



“Pilot”

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Story by

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"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EST. THE TOWN OF SILVER CITY, COLORADO: CIRCA 1888 - DAY

A SERIES OF CUTS as the mighty train eases to a halt, and the steam valve heaves a sigh of relief ... We have a CLOSE SHOT of a man's boots as he steps off the train.

Pan up, to reveal **Carl Yeates** - a particularly rough looking cowboy who wears a low slung Colt .45 ... Slightly self-conscious, as if he doesn't want to be seen lingering at the station, he quickly makes his way into town.

The town madame, LUCI PRESCOTT arrives. She searches the crowded platform ... A moment later, two sexy and savvy "ladies of the evening" exit the train. Luci greets them.

WIDE SHOT - SILVER CITY - MAIN STREET

A banner is being strung across main street. It reads:

"Welcome To Silver City: 10th Anniversary Celebration."

A sign of the times; two Chinese men ride into frame on bicycles.

EXT. A NONDESCRIPT WINDOW - DAY

The train's WHISTLE BLOWS. Meet KATIE OWEN - as she opens the window to make sure her ears aren't deceiving her.

CLOSE ON KATIE

She's young, beautiful, and deliciously inquisitive about things that would usually make a young lady her age ... gag.

Chalk this virtue up to a brilliant mind, two years of Medical School, and a career track that was tragically interrupted when she was forced to abandon her studies to return home from Boston - and run the family business after the sudden death of her father.

KATIE leaves the window. Oh, yeah, the family business she's now running?

PAN DOWN & PULL BACK TO REVEAL A SIGN:

"OWEN'S MORTUARY"

Katie exits the mortuary; hustles across the busy town square to the train station.

CUT TO:

INT. RAIL CAR HORSE BOX - SAME TIME

Just then, CHUCK and CODY, two rough and ready cowboys, begin to have trouble unloading a wild and fiery, jet black mare.

NIGHTMARE rears up! Rejecting her handler's lead with dangerous fury.

CHUCK

No wonder they call her Nightmare!

CODY

Wannamaker made us chase her to hell and gone before we caught her. She's a present for his wife.

NIGHTMARE continues to buck and pull at her reins.

CHUCK (O.C.)

Easy, now! Whoa!

(to Cody)

Let's get her off of this train.

CUT TO:

KATIE

Is fast approaching the platform, but her path is blocked by the horse. The men are trying to coax her down the loading ramp of the station, but Nightmare has other ideas. She waits for the mare's handlers to calm her, but it's pretty clear that Katie disagrees with their methods.

ON CODY

As he struggles with the horse to retain control.

PEOPLE on the platform definitely give ground - this horse is dangerous.

Katie starts to walk past, but CHUCK stops her by putting his arm out.

CHUCK

Hey, whoa, sweetheart. This horse is dangerous. Better stay back.

KATIE has no time for such bravado - she wants to get by. So she pushes past Chuck's protective embrace and approaches the feisty mare without fear.

ON NIGHTMARE & KATIE

As she gently begins to calm her.

CHUCK & CODY

Are dumbstruck. Both men look at each other, then at Katie.

KATIE

If you want her to act like a lady,
you gotta treat her like one.

There's a beat, as both men realize they've been embarrassed.

CODY

(flat)
Chuck, go ask Mr. Wannamaker if he
wants us to take her to the stables
- or his ranch.

CHUCK turns away, and KATIE continues on her mission ...

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRAIN STATION

But even before Katie takes another five steps, a PORTER is already bringing her package out.

KATIE stops, pleased to receive the fancy case. (A small suitcase, made of burlled walnut with polished brass trim.) It reads: FRAGILE.

GRANT, the PORTER smiles.

GRANT

Here you go, Miss Owen.

KATIE

(accepting the case)
Thanks, Grant.

He leans in, confidential.

GRANT

Can I know what it is?

KATIE

A microscope.

And with that, Katie spins to take her parcel back home.

INT. THE TRAIN/TELEGRAPH STATION - SAME

Twyla cranks a wall mounted phone.

TWYLA
 (on the phone)
 Peg, it's Twyla, ring the Marshal's
 office for me.
 (beat)
 Never mind why, just ring!

INT. THE JAIL, MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SAME

"Rrrring!" Young **Chipper Dunn** (17) is sweeping up.

CHIPPER DUNN
 (answering)
 Marshal's office.
 (beat)
 Hi, Twyla. No, the Marshal isn't
 here. He's at Doc's.

TWYLA (O.S.)
 Well go get him ... Tell him Art
 Wannamaker's been murdered at the
 train station!

Enough said. Chipper drops the phone, letting it dangle, as he runs out the door.

EXT. SILVER CITY - MAIN STREET - TRACKING W/ CHIPPER - DAY

Chipper runs beneath the banner, and down the street ...

INT. THE DOC'S OFFICE - DAY

STONE (O.S.)
 That's an e, f, g, z, and q.

PULL BACK, to reveal **Doc Gates**, frowning at a man with a star on his vest. This is **Jared Stone**, a ruggedly handsome individual in his 40's. He's doing an eye test. Doc Gates slips a pair of spectacles on him.

DOC GATES
 Now try.

The Marshal reluctantly focuses. We see the bitter revelation hit his expression almost immediately.

MARSHAL JARED STONE

Oh ... Make that an o, p, g, e and z.

The Doc smiles. Marshal Stone doesn't.

DOC GATES

You can fight a lot of things,
Marshal, but you can't fight time.

Suddenly, Chipper bursts into the office.

CHIPPER

Marshal, it's Art Wannamaker - he's
been murdered!

Leave the frame on Chipper's exasperated expression.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION

Stone arrives - all business. A very angry mob has formed
around the door of the private car.

STONE

Step back, folks. Let me through.

He calmly, but firmly, pushes through the crowd and climbs
the steps into the car.

INT. WANNAMAKERS PRIVATE CAR - SAME

Stone enters to find a Mexican stand-off. Twyla is furiously
taking notes - recording what they're saying in shorthand.

CHUCK

He was standin' right over his
body, Marshal, gun drawn and guilty
as sin.

VIC SIMMONS

Marshal, I've been trying to tell
this damn fool that I didn't do it!
I found him like this - you gotta
believe me.

Vic is clearly scared. The mob stirs outside, and Stone
realizes this could get out of hand real quick. But rather
than confront just Vic, Stone boldly steps into the line of
fire, between the two men.

STONE

Thanks, Chuck. You can step outside
now. I'll take it from here.

But Chuck is reluctant to drop his gun.

CHUCK

Art Wannamaker was the best thing
that ever happened to this town. We
ought'ta hang this son of a bitch
right now.

The mob outside the door stirs again.

STONE

That's not for you to decide,
Chuck.

(beat)

Now holster that piece and step
out.

(stern)

Now.

Chuck's not going to mess with the look in Stone's eyes. He
reluctantly holsters his gun and turns for the door.

STONE looks straight at Vic Simmons now: While Stone makes no
gesture for a fight, it's clear that he's ready if it comes
down to it. Chuck and Cody look at each other - stunned.

STONE

Looks like you're in a pickle, Vic.
What's it gonna be?

Vic hesitates; he's clearly got the advantage, but there's no
way he's a match for Stone - even with his gun already drawn.
His eyes are alive with fear; he looks like a cornered
animal.

VIC

You gonna arrest me, Marshal?

STONE

I'm afraid so, Vic.

Stone waits patiently. But ultimately, it doesn't take Vic
long to drop his gun.

VIC

But this ain't right. He asked me
to come here. I-I found him like
this. I swear!

Stone turns to allow himself his first good look at the
corpse still sitting in the chair.

STONE'S POV - ON WANNAMAKER

CLOSE on the horrified death mask of the rotund, middle aged Land Baron.

TWYLA
... Strangled!

Slightly agitated, Stone turns to Twyla.

STONE
Twyla, you shouldn't be in here.

Mesmerized, she comes even closer to Wannamaker. She's talking aloud, dramatically dictating her own shorthand notes.

TWYLA
... As if staring into the face of the devil himself, Wannamaker's eyes remained open, bulging beneath the vise-like grip of a garrote.

Stone rolls his eyes, then escorts her back to the door.

TWYLA
Hey -

STONE
... Out.

As Stone closes the door on the intrepid reporter, he turns to finish his business with Vic.

STONE
Don't worry. I'll check your story out ... In the meantime, I'll get Malcolm Dunn to be your lawyer.

VIC
But I don't need a lawyer. I didn't do nothin'!

Stone takes his arm, escorts him to the door, eye to eye.

STONE
Vic, you need a lawyer.

Leave the frame as Stone opens the door to the angry mob to lead his prisoner to jail.

INT. SILVER CITY SENTINEL NEWSPAPER - SAME DAY

Twyla hasn't sat down since they found Wannamaker murdered. Pan across her shorthand notes to the printing press, now translating those words into dozens of hard copies.

Twyla snatches the top newspaper from the press, and scans tomorrow's *special edition*: The ominous headline reads:

"BELOVED TOWN FOUNDER - MURDERED!"

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WANNAMAKER'S CLUB CAR - DAY

Marshal Stone returns to search the scene of the crime for clues. He takes Wannamaker's appointment book. The plush club car has been ransacked. He finds a broken window crank on a chair, but just as he's about to start checking windows -

MAYOR SMITH (O.S.)
 Marshal?

STONE
 In here.

Mayor Smith steps into the threshold.

MAYOR SMITH
 Twyla just told me we have a murderer.

STONE
 "We" have a *murder* - we have a suspect. He claims he didn't do it.

MAYOR SMITH
 They all say that ... The circuit judge will be here any day. With any luck, we can hang him during the gala.

STONE
 Doesn't sound like much of a party for Vic or his family.

MAYOR SMITH
 He should've thought about that before he strangled Art Wannamaker.

Stone just looks at him.

STONE
 I'm not rushing this.

MAYOR SMITH
 Now look, Marshal, do you have any idea how important this man was?
 (Stone isn't about to play politics)
 ... If this can happen to the most prominent man in town, what does that say for the rest of us?

Stone is hardly listening. He's busy examining the scene. Smith is persistent. He follows, growing agitated -

MAYOR SMITH

Well do you at least have any clues
or leads to why he killed him?

Stone hands the Mayor the broken window crank unceremoniously.

MAYOR SMITH

What's this?

STONE

A clue ... I'll let you know as
soon as I get a lead.

Stone checks the windows for a broken crank - all present.

MAYOR SMITH

Twyla tells me you won't give her
an interview about the murder.

STONE

Why would I tell a reporter what I
know about the murder? How's Vic
supposed to get a fair trial?

Smith tosses the broken crank onto the chair.

MAYOR SMITH

Because that's the way it's done in
all the big cities.

STONE

Well this isn't a big city.

MAYOR SMITH

That's the point - we're trying to
change that!

Stone just glares at him.

STONE

If there's nothing else, Mayor,
I've got work to do.

Smith goes to the door, but then turns with an afterthought.

MAYOR SMITH

There is one other thing: Arthur
Wannamaker had important ties to
the railroad.

Since he was killed on the tracks,
they're considering this a railroad
incident.

STONE

So?

MAYOR SMITH

So the railroad uses Pinkerton
Agents to handle their own
investigations.

Stone just rolls his eyes - that's all he needs.

MAYOR SMITH

They're sending a man out of
Chicago. ... And I wouldn't scoff
if I were you, Marshal. Today's
detectives are more like scientists
than law men.

STONE

You ever seen a scientist draw a
gun?

MAYOR SMITH

Just be sure to keep me informed.

Smith exits. Stone goes back to the chair where he found the
broken crank - a puzzle. But then he notices a hard shaft of
light hitting the cushion of the chair where he found the
crank. He passes his hand into the shaft of light and looks
up: The sky light above is open and the crank is broken.

Leave the frame on Stone's intrigued expression.

EXT. THE ROOF OF WANNAMAKER'S PRIVATE CAR - DUSK

Stone kneels down at the skylight; just inside the framework
of the glass dome a man's muddy boot print has been preserved
... Stone writes down the name of the boot maker that was
engraved on the heel. "K-C".

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

As PASSENGERS disembark, a YOUNG MAN in a business suit
stands out in this crowd of roughnecks. This is LARIMER
FINCH. He silently directs the Porter to his bags as he
takes his first look at Silver City.

FINCH'S POV - THE TOWN SQUARE

A crowd is gathering around Mayor Smith as he directs a worker who is placing a newly painted sign on a tripod near the corner of the train station platform. It reads:

RACE UP RED MOUNTAIN PASS

Sign up Here!

