



Scripts.com

# Left For Dead

By Chad Leslie

This tragic Mexican ghost story started in 1880...

In a mining town called Amnesty, when preacher ended his affair with a local whore.

The whore went insane and with the other whores in town, they killed every man, woman and child.

The preacher made a deal with the devil to live on as a ghost, hoping one day to exact bloody vengeance.

Cursed to never travel beyond Amnesty's cemetery he carried on believing one day circumstances would bring those whores back to his vengeful hands. His bloody wish came true 15 years later in the form of a fugitive named Blake Sentenza and a woman called Clementine Templeton...

Vengeance.

It is enough to keep you going through anything...

through fear,

through pain,

through hell itself.

Because until you have vengeance,  
it has you.

And it won't let you go.

It won't let you live.

It won't even let you die.

You have something for me?

Answer the question, senorita.

Or do I use this ugly edge  
on your pretty face?

Take it.

What are you hiding there?

I'm not looking for trouble.

I'm looking for a man, that's all.

Well...

look no farther.

I may be a woman,

but I'll be your man, senorita.

No.

You're not him.

You don't want to be, neither,

'cause when I find him

I'm gonna blow his balls off.

I came from Hell's Crossing.

They told me to come this way...

said a Mary Black

might be looking for him too.

I thought I might help.

Mother Mary doesn't need your help.

A taste of what I got in that bundle  
might change your mind.  
No more...  
Left for dead  
Take this offering as communion with her,  
Mother Lord.  
I can guess what happened to our two lookouts.  
How about you tell all of us who you are?  
Clementine Templeton.  
I'm looking for this man...  
the same man I hear y'all are looking for.  
Maybe I can help you find the son of a bitch.  
Maybe you can.  
So what's Sentenza to you?  
Back home,  
he left a girl,  
abandoned her.  
Took all her money and left her  
with nothing but his baby in her stomach.  
This is my daughter Michelle.  
Sentenza fucked her,  
left her like this.  
He raped her?  
Love sometimes makes you do  
things you don't want to do.  
You think what he did to you was love?  
They're on the same trail...  
Mary Black, her followers.  
Their path started out in a town ruled by women...  
a way of life threatened by a man.  
Now they're afraid of where the trail ends...  
Amnesty.  
All of them are worried that if the ghost stories are true,  
the day of reckoning with Mobius Lockhardt awaits them.  
The name's Rosa Hodge...  
Sheriff Hodge to you and everyone else.  
I uphold the law in Hell's Crossing...  
Mary's law.  
Yeah, a town run by women.  
We were through waiting for men to give us our rights.  
Crack Shot, a fast shot. One shot...  
that's all Dora really needs.  
Be glad you ain't dueling with me.  
Any gold you've got or find, I get.

If you don't make it, that is.  
Name is Olie Almarich.  
Lads call me Goldie.  
See, I love gold.  
I have great certainty what it is.  
I've heard there's a lot of gold hidden in Amnesty,  
scraps from back before the mine was abandoned.  
I intend to claim it all for me and Mother Mary.  
Quite the posse you got here.  
That girl  
Sentenza left behind...  
is she a relation of yours,  
your sister?  
How'd you come by your skills?  
My father  
Eli...  
he had a ranch,  
a dead Mexican wife and three little girls.  
For most of us it's a vision.  
For me, it was her,  
bestowed on me out of nowhere... Michelle.  
Wait, so you're saying your pregnancy was?  
Immaculate.  
You'll be lucky to survive one more night before becoming a mother.  
Mother Lord will keep you well long enough to cleanse the sin  
and see Blake Sentenza pay for it.  
But, Mama, I don't want him to pay.  
This Sentenza... he raped you,  
right?  
He led you on  
and he left you.  
And you don't want him to pay for it?  
I don't want him to pay for it with his life.  
I'd just like him to say that he still loves me.  
What makes you think he ever did?  
Blake could have run away, but he loves me too much to leave.  
Why else would he stay until a price was put on his head?  
Where is it?  
Where's the God damn town?  
We need him alive.  
Well, I figured it's best to bring him back dead than not bring him back at  
all.  
A cemetery. Lost souls, baby. Just like the ghost story says.  
Amnesty Town.

