

Hell on Wheels
by
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Endemol USA

Hell On Wheels

TEASER

A WHITE SCREEN. A MECHANICAL CLICK AND WHIR, THEN...

AN ANTIQUE MAGIC LANTERN SLIDE IS PROJECTED ONTO THE SCREEN:
A colorized Daguerreotype of Washington D.C. circa 1865. The
Washington Monument and the Capitol Rotunda loom.

GRAPHIC: WASHINGTON, D.C. 1865. THE WAR IS OVER. LINCOLN IS
DEAD. THE NEWLY REFORMED NATION IS AN OPEN WOUND.

1 OMIT 1

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAWN

In the gray morning light, you can make out the form of a
UNION SOLDIER sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on his
boots.

A nearly empty bottle of rye whiskey stands on the night
table.

The soldier stands. Buttons his coat. Bloodshot eyes clouded
by whiskey.

A WHORE watches idly from the bed, her head propped on her
hand. The hint of a smile. The soldier looks ashamed as he
staggers out of the room.

EXT. D.C. STREET - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Soldier walks down street. Some early morning foot traffic.
He heads up the steps of St. Matthews Cathedral.

2 INT. ST. MATTHEWS CATHEDRAL - DAY (EARLY MORNING) 2

A FEW WOMEN, dressed in heavy black dresses and bonnets --
war widows -- light votives near the altar.

SOLDIER'S VOICE

It's the war. It weighs heavy on my
mind, father.

A large wooden crucifix hangs above the altar.

3 INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY 3

The soldier sits slumped in the confessional, his head buried
in his hands.

SOLDIER

The things I seen...and the things
I done...

The PRIEST -- seen only in silhouette -- speaks from the
other side of the screen, his voice barely above a whisper.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Unburden yourself, my son.

SOLDIER

I'm ashamed.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Give your burden to Jesus. He
wants it. He demands it.

A long gathering beat, then...

SOLDIER

I was with General Sherman on his
march South. What we did... evil,
unspeakable things...

PRIEST'S VOICE

You were a soldier. You were
following orders.

The soldier shakes his head.

SOLDIER

No, no. Not just orders. We
opened a dark door and the devil
stepped in.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Only way to cast out the devil is
to confess to God.

SOLDIER

No... No, I can't, Father.

Soldier stands up to leave.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Tell me about Meridian.

Soldier's eyes widen. He goes to screen. Tries to get a look
at the priest.

SOLDIER

How do you know about Meridian?

Soldier's hand goes to his gun, but...

Screen opens. A .36 caliber Griswold and Gunnison Confederate six shooter appears in the opening. It discharges with a concussive bang, shooting the soldier right between the eyes.

The soldier falls back through the confessional door.

And now we see the "priest" on the other side. CULLEN BOHANNON. 30's. Shock of shoulder length blonde hair. He wears a gray, Confederate great coat.

He stands there like some blue-eyed wraith. Haunted. Haunting. The war is not over for this man. Not by a long shot. He exits the confessional.

He walks calmly away from the confessional. Even stride. No hurry.

One woman makes eye contact with him. And what she sees in those eyes truly disturbs her. She averts her gaze.

Cullen leaves the cathedral.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 OMIT 5

6 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY 6

Thomas "Doc" Durant addressing a group of well-dressed gentlemen. Snifters of brandy. The air heavy with cigar smoke. The proverbial "smoke-filled" room.

He paces back and forth in front of a proposed map of the Union Pacific Railroad.

DURANT

In conclusion, this transcontinental railroad, this ribbon of iron, this glorious road from sea to shining sea represents nothing less than our destiny as a nation. A nation which nearly destroyed itself by war between North and South can only be healed by the binding of the East and West. Mark my words, gentlemen. It will be built. Yes, it is still a dream, but it is a dream ineluctable.

Durant has them in his grasp. His eyes roam the room.

DURANT (CONT'D)

For what was the Great Pyramid of Giza but a dream before Khufu had the audacity to build it? And what of the Acropolis? The Great Wall of China? All built by men of vision. Just as this epic road will be built by men of vision. The only question that remains, gentlemen, is which of you will join me in this mad, noble quest? Who among you in years hence will say that they stood idly by as this nation became an empire and who will say that they lent a hand in making manifest our destiny as a great nation!

The audience breaks into spontaneous applause. Durant smiles like a conquering hero. He makes eye contact with a MAN in the audience...

SENATOR JORDAN CRANE. A white-haired patrician with an aristocratic air. He applauds enthusiastically.

DURANT'S VOICE (V.O.)
 It's all horse shit. The faster I
 shovel, the faster they eat it up.

7 INT. THE SAME - LATER

7

Everybody gone but Durant and Crane.

CRANE
 But it was a truly inspirational
 speech.

DURANT
 Twaddle and shite I say.

CRANE
 Then why am I here?

DURANT
 You're here to play your part.

Durant slides a stock certificate across the table. The name
 of the company on the stock is *Credit Mobilier*.

CRANE
 Credit Mobilier?

DURANT
 It's a construction company I'm
 starting up. Credit Mobilier will
 be awarded all major construction
 contracts for the Union Pacific
 Railroad.

(beat)
 I own it. And I'm giving you a
 chance to get in on the ground
 floor.

CRANE
 So, you'll be paying yourself to
 build the railroad with government
 subsidies?

DURANT
 Now that, my friend, is
 inspirational.

CRANE
 Yes it is. But I can't afford these
 on a senator's salary.

DURANT
 Payment comes in many forms,
 Jordan.

(MORE)

DURANT (CONT'D)

And as head of the Congressional Oversight Committee on Railroads, I think you will find a way to pay for them over and over again.

CRANE

Might I ask, how many shares are here?

DURANT

Two-hundred. I think you'll find that more than fair.

CRANE

Four-hundred sounds "fairer."

DURANT

You want to re-negotiate a bribe?

CRANE

Bribe's such a dirty word.

(beat)

Why don't you think on it, Doc. We've got a vote before committee next Tuesday.

He gets up. Starts for the door. Leaving the stocks on the table.

DURANT

Good luck with your land speculation in Nebraska.

Crane stops at the door. Durant leans back in his seat.

