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Gallowwalkers

By Joanne Reay

Legend goes that somewhere
beneath these mountains lies...
...a gateway
between heaven and hell.
It is said that a sacred sisterhood
guards this portal...
...and the power of their prayers keeps
the damned from tormenting the living.
Trouble with the damned is...
They never stay put.
My son!
We'll make a man of him, hey, Red?
What's wrong with ya?
Be a man!
Good to see you again.
Where is he?
Boss is careful where he goes.
We've had a little trouble.
Why so many horses?
Boss sent Red and me...
Now, there's just me.
Like I've said,
we've had a little trouble.
You brought two too many.
I didn't bring that one.
Do you remember me?
Where is he?
He did not come.
Still, he eludes you.
God's not gonna save ya!
I was to meet him here.
I have nothing but...
Most times,
when you bring a man to justice...
...the axe swings,
the noose tightens,
...that's it.
Out here, they come back.
Harder to kill.
The way I finish them?
Rip out their heads.
As for these men?
Target practice.
Might I say that...

...among my many miracles and holy relics,
I do carry certain apothecary goods.
In these forbidding parts,
I sense a woman is a rarity.
Which means a man must improvise.
What piece of you can I buy for a dollar?
My pity.
I was being kind.
I like my men...
heartless.
Get back to your post.
Well?
- That was clever.
- Fancy bitch!
You a thief?
- You don't look like a thief.
- I'm a dancer.
So, where'd you learn a trick like that?
Ballet school.
You know if you cross his path again,
he's liable to kill you.
Death ain't the worst thing
that can happen to you.
You ever heard of "The Gallowwalkers"?
This special tonic will cure all ailments,
and keep the Undead at bay.
Dang priest! Alright,
the wagon's here. Get 'em all up!
- Move! Come on! Get in line!
- Get up!
- Move it!
- Come on!
- Move! Get up!
- Come on, you piece of shit!
Come on, move your ass!
Come on, get in here!
What's a girl gotta do
to get rescued around here?
You that good
or was that a lucky shot? 62b
Lucky for you.
- So now I owe you?
- Now you owe me.
You got a job in mind?

Yes.

Sir?

Do you know where we are about?

"Enoch's Hammer".

It sounds like a church tower,
a place of tolerance.

They will look kindly
on one of their own. Yeah?

So cruelly treated,
so manifestly wronged!

Do you know this place?

I have family there.

Seven brothers and sisters.

All in the same grave.

Whoa... Whoa there!

Brothers and sisters
of Enoch's Hammer!

Eternally pure of heart.

We have gathered here to
bear witness to God's justice,
on the wicked and the damned.

Bow now your golden heads
and pray for their souls.

- Come on!

- Get down!

- Come on!

- Move!

- Get!

- Get up before I git you some!

Come on, little darlin, get up!

Get up!

Welcome, pilgrims!

I do not call you "prisoners".

Nor do I call these "gallows".

These are the gates
of your salvation.

For this sacrifice...

God has chosen you...

as the lamb.

Just as he chose me...

to help these righteous people
spread justice across the land.

- I was once a sinner...

- Damn right, you were!

Cherry Gaza.
- Y'all virgin eater!
- You whore of Babylon!
You painted cat!
You womb of vipers!
The smell of Jezebel
has no power over me now!
When I saw the devil
rise up from his grave...
Sir, to whom do we plead our case?
- St. Peter!
- You can not hang us without a trial!
I can and I will!
You've already been judged
and found wanting in the eyes of the Lord.
It's through His mercy that he brought
you here to be cleansed, by the rope.
Just as he cleansed me
when I saw the devil!
Rise from the gutter!
I'll be needin' a shirt.
We've only got one color, sir.
You can't go wrong with white.
I'll do my best, sir.
We keep more out the back.
Kiss Cut.
And you must be...?
What do ya' think?
Is it me?
- How many?
- Five.
Alright, stranger.
I'm gonna have to see your face.
The cuffs are a little long.
Bring 'em in.
"And hell came forth
with chains and whips"
"The Horseman of the Apocalypse".
I'm not takin' another step
until you give me some answers.
I'm standin' right here.
You see this?
My fuckin' hands hurt.
Put it on.