If you figure that's safer.  
He come this way.  
My hand!  
Mobius Lockhardt...  
a spirit of vengeance left to roam this world after death,  
thirsty for blood,  
hungry for revenge,  
just like the ghost story says.  
Let's get the hell out of here!  
Stinking cowards. Shooting at their own shadows.  
Bushwhacking bastard.  
Piece of shit shot my paw.  
Let's shoot him in the gut.  
It takes days to die from that.  
It wasn't me.  
It wasn't me. I don't have a gun.  
I don't have a gun.  
No, no, no, no, please. Don't, don't. Please, please, please.  
Don't shoot me, Mobius.  
Just trying to take a piece-of-shit rapist back to justice.  
Seeing as you've gone so suddenly quiet,  
I guess they call you Blake Sentenza.  
Yeah...  
Yeah... but I didn't rape that girl.  
but I didn't rape that girl.  
Very few live to tell their story about this camp,  
about me.  
You could be one of them,  
but it means doing something in exchange.  
Great. Great.  
Very few get to live.  
Deliver a message for me...  
about me. That's so you don't forget.  
Senor Sentenza.  
A holy servant once said to God:  
"My life was filled with pain and suffering  
and ended in horrible tragedy.  
I renounce you and my place in Your kingdom".  
And God said to the servant:  
"Then your suffering shall continue  
in the service of Satan  
and your reward will be a place in Amnesty".  
And therewith, Mobius Lockhardt...  
rose from the grave to serve a new lifetime...

bringing souls of the damned to hell.  
I didn't rape that girl.  
Many people come here looking for something,  
some for gold,  
others for a refuge,  
land,  
maybe even me.  
But...  
all any of them ever get is their epitaph.  
And now...  
now they'll be coming here for you,  
Blake Sentenza.  
You know...  
that's my...  
last cigarette.  
I don't want to puff it alone.  
Been years,  
It's a friendly gesture.  
Been 15...  
since I had one of those too...  
a friend.  
Most chant Bible at me and run away.  
I know his belly's torn to pieces, but...  
he still looks lively.  
You can see him twitching.  
Takes days to die from a stomach wound.  
I also have a lady.  
Left her...  
back east  
for the gold rush.  
Mine's dead.  
Maybe it's time I gave you...  
a friendly gesture.  
This devil hoard was forged with hellfire.  
Dixie roll.  
Dixie roll. I've seen the trick.  
You catch it, you twirl it around and blow me to hell.  
Maybe you're already there.  
I'm sorry. I was just trying to be friendly.  
I give myself to Lucifer!  
My pistols...  
tell the story.  
This grave was dug today.  
We should have burnt it to the ground.

Looks like somebody's fiancée is trying to scare us. Run us the hell off.  
Shh. Listen.  
Now we know what happened to our bounty hunters.  
No...  
Blake didn't do this.  
No, he isn't vicious like this. He isn't...  
Don't get on your knees for him. Not for him!  
Never do that for a man.  
Go.  
Go  
back.  
Go.  
He's dead.  
He killed  
He killed Sentenza.  
I heard the shot.  
Blake's dead?  
Please save me.  
Blake's not dead.  
This heathen was just too scared to face him again.  
Think of this piece of shit before you fail me.  
Give me your gold, cowboy.  
Good taste, picking me.  
Slim pickings, but you would be my first stop too.  
I chose you because I know what you're after.  
And you know what I'm after.  
You're after him?  
Sentenza?  
Any gold goes to you,  
big payola or otherwise.  
I expect the same in return if you find what I'm looking for.  
Huh-uh, I'm going this way.  
Your ass is mine, Blake.  
Been here long enough?  
There's only two places you can be safe from Mobius Lockhardt...  
beyond the graves and inside this church.  
I'm sorry I scared you.  
I'm sorry I scared you. I thought you were one of them.  
I thought you were one of them.  
Know what I came here for?  
You came to save me.  
All right.  
Give me one reason not to.  
I just did.

