

THE OUTLAWS OF DUST CREEK

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ROLES OF "THE OUTLAWS OF DUST CREEK"

JAMES

The tough, stoic leader of the outlaw gang, driven by justice.

NOAH

James' loyal right-hand man, a sharpshooter with a calm demeanor.

OLIVER

The youngest member of the group, quick-witted and resourceful.

ELIJAH

A former lawman, now an outlaw, with a tactical mind.

MATEO

The fiery, loyal member, quick to act with a strong sense of duty.

HENRY

Quiet and introspective, the group's tracker and marksman.

LUCAS

Pragmatic and resourceful, always quick with a solution.

WILLIAM

The disciplined, loyal muscle of the group.

GARRICK

The ruthless leader of a criminal empire, cold and calculating.

Genre: Action/Western

Logline:

In the untamed frontier, seven men James, Noah, Oliver, Elijah, Mateo Henry, Lucas and William are bound by a blood pact to protect Dust Creek A small town on the brink of war. When a notorious outlaw returns for revenge The men must rally their courage and confront their pasts to protect their home And restore justice.

EXT. DUST CREEK - DESERT TOWN - DAY

A barren, sun-scorched town. The wind stirs dust across the cracked earth. The few remaining buildings are rundown, the paint long faded. An eerie silence hangs in the air.

We see a group of OUTLAWS, rugged and weathered, riding in on horseback. The leader, JAMES (mid-30s, hardened by life), leads the way. Behind him are NOAH (early 20s, sharpshooter), OLIVER (teenager, eager), ELIJAH (40s, taciturn), MATEO (late 30s, sly), HENRY (50s, moral), LUCAS (late 30s, grizzled), and WILLIAM (30s, relentless bounty hunter).

JAMES

(staring down the street)

Dust Creek... Just like I remember it.

NOAH

(with a smirk)

Quiet. Too quiet.

MATEO

(pulling out a map)

Doesn't look like anyone's home.

HENRY

(uneasy)

Something feels wrong.

The wind blows harder, kicking up dust as the sound of hooves on the dirt grows louder.

Suddenly, a shot rings out. A bullet ricochets off the side of a building.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

(shouting from afar)

There's nowhere to hide!

A tense silence as the outlaws draw their guns. The face of WILLIAM, a relentless bounty hunter, emerges from behind a building in the distance, holding a rifle aimed at the outlaws.

JAMES
(low)
Ride fast... We don't have much time.

The outlaws turn their horses and prepare for a high-stakes chase. The tension is palpable.

ELIJAH
(grabbing James' arm)
We can't outrun him. He's got the law on his side.

JAMES
(gritting teeth)
Then we fight.

OLIVER
(anxious)
You sure about this?

MATEO
(smirking)
It's not the first time we've run from trouble.

Suddenly, a series of gunshots erupts as William's men step from the shadows. The outlaws pull their weapons and prepare for a standoff.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - MAIN STREET - DAY

A fast-paced gunfight ensues, dirt flying as bullets fly overhead. The outlaws fight back, moving with precision, dodging behind debris and wreckage. The camera switches between the outlaws and the bounty hunters, the intensity of the fight escalating.

NOAH
(yelling)
Take cover!

As a bullet grazes his arm, he dives behind a barrel. The camera spins around the action, showcasing the chaos and determination in their eyes.

JAMES
(shouting)
Fall back! We need to regroup!

The camera pulls back as the gang retreats, knowing their time is running out. The dust settles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The outlaws race through the desert landscape, kicking up dust as they head towards a series of rugged hills. The sound of hooves pounding the earth reverberates through the air.

JAMES
(urgently)
Keep moving! Don't look back!

NOAH
(looking over his shoulder)
Too late for that!

A loud gunshot echoes through the canyon as a bullet narrowly misses Noah. He ducks, his horse whinnying in panic.

OLIVER
(shouting)
We've got to split up!

James looks over his shoulder, weighing the options. The group is being hunted relentlessly.

JAMES
(grim)
No. We stick together.

ELIJAH
(disgruntled)
We're not gonna outrun 'em like this. We need a plan.

MATEO
(with a grin)
I've got an idea, but it'll be risky.

Suddenly, Lucas, ever the practical one, pulls his horse alongside James.

LUCAS
(steady, calculated)
There's a ravine up ahead. If we can reach it before they do, we might have a chance.

James nods, recognizing the seriousness in Lucas' tone.

JAMES
(determined)
Let's move.

The outlaws steer their horses toward the ravine, the camera tracking their movement with swift cuts between the riders and the bounty hunters closing in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RAVINE ENTRANCE - DAY

The group reaches the narrow entrance to the ravine, their horses skidding to a halt. James dismounts first, taking quick command.

JAMES
(sharp)
Set up an ambush. They'll be on us in minutes.

ELIJAH
(gruff)
We won't be able to hold them off for long.

The outlaws quickly work together, setting up a makeshift barricade from rocks and debris. Lucas checks his rifle, ready for what's to come.

NOAH
(nervously, checking the horizon)
It's too quiet...

MATEO
(smirking)
The calm before the storm, I suppose.

Suddenly, the sound of galloping hooves grows louder. William and his posse are fast approaching.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(shouting from behind)
Don't make this harder than it has to be, James!

The outlaws brace for impact. The camera focuses on their faces, each man ready for the inevitable.

JAMES
(coldly)
You should've stayed in town, William.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(grinning)
You're all outlaws, James. It's my job to bring you in... dead or alive.

A tense silence hangs in the air as the sound of hooves stops just beyond the ravine. Then—CRASH!
A gunshot shatters the stillness.

JAMES
(shouting)
Take cover!

The outlaws duck behind rocks as a volley of bullets rains down from the opposite side.

The gunfight intensifies. The camera moves quickly, capturing the chaos and desperation of the outlaws as they fight to hold their ground.

JAMES
(to the group)
We make a stand here. Hold your fire until I say so.

ELIJAH
(gritting his teeth)
You sure about this?

JAMES
(with resolve)
If we're going down, we go down fighting.

Suddenly, a huge EXPLOSION rocks the ravine as one of William's men throws a stick of dynamite. The outlaws are momentarily thrown into chaos as dust and debris fill the air.

MATEO
(shouting)
Move! We can't stay here!

The gang scrambles, trying to regroup, but the explosion has already done its damage. James's face is covered in dirt, his expression hard as steel.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON ROAD - DAY

The bounty hunters move closer, their faces hard and unrelenting. William leads the charge, a smirk on his face as he surveys the carnage.

WILLIAM
(calmly)
It's over, James. You can't win this.

JAMES
(under his breath)
Don't be so sure...

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON ROAD - DAY

The gunfight is now in full swing. The camera cuts between the outlaws taking cover behind rocks and the bounty hunters closing in on them, rifles raised. The sound of gunfire and shouting fills the air.

WILLIAM
(grinning)
You can run, James, but you can't hide forever.

The dust swirls around as more gunshots ring out. James peeks from behind a large rock, surveying the situation. His face is grim, calculating. He signals to Lucas.

JAMES
(low, to Lucas)
We need to get to the ridge.

Lucas nods and motions to Elijah.

LUCAS
(urgent)
Elijah! You're with me.

ELIJAH
(nodding)
Got it.

The two men make a break for it, darting behind cover as they move toward the ridge. Noah, meanwhile, picks off another bounty hunter, his sharp eye taking down the enemy one by one.

NOAH
(yelling)
We've got them on the ropes!

But just as he fires, a bullet narrowly misses him, and he ducks behind a boulder, gritting his teeth.

NOAH
(shaking his head)
Damn it!

JAMES
(stern)
Fall back to the ridge! We've got one shot at this!

The outlaws start to move quickly, trying to make their way up the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVINE - RICHMAN'S HILL - DAY

James, Noah, Mateo, and Henry reach the top of the ridge, finding a vantage point. They set up their rifles, peering through the scopes.

JAMES
(low, to the group)
We take them out one at a time. Steady.

HENRY
(worried)
This could be a massacre.

MATEO
(calculating)
Or it could be our only chance to get away.

The group positions themselves, taking aim.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON ROAD - DAY

William and his posse are moving toward the ridge, not knowing the outlaws have taken position above them.

WILLIAM
(confidently)
Keep your eyes open. They're cornered.

Suddenly, the sound of a rifle shot rings out from the ridge. The first bounty hunter drops to the ground, a shot to the head. The remaining bounty hunters scramble for cover.

WILLIAM
(shouting)
Ambush!

A flurry of gunfire erupts as the outlaws take out more of William's men with precise shots. But William, ever calculating, doesn't panic. He quickly gestures to his remaining posse.

WILLIAM
(commanding)
Get to cover! We're pushing through!

William ducks behind a boulder, returning fire with precision. His eyes burn with determination as he searches for his next target.

JAMES
(to the group)
Keep it tight. We can't let him get away.

NOAH
(smirking)
I've got him.

Noah raises his rifle and takes aim at William.

NOAH
(to himself)
This ends now.

The camera zooms in on Noah's face as he focuses. Just as he pulls the trigger—

Suddenly, the ground shakes beneath them. A loud, rumbling sound.

MATEO
(yelling)
What the hell is that?

HENRY
(wide-eyed)
We're not alone...

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A massive dust storm begins to whip up, growing rapidly as it barrels toward the ravine. The outlaws squint against the gusts of sand and dirt, their visibility almost entirely wiped out.

JAMES
(shouting)
Get down! We've got bigger problems!

The storm grows fiercer, blocking the sun, reducing the battlefield to near zero visibility. The sound of wind howls as it rushes through the ravine. The outlaws and bounty hunters are forced to pause, both sides unsure of what to do next.

WILLIAM
(frustrated, shouting)
Damn it! What's going on?!

JAMES
(stoic, standing his ground)
Nature's on our side, William.

The wind picks up even more, whipping around them violently, pushing both groups further apart. The storm rages as the camera follows the outlaws retreating toward the cover of the ridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE - DAY

The outlaws regroup on the ridge, now using the storm to their advantage. They move quickly and quietly, setting up traps and preparing for the final showdown.

JAMES

(focused)
We don't have long. We make our stand here.

NOAH
(smiling)
It's about time.

The outlaws ready their weapons, determined to win this fight no matter the cost.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE - DAY

The storm howls, reducing visibility to nearly nothing. The outlaws are poised and ready for a final stand. James, Noah, Mateo, Henry, and Lucas are gathered behind makeshift cover, rifles in hand. They are tense, their eyes scanning the swirling dust storm, waiting for the next move.

JAMES
(to the group, quietly)
This is it. Stay sharp.

Noah wipes the dust from his face, looking toward the horizon where the storm is thickest.

NOAH
(grinning)
If we make it through this, I'll buy drinks for the rest of the year.

MATEO
(laughs, but quickly turns serious)
Let's just survive this first.

James motions to Lucas.

JAMES
(to Lucas)
Take the east flank. Noah, Mateo—keep an eye on the west.

LUCAS
(nodding)
Got it.

Lucas moves stealthily through the dust, vanishing into the storm. Noah and Mateo follow his lead, staying low.

HENRY
(nervously)
You think we'll get out of here alive?

JAMES
(grimly)
We don't have a choice.

Suddenly, the distant sound of hooves emerges from the storm. The bounty hunters are coming.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(shouting)
I know you're out there! Come out and face me, James!

James steadies his rifle, scanning the storm. The sound of horses grows louder, the wind carrying the echoes of the approaching posse.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - STORMY CANYON - DAY

Through the dust, the silhouettes of the bounty hunters emerge. William leads, his face determined and fierce. His men follow closely behind, their horses galloping with urgency.

WILLIAM
(loud)
You can't hide forever, James! This is your last chance!

The posse starts to split up, trying to cover all angles. The storm has become a blur of dust and movement, but the outlaws are ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE - DAY

James steadies himself, watching the chaos unfold through the lens of his rifle scope. The bounty hunters are within range, but the dust storm makes it hard to see clearly.

JAMES
(under his breath)
Now.

The outlaws open fire. A few shots are wild, but they hit their marks. One of William's men falls, dropping from his horse. The rest of the posse dives for cover.

WILLIAM
(furious, yelling)
Dammit, get back to cover! Fire back!

The gunfight escalates. The camera cuts quickly between gunshots, dust, and action, following the swift movements of the outlaws as they take strategic shots.

Suddenly, there's a loud explosion—a stick of dynamite thrown by one of the bounty hunters. The blast forces the outlaws to take cover. Rocks and debris fly, the sound deafening.

JAMES
(yelling)
Fall back! Fall back to the canyon!

The outlaws begin to retreat, running toward the deeper part of the ravine, but not without taking shots at the remaining bounty hunters.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON - DAY

The outlaws, breathing heavily, regroup in the shadow of the canyon walls. The storm rages above them, but the chaos of battle has subsided for the moment.

JAMES
(catching his breath)
We hold them here. This is the last stand.

NOAH
(wiping his brow)
I'm all out of tricks.

MATEO
(laughing)
Good. I need someone sober for this part.

James scans the canyon, trying to get a sense of where the bounty hunters are. He squints against the dust.

JAMES
(decisively)
They'll regroup and come at us from the west. We need to set up traps.

LUCAS
(looking over the landscape)
We've got the high ground. They'll be at a disadvantage. But we need to move fast.

HENRY
(nervously)
Are we even gonna survive this?

JAMES
(with resolve)
We will. We've got no other choice.

The group splits up quickly, preparing their final line of defense. James moves over to Mateo, whispering plans.

JAMES
(determined)
You and Lucas take the east side. Noah and I will hold the middle.

MATEO
(grinning)
Guess I better get to work.

The outlaws set traps, rigging rocks and barrels for an ambush. The camera moves quickly through their preparations as the sound of the storm grows louder, intensifying the tension. They are ready for the final battle.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - WESTERN OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The bounty hunters begin to regroup. William gives his men a quick nod, signaling the final push.

WILLIAM
(steely)
This ends today.

His men, battered and exhausted, draw their weapons. The camera zooms in on William's face, cold and determined.

WILLIAM
(gritting his teeth)
Let's finish this.
FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON - DAY

The outlaws stand behind their carefully set traps, weapons in hand. The tension is palpable. James, Noah, Mateo, Henry, and Lucas are ready for the final showdown. The sound of galloping horses can be heard in the distance.

JAMES
(quietly, to the group)
They're coming.

The camera pans over the canyon as dust swirls, obscuring the landscape. The bounty hunters' horses emerge from the storm, their silhouettes barely visible.

NOAH
(tightening his grip on his rifle)
We hold this ground or die trying.

MATEO
(smirking)

Death's not an option. Not today.

Suddenly, a loud explosion echoes through the canyon. One of the bounty hunters triggers a hidden dynamite trap. The blast rocks the ground, sending debris flying in all directions. The outlaws duck for cover as rocks and dust rain down.

JAMES
(shouting)
Keep your heads down!

The outlaws scramble to re-position themselves as the dust cloud thickens. The bounty hunters charge forward, guns blazing.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(yelling)
Push them back! They're not getting away this time!

The camera zooms in on William's face, determination in his eyes. He rides ahead of his men, directing them with sharp, commanding gestures.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON RIDGE - DAY

Lucas moves swiftly along the ridge, carefully avoiding enemy fire. He sets up another trap, a tripwire rigged to a barrel of explosives.

LUCAS
(muttering to himself)
If they want a fight, they're gonna get one.

He sneaks back into position, joining Mateo, who's already preparing another ambush.

MATEO
(grinning)
This will be a hell of a finale.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

The two forces are now locked in a violent gunfight, exchanging fire with lethal accuracy. The outlaws, using the natural landscape to their advantage, fire from behind rocks and boulders. The bounty hunters are relentless, pushing forward through the hail of bullets.

JAMES
(gritting his teeth, shouting)
Hold your ground! We've got them right where we want them!

Suddenly, William spots James in the distance and begins firing his rifle at him. The sound of the bullets whistling by is deafening as James ducks behind a large rock for cover.

WILLIAM
(shouting, furious)
James! You can't outrun your past!

The outlaws return fire, but the dust storm grows heavier, reducing visibility even further. They can barely see where their shots land.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - HIGH GROUND - DAY

Noah and Henry find themselves on higher ground, overlooking the battlefield. They both take aim at the bounty hunters below, their rifles steady.

NOAH
(focused)
We need to take out their sharpshooters first.

Henry nods, ready to fire.

HENRY
(seriously)
I've got the one on the far left.

The two men squeeze their triggers simultaneously. One bounty hunter drops, then the other. But William, aware of the threat, orders his men to scatter.

WILLIAM
(yelling)
Get moving! Don't let them pick us off one by one!

The bounty hunters begin to spread out, taking cover behind whatever they can find. The outlaws start to reposition, shifting their focus as the chaos unfolds around them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

James rises from behind his cover and begins firing at the remaining bounty hunters. His shots are precise, hitting his targets one by one.

JAMES
(shouting)
Keep pushing! We're almost there!

Noah and Mateo, now back together, fire from the opposite side, forcing the bounty hunters to split their attention. The outlaws are making progress, but the battle is far from over.

Suddenly, one of the bounty hunters throws a well-placed stick of dynamite, sending a massive explosion tearing through the canyon. The force of the blast knocks the outlaws off their feet. Dust and debris fill the air, obscuring their vision.

MATEO
(coughing, shouting)
We need to finish this now!

As the dust clears, the outlaws regroup, determination in their eyes. They're bloodied and battered, but not broken.

JAMES
(pointing to the canyon walls)
Move up! We take them from above.

Noah, Mateo, and Lucas start to climb the rocky slopes of the canyon, weapons in hand. Henry stays behind to provide cover fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE ABOVE - DAY

From their high vantage point, the outlaws are in a perfect position to ambush the remaining bounty hunters. The storm is starting to subside, and sunlight begins to break through the clouds.

NOAH
(grinning)
Time to end this.

The camera focuses on the outlaws as they prepare for the final push. They line up their shots, one by one, taking aim at the remaining bounty hunters below.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

William's remaining men are scattered, taking cover and trying to regroup. But they're too late. The outlaws open fire, and within moments, the last of the bounty hunters fall.

JAMES
(to William, yelling)
It's over!