DURANT (CONT'D)

Fifty-thousand acres bought on the cheap. And oddly enough it sits smack dab in the middle of my proposed route.

Crane stands there, hat in hand.

DURANT (CONT'D)

What would happen to the value of that land if I decided to route the railroad around it?

Crane says nothing; it's clear this is not something he wants to happen.

DURANT (CONT'D)

Take the stocks, Jordan.

Crane shuffles over to take the stack of stock certificates.
Durant brings his hand down on them.

DURANT (CONT'D)
But I've decided to re-negotiate.
A hundred shares.

Check mate. Durant smiles up at the defeated Crane.

8 OMIT 8

9 OMIT 9

10 OMIT 10

11 EXT. TRAIN - DAY (LATER) 11

The train chugs through stunning, big sky country.

12 OMIT 12

13 INT. THIRD CLASS PASSENGER CAR - DAY (LATER) 13

The train clatters and lurches along. It is a bumpy,
uncomfortable ride, especially in the third class car.

Pamphlets in evidence: advertising workers needed to build
the Union Pacific Railroad.

Cullen sits in one of the seats. Hat pulled low, he is
drifting off to sleep. Clean shaven. Hair shorn.

Seated across from Cullen are two men dressed in comically
threadbare suits.

Irish brothers MICKEY and SEAN MCGINNES. They are hunkered
down over the newspaper, struggling with the words.

MICKEY
(slowly and barely
literate)
He was gunned down while he pr...
pr...

SEAN
Prayed...

They speak with a rustic, sing-song lilt.

MICKEY
(indignant)
I was gettin' it.

Cullen stirs. Eyes the brothers from under his hat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
 (back to the paper)
 Prayed in the con...

SEAN
 Con...

MICKEY
 Conf...

SEAN
 Conference.

MICKEY
 Prayed in the conference?

They are stumped.

CULLEN (O.S.)
 Confessional.

Mickey and Sean look up at Cullen. They are momentarily taken
 aback by that look in his eyes.

SEAN
 Someone killed the poor beggar
 whilst he was confessin'?

MICKEY
 What is the world comin' to?

SEAN
 I suppose the only consolation is
 that he got to heaven that much
 faster.

Cullen tips his hat back. Sits up straight.

CULLEN
 And how do you come by that
 conclusion?

SEAN
 He confessed his sins. He died in
 Grace.

CULLEN
 So God just punches his ticket to
 heaven?

Sean and Mickey look at one another.

MICKEY
 Well yeah.

CULLEN
If that's how God goes about his
business, then you can keep him.

Mickey and Sean look shocked.

SEAN
Keep God?

MICKEY
Do you not believe in a higher
power?

CULLEN
Yes. I wear it on my hip.

They follow his eyes down to the holstered six shooter.
Their eyes widen.

SEAN
Are you a gunslinger, then?

CULLEN
No. I'm just heading west to look
for work on the railroad.

MICKEY
So are we.

SEAN
To seek our fortunes as it were.

MICKEY
We have a plan.

Mickey nods towards the suitcase between him and his brother
on the seat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I'm Mickey, this here's Sean.

CULLEN
Cullen Bohannon.

Mickey and Sean take turns shaking with Cullen.

SEAN
Mickey has twelve toes.

MICKEY
And Sean but eight.

SEAN
Individually, we're freaks.

MICKEY

But together we're whole.

Cullen looks at the brothers McGinnes, not quite sure what to make of them.

OMIT 14

OMIT 15

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXTREME TELEPHOTO SHOT 16

A cloud of dust and smoke hangs over the desolate, heat-warped landscape.

Ant-size FIGURES laying railroad track. Far-off RHYTHMIC CLINK, CLINK, CLINK of spikes being driven.

A DISTANT POP! followed by a puff of black smoke. BLACK POWDER exploding.

A train pulls into the distant scene. Smoke belching.

17 OMIT

18 EXT. TRAIN - DAY 18

Cullen standing outside the car, hanging on, surrounded by other workers. Train lurches to a stop. Cullen steps off.

All of the following is seen from his P.O.V...

A BLACK POWDER EXPLOSION

DEAFENING. Blowing up an outcropping of rocks. Black smoke and debris blown skyward.

Cullen is joined by a flock of Irish workers from the train; they seem intimidated by the violent incident. Cullen calmly takes it in; his eyes have seen much worse.

The LOUD RHYTHMIC MUSIC of hammers on spikes rings out, as a SQUAD OF TRACK LAYERS fastens the rail to the ties.

The ringing of the hammers gives way to the sound of SQUEALING PIGS. Cullen turns...

A pack of pigs is herded from one of the other cars. Coming from the same car, a group of FREEDMEN hustle out among the squealing pigs.

A TEAMSTER delivers rail to the track layers on a horse drawn cart. As soon as the cart ahead is emptied, it is tipped on its side to clear room for the next cart.

Graders and cut crews dig with picks and hammers, shaping and leveling the ground for the road bed. The air is thick with dust.

Cullen navigates his way through the bedlam, his intense eyes taking in everything...

A buffalo is being slaughtered in a slaughtering pen adjacent to the tracks. Nearby, buffalo hides hang, tanning in the blistering sun.

Trees adjacent to a river bank being cut down. Carpenters sawing and planing the trunks into railroad ties.

This is a battle between man and nature. And nature is losing.

Cullen walks toward a series of tents...

One is a makeshift hospital tent. Front flap open. Cullen sees the injured and sick inside. This is hard, dangerous work.

Men lined up outside the other tents, seeking employment. He walks toward these tents.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. MISSOURI RIVER - DAY

19

Not far from the railroad, the EXPLOSIONS can be heard. Black smoke can be seen above the hills.

A SMALL CONGREGATION has gathered on the banks to witness a baptism. The worshippers, mainly the old and young, sing a hymn -- *Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior*.

HYMN

Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

REVEREND NATHANIEL COLE leads JOSEPH BLACK MOON into the water.

Maybe twenty years old, Joseph is a full blooded Cheyenne Indian. He wears a stiff suit; his blue-black hair is shorn in a severe bowl cut.

With his long white hair and beard, Cole is a ringer for John Brown. He has the energy of a man forty years his junior. The hymn continues.

REVEREND COLE
Jesus, accept this humble servant
into your heart...

