

Crimes of Devotion

written by

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COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee.

EXT. THE FIELDS - JUST AFTER DAWN

REEVES THATCHER, a woman in her mid-twenties with a strong frame, pants hard. The sound of her horse galloping barely covers the shouting back in town and the sun only starts to touch the back of her neck.

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)
Blessed art thou among women and
blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.

Reeves shortens the reins and hits the side of her spurs into the horses ribs as she turns to look back at the town she's running from. Her horse swiftly responds making the Sheriff shrink against the horizon as he chases her.

REEVES
(Directed as the Sheriff)
Damn Bastard.

The Sheriff slows his run, he can't catch her, especially not on foot.

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)
Holy Mary, Mother of God,

EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF SUTTER, a man in his late twenties with an all-American look, watches as the last outlaw escapes, her horse moving like he's never seen before. He lets out a sigh and turns back to Main Street where a band of outlaws is cuffed and thrown to their knees.

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)
Pray for us sinners.

EXT. THE FOOTHILLS - CONTINUOUS

The land's starting to come alive with the morning, birds chirping, and the distant calls of cattle.

Reeves keeps her gaze forward, swallowing down the blood in her throat as she rides away from it all.

REEVES

Come on girl, it's okay.

Her horse lets out a harsh breath and keeps running. Reeves takes a moment to look to the sky and bits her lip. Her horse feels the reins loosen and her ears pop up, immediately shuffle stopping and bucking Reeves off.

Reeves hits the ground hard, and her horse runs off.

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)

Now and at the hour of our death.

REEVES

(with anger)

God Dammit!

SISTER JEAN (V.O.)

Amen.

CUE Title Sequence: ***Crimes of Devotion***

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

EXT. THE FOOTHILLS - EARLIER

The growing light of a morning fire coats a small camp. There're three men, BOONE, HUCK AND DUKE, snoring in the dirt. A young cowpoke, KITT is feeding their horses behind them while JERICO, a cold man in his early forties with a bad temper sits close to the fire with Reeves. All could use a bath.

Super: Three Hours Earlier

In their small huddle around the fire, Jericho fusses with the map of town he drew in the dirt. Reeves rolls a cigarette as she watches. They keep their conversation quiet.

REEVES

Ya sure we need everyone for this?

Jericho doesn't look up as her as he responds, his voice like a dust storm - dry and dark.

JERICO

They come or they get left behind.

He spits into the fire, reveling in its sizzle. Reeves exhales, knowingly.

REEVES

You already talked 'em through the plan didn't ya?

JERICO

Had every right to. Man with the information gets to make the plan. Them's the rules.

REEVES

(mockingly but firm)
Them's the rules.

Jericho sucks in his cheeks and drags a stick down through the makeshift map, marking their escape path.

JERICO

Owner keeps the money 'n shit in the back. When it's done, we'll ride east out this way and be outta' there before dawn breaks.

Reeves seals her cigarette before immediately lighting it in the fire and taking a big drag.

REEVES

(through exhaled smoke)
We should go west not east. Them
city folk too scared of the
mountains to follow us up there.

JERICHO

Mighty right but so are half our
boys, and with the changing
weather...

A beat.

JERICHO (CONT'D)

Well the second snow falls, they'll
be runnin' east so fast not even
Missy could catch em'.

REEVES

Don't call my horse Missy.

JERICHO

Then give her a damn name already.

Reeves smirks a bit and offers the cigarette over to Jericho, who takes it willingly. She studies the map again, working through the plan in her head.

REEVES

I gotta feelin' about this Jericho.

JERICHO

Good or Bad?

Jericho hands her back the cigarette and she rolls it between her fingers.

REEVES

Couldn't tell ya.

JERICHO

Well why don't ya pray on it and
let me know.

A look of frustration bubbles across Reeves face but before she can snap back a bucket of feed hits the ground behind them and Kitt is on his knees trying to pick it up.

KITT

(To the horses)
Oh jeez, my bad everybody.

Kitt looks towards the fire while pushing grain back into the bucket. Jericho's staring at him with equal parts disgust and dissatisfaction. Kitt's Keen to get back on his feet.

KITT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, hard to see in this
light, am I right?

