

WYNONA EARP



EVERYONE HAS A PAST.

PILOT - "PURGATORY" - SECOND DRAFT SCRIPT

CREATED BY EMILY ANDRAS

TEASER

1 EXT. BADLANDS -- NIGHT 1

A Greyhound BUS rattles across the plains, its headlights barely piercing the darkness. It's the only vehicle in sight; a lonely modern stagecoach.

2 INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- NIGHT 2

The bus is sparsely populated by people who don't want to be looked at too closely, let alone talked to.

The bathroom door opens, and WYNONNA EARP (25) -- gorgeous, witty, and currently, struggling with her belt buckle -- exits. She approaches the DRIVER.

WYNONNA

That bathroom's a crime against humanity.

He side-eyes her silently.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Can I at least have some TP?

She smiles sweetly. He continues to ignore her.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Paper towel? Old bus schedule?

He CRANKS the wheel. Wynonna stumbles onto his lap.

DRIVER

Sorry. Prairie Dog.

WYNONNA

Someone's a dog, alright.

DRIVER

Just wipe your hands on my pants, sweetheart.

He smirks as she swats him away. Shoots him a death glare--

WYNONNA

Classy.

Then makes her way to the back. Plops down in her seat next to a similarly pretty girl, KIERSTEN, who sips a coffee.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

KIERSTEN

How'd it go?

WYNONNA

(wrinkles her nose)

Trust me: *put down the latte.*

KIERSTEN

It's gone cold anyway. Never gone this long between hipster coffee shops.

(gazing out the window)

So much space.

WYNONNA

Never been out West?

KIERSTEN

I saved up for a year. Landed work as a liftee at Lake Louise.

WYNONNA

Nice.

KIERSTEN

You?

WYNONNA

Next stop's mine.

(by way of explanation)

Funeral. My Uncle's.

KIERSTEN

Shit, that sucks. Were you...close?

WYNONNA

Not too many other people I'd come back for.

KIERSTEN

I'm Kiersten. What'd you say your name was again?

Wynonna hesitates.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. BADLANDS - CONTINUOUS

3

The bus passes a faded 1950s-esque sign that reads, "*Now Entering Wyatt Earp Country!*"

4 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

4

CLUNK. The bus lurches over something hard, slams to a stop.

DRIVER

Aw, Christ.

KIERSTEN

That's it, I'm gonna burst-- oh *nooo*.

Her face falls as a LARGE WOMAN waddles into the bathroom, slams the door shut. Kiersten stands, summoning her courage.

KIERSTEN (CONT'D)

Fine. Time to introduce Starbucks to the badlands.

WYNONNA

Kiersten:

She reaches into her bag and hands Kiersten some tissues.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Be careful.

KIERSTEN

Why?

Wynonna hesitates. Then grins, wryly.

WYNONNA

It's dark.

Kiersten playfully tries on Wynonna's cowboy hat.

KIERSTEN

Pretty *and* smart. We're gonna get along just fine.

She heads for the front. The driver opens the door...

5 EXT. BADLANDS -- NIGHT

5

He descends the stairs, clutching a TIRE IRON. His cargo of sad souls peer out through condensed windows as he approaches the damage. Frowning, he pulls a large rusty RAILWAY SPIKE out of the blown tire. This was no 'accident'.

DRIVER

Railway spike?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SUDDENLY, the sound of SKITTERING. Driver's POV as he turns, eyes wide with fear -- shrinking back against the wheel well. Whatever he's seen has him spooked.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

--triple Christ.

He drops the iron. Half sprints, half crawls for the stairs.

6 INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- CONTINUOUS

6

The driver scrambles back onboard, spooked.

WYNONNA

What's going on?

DRIVER

Sit down. We're leaving.

UNEARTHLY HOWLS surround the bus.

CRAVEN PASSENGER

Wolves??

Wynonna winces, clutching at her stomach as she's struck by ABDOMINAL PAINS.

DRIVER

Something's out there.

WYNONNA

Yeah, a passenger.

She looks out the window, worried...

7 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

7

Kiersten stands up, pulls up her pants. The howls stop. Terrified, she squints into the darkness.

KIERSTEN

H-hello?

A beat. Nothing. Kiersten lets out her breath with a whoosh. Starts walking--

--and is TACKLED by something. She SCREAMS!!

8 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - CONTINUOUS 8

Kiersten's SCREAMS fill the bus. Wynonna freezes, terrified. Looks to the other passengers.

WYNONNA
We have to do something!

CRAVEN PASSENGER
Yeah, drive!

WYNONNA
We can't just leave her!

They murmur; look away in shame. The driver revs the engine.

DRIVER
You'd have to be nuts to go out there.

Wynonna considers this.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS/BADLANDS -- NIGHT 9

Wynonna runs through the darkness, clutching the tire iron. Her eyes drift back to the bus. Vroom! The driver shifts into gear, and takes off at a dangerous speed.

Alone now, Wynonna's heart beats loudly in her ears. Kiersten lets out another yelp, weaker now.

WYNONNA
Let her go! We're armed!
(muttering)
Poorly.

A twig SNAPS. In a sliver of moonlight, we see Kiersten being dragged into the bushes -- *by her hair*. Her neck bleeding, her head practically separated from her shoulders:

She's been slaughtered.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
Ohmigod.

At the sound of Wynonna's voice, something in the bushes SNARLS. Obscured by darkness.

Terrified, Wynonna scrambles backwards, tripping over her own feet and landing face first on her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

She squints into the darkness, willing herself to start crawling. Unable to see anything, when--

Her CELL ALARM CHIMES: The first few bars of Happy Birthday.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Shit!

The creature GROWLS. Wynonna gasps. Her eyes bright with something new: Strength.

As something bursts through the bushes, pouncing for the back of her neck she instinctively SWINGS THE TIRE IRON blindly in the air.

The predator ROARS in pain and takes off into the sagebrush. Wynonna scrambles to her feet. Alone. And shocked.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

What...the HELL...was that? Kiersten?
Kiersten??

Nothing. The wind whistles mournfully.

Wynonna swallows hard, knowing the truth. Kiersten's dead.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Dammit.

She grabs her cell. An alert flashing on the screen: MY BIRTHDAY! Then, underneath: NO SERVICE.

She glances in the direction the bus went, then at the bushes.

Finally forcing herself towards the highway, past another sign: *Welcome to Purgatory, Population 5000, five miles.* And below that -- *Friendliest Town in the West!!*

Wynonna can't help but laugh. In utter shock.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

Not quite the return she was expecting. Our KICKASS theme music rises as our heroine struts down the road, the Rockies behind her, full moon rising over...

WYNONNA EARP

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

10 EXT. GUS' HOME - THE NEXT DAY

10

The CRUNCH of a pair of killer cowboy boots on gravel.

WYNONNA (O.S.)

...just outside the city limits.
Animal attack. Coyote, maybe.

Pan up to Wynonna, limping slightly, on her now-working phone.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Please hurry. She could still
be...just hurry.
(pause)
My name?

Wynonna hangs up. Troubled. Hesitates, then -- chucks her cell phone into the GARBAGE CAN at the end of the driveway. Up the hill, a ranchhouse nestled beneath the foothills. She makes for it, dusting off her T-shirt and jeans.

GUS (O.S.)

...Delroy was not a handsome fella.

11 EXT. GUS' GARDEN -- DAY

11

A still-shaky Wynonna finds GUS MCCREADY (50s; Alfre Woodard type) finishing a eulogy over a freshly-dug GRAVE.