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

William, the last of his men standing, glares up at James from behind cover. He's wounded, but not yet out of the fight.

WILLIAM

(gritting his teeth)
This isn't over, James. You'll pay for this.

JAMES
(coldly)
Not today, William. Today, you die.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

The wind picks up again, swirling dust in all directions. James approaches the fallen body of William's second-in-command. His breathing is heavy from the battle, but there's no sign of mercy in his eyes.

JAMES
(to himself, quietly)
This ends now.

He glances back at his crew, all of them battered but still standing. Noah, Mateo, and Lucas stand with their rifles slung, watching the horizon. Henry, a few steps behind, cleans his gun.

HENRY
(nodding to the group)
We did it. It's over.

But James isn't looking at his men. His eyes are locked on the dust ahead. The storm is clearing, but the uncertainty still lingers. He looks back at William, now standing in the distance, bloodied but still alive.

JAMES
(shouting)
You can't run anymore, William! We've won!

William stares back defiantly, clutching a rifle, his movements slow but deliberate. He is down but not out.

WILLIAM
(coldly)
You think you've won, but you're wrong. There's always more of us. Always another fight. This world isn't done with you yet.

James takes a step forward, his face hardening. The weight of his words and actions is starting to settle in.

JAMES
(firmly)
This fight ends here. With you.

William grins, a crooked smile that only intensifies the hate in his eyes.

WILLIAM

(laughing)
So be it, Marshal.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON RIM - DAY

The rest of the outlaws are moving into position. Lucas crouches low, watching the scene unfold below with a keen eye. His sharp instincts are always on point, and he's already anticipating the next move.

LUCAS
(whispering to Mateo)
This isn't over. We need to make sure he can't run again.

Mateo, still catching his breath, nods without speaking. He understands the gravity of the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - DAY

James keeps his eyes on William as he begins to move forward, his rifle at the ready. The rest of the outlaws position themselves, ready for the final showdown.

JAMES
(to William)
You had your chance, William. It's time to pay the price for everything you've done.

A tense silence hangs between them. The outlaws are closing in from all sides. James takes a few steps forward, his hand steady on the rifle.

JAMES
(coolly)
It's over. Surrender now, and I'll make it quick.

William raises his rifle, but before he can fire, Lucas fires first, a clean shot to his weapon hand, knocking it from his grasp.

LUCAS
(shouting)
Now, James!

James doesn't hesitate. He steps forward and disarms William, knocking him to the ground.

JAMES
(to William, sternly)
It's finished.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE - DAY

The wind blows through the canyon, rustling the leaves and dust. The storm has cleared, and the sun begins to break through the clouds, casting a golden light over the battlefield.

James looks down at William, defeated and bloody but still alive. The fight is over, but the war within James is far from finished. His crew gathers around, their faces weary but resolute.

NOAH
(grinning)
Looks like we made it, James. Against all odds.

JAMES
(grimly)
It's over for now. But we'll have to stay sharp. There's always someone else out there.

MATEO
(laughing)
Well, after this, I think we've earned a drink or two.

James looks at his crew, and for a moment, there's a flicker of relief. But it's short-lived. He knows that peace is fleeting, and the road ahead will never be easy.

JAMES
(seriously)
We've all earned it. But we can't rest long. Not while we're still breathing.

Lucas looks out over the horizon, as if seeing the world for what it truly is — an endless stretch of dust, danger, and survival.

LUCAS
(quietly)
The storm's over, but something tells me it's never really gone.

James nods, understanding the weight of those words. The outlaws gather around William, preparing to tie him up and take him in.

JAMES
(to his crew)
Let's finish this. We ride out at dawn.

The group starts moving again, the battle finally over, but the fight for survival is always on the horizon. James, Noah, Mateo, Lucas, and Henry look toward the future, uncertain of what it holds, but ready to face whatever comes next.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - NIGHT

The moon casts a faint light over the canyon, its pale glow illuminating the silent battlefield. The outlaws have set up camp at the edge of the canyon, near a small creek. The fire crackles softly in the distance.

James stands alone, staring into the fire, lost in thought. His face is weary, and his clothes are stained with the remnants of the battle. He has the look of a man who's seen too much, and yet, knows there's more to come.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
The road's never easy... always another fight.

Behind him, Noah approaches, carrying a bottle of whiskey. He sits down beside James, handing him the bottle.

NOAH
(with a smirk)
Thought you might need this.

James takes the bottle, staring at it for a long moment before taking a swig.

JAMES
(dryly)
You sure you want me drinking this?

NOAH
(laughing)
We've survived worse.

The two men share a quiet laugh, but there's a tension in the air. It's clear that neither of them believes the battle is truly over.

NOAH
(seriously)
You think William was the last of them?

James takes another drink and hands the bottle back to Noah. He doesn't answer right away, instead staring into the fire.

JAMES
(quietly)
There's always someone else. It never stops.

Noah nods in agreement, then looks around the camp. The other outlaws are scattered, preparing for the night ahead. Mateo is cleaning his rifle, Lucas sharpening his knives, Henry mending a torn jacket.

NOAH
(pauses)
We can't keep running forever, James. Sooner or later, we've got to settle down.

James looks at Noah, his expression hardening.

JAMES

(shaking his head)

Settling down isn't in the cards for us. We're outlaws. That's who we are.

Noah hesitates, looking at his friend as if weighing his next words.

NOAH

(softly)

I'm just saying... maybe there's a way out. A way we can stop running.

James stands up suddenly, his face flushed with anger. The firelight dances across his features, revealing the deep scars of a man who's spent too much time in the dirt and blood of this life.

JAMES

(shouting)

There's no way out, Noah! You think I don't know that? Every time we think we're free, another bastard comes looking for us. This life... it's never going to end!

Noah stands as well, a mix of frustration and understanding on his face.

NOAH

(firmly)

Maybe it doesn't have to end like this. But you're the one who's got to decide.

There's a long silence between them, the weight of the conversation hanging in the air. Finally, James looks away, his eyes softening.

JAMES

(quietly)

I don't know what else there is, Noah. I've fought for too long. It's all I know.

Noah places a hand on James's shoulder, his voice calm.

NOAH

(gently)

Maybe it's time to find something else.

James doesn't respond. Instead, he turns and walks away, disappearing into the shadows of the canyon. Noah watches him go, uncertain but hopeful that his friend will one day find peace.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

The camera lingers on the campfire, flickering in the wind. The crackling flames cast long shadows across the rugged terrain. The outlaws are settling in for the night, but the unease remains.

Suddenly, a figure emerges from the darkness — it's William, barely conscious but alive, tied to a horse. He's been dragged from the battlefield and thrown into the dirt. His eyes are cold, filled with hate.

WILLIAM
(gritting his teeth)
This isn't over, Marshal. You hear me? It's not over!

James steps forward from the shadows, his hand resting on his revolver. His gaze is icy, unwavering.

JAMES
(calmly)
It's over for you, William. There's no running now.

William glares at James, his breath coming in sharp gasps. He spits on the ground, his hatred evident in every movement.

WILLIAM
(snarling)
You think you've won? You've only made things worse. You'll see. They'll come for you... all of you.

James kneels down in front of William, his face mere inches from the outlaw's. He speaks slowly, deliberately.

JAMES
(intense)
I've seen worse than you. And I've survived.

William's eyes flicker with uncertainty. For a moment, the bravado fades, but only for a moment. He knows James means every word.

WILLIAM
(defeated)
You think you can keep running forever?

James stands up, his posture strong.

JAMES
(coldly)
I don't have to run. But you do.

He turns to his crew, who are watching quietly from across the campfire.

JAMES
(to his crew)
Tie him up. We'll deal with him in the morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

As the outlaws move to secure William, a distant sound of galloping horses can be heard in the night. The ground shakes slightly as the sound grows louder. Everyone pauses, their eyes narrowing in suspicion.

MATEO

(quietly, to James)

Another group? You think they're after us?

James looks toward the distant sound, his hand instinctively reaching for his rifle.

JAMES

(determined)

It never ends.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

The sound of galloping horses grows louder, closer. The dust from the canyon floor swirls in the moonlight, creating an eerie atmosphere. The outlaws are tense, preparing for whatever is coming.

NOAH

(whispering to James)

Who the hell could that be at this hour?

James doesn't answer immediately. He's watching the distant ridge, his eyes squinting against the wind. The horses are fast, and the riders are coming hard.

JAMES

(grimly)

No idea. But we're about to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - RIDGE ABOVE - NIGHT

A small group of riders crest the ridge. Their silhouettes are barely visible against the darkened sky. There are four of them, and they're armed — but not like the outlaws. They carry rifles, not pistols.

One rider in particular is noticeable, standing tall and confident, riding at the front. This is COLE GRAVES, a notorious bounty hunter known for hunting down outlaws and bringing them in dead or alive. His reputation precedes him.

COLE GRAVES

(yelling down into the canyon)

Marshal James! You've got a lot of blood on your hands.

James narrows his eyes, recognizing the voice immediately. He stands firm, his expression hardening.

JAMES
(to Noah)
Damn bounty hunters.

NOAH
(frustrated)
More trouble?

JAMES
(nodding)
That's what we do best.

Noah looks back at the others. Mateo is already picking up his rifle, Lucas readying his knives, and Henry moving to prepare the camp for a potential fight.

James steps forward, raising his voice to meet Cole's challenge.

JAMES
(shouting)
You got business here, Graves? Or are you just looking to add to the pile of bodies?

COLE GRAVES
(coldly)
You and your men are wanted for a dozen counts of murder and theft. I've come to collect.

JAMES
(smirking)
Well, I'd say you're a little late.

Cole's eyes narrow. He motions to his men, and the four riders begin descending the ridge toward the camp.

COLE GRAVES
(commanding)
Surround them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTLAW CAMP - NIGHT

The outlaws are now fully alert. The horses' hooves pound the earth as Cole and his riders circle around the camp, positioning themselves for a standoff.

JAMES
(loudly)
I've already fought too many men to be scared of a bounty hunter.

COLE GRAVES

(mockingly)

You'll be scared when the price on your head reaches ten thousand.

The tension builds. James's fingers twitch toward his holster, but he doesn't draw his gun yet. The situation is still tense, and he knows a gunfight might not be the best option just yet.

JAMES

(coldly)

You're wasting your time. We're not going anywhere.

A long silence. The wind picks up, whistling between the rocks.

Suddenly, the calm is broken by the sound of gunfire — one of Cole's men opens fire, aiming directly at James. James instinctively dives to the side, drawing his revolver in one swift motion. He returns fire, hitting one of the riders square in the chest. The man falls, his horse bolting in panic.

JAMES

(shouting)

Take cover!

The rest of the outlaws scramble, diving behind rocks and trees as gunfire erupts from every direction. Mateo fires back at Cole, the shots echoing across the canyon. Henry takes position higher up on the ridge, providing cover for the crew.

MATEO

(yelling to James)

We need a plan! They've got us surrounded!

James's eyes scan the battlefield, calculating his next move. He knows that they need to break the encirclement if they're going to survive.

JAMES

(yelling)

We make a break for the canyon mouth! Move fast, stay low!

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON MOUTH - NIGHT

The outlaws begin making their way toward the canyon mouth, running low to the ground and avoiding incoming fire. Noah and Lucas provide cover fire, their shots finding their marks. But Cole and his men are relentless, pushing forward with calculated precision.

COLE GRAVES

(shouting to his men)

Don't let them escape! Keep the pressure on!

James leads the charge, pushing forward with determination. The ground shakes as gunfire echoes through the canyon, but he doesn't falter. His men are relying on him.

JAMES

(shouting)
Move! Now!

The crew begins to break through, inching closer to the canyon mouth, but they're not there yet. The sound of horses galloping can be heard behind them — Cole's riders are closing in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - CANYON FLOOR - NIGHT

James makes it to the mouth of the canyon first, with the rest of the crew following closely behind. But just as they reach the open area, a rider comes into view — it's Cole. His horse thunders toward James, and he raises his rifle, taking aim.

COLE GRAVES
(shouting)
This ends now, Marshal!

But before Cole can fire, Mateo's shot rings out. It's clean and fast. Cole's rifle is struck out of his hands, sending it tumbling to the ground. He swerves his horse to avoid the shot, cursing under his breath.

COLE GRAVES
(snarling)
You're all dead!

James quickly turns, his revolver in hand, aiming straight at Cole. He hesitates for a moment, seeing the man's defiant stare. The standoff lasts just long enough for the tension to become unbearable.

Finally, James speaks, his voice cold and resolute.

JAMES
(calmly)
Not today, Graves.

With a swift motion, James fires, striking Cole in the shoulder. He falls from his horse, crashing to the ground.

JAMES
(firmly)
It's over.

The outlaws quickly disarm the remaining riders, securing them for the ride back. James looks down at Cole, who's still breathing, but clearly defeated.

JAMES
(to his crew)
We're not done yet. We need to keep moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OPEN DESERT - DAWN

The sun begins to rise over the horizon, casting a golden light over the desert. The outlaws, bruised but victorious, begin their ride out of the canyon. The wind carries the dust, but there's a sense of finality in the air.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
Maybe this time we'll find peace. But I won't hold my breath.

As the group rides off into the morning light, the camera pulls back, revealing the vast, unforgiving landscape ahead.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - MORNING

The sun rises over the barren desert, casting a golden glow on the land. The outlaws ride in a loose formation, keeping their eyes on the horizon. Dust billows behind them as they move, their horses kicking up clouds of earth in their wake.

JAMES
(to Mateo)
Keep an eye on the rear. Don't want any surprises.

Mateo nods without speaking, his hand hovering near his rifle. The rest of the crew remains alert, their faces hardened by the recent battle. The air is still, save for the sound of hooves hitting the ground.

JAMES
(to himself)
One more day... one more road to cross.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTLAW CAMP - LATER

The crew has made camp again, this time on the outskirts of a small town, just beyond the reach of the desert. They've set up a temporary shelter, and the fire is crackling again. James stands at the edge of the camp, looking out toward the town, lost in thought.

NOAH
(approaching James)
You're not thinking of going into town, are you?

James doesn't immediately respond. He stares at the town, a few miles away, its silhouette barely visible against the horizon.

JAMES
(quietly)

Maybe it's time to rest. We could lay low for a while, regroup.

NOAH

(raising an eyebrow)

Resting isn't what we do best. You think that'll last?

James turns to look at Noah, his eyes distant.

JAMES

(calmly)

We can't keep running forever, Noah.

Noah watches James for a moment before speaking again, his voice softer.

NOAH

(gently)

We've been through worse. We'll survive, like we always do.

There's a beat of silence as James considers this. He knows Noah's right, but something in him feels like they're running out of time, like the end is inevitable. He turns and walks back into the camp, where the rest of the crew is setting up for the night.

JAMES

(to the crew)

We move out in the morning. Make sure the horses are ready.

The others nod, going about their work without question. It's clear they're used to James's leadership, even if it's not always clear where they're heading.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

The outlaws have entered the town under the cover of night, keeping a low profile. James leads the way, moving quickly through the narrow streets, staying to the shadows. Their presence is barely noticed by the few townsfolk who are still awake.

JAMES

(whispering)

We need supplies. Keep your heads down. No one gets too comfortable.

Noah nods, and the group splits up to gather what they need. James stays near the saloon, watching the street, his hand resting on his revolver. He's seen too many outlaws slip up when they get too comfortable.

As he watches, he notices something odd. A man in a dark coat stands near the corner of the street, staring intently in his direction. The man's eyes narrow as they meet James's, and for a moment, it feels as if time stops.

JAMES

(muttering)

Not again...

He turns quickly, his hand still on his gun, and walks back into the shadows. The man in the coat doesn't move. James keeps his distance, his instincts screaming that trouble is close.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

The group reconvenes in the center of town, where the tension is palpable. Each man carries their supplies, but there's a sense of unease in the air.

LUCAS

(quietly)

There's something off about this place. I don't trust it.

HENRY

(nodding)

You're right. Too quiet.

The group doesn't linger. They've been through enough ambushes to know when it's time to leave. James signals to the others to head out.

JAMES

(sternly)

Get moving. We're leaving.

Suddenly, a gunshot rings out, echoing through the night. The sound is followed by the unmistakable shout of a man in pain.

NOAH

(shouting)

Damn it, we've got company!

The crew spins, drawing their guns as they scan the area. In the distance, the man in the dark coat steps out from the shadows, his hand resting on a pistol, a sinister grin on his face.

MAN IN THE COAT

(mocking)

Thought you could just walk away, huh?

James's eyes narrow as he recognizes the man's voice.

JAMES

(low, grim)

I should've known it was you, Hollis.

The man laughs, his hand still on his gun.

HOLLIS

(laughing)

You've got a habit of making enemies, Marshal. And I'm here to collect.

The outlaws quickly position themselves, ready for a fight. But Hollis's men emerge from the shadows — five armed thugs, all ready for blood.

HOLLIS

(smiling)

I hear you've been running these parts, James. How much further do you think you can go?

JAMES

(coldly)

As far as I need to.

The standoff is tense. James's crew is outnumbered, but they're not afraid. They've been through worse.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Gunfire erupts. The sound of bullets whizzing through the air fills the streets. James and his crew dive for cover, returning fire as the showdown begins.

MATEO

(yelling)

Keep them off balance! Don't let them regroup!

The men exchange fire with Hollis's gang, the air thick with the sound of gunshots and the smell of gunpowder. One of Hollis's men goes down, but the others are relentless, pushing forward.

James emerges from behind cover, firing his revolver. His shot is precise, taking down one of Hollis's men.

JAMES

(shouting)

Take them down! Push them back!

FADE OUT.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The gunfight intensifies. The streets are filled with the deafening sound of gunfire. James and his crew are fighting fiercely, using the shadows to their advantage, but Hollis's gang is relentless. The town square becomes a warzone.

JAMES

(shouting)

Mateo! Move left!

Mateo, quick on his feet, darts from behind cover and fires a few shots, taking down one of Hollis's men. But as he moves, another shot rings out — it's close. Mateo grunts in pain but keeps moving, determined not to let the gang get the upper hand.

MATEO
(gritting his teeth)
I'm fine! Just keep them off me!