As Joseph wades out with Reverend Cole, his eyes dart around at the surroundings.

JOSEPH'S POV -- the wind rustling the tops of the trees. The clouds scuttling across the sky. The river flowing, then...

An eagle soaring high overhead.

Joseph's eyes widen slightly at the portentous sight.

Reverend Cole, pinches Joseph's nose with his fingers, then dunks him backwards into the water.

REVEREND COLE (CONT'D)
Be reborn in the glory of Jesus!
Brother Joseph, your sins are
washed away!

*

He retrieves a gasping Joseph from the water. Joseph's eyes scan the skies for the eagle but it is gone. The hymn continues.

20 INT. WORK TENT - DAY

20

DANIEL JOHNSON sits at a small campaign desk, writing in a ledger. Johnson is a wiry, tough-as-nails son-of-a-bitch. He has a hook for a right hand. He is soaked with sweat. Flies buzz all around him.

JOHNSON
Next!

Cullen enters the tent. Johnson doesn't look up from his ledger.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Name.

CULLEN
Cullen Bohannon.

JOHNSON
Railroad experience?

CULLEN
None.

JOHNSON
Why should I hire you?

CULLEN
I'm willing to do just about
anything.

JOHNSON
You and a thousand others.

Johnson looks up.

CULLEN
I've got no place else to go, Mr.
Johnson.

JOHNSON
Save the sob stories. Will you
work a cut crew?

CULLEN
Yes.
(beat)
What's a cut crew?

JOHNSON
It's not for the faint of heart, I
can tell you that, Mr. Bohannon.
It's brutal work. Gets hotter than
a whorehouse on nickel night out
there.

CULLEN
I've never been afraid of hard
work.

JOHNSON
You're a Johnny Reb, aren't you?

CULLEN
Yes sir.

JOHNSON
I could tell by that Griswold
you're carrying there.

Johnson nods towards Cullen's gun.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
It was a Griswold like that took my
hand off.

Cullen says nothing.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
We've all paid a price, Mr.
Bohannon. I'm sure you have your
own scars.

Johnson contemplates his hook.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I was a Copperhead before the war.
I got no hard feelings towards you
gray backs. You did what you had
to do.

(beat)

It's the darkies I blame. I sure
as hell didn't give a shit about
fighting for their freedom but I
didn't have a choice. Way I see
it, they owe me a hand.

Johnson rubs his chin with his hook.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Did you own slaves, Mr. Bohannon?

CULLEN

I did.

JOHNSON
Then I guess you know your way
around a nigger.

21 EXT. CUT - DAY

21

Johnson sits a skittish horse. Cullen stands at his side.

A work gang made up of the TWENTY FREEDMEN stand opposite.
All of them with dark black skin, except one...

ELAM JEFFERSON. Separated from them not only by skin color,
but by a certain intense look in his eyes.

Johnson nods towards Cullen.

JOHNSON
This is Mister Bohannon, your
walking boss. You will address him
as boss or boss man or walking
boss.

An explosion goes off in the distance. Johnson steadies his horse.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Mr. Bohannon is a former master of slaves...

ON ELAM -- Shake of his head. Wry smile.

ELAM
(sotto)
Some things never change.

One of the other slaves, WILLIAM, stands next to him. He smiles slightly.

JOHNSON
...So he's up to your tricks. He's gonna work the blue outa your gums, boys. Any coffee boilers and otherwise slack work ethic will be dealt with severely. Now dig me a cut!

The freedmen commence digging in the hardscrabble earth. Johnson turns to Cullen.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Meet me at the saloon for a drink tonight. We'll talk about old times.

Cullen surveys the area with a puzzled look.

CULLEN
What saloon?

Johnson scans the horizon. Points.

JOHNSON
That one.

Cullen follows Johnson's finger.

22

EXT. HELL ON WHEELS - DAY

22

A cluster of tents has already been erected. More going up.

A hasty, hand-painted, wooden *Hell on Wheels* sign has been put up. *POPULATION: One Less Every Day.*

A frenetic, whirling dervish of activity.

PROSTITUTES cavort and carry on. Crates of whiskey and barrels of beer are offloaded from the wagons.

More wagons speed to their appointed destinations. People scatter to avoid being trampled.

Reverend Cole drives his own wagon into the melee. Joseph sits next to him. Cole stops the wagon.

REVEREND COLE

Right here! Unload the tent!
Raise the church!

One of the prostitutes watches with amusement.

PROSTITUTE

You're putting up a church here?

REVEREND COLE

What better place to convert the wicked, sister?

*

PROSTITUTE

Keep an eye on your flock,
reverend. We do our own share of
converting around here.

She winks, spits out a jet of brown tobacco juice and smiles, revealing a set of crud-coated teeth.

CLOSE ON JOSEPH -- taking in the commotion of the small metropolis.

From the raucous NOISE AND ENERGY of Hell On Wheels...

24

EXT. RIVER - DAY

24

Absolute silence on the cut. River runs through stunning scenery. Dramatic, grass covered bluff.

LILY BELL'S VOICE

The charmed sunset linger'd low
adown. In the red West thro'
mountain clefts the dale was seen
far inland.

The pristine landscape looks untouched by man, until we see...

A TEAM OF SURVEYORS toiling along the river bank.

A series of red stakes stretches towards the eastern horizon, marking the path of the oncoming railroad.

LILY BELL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 And round about the keel with faces
 pale...

LILY BELL is seated on a folding stool. She reads from a well-worn volume of Tennyson. Her husband, ROBERT BELL, sits nearby, writing in a notebook. He muffles an intermittent cough with a handkerchief as he writes.

LILY
 Dark faces, pale against that rosy
 flame, the mild-eyed melancholy
 Lotos-eaters came.

She closes the book. Lily and Robert sit in silence as Lily takes in the stunning scene. Robert looks up from his notebook.

LILY (CONT'D)
 This land, it's bewitching.

ROBERT
 It's just as Lewis and Clark saw it
 sixty years ago.

Lily sighs, continuing to take in the view.

LILY
 Do you ever wonder if our laying
 out the course of the railroad will
 be the ruin of all of this?

Sweeping gesture at the land.

ROBERT
 Progress comes with a cost, Lily.