GUS

When I first lay eyes on him at the cookout, I said to my sister: just how closely related are his parents?

The crowd titters, fondly.

GUS (CONT'D)

But he was loyal. Soft spoken. Traits folk nowadays might find old-fashioned. Boring. Thing is, with Delroy? I was never bored.
(choking up)
Not once.

Wynonna keeps to herself at the edge of the crowd, trying to retain her composure. It's clear she loved Delroy, too.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GUS (CONT'D)

But enough of the mushy stuff. Time
for Delroy's favorite part: the hooch!

Everyone cheers as Gus catches Wynonna's eye. A moment.

12 INT. GUS' HOUSE -- DAY

12

A wake with a hodgepodge of RANCHERS, BUSINESS OWNERS and
local MUSICIANS: as lively as the funeral was dire. Lots of
disapproving glances and whispers thrown at Wynonna's back.

Gus and Wynonna negotiate the crowd, as they come together.
Gus is exhausted; broken-hearted. And unimpressed.

GUS

You're late. As usual.

WYNONNA

I'm so sorry, Gus.

GUS

I thought you were in Spain.

WYNONNA

Greece. But I was already stateside
when I heard. Where's Willa?

GUS

Your sister took a double shift.

WYNONNA

Waitressing during his funeral?

GUS

She's been here. Made the casseroles.

Gus frowns. Wynonna smiles, trying.

WYNONNA

I know Purgatory's country and all,
but is it legal to bury your husband
in the garden?

GUS

Only thing Delroy loved more than me
was his tomatoes. Who am I to
separate soulmates?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WYNONNA

I talked to him like a week ago,
Gus. What the hell happened?

GUS

They said, maybe heart attack?

WYONNNA

No way. He was still tossing hay
bales like a teenager.

GUS

Coroner's report was inconclusive.
It was hard to tell by the time Hardy
found Delroy.

(swallows, hard)

His...body'd been outside for days.

WYNONNA

Rodeo Champ Hardy James??

GUS

Delroy took him under wing after
Hardy blew out his knee. Good kid.

WYNONNA

(looking around)

Not good enough to attend. Did you
see the body?

GUS

(shocked)

Wynonna!

WYNONNA

It matters, Gus.

GUS

What matters is that Delroy lived a
good long life.

WYNONNA

Now he's in the ground and you don't
even know why.

Gus crumbles. Wynonna winces.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

I just want to know what happened.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

GUS
He died. And you weren't there.
(slumps)
Neither was I.

Wynonna grabs her hand, determined.

WYNONNA
I'm here now.

GUS
Please, Wynonna. Let it go. Stay
out of trouble. For once?

She pulls her hand away.

WYNONNA
It was a really nice eulogy.

Gus sighs. Turns to tend to her other guests -- as Wynonna
slips out the door, determined...

13 EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

13

Kiersten's BODY is surrounded by local LAW ENFORCEMENT,
including sleazy Sheriff NEDLEY (repugnant; late 40s).

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Unfortunate, truly, girl this young.
But not uncommon. Purgatory's a
border town. Makes it a -- now what
did you call it again, Carla?

CSI TECHNICIAN
A waystation.

Sheriff's trying to impress Agent AMON DOLLS (30s; chiseled
features; mysterious. Think Tom Hardy with Lakota blood by
way of NYC). But Dolls is busy combing the crime scene.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Runaway, whore. Who knows the kind
of trouble this one got herself into?

DOLLS
Spoken like a man who finds a lot of
dead girls in the desert. And you've
had quite a few, the last six months.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Which agency you with again?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DOLLS

(ignoring this)

See these skid marks? This isn't
the kill site. She was dragged.
From over...there.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

Driver said two of 'em got off the
bus.

DOLLS

So where's the other body? And why
does...

(checking her ID again)

Kiersten's look like it's been fed
on for weeks?

He starts walking towards the 'kill sight'.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

Overpopulation of coyotes this summer.
Winter'll thin out the pack. You
gonna be here that long, Mr...?

DOLLS

Dolls. *Agent* Dolls. And I'll be
here as long as it takes.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

Then welcome to the bustling
metropolis of Purgatory. An hour
from the big city, smack dab in the
middle of nowhere. Where nothing
grows but cattle and cowboys.

Dolls spots something in the brush. Wynonna's hat. *Bingo*.

DOLLS

And cowgirls.

He heads for his black sedan, Nedley calling after him.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

What'll I tell the locals happened
out here?

DOLLS

Runaway hooker. Coyote attack.
Anything but the truth, right?

Nedley watches Dolls drive away in a cloud of dust.

14 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON -- DAY

14

Wynonna enters, breathing in the scent of sawdust and beer. Grins at the bartender, a big bear of a bald dude: SHORTY. Reading the local newspaper.

SHORTY

Either I've been sucking fumes out the back of Willie Nelson's tourbus, or Wynonna Earp just walked into my bar.

WYNONNA

Hey Shorty. How's business?

SHORTY

Mechanical bull's broke and Chippendales night was a bust. Not to mention -- this shit.

He tosses over the paper with disgust. Wynonna takes in the headline on the front page: "Another Dead Runaway".

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Rule #1: You never get off the bus--

WYNONNA

I did.

SHORTY

You were there?

Wynonna nods, freaked.

WYNONNA

Coyote attack.

SHORTY

You talk to the cops yet?

WYNONNA

I called it in. Anonymously.

SHORTY

(disapproving)
Hmmm-mmm.

Wynonna lists off a litany of 'offences' on her fingers.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

WYNONNA

Two stints in juvie. A summer riding with the Banditos. And I'm still wanted for questioning in the Bleaker case. My relationship with law enforcement *es un poco* complicated.

SHORTY

How 'bout *un poco* of liquid courage?

He pours her a shot of whiskey.

WYNONNA

Just one. I gotta focus. I'm here for Gus. And Delroy.

SHORTY

My condolences.

WYNONNA

He emailed me, Shorty. A week ago. Said he'd found something in the Badlands. He was scared.

SHORTY

Delroy?

Wynonna's glancing around the bar.

WYNONNA

Heart attack my ass. Somebody knows what really happened to him.

SHORTY

Somebody in my bar?

WYNONNA

I didn't just come for the hooch.

SHORTY

(pointedly)

And I've lived here thirty years. Never heard of a coyote attack happening after the first frost.

He raises an eyebrow, as a red-faced local (JESSE) who's been scowling since she walked in approaches.

JESSE

Shorty busting your balls, Earp?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Wynonna forces a friendly smile.

WYNONNA

Always. How you doing..?

JESSE

Jesse. Was in the same class as your sister?

WYNONNA

Willa?

JESSE

Waverley. Before she...

WYNONNA

Oh.

JESSE

Yeah. So where you been, girl?

WYNONNA

As far from here as I could get.

JESSE

Lucky you. If I could leave Purgatory, I'd never come back.

He grabs her arm, points at Shorty's "Drink Where Wyatt Earp Did!" sign above the bar.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(peevied)

I mean, why would Wyatt Earp choose to settle in this shithole?

WYNONNA

My money's on the deep gene pool.

JESSE

Or your great grandpappy got in some lucky shots at the OK Corral, then fled before they figured out he was a fraud. Didn't he marry a whore?

WYNONNA

An actress.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

JESSE

--shit, she's the one probably gave
deputy Doug Holliday the Clap that
done him in!

His hand moves up her thigh, entitled. Wynonna bristles--

WYNONNA

Doc. Doc Holliday.

She spins around, bending his elbow behind his back. Jesse's
in the hold before he even registers what's happened.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

And it was tuberculosis that killed
him, you ignorant dink.