Can you do it with your left?
Half now,
half when you finish the job.
How many more?
It doesn't matter.
Only matters if it's
too many for you.
You gonna give me some
answers about those things?
Now that's startin' the story...
at the end.
It begins with a whore.
She's with child when the mines dry up,
so she becomes a thief.
But not very good.
She's headed for the gallows
when Sisters of San Diablo find her.
They take her in and teach her the secrets
of the dead.
When the boy child is born they tell her:
"You must give him up."
"The Gateway to Hell
is no place to raise a child."
So she sends him to an orphanage.
And there... he grows.
And grows...
and grows...
Until the clock strikes twelve.
And then they tell him:
"You're a man. You must leave."
But where...?
A widowed woman meets him,
likes him, takes him in.
She is the mistress
of a slaughter house.
She teaches him a trade,
puts food on the table.
Loves him.
And raises him with...
her daughter.
A beautiful daughter.
He grows to love the daughter.
She is his to protect.
One sunrise, she tells him:

Go with mother to sell the skins.
"Don't worry,
I can take care of myself".
He leaves her.
Five men ride by...
They find her alone...
Go on!
And they make use of her.
You bitch!
She keeps it secret
until she can no more.
For now she is with child.

She begs him:

forget what has happened to her.
For the sake of the unborn.
She says the men are gone,
and to her, they mean... nothing.
But not to him.
No...
For one of them
grows inside of her.
Unbearable.
So for a second time, he leaves.
For the next five years,
he remembers nothing...
but the pain of not
being by her side.
He returns to find her dead.
She died giving birth to that...
Child.
They took from him
the thing he loved most.
Those who were responsible...
would pay.
Troy?
Son!
Get ready!
The boys are sendin' someone!
We're gettin' out of here!
He's here, my darling.
I always hated that bitch!
Please seor! Amigo!
Come on, get us out!

Get us outta here!
Who are you?
Her name...
was Sueno.
- You're late.
- Well...
There was some that needed convincing...
this was a good idea.
A bottle of beer is "a good idea".
Wearing a hat in the rain is "a good idea".
This... is genius.
Shut the hell up, bitch!
You touch me and you're dead!
Compelling argument.
You must be a lawyer.
She's a whore.
An easy mistake.
I apologize.
Good texture.
Tough, yet soft.
You'll fit in well.
I'm looking for the right girl...
for my boy.
You freak!
I get that a lot.
It doesn't stop it hurting though.
God have mercy!
We die, we come back.
You call us...
Gallowwalkers.
Well, if it's good enough for Jesus,
it should be good enough for us.
It's a God damn miracle, ain't it?
It happens, but no one knows
who or how or why.
No one knows.
Here's the thing...
I get shot...
My son, gets shot...
Three of my men get shot.
The son of a bitch even shoots my whore.
I come back.
My men come back.
Even my fucking whore comes back!

But with my son?
Death persists!
Life's little mystery.
Does anyone here know where I might
find the Sisters of San Diablo?
In the Mountain of Resurrection?
No?
Clear!
You sleep now.
Eat if you're hungry.
How much time I got?
Sleep? To eat?
Or to live?
Who is he?
The first I could find.
What happened?
They know who I am.
So now they will come.
You bring this boy because you
think I can not fight at your side?
I can fight.
You know I can fight!
Did one see your face?
It was a mistake.
You don't make mistakes.
Perhaps you want him to come.
Perhaps you want him
to know who hunts him.
You want him to come.
To finish it here,
where it all began.
You gotta shave?
- I got no beard.
- Me neither.
Wanna play a game?
- No, I don't.
- Wanna throw shots for money?
Yes, I do.
My turn.
Damn it!
One dollar,
and we never talk of this day again.
I never knew my mother.
But I can sense

that she was always there.
As for Sueno,
she was my everything.
My friend,
my lover,
the memory that I lived for.
So, where you want me?
Skinnin' shed.
You're gonna need this.
There's ah... there's really
nothin' coming that we won't see.
Well, you didn't see that.
Oh Jesus!
Okay... okay.
Alright.
You win.
Okay, so... back to the skinnin' shed. Two
guns, shoot 'em in the head. Anything else?
Okay.
Oh, you look good, Boss!
He was young.
What do you think of mine, Boss?
Oh, it's not pretty, but...
it stands up to the sun, huh?
They may laugh,
but you don't see me
hiding in a hood, huh?
Shrivelings like beef jerky.
They need skinning again in a week.
But me?
I get a good month wear of this.
And I think a lizard skin
is a good look for me.
Suit yourself.
All the more flesh for us.
Boss?
If I do a good job,
can I have her lips?
Yes you can.
If you do a bad job,
and I'll sew her lips
on your face myself.
And that'll come with a beard.
Priest!