LILY
 I know. I just think it's so much
 more beautiful without... people.

ROBERT
 Don't fool yourself; there are
 plenty of people here.

She looks at him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 We're entering Cheyenne territory.
 Do you remember our agreement?

LILY
 Which agreement is that?

ROBERT

Don't play dumb, Lily. It doesn't suit you. Stubborn, yes but not dumb.

He coughs into his handkerchief.

LILY

Oh, you mean our agreement regarding my not leaving your side while you're sick?

Robert closes his notebook. Goes to Lily.

ROBERT

No. I meant our agreement that you would go back to Chicago as soon as we entered hostile Indian territory.

LILY

But that was before you took ill. I think the second agreement supersedes the first.

ROBERT

Dear God, now you sound like a lawyer.

She takes Robert's hands in hers.

LILY

If you want me to go back to Chicago, lead the way. I'm not leaving you, Robert.

ROBERT

Don't tempt me. I might just do it.

Lily smiles.

LILY

Now you're playing me for dumb. You've dreamed about this for too long to go back now.

ROBERT

We've dreamed about it.

Finally, he puts his arms around her.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

This would mean nothing to me if
you weren't here to share it.

He pulls her closer. He loves the way she feels. He
breathes in the scent of her hair. Lily's expression
changes.

LILY

Robert Bell! You rascal. Are you
hiding something in your trousers?

Robert smiles rakishly.

ROBERT

It must be this fresh air.

Now Lily smiles.

LILY

Then breathe deeply my dear.

SLOW ZOOM AWAY from Robert and Lily on the hilltop until they
are specks again. They are being watched by...

REVEAL two Cheyenne Indians -- PAWNEE KILLER and SUN BEAR --
lying atop the bluff, secreted by boulders. They wear only
breechcloths, leggings and moccasins. Their long hair is
braided with a top knot in the shape of a pompadour.

With their sun-burnt skin, their high cheek bones and
epicanthic eyes, they look almost like they could be from
another planet than that of the white people below.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 EXT. HELL ON WHEELS - NIGHT 25

Men stagger and stumble around on the streets, blind drunk. Others already passed out in the muck. Gaunt dogs roam the street, sniffing at the passed out drunks.

Lit by torches, Hell on Wheels is fully assembled and in full swing. Saloons, gambling tents, a dance hall, a whorehouse and some legitimate businesses. But mainly it is vice unbridled.

A sign on the periphery reads: HELL ON WHEELS. POPULATION: ONE LESS EVERY DAY.

26 INT. STARLIGHT SALOON - NIGHT 26

The big tent has a wooden floor and oil lamps. Nothing fancy here. Cheap, strong whiskey for men wanting to get drunk fast.

Cullen sits with Johnson and FIVE OTHER MEN sit at a table in the corner. A bottle of whiskey stands in the middle of the table.

WALKING BOSS TWO

So, how many slaves did you own?

CULLEN

Five in all. I owned a small tobacco farm.

JOHNSON

Any women?

CULLEN

Two.

WALKING BOSS TWO

Did you sample the goods?

CULLEN

No. It wasn't like that.

WALKING BOSS ONE

Are you bitter that you had to give up your slaves?

CULLEN

I gave them their freedom a year before the war started.

JOHNSON
Are you serious?

CULLEN
I kept them on at wages.

JOHNSON
You're an odd duck, Bohannon.

CULLEN
I married a Northerner. She convinced me of the evils of slavery.

JOHNSON
You gave up your slaves and you still fought in the war?

CULLEN
That's right.

JOHNSON
Why?!

CULLEN
Honor.

JOHNSON
You southerners and your honor!

Johnson fills Cullen's glass.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
So, where is your wife?

CULLEN
She's dead.

JOHNSON
Did the war take her?

CULLEN
In a manner of speaking.

27 EXT. END OF TRACKS - DAWN 27

The eastern sky glows faintly.

28 EXT. HELL ON WHEELS - DAWN 28

The muck is littered with passed out bodies and empty whiskey bottles. Some men stagger out into the dim light. A TRAIN WHISTLE SUDDENLY SOUNDS, LOUD AND PIERCING.

*
*

29 INT. STARLIGHT SALOON - DAWN 29 *

A shaky hand pours a glass of whiskey. The hand belongs to Johnson. He drinks the whiskey down in one gulp. Breakfast of champions.

Cullen is asleep in his chair from the night before.

In the background, the bartender drags a drunk to the back of the tent and tosses him out. *

JOHNSON
Rise and shine, Bohannon.

Cullen stirs.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
It's another beautiful day on the railroad.

30 EXT. END OF TRACKS - DAWN 30

THE WHISTLE CONTINUES. The side of a Casement car slides open and men begin to emerge from their bunks. They greet the day stretching, scratching their asses, yawning, coughing, blowing snot rockets, pissing and farting. A symphony of bodily functions. *

Other men fall to their knees -- no not to pray -- but to throw up last night's whiskey.

31 INT. PULLMAN CAR - DAY 31

An opulently appointed private car replete with Persian rugs and ostentatious empire style furniture. The train clatters along.

Durant is bent over a desk, looking at a survey map. He is flanked by TWO ENGINEERS.

ENGINEER ONE
As you can see, we've made wonderful progress through the prairie.

ENGINEER TWO
We've already built fifty miles of usable road.

Durant looks at the map with a furrowed brow.

CLOSE ON THE MAP -- Durant traces the course of the track with his index finger. It is basically a straight line, heading west from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DURANT
Why have you made my road so...
(looking for the word)
...straight?

The engineers look at one another.

ENGINEER TWO
We took the quickest route.

DURANT
Why?

The engineers are completely confused.

ENGINEER ONE
Aren't we in a race with the
Central Pacific?

This elicits a laugh from Durant.

DURANT
The Central Pacific? Those
imbeciles will never even make it
out of Sacramento. I hear they're
so desperate they're hiring chinks.

Durant returns to the map.

DURANT (CONT'D)
I was thinking of something more
like this.

Durant traces a meandering, serpentine route over the
straight route.

ENGINEER ONE
But we're building over flat land.
Why wouldn't we make it straight?

DURANT
Why wouldn't we make it straight he
asks.

Durant chuckles.

DURANT (CONT'D)
Take a closer look.