James scans the area, his mind working quickly. He knows they're outnumbered and running low on ammo. They can't keep this up for long.

JAMES
(yelling)
Lucas! Set the charge!

Lucas nods without hesitation. He pulls a small explosive charge from his belt and quickly moves toward the back of the square, trying to stay hidden as he places the charge against a nearby barrel.

LUCAS
(under his breath)
This'll buy us some time.

Hollis's gang starts to regroup, preparing to charge. James takes a deep breath and steps forward, drawing both his revolvers. He opens fire, each shot finding its mark, but there's too many of them — his shots can't stop them all.

JAMES
(yelling)
Now, Lucas!

A loud explosion rips through the night, shaking the ground beneath them. The blast sends Hollis's men scrambling, throwing them off balance for just a moment. The explosion is enough to create a gap in their line.

JAMES
(commanding)
Fall back to the alley! Now!

The crew retreats into the alleyway, moving quickly as gunfire continues to ricochet around them. James leads the charge, covering the others as they move.

HOLLIS
(furious, yelling)
You think you can escape me, James?!

James doesn't answer. His mind is focused on getting his men to safety. The alley is narrow, giving them some cover, but they can't stay here long.

JAMES
(panting)
Stay sharp. We need to find a way out of this town.

Noah looks back at James, his face grim.

NOAH
(breathing heavily)
They won't stop coming after us. They know we're here.

JAMES
(determined)
Then we keep moving.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The crew moves swiftly, ducking into the shadows and keeping quiet. The only sound is the pounding of their footsteps on the dirt road. They reach the end of the alley, where a large wooden gate leads into the open desert beyond.

MATEO
(whispering)
We can't just leave. Hollis will track us.

JAMES
(steely)
We can't fight a war here. We need to get to the hills. We regroup, and we figure out our next move.

LUCAS
(nodding)
The hills give us cover. We can make a stand there.

James glances back at the gate, feeling the weight of the decision. If they leave now, they're not just escaping; they're giving up the town. But his crew is running low on options. They can't afford to lose anyone else.

JAMES
(decisively)
Alright. We move now. No time to waste.

As they make their way through the gate and into the open desert, they hear the sound of horses approaching from behind. The unmistakable thundering of galloping hooves.

NOAH
(frantically)
They're coming!

The crew picks up the pace, racing toward the hills. The sound of the pursuing riders grows louder, and James knows they have only moments before they're caught in the open.

EXT. DESERT HILLS - NIGHT

The outlaws reach the base of the hills and scramble up the rocky terrain. The moon casts long shadows over the desert, making it difficult to see clearly. But they push forward, knowing they can't stop.

JAMES
(breathing heavily)
Get to the ridge. We make our stand there.

They climb higher, reaching a small ledge where they can set up a defensive position. The crew takes cover behind large boulders, preparing for the inevitable confrontation. James peers out over the edge, his eyes scanning the desert below.

JAMES
(calmly)
They're close. Be ready.

Noah, Lucas, Mateo, and the others all position themselves, ready for the fight. Their hands are steady, but their faces show the strain of the long night.

Suddenly, a voice calls out from below.

COLE GRAVES
(shouting)
You think you can run from me, Marshal? I've been tracking you for days.

The outlaws tense up, preparing for the final showdown. James looks over at his crew, his expression resolute.

JAMES
(quietly)
We're not running anymore.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cole Graves and his men come into view at the base of the hill. They circle around, trying to get into position, but the outlaws have the higher ground.

COLE GRAVES
(mocking)
You can't win this, James. You're outgunned, outnumbered, and you're on the run.

JAMES
(firmly)
We've been outgunned and outnumbered before. This time's no different.

Cole orders his men to charge. The sound of hooves fills the air as they begin their assault.

James and his crew open fire, the sound of gunshots echoing across the desert. The battle begins in earnest. Bullets fly, and the night is filled with the chaos of combat.

JAMES

(shouting)

Stay together! Don't let them break our line!

The first of Cole's men falls, but they keep coming, charging up the hill. Mateo and Lucas work together, covering each other's backs as they pick off enemy riders. Henry and Noah provide additional fire support, keeping Cole's men from flanking them.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - NIGHT

The gunfire intensifies as the outlaws fend off Cole Graves's men. James, with his back against a boulder, scans the battlefield for his crew. His breath is heavy, his eyes sharp.

JAMES

(shouting)

Mateo! Lucas! Fall back to the high ground!

Mateo and Lucas, already reloading their weapons, move quickly toward the top of the ridge, firing as they retreat. But the enemy is closing in fast.

COLE GRAVES

(from below, taunting)

You can't win, Marshal! This is the end!

James grits his teeth. His face is covered in dirt and sweat, but his determination is unwavering. He turns to Noah, still on the ground, clutching his side.

JAMES

(urgent)

Noah, stay down! We'll get you out of here!

NOAH

(gritting his teeth)

I'm not done yet. Keep fighting.

Noah attempts to rise, but he's too weak, and James has to pull him back down behind cover.

JAMES

(forcefully)

You'll die if you don't stay down!

Suddenly, a loud explosion shakes the ground, and dust flies into the air, blurring the vision of both sides. James's heart races — he knows this could be their only chance to turn the tide.

JAMES
(decisively)
Fall back to the canyon! Now!

Without hesitation, the crew begins to retreat, running toward the canyon to the east. James moves quickly, covering his men as they sprint away from the enemy.

JAMES
(shouting)
Lucas, take point! Mateo, cover our rear!

Lucas, now at the front, leads the charge as they make their way toward the canyon. The distant sounds of pursuing gunfire fill the air, but the outlaws push forward, determined to make it to the canyon for a final stand.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - NIGHT

The group reaches the narrow canyon. The walls of rock rise high on either side, providing them with much-needed cover. They scramble to set up a defensive position at the canyon's entrance, preparing for the final confrontation with Cole's men.

JAMES
(commanding)
This is it. We make our last stand here.

The crew takes their positions, crouched behind rocks, ready to defend themselves at all costs. The sound of footsteps grows louder as Cole's men approach the entrance.

COLE GRAVES
(from the dark)
You think you can outrun me, Marshal? You've nowhere left to go.

James looks back at his crew, his expression grim.

JAMES
(calmly)
We've made it this far. We'll make sure it counts.

As Cole's gang approaches, James and his crew exchange determined looks. They know the odds are against them, but they're ready to face whatever comes next.

JAMES
(whispering)
On my mark.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - MOMENTS LATER

The outlaws wait, hidden in the shadows. The moonlight illuminates the canyon entrance, casting long, eerie shadows on the ground. The sound of Cole's men nearing their position is deafening.

James takes a deep breath, readying his revolver.

JAMES
(whispering)
Now!

The outlaws spring into action. Gunfire erupts as they emerge from the shadows, firing at Cole's men. The ambush is sudden and brutal. Mateo takes down two of Cole's men with a well-placed shot. Lucas covers James's left flank, while Noah, despite his injury, manages to take down another rider.

MATEO
(yelling)
Keep them off the canyon mouth!

The battle is fierce. Hollis's gang is taken by surprise, but they quickly retaliate. Gunshots ricochet off the canyon walls as both sides exchange fire.

COLE GRAVES
(furious)
You're all dead! This ends tonight, James!

James moves swiftly, dodging gunfire, and taking cover behind a rock. He reloads his revolver, his eyes fixed on the approaching enemies.

JAMES
(shouting)
Hold the line! Don't let them break through!

The outlaws fight with everything they have, but the pressure is mounting. Cole's men are pushing hard, using the terrain to their advantage. The battle is on the verge of tipping in their favor, but they still have to hold the canyon long enough to turn the tide.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - LATER

The sound of gunfire continues, but it's clear that the outlaws are starting to gain ground. The number of Cole's men is thinning, but they're still far from defeated.

James surveys the battlefield, calculating the next move. He notices a few of Cole's riders attempting to flank them, trying to make their way around the canyon.

JAMES
(shouting)
Mateo! Take the left! Lucas, cover him!

Mateo and Lucas split off, each taking different routes. James stays in his position, his revolver aimed at the remaining enemies.

COLE GRAVES

(desperate)

You're outnumbered, Marshal! There's no way out for you!

But James is undeterred. He watches as his crew pushes forward, slowly gaining the upper hand. One by one, Cole's men fall, until only a handful remain. James knows they're almost there.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - MORNING

The sun rises over the canyon, casting a warm glow across the rugged landscape. The battle is over, and silence settles over the area. James and his crew are gathered around a small campfire, tending to their wounds, but their eyes are fixed on the horizon.

JAMES

(reflective)

That was too close.

Mateo, cleaning his revolver, doesn't look up but speaks with a gruff tone.

MATEO

(calmly)

Couldn't have gone any other way. You knew that.

Lucas, sitting nearby and bandaging his arm, chimes in, his voice tired but filled with resolve.

LUCAS

(sighing)

Ain't no one left to chase us now. They'll scatter.

Noah, still a bit pale but regaining his strength, leans back against a rock. His voice is raspy.

NOAH

(grinning weakly)

Can't believe we made it out. Thought I was done for.

James glances over at him, nodding with a slight smirk.

JAMES

(gruffly)

You always were tougher than you look.

A brief chuckle ripples through the group. The moment of humor is short-lived as the gravity of their situation returns.

WILLIAM

(serious)

What now, James? We won, but there's still plenty more trouble out there.

James stands up, dusting off his coat, and stares out into the vast expanse of the desert.

JAMES

(determined)

We keep moving. The law's not far behind, and we've got unfinished business. Cole Graves might be gone, but his people are still out there.

Henry, who has been quiet until now, looks over at James, a thoughtful expression on his face.

HENRY

(tentatively)

You planning on staying out here, James? There's always a price on your head, and no matter how many we take down, that ain't changing.

James meets Henry's gaze, his face hardening, but his voice calm.

JAMES

(resolutely)

I don't run, Henry. I've made peace with it.

Henry nods, understanding the unspoken truth. James is a man with no place left to hide. He is a fugitive, bound to the road for as long as he draws breath.

HENRY

(gruffly)

Then we ride. We'll follow you, wherever you go.

The others look at each other, nodding. No one argues. They're outlaws, but they're a family.

MATEO

(grinning)

Damn right we ride. Ain't no better company than this.

James allows himself a small smile before turning toward the horses.

JAMES

(to everyone)

Let's get moving. The desert waits for no one.

The crew stands, gathering their weapons and gear, preparing to head out. The sound of horses being saddled fills the air.

As they mount their horses, the camera lingers on the crew for a moment — James, Mateo, Noah, Lucas, Henry, William, and the others. They've been through hell together, but they stand tall as a unit, ready to face whatever comes next.

The vast desert stretches out before them, the road uncertain, but their bond stronger than ever.

EXT. DUST CREEK - DAY

The crew rides into the small town of Dust Creek, the place where their story began. Dust kicks up around their horses as they approach the saloon. The town looks almost untouched, as if it's waiting for them to return.

James, leading the way, glances up at the sign above the saloon — *The Last Stand*. He nods, signaling for the group to stop.

JAMES

(quietly)

We settle up here. Maybe take a rest before heading north.

The crew dismounts and walks toward the saloon doors, their faces hardened but resolute. They've been on the run for so long, but this brief stop may offer them the peace they desperately need.

INT. THE LAST STAND SALOON - DAY

The saloon is dark and quiet, with a few patrons scattered around. The door creaks open, and the outlaws step inside. The bartender, an older man with a grizzled face, eyes them warily but doesn't say a word.

James approaches the bar and leans on it, his eyes scanning the room. The bartender eyes him carefully, recognizing him immediately.

BARTENDER

(gruffly)

Thought you were dead, Marshal.

James offers a tight smile, but there's no humor in it.

JAMES

(calmly)

You'll get used to it. We're just passing through.

The bartender doesn't respond, pouring a drink and sliding it toward James. As James takes the glass, his eyes linger on the table in the corner where an old wanted poster of him sits — a stark reminder of his past.

The camera zooms in on the poster, focusing on James's face as the weight of his life's choices bears down on him.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
The past never lets go. Not for long.

EXT. DUST CREEK - DAY

The crew exits the saloon, heading toward the horses. As James walks out, he pauses, looking back toward the town. It's a fleeting moment of quiet before the storm.

JAMES
(to his crew)
Let's ride. This town won't be our last stop.

With one last glance at Dust Creek, the crew mounts their horses and rides off into the horizon. The sound of hooves fades as the camera pulls back, showing the desolate desert stretching before them — a land of endless possibilities, but also endless danger.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The outlaws ride in silence, the sun blazing above them. Their horses kick up dust as they travel through the barren wasteland. The tension of the past few days weighs heavy in the air.

LUCAS
(breaking the silence)
How far do you reckon, James? Another day, maybe two?

James doesn't respond immediately. He keeps his eyes on the horizon, his expression unreadable.

JAMES
(softly)
We'll know when we get there.

Lucas nods, though the uncertainty of their next destination hangs in the air.

MATEO
(looking over his shoulder)
Could be more trouble down the road. Graves ain't the only one after us.

WILLIAM
(concerned)

We don't have the luxury of running forever.

James turns his horse slightly to address the group, his gaze hardening.

JAMES
(sharply)
We ride until we can't. That's how this works. There's no quit in us.

There's a brief, uncomfortable silence. The crew knows James's words are true. They've been through too much to back down now.

HENRY
(looking around)
Where are we headed, James? North? South?

James's eyes narrow as he spots a small settlement in the distance, barely visible through the heat haze.

JAMES
(pointing)
There's a town up ahead. We'll stop for supplies, maybe lay low for a while.

NOAH
(suspicious)
A town? You sure that's a good idea?

James glances back at Noah, his expression serious.

JAMES
(firmly)
We need supplies. And we can't afford to keep running forever. If we don't take a breather, we'll run out of steam.

Noah doesn't argue. He knows better than to question James's judgment at this point.

EXT. SMALL DESERT TOWN - DAY

The town appears in the distance, a tiny speck on the vast desert landscape. As the outlaws approach, the town's outline becomes clearer: a few wooden buildings, a general store, and a saloon. It's not much, but it's enough for them to rest and resupply.

The crew slows their horses as they enter the town. A few townsfolk glance nervously at the group, recognizing the outlaws, but no one makes a move. They've learned to mind their own business here.

JAMES
(softly)
Stay alert. Don't trust anyone.

The crew dismounts, their hands close to their weapons, ready for anything.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The door creaks open as the outlaws step inside. The general store is modest, with shelves filled with dry goods, canned food, and ammunition. A grizzled old man stands behind the counter, wiping his hands on a rag.

STOREKEEPER
(eyeing them warily)
You folks lookin' for something?

James steps forward, his voice calm but commanding.

JAMES
(coldly)
Supplies. And information.

The storekeeper eyes him for a moment, then nods, motioning to the shelves.

STOREKEEPER
(gruffly)
Ain't much here, but I can get you what you need. What're you lookin' for?

James surveys the store quickly, then looks at the others.

JAMES
(to crew)
Ammo. Water. Anything that'll last us for a while.

The crew begins to gather supplies, each of them scanning the room for any signs of danger. The storekeeper keeps his distance, sensing the tension in the air.

STOREKEEPER
(quietly)
You best be careful around here. Ain't no love for your kind in these parts.

James turns back to face him, his eyes narrowing.

JAMES
(calmly)
We don't need love. We need what we came for.

The storekeeper holds his gaze for a long moment, then reluctantly nods. He moves to the back of the store to retrieve some extra crates of water and ammunition.

EXT. SMALL DESERT TOWN - DAY

As the crew finishes loading their supplies onto their horses, James scans the town, his eyes narrowing. Something feels off.

JAMES
(quietly, to Mateo)
Keep your eyes open. Something's not right here.

Mateo, always alert, looks around, his hand resting on the grip of his revolver.

MATEO
(low)
I noticed it too. Too quiet. Like everyone's waiting for something.

James doesn't reply, but his hand hovers near his holster. He motions for the crew to mount their horses.

JAMES
(decisively)
We're leaving. Now.

The crew quickly mounts, their horses already moving in the direction of the exit. They don't get far before the sound of approaching footsteps echoes from behind.

TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)
(shouting)
Hold up! We got business with you!

James turns, his eyes hardening as a group of armed men step out from behind a building, blocking the road. They're rough-looking, with worn clothing and hardened expressions. At the head of the group stands a tall man, his face scarred, and a revolver slung low on his hip.

LEADER OF THE MEN
(coldly)
You're the Marshal, ain't you? James Marshal?

James doesn't flinch. He stays mounted, eyes fixed on the leader.

JAMES
(calmly)
I am. What's it to you?

The leader steps forward, his hand resting on his revolver. There's a tense moment of silence before he speaks.

LEADER OF THE MEN
(menacing)
We heard you were in the area. We don't take kindly to outlaws making trouble in our town.

James's hand slowly drifts to his holster, ready for whatever might come next.

JAMES
(coolly)
You've got the wrong idea. We're just passing through.

The leader's lips curl into a sneer.

LEADER OF THE MEN
(mocking)
Ain't nobody just passing through Dust Creek, Marshal. You've either got business here or you're just looking for trouble. And I reckon you've found it.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

The outlaws ride along a narrow, winding trail, the harsh sun beginning to dip toward the horizon. Their horses kick up dust as they move steadily, but the air between them is heavy, and no one speaks. Each man lost in his thoughts, reflecting on the bloodshed of the day.

James rides ahead, his eyes scanning the horizon. Mateo, to his right, glances over at him.

MATEO
(gruffly)
You alright?

James doesn't answer right away, his gaze fixed on the vast expanse of the desert. Finally, he speaks, his voice low.

JAMES
(softly)
Just wondering how many more of these moments we've got left.

There's a silence between them as Mateo looks ahead, considering James's words.

MATEO
(quietly)
Ain't no good way out of this, is there?

James glances over at Mateo, his eyes distant.

JAMES
(grimly)
There's only survival. Ain't nobody coming to save us.

The silence deepens as the wind picks up, the soft howl of the desert filling the air.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - SUNSET

The crew approaches a high ridge that overlooks a valley below. The fading light casts long shadows across the land. The rugged, unforgiving terrain stretches out for miles. They stop for a moment, taking in the view.

James dismounts and leads his horse to a nearby rock outcrop, scanning the landscape. He seems uneasy.