About time.
I've been dyin' for this.
Girl?
Take her.
Forgive me Father,
for I have skinned.
- Mosca!
- Yes, Boss, I come!
Sit still, huh?
You hiding something, you hide, huh?
I find it, I find it.
Now where is it?
Tell me that's it.
Let me see here.
Yes, Boss.
It's what we've been looking for.
It's the map to Skull Mountain.
It's ours now, yeah?
And so it came to pass...
in a time when Popes made pacts
with pagan lords,
the Sisters in San Diablo...
had forced upon them
a most cursed devotion.
One that no other sisterhood
could endure.
The passion of their prayer...
would become the power that keeps
the damned from walking the earth.
And so, into their hands passed the
ancient secrets of what divides the living
from the dead.
Where are they, Chickenbones?
Where do they hide?
Does the rest of him arrive monthly?
We had a little trouble.
I got shot.
I got shot bad, Boss.
He's back.
You know him?
You never forget the man who
kills you for the first time.
The first time is always special!
Skullbucket!

Take the rest of the men.
Find the gunman. Kill him.
And anyone that's with him.
You gotta sober up, 'mam.
Alright? It could be today.
What did he tell you, kid?
He told you nothing!
Look. There's five men.
He has killed them once.
Now he must kill them again.
I need dunking.
No.
He's got the one thing
that a gunman needs to be great.
A reason to live.
Now!
Come on! Come on!
You're okay, kid.
Aman...!
Aman...!
Kids.
You saved me.
I never want to see that thing again.
Who you lookin' for?
The one that didn't come.
- Where is he?
- I'll find him.
Guess we made it.
I'm gonna go.
Hey?
Yeah?
You killed me.
Why the fuck did you shoot me?
You would have bled to death.
A man might take
the news of his own death...
Badly.
I felt for the kid,
I really did.
But I couldn't just leave him to die.
Me, I had unfinished business
at my place of my own resurrection.
I figured,
if I ever made it back,

I would tell him about the time
when I died.
It was over.
My death meant nothing.
But to my mother,
it was everything.
Let him live!
He's my only son.
And I'll stay here as your servant.
Oh, my price is a
little higher than that!
He is one of mine now.
He has blood on his hands.

My deal is this:

When he is resurrected,
So too will all those
slain by his hand.
Now, you must pay!
And so I awoke beneath that mountain,
where my mother had
sacrificed her life for mine.
Whilst out there,
the damned were stirring.
Fine flesh.
Not as fair as I would wish,
but you'll fit him well.
What breed was your mother?
She was Scottish.
Those Celts have luster.
And your father, was he...
pale skinned?
"Pale"?
He was invisible.
Well, I'll soon have my boy again, once we
patch him up with that fine skin of yours.
At last!
The entrance!
Mosca, bring my boy.
Kiss Cut!
You my whore or what?
Boss!
You see this, Boss?
It is called the Amenta.

It means:

You don't take that path, Boss.
But this one, Boss, is called
the Ura Buras at the pinnacle.

It means:

be found at the mountaintop."
This is the path, Boss.
I'm certain.
Stay here.
Bring my boy.
Mosca? You know this
coat of mine you like so much?
You just earned it.
Thank you, Boss!
Thank you!
Me, I like the cuffs.
I blew you a kiss.
And you blew me away.
- I had no choice.
- So choose now.
Knives or guns?
Guns.
Guns it is.
I don't sleep.
If I did,
one thought would keep me from it.
Why did my son not return?
You brought death everyone of us.
So tell me!
No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
You any good with your left?
I thought you wanted me dead?
Well, dead ain't what it use to be.
All this over one
petty piece of pussy?
He took his own life!
My boy!
My son!
I'm a woman in need of rescue.
What kind of man are you?
I'm the heartless kind.
Hey, come on.

I don't know how to be dead!
No one taught you how to live!