At the other end of the platform, a man carrying a tin box and a sheaf of papers, is setting up a wooden table and chair. The Mayor turns to the crowd.

MAYOR SMITH

Gather 'round boys, this won't take long. If you want to break a wild bronc and race him up Red Mountain Pass, grab an entry form from Pete over there.

(gestures to the man at the table)

The horses will arrive this afternoon. And first prize is 500 dollars!

The crowd reacts, rushing to pick up the entry forms.

MAYOR SMITH

Oh, almost forgot.

(the crowd stops)

Rules are simple ... there are none.

The crowd ROARS.

ON FINCH

His reaction to landing in this one horse town?

FINCH

Charming.

Finch spots the Marshal's Office. Two porters are helping him with an excessive amount of luggage and we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAIL CELL ROOM - DAY

Marshal Stone is at the filing cabinet when Finch walks in.

FINCH

You there, deputy. I'm looking for Marshal Stone.

Stone turns. Finch sees his badge.

STONE
You found him.

FINCH
Oh ... I didn't expect to see a
Marshal doing the filing.

Stone just looks at him.

STONE
What can I do for you, Mr.?

FINCH
Finch ... Larimer Finch, of the
Pinkerton Detective Agency. I
assume you were informed that I was
coming?

Stone gives him a rather candid once over; it doesn't take long to realize that his Bowler hat, gentleman's silk vest and wing tip shoes really won't fly in Silver City, but he's willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. He nods.

FINCH
Excellent ... I'd like to see the
suspect right away.

STONE
On his lawyer's advice, I've been
told that Mr. Simmons is no longer
talking.

With that, Finch lifts a small (doctor-like) satchel onto Stone's desk.

FINCH
I assure you, Marshal - I don't
have to *talk* to the suspect to get
what I need.

Leave the frame on Stone's intrigued expression.

INT. THE JAIL CELL - SAME

We're CLOSE on Finch's hand, pressing Vic's finger onto a sponge with ink.

FINCH
It's called a fingerprint.

PULL BACK to reveal Vic's puzzled - and slightly offended expression as he turns to look at the Marshal: Finch is now rolling his fingerprint onto a piece of paper.

STONE

I've heard about this, Vic ... And you can look at it two ways, it's either gonna clear you, or hang you.

VIC

I'm not worried, I never touched him.

FINCH

It's not "him" you have to worry about touching, Mr. Simmons.

Leave the frame on Finch's sly expression.

INT. THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

We're CLOSE on the garrote.

STONE

My, ah, fingerprints are probably gonna be on that, too.

Pull back to reveal that Finch is using his handkerchief to pick up the garrote. He pauses, looks at him - flat.

FINCH

I have no doubt that *your* fingerprints will be on everything.

Stone just stares at him.

STONE

Just make sure I get it back.

Finch nods, puts it into his evidence satchel.

FINCH

Now then, I'd like to review all your files on the Wannamaker case, specifically, the chain of evidence, and Criminalistic reports, including the post-mortem.

STONE

Criminalistic reports?

FINCH

Of course ... The system you're using to investigate and analyze the evidence.

There's a beat.

STONE

There was no autopsy. And my files are confidential.

(beat)

If there's anything else I can do for you, *Detective Finch*, just let me know.

FINCH

Are you being spurious with me, sir?

Stone scoffs, turns away to pour himself a cup of coffee.

FINCH

I'll have you know that I'm here on the full authority of J.T. Maxim, President of the railroad.

STONE

Well then maybe you should ask him for the file.

Finch decides to re-approach the situation.

FINCH

Now look here, *Marshal* ... I understand if you're a little *uneasy* about my involvement in the case.

STONE

Oh?

FINCH

I would be, too. But rest assured, I don't want your job ... I certainly don't plan to waste my life in a one horse town like this.

Stone sips his coffee, just listens.

FINCH

If you cooperate, I'll open and shut this case for you in no time.
(winks)

You know our motto: "We never sleep."

(beat)

I may even share the credit -
comprende?

STONE

(cool, dead pan eyes)

Si.

FINCH

Excellent ... Now let's have a look
at those files.

STONE

The files are still confidential.
Comprende?

Finch's smile disappears as Stone returns to his desk.

FINCH

That's it? ... You're refusing to
cooperate?

STONE

Good day, Mr. Finch.

Finch storms for the door. But before he steps out, he
strikes a defiant pose in the Marshal's threshold.

FINCH

We'll see who gets their man, and
who gets the boot!

Finch exits. Stone goes to a dictionary.

STONE

(turning pages)

Spurious?

Leave the frame on Stone's puzzled exasperation as he looks
up the definition.

EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LATER, SAME DAY

A thunderous cacophony of pounding hooves stops Chipper in
his tracks. He looks into the Marshal's door -

CHIPPER

Hey, Marshal - they're coming!

The noise is almost rattling the windows now. Stone gets up
from his desk, goes to the door, just in time to see a herd
of wild horses being driven into town.

Buildings empty as everyone comes out to watch the controlled stampede race down main street.

EST. THE LIVERY CORRAL - DAY

ISAAC

... She's good mountain stock.
You'll be happy with her.

Isaac Evans is the brawny African American entrepreneur who owns the livery. He's selling a horse and saddle, but his attention is diverted outside when the herd of wild horses are driven into his corral.

PULL BACK to reveal that his customer is Carl Yeates, the same cowboy who got off the train yesterday.

ISAAC

Aren't you gonna ask her name?

Carl's not much of a talker - he produces a pint bottle of whiskey from his coat pocket and takes a long pull. He scowls as he moves past Isaac to cinch the saddle to his own liking.

ISAAC

Gracie ... Her name's Gracie.
(beat)
You staying for the celebration?

He shakes his head no. Another pull on that bottle.

ISAAC

... Say, you look like a horseman.
You should take a crack at the
race. Rules are simple - you pick
out one of them wild broncs, bust
'im, and race up Red Mountain Pass.
First prize is 500 dollars. Marshal
Stone's the favorite. He's got the
best hand with a horse I ever seen.

The mere mention of the name seems to darken Carl's mood. Isaac points at the far end of the street.

ISAAC

There he is now.

Carl turns, self-conscious: Across the street, Stone can be seen by the jail. Carl puts the bottle into his coat and mounts his new horse to make tracks.

ISAAC
 (to himself)
 Guess maybe you already know the
 Marshal.

But before Carl rides away, he can't help but look across the street at Stone.

STONE & CARL lock eyes for a second. Then Carl turns and rides in the opposite direction out of town.

As we leave the frame, we see the look in Stone's eyes - he obviously recognizes Carl - and it isn't good.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Twyla Gentry, Stewart Harrison (Railroad exec) and Kuen Fong Ling (Chinese tailor) among others, are present. Everyone is talking at once, chaotic.

STONE
 People ... quiet down. Let's do
 this in an orderly fashion.

Larimer Finch walks by the window and sees the small crowd of people gathering in the office. His detective's radar is aroused, so he stands in the threshold - unsure.

FINCH
 Marshal ... may I sit in?

Stone is politely annoyed by his presence, but nods.

STONE
 Come in, Mr. Finch.

FINCH
 That's *detective* Finch, if you
 please.

The other people present watch, confused, as Finch dusts off a seat on a bench at the back of the room and confidently produces a note pad and pen.

FINCH
 Don't let me interrupt - proceed.

Dead pan - they all turn at once back to Stone, confused.

TWYLA
 Who's the peacock?

Finch bristles. Stone fights the smile.

STONE

Detective Finch is from the Pinkerton Agency. He has kindly agreed to help with the investigation.

Intrigued, Twyla starts to write in her note pad.

FINCH

Finch (spelling it) F I N C H.

Twyla just looks at him - is this dude for real?

STONE returns to the business at hand; he turns to examine three pieces of evidence on his desk: the broken window crank, a woman's scarf, and an appointment calendar.

At that moment, all eyes turn to the door as DEBRA WANNAMAKER enters. Poised and articulate, she makes a point of looking everyone in the room straight in the eye.

DEBRA looks down at Stone's desk. With quiet contempt, she stares at the evidence relating to her husband's death. Her eyes are red from crying, yet she's determined to look proud and strong as her eyes finally meet Stone's.

DEBRA

I've just completed Arthur's funeral arrangements, Marshal.

(beat)

I'd like to know what you're doing to apprehend his killer.

She falters a bit, but is determined to get through this.

STONE

I have a suspect in custody. I'm investigating the details now.

The room is dead quiet as she purposely steps past Stone to look into the cell where Vic Simmons sits on the cot.

ON VIC

Face in his hands, he slowly looks up - distraught. But he doesn't say anything to the bereaved widow.

DEBRA is obviously a proud woman - too proud to show her grief publicly. After a contemptuous stare, she turns for the door and exits - never looking back.

STONE picks up Wannamaker's appointment book from the desk. We see Arthur's name embossed on the cover. He opens it to the date of the murder: NOVEMBER 5, 1888

STONE

I need Stewart, and Mr. Ling to stay.

Finally, the heart of the investigation; Twyla sits down at his desk, note pad ready.

STONE

I'm afraid you'll have to leave, Twyla.

Twyla looks as if she might argue, but Stone just gives her a look - he won't debate it. She gets up, storms for the door - mad as hell.

STONE

And shut the (SLAM!) ... door.

Stone gets up, goes to the coffee pot to pour himself a much needed cup of patience.

STONE

Gentlemen, you're still here because Arthur Wannamaker's calendar indicates that you each had business meetings scheduled with him today.

(beat)

I'd like to know what those meetings were about.

Suddenly, they both step up and begin to talk at once. But Stone just holds his hand up until they fall silent.

STONE

One at a time.

(beat)

Mr. Ling, you first. Stewart, you wait outside till I call you.

STEWART HARRISON

(indignant)

Why does the China-man get to go first?

STONE

(flat, cool)

Because I said so.

Harrison exits in a huff and Ling sits down. Stone takes a sip of coffee and prepares to take notes.

STONE

After you, Mr. Ling -

LING

(Chinese accent)

Mr. Wannamaker was a good customer. I made all his shirts. Many years. He asked me to measure him for new suit because he lose so much weight.

(holds up three fingers)

Three piece, black. Wool.

FINCH

Did you have any other business with him?

Ling looks at Stone, pensive, not sure he should answer the stranger.

STONE

Well ... did you?

LING

(a bit nervously)

No ... Suits. That's all.

Finch makes a note of it.

STONE

Thank you, Mr. Ling. You can go.

As Ling exits, Harrison watches him go with cold indifference.

Harrison sits down opposite Stone.

FINCH

Excuse me, sir ... For the record, you are?

Harrison glares at Finch.

STEWART

Stewart Harrison - Survey Director for the Denver and Silver City Railroad.

STONE

Technically, your boss.

Finch swallows hard. Harrison glares at him, then turns.

STEWART

I don't understand the point to all this, Marshal. You have your killer.

STONE

Humor me ... What were you meeting with Art Wannamaker about?

STEWART

The land he was so hell-bent on *giving* away - that's what.

STONE

He was *giving* land away?
(Harrison nods)
To who?

STEWART

The miners.

STONE

I take it you were in disagreement?

STEWART

That's putting it mildly.

Stone makes a note -

STEWART

Wannamaker was clearly about to breach a railroad agreement that states we have the first right of refusal to buy back any land he sells. I learned late last week that Wannamaker made a secret sweat-equity deal with the miners years ago.

FINCH

Sweat equity ... by that I take it you mean labor for land?

Stewart nods.

STONE

Sounds smart to me. He kept his capital working, and got his silver mined ... for very little cash.

STEWART

(scowls)

I threatened to sue if he didn't let us buy it back ... But he called me a sniveling little pencil-pusher.

Stone just looks at him; he does kind of look like a pencil pusher.

FINCH

Then what?

Stone looks pointedly at Finch - as if to say 'I'll do the questioning here.' Impatient, Finch sits back.

STONE

Then what?

STEWART

... I told him I'd see him in court, or hell, which ever came first.

Stone raises an eye-brow.

STEWART

That's not a confession of murder, Marshal - it's just the truth.

Finch consults his own notes - then raises his hand. He wants to ask a question. Stone rolls his eyes.

STONE

(heavy sigh)

What?

FINCH

This so-called sweat equity deal with the miners ... how much land are we talking about?

VIC (O.S.)

Ten thousand acres.

All eyes turn to the cell bars, and Vic Simmons.

VIC SIMMONS

Prime acres, right next to the Yampa.

Stone realizes his prisoner is suddenly in the mood to talk. He turns to Harrison.

STONE
You can go, Stewart.