JAMES
(quietly)
Something's off.

Noah, who's been riding in the back, rides up to join him. He looks at James, sensing his unease.

NOAH
(skeptical)
What do you mean?

James continues to scan the horizon, his hand resting on the pommel of his saddle.

JAMES
(low)
I don't know. It's like we're being followed.

Mateo rides up next to them, his eyes sharp.

MATEO
(frowning)
By who?

James doesn't reply immediately. His eyes narrow as he scans the valley below, looking for any movement.

JAMES
(decisively)
I don't know yet, but keep your guard up.

He motions to the others, signaling that they should keep riding.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The sky above is dark, dotted with stars. The temperature has dropped, and the outlaws ride in silence, their breath visible in the cold night air.

The crew is spread out, each man riding cautiously. Their horses are tired, but they continue forward, knowing they can't afford to stop.

James leads them down a rocky path, glancing frequently over his shoulder. Something is watching them, and he can feel it.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

In the distance, a small, abandoned cabin comes into view. It's weathered, worn down by the elements, but it stands alone in the vast desert. James signals for the crew to stop.

JAMES
(whispering)
We'll rest there for the night. Stay low.

They dismount quietly and approach the cabin. The moonlight casts eerie shadows across the structure. The door creaks as it swings open, revealing the dark interior.

James peers inside, his hand on his gun. After a long moment, he steps in, motioning for the others to follow.

JAMES
(quietly)
We'll be safe here, for now. But keep your weapons ready.

The crew files into the cabin, each man setting up a position by the walls. They settle in, keeping watch through the broken windows.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is dark and musty, the floor covered in old, rotting wood. The only sound is the wind whistling through the cracks in the walls. The outlaws sit in a tense silence, listening for any sounds outside.

Lucas is the first to speak, his voice barely above a whisper.

LUCAS
(uneasy)
You think they're close?

James doesn't answer right away. His eyes are sharp, scanning the room and the doorway.

JAMES
(low)
We won't know until morning. For now, we keep quiet and stay sharp.

The rest of the crew nods, but their eyes betray the worry they're feeling. They've been on the run for too long, and the constant threat of danger is wearing on them.

Henry shifts uncomfortably, his eyes darting nervously to the windows.

HENRY

(hesitant)
What if... what if they come in the night?

James looks over at Henry, his expression cold but steady.

JAMES
(low, reassuring)
If they do, we'll be ready.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Outside, the desert is deathly quiet. The occasional howl of a coyote is the only sound that breaks the stillness. But as the camera zooms out, we see a shadow move in the distance, a figure on horseback, watching the cabin from afar. It's hard to make out details, but the silhouette of a rider is unmistakable.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

The figure on horseback remains at a distance, watching the cabin intently. The horse snorts softly, a faint sound that could have been easily overlooked in the stillness of the desert night. The figure shifts slightly, their eyes trained on the cabin as they silently assess the situation.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Inside, the outlaws remain tense, their nerves frayed. James sits at the far end of the cabin, his back against the wall, eyes fixed on the entrance. Mateo is across from him, cleaning his gun methodically, though his eyes keep drifting to the door.

MATEO
(low)
Someone's out there, isn't there?

James doesn't answer immediately, his hand resting on his revolver. His expression is unreadable.

JAMES
(grim)
Yeah. They've been watching us since we left the ridge.

Lucas looks over at James, trying to mask the concern in his voice.

LUCAS
(quietly)
Who the hell would follow us out here?

James stares at the entrance, listening intently. He tilts his head, indicating a noise outside.

JAMES
(coldly)
Quiet.

The cabin falls silent as the outlaws hold their breath. The sound of distant hooves echoes, barely audible in the desert night. But then, it stops. The suspense thickens.

Henry shifts uncomfortably, his voice barely above a whisper.

HENRY
(uneasy)
What if it's a trap?

James doesn't turn his head, his eyes still locked on the door.

JAMES
(gravelly)
If it is, we'll deal with it. We've been in worse.

Mateo stands up slowly, moving toward the window. He peers through the cracks, watching the shadowed silhouette outside. His finger tightens on the trigger of his revolver, but he doesn't make a move yet.

MATEO
(softly)
They're waiting for something. Or someone.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

The figure on horseback shifts again, this time dismounting. The rider approaches the cabin cautiously, moving with the stealth of someone who knows how to remain unseen. They reach the edge of the cabin, peeking around the corner, eyes scanning for any sign of life inside.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Inside, the tension is unbearable. The outlaws remain still, their breath shallow. Lucas wipes his brow, sweat gathering despite the cool air. He grips his revolver tighter, his knuckles white.

LUCAS
(whispering)
What now?

James rises, his movements calculated and deliberate. He walks toward the door slowly, his hand resting on the handle. He glances back at his crew, his face hard.

JAMES

(firm)

We find out who's out there.

James opens the door slightly, peering out into the darkness. The cabin door creaks loudly, and for a moment, the figure outside freezes, sensing the movement. But the shadow of the rider remains still, waiting, observing.

James steps out onto the porch, cautiously lowering his body and placing a hand on the wooden railing. The rest of the crew watches from the doorway, their eyes wide, expecting an ambush.

MATEO

(low)

You're crazy, James.

JAMES

(gravelly)

We can't wait forever.

He steps forward, slowly crossing the porch and moving toward the edge of the cabin. His gun remains drawn, his finger poised near the trigger, ready for anything.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

James moves cautiously across the dusty ground, the wind kicking up small clouds of dirt around his boots. The moonlight casts long shadows, making it difficult to see clearly. The air is thick with uncertainty. The figure on horseback is nowhere to be seen, but James senses they're close. Every step is calculated, every sound amplified in the silence of the desert night.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the cabin, the others remain on edge, watching through the small cracks in the walls. Mateo's eyes scan every shadow, every movement. Henry shifts his position, uneasy.

HENRY

(whispering)

What if they don't come alone?

LUCAS

(under his breath)

Then we'll be ready.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

James reaches the edge of the cabin, his body tense as he moves past a small rock outcropping. He pauses, his eyes scanning the terrain. The faint sound of hooves grows louder. The figure on horseback is closing in, but they still haven't revealed themselves completely.

A shadow moves. A figure appears, stepping out from behind a large boulder. It's a man, wearing a long coat and a wide-brimmed hat. He stands tall and still, his gun belt noticeable.

James doesn't move. His hand tightens around his revolver.

JAMES
(coldly)
Who the hell are you?

The figure doesn't answer right away. Instead, he slowly raises his hands in a gesture of peace, revealing a small piece of cloth tied around his neck.

STRANGER
(calmly)
Name's Collin. I'm looking for someone... or something.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the cabin, Mateo and Lucas exchange uneasy glances, still waiting for any sign of an attack. Henry fidgets nervously, his hand resting on the handle of his rifle.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

James keeps his revolver raised, his stance unyielding. The stranger doesn't seem to be a threat, but James knows better than to trust anyone in this land.

JAMES
(gruffly)
What are you looking for?

COLLIN
(smirking)
You, Marshal. I've heard about your crew. You're not as invisible as you think.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The air between James and Collin is thick with tension. James keeps his revolver aimed at the stranger, unwavering. The silence stretches, punctuated only by the soft rustling of the wind.

JAMES
(coldly)
You're looking for me?

Collin smiles faintly, but his eyes remain sharp, sizing James up.

COLLIN
(calmly)
That's right. Word travels fast in these parts, Marshal.

James narrows his eyes, still not lowering his weapon.

JAMES
(gravelly)
You got a name, or you just here to add to the list of enemies?

Collin takes a step closer, his hands still raised in the air, showing no signs of aggression.

COLLIN
(grinning)
Name's Collin. And I'm not your enemy... not unless you want me to be.

James's eyes flicker toward the cabin, his crew still waiting inside, unaware of the conversation. He decides to play it cautiously.

JAMES
(gruffly)
What do you want with me?

Collin's grin fades, replaced with a more serious expression.

COLLIN
(low)
There's a bounty on your head, Marshal. Big one. And I've been paid to bring you in.

The words hit James like a hammer, but he doesn't flinch. Instead, he slowly lowers his revolver, though he keeps it ready at his side.

JAMES
(skeptical)
A bounty, huh? And who's paying you?

Collin takes a step back, his eyes glancing to the side for a brief moment.

COLLIN
(casually)
Someone with a lot of money and a lot of interest in your... disappearance.

James's expression hardens. He doesn't trust this man, but something in Collin's tone tells him he's not lying about the bounty.

JAMES

(gruff)

You've got a lot of nerve coming out here alone. You think I'm just gonna surrender?

Collin shrugs, as if the outcome is irrelevant to him.

COLLIN

(nonchalantly)

I'm not here to fight you. At least not yet. But you might want to start running, Marshal. Because I've got friends who won't hesitate to finish the job.

James studies Collin's face for a moment, sizing him up. Then, without a word, he turns his back, walking slowly back toward the cabin.

JAMES

(low, to himself)

We'll see about that.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the cabin, the crew waits anxiously. Mateo stands by the window, peering out into the night. His eyes flick to Henry, who's pacing nervously across the floor.

MATEO

(quietly)

Do you think he'll be back?

Henry stops pacing, his hand tightening around his rifle.

HENRY

(grimly)

He better be. I don't like the way that man looked at him.

Lucas stands near the door, his hand resting on his pistol.

LUCAS

(whispering)

If that bounty hunter's for real, we could be in trouble. Big trouble.

Mateo turns from the window, his gaze meeting James's when he steps inside.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

As James enters the cabin, Collin watches from a distance. He nods to himself, then silently remounts his horse, slipping into the shadows of the desert night.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - NIGHT

James closes the door behind him and locks it. He takes a deep breath, still eyeing his crew, who is waiting for answers.

MATEO
(urgently)
What's going on, James? Who was that?

James walks over to the table, resting his hand on the surface. He looks tired but resolute.

JAMES
(gruffly)
A bounty hunter. And he's not alone.

The crew exchanges looks, the weight of the situation sinking in.

OLIVER
(nervously)
So we're being hunted? By who?

James pulls out a map from his coat and unfurls it on the table, his finger tracing a route through the desert.

JAMES
(low)
Doesn't matter who. What matters is we've got to move fast. And we've got to split up.

Henry looks at James, confused.

HENRY
(protesting)
Split up? Are you out of your mind? We stick together!

JAMES
(firmly)
We can't outrun them all as one group. If we split, we've got a better chance.

Lucas steps forward, his voice low.

LUCAS
(hesitant)
You sure about this? You think we're gonna make it out alive?

James looks at each of them, his eyes hard as steel.

JAMES
(grim)
I don't know. But it's the only shot we've got.

The room falls silent. There's no arguing with James when he's like this. Mateo turns to the others, nodding in agreement.

MATEO

(calmly)

Alright, we move at first light. We'll make our way to the canyon. If we're lucky, we can lose them in the rocks.

James nods, his eyes scanning the map one more time before rolling it up and tucking it back into his coat.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

In the distance, the moon casts an eerie light over the desert. The figure of Collin, still mounted on his horse, watches the cabin. He's patient. He knows they'll make their move soon. The hunt is just beginning.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

The first light of dawn breaks over the horizon, casting a warm glow across the barren desert. The outlaws, now packed and prepared, stand at the edge of the abandoned cabin. Their faces are worn, their eyes tired, but determination burns in their gaze. They know they have little time before the bounty hunters close in.

JAMES

(low, commanding)

Remember, we stay low. No unnecessary noise. We meet at the canyon by sundown. Got it?

The crew nods in agreement, checking their gear one last time.

MATEO

(gruff)

You sure splitting up's the right call?

James gives him a hard look, his voice firm but steady.

JAMES

(grimly)

It's the only call we've got. Stay sharp. We're not just running from bounty hunters; we're running from death.

Lucas checks his revolver, his fingers tightening around the handle.

LUCAS

(low)
What if they catch one of us?

James doesn't answer right away. His eyes flicker over the group.

JAMES
(coldly)
Then we make sure they don't get the rest of us.

With that, James gives a final nod. The group breaks up into smaller pairs and moves off into the desert, disappearing into the rising sun, each of them taking a separate path.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The vast emptiness of the desert is unforgiving, the sun rising higher as the temperature begins to climb. The sound of hooves grows faint as Collin, now joined by several more riders, closes in on the cabin. They ride hard, kicking up dust as they follow the tracks left behind by the outlaws.

COLLIN
(calmly)
They're scattered. But they won't get far.

Collin's voice is cold, calculating. He looks back at his crew, his eyes glinting with confidence.

COLLIN
(to his crew)
Keep your eyes peeled. We'll catch them one by one.

His men nod in silent agreement, and they push forward, riding faster.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

James reaches the canyon's edge first. His boots crunch on the gravel as he surveys the rocky terrain. The canyon walls rise high on either side, casting long shadows over the narrow pass. He glances over his shoulder, waiting for the others, his hand resting on his revolver.

JAMES
(under his breath)
Come on, boys. We don't have much time.

He moves deeper into the canyon, staying low, blending into the shadows. He knows the others will be close behind.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Noah and Elijah make their way across the desert, their steps quick and silent. The heat is oppressive, but they push on, determined. Noah wipes the sweat from his brow, his eyes darting around nervously.

NOAH
(worried)
Do you think they're gonna catch up to us?

Elijah doesn't answer right away, his eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of danger.

ELIJAH
(gruff)
I don't know. But if they do, we fight.

Noah looks at him, nodding grimly.

NOAH
(quietly)
I didn't sign up for this kind of fight.

ELIJAH
(smirking)
None of us did. But we're in it now.

The two of them move on, their pace quickening as they approach a small ridge in the distance.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - DAY

Oliver and Mateo are already ahead, climbing the rocky outcropping, their eyes keenly focused on the horizon. Oliver, ever the strategist, stops at the top, crouching low to avoid being seen. Mateo crouches beside him, scanning the area.

MATEO
(under his breath)
Think we'll make it to the canyon before they catch up?

Oliver narrows his eyes, watching the distant riders. He doesn't answer immediately, calculating the situation.

OLIVER
(low)
If we move fast, maybe. But we've got to stay off the main roads.

Mateo nods in agreement, his hand tightening on his rifle.

MATEO
(grimly)
We'll make it. We always do.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Henry and Lucas are now far behind the others. The heat is unbearable, and Henry struggles to keep pace. Lucas notices this and slows down, his eyes concerned.

LUCAS
(low)
You alright?

Henry pants heavily, wiping the sweat from his face. His voice is strained.

HENRY
(short)
I'm fine. Just need a minute.

Lucas looks at him, hesitating. He knows they can't afford to stop for long.

LUCAS
(urgently)
We don't have time, Henry. We need to move. Now.

Henry nods, forcing himself to stand up straighter. He wipes his brow again and takes a few unsteady steps forward, but he's clearly struggling.

HENRY
(gritting his teeth)
Alright, let's go.

They continue on, though Henry's pace is slower, and his breathing heavier.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Back in the canyon, James continues to make his way through the rocky terrain, his every sense alert. He hears something—a faint sound of hooves, distant but approaching. His hand tightens around his revolver.

JAMES
(low, to himself)
Damn it.

He quickly crouches behind a large boulder, his eyes narrowing. The sound of the approaching riders grows louder. James scans the canyon, looking for an escape route, but the terrain is treacherous and the canyon too narrow.

JAMES
(grimly)
Not much of a choice now.

He takes a deep breath, preparing himself for whatever's coming.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The bounty hunters, now closer, approach the ridge where Mateo and Oliver are hiding. The riders stop, scanning the area. They know they're close.

COLLIN
(smiling)
Almost there.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CANYON - MOMENTS LATER

The dust settles after the intense firefight. Collin, now on his knees with his hands raised, breathes heavily, his face covered in dirt and blood. James approaches him slowly, his revolver still aimed at Collin's chest.

JAMES
(cold, steady)
Thought you had us cornered, didn't you?

Collin chuckles weakly, his eyes narrowing in defiance.

COLLIN
(grinning)
Not yet. You're just delaying the inevitable.

James looks down at him, unfazed.

JAMES
(grimly)
The only thing inevitable here is your arrest.

He motions for Mateo to move closer, keeping his gun trained on Collin.

JAMES
(to Mateo)
Tie him up. We'll take him back to Dust Creek.

Mateo nods, stepping forward and grabbing Collin's arms to bind them. Collin glares up at James, his mouth twitching as he seethes in anger.

COLLIN
(snarling)

You think this is over? There are more of us. We'll be back.

James smirks, his expression hard.

JAMES
(calmly)
I'm counting on it.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE - DAY

Lucas, Henry, and Oliver keep their eyes on the horizon, making sure no other bounty hunters are approaching. The tension is thick, but the immediate danger seems to have passed.

OLIVER
(looking at James)
What now?

James watches as Mateo finishes tying Collin's hands. He lets out a long breath, his eyes narrowing as he surveys the desert.

JAMES
(quietly)
Now, we head back to town. We've got a long ride ahead of us.

Henry, still breathing heavily, stares at the captive Collin. His face is streaked with dirt, his eyes showing the strain of the battle.

HENRY
(breathing heavily)
And what about the rest of his men?

James looks up at him, his face hardening.

JAMES
(decisively)
We'll take care of them when they show up. But for now, we've got to get Collin to the sheriff.

Lucas gives a short nod, his hand gripping his gun as he looks around for any sign of danger.

LUCAS
(gruff)
We'll keep moving, then.

EXT. DUST CREEK - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun begins to set as the group of outlaws, now with Collin in tow, rides back toward the small, dusty town of Dust Creek. The wind kicks up, blowing sand across the barren landscape. The town is just a silhouette on the horizon, and the air is heavy with the promise of a confrontation.

EXT. DUST CREEK TOWN - SUNSET

The outlaws approach the town's outskirts, the buildings casting long shadows in the dying light. As they ride in, several townsfolk stop what they're doing and watch the group with a mixture of curiosity and fear. The sight of the tied-up Collin on horseback raises murmurs.

James leads the group toward the sheriff's office. The tension is palpable—there's no telling what kind of reception they'll get, especially with the bounty hunters still on their tail.

JAMES

(to the group)

Stay sharp. We make sure Collin gets to the sheriff. Then we lay low.