Need another kiss?  
Want some more?  
You'd better try another reason.  
All right.  
That's your wedding dress, right?  
Been patching it up.  
After what you did,  
you and me, I don't think that can be patched up.  
It's about the girl, right?  
It's all lies, Clem.  
I didn't spend any time with her,  
not even words.  
I only love you,  
with my eyes, with my heart.  
I'm all yours.  
Then where's your ring?  
Where's yours?  
- Hey, hey.  
- So where is your ring?  
I was just sweet-talking him so I could bring him out nice and easy.  
A punch would do it.  
One punch  
from... you?  
Are you prepared to make good on your promise to my little girl, Blake?  
You fucking whore.  
Each time you say "No"...  
Each time you say "No"... we pull the hook.  
we pull the hook.  
We'll let you hang until the skin  
We'll let you hang until the skin peels clean off your bones.  
peels clean off your bones.  
Ever seen a man's  
bones slide out of his flesh?  
Even for you,  
I don't know if I can stand to watch it happen again.  
Lucky I don't have that problem.  
You can put it on my finger now,  
like you always said.  
Don't let them hurt you like this, Blake.  
You're crazy. That's because your lover boy hasn't slipped it on you  
or because he slipped it on hers.  
That badge don't place you above nobody.  
You're just one of Mary Black's tit suckers.  
We'll see who a tit sucker is shortly.



You raped my daughter  
and you left the mark of your perversion in her belly, you bastard.  
I didn't do it!  
If I have to,  
I will baptize this baby in your blood.  
Just say "I do"  
Say you love me. Please say it  
like before, or they'll make it hurt.  
Never said that.  
Never felt that.  
And nothing can make me.  
Nothing?  
Are you sure about that?  
Clementine.  
We believe to do unto others what is done to us.  
- An eye for an eye.  
- An eye for an eye.  
- A tooth for a tooth.  
- A tooth for a tooth.  
A rape...  
for a rape.  
This your idea of law?  
Mary's will is the law.  
Spit out the words, Blake,  
the ones I want to hear.  
Then I'll say the ones that you want to hear.  
Listen, Mary,  
all the stories are true  
about Mobius.  
They are true.  
He's just been waiting for us to come out of the church.  
There is no Mobius Lockhardt.  
She doesn't have time.  
Any gold is mine and I'm taking what's mine.  
Hiding your gold wedding ring from me, huh?  
I knew you'd want a piece of what was down this shirt.  
This is fool's gold,  
like the one Sentenza gave Michelle.  
Clementine Templeton...  
Always had trouble dropping the maiden name, Madre.  
It's a sin for a bride to share her spouse with another.  
Well, then you'd better tell your girl to find another man  
to walk that aisle, 'cause I'm hitched to the one hooked up!  
I'll see what I can do about issuing a divorce.

It's Mobius.

- Michelle.

- Please, no!

- Blake!

- Come!

That's what it feels like being the broadside of a barn.

Not a thing can stop him.

You didn't even hit him with a single slug, crack shot.

Told you it will take experience.

If anyone can put the bastard down, I can.

Dirty little lass.

Blake.

Hold on. Hold on.

Dora, what are you waiting for?

- You all right?

- Yeah.

- We've got to get out of here.

- Yes.

I don't know if I should save your neck or stretch it out.

Shoot him, Dora, shoot!

Come on.

Mama, wait, wait.

No!

No!

Please, don't shoot.

I'm nothing, but harmless without my gun.

Well...

what were you with them?

Mary!

Forgotten your past?

Your past hasn't forgotten you.

Mobius.

It's not fair.

I haven't got my calling yet. I was supposed to see.

Hell, you are lucky, sister.

Oh, Lord.

Most don't want to see it coming.

But since you can't see,

I want you to listen real close.

Mama,

I thought you couldn't come into this place.

Oh, isn't this just cozy?

Are you okay?

Didn't hear me?