Jericho kind of growls at the kid while turning back to the fire. Reeves lets her expression fall soft.

REEVES

You can't hate him just cause he's
young, ya know.

JERICHO

I don't. I hate him cause he's
young and clueless.

REEVES

(mockingly)
Mighty right, but he don't steel
food like the last guy.

Reeves takes a final drag off her cigarette before tossing it in the fire and standing. She pulls up her suspenders and throws on her jacket before grabbing her hat off the stump next to her.

REEVES (CONT'D)

Get them boys ready, We leave
before the roosters wake and we'll
go west once it's done. I'm takin'
a quick ride, just to make sure
everything looks right before we
head to town.

JERICHO

We go east and take the damn kid
with ya!

He yells after her, making the sleeping men stir, as she walks off towards her horse.

REEVES

(teasingly)
Choke old man!

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME MORNING

A stuffed elk's head is mounted over the fireplace of the mahogany filled office. MAYOR COLTER, a wrinkled and wealthy looking man who still reeks of the East coast, watches as his pocket watch strikes ten past four in the morning. He yawns and sucks the spit off his teeth, while rocking back in his desk chair.

A small knock echo's through the room. He doesn't bother to get up, even as a second knock rings out, a little louder this time.

MAYOR COLTER
Good grief. Yes, Enter!

A disheveled man swiftly comes in and shuts the door behind him. He tries to straighten himself out as hangs in the doorway.

DISHEVELED MAN
Morin' Mayor, how are you this-

MAYOR COLTER
Let's skip the chitter chatter, why don't we?

DISHEVELED MAN
Oh yes sir, of course.

The man starts to head towards the other chair at the Mayor's desk, but Mayor Colter shakes his head, making it clear it's unnecessary for him to sit. The man backs away, standing in silence for a second. He's expecting some big speech from Mayor Colter. It doesn't come.

MAYOR COLTER
It's settled then?

DISHEVELED MAN
(uneasy)
Well, I mean I did as you ask'd.
Told the old man all about how
there're riches in town for the
takin'.

MAYOR COLTER
They're coming then?

MAN
(startled)
Oh yes!

MAYOR COLTER
Fantastic!

The Disheveled Man itches at the side of his face and starts gettin' a little bouncy. He's got his eyes locked on a sack that's sitting on the desk. Mayor Colter follows his gaze, releasing a small chuckle.

MAYOR COLTER (CONT'D)
Is there something else you wish to share?

DISHEVELED MAN
(stuttering)
No that's all! Well. I was promised uh um compensation. Same for the guys who came to help.

MAYOR COLTER
Your little friends will get paid later don't you fret, and as for you, well -

Mayor Colter stands slowly, letting his back stretch out as he does. His eyes fall back on the sack of coins before his lips curl into something cruel.

MAYOR COLTER (CONT'D)
I'd say your compensation is the fact I'm letting you walk out of here, instead of hanging you for every misdeed you've done.

DISHEVELED MAN
But sir!

MAYOR COLTER
By all means, you can wait for the Sheriff to get here and take it up with him, but trust me, that man doesn't take too kindly to criminals.

The man tries to find the right words but can't and hurriedly rushes out the door, slamming it in his escape. Mayor Colter lets out a real deep laugh, just one, before checking his clock again. One hour till dawn.

EXT. BACK SIDE OF A CABIN OUTSIDE TOWN

Sheriff Sutter stands on the back porch of his small cabin, drinking a cup of coffee and enjoying the peace. He isn't fully dressed, but his undershirt's worn in, and his jeans have clearly been patched up a few time. Pulling away from the cabin, just over the hill -

EXT. HILL FURTHER BEHIND THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kitt and Reeves are riding past, making their way back to camp when Reeves spots the cabin and the Sheriff and stops. Kitt keeps moving till she whistles low, making him stop in his tracks.

REEVES
(whispered)
Git over here.

Kitt rides to where Reeves is hiding behind a few pine trees. Through the gaps in the trees they watch the Sheriff.

KITT
I thought he lived in town.

REEVES
So did everybody else. What the hell ya doin' out here Sutter?

EXT. BACK SIDE OF A CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Again on the back porch, a woman in a black dress and long blonde hair steps out of the cabin and wraps her arms around Sheriff Sutter. Whispering things in his ears that make him smile before he kisses her.