Oliver nods, his eyes scanning the town, aware of the eyes on them.

OLIVER

(low)

Could be trouble.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

The door to the sheriff's office swings open as James steps inside, Collin still tied to his horse outside. The sheriff, a grizzled man named WYATT, looks up from his desk, his hand resting on the revolver holstered at his side.

SHERIFF WYATT

(gruff)

What's this? More trouble, Marshal?

James nods, walking up to the desk, his eyes locking with Wyatt's.

JAMES

(calmly)

We got Collin. His men are scattered, but more will come. They'll keep coming until they get what they want.

Wyatt stands up slowly, walking toward the door to see Collin for himself. He steps out onto the porch and surveys the situation.

SHERIFF WYATT

(nodding)

I'll take him from here. I'll make sure he's locked up tight. But you're right—this ain't over. Not by a long shot.

James looks over his shoulder at the other outlaws, who stand just outside the door, watching the scene unfold.

JAMES

(grimly)

We need to prepare. Collin won't stop until he gets what he wants. And we're in his sights.

Wyatt pauses, looking back at James. There's an understanding between them—both men know the game they're playing.

SHERIFF WYATT

(low)

You've been through a hell of a lot, Marshal. But this time, I think you've got the law on your side.

James looks at him with a faint, but satisfied, smile.

JAMES

(low)

For now, Sheriff. For now.

EXT. DUST CREEK - NIGHT

As the sun dips below the horizon, the outlaws linger in the shadows outside the sheriff's office. They know the night will be long, and they've got a target on their backs. The sound of distant riders echoing from the desert only reminds them of the danger that's still out there.

JAMES

(low)

Get some rest. We ride at first light.

The group disperses, each member heading in different directions to find shelter for the night.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

The saloon is buzzing with activity as the outlaws enter, drawing wary looks from the patrons. James, Lucas, and Mateo take a table in the corner, their eyes constantly scanning the room. The bartender, an older man with a grizzled face, sets drinks down on the table without a word.

BARTENDER

(gruff)

You boys looking for trouble?

James doesn't answer right away. Instead, he scans the room once more.

JAMES

(quietly)

Just a drink. We're laying low for the night.

The bartender raises an eyebrow but says nothing more. As the outlaws sit in silence, the weight of the situation hangs over them. Collin's capture is just one battle, but the war is far from over.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A group of Collin's men, the ones who managed to escape the ambush, ride silently through the desert, the moonlight casting long shadows on the sand. Their faces are grim, their determination clear. They've lost their leader, but they haven't lost the fight.

LEADER OF ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTERS

(low, to his men)

We go back. We regroup. And we finish this.

The riders move on, disappearing into the night, their horses' hooves barely making a sound on the sand.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK - NIGHT

The moonlight casts an eerie glow over the town of Dust Creek as the outlaws, wary but resolute, keep a low profile. The streets are quieter now, but the tension lingers in the air. A faint sound of footsteps can be heard echoing through the empty town.

James stands in the shadows of a narrow alley, his eyes scanning the street. He pulls his coat tighter around his body to shield himself from the evening chill. Lucas steps up beside him, his face unreadable as he surveys the area.

LUCAS

(low)

You think they'll come tonight?

James doesn't answer immediately. He looks up at the stars, his jaw tight. The fight may be over for now, but he knows that Collin's men won't give up so easily.

JAMES

(grimly)

They'll come when they're ready. And we need to be ready, too.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sheriff Wyatt sits at his desk, poring over papers by the dim light of a lantern. The door creaks open, and James steps inside, his boots clicking on the wooden floor. Wyatt looks up, a look of weariness on his face.

SHERIFF WYATT
(sighing)
What's on your mind, Marshal?

James moves to the desk, his face drawn with concern.

JAMES
(quietly)
Collin's men didn't just disappear. They'll be back in force. They'll try to break him out, or worse, come after all of us.

Wyatt leans back in his chair, rubbing his temple.

SHERIFF WYATT
(gruffly)
The town's been through enough already. We can't handle a full-blown war.

James shakes his head, his expression hardening.

JAMES
(coldly)
You can't handle it alone, Sheriff. But together, we might have a chance.

Wyatt looks at him for a long moment, weighing the situation.

SHERIFF WYATT
(reluctantly)
Alright. We'll need all the help we can get. But I'm not making promises.

James nods, grateful for the agreement, but he knows it's just the beginning.

JAMES
(resolutely)
We'll do what we can. But if they come at us full force, we'll have to fight.

EXT. DUST CREEK TOWN - NIGHT

The town is eerily quiet. The buildings stand like silent sentinels in the darkness, the wind rustling the dry leaves scattered along the streets. In the distance, the faint sound of galloping hooves can be heard, growing louder with each passing second.

From the shadows of a building, Collin's men watch the sheriff's office. They're waiting, knowing that their leader's capture isn't the end of this fight.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER LEADER

(whispering)

They're not expecting us. Let's make it count.

He motions for his men to prepare. They pull their rifles from their backs and move with precision, moving toward the sheriff's office.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

The saloon is packed with patrons, the clinking of glasses and murmurs of conversation filling the room. The outlaws sit in a corner booth, their eyes alert as they watch the door. They know something is coming. They can feel it in their bones.

MATEO

(quietly)

Something's wrong. I can feel it.

James doesn't reply, his gaze focused on the door. He's learned to trust his instincts, and right now, they're telling him trouble is close.

JAMES

(low)

Stay sharp. This might be it.

Oliver, Lucas, and Henry are spread out around the room, each one on edge, their hands close to their weapons.

Suddenly, the door bursts open with a violent crash. The sound of hooves outside grows louder, and the patrons in the saloon freeze in place. The bounty hunters have arrived.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Collin's men move quickly and quietly toward the sheriff's office, positioning themselves strategically behind cover. They are here to free Collin—and they will stop at nothing to do so.

The leader signals to his men, and one by one, they take aim at the office's windows and doors, preparing for their assault.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wyatt stands near the door, his hand resting on the grip of his revolver. James and the sheriff exchange a look—there's no turning back now.

SHERIFF WYATT

(quietly)

You were right. They're coming.

James pulls his coat tighter around him and looks toward the window. He spots the faint silhouette of a rider in the distance, signaling the approach of more enemies.

JAMES

(low)

They're coming for Collin. We need to stop them before they break him out.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A sudden burst of gunfire echoes through the air. The sound of windows shattering and bullets ricocheting off the walls fills the night. Collin's men have opened fire, and the town is about to become a battleground.

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

Inside the saloon, the outlaws spring into action, leaping from their seats and drawing their guns. The patrons scatter, some ducking behind tables, others running out the back door.

JAMES

(shouting)

Get to the sheriff's office!

The outlaws rush toward the door, guns drawn. James leads the charge, his revolver already smoking from the first shots he fires at the bounty hunters in the street.

JAMES

(shouting)

Move!

They burst out into the street, joining the chaos as gunfire erupts all around them. The night is alive with the sound of battle as both sides fight for control.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The bounty hunters, positioned behind various buildings and barrels, return fire with deadly accuracy. James and his men move fast, ducking behind cover, exchanging fire with the enemy.

LUCAS

(yelling)

We need to get to Collin!

James nods, his eyes scanning the scene. The fight is intense, but he knows their mission: capture Collin's men or stop them from freeing their leader.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The gunfight intensifies as the bounty hunters get closer to the sheriff's office. Collin's men are relentless, but the outlaws are just as determined. James fires at the men taking cover behind a barrel, hitting one square in the chest.

JAMES
(shouting)
Keep moving! Don't let them get any closer!

The sheriff, who has positioned himself inside the office, returns fire from the window, picking off two more bounty hunters.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The chaos unfolds in the heart of Dust Creek. The sound of gunshots fills the air as both sides exchange fire from behind various buildings, barrels, and wagons. Dust and smoke rise from the street, making it harder to see through the haze.

James, Lucas, Mateo, and Henry advance, pushing forward while returning fire. The stakes are clear—if they don't stop Collin's men, Dust Creek will be lost.

JAMES
(shouting)
Get to the front of the sheriff's office—NOW!

They sprint across the street, diving behind a nearby cart for cover. As they reload their weapons, Collin's men take advantage of the brief lull in the action to move closer.

MATEO
(gritting his teeth)
We can't let them take the sheriff's office. We hold our ground.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside the sheriff's office, Sheriff Wyatt crouches by the door, watching the chaos through a crack in the wood. He's visibly tense, sweat beading on his forehead. The door rattles as another round of gunfire hits the wood.

SHERIFF WYATT
(muttering)
Damn it... they're getting closer.

He reloads his revolver and checks the window to the outside, his eyes scanning the street for any sign of James and the others.

SHERIFF WYATT
(shouting)
James! You need to get over here now!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

James pops his head from behind the cart, taking a quick shot at one of Collin's men hiding behind a stack of crates. The man falls, and the others hesitate for a moment, giving the outlaws a brief advantage.

JAMES
(yelling)
Move up, now!

They charge forward, guns raised, making a run for the sheriff's office. As they approach, the bounty hunters open fire, but James and his crew are quick—returning fire while ducking behind buildings.

EXT. DUST CREEK SALOON - NIGHT

The tension outside the saloon rises as Collin's men move closer to the sheriff's office. In the saloon, the atmosphere is tense, with patrons peeking out the windows, watching the battle unfold. Some are clearly terrified, while others look on with grim determination, ready for the worst.

PATRON #1
(whispering)
This town's gonna burn.

A figure enters the saloon—WILLIAM, one of the outlaws, still breathing heavily from the earlier fighting. He spots the bartender, who's standing behind the counter, eyeing him nervously.

WILLIAM
(low)
Get ready to lock the doors. We may need a place to fall back to.

The bartender nods grimly and moves to secure the entrance.

EXT. FRONT OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

James and the others finally make it to the front of the sheriff's office. They're exhausted, but they don't have time to rest. Gunfire is still coming from all directions, but the sheriff's office is within reach.

LUCAS
(gritting his teeth)
We're almost there. Stay focused!

Just as they move to the door, an explosion of gunfire erupts from a nearby rooftop. A bullet grazes Henry's shoulder, sending him sprawling back.

HENRY
(shouting in pain)
Damn it!

JAMES
(shouting)
Get inside, NOW!

James helps Henry to his feet, pushing him toward the door of the sheriff's office. Lucas and Mateo follow closely behind, all of them firing at Collin's men as they retreat inside.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The moment they enter, the door slams shut behind them. Wyatt quickly locks it, and the sound of gunfire outside is muffled.

SHERIFF WYATT
(panting)
You made it.

James looks around, checking that everyone is in and accounted for.

JAMES
(urgently)
We need reinforcements. If Collin's men don't back off, this whole town's in trouble.

SHERIFF WYATT
(nodding)
I've got a few people who can help, but it won't be enough to hold them off for long. We'll need a plan.

James looks around the small office, then steps closer to Wyatt.

JAMES
(thinking fast)
We need to keep them off us long enough to get Collin to the jail. I'll hold the front, you take the back.

Wyatt nods, understanding the plan.

SHERIFF WYATT

(gruff)

You know what you're doing. Let's make it count.

James looks to his men.

JAMES

(commanding)

Get in position. We're not going down without a fight.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Outside, Collin's men regroup and prepare for their final push. Their leader, the ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER, looks over at the sheriff's office with a cold, calculated gaze.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(low)

They're holed up in there. It's now or never.

He signals to his men, and they begin to advance on the sheriff's office with deadly purpose.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

James, Lucas, and Mateo prepare for the final showdown. The sound of galloping hooves grows louder as Collin's men approach.

LUCAS

(low)

This is it.

James nods grimly, then turns to Wyatt.

JAMES

(coldly)

Let's make sure they know they picked the wrong town.

Wyatt pulls out his revolver and checks the ammo. The door rattles once again, signaling that Collin's men are getting closer.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Collin's men stop just outside the sheriff's office. They draw their weapons, prepared for a bloody confrontation.

The leader looks at the others and gives a final nod, signaling the assault.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

James gives one last look at his men. He knows that this will be a fight to the death. He checks his revolver, ready for what's to come.

JAMES
(to his men)
Stay sharp. And stay alive.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

With a battle cry, Collin's men rush forward, guns blazing.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Collin's men charge forward, guns drawn and ready. The sound of their boots pounding on the dirt street mixes with the chaotic noise of clashing gunfire and the crack of bullets through the air.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(yelling)
Take 'em down! Don't let 'em breathe!

James steps out from behind cover, his revolver drawn, eyes narrowed with focus. He fires a few quick shots, each one finding its mark, but the enemy forces are relentless, pushing forward like a flood.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside, the group braces for impact. The walls shake with each new barrage of gunfire. Wyatt moves quickly to the back door, securing it while keeping a watch on the front.

SHERIFF WYATT
(gritting his teeth)
We're gonna need more than bullets to stop them.

James looks at him, his voice steady and commanding.

JAMES
(calmly)
We'll hold them off until we can get help.

He reloads his revolver, his expression cold and determined. The sound of gunshots from outside grows louder as the bounty hunters get closer to the office.

MATEO
(shouting)
They're coming in hot! We need a plan—now!

James looks out the window, where the silhouettes of Collin's men can be seen advancing.

JAMES
(shouting)
Get to the front and hold them off! I'll cover you!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The battle rages on as James and his men engage the enemy. Mateo, Lucas, and Henry are positioned on either side of the street, returning fire as Collin's men advance. Each shot is precise, but the numbers are against them.

Lucas ducks behind a barrel and fires, taking down another enemy. He moves swiftly, keeping low to the ground.

LUCAS
(shouting)
We need to hold them here, or we'll be surrounded!

James takes another shot, dropping a bounty hunter from a rooftop, but his attention is diverted as he hears the sounds of more horses approaching from the distance.

JAMES
(low)
Damn it, they've got reinforcements coming!

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside, Sheriff Wyatt is on the move. He grabs a couple of extra boxes of ammo and passes them to James, who reloads his revolver with steady hands.

SHERIFF WYATT
(urgently)
We can't keep up this pace forever. They'll break through eventually!

James doesn't look up as he finishes loading his weapon.

JAMES
(grimly)

We just need to make sure they don't break through today.

He motions to Lucas, Mateo, and Henry, who are preparing for the next wave.

JAMES
(shouting)
Focus on the front! If we hold them there, we'll have a chance!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Collin's men advance, with guns blazing, charging into the heart of the fight. One of them tosses a smoke grenade toward the sheriff's office, and the area becomes clouded with thick white smoke.

James squints through the smoke, trying to make out the figures of his attackers.

JAMES
(shouting)
Cover your eyes! They're trying to blind us!

The smoke thickens, but the outlaws continue to fight through it, their movements synchronized. The tension in the air is palpable as both sides know that the next few minutes could determine the outcome.

MATEO
(frantic)
They're right on top of us! We can't let them push in!

James pushes forward, taking a deep breath. He steps through the smoke, moving closer to the main group of Collin's men.

JAMES
(commanding)
We're taking the fight to them—now!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The battle rages on, smoke and gunfire filling the air. James leads the charge, firing as he moves forward, taking down one bounty hunter after another. He doesn't stop, pushing through the chaos with his men following closely behind.

JAMES
(yelling)
Keep moving! Don't let up!

With precise, calculated steps, the outlaws make their way down the street, pushing Collin's men back toward the outskirts of town.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside the sheriff's office, the noise of the battle continues. Wyatt keeps an eye on the door, making sure it stays secure.

SHERIFF WYATT
(to himself)
We're not losing this town.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The tide of the battle seems to be shifting. Collin's men begin to retreat, their morale shattered as the outlaws push forward, relentless and determined. The sound of their retreat is a welcome relief for the outlaws, but the fight isn't over yet.

JAMES
(shouting)
Don't let them get away! Keep them in check!

As Collin's men start to pull back, James and his men close the gap, ensuring that no one escapes. The streets of Dust Creek are now filled with the aftermath of the brutal conflict—bodies and dust everywhere.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DUST CREEK - NIGHT

Collin's men, though beaten, are making their way to the outskirts of town, where their horses wait. The leader, the ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER, looks back at the sheriff's office and then back at his retreating men.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(low)
This ain't over. Not by a long shot.

He spurs his horse, and the remaining bounty hunters follow, disappearing into the night.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inside, James and his men watch as the last of the attackers retreat. The sound of gunfire fades, replaced by the eerie quiet of the aftermath.

LUCAS
(exhaling)
I think we did it.

James nods, but there's no satisfaction in his face. The town is safe—for now—but the war is far from over.

JAMES
(somber)
It's never over. Not until we finish what we started.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The dust begins to settle on the streets of Dust Creek. James and his crew stand in the middle of the road, looking over the damage. The town may have been saved for the moment, but their journey is far from over.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The quiet after the storm is palpable. James and his men, covered in dirt and blood, stand in the middle of the street. The once-bustling town now looks like a warzone. Smoke rises from various buildings, and the distant sound of the wind rustles through the empty streets.

James surveys the area, eyes scanning the wreckage. His face is hard, a mix of exhaustion and determination.

JAMES
(gritting his teeth)
We can't rest yet. Collin's not done.

Lucas, standing beside James, looks out at the horizon, his face etched with worry.

LUCAS
(quietly)
He'll be back. You know he will.

James nods, his jaw tightening. He glances back at the sheriff's office, where Wyatt and the others have begun to secure the area.

JAMES
(decisively)
We need to get to him first. Before he regroups.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The sheriff's office is a mess—papers scattered across the floor, dust in the air. Wyatt, now joined by his deputy, is trying to assess the damage. They've managed to lock the doors and keep out the worst of it, but there's no time to waste.

SHERIFF WYATT
(commanding)
Get those windows boarded up. And make sure the town knows they're not safe yet.

His deputy nods and moves to the window to begin boarding it up.

SHERIFF WYATT
(to himself)
Damn fools—they'll be back before the night's over.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

James and his crew begin to move, their boots crunching on the dirt as they walk toward the edge of town. They pass the remains of Collin's men—bodies litter the street, evidence of the bloody battle they've just fought. Some of the outlaws' horses are still tied up at the far end of the street.