When the engineer bends in closer, Durant pushes the man's
face into the map hard. The engineer struggles to get free
but Durant is too strong.

DURANT (CONT'D)
Let me elucidate.

Durant gestures broadly over the map with his free hand.

DURANT (CONT'D)
In case you hadn't heard, this undertaking is being subsidized by the enormous teat of the Federal Government. This never-ending, money-gushing nipple pays me sixteen hundred dollars a mile yet you build my road straight?

Durant lifts the engineer's head. A thread of blood trickles from the man's nose.

DURANT (CONT'D)
You're fired. Get out.

He hesitates.

DURANT (CONT'D)
I said get out!

The engineer walks over to the door and opens it. They are in the middle of nowhere.

ENGINEER ONE
But we're fifty miles from the next station.

DURANT
Then you'd better walk in a straight line.

The engineer looks back at Durant one last time. The train isn't moving that fast, but still.

DURANT (CONT'D)
Go!

The man jumps from the train. The door flaps in the breeze. Durant turns to the other engineer and smiles.

DURANT (CONT'D)
You look like a bright fellow.

32

EXT. CUT CREW - MORNING

32

The freedmen labor under the hot sun. The shovels and picks beat out a staccato rhythm. They are digging a channel through a rocky hill, making room for the railroad bed.

Many of the men are tiring and gasping for breath in the scorching weather. The dust is relentless.

Cullen walks the line, shouting encouragement.

CULLEN

Come on! Put your backs into it!

He checks his pocket watch.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

Half an hour till lunch! Pick it up!

Elam and WILLIAM, another freedman work shoulder to shoulder.

ELAM

Peckerwood.

WILLIAM

He ain't so bad.

ELAM

Shut your dumb black ass up. I don't need no slave boss motivatin' me.

Elam swings his pick, attacking the hardscrabble ground with gusto. There is an anger, a violence, to his movements.

CULLEN

Gimme the full chisel, boys!

Elam shoots a look at Cullen.

ELAM

(to William)

Help me out here.

Elam starts singing a call-and-answer work song.

ELAM (CONT'D)

All dem purty gals will be dar!

William and the other ex-slaves look up at Elam.

ELAM (CONT'D)

Come on! I said all dem purty gals will be dar!

Some of the freedmen join in the response.

FREEDMEN

Shuck dat corn before you eat!

ELAM

They will fix it for us rare!

A few more join in.

FREEDMEN

Shuck dat corn before you eat!

The workers pick up their pace. Cullen starts to say something but Elam shouts over him, drowning Cullen's voice out.

ELAM

I hope dey'll have some whiskey dar!

FREEDMAN

Shuck dat corn before you eat!

Elam continues the call and response. He and Cullen make eye contact. The message from Elam is, "I'm the boss here, not you."

33 EXT. SURVEYOR CAMP - NIGHT 33

A huge full moon hangs in the sky.

Five tents stand in a clearing. Some of the tents are lit from the inside, making them look like Japanese lanterns.

34 INT. THE BELLS' TENT - NIGHT 34

Robert and Lily are making love. Lily is on top of Robert. Their bodies glisten with sweat. Lily MOANS.

ROBERT

Shh. The others.

She MOANS again. Robert puts his hand over her mouth. Lily bites down on his hand. Lily moves on top of Robert, her muffled moans barely audible.

Now it's Robert's turn to moan. Lily's hand shoots to his mouth. They come to a climax, their moans muffled by the other's hand.

Lily rolls off of Robert and lies next to him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Do you think they heard us?

LILY

Who cares?

ROBERT

I don't want to torment the poor bastards. Out here alone in the middle of nowhere.

LILY

They have their hands.

Robert can't help but laugh. But the laugh turns into a coughing spasm. It is a horrible, racking cough with no end.

Lily rushes over to a little medical bag. She takes out a bottle of laudanum. She spoons some into his mouth but it has little effect.

Lily holds Robert in her arms until the coughing abates.

ROBERT

I fear this cough is going to be the end of me.

LILY

Nonsense.

ROBERT

Lily, if I were to die--

LILY

Please stop talking like that.

He starts to talk, but she kisses him on the lips, silencing him. Lily rocks Robert in her arms. She starts singing *Greensleeves*...

LILY (CONT'D)

Alas, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously...

Lily's clear, strong voice carries over to...

...the outside of the tent. Their silhouettes can be seen through the canvas. That full moon hangs ominously.

35

EXT. HILLS - SUNSET

35

Three figures sit atop horses on a promontory in the fading light: Joseph, his father, CHIEF MANY HORSES, and his brother PAWNEE KILLER. Joseph dressed in his "white man's" clothes. Many Horses and Pawnee Killer in Cheyenne buckskins.

Pawnee Killer is really worked up; his horse circles and stomps.

MANY HORSES

I'm sure we can come to an agreement with the white men. Look out there...

Many Horses makes a sweeping gesture at the pristine, empty land that stretches to the horizon all around them.

MANY HORSES (CONT'D)

...so much good land. Enough for everyone.

JOSEPH

It's not just the railroad, father. Towns will be built. Ranches. Farms. They'll need land and water. Their cattle will need to graze in the pasture of the buffalo. There's nothing we can do to stop it...

PAWNEE KILLER

I say we fight the bastards.

Joseph turns to Pawnee Killer.

JOSEPH

In the name of Jesus Christ I ask you to put down your weapons and submit.

Pawnee Killer scoffs.

PAWNEE KILLER

This man Jesus was weak. He let them whip him and nail him to that strange tree so that he died.

JOSEPH

He died for our sins.

PAWNEE KILLER

I'll die for my own sins, little brother.

JOSEPH

You will die. Make no mistake about it.

PAWNEE KILLER

There are some things worse than dying, *Ôhmo'ôhtavaestse*. All you need do is look in a mirror.

Suddenly, Joseph has his horse up close against Pawnee Killer's. Looks him in the eye.

JOSEPH

I'm not scared to die. But I don't
want to watch my people
slaughtered.

Pawnee Killer looks Joseph up and down disdainfully.

PAWNEE KILLER

"Your people?" Look at you...

Pawnee Killer flits at Joseph's hair; Joseph snatches hold of his wrist, suddenly pissed off.