Nobody with the whore leaves here alive.  
So where were you going, Sheriff?  
I can't get used to it,  
that sound.  
Well, you'd better get used to it.  
I believe I remember you  
back in the old days,  
still full of grit and spit, Rosa.  
But now...  
I've got something for you to chew on.  
Mother Lord will show us the way.  
I'd rather put my faith in someone that actually exists, Madre.  
Like that other girl  
Blake left behind,  
the one you said was abandoned and pregnant?  
What are you talking about?  
I didn't leave any girl pregnant.  
Me.  
You're kidding, right?  
We tried all those times.  
You said that...  
I thought you couldn't carry.  
Well, I guess that night before you left was the lucky number.  
You're not shaped like you're pregnant.  
If what you say is true,  
then...  
then where is the baby?  
Right,  
where is it?  
You lost it, didn't you?  
I hadn't heard from Blake, so I took off for him.  
But the fights slowed me bad.  
The worst one came from some boys in grey dusters.  
Grey dusters?  
That means...  
Those bastards.  
The beating sidelined me for months.  
I had  
aches...  
in bones I never even knew existed...  
blood dripping from places that it shouldn't have been.  
But I survived.  
I wanted you to meet your son, Blake.  
I was gonna name him Eli,

after my father.  
They deserve to die...  
suffer...  
horribly...  
and then die.  
They should all die...  
just...  
that way.  
They did.  
They all did.  
If I'd known, I would have come back. You know that.  
What happened to your ring?  
I lost it.  
After I lost all the money you gave me  
After I lost all the money you gave me for the trip to Sonora.  
You didn't quite make it to the gold rush.  
I had to stop off in Hell's Crossing  
and earn some money to make it the rest of the way.  
It wasn't all you stopped off for.  
No!  
No!  
No!  
If you wouldn't have forced me to look for gold,  
this never would have happened.  
You needed to stand on your own two feet...  
instead of stepping on mine all the time!  
I'm sorry you had to pay my debts...  
and had to support me.  
and had to support me. I'm sorry.  
I will always be thankful.  
I will always be thankful. But there's nothing I can do to change it.  
Nothing.  
Why her?  
I am a man.  
We're not built for just one woman. That's the problem.  
Here,  
you need me to fix the problem?  
Be careful, Clem.  
Why her, huh?  
Why?  
She needed me.  
I never felt you did.  
It was nice, Clem.  
She wears dresses.

The only dress you ever wore is the one you got on now.  
And after all...  
After all, Clem,  
I've never loved her.  
Then why did you stick so close to her, huh, instead of getting away and  
coming back to me?  
I was waiting for the baby...  
for the baby.  
I wanted to take him as soon as he was delivered.  
You've seen her Clem...  
You've seen her Clem... she's too weak to raise a child.  
I just wanted to bring back something better than gold for you.  
That's it.  
Found what you're looking for?  
I give up.  
I give up.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm not like the others. I'm not like Mary.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Want a smoke?  
- A friendly gesture?  
- Yeah, sure, sure.  
Here.  
Möbius. Möbius. Möbius.  
Is it over?  
Is it, Mama?  
Here you go.  
He's gone.  
It's my gold!  
That hole!  
Hey, everybody,  
come out! Olie killed the ghost!  
He isn't breathing.  
I stabbed him. He is not God, like the legend says.  
He's dead.  
He's dead!  
I don't know.  
- You don't think he's dead?  
- No.  
You can have this back.  
I thought you were dead!  
You must really hate me.  
I got us into this.

Messed around with Blake when you swore him off.  
I'm not the one that hates you.  
Who are you talking about?  
Blake doesn't hate me.  
Your father hated you...  
for what you remind him of...  
of me.  
My father?  
I don't have a father. You said I never had a father.  
You're putting too much stress on the baby.  
That's it.  
Remember that time...  
that time we went fishing at Eagle Creek?  
Yeah.  
We used all sorts of bait...  
bread, sardine, minnow,  
but the fish didn't care.  
They just let that stuff float on down the stream.  
Just takes the right bait.  
Mary...  
she's the bait.  
And we're the stuff that floats on down the stream.  
My father was a preacher?  
He made bad places good,  
swore never to leave them until they were,  
even...  
tried to tame a wild mining town called Amnesty...  
with faith...  
and not with force.  
Your father... sinned,  
when he fell in love with me,  
when he made love to me.  
He had a wife waiting at home for him.  
And everyone found out when out of the blue she turned up in Amnesty.  
Mama?  
It was in that bad time...  
that I had a vision.  
Mother Lord told me what I had to do.  
I banded all the women together...  
and we put Amnesty to death.  
Please, no more. Please.  
Please, no more. Please.  
Keep what you took from me.  
Let's trade.