STEWART
But I want to hear this.

STONE
... And I said you can go.

In a huff, Harrison exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Finch and Stone approach Vic.

FINCH
Ten thousand acres is a lot of
equity.

VIC SIMMONS
It was a lot of sweat - and blood.

STONE
How much time was left on the deal?

VIC SIMMONS
We still had another year to go.

Stone considers this -

STONE
Let me see the heel of your boot.

VIC SIMMONS
Huh?

STONE
Just do it.

Puzzled, Vic does so. We do not see the bottom of his boot,
nor does Stone betray what he sees in those poker eyes,
either.

STONE
Good enough.
(Vic puts his boot down)
Jake Freeman said he heard you
threaten Wannamaker. Is that true?

VIC SIMMONS
We had a hell of an argument, if
that's what you mean.

STONE

Why?

VIC SIMMONS

He told me there might be a legal problem with the deal ... But I told him he should have thought about problems before he made a deal he couldn't back up.

STONE

Where did you leave it?

VIC SIMMONS

He asked me to come by his office. But he was dead when I got there, Marshal, so help me.

Stone nods, turns to exit, then reconsiders -

STONE

One more question, Vic ... Since when do miners carry a gun to work?

No answer. Leave the frame on Vic's worried frown.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Dry thunder rumbles. At an elevation of well over 9,000 feet, thunder-boomers don't just happen in Silver City - they roll down main street like the devil's own parade.

And speaking of parades, the Reverend **Alfred Knowles**, full-time pastor and part-time undertaker, is now leading his own small procession through town. The short, sallow-faced mortician and his tall, lanky son (beating a solemn drum) walk a horse drawn wagon bearing a coffin.

CURIOUS ON-LOOKERS stand in silent homage at the windows and thresholds of some of Silver City's finer establishments as the coffin passes by a BILLBOARD that reads:

SILVER CITY: The only town west of the Mississippi with its own telephone exchange.

LARIMER FINCH looks out of his hotel window ... And watches until he decides to reach for his rain coat.

VARIOUS ANGLES - ON THE TOWN

The grim procession passes the local Sundry, two saloons, Luci's Velvet Cushion, the local Assayer's office, the bank, and among other store-fronts, a small but quaint establishment called "**Ling's Clothiers**". Emerging from his tailer's shop, the solemn Kuen Fong Ling locks his door and dons his umbrella to join the procession as they move through town.

INT. SILVER CITY JAIL HOUSE - SAME

CLOSE ON STONE as he reads to the jail mascot, Patches the Cat, and contemplates Twyla's vivid narrative. He's wearing his new spectacles.

STONE

(reading)

"... Wannamaker appears to have died a painfully slow death by strangulation with a garrote - a devise Ranchers use to tighten fence."

Thoughtful, Stone puts the paper down as the solemn beat of the drum is heard coming up the street. He watches as the funeral procession passes by his open door.

Stone sets his new eye-glasses down on the newspaper. He dons his hat, and weathered duster with a faded Union stripe down the side so he can join the soggy procession.

EXT. SILVER CITY CEMETERY - SAME DAY

Thunder rumbles as Arthur Wannamaker is lowered into his grave. The Reverend's reading of scripture is just concluding, as Marshal Stone's suspicious eyes scan the faces of the mourner's who are present ...

REVEREND KNOWLES

(reading)

"Those who wait upon the Lord shall
mount up with wings like eagles -

STONE'S POV - ON THE GRIEVING WIDOW

Finch is standing at a distance, taking the sad scene in. Debra Wannamaker is quietly catching tears in her hanky. She's being comforted by Jake Freeman.

REVEREND KNOWLES

... They shall run and not be
weary. They shall walk and not
faint." Isaiah 40:31.

Debra is a striking woman, but at least 20 years younger than her late husband. Poised, and immaculately dressed, she's obviously distraught.

INTERCUT STONE & FINCH'S POV

Among the other mourners who are present: Stewart Harrison, Mayor Smith, Mr. Ling, and Twyla Gentry - furiously making notes for her next edition.

The funeral breaks up, but as people take their leave, Stone notices that a small contingent of Chinese miners are standing at a respectful distance, hats off in the rain ... And from a discreet distance much farther away, Stone nonchalantly realizes that he is being watched by -

CARL YEATES the cowboy who got off the train when Wannamaker was murdered. Leave the frame as the grave diggers move in with their shovels.

INT. SILVER CITY SENTINEL - DAY

Twyla is holding court in her office, opening a pack of cigarettes. She offers Stone one -

TWYLA
Pre-rolled ... I got 'em from an
elixir salesman in Denver.

Stone politely declines.

TWYLA
(savoring the smoke)
What'd you ask me again?

STONE
Wannamaker was a rich man -
arguably the most successful man in
Colorado ... Do you think he was
happy?

TWYLA
Happy? What the hell does that have
to do with anything?

Stone is always intrigued by Twyla; a woman who cusses and
smokes but doesn't work in a saloon. Very animated.

STONE
I'm nosey.

Twyla smiles. He's as suave as he is confident.

TWYLA
No, I'd say he wasn't very happy.

STONE
Why not?

TWYLA
Sorry. If you want any more dirt
from me, Marshal - you're gonna
have to give me an interview.

STONE
(amused)
Are you blackmailing the law,
Twyla?

TWYLA
Damn straight.

Stone considers this - no deal. He turns for the door.

TWYLA
Okay, okay ...
(Stone turns back)

I watched Wannamaker take a lawless mining camp, and turn it into a respectable town.

(beat)

It may have seemed like he had a good life here in Silver City - but I'll bet a dollar against your nickel that it was a facade.

STONE

In what way?

TWYLA

The tough exterior - the ruthless business man - that wasn't really him.

STONE

How so?

TWYLA

Ruthless men don't show pain in their eyes ... You could see that Art was miserable if you looked close. He always had that far off gaze - like he was longing to be someplace else.

Saint, or Tyrant? Pull back to reveal Marshal Stone's understandable intrigue over the growing enigma of Arthur Wannamaker. Before he exits, he decides to give Twyla something in return.

STONE

... You can ask one question.

TWYLA

Is Vic Simmons your only suspect, or is there someone else?

Stone considers this, leans in, as if to offer his morsel of information in the strictest confidence.

STONE

Yes.

TWYLA

Well which one is it?

STONE

Sorry, that's two questions.

TWYLA

Damn.

Leave the frame on Stone's smile as he turns to exit.

INT. TILLY'S BOARDING HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Tilly Bright, the matronly proprietor of the hotel is about to turn a family away for the night.

TILLY
I'm sorry, folks. But we're full.
Not a single bed for -

KABOOM! Tilly stops, as a billow of deep black smoke curls down the stairs.

TILLY
Actually, I think a room may have
just opened up. One moment, please.

As she turns for the steps, we see her angry scowl.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, TILLY'S - DAY

Tilly marches down the hallway and pounds on door number 201.

TILLY
Mr. Finch ... you open this door!

FINCH (O.S.)
I'm okay. Not to worry! Don't come -

Determined, she opens the door and gasps!

FINCH
... in.

TILLY'S POV - a rich layer of smoke is hovering just above Finch, who has been blown against the wall by flash powder.

TILLY
What in the name of heaven?

FINCH
I'm working on a new technique.

TILLY
You'll blow up my hotel you crazy
man!

FINCH
(to himself)
I must've used too much powder.

Finch has converted the small room into a make shift lab.
Test tubes and beakers bubble over Bunson burners.

TILLY

I don't allow cooking in the rooms!

Finch dusts the powder from his clothes.

FINCH

My dear woman, I am not *cooking*.
This happens to be very complicated
detective work.

TILLY

Well there's nothing complicated
about solving this mystery, Mr.
Finch ... I want you out of my
hotel!

Leave the frame on Finch's exasperated expression.

EST. WANNAMAHER RANCH - DAY

Stone is met at the main gate by Jake Freeman on horseback.

JAKE

Mrs. Wannamaker's expecting you,
Marshal. This way.

Freeman shows Stone to the impressive manor house.

INT. WANNAMAHER RANCH, PARLOUR - SAME

With his hat in his hand - and with Jake Freeman quietly
waiting in the room, Stone peruses the rich decor and the
well-stocked bookshelves (he notes one shelf in particular,
filled with books on animal husbandry, horse medicine and
veterinarian texts).

Stone is intrigued by a Victrola playing in the corner.
Several photographs of Art Wannamaker and his much younger
bride are on the shelves.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Good afternoon, Marshal. I hope I
haven't kept you waiting too long?

Stone shakes his head, turns as she enters the room.
Breathtaking.

STONE

I hate to bother you, but I do have
a few questions.

DEBRA

Of course.

(beat)

I want nothing more than to see
Arthur's killer brought to justice.

She stops, stifles the urge for tears. Stone watches her closely; so sincere, so dignified.

DEBRA

May I offer you some tea?

Stone nods. Debra turns to Jake Freeman as she pours.

DEBRA

Thank you, Jake. We'll be fine.

Freeman nods, and exits.

DEBRA

(re: Freeman)

Jake's been Arthur's right-hand man
for a long time. I guess he's a
little protective of me.

STONE

I think that's wise - until we
settle this.

(beat)

Mrs. Wannamaker, my information
seems to suggest that Arthur was
working on some kind of land deal
before he was killed. Do you know
anything about that?

She brings the tea on a tray. They sit opposite each other in
wing back chairs.

DEBRA

I know very little about it. But I
did hear Mr. Simmons and my husband
arguing about land several days
ago.

STONE

Can you recall any of the details?

DEBRA

Arthur and I were deeply in love,
Marshal - the best of friends. But
that doesn't mean he included me in
his business dealings.

Stone considers this, intrigued.

STONE

Still, we're talking about a significant piece of land, affecting hundreds of lives. It doesn't sound like a handshake type of agreement.

DEBRA

Well, I can tell you there's no mention of any land deals with Vic Simmons - or any other miner - in Arthur's will.

Stone is surprised, but what can he say? He turns for the door.

STONE

Mrs. Wannamaker, just out of curiosity, would you honor this so-called agreement between your husband and the miners if they can produce it?

DEBRA

If such an agreement exists, of course. But I'm no fool, Marshal. I won't give away a fortune in land just because Vic Simmons says I should. I'll need proof.

Pretty savvy - for a trophy. Stone agrees with a nod, but turns before he steps out.

STONE

Oh, one last question ... Did you spend the night with your husband in that rail car?

Debra looks uncomfortable, hurt.

DEBRA

No ... And if you're about to ask me if that was my lipstick on my husband's cheek, the answer is also no.

STONE

Why didn't you say anything about this earlier?

DEBRA

Truthfully? I wasn't anxious to
admit it - even to myself.

EXT. CHINESE SHANTY TOWN - DUSK

A RANCH HAND is pounding a sign into the ground. A small crowd of Chinese miners quickly gathers around, concerned.

As the Ranch Hand completes his task and steps away, PULL BACK to reveal that the sign is written in both Chinese and English:

NOTICE OF EVICTION

EXT. SILVER CITY TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Stone makes his evening rounds. As he cruises the boardwalk, he hears the sweet sound of old time Gospel music wafting through the air. Apparently, someone else has a Victrola. He pauses, enjoying the scratchy tune, then walks on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Even though he put up signs that say DO NOT ENTER, Stone notices a light in Art Wannamaker's private club car. He can see the silhouette of a man through the window ...

INT. WANNAMAKER'S CLUB CAR - SAME

Stone kicks open the door and steps into the car, gun drawn and ready - only to be blinded by the FLASH of white-hot light.

Leave the frame on the surreal image of a living 'negative'.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE RAILROAD CAR - NIGHT

As Stone's eyes dial down, blinded by the white-hot light -

FINCH

Damn it, man! You've just ruined my shot!

FINCH gradually comes into Stone's focus; he's standing there in a white lab jacket next to a photographer's powder tower; a strange light is emanating from his head -

STONE

Finch? ... What the hell are you doing in here?

FINCH

Photographing the scene of the crime, of course.

(beat)

Although I must say, you've done a very thorough job of destroying most of the evidence already.

Once the blue dots in his eyes from the flash powder clear, Stone holsters his gun, and looks around; a plethora of forensic tools and equipment are scattered about.

STONE

... This car was locked.

Finch takes his next picture. Flash!

FINCH

I picked it, naturally... Now if you don't mind, Marshal, I'll ask you to leave - and take your muddy boots with you.

Leave the frame as Stone sets his jaw.

EST. LUCI'S VELVET CUSHION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Meet **Luci Prescott**, one of the most charismatic madams in town.