In a flash, Pawnee Killer unsheathes his knife with his other hand and has it at Joseph's throat. No fear in Joseph's eyes, just anger.

PAWNEE KILLER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

So, this Jesus hasn't taken your
balls away completely.

MANY HORSES

That's enough!

Their eyes turn to their father. Another beat, then Pawnee Killer lowers his knife; Joseph finally releases his brother's arm.

PAWNEE KILLER

You're right. Enough "talk."

With that, Pawnee Killer heels his horse and rides away in a cloud of dust. Many Horses watches him go.

MANY HORSES

He knows that you were always my
favorite. It feeds his fire.

He turns back to Joseph, his eyes filled with sadness. He looks at his son sitting there looking so different, so foreign to him.

MANY HORSES (CONT'D)

The clothes, not so bad. But you
shouldn't have let them cut your
hair.

36 EXT. CUT - DAY

36

The freedmen continue digging out the cut. They have made good progress and are working well as a unit.

William is having a very hard time of it. He falls to a knee. Exhausted. Parched.

Elam goes to the water barrel, brings him a drink in a ladle.

Cullen roams the periphery of the cut, overseeing the operation.

He sees two men with wheelbarrows dumping their debris.

CULLEN

You men!

Cullen heads towards them.

CULLEN (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to dump that dirt over on the other side!

Elam, giving William water, shoots a withering look at Cullen.

ELAM

Hey!--

William puts his hand on Elam's arm, cutting him off.

WILLIAM

Keep your mouth shut.

ELAM

I told 'em to do it.

Cullen turns to face Elam.

ELAM (CONT'D)

We's fixin' to fill in that dip over yonder next. I figured we might as well have some fill dirt nearby.

Cullen looks over at the low area to which Elam is referring.

CULLEN

You talk to me before any decisions are made.

ELAM

Yassuh, massah.

Elam looks at Cullen contemptuously. Before Cullen can respond...

JOHNSON

What the hell is going on here?

Johnson rides up to them on his horse. Sees Elam with the water ladle.

He rides over to Elam, strikes him hard on the arm with his riding crop. Ladle, and water, go flying.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You drink when I say you drink.

Elam, pissed, grabs the horse's reins. Horse spooks. Rears on hind legs. Strikes William a violent blow in the head.

William goes down. Blood spurting from head laceration.

Elam falls to his side.

ELAM

Willie!

William's eyes are wide, but unconscious.

Elam pulls off his shirt, tries desperately to stem the bleeding.

JOHNSON

This is what happens when you break my rules.

Johnson rides away. Elam glares hard up at Johnson. Then catches Cullen watching him.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 INT. FREEDMEN TENT - NIGHT

37

A crowded five man tent. The men are bunking down for the night.

Cullen enters the tent. Walks over to Elam, who is...

...sharpening a Bowie knife with a twelve inch blade on a whetstone. He slides the blade along the stone over and over.

*

CULLEN
How's William?

Elam gestures over at a bunk in the corner -- William's body covered by a sheet.

Elam is totally stoic. Betrays no emotion.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
What are you planning on doing with that Arkansas toothpick?

Elam doesn't answer. The only sound is the knife on the stone.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Don't do it.

*

ELAM
We ain't on the plantation no more, walking boss.

*

*

*

The knife continues, slow and menacing.

*

CULLEN
You kill him, you'll hang.

*

*

The blade suddenly stops.

*

ELAM
How they gonna hang me if there ain't no witnesses?

*

*

*

Elam tests the blade with his thumb. It creates a metallic *ting*. Elam looks up at Cullen. Cullen returns Elam's stare, not giving an inch.

*

*

*

Elam smiles, releasing the tension. Goes back to sharpening.

*

CULLEN
You've got to let the past go.

*

Cullen starts away.

ELAM
Have you let it go? *

CLOSE ON CULLEN -- he hesitates for just a second, then moves on, never looking back.

38 EXT. HELL ON WHEELS - NIGHT 38

Bustling with a booming trade. Cullen makes his way through the dirt main thoroughfare. Something catches his eye.

A long line of men leads from a small tent. Above the tent a sign: MCGINNES BROTHERS MAGIC LANTERN SHOW. ADMISSION FIVE CENTS.

Curious, Cullen goes to investigate.

39 INT. MCGINNES BROTHERS TENT - NIGHT 39

THIRTY IRISHMEN crammed into the tent, sitting on the dirt floor, watching images projected from a magic lantern.

The images consist of colorized sepia photographs and painted images of Ireland.

Sean works the lantern, handfeeding the strips of images through the gate. He sees Cullen enter and waves him over.

They speak in hushed whispers.

CULLEN
You're doing quite a trade.

SEAN
Not bad for a coupla' Irish bumpkins.

CULLEN
Where's Mickey?

Sean nods towards Mickey, who stands near the screen.

SEAN
He's preparin' for the grand finale.

Cullen watches the images of Ireland. Sean watches Cullen.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Do you not pine for your own homeland, Mr. Bohannon?

CULLEN

No.

*

SEAN

And why is that?

*

*

CULLEN

It's gone.

*

*

An image of an old Irish woman appears on screen. Right on cue, Mickey starts singing *Tha Caileag A'st-Earrach*, a traditional Gaelic ballad. He sings in a clear, strong tenor.

More images of Ireland interspersed with images of mothers with their children.

Some of the men start crying. The haunting ballad continues.

An image of a family dressed in mourning weeds, standing over a grave appears on screen. The ballad swells to a crescendo.

There isn't a dry eye in the house.

Cullen watches in amazement as the tough-as-nails railroad workers blubber like babies.

SEAN

'Tis stronger than whiskey.

(beat)

But we sell that too.

Sean winks at Cullen.

40

EXT. SURVEYOR'S CAMP - DAY (MORNING)

40

One surveyor awake. He treads to the perimeter of the trees to take a piss. As he pees, he scans the tree line with still sleepy eyes.

He looks down as he buttons his pants. Suddenly...

The TWANG of a bow string. An arrow rips into his stomach. Passes right through him and sticks with a THWACK into a buckboard.

The surveyor looks down at the bloody stain blooming on his shirt. Then looks back toward the trees. Now, we see what he sees...