EXT. HILL FURTHER BEHIND THE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Reeves pulls away from the trees not needing to watch any more of this.

KITT
(giggly)
Oh *that's* what he's doing.

Reeves scoffs.

REEVES
Makin' himself a damn fool is what he's goin'. He's distracted, we gotta move. Right now.

Reeves pulls her horse's reins tight, and the pair are off back in the direction they came, leaving Kitt to catch up a few paces behind her.

EXT. BACK SIDE OF A CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The woman, AMELIA, pulls away from Sheriff Sutter but he keeps her in his arms.

SHERIFF SUTTER
You sure you have to leave so
early? Sun's not even up yet.

Amelia takes a step back, pulling her hair into a tight bun, using the ribbon around her wrist to do so. He watches her with a little smile and takes another sip of coffee.

AMELIA
(sweetly)
Isn't there some old saying about
the early bird?

She goes back into the cabin for a moment and comes out with a small pile of clothing and a bag. She hands Sheriff Sutter the clothing and puts down the bag.

SHERIFF SUTTER
Yea it goes somethin' like, "the
early bird is beat and wants to go
back to bed."

Amelia laughs as she pulls a rope belt off the pile and ties it around her waist.

AMELIA
That is certainly not how I
remember it. Besides don't you have
to be in town right about now?

SHERIFF SUTTER
Yes ma'am I do, but the Mayor can
wait if it means a minute more with
you.

Amelia kisses him one more time before stepping off the porch towards where her horse is tied.

AMELIA
Well doesn't that make me special.

SHERIFF SUTTER
I certainly think so.

She unties her horse, and they walk back towards Sheriff Sutter who helps her up before handing her the bag, which she slings over her shoulder and the remaining item of clothing.

AMELIA

Well Sheriff, you know where to find me.

She secures the final pieces of clothing, a black veil, over her head and pulls her cross necklace out from under her dress.

SHERIFF SUTTER

Why yes I do, *Sister Amelia*.

EXT. BACK DOOR OF THE SALOON

With Jericho and Reeves at the front, the band of outlaws approach the back side of the saloon, stopping in front of the hitching rail to dismount and tie off.

JERICO

(whispered. Firm.)

Everyone's got their job. Don't screw it.

The men pull out their guns, including Kitt and take their positions on each side of the door. Reeves moves to join them when Jericho grabs her shoulder pulling her back.

REEVES

What's the hold up?

JERICO

I need ya to stand watch, and I don't trust the likes of them.

He gestures towards the other men and Reeves scoffs at him.

REEVES

That's bullshit, I'm better than -

JERICO

We don't got time to argue. Stay here, you know the call if things go south.

He lets go of her shoulder and Reeves takes a step back, and nods. Little else she could do anyways. Jericho's quick to match the position of the other's before looking to BOONE, a stout and scruffy man, who pulls out a hook pick and unlocks the door. They all flood into the saloon. Jericho enters last, as he and Reeves lock eyes before he shuts them in.

INT. SALOON- CONTINUOUS

The back room of the saloon is silent. Jericho and HUCK, a skinny guy who's sweating a little too much, peel off from the rest of the group and head down towards the office. The others head to the front.

INT. SALOON, BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jericho and Huck reach the office, which could easily be mistaken for a closet if it weren't for the little desk and large safe sitting against the wall.

HUCK
This is it boss!

JERICHO
We gonna need Boone to unlock this thing.

HUCK
(yelling)
Boone! Get in here bud!

They approach the safe hastily only to realize it's already unlocked. Jericho pushes Huck aside and opens the safe's door to find it's completely empty except for a few coins at the bottom!

HUCK (CONT'D)
Ah Damn it!

Jericho slams the safe closed, making Huck jump a little.

BOONE (O.S.)
Jericho! You gonna wanna see this.

JERICHO
God what now!

He rushes out of the room with Huck on his toes.

INT. SALOON, DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jericho moves fast towards the front of the saloon while he yells.

JERICHO
Boys, don't matter what it is, we gotta git goin'! Now!

He lifts his head as he pushes through the swinging doors but stops once he sees Kitt, Boone and Duke all held at gun point by a group of men he doesn't recognize. A large shadow of a man stands in the back corner. Maybe they're with the law or other bandits but either way they've got him outnumbered.