Mother Lord show you a way yet?

- What's your plan?

- Mobius can't be stopped,

- but Olie showed us we can slow him down.

- Right.

I can keep Mobius busy from here and give you enough time to get to the bridge and out of here.

Blake...

take this.

Once you reach the front gates,

be sure to hit Mobius with enough trigger music so I can join you.

Mary here will be going out first.

Why am I to be first?

Blake and Michelle are going out after you. She needs his help getting away.

If I'm covering his ass, I'm covering hers.

Keeps it all honest, wouldn't you say?

Coin flips both ways.

You could go first.

I could go last.

Being last means trusting Blake and me

to help you out once we're at the gates.

Besides,

you're in a bad way.

You need a puff of Mother Lord soon enough or you won't be no use to anyone.

Are you ready to carry your bride across the threshold?

Let's go.

Just in case we don't make it,

maybe we should all cleanse our souls.

Anything to confess, Blake?

He didn't rape me.

Blake didn't do anything.

Well,

other than what I begged him to do.

You slut!

I just thought,

if she forced him to marry me,

it would force him to love me.

The look Blake gives you...

he never lent me a stare like that.

Oh, no,

he's after Mama.

Hey,

it's better that you don't see this.

Whore.

Is it working?

Yeah,

it is working.

Go on, Blake, now!

Right.

Now it's time to let the bait slip right off the hook.

They screwed you.

You should be used to that by now.

Can't blame them for putting some bullets in you.

I sure am glad they saved the last ones for me.

I want to hear you...

beg!

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, where's Mama?

- Where's Mama? I can't leave her.

- Shh.

Keep looking for her and all you'll see is the bastard's gun in your face.

All right?

Don't go too far.

It's hurting me awful!

We have to keep moving.

So...

I see that you're a whore's daughter.

Don't call her that, you son of a bitch!

Didn't tell you, did she? Your mother was a whore,  
the biggest one in this town Amnesty.

Every man took a dip or two or three in your mom and your mom's little  
whores...

Rosa, Cota, the whole slutty bunch.

Couldn't you smell it on her?

You never lose that stink,  
whore stench.

Some of that smell rubbed off on you, little girl.

Tempting married men just like your mom,  
just like the whore you are, huh?

That collar...

my father wore one.

You killed him.

Did you steal it from him? Is that his?

Yes,

it belonged to your father.

All right.

It won't do much good anyhow.



Think I won't shoot you,  
because you aren't armed?  
I think you won't pull a trigger on a friend,  
even if he stands between you and revenge.  
There.  
Now I don't have a friend standing between me  
and revenge.  
His gun!  
It hurt him!  
Blake!  
Sometimes  
the answers aren't so easy.  
How do you think I feel?  
You didn't even see the end.  
I wish I could see anything else,  
but those sights are burned deep into my eyeballs.  
I made his wish come true.  
I gave him something else to see.  
Michelle, that's it.  
Everything's gonna be fine.  
Feels...  
like life  
is being squeezed out of me.  
We aren't gonna make it to the front gates.  
Hey,  
try to stand up.  
Okay,  
now follow me.  
I can't make it.  
Just leave me behind.  
Oh, God.  
Keep on yelling like this and Mobius won't need eyes to find us.  
Haven't you heard the stories?  
Nobody leaves here alive unless I let them.  
I'm sure as hell not letting you go...  
this time.  
It hurts!  
Shut her up, damn it.  
- We've got problems.  
- Shh.  
Shh.  
Come on, come on, come on. Shh. Breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe,  
breathe.  
Shh. Shh, breathe.