Pawnee Killer and a group of Cheyenne braves materialize like ghosts from the trees. Pawnee Killer has the bow that shot the surveyor.

Awesome war bonnet atop Pawnee Killer's head. Bristling with hundreds of black magpie and raven feathers. He wears an ornamented dog rope over his shoulder and a bird bone whistle hangs around his neck.

His face painted red and black for war.

The surveyor goes to cry out, but Pawnee Killer fires another arrow at him. Striking him in the throat. Surveyor's cry cut off into a muffled gurgle.

The braves move into the camp. Utterly silent. Which makes the sight even more terrifying.

41	OMIT	41
42	INT. THE BELLS' TENT - DAY (EARLY MORNING)	42

Robert and Lily are awake, dressed for the day. Suddenly they hear SCREAMS and sounds of the attack from outside their tent.

Robert opens the tent flap. Peers out...

The braves attacking. Some go into the tents.

Another spears a man as he tries to raise his pistol and shoot. The pistol discharges as he is run through by the long spear.

Another surveyor attacked with a war club. Arrows being fired in rapid succession.

The braves beautifully efficient in their murderous assault.

Robert is stuffing maps and notebooks into a satchel.

LILY
What are you doing?

ROBERT
We have to save our work!

Lily waits anxiously at the entrance.

Pawnee Killer dismounts, starts touching the victims with his coup stick.

Some of the Cheyenne braves start disfiguring the bodies and taking scalps.

LILY
Robert, come on! We have to go!

43 EXT. THE BELLS' TENT - DAY

43

Robert and Lily slip from the rear of the tent. Robert has the satchel.

ROBERT

Run for the trees. Don't look back.

A brave looks up from scalping a surveyor just as Robert and Lily disappear into the trees.

Lily and Robert make their way through the trees.

The brave sees them. Follows them into the tree line.

Robert and Lily continue, running as fast as they can. Robert starts gasping for breath. Finally, he has to stop. They squat behind a clump of trees while Robert catches his breath.

Lily is trembling from head to foot. Robert puts his arm around her.

The brave continues stalking them. He moves silently, a war club in one hand, a bow in the other.

Robert and Lily can hear the brave approaching.

LILY AND ROBERT'S P.O.V. -- The brave stops. Listens. A few tense moments, then he starts to move on.

Lily looks relieved. They are about to move on, but Robert suddenly starts to cough. He tries to muffle it with his handkerchief.

ON THE BRAVE -- He stops, tilts his head when he hears the muffled coughing. He grabs the handle of his war club.

ON ROBERT AND LILY -- They start to move again, when...

...the brave is upon them, smashing Robert over the head with a sickening crack, breaking the war club.

He turns on Lily. She crawls backwards on her elbows. The brave drops the broken war club and pulls an arrow from his quiver. He loads it into the bow.

Lily puts her hands up in front of her. The brave lets the arrow fly. It rips through her palm and lodges in her shoulder. It is all weirdly silent.

He loads another arrow and starts to shoot when...

Robert, covered in blood, jumps him from behind, starts choking him. They fall to the ground.

Lily grabs the arrow in her shoulder. Starts pulling it out. It rips and tears at her flesh. She grimaces in agony.

Robert tries to hold onto the brave, but the brave pulls his knife, thrusts it backwards into Robert's gut. Robert falls away from him. The brave gasps for breath.

Then, he stands and turns toward Lily. But as he does...

...Lily attacks with the arrow she pulled from her shoulder. She plunges it into the brave's neck. He tries to pull the arrow out but Lily pushes it deeper.

They do an awkward dance in the prairie grass, the brave's carotid blood spraying Lily. Finally, he falls to the ground.

Lily goes to Robert's side. He is barely alive. Both of them are covered in blood.

Lily holds his face in her hands. With his last ounce of strength, he takes one of her hands and moves it to the valise with the survey work in it.

Then, his eyes close. She looks at him, heartbroken. Not wanting to leave him. But then...

Lily hears the Indians moving nearby. She has no choice. She slips off into the trees.

They do not see her.

44

INT. STARLIGHT SALOON - NIGHT

44

Cullen and Johnson sit in a secluded corner in the nearly empty saloon. There is an empty bottle of whiskey on the table.

JOHNSON

Tell me, Mister Bohannon. Did you see the elephant during the war?

CULLEN

I saw my share of action.

JOHNSON

Where?

CULLEN

I don't really like to talk about it.

JOHNSON

I loved the war. It was the best thing that ever happened to me.

CULLEN

I thought you said you were against it.

JOHNSON

I was. But that doesn't mean I didn't enjoy myself once I was pressed into service.

Cullen signals for the bartender to bring over another bottle of whiskey.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm skint.

CULLEN

This one's on me.

The bartender puts the bottle down. Cullen pours two tall ones.

JOHNSON

Some men shrink when they see the elephant up close. Not me. I blossomed.

Johnson downs the whiskey in three big gulps. He just doesn't seem to get drunk.

Cullen pours Johnson and himself another. Johnson takes another, smaller drink. Suddenly reflective.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I will admit, though, there were times I crossed lines... moral lines... I didn't think myself capable of crossing.

(looks at Cullen)

But that's what men do in war.

He knocks back rest of his drink.

Under the table, Cullen pours out his whiskey. There is a large puddle of whiskey there.

CULLEN

Moral men don't.

This stops Johnson. He looks over his glass at Cullen. Intense look exchanged between them.

JOHNSON
So, you did nothing that you were
ashamed of?

CULLEN
Oh, I did plenty I was ashamed of. *

Another tense pause.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Were you ever in Meridian,
Mississippi, Mr. Johnson?

Johnson says nothing. Cullen's hand goes to his Griswold.
Then, a CLICK! from under the table.

JOHNSON
That's my Colt pointed at your gut,
Bohanon.

Under the table. Johnson's pistol pointed at Cullen.
Cullen's hand remains on his pistol grip.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I don't want to kill you here, but
I will if I have to.

Cullen's removes his hand.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Let's take a walk.

45 EXT. HELL ON WHEELS - NIGHT

45

Cullen comes out of the tent followed by Johnson, who keeps
his gun to the back of Cullen's head.

JOHNSON
Out back.

Cullen cuts between two tents.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I know you killed two of the men in
Maryland.