JESSE

This from the pair of tits so nuts--

SHORTY

Enough.

HARDY (O.S.)

Getting beat up by a girl again,
Jesse?

A good-looking, former QUARTERBACK-type (HARDY) intervenes.
His smile turns to panic when he realizes the girl is--

HARDY (CONT'D)

Wynonna Earp?

WYNONNA

Hardy James. Just the man I'm looking
for.

Wynonna leans in closer, flashing her million dollar smile.

15 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON -- APARTMENT -- NIGHT

15

Later; upstairs. Hardy moves in on a focused Wynonna. She
takes in the feminine decor.

WYNONNA

Shorty lets you stay above the bar?

HARDY

I got a key.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

WYNONNA

You ran ranch security with Delroy
but didn't bother to make his service?

HARDY

I hate funerals.

WYNONNA

Tell me about it.

HARDY

C'mere. I know you've had a rough
day.

He reaches for her waist. But she resists.

WYNONNA

Confusing, too. Gus mentioned that
you were the one who found Delroy's
body.

HARDY

Speaking of bodies--

Hardy's staring at her chest.

HARDY (CONT'D)

You got really hot.

Wynonna rolls her eyes, then pastes on a smile.

WYNONNA

Fine. We'll do it your way.

Hardy leans over and kisses her. Wynonna smiles, seductive,
as she corrals him towards the bed.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

You never gave me the time of day in
high school.

HARDY

You were kind of a weirdo. A real
bad girl.

WYNONNA

You have no idea.

Wynonna pushes Hardy back onto the bed, straddling him. She
RIPS HIS SHIRT in half. Hardy chuckles nervously. She uses
the pieces to tie him down. He's suddenly nervous.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

HARDY

This is fun and all but -- do you
have the time?

Wynonna's mood swings from seductive to dangerous. Snaps
open her switchblade, drawing it up his chest...

WYNONNA

It's time for you to tell me how
Delroy died.

HARDY

He just -- did!

WYNONNA

Stop stalling. Don't make me get
rough!

HARDY

This ain't rough??

His eyes widen as she brings the knife up to his throat.

HARDY (CONT'D)

He was screaming and screaming, then
disappeared -- *when I finally found
him, something had torn him to
pieces!!*

16 INT. SHORTY'S -- STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

16

A pair of high heels pounding angrily up the stairs...

17 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON -- APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

17

Wynonna grabs Hardy's panicked face.

WYNONNA

Listen, you washed-up rodeo clown.
Who did it? What did you see?

HARDY

Delroy and I'd been seeing things
all over! Cattle mutilations.
Strange lights in the hills--

Wynonna pinches Hardy's nipples, hard, making him yelp.

HARDY (CONT'D)

He died on your land, Wynonna!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Wynonna reels. Her nightmares coming true.

WYNONNA

The homestead? Can you show me where?

HARDY

I'm not going back there. Ever.

WYNONNA

You're in this with me now, Hardy.

No one else is gonna save you.

--the door bursts open, and the furious owner of said boots -- Hardy's adorable, fiery girlfriend (21) cocks a shotgun.

WILLA

--except his girlfriend, you skank!

Instantly, Wynonna rolls off Hardy, onto the floor. Seconds before the girlfriend BLASTS a hole in the wall.

WILLA (CONT'D)

Why don't you slip into something more comfy -- like a coma!

-- fires another blast into the pillow at Wynonna's feet; feathers go flying. She holds up her hands in surrender.

WYNONNA

Worst. Birthday. Ever.

WILLA

Wynonna??

She pauses, aghast. Wynonna stares at her sister, WILLA.

WYNONNA

Hey sis.

HARDY

Right! You two are... *Shit.*

WYNONNA

(trying)

You cut your hair!

Off the Earp girls, and the most awkward reunion in history...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 EXT. PURGATORY TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

18

A confused Willa half-follows, half-leads a still-buttoning-up-her-shirt Wynonna as they bicker familiarly.

WILLA

What are you doing in town? *Besides my boyfriend??*

WYNONNA

Trying to find out what happened to Delroy.

(off Willa's look)

Nothing happened and you can do better.

WILLA

Small town. Limited dating options.

WYNONNA

Yeah. I remember.

An awkward beat. Then Willa **THROWS HER ARMS** around Wynonna. Wynonna clutches her back, thrilled to see her despite all.

WILLA

(choked up)

You couldn't tell me you were coming?

WYNONNA

I wasn't. Then Delroy sent me this.

Wynonna reluctantly breaks off the hug. She unfolds Delroy's email. Hands it to Willa, who scans it, troubled.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Someone had him in their sights. On Earp land.

WILLA

(reading)

"They've found me." Who's they?

WYNONNA

Probably whoever left him in chunks.

WILLA

He was murdered?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

WYNONNA

Looks that way.

WILLA

It's starting again. Isn't it?

Wynonna freezes. Starts walking away...

WYNONNA

Willa...

WILLA

This is why we need the gun.

WYNONNA

I'm not doing this.

WILLA

Wyatt Earp's gun. Same one disappeared the night -- Dad --

Wynonna whirls around, furious.

WYNONNA

I told you, never to talk about that!

WILLA

And I don't. Best advice you ever gave me. Only advice, really.

WYNONNA

I was a kid. I couldn't look after myself, let alone...

WILLA

Your bratty little sister?

Her lip quivers. Wynonna reaches out to stroke Willa's hair.

WYNONNA

You know, that's just about the only thing I've ever done right?

WILLA

Leaving me behind?

WYNONNA

It gave you a chance.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

WILLA

I'm not six anymore. I could help.
We could fight these things -- this
curse -- together--

WYNONNA

Godammit Willa, there is no Earp
curse!

(suddenly on guard)

Shhhh.

WILLA

I didn't say anything.

WYNONNA

Not you.

Wynonna draws a knife from her boot, whips around -- and
comes face-to-face with Agent Dolls.

DOLLS

Wynonna Earp?

WYNONNA

If my parole officer's asking, then
no.

DOLLS

We got your call. And I think this
belongs to you.

He smiles, tosses her her missing hat.

DOLLS (CONT'D)

So. You wanna tell me what happened
on that bus?

Willa takes in the handsome agent. Off Wynonna. *Fuck.*

19 INT. GUS' HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

19

Wynonna and Dolls sit opposite one another. He drinks coffee;
she's all up in a bottle. Crackling chemistry between them.

WYNONNA

Thank you for agreeing to do this in
private.

DOLLS

Nice place. Yours?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

WYNONNA

No. And my Aunt's asleep, so if you could...

DOLLS

Not call in S.W.A.T.? That depends on you.

He smiles, but he's not really joking.

WYNONNA

Look, I was gonna come to the cops. Just needed to pay my respects first.

DOLLS

So you admit you were on the cross-country 38 last night?

WYNONNA

Am I being charged with something? Because trust me: having to ride the bus is punishment enough.

DOLLS

A girl is dead, Ms. Earp.

Wynonna winces at the memory.

WYNONNA

I had nothing to do with that.

DOLLS

I know. I spoke to the driver. He was scared. Said he saw something that spooked him.

(leans forward)

And that you and Kiersten were the only ones who fled the bus.

WYNONNA

I'm sorry, I'm...

DOLLS

Drunk?

WYNONNA

Lost. Are you FBI? Didn't recognize the badge.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

DOLLS

And you've seen lots of them, given
your criminal record.

He hands over his badge; produces a file. Wynonna freezes.