STONE enters and sits at a table. Luci smiles...

LUCI
 (to the barkeep)
 Hector, hand me a bottle - the good
 stuff.

Luci strolls up to the Marshal's table with a bottle and two fresh glasses. Always the gentleman, Stone stands to greet her.

STONE
 Evening, Luce.

He offers her a chair.

LUCI
 It's about time you found your way
 in here. I was beginning to wonder
 if you were becoming anti-social.

Stone smiles, she pours them both a drink as Larimer Finch enters, his arms filled with luggage. His clothes are a little singed. He makes quite a stir - barging through the crowded room of poker and roulette tables.

FINCH
 Excuse me ... Watch your back -
 coming through!

Stone just shakes his head.

LUCI
 (off Stone's reaction)
 I take it you're acquainted with
 our intrepid Pinkerton man?

STONE
 We've met.

LUCI
 Tilly threw him out. She said he
 was cooking in his room.
 (Stone frowns, puzzled)
 He asked if he could rent my
 utility room ... Says he needs easy
 access to water for his work.

FINCH has two other helpers dragging the crates and boxes in.

FINCH
 Careful - don't bump that!

Finch makes his way through the saloon to the back room, sees the Marshal, but says nothing as he unlocks the door and steps inside.

Stone just shakes his head.

STONE

Luce, would you mind if we talk a little business?

LUCI

(slow smile)
Your's, or mine?

Stone lifts an eyebrow, tempting.

STONE

Mine - for now ... What do you know about Art Wannamaker? I mean the man, not the Land Baron.

LUCI

He didn't socialize here, if that's what you're asking?

STONE

That's not too surprising. Sounds to me like he was in love with his wife.

LUCI

In my business, you learn real quick that being "in love" with your wife has nothing to do with coming in here - or being unfaithful.

STONE

(surprised)
He had a girlfriend?

LUCI

(beat, lowers her voice)
Rumor has it, she's of the "Celestial" persuasion.

STONE

Chinese?

She nods. Genuinely intrigued, Stone leans in.

STONE

You, ah, wouldn't happen to know
her name, would you?

Luci looks into his eyes again, shrugs.

LUCI

Well, not right off the top of my
head I wouldn't.

(beat)

But if you keep pouring, maybe
it'll come to me.

Leave the frame on Luci's flirtatious smile.

INT. FINCH'S LAB - SAME

A SERIES OF CUTS

We have a close shot of Finch, as he leans over an evidence table with intense focus and concentration. A fine cloud of white haze hangs in the air as he lightly brushes talcum powder from the handle of the garrote. He then holds it under his oscillating magnifying glass to reveal the faint outline of a fingerprint.

Finch holds a glass negative up to the light from a photograph he took at the crime scene. Behind him we see a diagram of the railcar and other photographs pinned to his "situation" board.

Using a small pair of tongs, Finch places a satin pillow case under the magnifying glass. His eyes light up as he pulls a long, black hair from the pillow case ... The killer?

EXT. SILVER CITY CEMETERY - MORNING

More of that mountain weather. We're following wheel tracks in the mud. Pull back, to reveal that they lead to an open (and empty) coffin, recently exhumed from a grave. Marshal Stone rides up to the cemetery and quickly dismounts ... He approaches a very distressed Reverend Knowles.

REVEREND KNOWLES

... Grave robbers. I've seen it
before, but I've never had them
snitch the whole body.

(beat)

Who'd do such a godawful thing?

Stone sets his jaw; unthinkable. He spots two wheel-cart tracks in the dirt.

STONE

I don't know, Reverend - but I
intend to find out.

Stone mounts his horse and follows the tracks back towards town.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, LUCI'S VELVET CUSHION - DAY

We're CLOSE on the tracks; they lead right to the actual wheel cart Stone has been following; it's parked outside of an ice shed. Obviously, the culprit wheeled the body right in; Stone hears someone inside sneeze. He draws his gun and opens the door -

INT. THE ICE HOUSE - DAY

STONE

Freeze!

STONE steps in, gun drawn, to reveal FINCH in the shadows.

FINCH

Well don't just stand there,
Marshal. You're letting all the
cold air out.

Stepping into the dimly lit room, Stone is shocked to see Finch presiding over the corpse of -

STONE

Holy mother of - you dug him up!

Finch isn't about to apologize.

FINCH

Of course. His corpse could be an
enormous source of information on
this case.

STONE

Did you at least think of asking me
about this?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

... He told me he did.

KATIE OWEN emerges from the back of the room. She's looking straight at Finch, none too happy.

KATIE

He said you told him it was a good
idea.

FINCH

(to Katie)

I told you he would say it was a good idea... which he hasn't yet.

STONE

(sighs, to Katie)

Katie, what are you doing here?

KATIE

(defensive)

I am the town mortician ...

(beat)

I figure if I put him in the box, I ought to be around if he comes out.

(beat, craning her neck)

Plus, it is kind of interesting.

FINCH

Exactly.

(getting to work)

This is where the real detective work begins - Forensic Medicine.

STONE

realizes that he still has his gun drawn. With a scowl, he holsters it. Finch turns to Katie:

FINCH

Hand me that tongue scraper, will you?

Stone wants no part of this morbid plan, but just as he's about to give himself some distance, Finch hands him a light -

FINCH

Hold this.

Stone just looks at him - grabs the light.

FINCH

It's much too early to say with any certainty, but I suspect Wannamaker was drugged.

Reluctantly, Stone is drawn in. Katie leans in to study the eyes of the corpse with a magnifying glass -

FINCH

He was definitely relaxed - possibly unconscious when the killer tightened the garrote around his neck.

KATIE

Mm. The blood vessels in the whites of his eyes are still intact.

(to Stone)

Usually, they explode when the noose tightens, and oxygen is denied to the brain. It can be quite... stunning.

Finch is intrigued. And impressed. Stone can't help it - he leans farther in, intrigued.

FINCH begins to examine Wannamaker's arm now.

FINCH

(ref: to the arm)

Just as I suspected; a track mark. I definitely need a sample of this man's liver.

STONE

An autopsy? No way. Not without Doc Gates.

FINCH

Doc Gates is the one who recommended Katie.

Beat. Before Stone can argue further...

KATIE

I've been to medical school, Marshal. Most of it, anyway. Anatomy was my specialty. I can do this.

STONE

(skeptical)

You're sure?

Katie opens her leather case and removes a SCALPEL. The gleam in her eyes is filled with confidence.

KATIE

Absolutely.

Without batting an eye, Katie opens Wannamaker up.

ON STONE

As he goes pale, swallows hard, and exits.

Leave the frame on Finch and Katie's amused expression.

EXT. THE ICE LOCKER - SAME

Packing a much needed bowl for his pipe to calm his nerves, Stone sees Finch emerge carrying a box of jars with 'samples' in them.

FINCH
(as he passes by)
Feeling better, Marshal?

Stone leers, as Finch smirks to himself and goes directly to a man now waiting by the two wheeled wagon.

FINCH
Bo, be sure to put Mr. Wannamaker
back in his coffin (pause) as best
you can. And don't forget to call
the Parson to say another blessing
over him.

Bo agrees, and Finch spins on his heels like a man on a mission.

EXT. TOWN OF SILVER CITY, THE BOARDWALK - LATER

Finch strides up to the Marshal, who is talking to HANS VAN DEREN, the cobbler. Hans is looking at Stone's note-pad ... and the initials "K-C".

HANS VAN DEREN
(German accent)
Karsten-Cantor. That's a very good
boot, Marshal. Very expensive.

STONE
You know anybody around here who
wears a K-C boot, Hans?

Hans shakes his head.

HANS VAN DEREN
If there is, he hasn't asked me to
re-sole 'em.

Stone thanks him, and Hans goes inside. Stone turns to Finch -

FINCH
We need to talk.

They turn to walk down the boardwalk.

FINCH
When you arrested Vic Simmons, was he wearing gloves?

STONE
Vic is a miner, his callouses are thicker than leather.

FINCH
Were any gloves removed from the scene?
(Stone shakes his head,
no)
Then the wrong man is in jail.

Stone stops, looks at him.

FINCH
Vic Simmons couldn't have committed the murder, his fingerprints aren't on the murder weapon.

STONE
(dubious)
Finch, is this fingerprint thing 100% accurate?

FINCH
My colleagues at Scotland Yard are convinced that a fingerprint match is as good as a conviction.

STONE
That's not what I asked ... Is it one hundred percent accurate?

FINCH
Well ... no, but -

STONE
- Then Vic's staying put until I get something a little more solid.
(beat, thoughtful)
Although that would explain why Vic had a gun in his hand when he was discovered in Wannamaker's car - he told me he was afraid the killer might still be in there, hiding.

FINCH

There's something else ... Evidence gathered at the scene suggests that Arthur Wannamaker was seeing a woman- *not his wife*.

Stone's reaction is measured, but we see that he's slightly impressed by Finch's deduction.

FINCH

She's a petite woman, with long black hair. From carpet imprints, I can tell she wears a size 5 shoe. She likes exotic, oil-based perfume, and -

STONE

- Her name's Tami Chang.

Finch is speechless. Stone just grins, turns down the boardwalk. Finch has to hurry to catch up.

FINCH

How do you know?

STONE

I used an old information gathering technique of my own.

FINCH

Which one?

STONE

Gossip.

FINCH

Well what are we waiting for then? We should pick her up for questioning.

STONE

I would if I could find her ... Chinatown is not exactly a fountain of information.

Suddenly, down the street, a *scream resounds!* Stone and Finch respond. A frantic Chinese woman is running out of Ling's Clothiers, desperately seeking help.

ON LING'S PICTURE WINDOW

As Stone and Finch arrive, they see Mr. Ling sitting upright at his sewing machine. As lifeless as a mannequin - he has a pair of large sheers sticking out of his chest.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LING'S CLOTHIERS - DUSK

We're CLOSE on Mr. Ling, as Larimer Finch and Stone stand in silent witness to his heinous murder.

STONE
 (re: the window)
 This killer's got brass, I'll say
 that for him.

The crowd is pushing in behind them. Breathless, Mayor Smith has also come running.

MAYOR SMITH
 I don't understand ... I thought
 you said you had the killer in
 jail.

STONE
 No ... you said I had the killer. I
 said he was a suspect.
 (beat)
 Still want to plan that hanging for
 the gala?

No answer required. Stone pushes past him.

FINCH
 (re the crowd)
 Marshal, we need to secure this
 area - now.

But just then, the distraught Mrs. Ling pushes through the crowd, trying to get to her husband. But in her grief, she knocks into the table, scattering needles, bobbins and thread.

FINCH
 ... No!

Finch immediately reaches for her arm, keeping her away. She's hysterical, she fights to pull away, but Finch holds her firm.

FINCH
 Madame, please! You have to leave.

She begs in Chinese for him to let her go to him, but Finch knows he has to protect the crime scene. He holds her arm, begins to remove her.

ON STONE

The heartbreaking scene becomes too much. He steps between them.

STONE
Leave her be.

Stone gently breaks Finch's grip on her arm, and she falls back onto the floor to sit, and sob, at her husband's lap.

FINCH
She's contaminating the crime scene!

Twyla pushes in - note pad ready.

TWYLA
... Marshal Stone, do you have a comment? Are the murders connected?

Stone looks at her, suppressing his anger.

STONE
Yeah ... I have a comment.
(to the crowd)
Everybody out!

TWYLA
But -

STONE
Especially you, Twyla. Come on folks, give Mrs. Ling her privacy.

The Marshal starts to herd them out of the room. Naturally, once outside, they all go right back to the window to stare at poor Mr. Ling.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STONE DRAWS THE BLINDS

Now that the crowd is under control, Stone turns to Finch, angrily yanks him over to the cash register for a side-bar. Mayor Smith hasn't left either - in fact he's joining the discussion uninvited.

STONE
Now you listen to me, Finch. That woman just lost her husband - and by God you'll show some respect for that, or I'll toss your ass out of here with the rest of them.

Finch turns to Mayor Smith.

FINCH

This is an outrage! I insist that you get this ... this *back woods amateur* off my back and let me do my job!

Smith turns, as if to agree with Finch.

MAYOR SMITH

Marshal Stone, I -

But then he thinks better of it when he sees the look in Stone's eyes.

MAYOR SMITH

- think I'll let you two work this out amongst yourselves.

Smith stands back. Stone turns to Finch.

STONE

(quiet, but firm)

In case you haven't noticed, Mr. Ling isn't the only victim here.