MYSTERY GOON 1

Drop your guns or they all die.

Huck rushes to throw his gun to the floor, but Jericho Hesitates.

EXT. BACK DOOR OF THE SALOON

Back outside the saloon, Reeves leans against the hitching poll and watches the horses while sort of stewing to herself.

REEVES

Trust me my ass.

(to the horses)

That man ain't ever trust me, not the day I met him and certainly not after all these damn years.

She's scratching behind the left ear of her horse while turning to the horizon, where she spots Sheriff Sutter walking into town.

REEVES (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

Reeves starts running to the Saloon but before she gets to the door a gunshot rings out from inside. She instinctually ducks and flattens herself against the wall.

EXT. LEFT EXTERIOR WALL OF SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Reeves stays low as she rushes to the side window, needing to get a look inside.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

INT. SALOON, DINING HALL - **CONTINUOUS**

Jericho's gun now lies on the floor and two of the mystery goons have him pinned against the bar. The smoking gun belongs to the shadowy figure, who in the light, turns out to be Mayor Colter. He's standing now in front of the main entrance with his gun pointed to the ceiling.

MAYOR COLTER
(slightly muffled)
Come on now, we're all men here.
Let's keep it civil. That's my one
warning.

Reeves' eyes dart between Jericho and the Mayor and then to Kitt, who's so still he looks dead. Reeves' panic grows as Kitt's eye move towards the window. His face lights up when he sees her and then darkens before he starts yelling.

KITT
(slightly muffled)
Run! Reeves! Run!

The man holding him takes the butt of his gun and slams it into the side of Kitt's head. He stumbles and Reeves jumps away from the window.

Her breathing is heavy and uneven and before she can think it through, she's running to her horse, untying her fast and jumping on faster. She rides straight past Sheriff Sutter, who chases her as long as he can before giving up. Dawn has struck.

EXT. THE FRONT RANGE - LATER.

The land looks endless to Reeves, who's been walking aimlessly for too long now. The wildflowers come in and out of focus as the tan grass sways in the breeze. She's heading west but that's all she knows. At the distant sound of horses, hope crosses her face.

In the approaching distance someone is riding slow, with a roped horse behind them. Reeves' horse.

REEVES
Hey! Hey there!

She waves her hands like a madman and starts running towards the rider, who turns their head to look towards Reeves but doesn't stop moving.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Hey! You've got my horse dammit!

As the rider gets closer, Reeves notices their clothing and is hit with realization. The rider's a nun. Reeves swiftly turns around heading in to opposite direction, but she hears the trot of the horses turn into a gallop.

SISTER AMELIA (O.S.)
Wait hold on!

The nun circles around Reeves, leaving her nowhere to run, so she keeps her eyes focused down on the dirt, hoping to remain anonymous.

SISTER AMELIA (CONT'D)
Are you mad? Who calls after
someone **the** runs away?

REEVES
Sorry sister, I -

SISTER AMELIA
Look at me when you are speaking.

Reeves pulls her gaze up to meet the nun, who we recognize as the same woman who was with Sheriff Sutter earlier that day. SISTER AMELIA, still in her early twenties and equally kind **and** she is cruel, straightens her posture as she looks at Reeves' face. A million different emotions flash through Sister Amelia's eyes.

SISTER AMELIA (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Rhiannon?

REEVES
(disgusted)
God don't call me that. It's Reeves
now Amelia, Reeves Thatcher.

SISTER AMELIA
What a stupid name! And It's *Sister*
Amelia now, not that you care!
You're supposed to be dead!

REEVES
Hey! It ain't stupid! And I'm very
much alive thank ya very much!

A beat. **Reeves** fear dissolves and her frustration rapidly shifts to amusement.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Wait. Have you been spoonin'
Sheriff Sutter?!

Sister Amelia's cheeks turn dark red as her embarrassment causes a **series stutters**.

SISTER AMELIA
I, well that's um, ah. Spooning?

REEVES
(teasingly)
Ya know gettin' it on, doin' the
dirty the way God intended.
Or I guess not as God intended
considering...

Reeves laughs to herself as she gestures towards Sister Amelia's habit.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Man I thought the Sheriff was
dealin' with some painted lady not
a woman of the damn cloth.

