hunters drink, sleep, play darts, and shoot dice. Pettie, Sheb, and Countess Julian sit off to the side, drinking.

ELDRED JONAS, 60s, grizzled, outlaw, enters. Coral pours him a drink.

Sheemie bussess a table far from Reynolds, never taking his eyes off him. Reynolds glares at him murderously.

JONAS
(to Reynolds)
What happened to you?

Reynolds cuts Sheemie another look. Sheemie slinks away.

DEPAPE
Some gunbunny called him out.

He bursts out laughing.

REYNOLDS
Shut it.

DEPAPE
Shoulda seen it. He went down like
Lord Perth himself.

JONAS
What the hell are you --

PLINK!

Something hits the floor behind Jonas. He spins to SEE --

A metal bolt bouncing toward him.

It hits his foot. He picks it up, examines it, then looks across the bar.

A FIGURE sits at the bar completely in shadow.

Jonas crosses to it. He stops in front of the figure. Glares down at --

MARTEN drinks his drink. He doesn't give a shit about Jonas.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

MARTEN

Don't worry about me. I'm here to
toast the Kissing Moon.

He raises his glass.

MARTEN (CONT'D)

Look at your poor man over there.
Nursing his wound. Done in by a
babbie who couldn't even have
whiskers on his cockles.

He returns to his drink, dismissing Jonas. Jonas stares at
him but doesn't respond.

REYNOLDS

I shoulda gunned him down the
minnit he stood.

DEPAPE

Fucking bunnies. And a bitch, too.

Jonas not only can't believe what he's hearing, he can't
understand why no one else is reacting to Marten.

JONAS

Cry the Man Jesus. Ain't no pubes
in town with spine like that.

REYNOLDS

They wasn't from Mejis.

MARTEN

And they laid ya flat without
putting a bullet in ya.

Jonas stares at him, confused, as if waking from a dream.
Marten ignores him. Jonas turns back to Reynolds.

JONAS

What did you do with them?

REYNOLDS

With what?

JONAS

The bodies.

Reynolds and Depape trade looks. Oh shit.

MARTEN

They let them walk right out of here.

His words goad Jonas.

JONAS

You let a bunch of pubes show up the Big Coffin Hunters and you didn't take their heads?

He pulls his knife.

JONAS (CONT'D)

You shoulda cut 'em right off there and then.

He jams the knife into the table. Bottles go flying.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Now everyone thinks you can take out a Big Coffin Hunter and get away with it.

Reynolds, Depape and the others are humiliated.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Where are they?

Reynolds looks at the door.

Jonas shakes his head then charges out of the tavern. The others scramble out after him, pulling their weapons as they go, leaving only Sheemie and Marten.

Marten nods to himself, satisfied, then gets up and walks to the door.

Sheemie watches him fearfully.

Marten meets his look then exits. OFF Sheemie --

48

EXT. HAMBRY - GREEN HEART SQUARE - NIGHT

48

Roland, Cuthbert, Ileen, Jamie, and Alain huddle. In the middle of the square, they SEE --

THE CHARYOU TREE.

A blackened charred tree trunk with only a few dead branches reaching into the night sky. No leaves. A symbol of death.

A giant straw figure rests beside it. This is THE STUFFY GUY.

The drummers continue their beat and the crowd begins to chant THE CHARYOU TREE SONG. Townsfolk pull ropes to erect the Stuffy Guy so that it stands as tall as the tree, ominously dominating the square.

ILEEN
We're not assassins.

ROLAND
He has to pay. After what he did.

ALAIN
Which was?

ILEEN
Roland, if he hurt you --

ROLAND
Not me. My mother.

They are stunned. No one presses him to explain.

CUTHBERT
Whatever his crime, his sentence is
for your father to decide.

NEARBY

The town begins a group dance, holding hands and circling around the Charyou Tree.

Susan dances with the mayor. He holds on to her inappropriately. She spies Roland but he's so focused on his ka-tet, he doesn't see her.

ROLAND
My father? I have forgotten his
face. I cannot return to Gilead
without Marten's head. It's the
only way to restore honor to the
Line of Eld.

SUSAN'S POV --

Roland argues with two boys and two girls.

The dance speeds up.

CRANE SHOT -- The dancers spin around the Charyou Tree like a wheel.

The mayor beams, looking at everyone but Susan. He's showing her off.

Cordelia holds her head up proudly.

ILEEN

Vengeance does not restore honor.

ROLAND

I don't seek vengeance. I seek justice. If we are truly ka-tet, you will help me.

Before they can answer --

SUSAN pushes the mayor away and grabs Roland, dragging him away from Cuthbert, Jamie, Ileen, and Alain. Everyone besides Susan is stunned.

SUSAN

Dance with me.

ROLAND

I can't.

SUSAN

You better learn fast.

She smiles.

And like that, he's in love.

Roland looks to his other side, sees he's now holding hands with the Mayor. They trade awkward looks, then release each other's hands.

The Mayor leaves the dance.

Susan laughs. Roland smiles at her.

The circle dance breaks up and another song begins: Flogging Molly's "Requiem For a Dying Song."

Roland and Susan bust into wide grins.

He holds her tight and swings her into the crowd.

Cuthbert, Jamie, Ileen, and Alain stare in disbelief.

Cordelia watches Susan and Roland from across the square. She's furious.

The mayor plays the whole thing off by greeting some townsfolk.