Poignant words that give them pause; they turn to look at Mrs. Ling, she's sobbing at her husband's side, praying in Chinese.

Leave the frame on FINCH as the truth sinks in. He's suddenly mortified by his own behavior.

INT. LING'S CLOTHIERS - LATER

As Stone opens the door for Chipper to accept delivery of Finch's forensic kit, PULL BACK to reveal that Finch is quietly sitting with Mrs. Ling ... This time, thoughtfully offering his support and condolences, while gingerly explaining what must be done. The odd twist that surprises Stone? Finch is quietly comforting her in fluent *Chinese*.

A SERIES OF CUTS - THE CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION

If only the eerie torso mannequins could talk ... STONE searches the ransacked portion of the clothiers for signs of robbery; but the till still has cash in it.

FINCH carefully performs the new technique called 'dusting for fingerprints' around Ling's sewing machine and work area.

STONE digs through an over-turned hutch; his attention is drawn to a Ling family photograph. He picks it up ...

FINCH uses a magnifying glass to look at the blood vessels in Ling's eyes. He frowns ... something's not right. So he pulls back the sleeves of his shirt and notices a track mark on his left arm.

STONE'S POV - ON THE PHOTO

Mr. and Mrs. Ling are posing with their large (extended) family. Several generations appear to be in the photo; even a newborn cradled in his pretty young mother's arms. The family is standing in a grassy meadow; the wide expanse behind them features a primordial mountain range.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO - STONE'S POV

But what is interesting Stone about the photograph at the moment, is the blurred image of two men standing in the background ... Stone strains to look close, under the light. But without his glasses, he's unsure whether or not he can believe his own eyes.

He carries the photo over to Finch, who is drawing blood from Mr. Ling's arm. Stone frowns, looks away.

STONE

It wasn't a robbery. The till is full of cash ... What about you? Find anything?

FINCH

I'll know as soon as I run a test on his blood. I suspect he may have been drugged.

STONE

Like Wannamaker?

FINCH

Possibly.
(troubled)
But the actual cause of death is so different. Most repeat killers stick with the same Modus operandi.

Stone agrees. He hands him the photo.

STONE

Take a look at this.

FINCH
 (re: the photo)
 So?

STONE
 (he points to the
 background)
 So look at it ...

Finch puts his magnifying glass up to it.

ON THE PICTURE, THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING LENS

In the far background, the image of a large Caucasian man is standing with a Land Surveyor; they are looking through a transit on a tripod. The large man appears to be discussing the lay of the land in the near distance.

FINCH
 Wait a minute ... you know who that
 looks like?

STONE
 ... You're the man with the bag of
 tricks. Is there a way to know for
 sure?

Leave the frame on Finch's confident affirmative.

INT. SILVER CITY JAIL - THAT NIGHT

VIC SIMMONS (O.S.)
 You're letting me go?

We're CLOSE on the jail key sliding into the lock.

STONE
 Kuen Ling was murdered tonight.
 Looks like there's a connection to
 Wanna-maker. So you're off the
 hook, Vic.

Vic's grateful expression says it all. Stone opens the door. No hesitation; Vic grabs his hat, only too happy to get the hell out of there. But at the door, this rugged miner stops to speak his mind.

VIC
 I'm grateful to you, Marshal. But I
 wouldn't say I'm off the hook - not
 by a long shot ... I spent a lot of
 years working for next to nothin'
 in Art Wannamaker's silver mines.

(beat)
Where's the justice in that?

Stone won't debate it. Vic Simmons turns and exits.

INT. FINCH'S LAB - LATE THAT NIGHT

In utter darkness ...

STONE (O.S.)
... Where'd you learn to speak
Chinese like that?

Finch turns the gas lantern on and the genius behind the eccentric is revealed. Finch has jerry-rigged a gas pipe, drilled with a line of holes and backed by reflective tin, there-by 'customizing' the lighting of the room.

Finch is holding a glass negative of the photograph they took from Ling's up to the light.

FINCH
China. My parents were missionaries
... You can look, but don't touch.

The utility room has been turned into an impromptu crime lab, filled with chemicals, oil burners, beakers, tubes, magnifying lenses, a storyboard of crime photographs featuring Wannamaker, post-mortem, and the ransacked railroad car, etc.

STONE
Not that I asked, but Luci says you
went to Yale.

FINCH
Pre-med. I did my graduate work at
Cambridge ... I hear General Grant,
himself, decorated you for valor at
Shiloh.

Stone doesn't like to talk much about those days.

STONE
That was a long time ago ... So you
worked at Scotland Yard, huh?

FINCH
Apprenticed ...
(beat)
So you out-drew Frank Colburn, eh?
They say he was faster than the
human eye.

Stone looks away, not proud of what he's about to say.

STONE

Fast doesn't always mean accurate.

Finch puts the glass plate into a projector and turns out the light again.

Finch turns on the projector and the slide turns into a large photograph. Stone draws closer, amazed.

STONE

I swear ...

ON THE IMAGE

Slowly, the image comes into focus, detailing the faces of the two men in the field.

STONE

(looking at the image)

It's Wannamaker alright - and Ling.

FINCH

Looks like he's doing some kind of land survey.

STONE

This had to be six - seven years ago.

FINCH

How can you tell?

Stone points to buildings at the base of the mountain.

STONE

Because *that's Silver City*.

FINCH

This isn't a family picture; it's a ground breaking ceremony.

Thoughtful, Stone knows another piece of the puzzle is close.

STONE

I'll tell you something else, that vacant field they're standing in is now little China ...

Finch reaches for the silk scarf on the table.

FINCH

Kind of gives this scarf a whole new meaning, doesn't it?

STONE

What do you mean?

FINCH

Look at it. This is *Chinese* silk.

STONE

Aside from Tami Chang, what does Wannamaker have to do with China town?

Leave the frame as Stone picks up the curious photograph.

INT. SILVER CITY BANK & TITLE - NEW DAY

We're CLOSE on the real 8x10 photo.

HORACE TRICO (O.S.)

That's a good question, gentlemen. And the answer is simple; Arthur owned the land they're living on.

PULL BACK to reveal that **Horace Trico**, the President of the Silver City Bank & Trust is now holding the photo. Finch and Stone are seated in front of his desk.

TRICO

He was the man who talked the railroad into coming to Silver City 10 years ago ... That made him a very powerful Land Baron.

(deeply troubled, Trico hands Stone the photo)

But if you ask me, what's happening isn't right.

STONE

What do you mean?

Through the glass partition of Trico's office, Stewart Harrison emerges from one of the other offices to show Twyla out. But she does a double-take when she sees Finch and Stone in Trico's office.

TRICO

... Mrs. Wannamaker is selling the entire Chinese parcel to the highest bidder on Saturday.

They've already put the eviction notices up.

STONE

Where does she expect those folks to go?

TRICO

Legally, that's not her problem.

An astounding revelation. Stone steps up to the map.

STONE

... No mines. No development. And no immediate plans for the town to expand that far west.

(beat)

What's so special about it?

TRICO

It's strategic ... Especially when you stop to consider that the 10,000 acre tract you're talking about *is* Chinatown.

(beat)

This is the mouth of the Yampa. Every drop of water that comes to Silver City - and the mines beyond - flows right through here.

FINCH

... So it's not the land that's valuable, it's the water.

TRICO

Exactly. It doesn't matter who owns the mines, if they don't have water to operate.

FINCH

There must be a codicil, or proviso of some kind attached to the deed that allows the Chinese to stay?

TRICO

That's what I thought. But I was wrong. She can do whatever she pleases with it.

STONE

Mrs. Wannamaker seems like a reasonable lady ...

She told me Arthur didn't involve her in his business dealings. She might not understand the big picture here.

Trico raises a judgmental eye brow.

TRICO

Well, she certainly seems to understand one thing: she's got the keys to the kingdom. This plot of land will decide the fate of the entire Silver City valley.

STONE

... And she's going to sell it to the highest bidder.

PULL BACK to reveal Twyla outside Trico's office.

INT. SILVER CITY SENTINEL - LATER THAT DAY

Twyla pulls the hot copy from the hand-printing press. It reads:

"FOR SALE ... OUR TOWN."

Leave the frame on Twyla: her expression says it all.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. CHINA TOWN - DUSK

Stone is riding his horse, but when he looks over his shoulder for Finch, he sees that he's struggling along ... Stone stops, frustrated, to let him catch up.

STONE

Finch, what's the matter?

Finch awkwardly struggles with his foot placement in the stirrups.

FINCH

It's this saddle. I can't get comfortable. I learned to ride English.

There's a beat.

STONE

(flat)

Why?

FINCH

Because that's the way everybody rode in India.

STONE

India? I thought you said you learned to ride English?

Finch just looks at him.

FINCH

English *style!* I was nine years old when my parents began their trek through Asia ... From Pakistan, we were forced to travel inland, on horseback -

STONE

(flat)

Finch ...

FINCH

Luckily, the man leading the expedition was His Majesty's riding champion - Lord Hedley Baumgarten. He was a good teacher, but an eccentric old chap ... I remember -

STONE

Finch!

Finch stops, looks at him, surprised.

FINCH

Yes, Marshal?

STONE

Relax. Put your heels down in the stirrups, toes up. Sit tall and light - back straight. Loosen up on the reins - got it?

Finch tries it - looks more centered in the saddle. He smiles, by jove he thinks he does have it.

FINCH

So as I was saying - Lord Baumgarten had the most annoying habit of talking all the time. Non-stop. Talk. Talk. Talk. You could never get the old boy to shut up.

Stone just closes his eyes, exasperated. He knows the feeling.

FINCH

... He would go on and on about his travels - which were extensive, mind you - but he would hardly take a breath between -

Stone can't help it. He kicks his horse and trots ahead.

VARIOUS ANGLES - STONE & FINCH, STILL RIDING - CONTINUOUS

Stone and Finch arrive at the border between Silver City and China town. They tie their horses off, and venture in on foot.

EST. CHINA TOWN - CONTINUOUS

This is a part of town that borders Silver City, yet it might as well be on the other side of the world.

EXT. THE STREETS OF CHINA TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The poverty is so wretched, the streets are literally flowing with sewage from the shanty houses and tents. The desperation in the eyes of the Chinese miners is profound - but so is their pride as a people.

Children play. Women cook on open fires. Peddlers hawk their wares from push carts. Old men play sticks and smoke their Opium pipes ...

OMNISCIENT POV

As Stone and Finch go deep into the heart of Chinatown, we realize that someone is following them ...

STONE

You're the one who speaks the language. Where do we start?

FINCH

Just because I know the words, doesn't mean I speak the language. These people take care of their own.

(beat)

If you want to get information about Arthur Wannamaker here, we're going to need more help than I can give. We need a local.

Stone looks around, dejected. He realizes that Finch is right; the rules don't apply here.

TAMI CHANG (O.S.)

Marshal Stone ...

Stone and Finch turn, shocked to see a gorgeous Chinese woman wearing peasant's clothes.

STONE

Yes?

TAMI

I believe you gentlemen are looking for me.

(beat)

My name is Tami Chang.

Leave the frame on Stone and Finch's surprised expressions.

EST. PANORAMIC VIEW, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, LITTLE CHINA - SUNSET

We're on a long shot of the beautiful mountain range that meets the valley of Silver City.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LING HOUSE - SAME

We're close on a Bierstadt etching; an exact likeness of the mountain range outside. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Stone and Finch are being served tea by Tami Chang.

TAMI CHANG

Kuen Fong Ling was my Uncle. This is his home.

Stone and Finch do well to hide their surprise at learning that Ling was her uncle, but they do exchange a glance; the circle tightens ... They are sitting on the floor, boots off, drinking tea.

STONE

Where is your Aunt now, Tami?

TAMI

She's at the shop.

(beat)

Sadly, she will have to close it now.

The house is small, but immaculately decorated with Chinese silks and art.

STONE

I'm afraid some of our questions may seem ... intrusive.

TAMI

I understand. I assume I am a suspect in Mr. Wannamaker's murder?

No answer is necessary.

FINCH

Can you tell us where you were on the night of November 4th, Tami?

TAMI

I was with Arthur, Mr. Finch.

STONE

Were you ...

A bit uncomfortable with the intimacy.

FINCH

... Lovers?

TAMI

I spent the night with him, but
left before sunrise, as usual.

(pause)

That was the last time I saw him.

FINCH

Arthur was strangled with a scarf -
Chinese.

TAMI

We were very meticulous, Mr. Finch.
I would *never* have left an object
like that behind.

There's a beat. Stone and Finch look at each other - she's
very credible.