They reach the end of the tents.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Out in that field.

Cullen continues on.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Then, I read in the newspaper about Prescott being killed in that church by a Griswold and Gunnison six shooter.

They make their way out into the field.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I didn't think you'd track me down out here, but I'll be damned if you didn't show up a few days later with that Griswold plain as day on your hip. Then you ask me about Meridian tonight and that cinched it.

It's darker the farther into the field they go.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I'm not proud of what happened to your wife, Bohannon...

CULLEN

It didn't "happen" to her. You did it to her.

JOHNSON

Yes. We did it to her. I did it to her. It'd been a particularly bloody day. Few of our boys had got ambushed and we were out for blood. Then, the drinking started...

(pause)

Your wife was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Johnson stops walking.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Stop right here.

Cullen stops. Turns and faces Johnson.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I just want you to know, it wasn't my idea to kill her.

CULLEN

(confused)

She hung herself.

JOHNSON

No. The sergeant strangled her.
Strung her up to make it look like
a suicide.

CULLEN

Sergeant? What sergeant?

JOHNSON

He's out here too. Figured you
were saving him for last.

Smiles, seeing the desperation in Cullen's eyes.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And you didn't even know about him.

CULLEN

Who is he?

He clicks back the hammer on his gun.

JOHNSON

Hardly matters now. *

Suddenly, Cullen's eyes go to something moving behind
Johnson.

CULLEN

No!

Johnson frowns. There is a sudden flash of silver at his
throat. A long asthmatic wheeze escapes from Johnson's
throat, then a huge bloody knife wound becomes visible,
stretching from ear to ear.

When Johnson falls to his knees, Elam is revealed standing
behind him, Bowie knife in hand. Cullen looks at Elam.

ELAM

You welcome.

Elam kicks Johnson face forward in the dirt.

Cullen kneels beside Johnson. Turns him over, makes Johnson
look at him.

CULLEN

Tell me his name.

Johnson manages an enigmatic smile. Blood gurgles in the
terrible throat gash. The name dies with him.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

46 INT. PULLMAN CAR - NIGHT

46

Durant sits in an opulently furnished Pullman car. He is drunk. His little black eyes are hooded and unfocused. He sips brandy from a cut crystal tumbler.

Durant's eyes focus as he addresses someone off screen.

DURANT

Is it a villain you want?

Durant nods. Holds up his glass.

DURANT (CONT'D)

I'll play the part. After all,
what is a drama without a villain?
And what is the building of this
grand road if not a drama?
Gentlemen, this business is not for
the weak of heart.

Durant takes another drink of brandy.

47 EXT. NEBRASKA PRAIRIE - DAY

47

The horribly mutilated bodies of the surveyors lie sprawled around the camp. Scalps have been removed. Noses cut off. Bodies bristle with arrows.

DURANT'S VOICE

It is a thorny, brutal affair that
rewards the lion for his ferocity.

A black feather from Pawnee Killer's war bonnet is stuck to the dried blood of one of the victim's scalps.

A HAND reaches down, picks it up. REVEAL that the hand belongs to...

...Joseph. Joseph inspects the feather. The concerned look on his face tells you that he knows where it came from.

DURANT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And what of the poor zebra you ask?
Well, the zebra is eaten as the
zebra should be.

Now, we MOVE UP AND AWAY FROM THE SLAUGHTER, over a hill, down to the adjacent valley...

...a SPECK moving on the horizon. MOVE CLOSER, CLOSER, to see that it is Lily. Bloodied. Limping along alone.

Lost in the vast wilderness. Still carrying the valise. And armed. A survivor.

DURANT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Make no mistake. Blood will be spilt. Lives will be lost. Fortunes will be made and men will be ruined.

48 EXT. LEADING EDGE OF RAILROAD - DAY

48

The cut crew once again working. At a NEW LOCATION. Cullen now the leader. He shouts a command. The freedmen stop working, go to get water.

In the near distance, Hell On Wheels is being re-constructed in the new location.

DURANT'S VOICE

There will be scandal and betrayal and perfidy of epic proportions but the lion shall prevail.

Now, Cullen and Elam see TWO RIDERS galloping toward them. They exchange a look.

Cullen's hand eases down and unfastens his holster strap.

CAMERA MOVES AWAY FROM THEM... back down the tracks, in the direction from which they came.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 EXT. WHERE HELL ON WHEELS WAS - DAY

49

The area blighted. Not a living tree to be seen. Just stumps. Near the river bank. Effluvium rising from a layer of scum on the water.

Flies rioting around unused buffalo carcasses which lie rotting in the relentless sun.

Several crude graves, punctuated by rustic crosses, offer testimony to the harshness of life in Hell on Wheels.

Wild dogs and coyotes sniff and pick through a smouldering hill of garbage. Follow the smoke up...

Vultures circle overhead in a black-smudged sky.

But through it all, runs the railroad track. Clean line. Iron tracks gleaming in the sun. Stretching straight and true to the horizon.

DURANT'S VOICE

You see, the secret I know is this:
all of history is driven by the
lion. We drag the dumb zebras
kicking and braying behind us,
staining the earth with their cheap
blood.

50 INT. PULLMAN CAR - NIGHT

50

Durant's eyes dart back and forth at his audience.

DURANT

History doesn't remember us fondly
but history is written by the
zebras for the zebras. One hundred
years hence, when this railroad
spans the continent, and America
rises to become a power like no
other the world has seen, I shall
be remembered as a caitiff and a
malefactor who operated only out of
greed for personal gain.

(beat)

All true. All true.

Durant wags his index finger.

DURANT (CONT'D)

But remember this: Without me and
men like me, your glorious railroad
would never be built.

Durant slumps in his chair like some drunken panjandrum. And now it is revealed that except for Durant, the Pullman car is completely empty. He is totally alone.

51 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

51

The train hurtles through the night, passing through a vast wasteland, then it is gone. The railroad tracks glow in the moonlight. The image becomes...

A STYLIZED MAGIC LANTERN SLIDE OF THE SAME IMAGE. A MECHANICAL CLICK AND WHIR AS THE SLIDE IS REMOVED, LEAVING ONLY A BLANK SCREEN.

FADE OUT:

THE END