WYNONNA

Juvenile record. That's supposed to
be sealed when an offender turns
eighteen. I'm twenty-four...

(catches herself)

Twenty-five.

DOLLS

I know. We pulled your license.
Happy birthday, by the way.

Floored, Wynonna finally flips opens his badge.

WYNONNA

"Black badge division"? What is
this, some covert branch of the
Marshalls?

DOLLS

We monitor specific activity. Which
has recently flared up in this area.

WYNONNA

What kind of activity?

She holds her breath with dread. He hesitates, then--

DOLLS

Unexplainable.

She lets out her breath. Guffaws, reaching for the bottle...

WYNONNA

Wow. I need either way more or way
less of this stuff...

DOLLS

Know what I think? I think you saw
what killed Kiersten.

WYNONNA

A coyote. Big coyote.

DOLLS

That your final answer?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Wynonna's silence speaks volumes. Dolls glances around.

DOLLS (CONT'D)

Where'd your sister go?

WYNONNA

(too sharply)

Leave Willa out of this.

(softer)

Please.

Dolls raises an eyebrow; knows he's hit a nerve.

DOLLS

Just want to thank her for the coffee.

Dolls stands, hesitates.

DOLLS (CONT'D)

The thing is, Wynonna, my division doesn't see a lot of...survivors. Any information you could give us on how you outran--

WYNONNA

I've got your card. Thanks.

She smiles, covering. He makes for the door, then turns.

DOLLS

I bet you get this all the time -- but is it actually 'Earp' as in..?

WYNONNA

Good ole Wyatt. He was my great-grandfather.

DOLLS

Greatest gunslinger that ever lived?
(smiles, charming)
You a good shot too?

WYNONNA

I don't do guns. Couldn't hit a federal agent at zero paces. Unfortunately.

She smiles, innocently.

DOLLS

Regardless. That's quite a legacy.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

WYNONNA

You have no idea.

He exits. Willa enters from eaves-dropping from the hall.

WILLA

It's your birthday. Your twenty-fifth.

She stares at Wynonna. But Wynonna won't bite.

WYNONNA

Tell Gus I'm taking the truck.

WILLA

Where you going?

WYNONNA

To see what had Delroy spooked.
Home.

She grabs the car keys and the whiskey and exits.

20 EXT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- DAY

20

Slam. Wynonna exits a pickup truck. A dilapidated house sits away down the drive. She lingers at the rusty Earp MAILBOX, graffiti'd over with 'Freaks'!

She frowns, eyes fixed on the spot Delroy died, old police tape flickering in the wind. Proceeds cautiously, when--

The BUSHES RUSTLE. Wynonna freezes, on guard--

A STRAY DOG emerges. Woofs, friendly-like. Wynonna exhales with relief. Grins wryly.

WYNONNA

Now that I'm thoroughly freaked out --
you gonna accompany me inside my
childhood home of horrors?

The dog lies down in the dirt. Wynonna sighs.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

And you call yourself a gentleman.

21 INT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- DAY

21

Wynonna enters and takes in her once cozy family home. The moth-eaten patchwork quilt over the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

The round dining room table and mismatched pine chairs.
Staring at it, she's hit with a flood of memories:

22 INT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 22

Young Wynonna (11) reaches for the stove. Another sister,
WAVERLEY (13) swats her hand away, scolding, but warmly.

WAVERLEY

What'd Mama always say, Wynonna?
You touch things that are hot, you
gonna get burnt.

YOUNG WYNONNA

Okay, Waverley.

Waverley gives her a loving squeeze.

23 INT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 23

Young Wynonna and Young Willa (7) pretend to color while
their father, WARD EARP, teaches Waverley how to clean Wyatt
Earp's GUN. His DEPUTY BADGE lies next to it on the table.

WARD

They say Wyatt took down over a
hundred outlaws with this gun.

WAVERLEY

Do we have to do this every time--?

WARD

We say the words. Same words my
Daddy told me. So we never forget.

Waverley nods, but when he looks down at the gun again, she
rolls her eyes at her sisters. Wynonna giggles.

WARD (CONT'D)

Waverley!

WAVERLEY

(by rote)

Now those outlaws are resurrecting.
Coming for us.

WARD

They won't rest until they gain
freedom from their earthly prison.

Waverley grabs his arm; goes off book.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

WAVERLEY

But you'll stop them, right Daddy?

Ward smiles, softens.

WARD

I'm trying, baby. Been trying since I came of age. But I'm tired.

WAVERLEY

Why can't we just leave?

WARD

We have to protect this territory, and the people who live here, whether they want us to or not.

WAVERLEY

They hate us. They think we're weird.

Ward puts down the gun. Solemnly looks her in the eye.

WARD

That's why we work alone. You're the eldest, Waverley. The next Earp heir.

(back to by the book)

Destined to inherit Wyatt's abilities. To fight his kills as they rise from the depths of hell.

WAVERLEY

I won't let them hurt anyone!

WARD

Good. Because the only thing that can put these demons down again? Is you.

Waverley nods. Off her sisters, frightened.

24 INT. EARP HOMESTEAD - PRESENT

24

Wynonna snaps to. Spots something GLINTING atop the wood-burning stove. She approaches. A FLASH as she remembers--

25 INT. EARP HOMESTEAD - LATER (FLASHBACK)

25

Chaos as REVENANTS attack, banging on walls, screaming inhuman wails. Waverley trying to help Dad board up the windows.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WAVERLEY

You said they won't attack the house!

WYATT

They're mobilized, working together somehow. Get the boards up!

Willa and Wynonna scramble out of the bedroom in nightdresses. They link hands; breath visible in the cold night air.

WILLA

What is it, Nona?

WYNONNA

The bad guys Wyatt put down.

WILLA

They're not bad guys. They're Demons.

WYNONNA

(leans down)

Let's sit in the corner, close your eyes and sing Mama's favorite lullaby. Don't stop no matter what, Willa.

WILLA

You can't help. You aren't the heir!

But Wynonna gets Willa in the corner, stubborn.

WARD

Protect your sisters, Waverley!

Instead, Waverley grabs Wyatt's gun.

WAVERLEY

I've got it, Daddy. I'm ready!

-- as a window SHATTERS behind her. Waverley -- and the gun -- are pulled outside by a pair of shadowy figures.

WARD

Waverley!

Dad howls with despair. He abandons the windows, grabs a shotgun and exits. Little Wynonna's eyes widen.

WYNONNA

Shotgun won't work.

26 EXT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- YARD -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 26

Young Wynonna steps into the doorway. Sees blood-thirsty revenants dragging Ward and Waverley into the hills.

She also sees the gun that Waverley has dropped in the tussle, lying in the dirt. Wyatt's gun. And makes her choice:

Wynonna grabs the gun, trying to rescue her father. He struggles against his attackers, his deputy BADGE glinting in the moonlight. Wynonna aims. And BAM! Fires. Suddenly, Willa's in the doorway. Her scream pierces the darkness--

WILLA

Daddy!!!

O/S The sounds of the stray dog BARKING...

27 EXT. EARP HOMESTEAD -- PRESENT DAY 27

Wynonna bursts outside, stumbling as if *she's* been shot. Opens her hand, having grabbed -- WARD'S RUSTY OLD DEPUTY BADGE. She turns -- to find MALCOLM (40, threatening) standing by the homestead.

WYNONNA

Who are you?

Wynonna gasps, struck by stomach pains, as in the bus attack.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Hurts, don't it.

He touches the dirty BANDAGE over one eye.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

So did this. You got me good with that tire iron.