STONE

It's our understanding that your
uncle made custom shirts for Mr.
Wannamaker ... Is that how you met
Arthur?

TAMI

No. I introduced my Uncle to
Arthur.

(beat)

My husband was killed in one of the
mines shortly after we arrived in
Silver City. I was alone, had no
money, and spoke very little
English.

(pause)

Arthur was very kind and generous
to me. He even paid for my
education.

Tami is beautiful, poised, and articulate. Finch can't take
his eyes off her.

FINCH

(a slight swoon)

It was obviously love at first
sight ... er, *for him*.

Stone cringes - those blunt people skills of Finch's are
kicking in. But he's surprised to see that Tami finds Finch's
forward style awkwardly charming. She smiles -

TAMI

I loved, Arthur too, Mr. Finch. But not in the romantic way you suggest. Our relationship was one of mutual fondness, and respect.

(beat)

I was never under the delusion that he was romantically involved with me.

(beat)

Arthur was very much in love with his wife - hopelessly so.

STONE

You sound bitter.

TAMI

Forgive me. If I am, it's only because she was so cruel to him.

STONE

You tell a very different story than Mrs. Wannamaker ... She claims that she and her husband were very much in love, the best of friends.

Tami can't hide her contempt for the contradiction.

TAMI

Arthur used to say that she used her beauty against him like a knife.

(pause, more delicate)

In time, I offered him companionship because he was so lonely; there was no physical, or emotional love for him at home.

(beat, sadly)

But I always knew that when we were together, and Arthur whispered my name, he saw only her when he closed his eyes.

She can't hide the pain. For now, the interview is over. Stone and Finch stand up and excuse themselves. But before they exit, Finch turns -

FINCH

Just one more question, if you don't mind?

TAMI

Of course.

FINCH

Does Debra Wannamaker know about
you?

A fair question. And we see the fear come to Tami's eyes at
the very thought of it.

TAMI

... She is a formidable woman, Mr.
Finch. I pray that she does not.

EXT. LING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Stone and Finch exit the Ling house, PAN ACROSS the alley
to reveal Carl Yeates, taking one last swig on a whiskey
bottle. He drops the empty on the ground, and points his
rifle directly at Stone.

Just as his finger tightens around the trigger - he hiccups.
With a mumbled curse, he re-aims - hiccup. It's no use, he
can't get a clean shot.

Leave the frame as Stone and Finch ride away.

EXT. ISAAC EVANS' LIVERY, THE CORRAL - DAY

We're CLOSE on the odds board for the race. PULL BACK to
reveal that it is outside where everyone can see it; by the
corral.

'Night Mare' shows her displeasure at being forced into the
bucking shoot.

FINCH & MARSHAL STONE have gathered at the corral with Mayor
Smith, and a large crowd of spectators to watch the grueling
process of riders breaking horses for the race. The last
rider is thrown hard against the rails ...

MAYOR SMITH

I don't see your name on the board
yet, Marshal.

STONE

... I've got a job to do first.

MAYOR SMITH

But you're the favorite. You can't
disappoint -

Smith stops short, sees Debra Wannamaker and Jake Freeman
moving through the crowd with Stewart Harrison and two other
'suits' from the railroad.

STONE

Something tells me ol' Art wasn't
the only member of the family who
plays to win.

STONE'S POV - ON JAKE FREEMAN, RIDING

Freeman handles "Night Mare" the wild bucking horse that
other men were scared to approach with alarming skill.

FINCH

(watching Harrison walk
and talk with Debra)
They say Harrison hated Wannamaker.

STONE

... Doesn't look like he feels that
way about his wife.

Leave the frame on the cold resolve in Stone's eyes.

EXT. MAIN STREET, THE BOARDWALK - DAY

Stone is on his rounds when Twyla casually puts a cold
cigarette to her lips.

TWYLA

Got a light, Marshal?

Stone pulls a match from his shirt pocket, strikes it on the
post of the General Store.

TWYLA

Not that it's any of my business,
but did you know you have a fella
watching you?

Stone doesn't over-react, just listens as he lights her
cigarette for her.

STONE

You mean the guy across the street?
(she looks, nods)
His name's Carl Yeates.

TWYLA

I take it this is no friendly
reunion?

STONE

You could say that ... We were in
the war together.

(beat)
I had to court-martial him.

TWYLA
What for?

STONE
Rape. That was a long time ago.

Twyla doesn't have to say what's written all over her face.

TWYLA
Well aren't you gonna arrest him?

STONE
He served his time. He hasn't
broken the law, either.

TWYLA
He's been following you ... What if
he's looking for revenge?

STONE
Well, depending on what that means -

TWYLA
- Kill you.

STONE
That would definitely be against
the law, so I'd have to arrest him.

And that's the whole point. He's about to turn away, but then
he hesitates.

STONE
Twyla ... we'll do that interview
real soon.

Stone tips his hat as a thank you and walks away. Leave the
frame on Twyla, worried, as she looks at Carl.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

"Dingaling! Dingaling!" Stone is so startled by the sudden
intrusion he reaches for his gun.

STONE
(surly)
I'm never gonna get used to that.
What?
(there's a beat)
I mean, hello.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

FINCH

It's Finch. I need you to come to the lab right away. I have some new information.

STONE

... And?

An eavesdropper picks up down the line.

FINCH

I'd rather not use the phone.

STONE

(agitated)

That's what it's for!

FINCH

Marshal, would you just get over here, please? Now.

Finch hangs up. But before Stone can hang up -

EAVESDROPPER

. . . It does sound serious Marshal. You'd better get over there.

Stone slams the phone down cursing beneath his breath.

INT. FINCH'S LAB - DAY

Stone enters to find Finch involved in a chemical experiment.

FINCH

... I think we figured out how Wannamaker and Ling were killed.

Katie is also present - staring intensely into her new microscope; a rather sickening lump of ... something is floating in a jar beside her.

Finch performs his experiment for Stone.

FINCH

They were drugged - with Da T'sao.

STONE

Speak English.

CLOSE ON THE EXPERIMENT

FINCH

Look here. I've compared normal blood with that of Ling and Wannamaker. The first step was to check for a chemical or poisonous agent.

(compares three types)

When I found it wasn't poison, I then tested for an organic drug.

(shows test)

And found this.

Finch opens a large medicinal herbal text to a book-marked page.

FINCH

(as he shows Stone)

It's a potent Chinese herb. Injected directly into the blood stream, it makes people lose their inhibitions ...

STONE

Or in other words, they get real talkative, real quick.

Finch agrees. Stone turns, begins to piece it together.

STONE

That explains why Wannamaker and Ling weren't robbed. The killer was after information.

ON KATIE as she looks up from her microscope.

KATIE

There's something else you should know ... Arthur Wannamaker was a dead man long before he met his killer.

STONE

What do you mean?

Katie motions that Stone and Finch should each take a look into the scope. As Finch looks into the ocular, she hands Stone the jar with the bloody organ.

FINCH'S POV

Extreme close up of cancer cells

KATIE (O.S.)
He was full of cancer - pancreatic.

ON STONE

And he's now holding it; with a frown, he sets the jar back down.

KATIE
I'd say he had a month to live,
maybe less.

STONE
Would he have known that?

KATIE
Oh, he would have known.
(beat)
He was very sick - and probably in
great pain.

Finch agrees.

STONE
Finch, Ling said he had lost a lot
of weight.
(beat)
He wasn't settling old debts so
that he could retire ...

FINCH
He was getting his affairs in order
so he could die.

KATIE
Sounds honorable to me.

Stone would agree. He begins to think it through, realizing the huge implications.

STONE
But honorable to whom? His wife?
The miners? His mistress? ... Or
the town? Each of them had
something to gain - or to lose if
he died.

FINCH
But we're talking about two murders
here ... It seems to me that the
question is; what did Ling know
about Arthur Wannamaker? ...

That's the secret that got them
both killed.

Leave the frame as all three turn to look at the photograph -
and the mystery of Chinatown.

FADE OUT.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. SILVER CITY LAND TITLE - DAY

We're CLOSE on a title deed. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Trico accepting the deed from a clerk and handing it to Stone.

TRICO

Here you go; Parcel Twelve. 10,000 acres titled to Arthur Wannamaker.

STONE

(looking at it)

Debra Wannamaker owns it free and clear alright. It's a clean title.

But Finch wants to examine it more closely.

FINCH

Could we see some of the other titles? Say, 5 to 10 years old.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Finch lays several titles out on the counter - he places the Wannamaker title among them. Finch picks each title up as if reading the deeds ...

CLOSE ON THE DEEDS

But he's actually *feeling, or rubbing* the paper with his finger tips. Stone realizes he's onto something, but says nothing.

FINCH

Thanks.

He hands the titles back. Stone and Finch exit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

But as they step outside and walk past the window, leave the frame on Stewart Harrison as he emerges from an office at the rear of the building.

He casually browses through the small pile of deeds until he stops on Wannamaker's ...

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME

Finch and Stone walk back to the jail.

FINCH

The deed's a forgery.

STONE

How can you tell?

FINCH

It's on pulp paper - not parchment.
Ten years ago, when the Wannamaker
deed is dated, they didn't even
have pulp paper. It was only
invented five years ago.

Stone just looks at him, amazed and slightly put-off by this walking fountain of trivia.

STONE

That picture of Wannamaker breaking
ground with Ling is looking more
important all the time.

Finch would agree.

EXT. WANNAMAKER RANCH - EVENING

We're on a long shot of the window: Inside, we can see Stewart Harrison talking in a worried, almost tense fashion to Debra Wannamaker.

Just as the animated conversation is about to get heated, Debra goes to him ... She hugs him, obviously trying to calm him down. Eventually, it works and they kiss.

PULL BACK to reveal MARSHAL STONE watching from the shadows by the barn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Thoughtful, Stone packs the bowl of his pipe, and turns his attention back to the soft dirt. He kneels down and lights a match, but before he puts it to his pipe, the expert tracker holds the flame next to a boot print; the manufacturer's trade mark is clear K-C.

STONE lights his pipe, tracks the boot prints. They lead into the barn.

INT. THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

The footprints blend into the horseshoe prints in the soft dirt, but that's no longer a point of concern for Stone. As he peers into the half-light of the barn, his eyes are drawn to a corner, where a birthing/veterinarian stall is set up.

As Stone enters the stall, his eyes begin to peruse the vet instruments, including a syringe on the counter.

Stone has obviously learned the rules of fingerprinting: he uses his kerchief to pick up the syringe.

Now he turns, knows exactly what he's looking for ...

We're CLOSE on a wooden cupboard as Stone opens the door, revealing several medicine bottles - but there is only one strange blue bottle ...

He puts on a glove and holds the bottle up in the moonlight.

CLOSE ON THE LABEL - the bottle has a Chinese symbol.

INT. LUCI'S VELVET CUSHION - SAME

Stone enters the saloon. Luci sees Stone coming, and slides a cold one onto the bar ... Stone looks at it - smiles.

STONE

Evening, Luce. You're a mind reader.

(she looks at him,
flirtatious)

... Sort'a.

(beat)

Finch in back?

But before she can answer -

GUNMAN (O.S.)

Captain Stone ...

It's a title that he's tried to forget. But Stone manages to remain poker-faced as he sips his beer and searches the mirror behind him for the source. At the same time, Finch steps out of his lab.

Although Stone shows no fear, we see a tired look come to his eyes when he recognizes the gunman's face behind him.

STONE

... Hello, Carl.

(beat)

How long have you been out?

Carl Yeates takes a last angry pull on his whiskey bottle and drops it to the floor ... He's obviously squaring off - centering himself in the middle of the room for a gunfight. Stone hasn't turned around to face him yet.

YEATES

Long enough to find you.

Finch's eyes zero in on Carl's body language.

STONE

(sips his beer)

The war's over, Carl. It's been over for years.

YEATES

That war ain't never gonna be over - not 'til we settle the score.

STONE

You paid your debt to society - I saw to that. So I suggest you get back on your horse and ride ... I got no desire to kill you tonight.

Carl Yeates doesn't move. Stone's eyes bore into Carl's.

STONE

... That's an order, Carl.

YEATES

Damn your orders, Capt'n ... And damn you!

(beat)

We were at war - she was the enemy!

Although he doesn't physically react, Stone's eyes flash with anger.

STONE

She was an innocent girl, caught behind the wrong line on a map ... She didn't deserve getting raped by you.

YEATES

We were on the same side. You betrayed me!

With that, Carl draws! People dive out of the way as Stone spins - fires!

ON CARL - As his gun is blown out of his hand just as he squeezes the trigger!