Is my mom dead?  
Come on, Clem,  
you can tell me.  
I don't care.  
Is it wrong if I feel like this?  
It'd be wrong if you didn't.  
Sounds like she treated you awful.  
Your mom's dead, hon.  
It's okay.  
Shh. Shh. Shh.  
It's okay.  
These tears are not for her.  
They're for me.  
Because now I won't know how it feels to have a mother, you know.  
I feel like I'll never know what it'd be like to be one.  
Maybe it'd be like this.  
Take this.  
No, I can't.  
He promised...  
to get me away from here,  
out of Hell's Crossing.  
I loved him.  
But he loves you.  
Thank you.  
Oh, God.  
Take this.  
There's about three sheets left, okay?  
Save it for when you're in the peaks. Don't waste it all on the valleys.  
Shh.  
Shh.  
Where's Blake?  
My leg is causing me trouble.  
I can't run or stand.  
Why? Where are you going?  
We still have to help Michelle push that baby out.  
How long did it take  
for my wife to bleed to death?  
I asked you a question.  
How long did it take for her to die?  
Do you remember my wife?  
I don't know.  
Shh. Shh.  
You'd better polish off that bald face I gave you.  
Maybe we should save it for the next one, the next peak.

Michelle, honey, you ain't headed back to the valley,  
okay?  
Come on.  
Quiet down. Quiet down.  
Okay, hold on.  
Bite down, bite down. Bite down hard.  
Okay, come on, Michelle. Keep it going.  
Are you ready? Let's start pushing. Start pushing.  
Come on, push. Push hard, come on.  
Blake, it's time. Get up the chute. Come on, get down at the chute.  
No. You go down.  
No. You go down. Women are more used to this.  
Oh, yeah? Well, you're the one that broke the saddle, you stud. So get your  
ass down there.  
You see anything yet?  
He is coming.  
Quiet down. Quiet down. Quiet down, okay?  
He is coming.  
- I can see him.  
- I'm here.  
- Quiet down.  
- I can see his head.  
I'm gonna need one more big push, okay? Yeah?  
Let's go, okay?  
One, two, three, go.  
I'll get you nice and pretty for the next customer.  
How can I make him quiet?  
How can I make him quiet? Mobius will hear us.  
Mobius will hear us.  
Looks like you have a baby boy.  
Here's Mom.  
He kind of looks like you, Blake.  
Blake...  
take Michelle and the baby.  
Take him.  
Run out of here.  
I can't raise him.  
You have the time it takes me to spend nine slugs.  
Okay?  
No, Clem.  
I don't want to do it.  
I don't want to do it. I can't do it.  
I can't do it.  
There must be another way.

Please. You feel that?  
It's my grip,  
all right?  
I'm holding you now.  
This don't seem fair.  
Yeah, it don't seem fair.  
Was that one of hers?  
Yeah.  
It was her tenth shot.  
Now your shooting arm  
is just as ugly as mine.  
Fair would be giving me one of your shooters.  
They call this a Dixie roll.  
Blake.  
No. No!  
You looking for this, hoss?  
I never asked anyone for help,  
but I asked then.  
What good has God done for me, though?  
- He gave you another chance.  
- By stranding me in this camp that I can't leave,  
with that whore still alive?  
After all the corpses you put in the ground, no wonder you don't step in  
that church.  
Everything was taken away from me,  
you'll see.  
So tell me,  
what would you do if the same thing happened to you?  
You wouldn't turn this whole world into one big graveyard?  
Who do you think that is lying on the ground over there?  
He's everything to me.  
And I'm just putting one corpse in the ground for it... you.  
God, I fucking hate you!  
I renounce you! I renounce Christ!  
I give myself to Lucifer!  
Go on.  
There's nothing left to see.  
No,  
no,  
no.  
Oh, God.  
You didn't believe me.  
I told you.  
I just wanted to leave with you.

Is there anything else I can do?

Yeah.

Take me to the doctor.

To a med?

But you're shot bad. I don't think you're gonna make it there.

Don't worry, baby.

The belly

is the most painful spot to take a shot,

but it takes days to die from it.

Vengeance.

It is enough to keep you going through anything...

through fear,

through pain,

through hell itself.

Because until you have vengeance,

it has you,

and it won't let you go.

dima360