WYNONNA

This isn't funny.

MALCOLM

I was your great grandfather's worst nightmare. Now I'm yours.

WYNONNA

No.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MALCOLM

Wyatt Earp put me in the ground.
Now we're all resurrecting. Coming
here. To take out his heir.
(spits in the dirt)
Happy birthday.

MALCOLM SNARLS, eyes suddenly yellow. Full demon. Willa screams. Sprints for the truck.

As she runs, she jumps nimbly over a patchwork of rotten BOARDS lying on the ground.

She reaches into the back, grabs a SHOTGUN. FIRES. The shells ricochet off Malcolm like confetti. He laughs.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You know that won't work.

All instinct now, Wynonna flips the shotgun over, so she's holding the barrel. Braces herself -- then SWINGS it at Malcolm like a baseball bat. He lands in the dirt. Laughing.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Oo-ee, looks like the new heir's got
some fight in her after all. I'm
gonna enjoy devouring your soul...

He stands. Suddenly, BARKING from the bushes. Malcolm whirls around, snarling, as the STRAY DOG leaps out of the sagebrush.

Wynonna uses the distraction to knock the demon back onto the rotten boards -- which collapse. Malcolm shrieks as he tumbles into the old ROOT CELLAR.

Wynonna slams the dusty lid shut. The dog walks over and licks her face. Wynonna's in shock.

WYNONNA

Teamwork. So that's how that goes.

She opens the door to the pickup. Nods at the dog.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Willa was right. We need that gun.
(grinning)
But don't tell her I said that.

He jumps in with her. She revs the engine, determined.

28 EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

28

The boards BURST upwards, as Malcolm forces his way out. Furious, he watches the pickup peel off. Dials his CELL PHONE. Someone picks up; we can't hear the other end of the convo.

MALCOLM

She's the one.

He smiles his hideous smile full of rotten teeth.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. GUS' GARAGE -- DAY

29

Wynonna tosses gear into Gus' old-school pickup truck: rope, flashlight; near-empty bottle of whiskey.

GUS (O.S.)

You gonna ask to borrow my stuff?

Wynonna starts. Gus takes stock of Wynonna's haul.

GUS (CONT'D)

'Cause you already 'borrowed' all the whiskey last night. Had you hollering in your sleep. Bad dreams?

WYNONNA

Very. Why didn't you tell me Delroy was torn to shreds?

Gus leans against the truck, suddenly weary.

GUS

Oh, Wynonna. I knew it. I didn't want to believe it, but I knew.

Wynonna's eyes light up with relief. Gus believes her.

WYNONNA

I know who killed him, Gus. And I've got a plan--

GUS

No.

She turns on Wynonna, panicked.

GUS (CONT'D)

You got that wild look in your eyes. You're manic; paranoid. Probably off your meds.

WYNONNA

Gus--

GUS

What's next: more demons?

Wynonna swallows. Hard.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

WYNONNA

Yeah, I might be certifiably. Hell, I've got the paperwork to prove it. But something awful's happening in Purgatory. And it has everything to do with my last name.

GUS

You're not the only Earp in town. Willa's worked so hard, to get out from under your shadow. Your reputation.

Gus reaches into her pocket...

GUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I missed your birthday.

WYNONNA

(strangled voice)

Please don't worry about that...

Gus hands over a handful of cash. Wynonna pales.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Seven hundred bucks?

GUS

I know you love to travel.

WYNONNA

You want me to go.

Gus hesitates. Then doesn't.

GUS

I love you, Wynonna. But you're as broken as they come.

She sighs, weary.

GUS (CONT'D)

I'll make pot roast. Drive you to the airport after dinner.

Wynonna nods towards the truck.

WYNONNA

Can I still...?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

GUS
Say your goodbyes?

Gus lays down the keys.

GUS (CONT'D)
Long as they stick.

She exits. Off Wynonna, crushed.

30 EXT. DEL BONITA MINE -- DAY 30

Signs outside an abandoned mine; multiple warnings not to enter. Gus' parked pickup truck nearby. We follow the rope tied around its bumper into...

31 INT. MINESHAFT -- DAY 31

...the dark tunnel; the other end tied around Wynonna's shapely waist. She's digging under a rotting timber frame.

WYNONNA
Just a little...farther...

The frame groans in warning. Wynonna freezes. Then resumes, slower. PLINK. Her spade hits metal. She brushes the remaining dirt off...a child's tin lunchbox. Wynonna swallows hard as she takes in the cowgirl picture on the lid. We're on her face as she opens it. Something silver inside reflects in the glare of the flashlight. Holy. Shit.

An ominous CREAK. She slowly picks up the lunchbox.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
Easy now.

CRASH --

The frame gives way and she's falling into darkness--

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
Nononono--!!

THE LINE SNAPS TAUT.

Wynonna groans, surprised to find herself hanging precariously from a rope. Dolls peers over the edge of the abyss.

DOLLS
It's okay, Earp! I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

WYNONNA

To arrest me for trespassing?

DOLLS

A thank you'd be fine.

She sucks in her breath as the rope starts to rise. So surprised, she drops her flashlight into the dust below.

32 EXT. DEL BONITA MINE -- LATER

32

Wynonna stashes the lunchbox under a tarp in her pickup.

WYNONNA

How'd you know I was here? Are you following me, Agent Dolls?

DOLLS

I happened to be driving by.

WYNONNA

Well if you wanted a date--

DOLLS

I don't.

WYNONNA

Ouch.

DOLLS

But I might be the one person who can help you.

WYNONNA

Thanks, but I'm more of a 'make everything worse' kinda gal.

DOLLS

Oh, it's gonna get worse. You think the thing that killed Kiersten's just gonna let you live?

WYNONNA

We can ask. You speak coyote?

DOLLS

Enough, Earp. I know what you know.

WYNONNA

But you don't know me, Agent. Talk to the locals, they'll tell you--

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DOLLS

--that you're mental. A bad seed.

WYNONNA

You forgot 'scary good in bed.' What do you want from me?

DOLLS

I need someone who knows the area; its people. I want you to join my squad. Work for the right side of the law for once.

Wynonna blinks. Then laughs, stunned.

WYNONNA

Me? Good god you must be desperate.

DOLLS

The situation's desperate.

WYNONNA

I don't do authority. Hell, these days, I barely do sober.

DOLLS

Then I recruit Willa. People in town rave about her.

WYNONNA

I told you to leave her out of this!

DOLLS

I'm clearly talking to the wrong sister.

That's it. Exhausted, Wynonna turns, officially fed up.

WYNONNA

You're all talking to the wrong sister. They took the only good one into the hills and slaughtered her!

A beat. Dolls raises an eyebrow, genuinely surprised.

DOLLS

What was her name?

WYNONNA

Waverley.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

He doesn't answer. She slumps.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

I saw what being law did to my father.
Whatever you've heard? Getting
deputized's what did him in.

DOLLS

My bosses consider what's happening
here in Purgatory a matter of national
security. They will do whatever it
takes to protect this nation.

Wynonna gets into her truck.

WYNONNA

I appreciate you pulling me out of
that mine.

DOLLS

What's in the lunchbox?

WYNONNA

(ignoring him)

Don't follow me again. I've had it
up to here with surprises.

33 INT. MINESHAFT -- DAY

33

Deep in the dark, amongst the rubble, someone coughs weakly.
In the weakening flashlight beam we see--

A HAND reach out from underneath a fallen beam...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 EXT. BADLANDS -- DAY 34

The pickup truck travels along the dusty road back into town. Past one of many bobbing oil derricks that dot the landscape.