JAMES
(quietly)
We can't let him rally more men. We find him—now.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DUST CREEK - NIGHT

The land around Dust Creek is vast, flat, and dark. The only sounds are the distant calls of coyotes and the occasional rustle of the wind. Collin's men, beaten and broken, ride away into the night, their shadows stretching long under the moonlight.

At the head of the retreating group is the ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER. His face is grim, his eyes filled with a burning hatred. He rides fast, pushing his horse as hard as it can go.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(low, to himself)
This isn't over. They'll regret this.

He looks back once more at Dust Creek, the lights of the town barely visible in the distance, then spurs his horse forward. The hunt is far from finished.

EXT. DUST CREEK CEMETERY - NIGHT

The camera pans slowly over the cemetery just outside town. Tombstones rise from the earth, some old and cracked, others newer, marking the lives lost in the history of Dust Creek. A single grave, freshly dug, is in the center of the plot.

James stops at the edge of the cemetery, his eyes hardening as he stares at the grave. A simple cross marks the spot—no name, just a symbol. A symbol of everything that’s been lost in this town.

JAMES
(whispering)
Too many have fallen for this.

Lucas joins him, his boots crunching on the gravel.

LUCAS
(softly)
We can’t let it happen again.

James nods, clenching his fists. He looks out across the land, the horizon stretching endlessly before him. A dark sense of resolve washes over him.

JAMES
(determined)
We finish what we started.

EXT. DUST CREEK SALOON - NIGHT

In the saloon, the mood is somber. The few remaining patrons sit at the bar, nursing their drinks in silence. The bartender wipes down the counter, avoiding eye contact with the others.

WILLIAM enters, his face covered in dirt and sweat from the battle. He walks straight to the bar and sits down.

WILLIAM
(gruff)
We need to be ready. He’ll be back, and next time... we won’t be able to hold him off.

The bartender nods, his expression grim.

BARTENDER
(quietly)
You know the town’s divided, right? Some are already talkin' about leaving.

WILLIAM
(looking around)
They can’t leave. Not now. Dust Creek's their home.

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE - NIGHT

On the ridge above town, Collin's men pause for a moment to catch their breath. The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER stands tall, surveying the town below. His eyes narrow as he watches the lights of Dust Creek, just within reach.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(to his men)

We make camp here. We'll strike at dawn.

One of his men, bloodied but still standing, approaches with a map.

BOUNTY HUNTER #2

(hesitant)

You sure we can do this? They'll be waiting.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(cold)

We don't wait. We strike first. And we make sure they know we're coming.

The men nod and begin to set up camp, the tension hanging thick in the air. The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER stands alone, staring down at Dust Creek, his mind racing with plans for the next phase of the battle.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Back inside the sheriff's office, James, Wyatt, and the others are gathered around a table, a map of the town spread out before them. Their faces are weary but determined.

JAMES

(pointing to the map)

We set up a perimeter here, here, and here. We'll keep watch all night.

Wyatt nods in agreement, his fingers tapping on the table nervously.

SHERIFF WYATT

(quietly)

If we're going to win this, we need more than just firepower. We need strategy.

JAMES

(grimly)

I'm counting on you, Wyatt. We'll stop them—together.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The town is quiet again, but the stillness is deceptive. Everyone knows that tomorrow will bring more danger. And the outlaws of Dust Creek are prepared to face whatever comes next.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight break over the ridge, casting long shadows across the landscape. Collin's men are awake, and the ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER is already mounted, ready to lead the assault. He surveys the town below, his face grim but resolute.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(low)

Dawn's coming, and so are we.

His men, now fully armed and ready, prepare their horses and weapons. Their eyes are hard, a fire in them that only vengeance can ignite. The group moves quickly, taking positions, ready to descend upon Dust Creek.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - DAWN

James and his crew stand at the ready, positioned throughout the town. The calm before the storm is heavy in the air, each man standing watch, guns drawn, eyes scanning for any movement.

JAMES

(quietly, to Wyatt)

They're coming. Get the others in position.

Wyatt nods and signals to his deputies. The street is eerily quiet, but the tension is palpable. Every movement is watched, every shadow is suspect.

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE - DAWN

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER gives a signal. His men, armed and ready, begin to move down the ridge, their horses trotting silently through the dust, preparing for the final push.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(commanding)

Keep it quiet. We hit them fast, no mercy.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

James looks down the street, his hand tightening around his revolver. Lucas, Henry, and Mateo are in place, keeping to the shadows, each of them ready for the inevitable.

LUCAS

(whispering)

You think they're coming from the east or west?

JAMES
(focused)
West. They've got the high ground. They'll try to flank us.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAWN

Wyatt is pacing, his face tense. He moves over to the window, peering out into the street. The silence is deafening. Every instinct tells him something is wrong.

SHERIFF WYATT
(to himself)
Where are they?

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER and his men crest the ridge, their eyes locked on the distant town. They are ready to strike, but the quiet and the stillness of the morning only heighten the tension.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(grim)
They're waiting for us. They know we're coming.

His men nod, moving into position.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(coldly)
Then let's give them a reason to run.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

James and his men hold their ground, watching for any signs of movement. Suddenly, the sound of hooves on the dirt road breaks the silence. The bounty hunters have arrived.

JAMES
(calmly)
Here they come.

With a flash, the first wave of bounty hunters emerges from the shadows, charging forward with guns blazing. The outlaws on the ground open fire immediately, their shots echoing across the street.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt watches from the window, his hand resting on the rifle mounted on the wall. The sound of gunfire fills the air, signaling the beginning of the final battle.

SHERIFF WYATT
(to himself)
Damn it, here we go.

He grabs the rifle and heads for the door, ready to join the fray.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The battle explodes into chaos. James, Lucas, and Mateo fire from cover, taking down the bounty hunters one by one. Dust fills the air as bullets fly, the street becoming a warzone.

MATEO
(shouting)
They're too many! We need backup!

James, moving swiftly between positions, shouts back.

JAMES
(shouting)
Keep pushing! Hold your ground!

The outlaws fight fiercely, their determination unwavering. But Collin's men are relentless, pressing forward and pushing the defenders back inch by inch.

EXT. DUST CREEK OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER and his men continue to move forward, sensing victory is within reach. They press on, determined to break the town's defenses.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the sheriff's office, Wyatt's team is struggling to maintain control. The front door is rattling under the weight of the ongoing attack. They need reinforcements, and they need them now.

SHERIFF WYATT
(urgently)
Get to the roof! We need eyes on the street!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The fight continues. Henry is pinned down behind a barrel, his gun clicking empty. He grabs a new revolver, looking up just as Collin's men draw closer.

HENRY
(to himself)
Damn it.

He stands and fires, taking down another man, but the numbers are against him.

HENRY
(yelling)
They're everywhere! We can't hold them much longer!

EXT. DUST CREEK - OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER's eyes gleam as he watches his men begin to push into the heart of the town.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER
(smiling)
We've got them now.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Wyatt is on the roof now, rifle in hand, scanning the battlefield below. His eyes narrow as he spots something in the distance.

SHERIFF WYATT
(low)
There's more coming. Damn it, they're bringing in reinforcements.

He quickly signals to James below.

SHERIFF WYATT
(shouting)
Get ready for more!

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

James, hearing Wyatt's shout, turns to see even more bounty hunters arriving from the east. The town is surrounded, and the fight is far from over.

JAMES
(desperate)
We hold this line! We don't give an inch!

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER, now in full control, raises his rifle, ready to give the final order.

ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER

(low)

Finish them.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET – DUSK

The sun sets over the town of Dust Creek, casting an orange glow over the destroyed streets. The outlaws, bruised and bloodied, gather around the wreckage, taking stock of what remains. James, Lucas, Mateo, and Henry stand together, their faces solemn.

JAMES

(quietly)

We may have won, but this town... it's broken.

Lucas looks around, his face a mask of exhaustion.

LUCAS

(nodding)

It's hard to call this a victory. Too many lost.

MATEO

(with a heavy sigh)

They won't be coming back, not after this.

James looks toward the horizon, as if expecting something—anything—to make this feel like a win.

JAMES

(to himself)

Was it worth it?

EXT. DUST CREEK CEMETERY – NIGHT

The camera pans over the graves of the fallen, the tombstones stark against the dimming sky. A somber silence fills the air. The crew of outlaws stands in front of the graves, paying their respects.

JAMES

(quietly, to the others)

This town may be lost, but we can rebuild. We owe it to them.

Henry steps forward, placing a hand on a tombstone.

HENRY

(softly)

They fought, just like we did. They were part of this place. We'll make sure they're remembered.

MATEO

(gripping his hat)

If nothing else, we make sure Dust Creek goes down in history.

James stands apart from the others, deep in thought. His face is weathered, and the weight of leadership is evident in his posture.

JAMES

(resolutely)

We rebuild. It might take years, but we owe it to them... and to ourselves.

EXT. DUST CREEK MAIN STREET – NIGHT

The outlaws begin to leave the cemetery, their steps slow but deliberate. They move in the shadows, keeping their distance from one another, lost in their thoughts.

LUCAS

(quietly, to Mateo)

What do we do now? Do we stay?

MATEO

(gruffly)

Ain't much left here, Lucas. But maybe we can help the ones who stayed.

Henry walks ahead, already preparing to move out of the town. He stops briefly, glancing back at the street that once thrived but now lies in ruins.

HENRY

(shaking his head)

I don't know if there's anything left here for us.

JAMES

(calling out)

We'll make our own way. But we stay together, all right? Dust Creek might be done, but we're still standing.

They share a moment of unity before continuing forward.

EXT. DUST CREEK RIDGE – NIGHT

The ESCAPED BOUNTY HUNTER's body, now covered by a blanket, lies at the top of the ridge. Collin and the remaining bounty hunters stand over the body, looking down at Dust Creek, the town they nearly destroyed.

COLLIN
(coldly)
They're a hard bunch, I'll give them that. But in the end, it wasn't enough.

His men remain silent, each lost in their own thoughts about the battle and the price of victory.

COLLIN
(quietly, to himself)
This town... it'll never rise again.

EXT. DUST CREEK – NIGHT

The camera pulls back slowly, showing the devastated town, now eerily quiet. A few lights flicker in the distance as the outlaws head off into the wilderness, leaving the remnants of Dust Creek behind.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dust Creek. Once a town full of life, now a place of memory. But for those who fought and bled, for those who still stand... there's hope yet.

EXT. DUST CREEK OUTSKIRTS – NIGHT

The outlaws, now a smaller group, mount their horses and ride off into the desert. James takes one last look at the town, his face unreadable.

JAMES
(firmly)
We'll find a new home. We'll rebuild... somewhere else.

EXT. OPEN DESERT – NIGHT

The camera watches from above as the outlaws ride into the vast, empty desert. The moon casts long shadows, and the sound of their hooves fades into the distance. They ride away from the past, into an uncertain future.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The winds may change. The dust may settle. But for James and his crew, the fight is never truly over. They ride on.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DUST CREEK DESERT – DAWN

The desert is vast, its endless horizon illuminated by the soft light of the rising sun. The outlaws ride in silence, their silhouettes outlined against the glowing sky. James leads the group, his face hardened by the loss, but his eyes sharp, scanning the land ahead.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
A new beginning... or the same end.

Lucas rides beside him, looking over at James, sensing his leader's unease.

LUCAS
(softly)
We'll find a place. Somewhere better.

James doesn't respond immediately, lost in his thoughts. His hand rests on the hilt of his gun, and his jaw is set. There's a storm within him, but he holds it in check.

JAMES
(finally speaking)
It's not just about finding a place, Lucas. It's about what we make of it when we get there.

Lucas nods, understanding the weight of James' words.

EXT. DESERT CAMP – LATER

The outlaws set up camp by a small water source in the desert, a brief respite before they continue their journey. The crackling fire casts a soft glow on their weary faces as they prepare a simple meal.

Henry sits apart from the others, cleaning his rifle with slow, methodical movements. Mateo and Noah talk quietly, their voices low, discussing their plans for the future. James watches them, his expression contemplative.

MATEO
(grinning)
We find a place with more good whiskey and less trouble.

NOAH
(half-smiling)
If that place exists, I'll buy the next round.

James overhears their conversation and lets out a short, humorless laugh.

JAMES

(to himself)
Wouldn't be Dust Creek, then.

As he watches the others, a hint of hope flickers in his eyes. Despite the losses, despite the scars, there's still something driving them forward.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE – NIGHT

The outlaws ride through the desert, the moon high above them. The landscape is harsh, unyielding, but it feels like a fresh start—a clean slate, despite the past hanging over them.

LUCAS
(looking ahead)
There's a town up ahead. Small, but it might be what we need. We can stock up, rest for a bit.

James looks at the town in the distance, a shadow against the moonlight. His brow furrows, but he nods in agreement.

JAMES
(grimly)
Let's hope this one's not like Dust Creek.

They ride toward the town, the sound of their hooves echoing in the stillness of the desert night.

EXT. SMALL DESERT TOWN – NIGHT

The town, though small and isolated, looks peaceful from afar. The few buildings stand under the starlit sky, and faint lights flicker from windows. The outlaws approach cautiously, their horses kicking up dust as they draw near.

LUCAS
(whispering)
Looks quiet. Too quiet, if you ask me.

JAMES
(scanning the town)
Keep your guard up. Never trust quiet.

As they enter the town, a sense of foreboding hangs in the air. The outlaws dismount, tying their horses to a nearby post. James leads the way, his hand on the grip of his gun.

EXT. SMALL TOWN SALOON – NIGHT

The saloon's sign creaks in the wind. A few townsfolk mill about, but the place feels like it's been through its own struggles. The air is thick with dust, and the mood is somber.

Inside, the saloon is dimly lit, with only a few patrons nursing drinks at the bar. The bartender looks up as the outlaws enter, his expression neutral.

BARTENDER

(gruffly)

We don't get many visitors this time of night.

James steps forward, his eyes scanning the room.

JAMES

(calmly)

Just passing through. Thought we'd stop for a drink.

BARTENDER

(nodding)

That's fine. But I'd keep to yourselves if I were you. Not much goes down around here, but we don't welcome strangers easily.

The outlaws exchange wary glances but nod in understanding.

INT. SALOON – NIGHT

The outlaws sit at a table in the back, ordering drinks. The patrons eye them from a distance, but no one dares to approach. The tension is palpable, but the quiet is welcome after the chaos of Dust Creek.

MATEO

(leaning back in his chair)

You think we'll stay here for long?

JAMES

(taking a sip of his drink)

I don't know. It depends on how things go.

Noah looks around the saloon, his eyes sharp, as if sensing something in the air. He leans in toward James.

NOAH

(quietly)

Something feels off here, James. I don't trust it.

James eyes the room, his instincts telling him to stay alert. He nods slowly.

JAMES

(coldly)

Neither do I.

EXT. SALOON – NIGHT

The town remains eerily quiet as the wind picks up, swirling dust in the streets. In the distance, the faint sound of a horse's hooves can be heard.

James steps out of the saloon, looking over the town one last time before heading back inside. He doesn't trust it here, but for now, it's the only place they have.

JAMES
(quietly, to himself)
One last stop. Then we keep moving.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SMALL DESERT TOWN – NIGHT

The moon casts a pale light over the small town as the outlaws prepare to leave the saloon. The doors creak open, and James steps out first, followed by Lucas, Mateo, and Noah. The tension in the air is thick, and the quiet streets only add to the unease.

JAMES
(commanding)
We stick together. Keep your eyes open.

The sound of distant horses' hooves echoes, but the town remains still. James walks ahead, his posture rigid, his senses alert. Lucas glances around, his hand hovering near his holstered gun.

LUCAS
(under his breath)
This place doesn't sit right with me.

NOAH
(nodding)
I'm with you on that. Feels like a trap.

As they move toward their horses, a figure steps out from the shadows, blocking their path. It's a man in a long, weathered coat, his face obscured by a wide-brimmed hat. His presence is commanding, and the outlaws freeze, their hands instinctively reaching for their weapons.

STRANGER
(calmly)
I wouldn't be so quick to draw, if I were you.

James stands tall, meeting the stranger's gaze, not backing down.

JAMES
(coldly)

And who are you?

The stranger steps closer, revealing a scar across his cheek and a glint of steel at his side. His tone is measured, but there's an edge to it.

STRANGER

(smirking)

Name's Garrick. I've been waiting for you.

EXT. DESERT TOWN – NIGHT

The group is now fully alert, their hands on the grips of their weapons, watching Garrick carefully. Mateo shifts his weight, ready to act if things turn violent. James doesn't flinch, his eyes locked on Garrick.

JAMES

(low voice)

Waiting for us? Why?

Garrick chuckles softly, as if James' question amuses him.

GARRICK

(grinning)

Let's just say your reputation precedes you. I've got business with you.

James doesn't trust this man. There's a predatory gleam in Garrick's eyes, and it doesn't sit well with him.

JAMES

(sternly)

What kind of business?

GARRICK

(leaning in)

Business that could make you a lot of money... or get you killed. Your choice.

Noah steps forward, his voice tense.

NOAH

(demanding)

What do you want from us?

Garrick slowly raises a hand, signaling for calm. He takes a step back, looking at each of the outlaws, gauging their reactions.

GARRICK

(casually)

I want information. There's a big payday coming through, and I need some muscle. You want in?

James exchanges a look with his crew. They all know how dangerous this man is, but the temptation of money is always a hard offer to turn down.

JAMES
(nonchalantly)
What's the catch?

Garrick's smile fades, replaced by a cold stare.

GARRICK
(gruffly)
The catch is, if you're not careful, you'll end up just like those fools in Dust Creek. The difference is, I don't leave survivors.

James watches Garrick carefully, weighing his options.

JAMES
(level-headed)
And why should we trust you?

Garrick's smile returns, a dangerous glint in his eyes.

GARRICK
(shrugging)
You don't have to. But if you want to stay alive, you'll listen. This could be your chance to get out of the desert alive.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE – NIGHT

The rest of the town remains eerily quiet, as if the people inside are waiting for something to happen. The wind stirs the dust in the streets, creating small whirlwinds that dissipate into nothingness. The distant sound of crickets is the only noise, but there's a tension in the air that can't be ignored.