SISTER AMELIA
Painted lady?

REEVES
(laughing)
A prostitute Amelia! Lord what are
those nuns teaching y'all in that
damn church?

SISTER AMELIA
(Angered and slow)
Same thing they taught you Reeves.

Reeves' mood falters back to a serious state, a moment of remorse flashes across her disposition but is quick to get rid of it.

REEVES
Look, it's been a shit day, so just
give me my damn horse. I'll keep
your little secret and I can go on
my **may** way.

Sister Amelia pretends to think on it for a moment, but it's fully for show.

SISTER AMELIA
Huh. No, I think not.

REEVES
(frustrated)
Fine, then I'm taking my horse and
might as well take yours too, just
for the hell of it.

Reeves reaches for her holster only to realize it's empty. She scans the ground, but her gun must have fallen out when she was bucked off. Sister Amelia sighs at her.

SISTER AMELIA

You're doing a really great job
robbing me Reeves, I can see why
you became an outlaw.

REEVES

Real funny.

Sister Amelia reaches across her horse and into the small bag
at her side.

SISTER AMELIA

Yea but I don't really have time
for jokes right now.

She pulls out a Colt Navy revolver and points it at Reeves
while she cocks it and smiles. Reeves puts her hands up
calmly and gives sister Amelia a look of disbelief.

REEVES

Hey now, I wasn't really gonna take
your horse.

SISTER AMELIA

Walk Reeves. Or I'll shoot you and
drag your body instead.

REEVES

(sarcastically)

Good to know nuns are still as
lovely as I remember.

SISTER AMELIA

Oh absolutely and I know they are
going to be *thrilled* to see you
again.

The color slowly drains from Reeves face, but she tries to
play it off.

REEVES

Yea right. Who's even gonna
remember me? Y'all thought I was
dead.

SISTER AMELIA

(snickering)

Most of us did but not Jean and I
think she'll remember you just
fine.

REEVES

Jean?

Sister Amelia nods and forces Reeves forward, and the pair start their march back to the church.

SISTER AMELIA

I'd start praying, Reeves, you're going to need it.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

Sheriff Sutter stands tall in front of Mayor Colter's desk. He avoids looking at the Elk's head as it's always freaked him out a bit. The Mayor's smoking a cigar as he smiles over a very descriptive map of the region that's lying across his desk.

MAYOR COLTER

You were late this morning.

SHERIFF SUTTER

I know, and I owe you an apology for that, but I had no idea it would be such an eventful mornin'.

MAYOR COLTER

Do all you "cowboys" talk like that? God it's annoying. Doesn't anyone say the whole word for God's sake? It's morning not mornin', I swear I feel dumber everyday I'm here.

Mayor Colter takes another puff off his cigar before falling back into his desk chair comfortably.

SHERIFF SUTTER

I'm sorry sir.

Sheriff Sutter approaches the desk with the movements of a military man.

SHERIFF SUTTER (CONT'D)

Now sir, I know we've had quite a successful mornin' uh I mean morning but one did escape and man were they fast.

Mayor Colter waves his hand dismissively.

MAYOR COLTER

So what? He's not worth the trouble and really it works out better when only one gets away.

The Sheriff's face exposes his confusion, and he shifts slightly between his feet, trying to regain his composure.

SHERIFF SUTTER

With all due respect, what's the good in lettin' one go? The goal is to make everyone safe, and an outlaw like that out there means people ain't safe.

Mayor Colter stands with a forceful fist pushing down against his map.

MAYOR COLTER

I said leave it and that's an order. We got enough to do here. Cowards who runaway get themselves killed sooner or later anyways.

Sheriff Sutter keeps his jaw clenched unwilling to push the Mayor further. As the room falls silent, Mayor Colter meets his eyes and raises his eyebrows prompting a response.

SHERIFF SUTTER

Understood sir.

MAYOR COLTER

Good man!

The Sheriff tips his hat slightly, turns and leaves making sure the door closes without slamming. Mayor Colter watches as he leaves and a sly smile curls at the corner of his lips as he focuses back on the map. We see ex's drawn over different communities and a big circle around the same church Reeves is being dragged off to.

END OF ACT I