35 INT. PICKUP -- DAY 35

Wynonna keeps glancing at the lunchbox on the passenger seat.

36 EXT. PURGATORY LIMITS -- DAY 36

The pickup roars past the *Welcome to Purgatory* sign. Wynonna slams on the brakes.

37 EXT. PURGATORY LIMITS - MOMENTS LATER 37

Wynonna holds Wyatt Earp's legendary GUN as if it's plutonium. Loads it, awkwardly. Points it at the sign. Aiming for the smiling 1950's billboard FAMILY announcing "The Friendliest Town in the West!"

The stray dog -- now Wynonna's dog -- watches her.

WYNONNA

This is it. Wyatt Earp's mythical demon slayin' gun. You ready for awesome?

She fires. BANG! The bullet WHIZZES ABOUT wildly. WAY off target. Wynonna winces.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Maybe if I get closer?

CUT TO:

BANG! Another shot misses, wildly. Ricochets off a tree, the sign -- comes back at Wynonna, mere feet away, who ducks, freaked. The dog whines.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks at the pistol, with despair.

38 EXT. PURGATORY TOWN SQUARE -- DAY 38

It's rough and tumble, but the Purgatory ROUND-UP has its charms: a breathtaking setting beneath the Rockies.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

It's a mix of traditional western elements and modern comforts, with bikers, cowboys and Big Oil executives mingling amongst the tack shops, tech sponsors, and tattoo tents -- all surrounding the central corral where cattle roping is taking place, to the delight of locals and tourists alike.

Wynonna navigates the crowd.

COWBOY (O.S.)

Looking good, Dubya!

WYNONNA

Hey Chuck. How you been?

Charlie scowls. Wynonna spots who he's really calling to -- Willa, in jean shorts, ready for a shift at Shorty's. Everyone greeting; hugging her. She's well-loved. Wynonna watches from afar, unseen. Unloved.

Suddenly, the Sheriff blocks her path, leering.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

What'd you do to Charles?

WYNONNA

Nothing...lately. Excuse me--

She moves to pass, but he stops her. She bristles.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

--The black sheep returns.

WYNONNA

Let go of me, Nedley.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

Sheriff Nedley, now. Keeping your fluffy hind quarters clean? Or should I frisk you. For old times' sakes?

WYNONNA

Wouldn't risk it. We both know you're one grope away from a heart attack. Best to stick with internet porn and the certainty of dying alone.

SHERIFF NEDLEY

It's just a matter of time before I lock you up for something. Why'd you even come back, Wynonna?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

SHERIFF NEDLEY (CONT'D)
Haven't the people who love you
suffered enough?

WYNONNA
Probably.

Wynonna turns to hide her hurt, flipping him him the bird as she goes. But she's reeling. He clocks Wyatt's gun in her waistband. Hmmm.

39 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON -- APARTMENT - DAY

39

Wynonna enters. The apartment seemingly deserted.

WYNONNA
Hardy?
(reluctant)
Willa?

Suddenly exhausted, she pulls Wyatt's GUN out from her waistband and lays it atop the counter. Frowns as she studies the wall behind the bed, overlaid with a curtain.

She approaches, and throws the drapes open, revealing:

A wall shrine to all things WYATT EARP. His family tree. Photos of dead outlaws. A map of the territory. An incomplete list of names labelled "Wyatt's Kills?" Wynonna gapes, shocked. And furious.

WILLA (O.S.)
I told you...

Wynonna turns to find Willa, watching.

WILLA (CONT'D)
I'm ready to help.

WYNONNA
What the hell is this?

WILLA
That? That's just the basics.

She dumps out a banker's box. More files in a heap.

WILLA (CONT'D)
Everything I could find about our
family; Wyatt.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

WILLA (CONT'D)

The people he killed -- you know,
the ones who rise from the dead to
try to kill us.

(plucks out a package)
My gum.

WYNONNA

You're supposed to be normal. You're
supposed to be safe.

WILLA

I scoured every library, every archive
within the county. You know what I
never found? A reason why I can't
be the heir.

WYNONNA

How about, *because you've gone
completely Beautiful Mind??*

Willa realizes--

WILLA

Is that Wyatt's gun? You knew where
it was this whole time??

WYNONNA

I was eleven years old. I panicked.
Threw it away.

WILLA

It's beautiful.

WYNONNA

It's old, it doesn't shoot straight,
and it's worth enough to buy us both
a chrome condo five thousand miles
from here.

WILLA

This is my home. I'll protect it,
even if you won't.

WYNONNA

You'll die.

WILLA

Not if I have this. We can use it
to kill our enemies!

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

WYNONNA

Our enemies? Willa. The only person
this gun killed was Daddy.

(deep breath)

When I shot him.

Willa tears up at Wynonna's gut-wrenching confession.

WILLA

You were trying to save him. It was
an accident.

WYNONNA

And it ruined my life. I won't let
it ruin yours. Pack this shit up.
This time, you're coming with me.

WILLA

Of all the things I've ever wanted
to call you...you're such a coward.

WYNONNA

Don't forget 'fraud'.

She grabs the gun, exits. Devastated.

40 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON - DAY

40

Wynonna drinks alone. Wyatt's gun on stool beside her.

DOC (O.S.)

Mercy me. Is that what I think it
is, little lady?

Wynonna glances down the bar, where a somewhat dusty figure
in an old-fashioned overcoat lounges, his gorgeous face
obscured by shadow. Rolls her eyes.

DOC (CONT'D)

Ain't seen a Buntline Special in
years. May I?

Now she does look -- and boy, is he worth it. This is DOC.
Think Ryan Gosling meets Chris Pine: feline, bad news, and
sex-on-a-stick. He approaches languidly.

WYNONNA

You may not.

Wynonna pulls the gun closer. Doc smiles.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DOC

I reckon I know that gun. Wyatt
Earp christened it "Peacemaker".

WYNONNA

Ten thousand bucks and it's yours.
You a collector?

DOC

Only of poker chips and hearts.

Wynonna snorts at his bad line. His grin widens. She goes to pocket the gun, but the fastest gunslinger in the Old West is lightning quick, grabbing it right from under her. Wynonna gapes, stunned to stand off against someone, finally, with reflexes that rival her own. A stare-down.

DOC (CONT'D)

(examines engraving)

Engraving his own initials? Seems
rather gauche.

WYNONNA

Doc Holliday had it done, to celebrate
his best friend's 50th kill.

DOC

Sounds like he was soft on Wyatt.

WYNONNA

Peacemaker. That's almost funny.
Endless cycle of violence, blah blah
blah...

DOC

Are you implyin' the beloved Wyatt
Earp was a liar?

WYNONNA

I'm saying crazy runs in the family.

She points to herself. Doc reacts. And returns the gun.

DOC

My apologies. I did not realize I
was speaking with an Earp.

WYNONNA

(mocking his cadence)

Bonafide.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

DOC
I merely figured...
(re. her modern outfit)
You were a prostitute.

WYNONNA
Prostitutes get paid for it.

She stares up at the "Wyatt Earp drank here!" Sign.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
He was good at killing, so they call
him a hero. What kind of man wants
to be a gunslinger?

DOC
Wyatt Earp wanted to be a farmer.
(off her surprise)
But thirty seconds in the Ok Coral
and a gunslinger he was made.
Sometimes, life chooses for us.

Wynonna ponders this. Then grabs her coat.

WYNONNA
You certainly got the history down.
And your outfit is adorable.
(re. his dated garb)
Have fun playing old-timey cowboy
for the kids.