James, Lucas, Mateo, and Noah exchange looks. This man is dangerous, but they know the desert holds few options. The idea of a payday and the chance to leave the desert behind is a tempting one, but trusting Garrick could be a mistake.

LUCAS
(whispering to James)
Should we trust him?

James pauses for a moment, his mind racing.

JAMES
(low, decisive)
We don't have a choice. But we keep our guard up.

EXT. DESERT TOWN RIDGE – NIGHT

The moon shines brightly overhead as Garrick leads the group to the edge of the town, where a campfire flickers in the distance. A group of men are gathered around it, talking quietly amongst themselves. These are Garrick's associates, the ones he's offering a job to.

GARRICK
(grinning)

This is where the real work starts. You want in, you have to prove you've got the guts to survive.

James and his crew look at each other, sizing up the situation. It's clear that Garrick isn't just offering a simple job—this is something bigger. The stakes are high, and the danger is palpable.

JAMES
(nodding)

We'll prove ourselves. But don't think for a second we trust you.

Garrick doesn't flinch, his smirk only widening.

GARRICK
(smirking)

Trust's earned, not given. Let's see if you've got what it takes.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE – NIGHT

The camera watches as James and his crew approach the campfire, the flickering light casting long shadows. The other men watch them carefully as they approach, and the tension in the air thickens.

As the fire crackles, the future of James and his crew hangs in the balance. Will they survive Garrick's dangerous world, or will this be their last job?

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT CAMP – NIGHT

The fire crackles, its warm light casting flickering shadows across the faces of James and his crew as they sit in a circle around it. The men in Garrick's camp eye them warily, sizing them up. James sits with his back straight, his posture rigid, never letting his guard down. The rest of the crew follows his lead.

Garrick stands at the head of the group, arms crossed, watching them with a calculating gaze.

GARRICK
(grinning)
So, you think you're cut out for this?

James doesn't answer immediately, his eyes narrowing as he studies the camp. He's sizing up his options, looking for any sign of weakness in Garrick or his men.

JAMES
(calmly)
We'll see.

Garrick nods, motioning to one of his men—a tall, burly figure with a scar running down his cheek. The man steps forward, a menacing smile on his face.

GARRICK
(to his man)
Show them the ropes. Let's see if they've got what it takes.

The burly man cracks his knuckles, a signal of the coming confrontation. Without warning, he charges toward James, fists raised.

EXT. DESERT TRAINING AREA – NIGHT

The outlaws jump to their feet as the burly man swings at James. A blur of motion as James dodges the first punch, his reflexes sharp, but the second punch connects with his jaw, sending him stumbling back.

JAMES
(gritting teeth)
(to himself)
Didn't see that coming.

The burly man grins, stepping closer for another strike. James, however, recovers quickly, his eyes locking onto his attacker.

Lucas, Mateo, and Noah stand ready, watching the exchange closely. Lucas clenches his fists, eager to join in, but James signals for them to hold back.

LUCAS
(quietly)
Don't let him push you around, James.

James nods, sweat beading on his forehead as he takes a steadying breath. The burly man charges again, but this time, James is ready. He ducks under the punch, grabbing the man's arm and twisting it behind his back.

The burly man growls in pain, but James holds firm, forcing him to the ground. With a final twist, he disarms the man, leaving him on the ground, gasping for air.

JAMES
(calmly, to Garrick)
Your man's slow. You want to try?

Garrick watches with interest, his grin widening.

GARRICK
(laughing)
Not bad. You've got some fight in you, I'll give you that.

He turns to his men, signaling for them to back off. The tension in the air begins to dissipate, but the unease remains.

GARRICK
(to James)
You've got guts. I'll give you that. But there's more than just muscle involved in this game. You think you can keep up?

James stands tall, his chest heaving with the exertion of the fight. His eyes never leave Garrick's, his resolve unbroken.

JAMES
(coolly)
I don't need to keep up. I just need to survive.

Garrick nods, impressed but still wary.

GARRICK
(with a smirk)
We'll see. The desert's got a way of breaking people.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE – NIGHT

The camera pulls back, showing the desolate landscape stretching endlessly into the night. The campfire flickers in the distance, its glow barely visible against the vast darkness of the desert.

A light breeze stirs the sand, carrying with it the scent of danger. The outlaws stand together, forming a tight-knit group, their fate uncertain, their choices hanging in the balance.

NOAH
(muttering)
You think we can trust him?

James looks out across the camp, his face stoic.

JAMES
(softly)
Trust is a luxury we can't afford.

Lucas, Mateo, and Noah nod in agreement. They've seen too much to trust anyone easily. But with no other options, they have little choice but to play along for now.

MATEO

(grimly)

At least we know what we're up against.

James turns his gaze back to Garrick, who stands near the fire, talking to his men. There's something about him—a quiet danger that James can't shake. But for now, it's the only game in town.

JAMES

(determined)

We're in this together. Whatever happens, we stick to the plan.

EXT. DESERT NIGHT SKY – LATER

The camera zooms out, showing the sprawling desert under the starlit sky. The winds blow across the land, shifting the sand in small, swirling patterns. The faint glow of the campfire is the only sign of life in this desolate place.

The camera lingers on the scene, a symbol of the uncertainty that looms over the outlaws' journey. The silence is broken only by the occasional crackle of the fire.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT NIGHT – LATER

The campfire flickers as the wind picks up, carrying the scent of dry earth and smoke. The silhouettes of James and his crew are visible in the dim light. They sit around the fire, the air thick with the weight of unspoken thoughts. Each man lost in his own reflection, still processing the encounter with Garrick.

James sits slightly apart from the group, his eyes scanning the horizon. He can feel the tension in the air, a pressure that seems to grow with each passing second.

NOAH

(breaking the silence)

So, what now?

James doesn't immediately answer. He stares into the fire, lost in thought. The others exchange glances, waiting for him to speak.

JAMES

(finally, calm but firm)

Now we wait. We'll move at first light. If Garrick's telling the truth, we'll get a shot at this payday. If he's lying... we'll handle it then.

MATEO

(gritting his teeth)

I don't like it. Feels like we're walking into a trap.

James looks up, locking eyes with Mateo. There's a hard edge to his voice.

JAMES

(sternly)

We have no choice. You saw the men in the camp. We don't stand a chance alone.

LUCAS

(quietly)

We'll stick together, like we always do. That's our best chance.

James nods, grateful for the loyalty of his men. But he knows the stakes are higher now. Trusting Garrick is a gamble, and they can't afford to lose.

EXT. DESERT TOWN OUTSKIRTS – EARLY MORNING

The sky begins to lighten as the first rays of dawn break over the horizon. The camp is packed up quickly, each outlaw preparing to move out. James leads the way, his expression unreadable. The others follow closely behind, their faces determined but wary.

JAMES

(commanding)

We keep it quiet. No unnecessary noise.

The wind shifts, stirring the sand as they make their way toward the town's edge. The sound of their boots crunching in the sand is the only thing that breaks the silence. The sun is still low in the sky, casting long shadows across the land.

EXT. DESERT RIDGE – DAY

The group moves along the ridge, their eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of movement. The dry desert stretches for miles in every direction. The wind howls, but the outlaws press on, determined to see this through.

MATEO

(looking around, uneasy)

I've got a bad feeling about this.

NOAH

(glancing back at Mateo)

Don't start that now. We need to focus.

Ahead, the distant outline of a large, fortified encampment looms on the horizon. It's too far to make out the details, but there's no mistaking the sense of danger that hangs in the air.

JAMES

(calmly, as he looks toward the camp)

That's our destination. Stay sharp. We're not alone out here.

As they continue forward, the camera pulls back to reveal the vast, empty desert surrounding them. The outlaws move like shadows against the barren landscape, each man lost in his thoughts, preparing for what's to come.

EXT. FORTIFIED ENCAMPMENT – DAY

The camp comes into clearer view. It's a sprawling compound, surrounded by wooden walls and guarded by armed men on lookout towers. Smoke rises from the chimneys, and the sound of horses and heavy machinery fills the air.

The outlaws stop at a distance, surveying the scene. The tension is palpable as they exchange looks, knowing this is the moment of truth.

JAMES

(whispering)

We get in, get what we came for, and get out. Fast.

Lucas, Mateo, and Noah nod, their expressions grim. They all know how high the stakes are, but none of them back down. James turns toward them one last time, his face hard and resolute.

JAMES

(low, decisive)

No matter what happens, we stay together.

With that, they begin to move toward the compound, keeping to the shadows and using the terrain for cover. Every step is calculated, each movement deliberate. They can feel the eyes of the guards on them, and they know the slightest mistake could be their last.

EXT. COMPOUND GATE – DAY

The outlaws approach the main entrance of the compound, staying low. The guards on the towers are busy scanning the horizon, unaware of the approaching danger. James gives a subtle hand signal, and the group stops. They're close now, and the tension is unbearable.

JAMES

(whispering)

We make our move in three... two...

Suddenly, the ground shakes as a loud explosion erupts in the distance, sending a plume of smoke into the sky. The guards scramble, their attention diverted. James doesn't waste a second.

JAMES

(commanding)

Now!

With precision and speed, they rush forward, using the distraction to breach the compound walls. The outlaws slip inside, their hearts pounding as they move deeper into the camp. Every shadow is a potential threat, and every sound could be their undoing.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COMPOUND – BACK ALLEY – DAY

The outlaws move quickly, staying low against the walls of the compound. They can hear the sounds of guards scrambling in the distance, but they know it won't be long before the alarm is raised. Time is running out.

JAMES
(whispering)
Split up. Mateo, Lucas, take the east side. Noah, with me.

Without hesitation, Mateo and Lucas head off toward the eastern part of the camp, moving swiftly through the shadows. James and Noah remain behind, crouched low, their eyes darting around for any sign of movement.

NOAH
(whispering, uneasy)
You think we're gonna make it out of this one?

James doesn't answer immediately, his eyes narrowing as he scans the area. They're close now, so close that he can feel the weight of the mission pressing down on him.

JAMES
(quietly)
We don't have a choice.

A series of distant, muffled gunshots erupts from the east side of the compound. James and Noah exchange a quick look, their bodies tense with anticipation.

JAMES
(urgent)
That's our cue. Move!

They dart forward, moving swiftly through the narrow back alley of the compound. The sound of their boots hitting the dirt is barely audible over the commotion ahead. James leads the way, his gun ready in hand.

INT. COMPOUND – MAIN BUILDING – DAY

The interior of the compound is a maze of dark corridors and dimly lit rooms. The men they encounter are heavily armed, but James is ready. He silently moves through the shadows, his movements fluid and precise, like a predator stalking its prey.

Noah follows closely behind, keeping his gun ready and his senses sharp. The tension is thick, but James doesn't falter.

NOAH
(whispering)
You sure about this?

JAMES
(gritting teeth)
I don't have a choice.

They round a corner, spotting a guard ahead. James signals to Noah to hold back, and with lightning speed, he grabs the guard from behind, pulling him into the shadows before he can react. The guard struggles briefly, but James silences him with a quick, precise blow.

James takes the guard's keys and hands them to Noah.

JAMES
(low, focused)
You take the left. I'll take the right. Move fast.

Noah nods, slipping into the shadows as James heads toward the locked door at the end of the hallway.

INT. COMPOUND – VAULT ROOM – DAY

James and Noah arrive at the vault door, their movements synchronized. Noah carefully inserts the keys into the lock, his fingers trembling slightly. The lock clicks open, and the door creaks ajar.

Inside, the vault is lined with crates of weapons, gold, and cash. This is the prize they've been sent to retrieve, and it's more than they expected. The sight of the bounty stirs something deep within James. It's a fortune that could change everything.

JAMES
(quietly, in awe)
This is it.

Noah steps into the room, but James holds him back for a moment. His eyes are locked on something in the back of the vault—something that doesn't look quite right.

JAMES
(concerned)
Hold on. Something's not right.

Just as James moves closer to investigate, the sound of footsteps echoes down the hallway. A guard rounds the corner, spotting them. Without hesitation, James grabs Noah and pulls him behind a stack of crates.

JAMES

(urgent, whispering)
Stay down. We've been compromised.

Noah's hand instinctively moves to his gun, but James holds him back, signaling for him to stay silent. The guard walks past them, unaware of their presence. Once he's out of sight, James and Noah exchange a tense glance.

JAMES
(whispering)
We need to move. Now.

EXT. COMPOUND – BACK ALLEY – DAY

Meanwhile, Mateo and Lucas have made their way to the east side of the compound. They've been moving carefully, their eyes scanning for any signs of trouble. As they approach the main courtyard, the sounds of alarms suddenly fill the air.

MATEO
(muttering)
Too late for quiet.

The two men draw their guns and move quickly toward the main entrance, knowing that time is quickly running out.

EXT. COMPOUND – MAIN ENTRANCE – DAY

The compound's gates are locked down, and a series of armed guards rush to position themselves. James and Noah peek out from their cover, seeing the growing number of men stationed outside.

NOAH
(gritting his teeth)
We've got company.

JAMES
(focused)
We move fast. Get the others, then we get out.

They exchange a brief look before James signals to Noah to move forward. The sound of gunfire erupts from the east side, where Mateo and Lucas have started their attack.

The tension spikes as the outlaws prepare for a full-on confrontation. They know that this will be their final test. No retreat. No surrender.

INT. COMPOUND – MAIN HALLWAY – DAY

The camera focuses on James and Noah, who are moving quickly through the compound, making their way toward the exit. The building is alive with chaos now, with guards running in every direction. They take a corner, only to find themselves face-to-face with Garrick's men.

Garrick's voice can be heard from down the hall, a low, mocking tone.

GARRICK
(calling out)
You thought you could get away with this, didn't you?

James and Noah stop in their tracks. James' face hardens as he locks eyes with Garrick's men.

JAMES
(low, determined)
We're not done yet.

FADE OUT.

INT. COMPOUND – MAIN HALLWAY – DAY

The hallway is dimly lit, the only sound the rapid beating of the outlaws' hearts as they stand frozen. Garrick's men, led by an imposing figure, stand blocking their escape. James's jaw tightens, and he motions for Noah to stay low. They can't afford a firefight just yet.

JAMES
(quietly)
Wait for my signal.

Noah nods, tightening his grip on his gun. The tension in the air is suffocating. The group of guards starts to inch forward, closing the distance between them and the outlaws.

GARRICK'S MAN #1
(shouting)
You're surrounded. There's nowhere to run!

James's eyes flick toward the door at the far end of the hallway. It's their only way out.

JAMES
(under his breath)
On three. One... two...

The moment hangs in the air like a suspended breath.

JAMES
(shouting)
Three!

With a burst of speed, James and Noah leap into action, firing as they move. The first guard drops instantly, while the others dive for cover, shouting orders.

Noah fires again, hitting a second guard in the shoulder, forcing him back. The sound of bullets ricocheting off the walls fills the hallway. James and Noah continue to move swiftly, aiming for the far door.

EXT. COMPOUND – MAIN ENTRANCE – DAY

Meanwhile, Mateo and Lucas have breached the main gate, guns blazing. They're met with a hail of gunfire as Garrick's men open fire on them from behind the gate's barricades.

MATEO
(shouting over the gunfire)
Keep pushing! We're almost there!

Lucas ducks behind cover, peeking out to return fire.

LUCAS
(yelling)
We can't hold them off forever!

They're outnumbered, but they know they have no choice. They need to reach James and Noah before the entire camp is alerted to their presence.

INT. COMPOUND – MAIN HALLWAY – DAY

James and Noah burst into the room at the end of the hallway, guns raised. It's a small armory, stocked with more weapons and supplies than they could ever carry. But they don't stop to grab anything.

JAMES
(to Noah)
Get to the exit. I'll cover you.

Noah hesitates for a moment but then nods and bolts toward the exit, just as James turns back to face the approaching guards.

As Noah reaches the door, he stops and looks back. James is firing, but the guards are closing in.

NOAH
(shouting)
Come on, James! Let's go!

James doesn't look back, his focus entirely on the men advancing on him. He takes out another guard, then quickly turns to sprint after Noah.

EXT. COMPOUND – BACK ALLEY – DAY

Outside, Mateo and Lucas are holding the line, firing at any guard who tries to break through. They see James and Noah emerge from the building, running toward them.

MATEO
(calling out)
Hurry up, we don't have much time!

James and Noah make a break for it, dodging bullets as they sprint toward their comrades. A stray shot grazes James's arm, but he keeps running, pushing through the pain.

They reach cover just as the guards regroup to give chase. The sound of horses whinnying fills the air as Garrick's men mount up, preparing to pursue.

JAMES
(out of breath)
Get to the horses. Now!

EXT. DESERT – DAY

The outlaws sprint across the compound's open yard toward their horses, the sound of gunfire still ringing in their ears. They barely make it to their mounts before Garrick's men are upon them, riding hard and fast.

LUCAS
(yelling)
Move! Move!

The outlaws leap onto their horses, spurring them into a gallop. The ground shakes beneath them as they race toward the horizon. But the sound of chasing hooves grows louder—Garrick's men are hot on their heels.

JAMES
(shouting)
Keep your heads down! Ride like hell!

EXT. DESERT – OPEN LAND – DAY

The chase is on. The outlaws ride as fast as they can, pushing their horses to the limit. Dust flies up behind them as they gallop through the dry desert, the sound of pursuing riders growing ever closer.

Behind them, Garrick's men ride in formation, aiming their guns at the fleeing outlaws. The tension is unbearable as James leads the group, eyes focused straight ahead.

JAMES
(through gritted teeth)
We're almost there! Just a little further!

But the ground begins to rise ahead, and James knows what's coming next: a narrow canyon where they'll have to make their stand.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON ENTRANCE – DAY

The outlaws charge toward the canyon, the walls rising steeply on either side. They reach the entrance, pulling their horses to a halt just before the narrow passage.

Garrick's men slow as they reach the mouth of the canyon, clearly unwilling to follow the outlaws into the treacherous terrain.

GARRICK'S MAN #2
(shouting)
You can't hide in there forever!

JAMES
(to his crew)
Get ready. We'll make our stand here.

The outlaws dismount, taking cover behind rocks and boulders. They ready their guns, preparing for the inevitable assault.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The camera pulls back to show the wide expanse of the canyon, the dust settling around the outlaws as they brace for the fight of their lives. They are exhausted, but there is no turning back now.