ON FINCH - it happened so fast, he almost didn't see it.

ON STONE - as he stands there, gun smoking, staring at Carl Yeates with disgust and rage.

STONE

... You betrayed yourself by forgetting what we were fighting for.

(beat)

Now get the hell out of my town.

Carl is nursing that bleeding hand. He picks up his gun with his left hand and self-consciously walks outside.

FINCH

You're not just gonna let him go? He tried to kill you!

STONE

(flash of anger)

Damn it, Finch, this isn't Chicago, or London. This is the west! Where men still live and die by their own law.

The saloon is dead still, you could hear a pin drop. Even Finch is taken back by the ferocity of Stone's sudden outburst.

FINCH

... Including you, I suppose?

STONE

I don't like it, but as long as I wear this badge, you bet. Because I'm the one who has to deal with men on both sides of that fence!

There's a beat. But gradually, Stone self-consciously realizes he needs to reign it in.

He pulls a bandana from inside his coat and opens it for Finch, revealing a syringe, and a vile with the Chinese symbol.

STONE

I just happened to be in Mrs. Wannamaker's barn tonight ... I found this in her vet kit.

FINCH

You 'happened' to be in her barn?

STONE

Well I couldn't go up to the house,
I didn't want to interrupt them.

FINCH

Interrupt who?

Stone leans in, confidential.

STONE

Stewart Harrison and Mrs.
Wannamaker.

(beat)

It looked to me like they didn't
want to be disturbed.

FINCH

You mean they're -

STONE

So, why don't you go cook that, or
freeze it, or dust it with that
damn powder and tell me what's in
there. Five'll get you ten that
isn't no Chinese horse liniment.

Finch smiles - looks at the Chinese symbol on the bottle.

A SALOON GIRL now steps up to the bar, next to Stone ...

ON THE DOOR

Suddenly Carl Yeates returns with a vengeance. Rifle blazing
as he kicks the swinging doors of the saloon open!

Stone reacts, protecting the girl from the high powered
bullets now ripping the wood off the bar! But she's in the
way, he can't draw. Pandemonium erupts as people scramble!

ON FINCH

As Stone steps in front of the girl, Finch comes out of his
forward roll with a lightning quick throwing motion!

Carl drops dead a second later - a throwing knife is buried
to the hilt in his chest.

DEAD SILENCE ensues, as all eyes fall on Larimer Finch ... He
threw the knife. He saved Stone's life.

Slowly, Finch goes to Yeates, but his trembling hand
hesitates on the hilt of the knife ...

He closes his eyes and swallows hard, summoning the courage to pull the knife out and wipe the blood on Yeates' shirt.

Stunned, out of himself, he sadly slides it back into the scabbard behind the collar of his shirt.

STONE knows that look; the look of a man who just took his first human life. No words are spoken, but he nods his thanks.

Finch simply turns and walks into his lab, obviously deeply disturbed.

Stone turns back to the bar - although he's calm, he's also real thoughtful as he reaches past his beer to pour a shot of whiskey. He drains the shot and his eyes connect with Luci's.

LUCI

Hector, tell the Reverend to bring his wagon. He's got a customer waiting.

Leave the frame on Stone as he risks a sideways glance at Finch's closed door. Damn.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

ISAAC EVANS heard the shots and came running.

He loads and locks two shells into the chamber of his sawed-off shotgun as he rounds the corner toward Luci's.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ISAAC'S POV

Just as Isaac takes the stairs, Stone pushes out the door.

ISAAC

I heard shots - you okay?

Stone is so focused on what just happened, he hesitates. Isaac grabs his arm -

ISAAC

... Jared?

Stone responds, looks at Isaac's hand on his arm, then finally dials in.

STONE

Yeah. I'm okay.

Stone starts to walk away, but then he stops and turns, looks at the shotgun in Isaac's hands. He realizes that Isaac came running, gun in hand, to his defense.

STONE
Isaac ... thanks for getting my
back.

Isaac nods.

ISAAC
Sorry I didn't get here sooner.

STONE
(sardonic)
I'm sure there'll be a next time.

As Stone turns to walk away, leave the frame on Isaac's concerned look.

INT. LITTLE CHINA, MR. LING'S HOME - SAME

A lock is slipped, and an intruder cautiously peers inside the dark house.

CUT TO: STONE breaks the horse, aggressively making him respond to his commands with the reigns.

INTRUDER'S POV

Carefully, quietly, the intruder looks around the two room shack; he opens drawers, looks under the bed ... And when he does, we see the heel print on his boots: K-C.

CUT TO: STONE has bested the bronc. He stops the horse, and starts him. Turning him left, and right.

CUT TO: LING'S HOUSE - PULL BACK to reveal that Stewart Harrison is the intruder. He has searched the house. But to his obvious frustration he hasn't found what he's looking for.

ON THE ROOT CELLAR - As Harrison exits, Tami and her terrified Aunt, step out as a mystery begins to unfold ... Tami is clutching the Bierstadt etching of the Silver City mountain range.

CUT TO: STONE, as he dismounts and hands the reins to Isaac. Isaac says nothing - knows he's fine now, he worked it out.

Stone removes his gloves, nods his thanks, but as he walks away Isaac's eyes are drawn to the shadows: Jake Freeman and one of his henchmen have been watching. Isaac looks concerned, wary.

EXT. MAIN STREET - RACE DAY

A flurry of activity; every soul in town has gathered to watch the big race - even Luci's girls got the afternoon off. They walk the boardwalk in their "Saturday Best" hoping to pick out a beau to attach their 'colors' to.

But suddenly, young CHIPPER DUNN (a contestant in the race) gets some very special attention ...

LUCI saunters over and ties her ribbon around his arm, as several of the YOUNG LADIES in his fan club get upset by the famous courtesan beating them to it. Now Luci kisses his cheek for luck and backs away.

CHIPPER doesn't know whether to blush, or howl. So he gets on his horse and tips his hat, proud to wear her colors.

In fact, all the contestants have wives and girlfriends tying different colored ribbons around their men's left arms.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The START/FINISH line is filling with spectators ... And towering above it all at an elevation of 11,000 feet; majestic Red Mountain Pass.

MAYOR SMITH calls the riders to the starting line. Riders are making final adjustments, and mounting their horses. Stone walks his horse to the start, when Twyla rather awkwardly slaps a colored ribbon on his saddle ...

Stone stops, looks between the ribbon, and Twyla; who is now wearing an expression somewhere between embarrassment, and utter defiance.

TWYLA

Don't ask - just ride like hell.
I've got money on you.

There's a beat, as Stone follows her concerned eye-line to Jake Freeman.

TWYLA

And don't forget to watch your
back.

After a beat.

STONE

... I'll do that.

She turns into the crowd, and Stone's eyes fall the length of her slender figure as she walks away.

But then, self-conscious, he snaps out of it. He snugs the knot down on the ribbon and turns back to the race at hand.

INT. FINCH'S LAB - SAME

It's been bothering him all day; something's missing. Something's not right. Finch lights the lamp on the photo enlarger to study the Ling photograph again. The comment Stone made yesterday has been haunting him.

STONE (V.O.)
 ... Suddenly, that picture of
 Wannamaker breaking ground with
 Ling is looking mighty important.

Finch adjusts the photo and uses the magnifier on high power; he looks carefully at each face in the crowd ... CLOSE, CLOSE, CLOSER; and that's when he passes the face of a certain **young woman** standing at the end of the second row.

FINCH
 (a revelation)
 ... Wait a minute. That's Tami.

The young woman wearing the hat that is semi-blocking her face is also holding a newborn baby.

Leave the frame as Finch hastily grabs his hat and the picture. He exits running.

EXT. START/FINISH LINE - DAY

Breathless, Finch runs up to Stone and hands him the Ling photo.

FINCH
 - Tami Chang has a baby.

That got his attention. Finch points to Tami in the 8x10 picture.

FINCH
 If Wannamaker was the father, he
 had an heir ... An heir he couldn't
 publicly acknowledge, but probably
 loved just the same.

STONE
 He would've wanted to take care of
 the kid after he died.

Like a silent omen, both men glance towards the grandstands, and Debra Wannamaker. The 'legal problem' Art Wannamaker had.

FINCH

I think we'd better stay close to Tami Chang for a while.

Just then, the train's whistle blows in the far distance ... The Denver & Silver City is puffing black smoke as she heads toward the Pass. Suddenly it hits Stone -

STONE

Too late. She said she had to go to Durango. I told her it would be okay.

FINCH

Stone, if Debra Wannamaker knows about Tami, she also know about the kid.

Stone and Finch both turn to look at the black smoke - two, maybe three miles away by now and moving fast.

FINCH

... We'll never catch it.

Stone turns, looks toward Red Mountain Pass, knowing there's only one way ... Suddenly, the starter's gun fires! And the race is on! The riders thunder off the line leaving Stone in the dust.

STONE

Well don't just stand there, Finch. Get a horse - we'll have to catch it on the leeward side of the pass!

Stone spurs his horse and thunders off. Finch spins on his heel, desperate to find a ride. He grabs the reigns of the first horse that comes his way and flashes his detective's badge -

FINCH

(to the rider)

Pinkerton Detective - I'm confiscating your horse in the name of the law.

He pulls the startled rider off. As Finch rides away, leave the frame on the puzzled cowboy, sitting in the dust. "Can he do that?"

VARIOUS ANGLES - RED MOUNTAIN PASS

If you were expecting one of those polite little Derby's, guess again. These are roughnecks; miners, mountain men, Railroad hands ... And they're as wild as the horses they ride. Pushing, cursing, and shoving, anything goes as they jockey for position on the rugged trail that leads up the mountain.

The RIDERS race up the mountain using a wagon trail ... Stone is bringing up the rear.

Serious jostling begins! The riders push and shove, fighting for position as they begin the climb for the summit.

FINCH, alone, tries to catch up. We have his POV of the riders pulling away.

ISAAC takes the lead! Stone begins his charge, passing some of the other riders ...

ON THE PACK

More jostling - the riders are neck and neck. Suddenly one of the riders goes down!

EXT. TRAIN - SAME

FINCH - pulls up short; he looks around and sees a bridge. It's decided - he pulls his horse off the race and changes course.

INT. THE PASSENGER CAR - SAME

Tami Chang is keeping a close handle on her carpet bag. She's seated in the middle of the train car. A PORTER leans in close -

PORTER

Come with me, please, Miss.

Tami looks unsure, intimidated by the man in uniform. He waits, doesn't look like he'll take no for an answer. She follows him into another portion of the train.

EXT. RED MOUNTAIN - CONTINUING

The RIDERS are really climbing now. JAKE signals two of the men in the pack ... This is WHIPMAN and GUNMAN. They acknowledge Jake's signal and initiate a move towards Stone

CHIPPER DUNN passes them unchallenged. Obviously, they are not interested in winning the race ...

EXT. RED MOUNTAIN - SAME

STONE - Cuts away from the pack and jumps a fallen tree. Jake Freeman and his two henchmen follow.

FINCH crosses the bridge.

WHIPMAN & GUNMAN ride through the trees.

STONE is ambushed at a snowy mountain clearing. Gunman and Whipman have cut him off. Whipman takes his bullwhip in hand, and as they ride their horses into his path, he cracks the whip above Stone's horse ... The horse rears! And Stone is suddenly thrown off.

Stone lands hard in the snow - his Colt .45 is thrown from his holster into the snow.

FREEMAN arrives as Stone searches in vain for his gun. WHIPMAN cracks the whip just as Stone reaches for his gun, pulling it away ... Gunman dismounts and draws his sidearm on Stone.

FREEMAN
(tossing a rope to Gunman)
Tie him up, boys.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAILROAD TRACKS - SAME

Finch reaches the tracks at a full gallop; he sees the train's caboose moving away - he urges his horse on!

EXT. RED MOUNTAIN - SAME

THE ROPE is passed to Jake on his horse. He looks at Stone and smiles - he's going to drag him to death. But just as he's about to tie the rope around his saddle, A SOUND in the woods causes them all to turn ...

ISAAC EVANS bursts through the snowy pines - sawed off shotgun spitting fire and sending GUNMAN to the ground!

STONE instantly yanks the rope, pulling Jake from his saddle. WHIPMAN reaches for his gun, when Isaac's second barrel hits him in the chest.

FREEMAN scrambles up from the ground, reaches for his gun, as Stone tackles him ... the lariat is still around Stone. Freeman's gun flies, as Stone pushes the rope off for the fight.