DOC
Ma'am.

Tips his hat. But as she passes him, he frowns, troubled.

41 EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- EVENING

41

Wynonna stumbles through the now deserted town, tipsy. She
spots DOLLS through a window; setting up his new office.
Not sure what to make of him. Her cell phone rings.

WYNONNA
Hello, Gus?

The sound of a struggle on the line. Then, screams.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
Gus??

She sprints for home.

42 INT. GUS' HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

42

Wynonna enters; broken glass and birthday cake everywhere.
Gus is a bloody mess on the floor, her shotgun by her side.

WYNONNA
(dialing 911)
You need an ambulance--

GUS
Wait. Listen...first...I was wrong.

Gus lays a shaky hand on her arm.

WYNONNA
This is all my fault.

GUS
It's not always about you, child.

Wynonna laughs through her tears. Gus coughs up blood.

GUS (CONT'D)
You'll fix this.

WYNONNA
Daddy couldn't.

GUS
He tried, honey. And right now,
trying's all we got.

She passes out. Wynonna's struck by crippling abdominal
cramps. Hears muffled screams behind the house. Realizing--

WYNONNA
Willa.

43 EXT. GUS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

43

-- she rushes out the BACK DOOR, wincing against the pain.
Willa screams as Malcolm drags her into a cattle truck.

WILLA
Wynonna!

Malcolm knocks Willa out with a punch and jumps in the cab.

WYNONNA
Stop! You got the wrong girl--!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MALCOLM

Then bring the gun, Earp! Seems a
fair trade for your sister!

Reving the engine as he takes off. Wynonna chasing. But
it's useless. She stops, livid. But done being helpless.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

44 INT. DOLLS' OFFICE -- MORNING

44

Agent Dolls is unpacking when a wild-eyed Wynonna enters.

WYNONNA

Where were you? You're supposed to be following me!

DOLLS

I heard. I'm so sorry about Gus--

WYNONNA

She's in intensive care, Dolls.

DOLLS

I assure you, we're monitoring the situation.

WYNONNA

'Monitoring'? What the hell took my sister?

DOLLS

Officially? Revenants. Unofficially? Demons.

Wynonna reels.

WYNONNA

You said it. Actually said it.
Demons.

DOLLS

Yes.

Wynonna exhales, finally vindicated.

WYNONNA

They had me committed. Sent away.
But this whole time, I was right.
(in disbelief)
And the only person who knows that?
Is the narc.

Dolls ignores this. Pressing for information.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

DOLLS

What we don't know is why they're suddenly flooding Purgatory. Though I'm more and more certain it has something to do with you.

WYNONNA

Yeah. It does. I'll tell you everything. Just help me get Willa back, please--

DOLLS

We can't be sure who's among the resurrected. They look like us. They can blend in.

WYNONNA

What are you talking about?

DOLLS

She's been taken by the enemy. Who's to say she hasn't turned?

WYNONNA

You won't help my sister.

He hesitates. Comes clean.

DOLLS

I'm instructed to shoot her on sight.

A beat. Then Wynonna SLAPS him. A flash of temper on his face. She marches away. He calms, calls after her--

DOLLS (CONT'D)

You're outgunned and untrained. You're reckless--!

That's IT. Wynonna turns, liable to explode.

WYNONNA

You think 'cause you read my rap sheet you know me? What it was like after my Dad died? Suffering through shitty foster homes and child psychologists, all insisting, I must've dreamt the whole thing? That there is no Earp curse? That the dead stay dead??

Dolls leans in: *jackpot*.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

DOLLS
What's the Earp curse?

WYNONNA
You coming or what?

Even now, she's hopeful. But he hesitates, then steps aside.

DOLLS
I don't have authorization.

She continues on her way, damned determined.

DOLLS (CONT'D)
You don't even know where they took
her!

WYNONNA
Sure I do: where this all began.

The KICKASS MUSIC PICKS UP...

45 INT. SHORTY'S SALOON -- DAY

45

The bar is packed with locals getting their drink on when Wynonna KICKS in the door. Sheriff Nedley tries to intercept.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
There gonna be trouble?

WYNONNA
If you don't move.

He flushes with anger, then sees her eyes. Moves; scared. She dumps a pile of bills onto the counter. Shorty blinks.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)
Shorty? I need the best ride in
your stable.

SHORTY
I got a three-year old ginger packs
a real sweet kick.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. SHORTY'S STABLES -- MOMENTS LATER.

46

The ROAR OF AN ENGINE.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

Wynonna races out of the garage atop an orange Indian MOTORCYCLE.

47 EXT. EARP HOMESTEAD - NIGHT 47

Wynonna pulls up, gets off her bike. Approaches a circle of torches, wherein Willa stands tied to a STAKE atop a pile of firewood, a can of gasoline perched ominously nearby.

WILLA

Good. Excellent. You psychos are worm food now!

WYNONNA

You ok?

Willa nods, frightened. Malcolm steps forward, his eye bandage ever filthier, holding a lit torch. He holds it towards the soaked pyre, pointedly.

MALCOLM

One more step and little sis goes up in flames. That'd be a shame. She's the only Earp anyone'll miss.

WYNONNA

Got a name, demon?

MALCOLM

In your great-grandfather's day, I was known as Malcolm Richie. An innocent entrepreneur.

WYNONNA

An outlaw.

MALCOLM

I remember the moment in 1866 when Wyatt Earp locked me in my moonshine shed and lit it aflame. Very painful way to die, by the way.

He smirks at Willa, who whimpers.

WYNONNA

Now you're back.

MALCOLM

And not alone.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Two huge REVENANTS (JOHN and CARL) wearing terrifying, makeshift cloth MASKS flank Malcolm. Wynonna swallows, hard.

WYNONNA

Masks?

(realizing)

I know you. You're local.

MALCOLM

Some of us. When the heir turns twenty-five, we wake up. Then, one way or another, we all end up in Purgatory.

WYNONNA

Why Delroy?

MALCOLM

He learned too much. But he proved useful -- to lure you back.

WYNONNA

Now you've got me. So let Willa go.

MALCOLM

Give us the gun.

WILLA

Don't do it, they'll kill you!

WYNONNA

They'll try.

Wynonna pulls the gun out her waistband, trembling. Empties it of bullets. And places it on the seat of her bike.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

There. All yours. The bike, too.

She snuffles; crocodile tears. Malcolm spits, disgusted.

MALCOLM

Lordy, you're the most pathetic heir we've ever had. John?

The big revenant heads over to the bike. Holds up the gun. The other demons whoop, triumphant.

WYNONNA

Now untie her. Please.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

MALCOLM

You trust a demon to keep his word?

(to John)

Tie her to the stake. Two burnt
Earps for the price of one.

WILLA

No! I told you not to!

Wynonna's look hardens. Her fury building.

WYNONNA

You welch on a deal? You don't get
to ride.

JOHN

Mine now.

WYNONNA

You're lucky you're gonna die first.

JOHN

Somebody shut her up--

He starts the bike...IT EXPLODES! So does John, into a million
pieces. Everyone else is blown backwards

-- and Wyatt's gun goes flying. Malcolm and Wynonna jump to
their feet, both wildly looking for it.

Malcolm spots it, but suddenly the heir is behind him.

WYNONNA

Pipe bomb.

Bam! KICKS Malcolm behind the knee. He goes down, swearing.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

Juvie. You learn things.

WILLA

Wynonna!!

Wynonna looks from the gun, to Willa, noticing the flames--

WYNONNA

Oh god, Willa!