Roland and Susan dance like there's no tomorrow --

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE - INTERCUT

Jonas, Reynolds, Depape, and their crew push their way through the crowd.

Roland and Susan keep dancing.

Cuthbert watches Roland. He can't believe his eyes.

Depape spots --

Roland and Susan.

Depape WHISTLES to --

Jonas

-- and waves.

DEPAPE

There's one.

Jonas glares. He, Reynolds, and crew head toward Roland.

Roland and Susan continue dancing.

Jamie spots the Big Coffin Hunters cutting through the crowd.

JAMIE

Shit.

The others see Jonas and his men. They move to head them off.

Roland and Susan spin, looking into each others eyes. Smiling. Falling in love. They spin once more. Roland SEES --

MARTEN.

In the crowd grinning directly at him.

Roland is startled.

Susan notices Roland is distracted.

SUSAN

Something wrong?

ON ROLAND -- stunned.

Marten disappears into the crowd.

Roland starts to move.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

He races after Marten, leaving her behind.

Cuthbert sees Roland running off.

CUTHBERT

Where's he going?

Jonas looks around. He lost track of Roland.

Marten pushes through the edge of the crowd. He exits the square.

Roland pushes through the crowd. It's like a solid wall of people.

Susan watches Roland trying to make his way through the crowd. She's hurt and annoyed with him.

Roland keeps pushing his way through.

ROLAND'S POV -- Marten exits the square through a tunnel. He's swallowed up by the blackness.

Cuthbert, Jamie, Alain, and Ileen elbow their way through the revelers.

Jonas, Reynolds, Depape and the rest of the Big Coffin Hunters bulldoze their way through. People protest but when they see Jonas and his men, they get the hell out of the way.

Roland runs after Marten.

Cordelia grabs Susan by the arm.

CORDELIA

How dare you?

Susan pulls her arm free then pushes her way out of the square in the opposite direction Roland and the others are moving.

Cordelia looks over at --

Mayor Thorin. He's chatting up another pretty, young GIRL.

Olive looks at Cordelia.

Cordelia forces a polite smile.

Marten crosses through a plaza. As he EXITS FRAME, a THICK CLOUD OF FOG rolls into the plaza.

The Big Coffin Hunters exit the square.

JONAS

Split up. Find this cully. We'll
string him up for every asshole to
see.

Reynolds runs down one street, Depape takes another. Other
Big Coffin Hunters head in other directions.

Jonas limps down the same street as Roland.

Cuthbert, Ileen, Jamie, and Alain cross away from the square.

CUTHBERT

Find Roland.

They split up, each taking a different street.

Roland enters the plaza.

ROLAND'S POV -- THE WALL OF FOG rolls straight toward him.
It's weird, eerie.

WIDE SHOT -- The fog ENGULFS Roland.

ROLAND'S POV -- The fog is so thick, he can't see a thing.

He draws his guns and pushes into it.

SHOT FROM ABOVE HAMBRY --

The fog rolls off the water and into the town. It pours over
the rooftops. CAMERA tilts down through the fog, down to the
street, to FIND --

Cuthbert, Jamie, Alain, and Ileen in pursuit of Roland. They
are lost in the fog.

Jonas stares at the encroaching fog like it's a magical
force. His eyes widen then he scoffs and plunges in. McCreedy
and several Big Coffin Hunters follow.

Roland slowly works his way through the fog. He stops near
the well. Listens.

Marten passes behind him but Roland doesn't see him. He
continues in the direction he was headed.

SHOT FROM ABOVE THE TOWN -- The fog rolls through Hambry like
a monster.

Roland looks for Marten. He's completely unaware Jonas and
his men are chasing him.

Reynolds makes his way down a street. He staggers along like a blind man. After he passes a doorway, WE SEE Jamie, staying out of his way. She heads in the other direction.

Jonas comes around a corner, hatchets drawn. CRACK! Something ricochets off the wall right next to him. He pulls back.

REVEAL --

Cuthbert across the street, slingshot in his hand. He disappears into the fog alongside Ileen and Alain.

Reynolds splits off from his group. He swings his gun wildly, trying to see more than a foot in front of him.

ROLAND SEES --

A FIGURE up ahead.

He goes after it.

Reynolds SEES --

Roland going after the first figure.

He clutches his guns and follows.

Reynolds steps into the street behind Roland. WE CAN barely make him out through the thick fog.

Roland peers into the fog.

ROLAND'S POV -- The wall of grey swirls.

SLO-MO: MARTEN emerges and heads straight for him.

Roland FIRES until his guns are empty.

ROLAND'S POV --

The fog before him clears to reveal --

GABRIELLE standing before him, covered in BLOOD. She holds out her hands and looks at him pleadingly.

GABRIELLE

Roland?

ON ROLAND, horrified.

ROLAND

Mother?

ROLAND'S POV --

Reynolds drops to the ground, dead.

ON ROLAND, realizing he hallucinated.

Behind him, over his shoulder, a FACE emerges out of the fog.

MARTEN

Hear me, gunslinger.

Roland looks around but doesn't see Marten.

MARTEN (CONT'D)

And see it very well. You will send them all to the clearing at the end of their paths. Your mother and father, too. Only you and I will remain.

ROLAND

No.

MARTEN

You are ka-mai, Roland Deschain. Ka's fool. And you will kill everything and everyone you love.

He smiles then steps back, fading into the fog.

OFF ROLAND --

THE END