FREEMAN pulls a hunting knife. He lunges, but Stone deflects him, spinning him around and bulldogging him to the ground. They land hard in the snow; Stone on top, Freeman face down on the knife ... Dead.

ISAAC tosses Stone his gun after he mounts his horse ... But before he rides, Stone looks at Isaac -

STONE
You okay?

ISAAC
Yeah. You?

Stone nods, grateful, and turns. Isaac watches Stone ride away.

EXT. THE TRAIN - ROLLING, SAME

Finch boards the caboose.

EXT. RED MOUNTAIN - SAME

STONE is now racing the clock - riding through the trees at breakneck speed!

INT. THE TRAIN - SAME

Tami is shown into a freight car ... She knows something is dreadfully wrong, but the Porter shuts the door and locks it on her when she turns to exit.

A moment later, Stewart Harrison steps out from behind some crates. Tami desperately tries to get the door open.

STEWART
(produces a derringer)
It's a train, Miss Chang ... You
won't get far.

Leave the frame on Tami's horrified expression; she's trapped.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - SAME

FINCH moves through the passenger car, looking at the faces of the people as he goes ... Finally, he sees a young Chinese girl with her back to him. He reaches for her shoulder, relieved.

FINCH
Tami ...

But when she spins, alarmed, we see that it's not Tami.

FINCH
 (in Chinese)
 I'm very sorry, Miss. I thought you
 were someone else.

EXT. RED MOUNTAIN - SAME

STONE is forced to pull up in a stand of pines on a bluff. The train is coming ... He dismounts and hurries to the edge of the cliff. He can see the train coming below. He quickly moves away on foot.

INT. THE TRAIN - SAME

FINCH encounters the door the Porter locked. He can go no farther inside the train. He sees the ladder and begins to climb.

Finch makes his way along the roof of the moving train ...

INT. FREIGHT CAR - SAME

Harrison grabs Tami's arm, pulls her to the door of the luggage car and slides it open ... Outside, the jagged rocks along the tracks race by ... Tami screams!

EXT. THE TRAIN - SAME

We see Finch on the roof of the box car. Picking up momentum, the train crests the top of the pass and begins her descent down the other side of the mountain.

EXT. THE TRAIN ROOF - SAME

Finch eases into position over the open double doors where Harrison is holding Tami ... Slowly, he precariously lowers himself down for a look.

INT. THE TRAIN CAR - SAME TIME

STEWART
 Do you know who I am?
 (she shakes her head)
 I represent Mrs. Wannamaker. Rest
 assured, she wants no harm to come
 to you. All she wants is what is
 rightfully her's.

Tami is terrified, speechless. Finch disappears, as Harrison turns to the open doors and pushes her forward with the gun at her back.

TAMI

Please, I - I don't know what
you're talking about!

FINCH knows it's now or never. He lays down on his back on top of the box car, purposely gripping his hands around the iron bar at the edge ...

STEWART

You know exactly what I'm talking
about.

Harrison pushes her so close the toes of her shoes are almost over the edge -

TAMI

Wait! ... It's in my bag.

Harrison yanks her away, turns to the carpet bag. But suddenly -

FINCH - Gripping the bar, kicks backwards over the rail!

ON THE TRAIN DOOR - WHAM! Finch swings down and into the open doorway, kicking Harrison off his feet. Harrison recoils!

Finch pulls Tami away from the open door, but this allows Harrison to run with the bag ...

FINCH

(to Tami)
Are you okay?

Tami nods, grateful. Finch pursues Harrison.

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE TRAIN

Harrison runs through the train, until he reaches a flatbed: desperate, he realizes he has no choice. He has to go out.

FINCH is closing fast. He chases Harrison onto the flatbed ... A fight ensues.

EXT. ABOVE TUNNEL - SAME

STONE appears above the tunnel as the train passes below. He sees Finch and Harrison fighting ...

Harrison has yanked a log chain around Finch, causing him to fall. Harrison grabs a pry bar, about to impale Finch with it when ...

EXT. ABOVE TRAIN - SAME

STONE draws his gun and leaps into a stack of crates ... firing three shots as he drops to the flatbed below!

The train disappears into darkness! We don't know whether Finch was killed, or Stone hit his mark.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the train re-appears on the other side, we see that Harrison is dead. Stone hit him in the chest with all three shots.

Finch is standing over him - grateful.

STONE

Tami?

Finch nods, she's okay. Finch reaches for the carpet bag.

Leave the frame as the train rolls away: the two men are standing over Stewart Harrison's body.

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Tattered and bruised, Stone and Finch ride into town to find the 10th anniversary celebration in full swing.

The party has moved into the streets; beneath the gas lanterns, people are drinking, firing their guns, etc.

STONE & FINCH ride past Twyla's newspaper office, and Stone sees that Twyla has had to miss the party to get tomorrow's edition out. It's almost a lonely sight.

Thoughtful, he pulls the ribbon Twyla awkwardly handed him off his saddle horn, and stops. Finch waits.

STONE

Hold on.

Stone dismounts and steps into the threshold of the Sentinel. Twyla is working the printing press.

INT. SILVER CITY SENTINEL - NIGHT

STONE

Hey, Scoop ...

She turns, and we see her instant relief when she sees that Stone is safe.

STONE

I promised you an interview.
 (she nods, hopeful)
 Follow me. I think I can do you one
 better.

Leave the frame on her intrigued expression.

EXT. LUCI'S VELVET CUSHION - SAME

The race victor, CHIPPER DUNN, is carried aloft on the shoulders of Isaac Evans and his friends. He's wearing the victory wreath, and he's 500 dollars richer.

And across the street, Debra Wannamaker steps outside to search the darkness for Harrison. She looks concerned, desperately worried that Harrison hasn't returned with the real deed.

Mayor Smith steps outside, unsure.

MAYOR SMITH

Debra ... people are getting
 impatient. Are you going to sell
 the property, or not?

She hesitates - one last hopeful look into the darkness for Harrison. She checks her watch, and decides she has no choice. She has to start the auction. She turns back inside the restaurant.

DEBRA

Yes ... let's begin.

INT. LUCI'S VELVET CUSHION - SAME

The silent auction is tense. Vic Simmons and several other miners are also present - but they are helpless to stop the sale.

Six open envelopes are sitting next to Debra Wannamaker, who is seated at the head of the table.

Mayor Smith can only watch, helpless. He knows the balance of his town is hanging on what happens next.

DEBRA

Gentlemen, the winning bid, and new
 owner of the Yampa Valley tract is -

STONE (O.S.)

... Tami Ling Chang, and her son.

All eyes turn to see Marshal Stone and Finch and Twyla in the door. Stone turns to Vic Simmons -

STONE

And the Wannamaker silver mines
belong to the people who earned
them.

Vic's eyes flash - hope.

DEBRA

(incredulous)
What is this?

Stone approaches her and places the Bierstadt etching on the table.

STONE

This is the end, ma'am.

Vic Simmons, his men, and the other business men gather around to watch him take the back panel off, revealing TWO DEEDS.

Twyla's eyes light up - she's working that shorthand at lightning speed.

STONE

You're under arrest for the murder
of your husband, and Mr. Ling.

DEBRA

This is absurd ...

STONE

Is it? ... You knew he was dying.
You also knew he intended to
fulfill his promise to the miners,
and his obligation to his son.

FLASH TO:

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS, THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER

INT. WANNAMAKER'S PRIVATE CAR FLASHBACK- NIGHT

Wannamaker signs the deed. PAN UP to reveal Mr. Ling, as he slides the deed behind the Bierstadt etching.

FINCH (V.O.)

But he didn't trust you, so he
secretly signed over the deeds,
with Mr. Ling as the witness.

INT. WANNAMAKER'S PRIVATE CAR - NIGHT

Arthur Wannamaker is surprised by an assailant (Harrison).

STONE (V.O.)

Harrison came in through the skylight and subdued your husband with the garrote. Then you and Freeman drugged him, hoping he would reveal where the real deeds were hidden.

Debra Wannamaker steps into Arthur's eye-line. No words are spoken, but we see his anger, the betrayal as she injects his arm with the Chinese truth serum.

BACK TO SCENE

FINCH

He must have given up Mr. Ling's name in his delirium.

INT. LING'S CLOTHIER SHOP FLASHBACK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MR. LING as he is surprised at his sewing table ... Leave the frame on his terrified expression.

STONE (V.O.)

But their secret died with them.

BACK TO SCENE - CLOSE ON STONE

STONE

So the best you could do was replace the original deeds with forgeries and hope they wouldn't be found before you sold the land and left town.

FINCH

But there was one loose end that you couldn't tie up ...

Both men turn to see Mrs. Ling, Tami, and her little boy step tentatively into the room.

STONE

Chinatown ... You couldn't find them.

ON MAYOR SMITH, as he turns to Debra Wannamaker, shocked. In fact, all eyes turn to Debra now.

DEBRA

You can't prove any of this.

FINCH

... You already did that for us,
ma'am. I believe the fingerprints
we have on the garrote, and the
syringe will implicate you and
Stewart Harrison.

Debra Wannamaker knows it's over.

STONE

This sale is cancelled, Gentleman.
(he looks at Tami and Vic)
The rightful owners have decided
not to sell.

Stone looks at Twyla, and the look they exchange says it all;
he just delivered the best scoop of her career.

Stone reaches for Debra's arm to escort her to jail.

FADE OUT.

END ACT SIX

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. SILVER CITY SENTINEL - EARLY MORNING

We're CLOSE on a by-line;

"WIDOW ARRESTED, LAND SCHEME FAILS"

TWYLA lowers the paper and looks out the window ...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE/TRAIN STATION - SAME

TWYLA'S POV

Hot off the presses, newspaper in hand, Katie rushes toward Marshal Stone and Detective Finch.

Finch is packed and ready to go. Stone has come to see him off, when Katie walks up. She hands Finch the newspaper -

KATIE

Marshal, Mr. Finch, Twyla told me all about it. Congratulations.

STONE

Thanks, Katie. We couldn't have done it without you.

Finch concurs, offers his hand.

KATIE

So where are you off to now?

Finch shifts his weight, obviously unhappy.

FINCH

I've been ordered back to Chicago... The Agency's been hired to settle a union dispute.

KATIE

What do Pinkerton's have to do with union disputes? I thought you were a detective.

Finch sets his jaw, not so much offended, as he is disturbed by the truth of it.

STONE

Alan Pinkerton's known for strong-
arming labor, Katie.

(beat)

I'll bet they didn't teach you that
at Scotland Yard, did they, Finch?

Finch knows Stone isn't judging him so much as he's
sympathizing with the waste of his time and talent. Finch
hands the newspaper back to Katie.

FINCH

No... They didn't.

Suddenly, the Porter loses his grip, and one of Finch's suit-
cases crashes. Distracted, Finch turns to help pick it up.

STONE

Katie, I've been thinkin' about
all this forensic stuff...

Finch stops, turns, intrigued.

STONE

You're pretty sharp with that
microscope of yours. Maybe you
could help me with an unsolved
murder.

KATIE

Unsolved murder?

The train's WHISTLE can be heard in the distance as Finch's
luggage is loaded onto the platform. But he's oblivious to
everything but Stone's story now...

ON STONE

We realize, with a sly, sideways glance that he's actually
trying to get Finch's interest.

STONE

The victim was a card shark from
N'Orleans named Simon Le Dieux.
Found him dead in his bed.

Stone leans in, just confidential enough for Finch to
overhear.

STONE

I didn't advertize this, but his
tongue was all swelled up ...

Had a bottle of foul smellin'
 whiskey beside his bed.
 (beat)
 I kept it - glass and all.

Finch can't help it. He leans in.

FINCH
 Swollen tongue - foul whiskey.
 Sounds like a foreign substance may
 have been involved.

Stone turns, dead pan.

STONE
 Ya think?

Suddenly it dawns on Finch what Stone is doing.

FINCH
 Is this your clumsy way of trying
 to hire me?

STONE
 You're the detective.

Finch sets his jaw - this time with conviction.

FINCH
 Where's the evidence now?

STONE
 My office.

Enough said. Finch turns to the Porter.

FINCH
 Excuse me, that's all going back to
 my hotel.

With that, Finch picks up his briefcase, and turns for the
 Marshal's office, splitting a knowing look between Katie and
 Stone.

FINCH
 Well? What you waiting for? We
 have a case to solve.

As Finch turns with an inward smile, glad that he's staying,
 Katie hurries to catch up.

ON STONE

Pleased, he watches his new forensic team head for his office. But before he joins them, he stops for a moment to casually peruse the town - his town.

FADE OUT.

THE END