WILLA

(terrified)

Help!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

47

Willa's frantically working at her bonds as FLAMES from the explosion now RACE along the gasoline trail, inching closer and closer to the pyre.

Malcolm gets ahold of Wynonna --

She picks up a piece of firewood and SMACKS him in the face. Malcolm goes down--

--and comes up, holding THE GUN. Wynonna freezes. In one motion, Malcolm takes a bullet out of his pocket, slams it into the chamber, and aims it at Wynonna.

WYNONNA

You win. You kill me, it's over.
But let my sister--

MALCOLM

No.

WYNONNA

I'm sorry, Willa.

Malcolm cocks the hammer--

MALCOM

Goodbye Earp.

BANG! The gun is SHOT RIGHT OUT OF MALCOLM'S HAND from someone firing behind the trees. Malcolm glances about, furious.

MALCOLM

The bitch brought backup! Find it!

The other revenants momentarily scatter. Wynonna reacts, utterly confused. Who's the sharp shooter?

WILLA

Wynonna!

Wynonna scrambles in the dirt, rushes over to the pyre, loosens the final rope--

WYNONNA

Jump!

-- and yanks Willa off the stake SECONDS BEFORE IT ERUPTS INTO FLAMES. The sisters turn to flee, when -- MALCOLM drops in front of them, snarling. Yellow eyes; full demon. Willa screams. Wynonna pulls Willa behind herself, protective.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

47

MALCOLM

You think you can best me?

(demonic voice)

*I will bathe in your blood. I will
feast on your heart. I will end
your line--*

WYNONNA

Only if I miss.

SLOW MOTION AS SHE REVEALS, SHE'S PICKED UP WYATT'S GUN. But now, SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT. It glows silver in the presence of the demons. Ready.

Wynonna shoots. This time, it's dead accurate: blast so powerful it knocks Wynonna over. Malcolm falls -- his flesh burning off his body, as it did when Wyatt killed him...

MALCOLM

<shrieking in pain>

Until all that's left is a skeleton. The other masked revenant, 'Carl', roars. CHARGES. Wynonna struggles to reload--

WILLA

Wynonna!

SCHLURP! Carl is RUN OVER by DOLLS, driving a giant, black, government-issued SUBURBAN. Dolls screeches to a stop.

DOLLS

Get in!

Willa and Wynonna scramble into the back.

WYNONNA

You couldn't find a bigger truck??

DOLLS

(deadpan)

Nope.

He takes off, tires squealing.

48 EXT. WYNONNA'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

48

Willa leans into Wynonna. Shivering in the night air.

WILLA

You came back for me.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

WYNONNA

Of course. I'm crazy, remember?

She grins adoringly at her little sister. The girls clutch each other; freaked out. But alive.

49 EXT. BADLANDS - NIGHT 49

The pickup roars past the "Now Entering Wyatt Earp Country!" - sign, headed for town. Under the stars.

TAG

50 EXT. DOC'S TRAILER -- DAY

50

Dawn is breaking. Doc unfolds a cheap patio chair outside his lackluster trailer. Sheriff Nedley pulls up in his SUV.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Sticking to the outskirts?

DOC
All those people. It's a bit much.

Doc nods at the Purgatory, population 5000 sign. Finds a bullet from Wynonna's target practice. Palms it.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Good. When you mingle with the enemy,
it gets real confusing. And we want
to make sure you aren't confused in
the slightest.

DOC
That's right neighbourly of you.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
I ain't your neighbour.

DOC
And I'm not one of you. Y'all'd do
well to remember that.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Oh, we've noticed. Some claim they
saw you up in the hills last night.
Same hills some sharp shooter hid in
while offering cover for the heir.

Doc lights a cigarillo, cool as a sexy cucumber.

DOC
Wynonna's not the heir. She is a
disgrace to the Earp name. That
girl's gonna learn fast: *you touch
something hot, you gonna get burnt.*

Sheriff nods, almost satisfied.

SHERIFF NEDLEY
Almost forgot.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SHERIFF NEDLEY (CONT'D)

He wants to know: what we should call you now, *Doc*? *Mr. Holiday*?

DOC

Why, Sheriff. Call me by my god-given name. Call me Henry.

Doc chuckles, the only one privy to his private joke. Off this wild weird west awash in shades of gray...

51 EXT. GUS' HOUSE -- DAY

51

Wynonna stands over Delroy's tomatoes. Willa approaches.

WILLA

Gus is getting discharged tomorrow.

WYNONNA

I put fresh flowers in her bedroom.

WILLA

What happened to Wyatt Earp to make his descendants...us...deserve this?

WYNONNA

All I ever wanted was to keep you from this, Wil.

WILLA

Well, you can't. I'm an Earp too, and the brains of this operation.

WYNONNA

Please. At best, you're the secretary.

She smiles. Looks out over the vista.

WYNONNA (CONT'D)

I forgot how pretty it is.

WILLA

Equal parts pretty and ugly. Like anywhere. You're really staying this time. Aren't you?

DOLLS drives up in his big SUV. Wynonna swallows hard.

WYNONNA

That's why they call it a curse.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

He exits the car. Willa smiles.

WILLA

Looks like you're not the only one
sticking around.

Willa winks at Wynonna, heads for the house. Dolls approaches.

DOLLS

Let's take a walk.

Wynonna nods, knowing what's coming.

52 EXT. PURGATORY VISTA -- LATER

52

Wynonna stares at Dolls, aghast.

WYNONNA

You're serious.

DOLLS

As a first degree murder charge in
the death of Kiersten Long.

WYNONNA

You wouldn't.

DOLLS

Not to mention, you're wanted for
questioning in an open B&E case.
And Willa could still be compromised.

WYNONNA

You *dick*.

They glare; showdown. Not sure whether to start a fist fight
or tear each other's clothes off. Dolls clears his throat.

DOLLS

We have a deal. You come work for
me -- or I tell my boss the Earp
girls are demon sympathizers.

WYNONNA

This is blackmail.

DOLLS

This is big government. You went up
against revenants twice and survived.
We want you.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

WYNONNA

Get in line.

DOLLS

It's not complicated, Earp. You're either with us, or against us.

For a moment, her face falls, vulnerable.

WYNONNA

I like being 'against'. My whole life, I've been 'against'.

DOLLS

Your new job is simple: identify and eradicate Wyatt Earp's kills before they figure out a way to flee this territory, where they'll have the chance to slaughter every man, woman and child in the country--

WYNONNA

Hold up. You're saying the demons are trapped here in Purgatory?

A beat.

DOLLS

That's classified.

But he hands her a contract. Wynonna rolls her eyes.

WYNONNA

Whatever. Look, I'll only do this until I figure a way out -- which I always do -- or the demons end me.

DOLLS

For what it's worth? I wouldn't bet against you.

She scrawls her name. Satisfied, he grabs the contract. Turns to go. But Wynonna grabs his arm.

WYNONNA

Dolls. Thank you. For coming to get us. For covering us, from the trees.

He frowns, confused. But lets her fingers linger. It's electric. He clears his throat; heads back down the path.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

DOLLS

It's Agent Dolls. This'll all go a lot smoother if you follow my lead.

WYNONNA

I highly doubt that.
(calling after him)
And I'm picking my own team!

DOLLS

You've got a team, Deputy.

He tosses her a DEPUTY BADGE. She SNATCHES it out of the air with her lightning fast reflexes. Dolls almost smiles.

DOLLS (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Black Badge Division.

Wynonna stares at the badge as Dolls exits, her hair in the wind. The new Earp heir.

END OF SHOW