James looks to his men, his eyes hard with determination.

JAMES
(quietly)
This is it. Stay alive. We win this, or we don't make it out.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The canyon walls echo with the heavy sound of the outlaws' breathing as they prepare for the impending onslaught. James holds his rifle steady, scanning the narrow passage. The sun beats down, casting long shadows across the rocky floor. Every second counts.

JAMES
(low, focused)
Don't let them surround us.

Mateo, Lucas, and Noah take cover behind the rocks, their guns ready. Henry and Elijah are positioned further back, watching the rear. The tension is unbearable. The sound of distant hooves grows louder.

LUCAS
(whispering)
They're coming. I can hear them.

The sound of riders increases, as Garrick's men begin to circle the canyon. James tightens his grip on the rifle.

JAMES
(sharply)
Wait for them to get closer. No shots unless they're in range.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The riders appear at the far end of the canyon. They move slowly at first, carefully approaching the narrow passage. There are five of them—Garrick's elite men, heavily armed and on horseback.

GARRICK'S MAN #1
(shouting from a distance)
Surrender now, and we'll make it quick. Resist, and you'll die like dogs!

James eyes the approaching riders. He motions to Noah, who nods in understanding. The men are preparing to make their stand.

JAMES
(low, under his breath)
We're not surrendering.

The first rider enters the narrow canyon, his horse's hooves kicking up small clouds of dust. James waits until he's in range.

JAMES
(shouting)
Now!

A flurry of gunfire erupts from the outlaws. The first rider is shot off his horse, the others reacting with speed, drawing their own guns and returning fire. The battle is on.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The outlaws are in motion. They move quickly, firing from behind cover, dodging incoming shots. The gunfire echoes off the canyon walls. Dust fills the air, making it difficult to see. But the outlaws are determined. They know this is their only chance.

James and Noah are at the forefront, moving from rock to rock. Mateo and Lucas are right behind them, covering their every move. The gunfire is relentless, but they keep pushing forward.

MATEO
(yelling)
Don't let up! Keep firing!

The riders move in closer, their horses galloping across the narrow passage. James spots an opening and motions for Noah to follow him.

JAMES
(shouting)
We split up! Take the left side!

Noah nods, and they break apart, each moving in different directions. The sound of hooves thunders through the canyon as the outlaws use their surroundings to their advantage.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

As the riders advance, Henry and Elijah, positioned at the rear, take their shots. They target the horses, hoping to disable the attackers before they can reach the group.

HENRY
(calmly)
Aim for the horses. We need them grounded.

The plan works. Two of Garrick's men lose control of their horses, falling to the ground with a thud. But the remaining riders charge forward, undeterred. They are close now.

James takes a deep breath and steadies his rifle. He takes aim at Garrick's man at the front of the group, his shot ringing out with perfect precision. The man drops from his saddle, and the others pause, momentarily thrown off balance.

JAMES
(yelling)
Move in! This is our chance!

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The outlaws push forward, no longer taking cover. They're moving fast, closing the distance between themselves and the remaining riders. James leads the charge, and as they near the riders, the final confrontation is imminent.

The remaining riders fire wildly, but they're outnumbered, and the outlaws are faster. Noah and Mateo rush one rider, taking him down in a matter of seconds. Lucas takes another, and the last two riders are quickly overwhelmed.

Garrick's elite men are defeated, lying on the rocky ground, their horses retreating into the distance.

JAMES
(breathing heavily)
We're not done yet. Stay sharp.

The outlaws regroup, standing over the fallen enemies. The air is thick with dust and adrenaline, but the victory is theirs—for now.

EXT. DESERT – CANYON – DAY

The camera pulls back, showing the small group of outlaws standing tall in the aftermath of the battle. The canyon is quiet now, save for the sound of wind sweeping through the rocks. The outlaws take a moment to catch their breath, their faces grim but determined.

JAMES
(to his crew)
We've got what we came for. Let's move before more show up.

They mount their horses, each one weary but resolute. The fight is over, but the war is far from finished.

JAMES
(quietly)
We ride hard tonight.

The camera follows the outlaws as they ride out of the canyon, their figures slowly disappearing into the horizon, the sun setting behind them.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT – OPEN LAND – NIGHT

The outlaws ride across the barren desert, the stars above them shining brightly in the clear sky. The horses move at a steady pace, their hooves clicking against the hard ground. There's a palpable sense of urgency in the air—there's no time to rest. They need to keep moving.

JAMES
(softly)
We'll make camp up ahead. We need to be ready.

Noah rides beside him, looking over at the others. Mateo and Lucas are bringing up the rear, scanning the horizon for any signs of pursuit. Their eyes are tired, but their determination is unwavering.

NOAH
(nodding)
How far to the hideout?

JAMES
(glancing ahead)
Another day's ride. We push hard tonight.

Lucas rides alongside Henry, his face set in a determined frown. They've been through a lot, but none of them shows signs of slowing down. The night is their ally.

LUCAS
(to Henry)
You think Garrick will send more men after us?

HENRY
(without hesitation)
He'll come after us with everything he's got. That much is certain.

EXT. DESERT – HILLSIDE – NIGHT

The outlaws crest a hill and stop briefly to survey the terrain. Below them is a small, hidden valley. The camp they're heading to is just beyond that. The valley is protected by natural rock formations—perfect for a quick, discreet rest.

James gestures for the others to dismount.

JAMES
(commanding)
Down here. Keep it quiet. We don't want anyone following us.

The outlaws dismount, moving cautiously toward the valley. The night is still, but their senses are heightened. Every sound seems amplified in the silence of the desert.

EXT. DESERT – HILLSIDE – NIGHT

They descend the hill and move into the sheltered valley. The terrain is rough, and they pick their way carefully, making as little noise as possible. They reach a small cave hidden behind some rocks—a perfect place to rest for the night.

MATEO
(looking around)
This'll work. We'll make camp here.

The outlaws set up their camp, quietly preparing for the night. Noah checks the perimeter while Lucas gathers firewood. Mateo and Henry inspect their horses, making sure they're well-fed and rested.

INT. CAVE – NIGHT

Inside the cave, the outlaws gather around a small fire. The flames flicker, casting long shadows on the walls. They sit in a circle, their faces weary but resolute.

JAMES

(looking around)

Tomorrow, we get one step closer to taking down Garrick. We can't afford to wait any longer.

NOAH

(sighing)

He's a powerful man. But we've taken down his best men. We can do this.

MATEO

(leaning in)

We'll need more than luck, Noah. We'll need everything we've got.

The others nod in agreement. There's a quiet understanding between them. This is more than just a fight for survival—it's a battle for everything they believe in.

JAMES

(after a beat)

We ride at dawn. Get some rest while you can.

The outlaws settle in for a restless night, each man lost in his thoughts. The weight of their mission hangs heavily on them. But there's no turning back now.

EXT. DESERT – NIGHT

The camera pans up to the star-filled sky, the vastness of the desert stretching out before them. The only sound is the wind blowing through the rocks. The outlaws sit in silence, knowing that the days ahead will be their most dangerous yet.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT – DAWN

The first light of day breaks over the horizon, casting a soft glow over the desert landscape. The outlaws, now rested but alert, are preparing to ride. Their faces are determined, the calm before the storm hanging in the air.

James stands at the front, scanning the distant landscape. His hand rests on the handle of his rifle, a symbol of his readiness. The others are finishing their preparations, checking gear and saddling their horses.

JAMES

(commanding)

Time to move. Keep your eyes open. Garrick won't let us slip away.

The outlaws mount their horses, the rhythmic sound of hooves beginning to break the silence of the desert. They ride out of the valley, heading towards the distant mountains where their next confrontation awaits.

EXT. DESERT – OPEN LAND – DAY

The outlaws ride in a tight formation, their faces focused. The wind kicks up dust as they move across the open land. James leads the way, with Noah and Mateo following closely. Lucas and Henry bring up the rear, their eyes scanning every corner of the horizon for any signs of movement.

LUCAS

(quietly)

They'll be on us soon. They won't stop until we're dead.

HENRY

(grimly)

And we won't stop until we take them down.

The atmosphere is tense as the outlaws push forward, their destination clear in their minds: Garrick's compound, where the final battle will take place.

JAMES

(shouting)

Keep moving. Don't slow down.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

The group enters a rocky pass, a natural bottleneck. The terrain becomes more difficult, and the horses slow their pace. The high walls on either side of them create a sense of confinement, the narrow path cutting through jagged rocks.

NOAH

(looking around)

This feels like a trap. There's no way they don't know we're coming.

JAMES

(frowning)

We're not walking into a trap. Just keep your guard up.

The sound of hooves echoes off the canyon walls. The outlaws continue forward, the tension mounting. They are on the edge, ready for the next move.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

Suddenly, a cloud of dust rises in the distance. Several riders emerge from the pass ahead of them, blocking their path. The outlaws stop in their tracks, immediately dismounting and drawing their guns.

Garrick's men have arrived, and the moment of confrontation has come.

GARRICK'S MAN #1
(mocking)
Thought you could escape us, huh?

The two groups face off in the narrow pass, the standoff intense. There's no way out. The only option now is to fight.

JAMES
(coldly)
You've got one chance to leave, or we'll take you down here.

Garrick's men laugh, drawing their guns. The showdown is inevitable.

GARRICK'S MAN #2
(sneering)
You're outnumbered. Surrender now, and we'll make it quick.

James doesn't flinch. He signals for the others to stay behind cover.

JAMES
(sharply)
This is it, boys. No mercy.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

The first shot rings out, and the fight begins. The outlaws move quickly, taking cover behind rocks as gunfire erupts from both sides. The sound of gunshots and the screams of men fill the air.

Noah fires from behind a boulder, hitting one of Garrick's men. Mateo takes a shot at another, the rider falling from his horse.

NOAH
(shouting)
Keep your heads down!

James, leading the charge, fires at a rider on the left, taking him down with a precise shot. The gunfire is constant, but the outlaws keep pushing forward, closing the gap between them and their enemies.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

Lucas and Henry exchange fire with two of Garrick's men, maneuvering quickly and effectively. The outlaws are efficient, each move calculated. They know what's at stake.

LUCAS
(yelling)
We've got this!

A rider approaches from behind, aiming his gun at Mateo. Before he can fire, Mateo quickly ducks, and James takes the shot, dropping the rider.

JAMES
(to Mateo)
You okay?

MATEO
(breathing heavily)
Yeah. Let's finish this.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

The battle rages on, but the outlaws are gaining the upper hand. Garrick's men are faltering, and the remaining riders begin to retreat, realizing they're outnumbered and outmatched.

GARRICK'S MAN #3
(yelling)
Fall back! Fall back!

But it's too late. The outlaws close in, firing the final shots that take down the last of the riders.

The remaining horsemen flee, leaving behind a trail of blood and dust. The pass falls silent once more, with only the sound of the wind to break the stillness.

EXT. DESERT – ROCKY PASS – DAY

The outlaws regroup, standing over the fallen enemies. They're breathing heavily, but there's a sense of satisfaction in their eyes.

JAMES
(glancing around)
This isn't over. Garrick's got more men, and we'll need to be ready.

Noah nods, his hand gripping his rifle tightly.

NOAH
(determined)
We'll be ready. We always are.

The outlaws gather their horses, preparing to move on once again. The battle for survival continues.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT – OPEN LAND – DAY

The outlaws ride out of the rocky pass, the weight of their victory hanging heavy in the air. They ride in silence, their faces grim but determined. Each man knows that the fight isn't over—there's more to come. Their destination is still far ahead, and the danger is far from gone.

JAMES

(calling back)

Keep moving. We don't have time to rest.

The outlaws push forward, the sun beating down on them. The desert seems endless, the horizon stretching on without end. But they know the endgame is near—their final confrontation with Garrick is just a matter of time.

EXT. DESERT – CAMP SITE – SUNSET

The outlaws make camp as the sun begins to set, casting long shadows across the desert floor. The fire crackles as they sit around it, their faces weary but resolute. There's a quiet tension in the air—each man knows that tomorrow could be the day everything changes.

MATEO

(leaning back)

We're getting close, aren't we?

JAMES

(nodding)

We're not far. But we need to stay sharp. Garrick's men will be waiting for us.

LUCAS

(glancing at the horizon)

How many more does he have left?

JAMES

(after a beat)

Enough to make it a fight. We'll need to be ready.

EXT. DESERT – CAMP SITE – NIGHT

The fire burns low as the outlaws sit in silence. Each man lost in his own thoughts, the weight of their mission weighing heavily on their minds. James looks around at his men, his eyes filled with both pride and determination.

JAMES
(quietly)
We've been through a lot. But this... this is what we've been waiting for.

Noah, sitting beside him, looks over at him. There's an unspoken understanding between them. They've been through too much to back down now.

NOAH
(firmly)
We finish this, James. We end it.

EXT. DESERT – DUSK

The outlaws break camp at first light, saddling their horses with precision. The sky is still tinged with the last remnants of twilight as they move out once again. Their faces are set, each man focused on the task ahead.

HENRY
(checking his gun)
This is it, then. We take down Garrick or die trying.

MATEO
(to Henry)
We're not dying today.

The outlaws ride in formation, the desert stretching out before them like a barren battlefield. The wind picks up, swirling dust around them as they ride toward their fate.

EXT. DESERT – GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

The outlaws reach the outskirts of Garrick's compound, hidden in a small valley surrounded by rocky outcrops. The compound is heavily fortified, with guards positioned at every entry point. The air is thick with tension.

James signals for the others to stop, his eyes narrowing as he studies the compound from a distance.

JAMES
(whispering)
We're close. Stick to the plan. We hit them hard and fast.

Noah, Mateo, Lucas, and the rest of the outlaws nod in agreement, their faces set with determination. This is it—the final confrontation.

LUCAS
(to James)
You think Garrick's inside?

JAMES
(nodding)
He'll be here. He wouldn't miss this.

HENRY
(grimly)
Then let's give him the fight of his life.

EXT. DESERT – GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

The outlaws move forward, keeping low to the ground, taking cover behind rocks and boulders as they make their approach. Their movements are swift and calculated, their every step leading them closer to Garrick's fortress.

As they close in, the sound of footsteps and voices rises from within the compound. The guards are moving, unaware of the danger that's closing in on them.

MATEO
(whispering)
We're almost there.

James signals for the group to halt. They take cover, preparing for the final charge. The tension is thick, each man on edge, waiting for the right moment to strike.

JAMES
(whispering)
On my mark. Stay close.

EXT. DESERT – GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

The camera focuses on the outlaws' faces—each one determined, prepared for the battle ahead. They know that this moment will define their future. Their fate is in their hands.

JAMES
(commanding)
Now!

With a sudden movement, the outlaws spring into action, charging toward the compound. The sound of gunfire erupts as they storm the gates, moving swiftly and with deadly intent.

EXT. DESERT – GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

The compound erupts into chaos as the outlaws engage in fierce gunfights with Garrick's men. The sound of bullets flying fills the air, and the outlaws move with precision, taking down one guard after another.

James, leading the charge, shoots with deadly accuracy, cutting down several guards in his path. Mateo and Lucas flank the compound, creating chaos and confusion as they take out more of Garrick's men.

EXT. DESERT – GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

As the gunfight rages on, the remaining guards retreat, but the outlaws push forward, relentless in their pursuit of Garrick.

James looks around at his men, his voice steady and filled with resolve.

JAMES
(shouting)
Push forward! We end this now!

FADE OUT.

EXT. GARRICK'S COMPOUND – FRONT GATE – DAY

The battle rages fiercely. The outlaws fight with relentless fury as they close in on the main building. Gunshots ring out, echoing through the desert landscape.

James moves through the chaos with precision, his gunshots deadly, dropping two guards in quick succession. Noah follows closely behind, taking out an incoming guard with a quick, powerful shot.

JAMES
(yelling)
Push them back! Keep moving!

The outlaws fight their way through the compound, taking cover behind walls, rocks, and anything that offers protection. The guards are losing ground, retreating toward the building's entrance.

EXT. GARRICK'S COMPOUND – FRONT DOORS – DAY

James and Noah reach the front doors of the compound, their guns drawn, their eyes focused. The last of Garrick's men are trying to barricade themselves inside. But it's too late. The outlaws have them cornered.

GARRICK'S MAN #1

(panicking)
You can't do this! We have the advantage!

JAMES
(calmly)
Not anymore.

James gestures to the others. They storm the front door in unison. The guards inside don't stand a chance. They fall one by one as the outlaws charge in, overpowering them with sheer force and determination.

INT. GARRICK'S COMPOUND – MAIN ROOM – DAY

The outlaws break through the final defenses, entering the heart of the compound. The room is lavish, a stark contrast to the harsh desert outside. In the center, GARRICK (40s, ruthless) stands, his back to them. He's holding a revolver, but his hands tremble.

GARRICK
(smirking)
I knew you'd come for me. But this is where it ends.

JAMES
(coldly)
No. It ends now.

In one smooth motion, James draws his revolver and fires. The shot echoes through the room as Garrick crumples to the floor, dead before he even hits the ground. The rest of the outlaws enter the room, their faces filled with grim satisfaction.

NOAH
(relieved)
It's over. We did it.

EXT. GARRICK'S COMPOUND – DAY

The sun sets behind the compound, casting long shadows over the carnage left in the wake of the battle. The outlaws stand outside, looking at the smoldering remains of the compound. Their faces are tired, but there's a sense of peace.

James stands at the front, his hand resting on his holstered gun. He turns to the others.

JAMES
(reflective)
We've lost some good men along the way. But it's over. The world's a little better because of it.

LUCAS
(nodding)

We took down a monster. But we still have a lot of ground to cover.

HENRY
(to James)
What now?

James pauses, looking over the desert. His eyes scan the horizon, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

JAMES
(determined)
We keep riding. There's always more work to be done.

EXT. DESERT – SUNSET

The outlaws ride off into the desert, their silhouettes framed by the dying light of day. They ride as a team, united in their purpose. The wind picks up, and dust swirls around them, but they continue forward. They're outlaws, but they're also the last line of defense in a world that's far from just.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

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